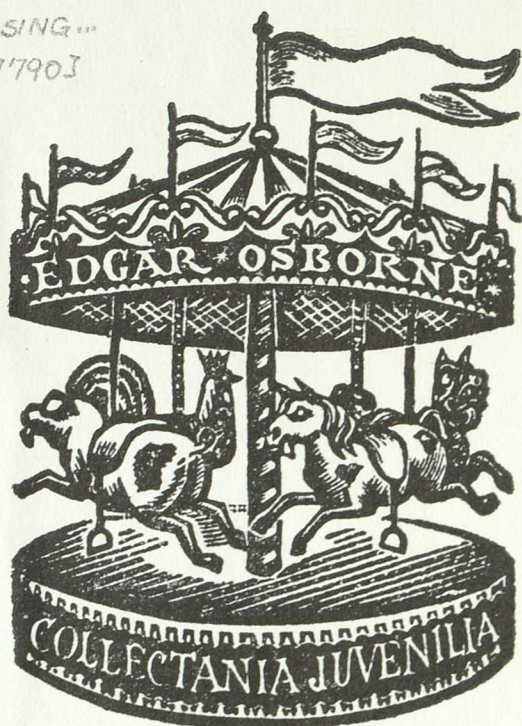
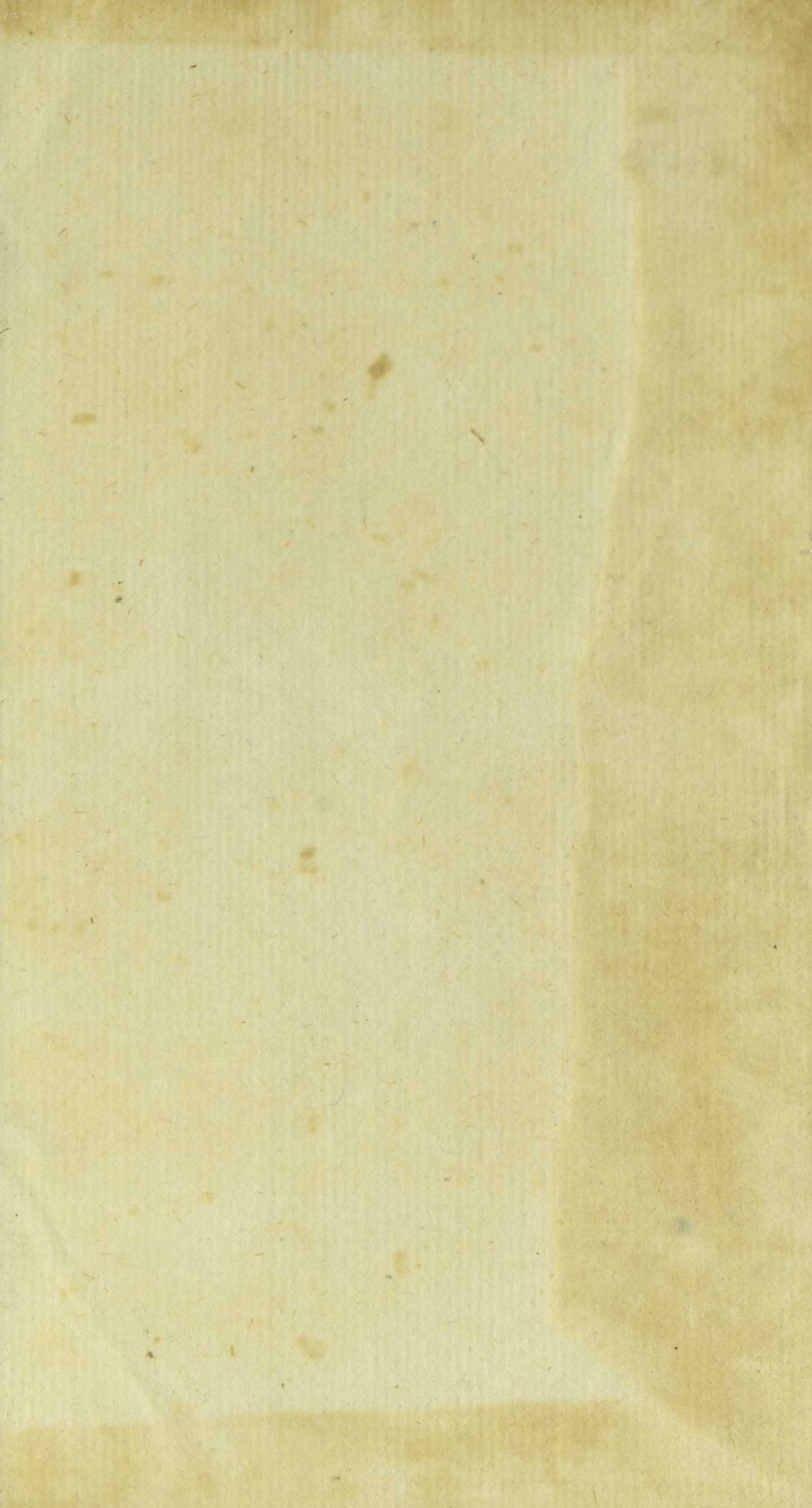
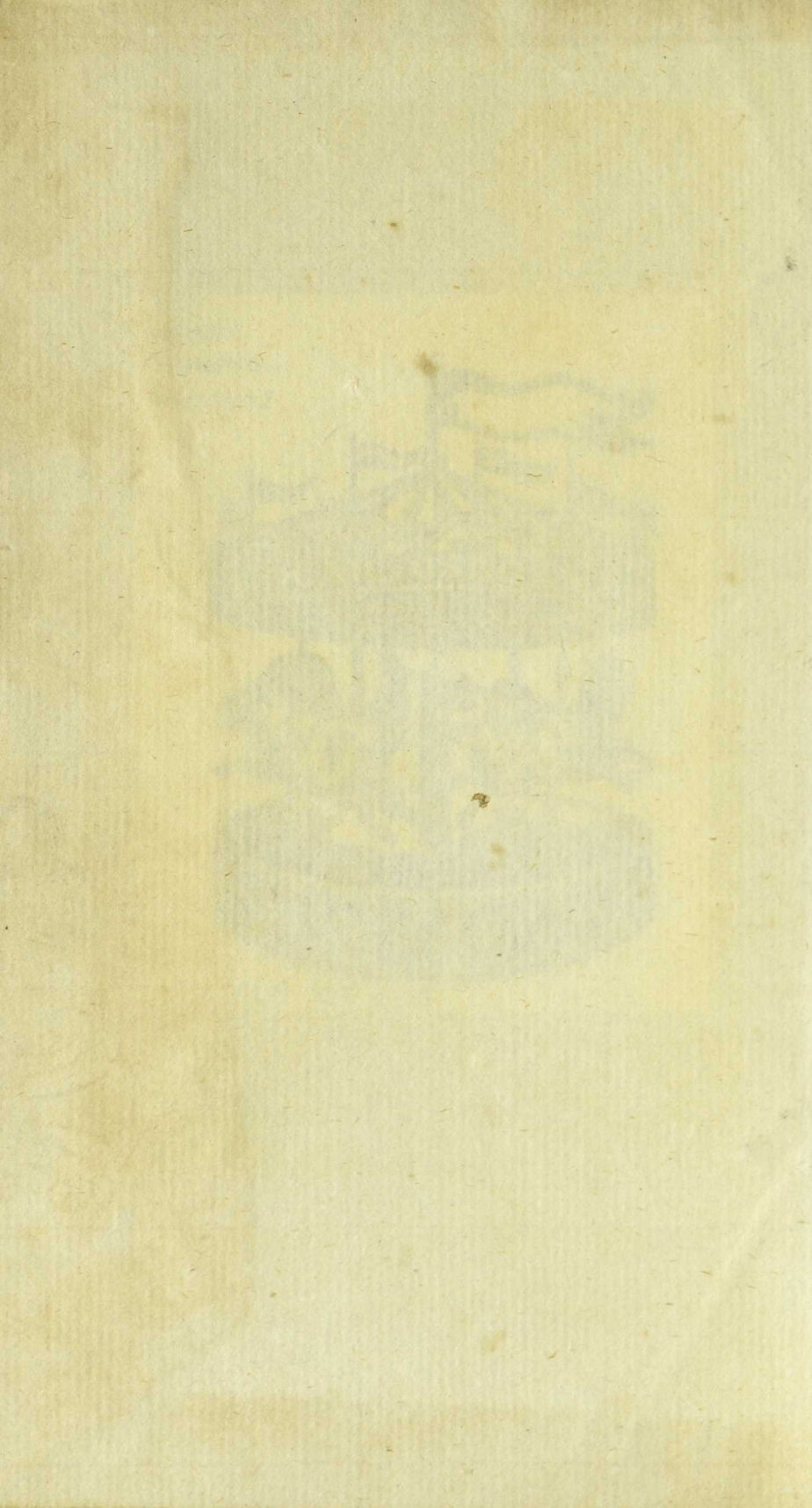


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FRONTISPIECE.



Genius of the Fairies,
Invoking the aid of Imagination.

T H E
P L E A S I N G C O M R A N I O N,
A C O L L E C T I O N O F
F A I R Y T A L E S,

C A L C U L A T E D T O I M P R O V E T H E H E A R T :

T H E W H O L E F O R M I N G A S Y S T E M O F
M O R A L P R E C E P T S A N D E X A M P L E S,

F O R T H E C O N D U C T O F

Y o u t h t h r o u g h L i f e :

C O N T A I N I N G

Princess Hebe & Anguiletta	Story of the White Cat
Graciosa and Percinet	Yellow Dwarf
Story of Finetta	Pidgeon and Dove
Princess Carpilona	Young and Handsome

O R N A M E N T E D W I T H E L E G A N T C U T S.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. L A N E, Leadenhall-Street.

Directions for placing the Cuts.

Genius of the Fairies invoking the aid of
Imagination Frontispiece.

The Prince of the Peaceable Island at-
tracted by the Charms of the beautiful
Hebe 20

The Prince delivered from the Blue Cen-
taur by the Fairy Amazona 152

P R E F A C E.

AN early foundation for Virtue is, beyond all contradiction, a duty incumbent both on the parent and guardian; whose chief aim should be to sow those seeds which length of time cannot eradicate; and the most effectual way is that of painting virtue arrayed in all her beauties, and vice as she really is—hateful; at the same time shewing the pleasures which result from the former, and the various ills which are the constant attendants on the latter.

From a mode like this, young minds will at an early period (long before they are introduced on the busy stage of the world) entertain a due regard for the one, and despise the other; and thereby be prepared to go thro' life as shining ornaments; and by future actions testify their grateful feelings to those, who during their minority, laid the foundation for those noble ideas which inculcated so high a sense of the love of honour and rectitude.

For

P R E F A C E.

For so praise-worthy an object, we have ever found the judicious parent, or guardian, place in the hands of those under their care, those books which have a moral tendency; and of which fables, &c. have been no small part; they very judiciously considering them as the most pleasing mode of shewing the two opposites; nor are their pupils in their juvenile years, at a loss on which side to declare for; but hoist virtue's standard, and consider they are the fixed enemies of Vice.—As this has been the never-failing maxim both of the ancients and the present age, the Publisher of the PLEASING COMPANION wishes to copy them in so arduous and pleasing an undertaking, presuming he shall meet with encouragement equal to what he has experienced on former occasions.

The extension of morality being a thing so devoutely to be wished for, he doubts not, but those whom years and experience have stamped with judgment, will be actuated by the same stimulus that he is, and contribute to extend this piece to those for whom it was intended, the younger branches of the community.

THE
PLEASING COMPANION.

HISTORY of the PRINCESS HEBE,
AND THE
FAIRY ANGUILETTA.

HOW great soever Fortune may raise those she favours, yet there is no Happiness exempt from Trouble. Those who have any Knowledge of the Fairies, cannot be ignorant, that they, as wise as they seem, have not yet found out the Secret of securing themselves from the Misfortune of changing their Shapes some days in every Month, and assuming that of a Bird, Beast, or Fish.

On these fatal Days, when they are left a Prey to the Cruelty of Men, it is often difficult for them to save themselves from the Danger to which this hard Necessity exposes them.

One of them, who transformed herself into an Eel, was unluckily taken by some Fishermen, who put her presently into a Cistern of Water, in the Middle of a fine Meadow, where they kept the Fish reserved for the King's Table.

† B

Anguiletta,

Anguiletta, which was the Fairy's Name, found there a great many fine Fish, and heard the Fishermen say one to another, ' That the King made that Night a great Entertainment, for which those Fish had been carefully picked out,'

What dismal News was this for the unhappy Fairy, who accused her Fate a thousand Times, and sighed grievously when she got to the Bottom, whither she went, that she might bewail her Misfortune the more privately. The Desire of avoiding the impending Danger, made her look abroad on all Sides, to see if there was any Way to escape, and regain the River, which was but a small Distance from thence; but it proved all in vain, the Cistern was too deep to hope to get out of it without Assistance: And her Fears increased when she saw the Fishermen, who took her, approaching, who put in their Nets; and *Anguiletta*, by avoiding them, thought only to defer her Death for some Time.

At that Instant the King's youngest Daughter, who was then walking in the Meadow, came to the Cistern to amuse herself with looking at the Fish; when the Sun, which was then about setting, shining in the water, *Anguiletta's* Skin, which was streaked with Gold, appeared so bright, that the Princess took Notice of it, and finding it very beautiful, bid the Fisherman take that Eel, and give it her.

When the Princess had looked on *Anguiletta* some Time, moved with Compassion, she ran to the River-side, and threw her in; which unhop'd-for Service touched the Fairy's Heart with so lively an Acknowledgment, that she appeared that very Moment on the Top of the Water, and said to the Princess, ' I owe my Life to you, generous *Ploufina*, (which was the name of the Princess,) which is a great Happiness for you. Be not afraid, (continued she, seeing her going to run away,) I am a Fairy, and will satisfy you in the Truth of my Words by what I will do for you.'

As

As they were used to see Fairies in those Days, *Ploufina* took Courage, and gave great Attention to *Anguiletta's* agreeable Promises, and was about to make some Answer; when the Fairy interrupting her, said, 'Stay till you have received my Favours, before you assure me of your Acknowledgment. Go, young Princess, and come here again To-morrow Morning; wish for what you would have, and I will as soon accomplish it: Chuse either perfect Beauty, a lively piercing Wit, or vast riches.' After these Words, *Anguiletta* dived in the Water, and left *Ploufina* very well satisfied with her Adventure.

She resolved to trust nobody with what had happened to her; for she said to herself, 'If *Anguiletta* should deceive me, my Sisters may think I have invented this Story.'

After this short Reflection she returned to her Train, which consisted only of a few Women, whom she found looking for her.

All that Night the young *Ploufina* was engaged in the Choice she was to make; that of Beauty had a great Sway with her; but as she had Wit enough to desire more, she resolved to ask that Favour of the Fairy.

She rose next Day with the Sun, ran to the Meadow, as she said, to gather Flowers to make a Garland, to present to her Mother when she was up; but at the same Time, while her Women dispersed themselves in the Meadow, which was all enamelled, to pick out the finest and sweetest Flowers, the young Princess stole to the River's Side, and found at the Place where she had seen the Fairy, a Pillar of white Marble, perfectly fine, which presently opened, and the Fairy came out of it; who was no longer a Fish, but a beautiful Woman, of a majestic Air, whose Head-dress and other Apparel were covered over with Jewels. 'I am *Anguiletta*, (said she to the young Princess, who looked at her with great Attention) and come to

4 HISTORY of the PRINCESS HEBE,

‘ perform my Promise; you have made Choice of
‘ Wit; you shall have, from this Moment, enough
‘ to deserve the Envy of all those who have hi-
‘ therto pretended to it.’

The young *Ploufina*, after these Words, found herself quite different from what she was an Instant before; she thanked the Fairy with an Eloquence, which till then she had never been Mistress of; the Fairy smiling at the Princess’s Amazement to find so much Ease in expressing herself.

‘ I am so well pleased, (continued the kind *An-
‘ guiletta*) at the Choice you have preferably made
‘ to Beauty, which People of your Age are so
‘ much delighted with, that to recompense you, I
‘ will bestow that Beauty on you, which you this
‘ Day have so prudently neglected. Come again
‘ To-morrow at the same Hour, I give you that
‘ Time to chuse how beautiful you would be.’

Then the Fairy disappearing, left the young *Ploufina* more pleased than ever: The Choice of Wit was the Effect of her Reason, but the Promise of Beauty flattered her Heart; and what reaches that, we are generally the most affected with.

The young Princess leaving the River’s Side, went to receive the Flowers her Women presented her with, of which she made a very agreeable Garland, and carried it to the Queen; but how surprized was that Princess, the King, and the whole Court, when they heard the young *Ploufina* speak with a Grace that captivated their Hearts.

The Princesses, her Sisters, strove in vain to think her less witty than others; but were forced to yield, even to their Astonishment and Admiration.

At Night the Princess, possessed with the Hopes of being handsome, instead of going to Bed, sat up in her Closet, which was hung with Pictures, which represented, under the Figures of Goddesses, all the Queens and Princesses of her House; and as all those Pictures were very fine, she hoped they
might

might be assisting to her in the Choice of a Beauty worthy of being asked of the Fairy.

A *Juno* presented herself first to her Eyes, fair, and set off with an Air fit to represent the Queen of the Gods; *Pallas* and *Venus* were by her: This Piece being the Judgment of *Paris*.

The young Princess was very much pleased with the Pride and Stateliness of *Pallas*; but the Beauty of *Venus* inclined her there to fix her Choice: Nevertheless she passed on to the next, where she saw *Pomona* leaning on a Bed of Turfs, under Trees loaded with the finest Fruits, who seemed so charming, that the Princess, who since the Morning knew every Thing, was not surprized that a God had assumed so many Shapes to strive to please her.

Diana appeared next, as represented by the Poets, with a Quiver on her Back, and a Bow in her Hand, pursuing a Stag, and followed by her Nymphs.

Flora appeared a little more careful; she seemed walking in a Parterre, the Flowers of which, though admirable, came not up to her Complexion. Next her were the *Graces*, who looked beautiful and engaging.

But the Princess was most struck with a Picture that hung over the Chimney, which was the Goddess of Youth: A charming Air appeared through the whole Figure; the Hair was of the finest White, the Turn of her Face admirable, the Mouth delicate, the Shape and Breasts perfectly fine and beautiful, and her Eyes appeared more formidable to disturb our Reason, than the Nectar she was feigned to pour out.

‘ I will, (cried the young Princess, viewing the lovely Portrait) be as beautiful as *Hebe*, and, if possible, as lasting.’

After this, she went into her Chamber, where the Day she expected seemed too slow to second her Impatience; but at length appearing, she returned to the River-Side, where the Fairy kept her Word;

8 HISTORY of the PRINCESS HEBE,

and throwing some Water in *Ploufina's* Face, rendered her as beautiful as she wished to be.

The first Effects of the fortunate *Ploufina's* Charms, was the Praises of some Sea-Gods that accompanied the Fairy; she saw herself in the Water, and knew not herself, her Silence and Amazement being then the only Marks of Acknowledgement. 'I have fulfilled all your Desires, (said the generous Fairy to her) you ought to be satisfied, but I shall not, till I have exceeded your Desires by my Bounty.'

'I give you with Wit and Beauty, all the Treasures in my Disposal, which are inexhaustible; wish only for what Riches you would have, and you shall that Minute obtain them, both for yourself, and whoever you think fit.'

The Fairy afterwards disappeared, and the young *Ploufina*, who was then as handsome as *Hebe*, returned to the Palace. All that met her were charmed. They told the King of her Arrival, who admired her himself, but knew her only by her Voice and Wit. She informed him that a Fairy had bestowed those invaluable Gifts on her; and that she would be called *Hebe*, because she perfectly resembled the Picture of that Goddess.

What new Grounds of Hatred were here for her Sisters! Her Wit gave them less Jealousy than her Beauty now.

All the Princes who had been captivated by their Charms, no longer balanced to become unfaithful; they forsook all the Beauties of that Court, no Tears nor Reproaches could stay those fickle Lovers: And this Proceeding, which at that Time appeared so surprising, hath since, they say, become common. In short, they all burnt for *Hebe*, whose Heart remained insensible.

Notwithstanding the Hatred of her Sisters, she neglected nothing that might please them; she wished for so much Treasure for the Eldest, (for to wish and give, was with her the same) that the greatest

greatest Monarch of that Country asked that Princess in Marriage, and the Wedding was consummated with great magnificence.

The King, *Hebe's* Father, being inclined to raise a great Army, the Wishes of that fair Princess crowned all his Enterprises with Success; his Kingdom and Treasury became thereby very much enriched, which rendered him a most formidable Prince.

Nevertheless the divine *Hebe*, wearied with the Hurry of the Court, went to spend some Months in a pretty Box, some Distance from the capital Town, where she laid aside all Magnificence, contenting herself with what was gallant, and of a charming Plainness; Nature there only embellished the Walks, since Art was not then used.

A Wood surrounded this pretty Retreat, the Paths of which had something wild in them, divided by Brooks and little Rivulets, which formed natural Cascades.

The young *Hebe* walking often in this solitary Wood, one Day felt a secret Grief and Languishing, which never forsook her; she was ignorant of the Cause of it, and sat herself down on the Grass by the Brook-Side, the purling Noise of which entertained her Thoughts.

‘ What Chagrin, (said she to herself) disturbs
 ‘ the Excess of my good Fortune? What Princess
 ‘ in the World enjoys so perfect a Happiness as my-
 ‘ self? I have, by the Fairy’s Bounty, all I wish
 ‘ for; I can load all about me with Riches; all
 ‘ that see me, adore me; and yet my Heart pos-
 ‘ sesses not quiet Thoughts. I cannot imagine
 ‘ whence proceeds the insupportable Disquiet which
 ‘ hath, for some Time, opposed the Felicity of
 ‘ my Life.’

Thus the young Princess continually reflected, till at length she resolved to go to the River, to endeavour to see *Anguiletta*.

3 HISTORY of the PRINCESS *HEBE*,

The Fairy, accustomed to flatter her Desires, appeared on the Water, for it was one of those Days when she was metamorphosed into a Fish.

‘ I behold you always with Pleasure, young Princess, (said she to *Hebe*;) I know you are come from a very solitary abode, and you appear to me languishing, which is no Way agreeable to your Fortune. What ails you, *Hebe*? Tell me.’

‘ I ail nothing, (replied the young Princess, in Confusion;) you have heaped too many Favours on me, to want any Thing to complete the Happiness which you have bestowed upon me.’

‘ You sain would deceive me, (answered the Fairy) I know very well you are not content; but what can you desire more? Merit my Bounty by a sincere Confession, and I promise to accomplish your Desires.’

‘ I know not what I would have, (said the charming *Hebe*;) yet I am sensible (continued she, luring her Eyes) I want something that is absolutely necessary to complete my Happiness.’

‘ Oh! (cried the Fairy) ’tis Love you desire; that Passion only is capable of making you think so fantastically as you do.’

‘ A dangerous Disposition! (continued the young Fairy) You want Love, you shall have it; Hearts are naturally but too much disposed to it: But let me tell you, you will call on me in vain to put an End to that fatal Passion you think so great an Happiness, my Power extending not so far.’

‘ That matters not, (replied the young Princess hastily, blushing and smiling at the same Time:) Alas! what should I do with all the Riches you have given me, if I, in my Turn, might not contribute to another’s Felicity?’ At this Discourse the Fairy sighed, and shrunk beneath the Water.

Hebe

Hebe returned to her solitude, with Hopes that already began to calm her Troubles; the Fairy's Menaces somewhat disturbed her, but those wise Reflections were soon chased away by others more dangerous, but much more delightful.

When she came to the little Box, she found a Messenger from the King, who sent for her to come to Court the next Day. The King and Queen received her with Pleasure, and told her that a strange Prince in his Travels arriving at their Court, they had a Mind to make an Entertainment for him, to shew other Courts the Magnificence of theirs.

The young *Hebe*, in a Trouble she could not account for, asked her Sister at first, if the Stranger was handsome? 'You never saw any Thing like him, (answered the Princess.) 'Describe him to me,' (replied *Hebe* in Disorder.)

'He is such as they feign Heroes to be, (answered *Ileria*; his Shape is fine, his Air noble, his Eyes full of Fire, the Power of which one of the most insensible Ladies of the Court has already confessed; he has a very fine Head of brown Hair, and needs but shew himself to gain the Attention of all that see him.'

'You set him off to the best Advantage, (replied *Hebe*;) do you not flatter him?' 'No, Sister, (answered the Princess *Ileria*, with a Sigh she could not retain :) Alas! you will find him but too worthy of pleasing.'

At Night the Prince paid the Queen a Visit, who presented him to *Hebe*, whom he had not seen; but never were two Hearts so soon, or so sensibly touched, or ever had more Reason.

The Conversation was on different Subjects, but bright and agreeable, and supported by all that Vivacity the Desire of pleasing could inspire.

When the Queen retired, and the fair *Hebe* had Time to make some Reflections, she was sensible she had lost that Tranquillity which she knew not the Value of. 'Oh! *Anguiletta*, (cried she, as soon

10 HISTORY of the PRINCESS HEBE,

‘ as alone;) what an Object have you permitted
‘ me to behold! Your sage Counsels are destroyed
‘ by his Presence. Why gave you not me Strength
‘ to resist such Charms? But Perhaps their Power
‘ exceeds that of a Fairy.’

Hebe slept but little that Night, she rose very early, and the Care of dressing her against the Entertainment at Night, amused her all that Day with an Attention she was ignorant of till then; she being willing to please, for the first Time, the young Stranger, whose Desires were the same, forgot nothing that might render him amiable in the charming *Hebe*'s Eyes. The Princess *Ileria*, on her Part, neglected nothing that might please; she was Mistress of a thousand Beauties, and when *Hebe* was absent, appeared the most charming Person in the whole World; but that Princess's Presence effaced them all.

At Night there was a noble Entertainment, followed by a fine Ball, and the young Stranger had, without Dispute, taken Notice of the Magnificence, could he have regarded any Thing but the beautiful *Hebe*.

After the Repast there was a fine Illumination, which gave as great Light in the Gardens of the Palace, as if it had been Day. They went to take a pleasant Walk. The lovely Stranger gave the Queen his hand; but that Honour did not make Amends for the Chagrin of being separated a Moment from his Princess. The Trees were covered with Festoons of Flowers, and the Lamps which gave the Light were disposed in such a Manner, as to represent Bows and Arrows, and other Arms of Love, and in some Places formed Lines of Writing.

They went into a little Wood illuminated like the Gardens, where the Queen sat herself down by an agreeable Fountain, about which there were placed Seats of Turfs, adorned with Garlands of Pinks and Roses. While the Queen talked with
the

the King, with a great Croud of Courtiers about them, the Princesses amused themselves with looking at some Characters the little Lamps formed, the amiable Stranger standing then by the charming *Hebe*, who casting her Eyes on a Place where Arrows were represented, read aloud these Words, which were written under them :

They are invincible.

‘ Such are the Darts shot from the divine *Hebe’s* Eyes,’ (said the unknown Prince, looking on her tenderly.) The Princess heard him, and was confused ; but her Embrassment seemed to the Prince a happy Prefage to his Love, he having observed no Anger.

When the Diversions were over, the Charms of the Stranger had too sensibly touched the Heart of *Ileria*, for her not to perceive he loved another. Before *Hebe’s* coming to Court, that Prince had rendered her some little Favours ; but since that, had been altogether taken up with his Tenderness for *Hebe*.

In the mean Time, this young Stranger endeavoured by his Love to move the Heart of the beautiful Princess. He was in love, amiable, and his Fate obliged him to love ; and the Fairy abandoning her to the Inclination of her Heart, what Excuses were there for her to yield, who could not long hold out against herself ?

The charming Stranger told her he was a King’s Son, and was called *Atimir*, whose Name was well known to the Princess ; for that Prince had done Wonders in a War between the two Kingdoms ; and as they had always been Enemies, he went not by his true Name at her Father’s Court.

The young Princess, after a Conversation, wherein her Heart had fully received the sweet and dangerous Poison the Fairy had spoke to her of, permitted *Atimir* to discover to the King his Rank

and Love; who, transported with Joy, ran to his Majesty, and spoke to him with all the Ardour his Tenderness could inspire.

The King conducted him to the Queen. Before this Marriage, a lasting Peace was made, and the beautiful *Hebe* was promised to her happy Lover, as soon as he had received his Father's Consent. This News being spread abroad, the Princess *Ileria* felt a Grief equal to her Jealousy; she cried and groaned, but was forced to constrain herself, and conceal her useles Grief.

The charming *Hebe* and *Atimir* seeing one another every Day, their Tenderness augmented, and at that happy Time, the Princess could not comprehend why the Fairies, when they would complete the Happiness of Mortals, should not use all their Art and Knowledge to make them love.

An Ambassador from *Atimir's* Father arrived at Court, who had been expected with great Impatience, and brought with him his Consent; every Thing was prepared for the Marriage, and *Atimir* had nothing to fear: A dangerous State for a Lover one would preserve faithful!

The Prince thus assured of his Happiness, became somewhat less sensible: One Day, as he was looking for *Hebe* in the Gardens of the Palace, he heard the Voices of some Women in a Summer-Box of Honey-suckles; and hearing his Name mentioned, which excited his Curiosity to know more, he drew near to them, and heard the Princess *Ileria* say to a Person that was with her, 'I shall die before that fatal Day, my dear *Cleonice*: The Gods will not permit me to see the ungrateful Man whom I love, united to the too happy *Hebe*: My Torments are too grievous for my Life to endure much longer.' 'But, Madam, (answered the Damsel) the Prince *Atimir* is not unfaithful, he never made you any Vows; Fate alone is the Cause of your Misfortunes; and among so many Princes that adore you, you may find more amiable

‘ amiable than him, if a fatal Prevention possesses
‘ not your Heart.’

‘ Is there any in the whole World so lovely as
‘ him? (replied *Ileria*.)- Powerful Fairy! (added
‘ she, with a Sigh,) of all the Favours you have
‘ bestowed on the fortunate *Hebe*, I only envy
‘ *Atimir*’s Love.’

This Discourse of the Princess’s was interrupted by her Tears. Alas! how happy had she been, had she known how much she touched the Heart of *Atimir*?

She started up to go out of the Box, and the Prince hid himself behind some Trees. The Tears and Passion of *Ileria* had softened his Heart, which he looked upon then only as Compassion, in Favour of a beautiful Princess, whom he, against his Will, had made unhappy. Afterwards he went and found *Hebe*, whose Charms suspended all other Thoughts at that Time.

In crossing the Gardens to return to the Palace, he found something under his feet, which he took up, and found it to be a fine Pocket-Book. It was not far off the Box where he heard the Conversation of *Ileria*, therefore he feared to shew the Pocket-Book, lest he should give *Hebe*, any Knowledge of that Adventure; but hid it from that Princess, who was then employed in doing something to her Head-Dress.

That Night *Ileria* went not to the Queen, who was told she was not very well after walking; and *Atimir* comprehended that she had a Mind to conceal the Disorder he had seen her in at the Box, which Thought redoubled his Compassion.

As soon as he got to his Apartment, he opened the Pocket-Book he had found, and on the first Leaf found a Cypher of a double *A*, crowned with Myrrh, and supported by two Loves, one of which seemed to wipe his Eyes, and the other to break his Arrows.

The Sight of this Cypher moved the young Prince: He knew very well what *Ilera* meant; turned over the next Leaf to know more, and found these Words writ on the back-side:

*Almighty Love, your Charms display'd,
Which did my easy Heart invade:
Ah, cruel! thus your Power to prove,
And bless another with your Love.*

The Hand, which he knew very well, informed him it was the Princess *Ileria's* Book: He was touched with these tender Sentiments, which, far from being supported by his Love and Care, were not so much as supported by Hope. These Verses put him in Mind, that before *Hebe's* Arrival at the Court, he thought *Ileria* amiable; he began to look upon himself as false to that Princess, and indeed became too much so to the charming *Hebe*.

However, he opposed the first Emotions; but his Heart was used to be fickle, and we seldom are capable of breaking ourselves of an ill Habit.

He threw *Ileria's* Pocket-Book upon the Table, resolv'd never to look into it; but took it up again in spite of himself a Moment afterwards, and found in it a thousand Things which completed *Ileria's* Triumph over the divine *Hebe*.

A thousand confused Thoughts possessed the Prince's Heart all Night: In the Morning he waited on the King, who appointed the Day of his Marriage with *Hebe*. *Atimir* answered with a Confusion, which the King took for a Mark of his Love. How hard it is to know the Hearts of Men, since that Confusion was the Effect of his Infidelity!

The King was going to the Queen, and the Prince was obliged to follow him. He had not been there long, when the Princess *Ileria* appearing with a languishing Look, which the inconstant *Atimir* knowing too well the Cause of, rendered her more lovely in his Eyes: He made up to her,
talked

talked to her a long while, and informed her he was not ignorant of her Sentiments for him; and afterwards explained himself to her with a Tenderness, which was an Happiness too great, and but little expected by *Ileria*.

The charming *Hebe* came in at the same Time; the Sight of her made the Princess *Ileria* and the light *Atimir* blush. ‘How handsome she is! (said *Ileria*, looking on the Prince with an Emotion she could not conceal :) Fly hence, Sir, or deprive me quite of Life.’ To which the Prince could make no Answer.

When *Hebe* approached with an Air and Charms which cast a thousand Reproaches on the ungrateful *Atimir*, all which he could not support, he left the Princess, and told her he was going to dispatch a Courier to the King his Father; and she, for her Part, being prepossessed in his Favour, observed not those Looks he sometimes cast on *Ileria*.

While *Ileria* triumphed secretly, the fair *Hebe* was told by the King and Queen, she was to be married to *Atimir* in three Days. But how unworthy was he then of the Sentiments that News created in the Heart of the lovely *Hebe*?

The Prince, though possessed with a false Passion, spent Part of the Day with *Hebe*; and *Ileria*, who knew of it, thought she should have died a thousand Times for Jealousy; her Love redoubling whenever she had any the least Hope.

As the Prince was going into his Apartment at Night, he received a Letter from an unknown Man, which he opened in Haste, and found these Words in it.

‘**I** Yield to a Passion a thousand Times more strong than my Reason; but since it is in vain to conceal those Sentiments from you, which Chance hath discovered, come, Prince, and know the Resolution my tender Love hath made me take. How happy should I be, if it cost me but my Life!’

The

The Person that brought this Letter, told him, he was ordered to conduct him where the Princess *Ileria* waited for him. *Atimir*, without considering a Moment, followed him. After a great many Turnings and Windings, they came to a small Pavilion full of Lights, which was at the End of a close-shaded Alley; where he found *Ileria* with only one of her Women, the rest being gone to walk in the Garden.

Ileria was sat on a crimson Cushion, embroidered with Gold; her Dress, which was both gallant and magnificent, was yellow and silver Tissue; her fine black Hair was dressed with Ribbons of the same Colour as her Clothes, intermixed with Diamonds. At the Sight of her, *Atimir*, ashamed of being false, fell on his Knees by her, and *Ileria*, looking on him with a Tenderness that sufficiently betrayed the Sentiments of her Heart, said, ‘ Prince, I sent
 ‘ for you not to persuade you to break off your
 ‘ Marriage: I know too well ’tis resolved on: But
 ‘ since some Words which you was pleased to flatter
 ‘ my Misfortune and Tenderness with, do not
 ‘ permit me to believe you will leave *Hebe* for me;
 ‘ yet, (continued she, with Tears that entirely
 ‘ seduced the Heart of *Atimir*) I will sacrifice to
 ‘ my Love, without Regret, a Life you have ren-
 ‘ dered so painful to me; and this Poison (shewing
 ‘ a little golden Box she held in her Hand) shall
 ‘ secure me from the frightful Punishment of seeing
 ‘ you *Hebe*’s Spouse.’

‘ No, beautiful *Ileria*, (cried the fickle Prince,)
 ‘ I will not be hers; I will leave her to please
 ‘ you, whom I love a thousand Times better; and,
 ‘ notwithstanding my Duty and Faith so solemnly
 ‘ given, I am ready to conduct you where nothing
 ‘ shall constrain our Love.’ ‘ Alas, Prince! (said
 ‘ *Ileria*, sighing.) shall I trust myself with one so
 ‘ false?’ ‘ I will never be so to you, (replied
 ‘ *Atimir*;) and the King, your Father, who gave
 ‘ me *Hebe*, will not refuse me the lovely *Ileria*, when
 ‘ she

‘ she shall be in my Power.’ ‘ Let us go then,
 ‘ *Atimir*, (said the Princess, after some Time of
 ‘ Silence,) let us go where our Fate hurries us;
 ‘ whatever I may suffer, nothing can balance in
 ‘ my Heart the sweet Pleasure of being adored by
 ‘ the Man I love.’

After these Words they consulted Measures for their Departure; and having no Time to lose, they resolved on the Night following. They parted with a great deal of Reluctance; and, notwithstanding *Atimir*’s Oaths, *Ileria* yet dreaded *Hebe*’s Charms; and was, the Remainder of the Night, and the Day following, continually possessed with that Fear.

In the mean Time the Prince gave all necessary Orders for their secret Departure; and the next Night, when every Body was retired in the Palace, went to *Ileria*’s Pavilion in the Garden, where she waited for him, attended only by *Cleonice*. They went away, and with incredible Speed got out of the Kingdom. In the Morning, this News was made known by a Letter *Ileria* writ to the Queen, and one writ by *Atimir* to the King; which were very moving, and easily discovered that Love was the Dictator. The King and Queen were in an extreme Rage; but Words are not capable to express the piercing Grievs of the unfortunate and charming *Hebe*: How great was her Despair, and how many her Tears! What Vows did she not offer to the Fairy *Anguiletta*, to put an End to those cruel Calamities she had foretold! *Hebe* returned in vain to the River-Side; *Anguiletta*, who was as good as her Word, never appeared, but abandoned her to the most frightful Despair. The Princes, whom the ungrateful *Atimir*’s good Fortune had discarded, took fresh Hopes, and their Cares and Love seemed new Torments to the faithful *Hebe*.

The King desired her passionately to make Choice of a Spouse, and oftentimes pressed her to it; but this Duty appeared too cruel to her Tenderness

derness; she resolved to leave her Father's Kingdom, but before her Departure, went once again to find *Anguiletta*.

The Fairy, who this Time could not resist the Tears of the beautiful *Hebe*, appeared; at the Sight of her the Princess renewed her Tears, having no Power to speak to her. 'You know now, (said the Fairy) what that fatal Happiness is, which I was always willing to refuse you; but, *Hebe*, *Atimir* has punished you but too well for not following my Advice: Go, and avoid this Place, which calls into your Remembrance all your Tenderness; you will find a Vessel by the Sea-Side that will carry you to the only Place in the World, where you may be cured of this unhappy Passion that causes your Despair; but remember, (added *Anguiletta*, raising her Voice,) that when your Heart is easy and quiet, you never seek after the fatal Presence of *Atimir*, which will cost you your Life.' *Hebe* wished more than once to see that Prince once again, whatever that Pleasure should cost her; but some Remains of Reason, and Value of her Honour, made her resolve to accept of the Fairy's Proposal. She thanked her for this last Kindness, and went the next Day to the Sea-Side, attended by those Women she had the greatest Confidence in.

There she found *Anguiletta's* Vessel, all gilt with Gold, the Masts of inlaid Work, the Sails of Silver and Rose-coloured Tissue, on which were wrote *Liberty*. The Sailors Jackets were of the same Colour as the Sails, and every Thing seemed to breathe the Sweets of Liberty.

The Princess went into a magnificent Cabin, the Furniture of which was admirable, and the Paintings perfectly fine. She still afflicted herself as much in this new Abode, as in her Father's Court; they endeavoured to divert her by a thousand Pleasures, but the State she was in, would not permit her to give any Attention to them.

One Day as she was amusing herself in looking on some Paintings in the Cabin, in the Place that represented a Landscape, she observed a young Shepherdess with a smiling Air cutting of Nets, to set some Birds at Liberty that were taken; and some of those little Creatures that were escaped, seemed to fly towards Heaven with a wonderful Swiftness. The other Paintings seemed to represent such like Subjects; nothing seemed to speak of Love, but all boasted of the Charms of Liberty; which made the Princess, in a melancholy Tone, say, ' Will my Heart be always insensible for so sweet an Happiness, for which my Reason makes such vain Efforts ?

Thus the unhappy *Hebe* lived possessed with her Tenderness, and at the same Time with the Desire of forgetting it.

They had been about a Month at Sea, when one Morning, as the Princess was upon Deck, she discerned, at a Distance, a Coast that seemed very pleasant; the Trees were of a surprising Height and Beauty, and when they were nearer, she observed they were full of Birds, the Plumage of which was of a bright shining Colour; they made a charming Concert, their Songs being so sweet, that they seemed as if they feared to make too great a Noise.

When they arrived at this Shore, the Princess and her Women landed; where she no sooner breathed the Air of that Island, but she felt a perfect Tranquility in her Breast, and suffered herself to be surprised by an agreeable Sleep, which closed her Eyes for some Time.

This agreeable Country, which was to her unknown, was the *Peaceable Island*, which the Fairy *Anguiletta*, who was a near Relation to the Prince that governed there, had endowed for above two thousand Years, with the happy Gift of curing the most unfortunate Passions, and assured them that
Gift

Gift should still continue; but the Difficulty was, to get to that Island.

While the beautiful *Hebe* enjoyed a Repose she had not tasted the sweets of for six Months before, the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, was taking the Air in that Wood which bordered by the Sea-Side, in his Chariot, drawn by four white young Elephants, and attended by his Court.

There he saw the Princess asleep; her Beauty surpris'd him. He alighted out of his Chariot with a Precipitation and Vivacity he never felt till then. He took at that Sight all the Love the Charms of *Hebe* were worthy of inspiring. The Noise awak'd her, and she opening her Eyes, discovered a thousand new Beauties to the young Prince. He was about the same Age of *Hebe*, which was nineteen: His Beauty was perfect; a thousand Graces were in all his Actions; his Shape extraordinary, and his Hair, which hung in large Ringlets down to the Middle of his Back, was of the same Colour as *Hebe's*. His Habit was made of Feathers, of a thousand different Colours; he had over it a kind of Cloak, that trailed on the Ground, made of Swans Feathers, buckled on the Shoulders by very fine Diamonds. His Belt was all of Diamonds, on which hung, by Chains of Gold, a small Sabre, covered over with Rubies. He had a kind of Head-piece, made of Feathers like the rest, on which was buttoned, by a very large Diamond, some Heron Feathers, which set it off with great Splendor.

This Prince was the first Object that presented itself to the young Princess when she awak'd. He appear'd to her worthy of her Regard; and it was the first Time in all her Life that ever she look'd on any other but *Atimir* with any Attention.

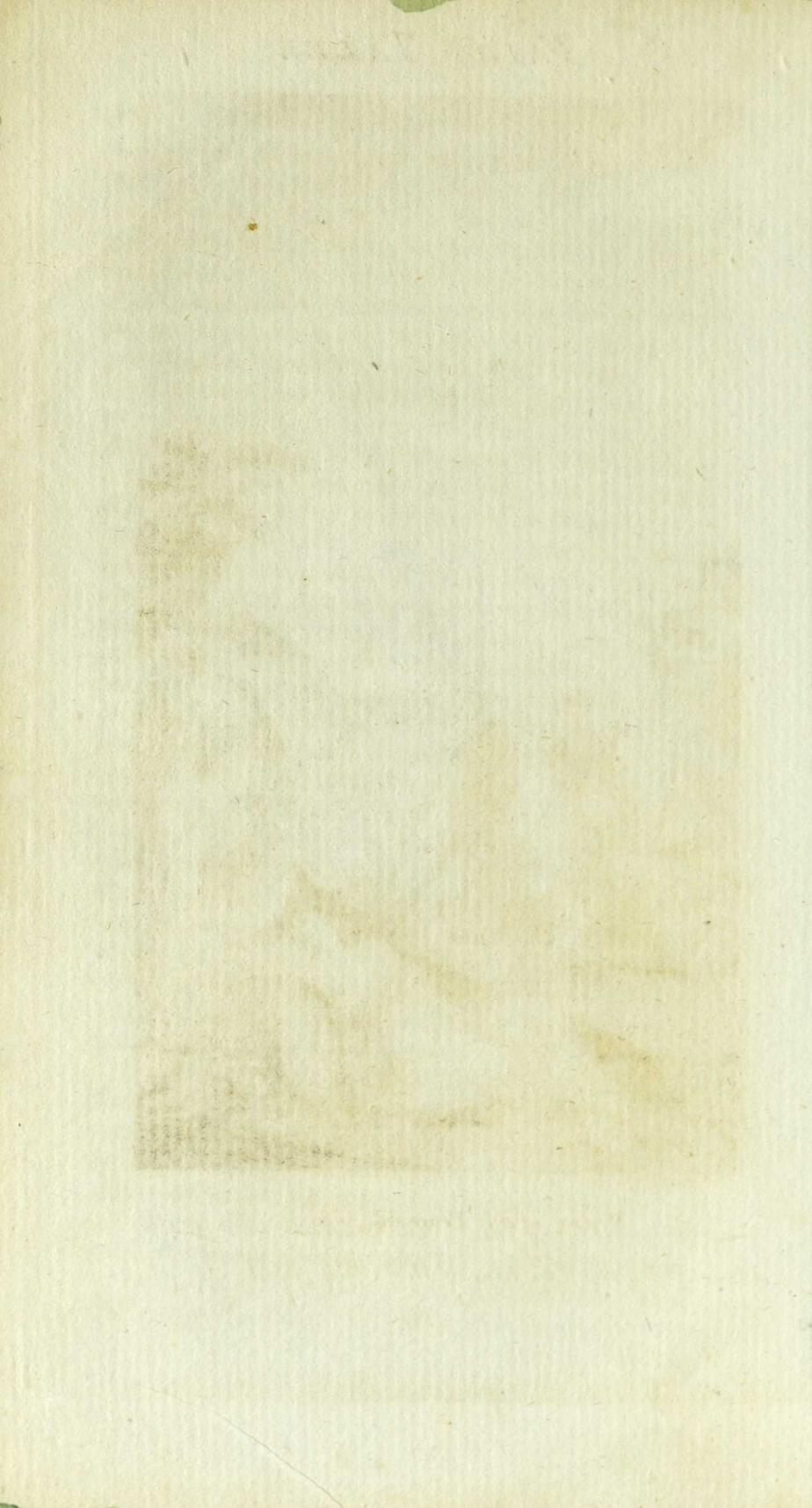
‘ Every thing assures me, (said the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* to the Princess) that you are the divine *Hebe*: Alas! who besides could boast so many Charms?’ ‘ Who could, Sir, so soon inform

FAIRY TALES



Prince of the Peaceable Island.

attracted by the Charms of the Beautiful Flebe.



‘ inform you, (answered the young Princess, getting up, and blushing at the same Time,) that I was in this Island?’ ‘ A powerful Fairy, (replied the young King) who, willing to make me the happiest of Men, and this Country most fortunate, promised me to conduct you here, and hath permitted me yet more glorious Hopes. But I am very sensible, (added he, sighing,) that my Fate depends more upon your Bounty than hers.’

After these Words, to which she answered with a great deal of Wit, the Prince desired her to go into his Chariot, which should carry her to the Palace, and out of Respect went not into it himself: But as she understood by his Discourse, and by his Train, that he was the King of that Isle, she obliged him to sit by her.

Never any thing appeared so beautiful in one Chariot; all the Prince’s Court at that Sight could not forbear their Applauses. While they were on the Way, the young Prince entertained *Hebe* with a great deal of Wit and Tenderness, and the Princess, satisfied to find her Heart at Ease, resumed all her Vivacity.

They arrived at the Palace, which was some Distance from the Sea, and built all of Ivory, and covered with Agate, all the Avenues to which were encompassed with fine Canals.

The Prince’s Guards were drawn out in all the Courts: In the first they were clothed in yellow Feathers, with Head-pieces, Bows and Arrows, all of Silver: In the second, they were clothed in Feathers of a Fire-colour, with gilt Sabres, adorned with Turquoises. When they came into the third Court, the Guards were clothed in white Feathers, holding in their Hands gilded and painted Half-Pikes, adorned with Garlands of Flowers; for in that Country they never were in War, therefore bore no terrible Arms,

The

The Prince alighted out of his Chariot, and led the amiable *Hebe* into a magnificent Apartment. The Court was numerous, the Ladies beautiful, the Men gallant and handsome: And though all the Inhabitants of the Country were clothed with Feathers, the Art of forming them in Shades made them very agreeable.

That Night the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* made a great Entertainment for the beautiful *Hebe*, which was followed by a Concert of sweet Flutes, Lutes, Theorboes and Harpsichords; for in that Country they loved not noisy Instruments. The Symphony was very fine; and when it had lasted some Time, a delicate fine Voice sung some Words which declared the Prince's Passion, while he gazed on *Hebe*, to persuade her those Words expressed his Thoughts.

As it was late when the Music left off, the Prince led the Princess into the Apartment appointed for her, which was the finest in the Palace; there she found a great Number of Ladies, whom the Prince had named to have the Honour to be her Attendants.

The Prince left the beautiful *Hebe*, and was the most in Love of all Men. They put her to Bed; the Ladies retired, and only left in the Chamber those she brought along with her. 'Who could believe it, (said she to them, when she was at Liberty,) my Heart is at Peace! what God hath calmed my Troubles? I love *Atimir* no longer; I can think, without dying with Grief, that he is, perhaps, *Ileria's* Spouse. Is not all I see a Dream? No, (said she, recovering herself a little,) my Dreams used not to be so quiet.' In short, she returned *Anguiletta* a thousand Thanks, and then went to Sleep.

The next Morning when she awaked, as she opened the Bed-Curtain, the Fairy appeared to her with a smiling Air, which she had never observed in her Face since that fatal Day she asked for Love. 'At last I have happily brought
 * you

‘ you hither, (said the amiable Fairy to her,) your
 ‘ Heart is free, therefore will be content. I have
 ‘ cured you of a cruel Passion; but, *Hebe*, can I
 ‘ be assured that these terrible Torments, to
 ‘ which you have been exposed, will make you al-
 ‘ ways avoid the Sight of the ungrateful *Atimir*?’

The young Princess promised the Fairy every
 Thing, and swore both against Love and her false
 Lovers. ‘ Remember your Promises, (replied *An-*
 ‘ *guiletta*, with an Air that left an Impression of
 ‘ Respect,) you will perish with *Atimir*, if ever
 ‘ you seek to see him again. But every Thing
 ‘ here ought to remove a Desire so fatal to your
 ‘ Life.

‘ I will no longer conceal from you what I have
 ‘ resolved in your Favour: The Prince of this
 ‘ Island is my Relation; I protect his Person and
 ‘ Empire: He is young and amiable, and no
 ‘ Prince in the World is more worthy of being
 ‘ your Husband. Reign then, beautiful *Hebe*, in
 ‘ his Heart and Kingdom: The King, your Father,
 ‘ gives his Consent; I was Yesterday at his Pa-
 ‘ lace, and acquainted him and the Queen, your
 ‘ Mother, with the present State of your Fortune,
 ‘ which they have put absolutely under my Care.’

The Princess had a great Mind to have asked the
 Fairy about *Ileria* and *Atimir*; but durst not, after
 so many Favours, run the Hazard of displeasing
 her; therefore she only made Use of all the Wit
 she had bestowed on her to thank her.

Then somebody coming into the Room, the
 Fairy disappeared. As soon as *Hebe* was up,
 twelve Children, clothed like Cupids, brought
 from the Prince twelve Baskets of Crystal, full of
 the most agreeable Flowers, which only garnished
 some Jewels of a wonderful Beauty. In the first
 Basket that was presented to her, this Billet was
 found:

‘ *To the Divine HEBE.*

‘ **Y**esterday I swore a thousand Times how I
 ‘ loved; the sweet Remembrance of which
 ‘ Oaths will ever remain, since they were dictated
 ‘ by Love, and are supported by your Charms.’

After what the Fairy had ordered the Princess, she comprehended that she ought to accept of her new Lover, as of a Prince that was shortly to be her Husband.

She received the little Loves very favourably; and had hardly dismissed them, when four-and-twenty Dwarfs, fantastically, but magnificently cloathed, appeared loaded with new Presents, that consisted of Habits all of Feathers; the Colours and Work of which, with Jewels, were so fine, that the Princess owned she had never seen any Thing so gallant.

She made Choice of a Rose-colour to wear that Day; her Head-dress was adorned with a Plume of Feathers of the same Colour, and she appeared so charming with this new Ornament, that the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, who came to see her when she was dressed, felt his Passion redouble. All the Court crowded to admire the Princess. At Night the Prince proposed to the beautiful *Hebe* to walk in the Gardens, which were admirable, where the Prince told *Hebe*, that the Fairy had fed him for four Years with the Hopes of her Arrival in the *Peaceable Island*: ‘ But some Time after, (added the Prince,) when I pressed her on her Promises, she appeared sad, and told me, the Princess is designed by the King, her Father, for another, and not for thee: But if my Knowledge deceives me not, she will not be that Prince’s. I will tell you more another Time.’

Some Months after, the Fairy came again: ‘ Fortune favours you, (said she to me,) the Prince
 ‘ that

‘ that was to have been, will not be *Hebe*’s Spouse ;
 ‘ and in a little Time you will see here the most
 ‘ beautiful Princess in the World.’

‘ Indeed, (replied *Hebe* blushing,) I was to have
 ‘ been married to the Son of a neighbouring King ;
 ‘ but, after a great many Events, the Love he
 ‘ bore my Sister made him resolve to go away
 ‘ with her.’

The Prince of the *Peaceable Island* said a thousand tender Things to the beautiful *Hebe* on his happy Fate, which according with what the Fairy had told him, had brought her into this Isle ; and she hearkened to him with so much the more Pleasure, because this Discourse interrupted the Recital of her Adventures ; she fearing she should not be able to speak of her faithless Lover, without discovering the Tenderness she had had for him.

The Prince conducted *Hebe* into a Grotto curiously adorned and embellished with the Spoutings of Water. The Bottom of the Grotto was dark ; there was a great Number of Niches with Statues, representing Nymphs and Shepherds, which were hard to be distinguished. When the Princess had been there some Time, she heard a delightful Sound of Instruments. A noble Illumination that appeared all on a sudden, discovered to her, that Part of those Statues formed that Concert ; when the others came out, and danced fine and gallant Dances, intermixed with tender and agreeable Songs ; all the Performers in this Diversion being placed at the Bottom of the Grotto, surpris’d the Princess more agreeably.

After the Dance, Savages came in, and served up a stately Collation under an Arbour of Jessamins and Orange-flowers.

The Entertainment was just over, when all on a sudden the Fairy *Anguiletta* appeared in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by four Swans ; and, descending, pronounced to the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* a charming Happiness, in telling him she would
 C have

have him marry *Hebe*, and withal, that that Princess had promised her to consent.

The Prince, transported with Joy, doubted at first to whom he should return his first Thanks, whether to *Hebe* or *Anguiletta*; and though Joy permits not of touching Expressions like Grief, he acquitted himself, however, with a great deal of Wit, and a good Grace.

The Fairy had no Mind to leave the Prince and Princess till the Day appointed for their Marriage, which was to be in three days; when she made them both costly Presents, and went with them, who were followed by all the Court, and a great many of the Inhabitants of the Isle, to the Temple of *Hymen*, which was made of Olive Branches and Palms interlaced together, which, by the Fairy's Power, never faded.

Hymen was there represented by a Statue of white Marble, crowned with Roses, and raised on an Altar adorned only with Flowers, and supported by a *Cupid* of an extraordinary Beauty, who, with a smiling Air, presented him with a Crown of Myrtle.

Anguiletta, who built this Temple, was willing every Thing should be plain, to shew that Love alone can render Marriage happy. The Difficulty is not to unite them together, but as the Miracle worthy of a Fairy, to join them together for ever in the *Peaceable Island*; which, contrary to the Customs of other Countries, can make Man and Wife loving and constant.

In this Temple of *Hymen* the beautiful *Hebe*, led by *Anguiletta*, plighted her Faith to the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, and received his with Pleasure. She had not that involuntary Inclination for him that she felt for *Atimir*; but her Heart, then exempt from Passion, accepted of that Spouse, by the Fairy's Order, as a Prince worthy of her by his Person, and much more by his Love. This Marriage was celebrated by a thousand gallant Entertain-

Entertainments, and *Hebe* lived happy with a Prince that adored her.

In the mean Time, the King, *Hebe's* Father, received Ambassadors from *Atimir*, who asked Leave to marry the Princess *Ileria*, (for his Father was dead, and he left absolute Master of his Kingdom) which was granted with Joy.

After this Marriage, the Queen *Ileria* asked, by new Ambassadors, Leave of the King her Father, and Queen her Mother, to come to their Court; to beg Pardon for a Fault which Love had made her commit, and for which *Atimir's* Merit was a sufficient Excuse.

The King consented, and *Atimir* and his Queen were welcomed on their Arrival with all the Demonstrations of Joy possible.

A little after, the beautiful *Hebe* and her charming Spouse sent their Ambassadors to the King and Queen, with the News of their Nuptials, which *Anguiletta* had informed them of before; yet, notwithstanding, they were not received with less Pleasure and Magnificence.

Atimir was then with the King when they presented themselves the first Time before him; the lovely Image of *Hebe* was not to be absolutely blotted out of an Heart over which she had so great a Sway. *Atimir* could not forbear sighing when he heard of the Happiness of the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*; he accused *Hebe* a thousand Times of being inconstant, without thinking at the same Time of the Cause he had given her.

When the Ambassadors of the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* returned crowned with Honours, and loaded with Presents, they told their Princess the great Joy the King and Queen expressed at their happy Marriage.

But withal, (Oh! too sincere Relation!) they acquainted *Hebe*, that the Princess *Ileria* and *Atimir* were at the Court. These Names, which were so dangerous to their Repose, rendered her again

uneasy; she was then happy, but Mortals cannot long preserve a certain Felicity.

She was not able to resist her Impatience to return to her Father's Court; which was, as she said, to see the Queen her Mother: Nay, she had even persuaded herself into a Belief of it; for how often do they who love deceive themselves in their own Thoughts?

Notwithstanding the Fairy's Threats to oblige her to avoid the Sight of *Atimir*, she proposed that Journey to the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, who at first refused her, for *Anguiletta* had bid him not let her stir out of his Kingdom; but she continuing her Entreaties, and as he adored her, and knew nothing of her Passion for *Atimir*, he could not deny any Thing to one he loved so dear.

He thinking to please the beautiful *Hebe* by a blind Complaisance, gave Orders for their Departure; and never was seen more Magnificence than in their Equipage, and in the Ships.

The wife *Anguiletta*, provoked at the little Regard shewn by *Hebe* and the Prince to her Orders, abandoned them to their Fate, and never appeared to give them Advice, which they had made so little Use of.

For the Prince and Princess, they, after a pleasant Voyage, arrived at the Court of *Hebe's* Father; where the King and Queen's Joy to see that fine Princess again was very great. They were charmed with the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, and celebrated their Arrival by great Rejoicings throughout the whole Kingdom; only *Ileria* groaned when she heard of *Hebe's* Return. And it was decreed, that when they should see one another again, no Mention should be made of what was past.

Atimir asked to see *Hebe*, and seemed to *Ileria* to desire it with too great an Ardour.

The Princess *Hebe* blushed when he came into her Chamber; they were both in a Confusion, that all their Wit was not sufficient to extricate them
out

out of. The King, who was then present, observed it, and joining in their Conversation, to make this Visit the shorter, propos'd walking in the Gardens of the Palace, and as *Atimir* durst not offer his Hand to *Hebe*, he made her only a respectful Bow, and so retired.

But what were the Sentiments and Ideas of his Heart? All that lively and tender Passion he had for *Hebe*, rekindled in his Bosom; he hated *Ileria* and himself, and never Infidelity was attended with more Repentance and Grief.

At Night he waited on the Queen, to whom *Hebe* was paying a Visit; and not satisfied with looking at her, endeavour'd to speak to her, which she always avoid'd; but still his Eyes inform'd her too much for her Quiet: He continued to shew, by all his Actions, that hers had again resum'd their Empire over him.

Hebe's Heart was alarm'd; *Atimir* always appear'd to her too lovely: She resolv'd to fly him with as much Care as he endeavour'd to find out her. She never spok'd to him but before the Queen, and then never but when she could not absolutely dispence with it; and was determin'd to persuade the Prince, her Husband, to return soon to their own Dominions: But how difficult a thing it is to leave what we love!

One Evening as she was engag'd in these Thoughts, and had shut herself up in her Closet, that she might think more at her Liberty, she found in her Pocket a Billet, that had been put into it unknown to her, which she open'd, and knew to be *Atimir's* Hand, which gave her inexpressible Trouble; she thought not to read it, but her Heart over-ruling her Reason, she look'd it over, and found these Words in it.

‘ Fairest HEBE,

‘ YOU are too insensible of my violent Passion,
 ‘ and use me with too much Indifference:
 ‘ But since your Heart has, in its Turn, been false,
 ‘ and has followed but too close the Example of
 ‘ mine, let it imitate it in its Return. Forgive
 ‘ me, my Princess, and permit me to resume
 ‘ those Chains I once wore, when we partook of
 ‘ each other’s Pains and Pleasures.’

‘ Oh, cruel! (cried the Princess) what have I
 ‘ done, that you should endeavour to rekindle in
 ‘ my Soul a Tenderness that has caused me so
 ‘ much Sorrow?’ And then her Tears interrupted
 her Discourse.

In the mean Time *Ileria* languished under a Jealousy too justly grounded, and *Atimir*, hurried on by his Love, was unable to restrain himself any longer. The Prince of the *Peaceable Island* began to discover his Passion for *Hebe*; but was willing to examine farther into *Atimir*’s Conduct, before he spoke of it to the Princess, whom he adored constantly, and whom he was afraid of informing of that Prince’s Love.

Some Days after the Receipt of this Letter, there were appointed Courses, when all the Princes, and sprightly Youths of the Court, were to break Lances in Honour of the Ladies.

The King and Queen honoured this Diversion with their Presence. The beautiful *Hebe* and the Princess *Ileria* were to bestow the Prizes; which were a Sword, the Handle and Scabbard of which were covered with Diamonds; and a Bracelet of most curious Diamonds.

All the Knights named for the Courses appeared with an extraordinary Magnificence, mounted on very fine Horses, bearing the Colours their Mistresses

resses delighted in, with Devices on their Shields agreeable to the Sentiments of their Hearts.

The Prince of the *Peaceable Island* was in a costly Dress, mounted on a most beautiful dappled Horse, with a fine long black Tail and Main: In all his Equipage the Rose-colour appeared, which *Hebe* very much loved; and on his Head-piece, which was very light, there waved a Plume of Feathers of the same Colour. He gained the Applause of all the Spectators, and appeared so handsome in his bright Armour, that *Hebe* secretly reproached herself a thousand Times for the Sentiments she had the Misfortune to have for another. His Train was numerous, cloathed after the Manner of their own Country, very gallant and stately. An Esquire carried his Shield, on which was this Device, an Heart pierced with an Arrow, and a *Cupid* shooting a great Number, to endeavour to make fresh Wounds; but all, except the first, seemed to have been drawn in vain: These Words were under-written:

I fear no other.

The Colours and Device of the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* soon discovered that he was *Hebe's* Knight, and that as such he would enter the Lists: Every Body was taken up with his Magnificence, when *Atimir* came forward, mounted on a black, fiery Steed, that appeared very stately. His Colour that Day was dark Green, intermixed neither with Gold, Silver, nor Jewels, only he had a Plume of Rose-coloured Feathers on his Head-piece; and the other affected a great Carelessness in his Apparel; he had so graceful a Mien, and managed his Horse so well, and withal had so lofty an Air, that nobody could forbear looking at him: On his Shield, which he carried himself, appeared a Love, who trampled his Chains under his Feet,

and bound himself with others more weighty, with these Words :

‘ *Worthy only of me.*’

Atimir's Train consisted of the principal Lords of his Court, who were clothed in dark Green, laced with Silver, and covered over with Jewels ; and though they were all handsome and well-shaped, yet it was easy to judge by that Prince's Air, he was born to command them.

The different Emotions the Sight of this Prince produced in the Hearts of *Hebe* and *Ileria*, and the Jealousy the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* conceived, when he saw the Plume on *Atimir's* Casque of the same Colour with his own, are not to be expressed : The reading of the Device completed his Rage, the Effects of which he then stifled till a better Opportunity.

The King and Queen soon took Notice, both of the Boldness and Imprudence of *Atimir*, and were very angry ; but it was not then a Time to shew it. The Courses began with the Soundings of Trumpets, which rended the Air with their Echoes : They were very fine, and all the Knights shewed their Address ; and the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, though possessed with an outrageous Jealousy, signalized himself, and was proclaimed Conqueror.

Atimir, who knew that the first Prize was to be given by *Ileria*, never disputed the Victory with the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* : He was declared Victor by the Judges of the Field, and advanced gracefully, with the Acclamations and Praises of all the Spectators, to the Place where the King and Princesses sat, to receive the Bracelet ; which the Princess *Ileria* presented to him, and he took with a good Grace ; then paying his Respects to the King, Queen, and Princesses, he returned to the Lists.

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The melancholy *Ileria* observing but too well the Disdain the light *Atimir* shewed for the Prize she was to give, sighed grievously; and the beautiful *Hebe* felt in her Breast a secret Joy, which all her Reason could not resist.

The second Course began with the same Success as the first, wherein the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* animated by the Sight of *Hebe*, did Wonders, and was declared Victor again; when *Atimir*, vexed to be a Spectator of his Rival's Glory, and flattered with the Thought of receiving the Prize from *Hebe*'s Hand, went and presented himself at the End of the Lists.

The two Rivals looked on each other scornfully; and that Course between two such great Princes was celebrated by the new Trouble it caused the two Princesses. The Princes ran one against the other with equal Advantage, and broke their Lances without any Disorder. The Shouts of the Spectators redoubled, and they, without giving their Horses Time to breathe, returned to take fresh Lances, and ran with the same Success and Address as at first. The King, who feared lest Fortune should declare one of them Victors, sent presently to tell them, that they ought to be satisfied with the Glory they had gained, and to desire them to put an End to the Courses.

When the Person the King sent, came to them, they heard him with a great deal of Impatience, especially *Atimir*; who taking upon him to speak, said, 'Go tell the King, I should be unworthy of the Honour he does me, in concerning himself with my Glory, if I should suffer a Conqueror.' 'Let us see then, (said the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, spurring on his Horse with great Ardour,) which merits most the King's Esteem, and the Favours of Fortune.'

The Messenger was not returned to the King, before the two Rivals, urged on by Sentiments more prevalent than the Prize, began the Course;

wherein Fortune favoured the audacious *Atimir*, and pronounced him Victor; the Prince of the *Peaceable Island's* Horse, wearied with the Courses he had made, falling down, and throwing his Master on the Sand: How great was *Atimir's* Joy, and that unfortunate Prince's Rage! He got up quickly, and going up to his Rival before any came to them, ' You have overcome me in Sports, ' *Atimir*, (said he,) with an Air sufficient to shew ' his Passion; but with my Sword I will decide our ' Differences.' ' I consent, (replied the fiery ' *Atimir*,) and will meet you To-morrow at Sun- ' rise, in the Wood, at the End of the Palace- ' Gardens.' As they had made an End of these Words, the Judges of the Field came up to them; whereupon they disguised their mutual Rage, lest the King should prevent their Designs.

The Prince of the *Peaceable Island* mounted his Horse again, and rid with all Speed to leave the fatal Place, where *Atimir* had vanquished him. In the mean Time that Prince went to receive the Prize of the Course from *Hebe*, who presented it to him with a Confusion that discovered the different Commotions of her Soul; and *Atimir*, in taking it, committed all the Extravagance of a Man very much in Love.

The King and Queen, who had their Eyes fixed on them, observed him all the Time, and returned to their Palace very much dissatisfied with the Ending of that Day. *Atimir*, possessed with his Passion, went out of the Lists without any Attendants; and *Ileria*, outrageous with Grief and Jealousy, went back to her Apartments.

Various then were the Thoughts of *Hebe*: I must ' go hence, (said she to herself,) since no other ' Remedy can be found to prevent the Misfortunes ' that I foresee.'

At the same Time the King and Queen resolved to desire *Atimir* to go Home, to avoid the new Troubles

Troubles his Love might create; which same Proposition they likewise determined to make to the Prince of the *Peateable Island*, that neither Party might take any Umbrage thereat. But the Princes hasty Resolutions prevented this prudent Foresight; for while they deliberated on their Departure, the others prepared for the Combat.

As soon as *Hebe* came back from the Courses, she asked for the Prince her Spouse, who they told her was in the Gardens of the Palace, very melancholy, and willing to be alone. The beautiful *Hebe* thought it her Duty to go and comfort him after his ill Fortune; so, without staying in her Apartment, she went into the Gardens, followed by some of her Women.

She was looking for the Prince, when entering into a shady Walk, she espied the amorous *Atimir*, who, transported with his Passion, and regarding nothing else, fell on his Knees some Distance from the Princess, and drawing the Sword he that Day received from her, 'Hear me, charming *Hebe*, ' (said he,) or let me die at your Feet.'

The Women, frightened at this Action of the Prince, threw themselves upon him, endeavouring to take away his Sword, which he turned with great Rage on the other Side. *Hebe*, the unhappy *Hebe*, was for flying: but how great must our Reason be, that can force us from what we love!

The Desire of keeping this Adventure a Secret, with her Design to intreat *Atimir* to strive to cure a Passion so fatal to them both, and the Compassion so moving an Object created, all contributed to stay the Princess, who made up to the Prince; her Presence suspended his Fury; his Sword he let fall at her Feet, and never more Trouble, Love and Grief, appeared at once in so short a Conversation.

Words are not tender enough to express what those two unhappy Lovers then endured: *Hebe*, uneasy to see herself with *Atimir*, and so nigh the

Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, made a great Effort on herself to leave him, charging him never to see her more. How cruel was this Command! Had not *Atimir* called to Mind the Engagement he lay under to fight the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, he had a thousand Times turned the Sword upon himself; but, alas! he chose rather to die, revenging himself on his Rival.

The fair *Hebe* retired instantly to her Apartment, the more securely to avoid the Presence of *Atimir*:
 ‘ Merciless Fairy, (cried she,) you only told me
 ‘ of Death, if ever I saw this unhappy Prince;
 ‘ but now I feel Torments a thousand Times
 ‘ more grievous!’ Then sending to seek for the Prince in the Gardens and the Palace, and not finding him, her Uneasiness increased; they sought him all the Night to no Purpose; for he had hid himself in a Hut in the Midst of the Wood, that he might not be prevented from meeting at the Place appointed, which he repaired to at Sunrise, where *Atimir* arrived soon after. These two Rivals, impatient to revenge themselves, and to gain the Victory, drew their Swords; which was the first Time the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* ever made use of his, since there was never any War in his Dominions.

Nevertheless, he appeared not the less formidable Enemy to *Atimir*; for though he had but little Experience, he had Courage, was in Love, and fought like a Man that despised Death; while *Atimir* maintained the great Reputation he had so worthily gained.

These two Princes were animated by Passions too much different, not to render the End of this Duel fatal; for after they had a long Time maintained an equal Advantage, they made two such furious Thrusts at each other, that both fell on the Grass, which they dyed with their Blood.

The Prince of the *Peaceable Island* fainted away instantly with the Loss of his; and *Atimir*, mortally wounded, pronounced the Name of *Hebe* as he expired.

Some of those Persons who were sent to look for the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, arrived at that fatal Place, and were seized with Horror at so dismal a Sight.

The Princess *Hebe*, drawn by her Disquiet, was going into the Gardens, when hearing the Shrieks of People, who pronounced confusedly the Names of the two Princes, she hereupon ran and found those so sad and dismal Objects: She thought that the Prince her Husband was dead as well as *Atimir*, who at that Time were both alike to her; when, after having looked some Time on those unhappy Princes, she cried out dolefully, 'Ye precious Lives, which were sacrificed for me, I will revenge you by the Loss of my own.' After these Words, she fell on the fatal Sword *Atimir* received from her, and had pierced her Breast before the People (who were amazed at this cruel Adventure) could hinder her.

Just as she expired, the Fairy *Anguiletta* appeared, who, touched with so many Misfortunes which she had opposed with all her Power, accused Fate, and could not forbear shedding Tears. Then thinking of assisting the Prince of the *Peaceable Island*, whom she knew was not dead, she cured him of his Wounds, and transported him instantly into his own Isle; where, by the wonderful Gift she had bestowed on it, that Prince was consoled for the Loss he had sustained, and forgot his Passion for *Hebe*.

The King and Queen, who had not the like Assistance, gave themselves up entirely to Grief, which was only to be worn off by Time. And as for *Ileria*, her Despair cannot be expressed, who was always both faithful to her Grief, and the ungrateful *Atimir*.

When

When *Anguiletta* had transported the Prince of the *Peaceable Island* into his own Dominions, she touched with her Wand the unfortunate Remains of the lovely *Atimir* and the beautiful *Hebe*, who in an Instant were changed into two Trees of an admirable Beauty, which the Fairy named *Charms*, to preserve for ever the Remembrance of those which shone so bright in these unhappy Lovers.

THE

T H E
R O Y A L R A M,
O R, T H E
W I S H E S.

IN those happy Days, when Fairies were common, there lived a King who had three beautiful young Daughters, who were all deserving; but the youngest, whose Name was *Miranda*, being the most amiable, and her Father's Favourite, was allowed as many Clothes in a Month, as her Sisters had in a Year; but she being so generous as to let them partake with her, it made no Difference amongst them.

The King having had Neighbours, who tired with a long Peace, obliged him to raise an Army. and to take the Field, left his Daughters with a Governante in a Castle, where they might hear News from him every Day; and when he had subdued his Enemies, and drove them out of his Dominions, came to the Castle to see his *Miranda*, whom he doated on. The three Princeffes bespoke themselves every one a Robe of Sattin; the Eldest's was Green, adorned with Emeralds; the Second's was Blue, set off with Turquoises; and the Youngest's White, bedecked with Diamonds. And in these Dresses they went to meet the King, and to congratulate him on his Victories.

When he saw them so beautiful and gay, he embraced them all tenderly, but especially *Miranda*. After a magnificent Entertainment that
was

was served up, the King, who loved to draw Consequences from the most trivial Matters, asked the Eldest, why she put on a green Gown? ‘ Sir, (said she,) after hearing of your great Deeds, I thought Green might express my Joy, and the Hopes of your Return.’ ‘ That’s very well, (said the King.) And you, Daughter, (continued he to the Second,) how came you to put on a Blue Gown?’ ‘ To shew, Sir, (said she,) we ought to implore the Gods in your Favour; and that in seeing you, I behold the Heavens and the brightest Stars.’ ‘ Now, (said the King,) you speak like an Oracle. And you, *Miranda*, (said the King,) what made you dress yourself in White?’ ‘ Because, (said she,) it becomes me better than any other Colours:’ ‘ How, (said the King, a little angrily,) was that only your Design?’ ‘ I had that of pleasing you, (said the Princess, and I think I need no other.’ Whereupon the King was mightily pleased at her Turn of Thought, and said, That since he had eaten a pretty deal at Supper, he would not go to Bed so soon, therefore he would have them tell him their Dreams the Night before his Return.

The Eldest said, she dreamed he brought her a Gown, the Gold and Jewels of which were brighter than the Sun; the Second said, she dreamed that he brought her a golden Spinning-Wheel and Distaff, for her to spin herself some Shifts; and the Youngest said, she dreamed he had married her second Sister off, and, on the Wedding-Day, held a golden Ewer, and said, ‘ Come, *Miranda*, come and wash you.’

The King, who was angry at this Dream, knit his Brow, made a thousand wry Faces, and went into his Chamber, where throwing himself upon his Bed, he could not forget his Daughter’s Dream: ‘ This insolent Baggage, (said he,) would make me her domestic Slave; I am not amazed now, why she put on a white Gown with thinking
of

of me; she looks on me as one unworthy of her Reflections; but I'll prevent her ill Designs.' Hereupon he got up in a Rage; and though it was not yet Day, he sent for the Captain of his Guards, and said to him; ' You have heard of *Miranda's* Dream, which forebodes some Treason; therefore I would have you take her presently, and carry her into the Forest, and kill her, and afterwards bring me her Heart and Tongue: If you deceive me, I'll put you to the most cruel Death I can think of.' The Captain of the Guards was very much surpris'd at so barbarous an Order, but durst not seem averse to it, lest the King should take away his Commission, but promised him to perform it. Then going to the Princess's Chamber, which he had much ado to get to, it being so very early, he told her, the King had sent him for her. Whereupon she rose presently: A little Moor, that she called *Patypata*, held up her Train, and her young Ape named *Grabugeon*, and little Dog, which she called *Tintin*, ran by her Side.

The Captain of the Guard carried her into the Garden, telling her the King was taking a little fresh Air; and then pretending to look for him, and not finding him, told her, he was without Dispute gone from thence into the Forest. Then opening the little Door that led into the Forest, and Day coming on, the Princess observed that her Conductor shed some Tears, and seemed melancholy; whereupon she said to him, with an Air of Sweetness, ' What is the Matter you seem so much afflicted?' ' Alas! Madam, (cried he) who can be otherwise? The King has ordered me to kill you here, and to carry him your Heart and Tongue, or else he will put me to Death.' At these Words the poor Princess turned pale, and fell a crying, and in that Condition looked like a Lamb that was going to the Slaughter; then fixing her Eyes on the Captain, without any Anger,

Anger, said to him, 'Have you Courage enough to kill me, who never did you any Injury in my Life, but rather always spoke to the King in your Favor? But if I have deserved my Father's Anger, I submit without murmuring. Alas! I have shewn him but too much Love and Respect, for him to complain without Injustice.' Fear not fair Princess, *said the Officer*, I'll sooner suffer the Death I am threaten'd with, than be guilty of so barbarous an Action; but when I am gone, you will not be more safe: We must find out some Expedient to persuade the King you are dead.'

'What way can we find out?' reply'd *Miranda*, 'He will not be satisfied, unless he sees my Tongue and Heart.' At that *Patypata*, who stood by, and heard all, without being observed by either the Princess or the Captain, advanced boldly, and throwing herself at *Miranda's* Feet, said, 'I come, Madam, to offer you my life, let me be the sacrifice: I shall be but too well pleased to die for so good a Mistress,' 'I have no need of so tender a Proof of thy Friendship, said the Princess (kissing her) thy Life ought now to be as dear to me as my own.' Whereupon *Grabugeon* came forward, and said, 'You are in the right, my Princess, to love so faithful a Slave as *Patypata*; she may be more serviceable to you than I can, therefore I offer you my Heart and Tongue with Joy.' 'Oh my pretty *Grabugeon*, reply'd *Miranda*, I cannot bear the Thoughts of taking thy life away.' With that *Tintin* cry'd out, that it was insupportable to so faithful a Dog as he was, that any other but him should lay down their Life for his Mistress; and thereupon arose a great Dispute between *Patypata*, *Grabugeon*, and *Tintin*: In short, *Grabugeon* being quicker than the rest, climb'd up to the Top of a high Tree, and threw himself down, and broke his Neck; and the Captain of the Guard, with a great deal of persuasion, got leave of the Princess to cut
out

out his Tongue; but it proved too small to venture to cheat the King with it.

‘Alas! my poor little Ape, said the Princess, thou hast lost thy Life without doing me any Service! That honor is reserved for me, interrupted the Moor;’ and at the same Time cut her Throat with the Knife that *Grabugeon’s* Tongue was cut out with, The Officer was for carrying her Tongue, but that it was too black to pass for *Miranda’s*. ‘How unfortunate am I, said the Princess, sweeping, thus to lose what I love, and not to be one whit the better for it.’ ‘If you had accepted of my Proposition, said *Tintin*, you would have had none to have griev’d for but me, and I should have had the Satisfaction of being regretted alone.’ Whereupon *Miranda* kiss’d her little Dog, and cry’d and griev’d so much, that she swoon’d away, and when she came to herself, found her Dog dead, her Conductor gone, and she herself left with her three dead Favorites; which she buried in a Hole that was ready dug hard by a Tree, and then bethought herself of her own Security.

As the Forest was not far from her Father’s Court, it was not safe for her to stay there long, lest she should be known by some of the Passengers, therefore she made all the Haste she could to get out of it; but the Forest was so large, and the Sun so hot, that she was ready to die with Heat, Fear, and Weariness; and was in continual Apprehensions lest her Father should follow and kill her: But still continued going forwards, making lamentable Complaints, having her gown almost tore off, and her Skin scratched by the Thorns and Brambles. At last hearing the Bleating of Sheep, ‘Without doubt, said she to herself, here are some Shepherds with their Flocks, who may direct me to some Hamlet where I may disguise myself in some Country Dress: For, alas! continued she, Princes are not always the most happy: Who believes that I am a Run-away? That my Father, with-

‘out

' out any Cause or Reason, seeks my Life? And
 ' that I, to save it, must be forced to disguise my-
 ' self?' While she was making these Reflections,
 she arrived at the Place from whence she heard the
 Bleating; but how great was her surprize, when
 she came to a spacious Plain, to see a large Ram,
 as white as Snow; his Horns were gilt, a Garland
 of Flowers was fastened about his Neck, his Legs
 were adorn'd with Bracelets of Pearls of a prodigious
 Size, and he was laid on Orange Flowers, and
 shaded from the Heat of the Sun by a Pavillion of
 Cloth of Gold. An hundred Sheep finely adorned
 were waiting about him, some drinking Coffee,
 Sherbet, and Lemonade; others eating Straw-
 berries and cream, and Sweetmeats; and others
 again playing at Lafquet and Basset; some had
 rich Collars of Gold, with a gallant Device, and
 some their Ears bored, and full of Ribbons. *Mi-
 randa* was so much amazed, that she was perfectly
 motionless, and looked all about for the Shepherd of
 such an extraordinary Flock, when the beautiful
 Ram came bounding and skipping, and said,
 ' Approach, divine Princess, be not afraid of such
 ' gentle pacific Creatures as we are.' ' What pro-
 ' digy is this (said the Princess, stepping back) to
 ' hear Sheep speak?' ' Alas! Madam, (said the
 ' Ram) your Ape and Dog spoke, and why is it
 ' more strange that we should?' A Fairy (answered
 ' *Miranda*) bestowed that gift upon them.' ' And
 ' might not the like Adventure attend us? (replied
 ' the Ram, smiling): But my Princess, what
 ' brought you hither?' ' A thousand misfortunes,
 ' (replied *Miranda*;) I am the most miserable
 ' Person in the World, and seek an Asylum to
 ' avoid the Rage of a Father.' ' Come, Madam,
 ' with me (replied the Ram) I will afford you
 ' one, where you shall be known by none, and be
 ' absolute Mistress.' ' But I am not able to follow
 ' you (replied she) I am so weary.' Whereupon
 the Ram ordered his Chariot, and soon after ap-
 peared

peared six Goats, harnessed to a Gourd Shell, large enough for two Persons to sit in with Ease, and lined with Velvet. The Princess placed herself in it, admiring an Equipage so novel, and the Ram got in after her, and then drove to the Cavern's Mouth, which was stopped by a large Stone, which, on the Ram's touching with his Foot, removed. After which, he told the Princess she might go down without any Danger; which she would hardly have ever consented to, had not her Fear of being taken prompted her to it; and, upon that Account, she never hesitated, but followed her Conductor.

As the Steps were very numerous, the Princess thought that she was either going to pay a Visit to their Antipodes, or the Elysian Shades; but was much more surprized when she discovered a vast Plain enamelled with various Flowers, which excelled all the Perfumes she had ever smelt, surrounded with a large River of Orange Flower Water. In the Midst of this Plain were Fountains of Wine, Rosa-folis, and other exquisite Liquors, which formed Cascades and other pleasant purling Brooks, and here and there Holts of Trees, which served for shelter to Variety of choice Birds and Fowls, as Partridges, Quails, Pheasants, Ortolans, Turkeys, Pullets, &c. and in some Parts, the Air was darkened with Showers of Biscuits, blanched Almonds, Tarts, Cheesecakes, Marrow-Puddings, all Manner of Sweetmeats, both wet and dry; and in short, with all Necessaries of Life, with great Plenty of Crown-Pieces, Guineas, Pearls and Diamonds. Without Doubt, the Rarity and Usefulness of this Rain would have brought the Royal Ram a great many Visitors, if he had been desirous of Company; but all the Writers that mention him, assure us, that he chose to be retired, and was as grave as any Roman Senator.

As it was the pleasantest Season of the Year when *Miranda* arrived there, she saw no other Palace than

than what Chambers, Halls, and Clofets, Orange-trees, Jessamine, Honey-suckles, and Rose-trees formed by intermixing their Boughs. The Princely Ram told *Miranda*, that he had reigned Sovereign there several Years, and had sufficient Cause to be afflicted; but that he refrained from Tears, that he might not remind her of her Misfortunes. ‘Your Manner of Treatment, charming Sheep (said she) is somewhat so generous, that I cannot express my Acknowledgment enough; and I must confess, that what I see seems so extraordinary, I know not what to think of it.’ No sooner had she pronounced these Words, but there appeared a Troop of beautiful Nymphs, who presented her with Fruit out of Amber Baskets; but when she went near them, they insensibly moved from her; and at last reaching out her Hand to take hold of one of them, and feeling nothing, she soon perceived they were only Phantoms. ‘Alas! (said she, weeping) where am I, and what are these?’ At that Instant, the Royal Ram, for so I must call him, returning, having left her some Moments, and seeing her shed Tears, remained Motionless, and ready to die at her Feet.

‘What is the Matter with my beautiful Princess?’ (said he) ‘Have I any Way failed in the Respect that is due to you?’ ‘No (said she) but I am not used to live among the Dead, and with Sheep that talk: Every Thing here terrifies me; and though my Obligation is great to you for bringing me hither, yet I must beg one Favor more of you, to conduct me back.’ ‘Fright not yourself (replied he) vouchsafe to hear me quietly, and you shall know my deplorable Adventure.’

‘I was born a Prince: A great Race of Kings, who were my Ancestors, left me in Possession of one of the most beautiful Kingdoms in the World; my Subjects lov’d me, my Neighbours both fear’d and envy’d me, and I was esteem’d with some Justice. My Person was not indifferent to those
that

that saw me ; and being a great Lover of Hunting, as I was one Day pursuing a Stag, and separated from my Attendants, the Stag took into a Pond : I plunged my Horse in after him with too much imprudence, as well as Rashness ; but, instead of finding the Water cold, I found it extraordinary hot, and the Pond becoming dry all on a sudden, there issued out of a Clift a terrible Fire, and I fell to the Bottom from off the Precipice, where I could see nothing but Flames. I believed myself lost, when I heard a Voice say, They must be greater Flames that warm thy Heart, ungrateful Man. Alas ! cried I, who is that who complains of my Coldness ? An unfortunate Wretch replied the Voice, who adores you without Hope. At the same Time the Fire went out, and I saw a Fairy whom I knew from my Youth, and whose Age and Ugliness always frightened me ; she was leaning on a young Slave of incomparable Beauty, who was loaded with Chains of Gold to denote her Slavery. What Prodigy is this, said I to *Ragotte*, which was the Fairy's Name ; was this done by your Orders ? Alas ! by whose Orders else do you think ? replied she ; Have you never known my Sentiments till now ? Must I be forced to explain myself—my Eyes used never to fail of Conquests ; have they now lost all their Power ? Consider how low I stoop, 'tis a Fairy that makes this Confession, and Kings are, in respect to them, but as Ants. I am entirely at your Pleasure, said I to her, with an Air and Tone that expressed some Impatience ; but what is it that you ask ? Is it my Crown, my Cities, or my Treasure ? Oh Wretch, replied she, disdainfully, I can make my Skullions, when I please, greater than thee : I ask thy Heart ; my Eyes have ask'd it a thousand Times, and thou hast not understood them, or at least wouldst not. Wert thou engaged with any other, I should not interrupt thee in thy Amours ; but I have too great an
Interest

' Interest in thee not to discover the Indifference of
 ' thy Heart. Ah! grant me thy Love, added she,
 ' shutting her Mouth, to render it the more agree-
 ' able, and rolling her Eyes about, I will be thy dear
 ' *Ragotte*, will add twenty Kingdoms to that thou
 ' possess'est, an hundred Towers of Gold, five hundred
 ' full of Silver, and whatever thou canst desire be-
 ' sides.'

' Madam *Ragotte*, said I to her, I beg of you, by
 ' all the Charms that render you lovely, to set me
 ' at Liberty, and then we'll see what I can do to
 ' please you. Oh Traitor! cried she, if thou lovedst
 ' me, thou wouldst not mourn so much after thy
 ' own Kingdom; but wouldst be content to live in
 ' a Grotto, Wood, or Desert. Do not believe me
 ' to be so great a Novice; thou thinkest of stealing
 ' away, but I tell you for your Comfort, you must
 ' stay here; and the first Thing you shall do, shall
 ' be to keep my Sheep, which have as much Wit,
 ' and speak as well as thou dost. At the same
 ' Time she brought me into this Plain, where we
 ' are now, and shewed me her Flock, which I look-
 ' ed on but little; for that beautiful Slave that was
 ' with her took up all my Regard, and my Eyes
 ' betray'd me; which the cruel *Ragotte* observing,
 ' flew upon her, and stabb'd her in the Eye with
 ' her Bodkin, and so deprived that adoreable Ob-
 ' ject of her Life. At this dismal Sight, I fell on
 ' *Ragotte*, and clapping my Hand upon my Sword,
 ' was going to sacrifice her to the Manes of that dear
 ' Slave, had she not rendered me motionless by
 ' her Art. My Effort being vain, I fell on the
 ' Ground, and endeavoured to kill myself, to de-
 ' liver myself from that wretched State I was re-
 ' duced to; when she, with an ironical Smile, said
 ' to me, I will make you feel my Power; you are
 ' at present a Lion, but shall, ere long, be a Sheep.
 ' Whereupon touching me with her Wand, I found
 ' myself metamorphosied, such as you see me; but
 ' retained both my Speech, and those Sentiments
 of

of Grief which I owe to my unhappy state. 'Thou shalt be five Years a Sheep, (continued she) and absolute master of this sweet Abode: while I, separated from thee, and never beholding thy agreeable Form, shall think on nothing but the Hatred I bear thee.' Hereupon she disappeared; and if any thing could have softened my Misfortunes, or given any Allay to my Disgrace, 'twas her Absence.

The Sheep she spoke of acknowledged me to be their King, told me all their Misfortunes, how they displeas'd the revengeful Fairy, how she had compos'd a Flock of them, and that they all underwent the same Punishment. But (added he) when their Time is expired, they will resume their own Forms, and leave the Flock; and for those who are *Ragotte's* Rivals, or Enemies, whom she has kill'd, they abide here an Age before they return into the World again: Of which Number the young Slave is, whom I told you of. I have seen her several Months together, but she never speaks to me; and, when I approach'd towards her, it griev'd me when I knew it was only a Shadow: But having observed one of my Flock always by that Phantom, I understood he was her Lover, whom *Ragotte*, jealous of the tender Impressions they had made on each other, had taken from her.

This was the Reason that made me remove from that Fairy, and, for these last three Years, think of nothing but my Liberty, which was what engag'd me to go often to the Forest, where I sometimes have seen you, fair Princess, driving your Chaise, like *Diana*, in her Silver Chariot, and other Times mounted on a fiery Steed, riding over the Plains with the Princesses and Ladies of the Court, and like another, always sure to gain the Prize. Alas! if at those Times I durst have spoke, what fine Things should I not have said, when my Heart offer'd up its secret Vows? But

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how

how would you have received the Declaration of an unhappy Sheep like me.

Miranda was so much concerned at what she heard, that she hardly knew what Answer to make; however, paying him some Civilities, which gave him some Hopes, she told him, she should not be so much afraid of those Shades, since they were to come to Life again: ‘ But alas ! (continued she) ‘ if my poor *Patypata*, my dear *Grabugeon*, and ‘ my pretty *Tintin*, who died to serve me, were to ‘ meet with the like Fate, I should not be so ‘ much concerned here.’

Tho’ the *Royal Ram* underwent great Disgraces, yet had he a great many admirable Privileges, ‘ Go, (said he) to his first Squire, who was a ‘ Sheep of a good Mein, go fetch the *Moor*, the ‘ *Monkey*, and the little Dog; their Shades may ‘ divert our Princess.’ Soon after *Miranda* saw them; and tho’ they came not nigh enough to be touched by her, yet their Presence was some Comfort to her. In short, the *Royal Ram*, who was endued with all the Wit and Delicacy proper to support an agreeable Conversation, was so passionately in Love with *Miranda*, that she began to have some Regard for him, and to make some Returns; for what can be displeasing in a beautiful, kind, caressing Sheep, especially when known to be a King, whose Metamorphosis was to have an End? Thus the Princess pass’d her Days in the sweet Expectation of a more happy Fate, while the gallant Ram, whose Thoughts were solely bent on her, made Entertainments, Concerts of Music, and did every thing that was in his Power to divert her; his Troop assisting him in them, and the Shades contributing somewhat thereunto.

One Evening, when the Couriers arriv’d, for he was very fond of News, and always had the best, they told him, That the eldest Sister of the Princess *Miranda*, was going to marry a great Prince, and that the Nuptials were to be very magnificent.

nificent. ‘ Alas! (cried the young Princess) how
 ‘ unfortunate am I, not to see such fine Things?
 ‘ I am here under Ground with Ghosts and Sheep,
 ‘ while my Sister, who will be dress’d as fine as a
 ‘ Queen, will have all the Court made to her, and
 ‘ I shall be the only one that will not partake of
 ‘ her Joy.’ ‘ Madam, why do you complain?
 ‘ (said the *Royal Ram* to her) Have I deny’d
 ‘ your going to the Wedding! Go, when you
 ‘ please; but give me your Word, you will come
 ‘ again: If you deny me this, you shall see me
 ‘ expire at your Feet; for my Love is too violent
 ‘ for me to support myself when I shall lose you.’

Miranda promised him nothing should prevent her Return. He gave her an Equipage suitable to her Birth: She was dress’d very richly, and neglected nothing that might set off her Charms; she got into a Chariot of Mother of Pearl, drawn by six Creatures that were half Griffins, and newly arrived from the *Antipodes*, and was attended by a great Number of Officers that were richly dress’d, and who had been sent a great Way to make up her Train.

With this Equipage she arrived at the King her Father’s Court, just when they were celebrating the marriage; as soon as she enter’d, she surprized all that saw her with the Lustre of her Beauty and Jewels, and heard nothing but Acclamations in her own Praise. The King looked at her with great Attention and Pleasure, which put her into some Fear lest he should know her; but he was so much prepossessed with her Death, that he had not the least Idea of her. Nevertheless the Apprehension of being stopp’d, prevented her staying ’till the Ceremony was over, and made her go away suddenly, leaving a Box of Jewels behind her, whereon these Words were writ, *These Jewels are for the new-married Couple*: and when they opened it, there was nothing in it. The King, who had flattered himself with some Hopes, and was

desirous to know who she was, was in the utmost Despair when he knew she was gone, and order'd his Officers, whenever she came again, to shut the Gates and keep her. Though *Miranda* was not long absent, yet it seem'd an Age to the *Royal Ram*, who waited for her by a Fountain Side in the thickest of the Forest, where he had brought out immense Riches to offer her as an Acknowledgement of her Return. As soon as he saw her, he ran dowards her skipping and bounding, caressed her in his Manner a thousand Times, laid him down at her Feet, kissed her Hands, told her his Disquiets and Impatience; wherein his Passion afforded him so much Eloquence, that the Princess was charmed with it.

Some Time afterwards the King married his second Daughter, and *Miranda* being informed of it, desired the Ram to let her go again; who at that Proposition, was extremely grieved: A secret Foresight prepossessed him with his Misfortune; but as it is not always in our Power to prevent what we foresee, so his Complaisancy to the Princess overbalancing his Interest in her, he was not able to deny her. 'You will leave me, Madam, (said he) but this proceeds more from my ill Fortune than from you; I consent to your Desires, since I never could make you a greater Sacrifice.' She assured him she would stay no longer than she had done before: that she would be as much concerned as himself to be detained; and desired him not to make himself uneasy, In short, she had the same Equipage as before, and arrived there just as the Ceremony began. Her Presence, notwithstanding their Attention to the Ceremony, occasioned a general Shout of Joy and Admiration, and drew the Eyes of all the Princes upon her; who found her Beauty so extraordinary and uncommon, that they could hardly believe her to be mortal. The King was overjoyed to see her again, and never took his Eyes off from her but
once,

once, to give Orders to lock up all the Gates. When the Ceremony was almost over, the Princess got up suddenly to steal out of the Croud, but was very much surprized and vexed to find all the Gates shut. The King went up to her with great Respect, and a Submission that gave her some Encouragement, desiring her not to deprive him so soon of the Pleasure of seeing her, and to honour him and his Court with her Presence. Then leading her into a magnificent Hall, where all the Court was, he himself held a golden Bason full of Water for her to wash her Hands in. At this the Princess, who was no longer Mistress of her Transport, threw herself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, said, ‘ See, Sir, my Dream is fulfilled ; you have held a Bason for me to wash in, the Day of my Sister’s Wedding, without any Misfortune attending you.’

The King soon knew her to be his Daughter *Miranda*, and embracing her, and shedding some Tears, said, ‘ Alas ! my dear Child, can you forget the Cruelty of a Father, who would have sacrificed your Life because he thought your Dream denoted the Loss of his Crown ? It shall be so, (continued he) since both your Sisters are married, and have each a Crown, mine shall be yours.’ And at that Instant rising up, he put the Crown on the Princess’s Head, and then said, ‘ The Gods preserve the Queen *Miranda*.’ Whereupon the whole Court gave a great Shout of Joy, and her two Sisters came and hung about her Neck, and embraced her a thousand Times. *Miranda* was so much overjoyed, that she both cried and laughed, embraced one, and talked to another, thanked the King, and asked for the Captain of the Guards, to whom she was obliged for all ; and being told that he was dead, was very much grieved thereat. When they were at the Table, the King desired to hear what had happened to her

from the Day whereon those fatal Orders were given; which she acquiescing with, related her whole Story, without omitting the least Circumstance. But while she was thus engaged with the King and her Sisters, the Time of her Return was elapsed, and the amorous Ram became so uneasy, that he was no longer Master of himself, and seeing that she came not again, said to himself, 'My unhappy Form of a Sheep is displeasing to her; alas! too unfortunate Lover, what shall I do without *Miranda*? *Ragotte*, inhuman Fairy, how great is thy Revenge, for my Indifference towards thee.' Complaining in this Manner, and seeing Night approaching, without any Appearance of his Princess's coming, he ran to the Palace and asked for *Miranda*: But as every Body had heard of his Adventure, and were unwilling that the Princess should go back again with him, they refused him the Sight of her in so rude a Manner, that he fetched Sighs, and made Complaints capable of piercing the Hearts of all that heard him, except the Soldiers that kept the Gates; and at last, overcome with his Grief, laid himself down and died.

The King, who knew nothing of this deep Tragedy, proposed to his Daughter to ride in a Chariot through all the Streets of the City, to shew her to her Subjects; but what a dismal Sight was it to her, when they got out of the Gates of the Palace, to see her dear Sheep stretched on the Ground void of Life? She jumped with Precipitation out of the Chariot, ran to him, cried over him, and bemoaned the Death of the *Royal Ram*, which she knew was owing to her not being so good as her Word, and in her Dispair thought to have partook of his Fate.

The Fairy *Lauretina*, who had presided over their Births, sensibly affected at the Lovers' unfortunate Situation, came to their Relief, and
with

with a Touch of her Talisman, not only restored the *Royal Ram* to Life, but to his natural Form as a beautiful Prince. The good old King, happy in his Wishes for his Daughter, finding the Prince royally descended, consented to their Union; and in full Court made them Heirs to his Kingdom.

Thus we see by Virtue and Perseverance, tho' Calamities may surround us.—Yet if we are good, we shall ultimately be happy.

G R A C I O S A

A N D

P E R C I N E T.

THERE was a King and a Queen who had only one Daughter. Her Beauty, her Sweetness of Temper, and her Wit, which were incomparable, caused her Parents to give her the Name of *Graciosa*. She was her Mother's sole Delight; who order'd new Garments for every Morning throughout the Year, either of Cloth of Gold, Velvet or Sattin. Yet though she was dress'd in the richest Manner, she was not proud, nor vain-glorious. She spent the Morning, with Learned Persons, who taught her all manner of Sciences; and in the Afternoon she was employ'd at her Needle in Company with the Queen. At Dinner and Supper she was serv'd in Plate, and the Table was spread with Dishes of Sweet-meats, and all manner of Confectionary: so that she was said to be the most happy Princess in the World.

There was in the same Court an old Maid, but very rich, called the Duchess *Grognon*, every way a most frightful Creature to look upon: Her Hair was red as Fire; she had a Face dreadfully broad, and cover'd over with large Pimples: Of both her Eyes that formerly she had, there nothing remain'd but continual Blear: Her Mouth was so wide as if
she

she would have devour'd all the World; only those Fears ceas'd, when People saw she had no Teeth: She was Hunch-back'd and Crump-shoulder'd both before and behind, and lame of both Legs. This sort of Monsters bear a great Malice to all those that are lovely and beautiful. She mortally hated *Graciosa* upon this Account, and retir'd from Court that she might not hear the continual Praises bestowed on her Charms. She liv'd in a particular Castle of her own, not far distant; and when any Person who came to visit her, spoke in Praise of the Princess, she would cry out in a violent Passion, 'Tis false, 'tis false; she's not a bit handsome; I have more Charms in my little Finger than she has in her whole Body.

In the mean Time the Queen fell sick and dy'd; and the Princess *Graciosa* was very near following her, such was her Grief for the Loss of so good a Mother. The King also no less bemoan'd his fatal Divorce from so dear and loving a Wife; he shut himself up in his Palace for a whole Year together; till at length his Physicians, fearing lest he should impair his Health, besought him for his own good to take the Air, and divert himself. In compliance with this Advice, he one Day went a Hunting; but the Weather being extremely hot, and perceiving a fair Castle not far off, upon the Purlieus of the Forest, thither he made with all his Train, and went in to repose himself.

Immediately the Duchess *Grognon*, having Notice of the King's Arrival, (for to her it was that the Castle belong'd) made haste to receive him, and told him that the coolest Part of the Castle, was a large handsome Under-Room, to which she desired his Majesty would give her Leave to conduct him. Accordingly the King went along with her; and seeing in the Room above Two Hundred Pipes all in Rows one above another, he ask'd her whether it were for her own Use only that she made such large Provi-

tion. Yes, Sir, said she, I provide for none but myself and Family; I should be very glad if your Majesty would be pleased to taste my Liquors; here is *Canary, St. Laurent, Champaigne, Hermitage, Rivesalte Rosa solis, Persicot, Fenouillet*; which will you Majesty make choice of? Frankly, said the King, I hold your *Champaigne* Wine to be the best. *Grognon* immediately took a little Hammer, and having given a Rap or two at the Head of the Pipe, it opened, and out came a Million of Pistoles: Ha! what's the meaning of this, said she, with a Smile! and knocking at the Head of another Pipe, out flew as many double *Louis d'Ors* as would have filled a Bushel. Good God! what's all this for, said she, in a feigned Astonishment! From thence passing to the Third, she knocked in the same Manner, and there issued as many Pearls and Diamonds as covered the Floor. Well, Sir, said she to the King, this is past my Understanding; some body must certainly have robbed me of my fine Wines, and filled up the Vessels with these Trifles. Trifles! cried the King, in Amazement: In the Name of Prophecy, Madam *Grognon*, do you call these Trifles? Why, Woman, these Trifles are enough to buy Ten Cities as big as *London*. Well then, Sir, said she, to be plain with you, all these Pipes are full of Gold and Precious Stones, and I will make you Master of them, upon Condition you will marry me. A Match, cry'd the King, (who loved Money better than any thing) this very Day, if you please, before we stir out of the Castle. But stay, said she, there is one Condition more: I will be Mistress of your Daughter as her Mother was; she shall be wholly at my Command, you shall leave me the sole Disposal of her. Agreed, cried the King; you shall be Mistress of my Daughter too:—Here is my Hand upon it. *Grognon* gave him her Hand: after which, having given him the Key of the wealthy Cellar, they took their leaves.

So soon as the King arrived at his Palace, *Graciosa* hearing that her Father was returned, ran to meet him; embraced him, and asked him whether he had had good Sport? To which her Father replied, I have caught a Pigeon alive. Oh, Sir, said she, give it to me, and I will make it my Care. That cannot be, continued the King; for that I may more intelligibly explain myself, I must tell thee, that I have met the Duchess *Grognon*, and taken her to my Wife. Good Heavens! cried *Graciosa*, in her first Transports, do you call her a Pigeon, who is Ten thousand Times uglier than an Owl?—Hold your Tongue, said the King; shewing himself somewhat offended.—'Tis my Pleasure that you love and respect her as much as if she were your Mother.—Go therefore and dress yourself—for I intend this Day to return back, and meet her.

The Princess was very obedient; and went to her Chamber to dress: But her Nurse, perceiving by her Eyes that something troubled her, What is the matter, my dear Jewel, said she, why weeps my Child? Oh! my poor Nurse, replied *Graciosa*, how is it possible I should do otherwise than weep: my Father is going to bring me home a Mother-in-law; and to compleat my Misery, the only and most cruel Enemy I have in the World; in a Word, it is the hideous *Grognon*. How is it possible to behold her within these Curtains, which the Queen, my dear Mother, so curiously embroidered with her own Hands? How is it possible to caress a hideous Face that has so impatiently sought my Death? My dear Child, replied the Nurse, there is a Necessity that your Demeanour should be as conspicuously good, as your Birth is great: Princesses, like yourself, ought to give greater Example than others: And what more noble Example can you give, than that of Obedience to your Father? Promise me then, that you will not let *Grognon* see

you discontented. The Princess had much ado to resolve; but the discreet Nurse gave her so many good Reasons for it, that she promised at last to put as good a Face upon the Matter as she could, and comply with her Step-dame's Humour.

Presently she dressed herself in a Green Garment, the Ground of which was Cloth of Gold: Her white dishevelled Hair flowed in loose Ringlets about her Shoulders, the Sport of the playing and enamoured Zephyrs, which was the Mode of that Time; and she put upon her Head a light Garland of Roses and Jessamines, the Leaves of which were all of Emeralds. In this Dress, *Venus*, the Mother of *Cupid*, would not have appeared so fair. Yet her Sadness, which she could not overcome, was still visible in her Countenance.

But to return to *Grognon*: That hideous Creature too was employed in the Decoration of her Deformity. She had caused one Shoe to be made Half a Cubit higher than the other, to avoid Limping as much as possible she could. The Valley on one side of her Back was filled up with a Bolster well stuffed, to make it level with the Mountain on the other Side: She had supplied one of the empty Holes with a Glass Eye, the best she could meet with; and had painted her Cheeks White, and dyed her abominable Carrots Black: Then she put on a Purple Robe lined with Blue, over which she wore a Yellow loose Vest tyed with Violet Ribbands. And she would needs make her Entry on Horseback, because she had heard the Queens of *Spain* were wont so to do.

While the King was giving out his Orders, *Graciosa*, who waited for his going to meet *Grognon*, went down into the Garden, and walking forward into a gloomy Grove, seated herself upon a Bank of Turfs: Here, said she, at length I am at Liberty: Here I may weep as long as I will without Molestation: And with that she fell a sighing and weeping

ing to that Degree, that her Eyes looked like two Fountains of Water. In this Condition, having forgot all Thoughts of returning again to the Palace, she spy'd coming towards her a Page clad in Green Sattin, with white Plumes in his Cap, and the most beautiful Countenance in the World; who, when he drew near her, with one Knee upon the Ground; Princess, said he, the King stays for you. She was surpriz'd by the attractive Features which she observed in the young Page; and in regard she knew him not, thought he might be one of *Grognon's* Train. How long, said she, have you been admitted by the King into the Number of his Pages? I belong not, Madam, to the King, said he; I belong to you, and never will belong to any other. You belong to me! replied the Princess, full of Astonishment, how is that possible, since I know not who you are! Oh, Princess, said he, I never durst as yet attempt to make myself known. But the Misfortunes with which you are threatened by the King's Marriage, oblige me to speak to you sooner than otherwise I would have done. I had resolved to leave to Time and my own assiduous Services, the Care of manifesting my Love and Respect for your Highness, and——How! a Page, cried the Princess, has a Page the Presumption to tell me he loves me! This compleats the Measure of my Misfortunes. Fright not you yourself, fair *Graciosa*, said the Page, with a tender and respectful Air; I am *Percinet*, a Prince too well known, both by my Birth, Riches, and Learning, for you to find so great an Inequality between us, though your Merit and Beauty do indeed make a Distinction. I am often in those Places which you frequent, though you see me not. The Gift of Faryism, which I received from my Birth, has greatly assisted to procure me the Pleasure of your Company: I will attend you this Day, wherever you go, and perhaps it may so fall out, that I may not prove
a useless

a useless Companion. All the while he was speaking, the Princess looked upon him with Astonishment from which she could scarce recover herself — At last, said she, Are you the Charming *Percinet*, whom I have had so great a desire to see, and of whom such wonders are reported? How glad am I that you will be in the Number of my Friends! Now I no longer fear the mischievous *Grognon*, since you are so kind to take me under your Protection. Some few Words more they had together, and then *Graciosa* returned to the Palace, where she found a Horse ready harnessed and caparisoned, which *Percinet* had put into the Stable, and which the Grooms believed to be appointed for her. She mounted immediately; for she was very nimble and active, and the Page took the Horse by the Bridle and led him, turning continually towards his Mistress, that he might have the Pleasure of beholding her.

When the Horse that was made Choice of to carry *Grognon*, appeared near *Graciosa's* Palfry, you would on the Comparison have thought him some Draught-Horse taken from a Cart; and the Furniture of the Princess's Horse did so glitter with Precious Stones, that there was no Comparison between them: of which the King, whose Head was full of a Thousand other Fancies, took no Notice. But the Eyes of all the Lords and Ladies were fixed only upon the Princess, whose Beauty they admired; and her pretty Page in Green, who they thought the most genteel that belonged to Court.

They met *Grognon* upon the Road in an open Calash, frightfully deformed and mishapen, notwithstanding her Arts to conceal it. The King and the Princess embraced her, and presented her her Horse to get up and ride. But, perceiving *Graciosa's* Palfry, How! said she, shall that Puss have a finer Horse than I?—I had rather never be
Queen

Queen, but return to my wealthy Castle, than be thus used. The King commanded the Princess immediately to alight, and make it her Request to *Grognon*, that she would be pleased to do her the Honour to accept of her Horse.

The Princess obeyed without any Reply; but *Grognon* took no Notice of her, nor even thanked her for her Civility; but causing herself to be mounted upon the Princess's fine Ambler, she looked then, if possible, more odious and frightful than before; and all the while eight Gentlemen held her for fear of falling. Nevertheless she was not pleased, but muttered a Thousand Menaces and Curses between her Gums. They asked her what she would be pleased to have? Have! said she, why, as I am Mistress here, I would have the Green Page to hold my Horse, as he did when *Graciosa* rode upon it. Immediately the King ordered the Green Page to lead the Queen's Horse. Upon which *Percinet* cast his Eyes upon his Mistress, and she her's upon him, without speaking so much as one Word: However, he obeyed, and all the Court moved on, while the Trumpets sounded aloud; whereat *Grognon* was rejoiced, and thought to herself, she would not change her flat Nose and skrew Mouth for all *Graciosa's* Beauty.

But when they least expected it, the mettled Horse began to caper and bounce, and at length fell a running as if it had been for a Race. *Grognon* held fast by the Mane and the Pommel of the Saddle, and bawled out a most hideous Roar; but at length her Courser threw her, and down she came with one Foot in the Stirrup, the Horse dragging her over the Stones, through Bushes, and through thick and thin, till she was all over so bemired that it would have been a Kindness to have pumped her. But as the whole Court rode after her as fast as possible, they soon overtook her, though not till her Flesh was torn from her Legs
and

and Thighs, her Head bruised in three or four Places, and one Arm broken; in short, never was Royal Bride in such a miserable Condition.

The King seemed to be at his Wits End: They picked her up like a Glass broken in Pieces; for her Bonnet lay in one Place, her Shoes in another; there lay a row of Teeth, there lay an Eye; they however carried her to the King's Palace, put her to Bed, and sent for the most eminent Surgeons. But notwithstanding her Disorder, she continued to scold and rave without ceasing.

This is one of *Graciosa's* Tricks, cried she, without doubt she picked out that unruly headstrong Jade to do me a Mischief, and to have killed me if she could. If the King does not do me Justice, I'll return to my wealthy Castle, and never see him more. *Grognon's* wrathful Speech was presently reported to the King; whose prevailing Passion being Interest, the Thoughts of losing so many Pipes of Gold and Diamonds made him tremble; so that he was ready for any Impression of Revenge. He ran to his odious Mistress, fell at her Feet, and swore, that if she would think of a Punishment proportionable to *Graciosa's* Offence, he would give her up to Chastisement: To which she answered, she was satisfied, and would send for the Wretch immediately.

Accordingly a Messenger was sent to tell the Princess that *Grognon* would speak with her. The poor Princess immediately turned pale, and shook every Joint of her, believing that the Message boded her no Good, and that it was not to caress and give her Sweetmeats that *Grognon* desired her Company: She looked about her every where, to see whether *Percinet* would appear, but there was no Sign of him; so she went with trembling Feet and sad Heart to *Grognon's* Apartment. No sooner was she entered, but the Doors were locked upon her, and four Women, resembling four Furies, fell upon her,

tore

tore her costly Garments from her Back, and stript off her very Shift. But when they discovered her naked Beauty, the cruel Hags being unable to bear the Lustre of her dazzling Whiteness, shut their Eyes, as if they had been gazing a long Time upon the Snow. Fall on, fall on, cried the merciless *Grognon*, from her Bed; let me have her flayed, leave not a Bit of that white Skin, which she thinks so lovely, upon her Flesh.

In any other Distress *Graciosa* could have wish'd for her dear *Percinet*; but finding herself quite stript, she was too modest to desire the Prince should be a Witness of her Nakedness, and therefore she prepared herself to suffer like a helpless Lamb. The four Furies had each of them a terrible Rod in their Hands, and huge Brooms stood by them to make more, as they wore out the first: They laid on without Mercy; and at every Stroke, *Grognon* cried out, Harder, harder yet, you are too merciful.

Nobody would have thought, but that after all this, the Princess must have been flayed alive from Head to Foot: But it fell out otherwise; for the courtly *Percinet* had bewitched the Womens Eyes, so that they thought they had Rods in their Hands, when they were only light Plumes of various coloured Feathers; which *Graciosa* immediately perceived, and ceased to be afraid. Oh, *Percinet*, said she to herself, thou art come generously to my Relief! What should I have done without thee? The Furies having at last so tired themselves, that they could no longer stir their Arms, they huddled the Princess's Cloaths about her, and put her out of Room, with a great deal of injurious Language.

The Princess returned to her Chamber, and feigned to be very ill, went to Bed, and ordered that nobody should stay in the Room but her Nurse, to whom she recounted the whole Story, and, tired with telling it, fell asleep; which the Nurse perceiving.

ceiving, went out of the Chamber about Business. Soon after, the Princess waking, spied in a Corner of the Chamber the Green Page, not daring to come any nearer out of Respect. She told him she would never forget the Obligation he had laid upon her: She conjured him not to abandon her to the Fury of her implacable Enemy; and desired him for the present to retire, because she had often been told, that it was not decent for young Virgins to be alone with young Men. He replied, that he hoped she was sensible of the Respect he had for her; and that it was but his Duty, as she was his Mistress, to obey her in all Things, though it were at the Expence of his own Satisfaction. He thereupon left her; having first advised her to feign herself ill from the severe Treatment she had received.

Grognon's Joy to hear that *Graciosa* was in such a weak Condition, made her mend sooner than could have been expected; after which the Nuptials were solemnized with a more than ordinary Magnificence. And because the King knew that *Grognon*, above all Things in the World, loved to be praised as a Beauty, he caused her Picture to be drawn, and proclaimed a Tournament, wherein six of the bravest and most accomplished Knights of the Court, were to maintain against all Gainsayers, that *Grognon* was the most beautiful Princess in the World. Many Knights and Strangers came to maintain the contrary. And the ugly Queen was present at all the Combats, placed in a Balcony under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold; where she had the Pleasure to see her Knights, by their Strength and Activity, Victors in Defence of her bad Cause. *Graciosa*, who was placed behind her, drew the Eyes of all the People upon her, while the silly and vain-glorious *Grognon* thought herself the only Object of their Admiration.

At last, when none seemed to be left that durst
defy

defy the Champions of *Grognon's* Beauty, on a sudden there arrived a young Knight, holding in his Hand a Box that was all set with Diamonds: Immediately he caused Proclamation to be made, that he would maintain *Grognon* to be the foulest and most deformed of all the Sex, and that she, whose Picture he had in his Box, was the most beautiful Virgin in the World. Having said this, he ran against all the six Knights, and threw them to the Ground. After which six more presenting themselves, one after another till they numbered four and twenty, the young Knight served them all alike; and then opening his Box, he told the vanquished Champions, that to convince them of their Error, he should shew them his beautiful Picture. Every body immediately knew it to be the Princess *Graciosa's*, but who the young Knight was, no body could tell; who, after he had made a profound Bow to his Mistress, retired without telling his Name: But *Graciosa* did not doubt he was her beloved *Percinet*.

The enraged *Grognon*, being almost choaked with Anger, and unable to speak, made Signs that it was *Graciosa* she would be at; and when she could explain herself, she fell a raving like a Bedlamite. How! said she, dispute with me the Prize of Beauty! What bring her Champion to affront my Knights! No, it is not to be borne.—I'll be revenged or die. Madam, replied the Princess, I protest to your Majesty, I have no Hand in this unlucky Accident; and, if you please will sign it with my Blood, that you are the most charming Beauty in the World, and that I am a Monster of Deformity. Oh—you are Merry, Mrs. *Cock-a-Hoop*, replied *Grognon*; but I shall have my turn in a little Time. Presently it was told the King in what a Fury his Wife was, and what a deadly Fear the Princess was in; who besought him to have Pity on her; for that if he left her to the
Queen's

Queen's Indignation, she would shew her no Mercy. But the King was not moved; and all his Answer was, that as he had given up the Princess into the Power of her Mother-in-law, she might do with her what she pleased.

The wicked *Grognon* waited with impatience for Night; and when it was dark, ordered her Flying-Coach to be got ready; forced *Graciosa* into it, and directed her to be carried, under a good Guard, a hundred Leagues off, into a wide Forest, thro' which nobody durst travel, because it was full of Lions, Bears, Tigars, and Wolves. When they were come into the Midst of this Forest, they ordered her to alight, and there left her, regardless of her Tears and Supplications to take Pity on her. I beg not, said she, my Life at your Hands; but only that you will vouchsafe me a speedy Death: Kill me, and at once deliver me from the many Terrors worse than Death that I am going to suffer. But she might as well have talked to so many Statues, for they would not even give her an Answer; and flying from her with an uncompassionate Speed, left the fair unfortunate Virgin all alone. Forsaken thus, and in the Dark, she wandered for some Time, not knowing whither she went, bruising herself sometimes against the Trees, falling sometimes, and sometimes entangling among the Thorns and Bushes; till at length she fate down upon the Ground, not having Strength to stand on her Feet. *Percinet*, she cried sometimes to herself. Oh *Percinet*! where art thou? Is it possible thou shouldst forsake me? No sooner had she uttered these Words, but she saw one of the most agreeable and surprizing Sights in the World: It was an Illumination so splendid, that there was hardly a Tree in the Forest on which there did not hang several Branches stuck with Tapers; and at the Bottom of a Walk she perceived a Palace, which seemed to be all of Chrystal, and shone

None as bright as the Sun. She secretly hoped *Percinet* had a Hand in this pleasing Enchantment; which Hope inspired her with no small Joy, though intermixed with Fear. I am alone, said she to herself; the Prince is young, agreeable, amorous, and I am obliged to him for my Life: Oh—this is too, too much, I must get out of his Way; 'tis better I should die, than yield to his Love. Having uttered these Words, she arose faint and weary as she was, and without so much as turning her Eyes towards the Fair Castle, walked another Way, so disturbed by the Distraction of her Thoughts, that she knew not what she did.

At this Instant, a Noise, which she heard behind her, increased her Fears, and made her apprehend some Wild Beast was coming to devour her; but looking, trembling, behind her, she perceived *Percinet*, who seem'd more beautiful than Love himself is painted by the most exquisite Pencils. What, said he, my adorable Princess, do you fly from me!—Are you afraid of him who adores you? Can it be, that you should have so little Knowledge of my Respect, as to believe me capable of failing in the Duty I owe you? Ah, no, cease your Fears, and go with me to the Palace of *Fairy-land*; into which, however, I will deny myself the Pleasure of entering, if you forbid me. There you will be received by the Queen my Mother, and my Sisters, who already have a most tender Affection for you, from the Report I have made of your rare Endowments. *Graciosa*, charmed with the submissive and obliging Manner of her young Lover's Address, could not refuse to seat herself with him in a little Calash, curiously painted and gilded, which two Harts drew with such prodigious Swiftnes, that in a very short Time he shewed her a thousand different Parts of the Forest, which filled her with Admiration. Every thing might be distinctly seen: In one Place, Shepherds and Shepherdesses, curiously

riously dressed, and dancing to their Flutes and Bagpipes. In other Places, by the Sides of purling Streams, she beheld the country Swains courting their Mistresses, and heightening their Mirth by singing a thousand witty Songs and Roundelays, I thought, said she to *Percinet*, this Forest had been uninhabited; but to me it seems to be well peopled, and that the People live very happily. Since your coming hither, my dear Princess, replied *Percinet*, this gloomy Solitude has been the Seat of Delights and pleasing Amusements: The Loves and Graces all wait on you; and the Flowers, Daisies and Primroses spring up under your Feet. *Graciosa* durst make no Reply, being unwilling to engage in such kind of Compliments, and therefore desired the Prince to carry her to the Queen his Mother.

Immediately he commanded the Harts to hasten to the Palace of *Fairy-land*, whither when the Princess came, her Ears were entertained with the sweetest Musick; and the Queen, with her two Daughters, who were all exquisitely beautiful, came forth to meet her, embraced her, and led her into a great Room, the Walls of which were of the finest Chrystal. There, with great Astonishment, she observed the Story of her Life engraved to that very Day, ending with the Tour she had just taken in the Forest with the Prince in his Calash. Your Historians are very quick, said *Graciosa* to *Percinet*, or I perceive all the Variety of my Actions, or even Gestures, are immediately recorded here. The Reason, my dear Princess, replied *Percinet*, is, because I would not loose the most minute Idea of your Perfections, but imprint them deeply in my Heart: yet, alas! I am neither happy nor contented any where. She answered him not a Word, but thanked the Queen for her kind Reception. Soon after a noble Banquet was served up, and *Graciosa* eat with good Appetite; being overjoyed to meet with *Percinet* in the Forest, where
 she

she had been afraid she should have found nothing but Bears and Lions. And now, though she was sufficiently tired, he engaged her to go into a large Room that glittered with Gold and Diamonds, and contained the most exquisite Paintings, where she was entertained with an Opera, describing the Loves of *Cupid* and *Psyche*, intermixt with Dances and Songs, among which a young Shepherd sung the following.

*You are below'd fair Graciosa, more
Than ere the God of Love himself could love,
When he his Psyche did adore.
Be not more rig'rous than Bears or Wolves,
Whose Natural Rage dissolves,
When Liking and Affection move.
They to Love's Laws submit and tamely pay
Their Homage to the little Archer's Bow.
Why should not you
As tender be, and kinder far than they?*

She blush'd to hear herself thus named before the Queen and the Princesses; and whispered *Percinet*, that she was ashamed to find all the World were privy to their Secrets; which, continued she, puts me in mind of some pretty Lines, which may be aptly applied on this Occasion.

*Keep your Secrets in your Breast:
Silence is a charming Guest,
I entertain with full Content:
For the World has strange Conceits,
And, as Crimes, too often treats
The Pleasures of the Innocent.*

Percinet begged her Pardon for having done a Thing that displeas'd her. And now, the Opera being at an End, the Queen ordered the two Princesses to conduct *Graciosa* to her Apartment. Nothing was ever more magnificent than the Chamber and Furniture, nor so rich as the Bed where she

was to lie. She was attended by four and twenty Virgins dressed like Nymphs, the eldest of which was not above eighteen, and every one seemed to be a Miracle of Beauty. When she was in Bed, a most heavenly Symphony of Musick filled the Room, to lull her to sleep; but her Spirits were so agitated and disordered by these surprizing Things, that it was not in her Power to close her Eyes. All that I have seen, said she, must certainly be Enchantments. Good Heavens! that a Prince so agreeable and witty should be so formidable! I cannot make too much Haste from these enchanting Places. Yet, when she considered the agreeable Difference between living in so magnificent a Palace, and exposing herself to the Cruelty of the barbarous *Grognon*, she could not think of the Separation without Regret. This Consideration pleaded for her Stay: But, on the other Side, she found *Percinet* so obliging, that she resolved not to continue any longer in a Palace of which he was the Master.

In the Morning, as soon as she was up, she was presented with Garments of all Sorts and Colours, and the richest Jewels, Laces, Gloves, and Silk Stockings; all extremely fine, and admirable for the Curiosity of their Workmanship. *Graciosa's* Dress was never before so splendid, nor did she ever more gracefully become it, nor appear more charming. When she was dressed, *Percinet* entered her Chamber, habited in Green and Gold for Green was his Colour, because *Graciosa* loved it. Whatever is admirable in Shape, Beauty of Features, and Majesticness of Mien, was all exquisitely perfect in *Percinet*. *Graciosa* told him she had not slept a Wink all Night; having been kept awake by the Thoughts of her Misfortunes; and that she could not but be apprehensive of the Consequences. What are your Fears, Madam, replied *Percinet*? You are absolute Sovereign here, and are adored;
will

Will you then forsake me, and return to your most cruel Enemy? Were I the Mistress of my own Destiny, answered the Princess, I would willingly accept the Choice you propose; but I am accountable for my Actions to the King my Father; and it is better, therefore, for me to suffer, than be wanting in my Duty. *Percinet* omitted nothing that he could think of to persuade her to marry him; but she would by no Means give her Consent; and it was almost quite against her Will that he detained her eight Days; during which Time he entertained her with a thousand new Pleasures and Diversions.

While she stayed, she several Times expressed an earnest Desire to know what passed in *Grognon's* Court; and what plausible Stories she contrived to conceal the Cruelty of her Intentions. *Percinet* told her he would send his Squire, who was both witty and discreet. The Princess replied, she was persuaded he needed nobody to inform him, but might tell her himself. Come then, said he, with me to the great Tower, and you shall there distinctly see with your own Eyes what you desire to know. With that he led her to a Tower that was prodigiously high, and all of Chrystal of the Rock, like the rest of the Castle. He bid her set her Foot in a particular Place, and put her little Finger in his Mouth, and then look towards the City. Which she had no sooner done, but she perceived the wicked *Grognon* sitting with the King, and heard her talking with him after this Manner: This poor Wretch, the Princess, with all her Beauty, has hanged herself in the Cellar: I have been to see her, and I profess the very Sight of her frightened me: All that is now to be done is to bury her, and then I make no Question but your Majesty will soon forget so inconsiderable a Loss. But the King wept, and bewail'd the Death of his Daughter, while *Grognon* deriding his Sorrows, retired to her

† E

Chamber;

Chamber; where, by her Command, a large Billet was presently dressed up in Funeral Pomp, and laid in a Coffin, and the King immediately ordered a solemn Interment. Infinite was the train of Mourners that attended the Hearse, weeping and wailing, and bitterly cursing the Stepdame, whom they secretly accused as the Cause of the Princess's Death. Every body went into deep Mourning; and the Princess could hear them lamenting to themselves, What Pity it was, so sweet and young a Princess should perish through the Cruelty of the wicked *Grognon*! It were a good Deed, they cried, to cut her to Pieces, and cast her to the Fowls of the Air. The King also would neither eat nor drink, but grieved continually.

Graciosa seeing her Father so extremely afflicted, Ah, *Percinet*, said she, 'tis impossible for me longer to bear that my Father should think me dead; therefore, if you love me, carry me back again, that I may shew myself at Court. Notwithstanding all his Arguments, he could not prevail upon her to relinquish this Request. Dear Princess, said he, you will wish yourself again, more than once, in the Palace of *Fairy land*; though I dare not presume you will ever wish for me, to whom you are more cruel even than *Grognon* is to you. But, whatever he could say, *Graciosa* insisted upon going: So taking Leave of the Prince's Mother and Sisters, *Percinet* and she got into the Calash, and the Harts ran with the Swiftness of Arrows. When they were out of the Precincts of the Palace, *Graciosa* heard a great Noise; and looking behind her, beheld the whole Edifice tumbled down, and shattered into a thousand Pieces. What Miracle is this, cried she,—the Palace quite demolished! Yes, Madam, replied *Percinet*, I must have my Palace among the Dead, nor will you ever enter it again till your Death. Why are you angry? replied *Graciosa*, endeavouring to pacify him, all things

things considered, have not I more Reason to complain than you?

When they arrived at the Court, *Percinet* so ordered it, that himself, the Princess, and the Calash, became invisible; so that she went unseen till she came into the King's Chamber, and threw herself at his Feet. When the King saw her, he started up in Fear, and was running away, taking her for a Ghost; but she held him by his Garment, and convinced him she was not dead; but that *Grognon* had caused her to be carried into a wild Forest, where she had got into a Tree, and lived upon the Fruit. She added, that the Queen had caused a Billet to be buried instead of her; and besought him to send her to one of his remote Castles, where she might not be exposed to the Rage of her Mother-in-law.

The King, doubting whether she spoke Truth, sent to have the Billet taken up, and being convinced of the Imposture, was amazed at *Grognon's* Wickedness, not imagining such Malice could have been in a Woman's Breast. Any other King would have laid her in the Billet's Place: But he was a poor weak Man, who had not Courage to be angry in earnest: However, he caressed his Daughter more than ever, and made her sup with him. But when *Grognon's* Creatures acquainted her with the Princess's Return, and that she had supped with the King, her Rage became perfect Frenzy. She flew to the King's Chamber, and told him, he must either deliver up his Daughter to her that Moment, or she would instantly be gone and never see him more; that he was a Fool to believe she was *Graciosa*, though indeed she somewhat resembled her, for that *Graciosa* had certainly hanged herself; and that if he gave Credit to the Imposture of others, he had not the Confidence and Value which he ought to have for her. The King, not daring to resist, delivered up the unfortunate

Princess into her Hands, believing or feigning to believe, she was not his Daughter.

Grognon, transported with Joy, dragged the Princess, by the help of her Woman, into a dark Dungeon, where she caused her to be stripped, covered her with coarse dirty Rags and a nasty Cap upon her Head, hardly allowing her Straw to lie upon, or Bread to eat.

In this Distress she wept bitterly, and wished herself again in the Castle of *Fairy-land*; but she durst not call upon *Percinet*, conscious that she had not been so kind to him as she ought to have been; and consequently not daring to promise herself, that he had still so much Love for her, as to come again to her Succour. In the mean Time the wicked *Grognon* had sent for a Fairy more malicious than herself; who being come, I have got, said she, a little saucy Minx that vexes me to Death; I would willingly punish her, by setting her some difficult Tasks, which she not being able to accomplish, I may have a pretence to break her Bones, and she no Excuse: Assist me, therefore, to find out some new Punishment for her every Day. The Fairy answered she would consider of it, and return the next Day. She was as good as her Word, and brought with her a Skain of Thread, as wide about as the Waists of three People; so fine that it would hardly bear breathing upon; and so tangled, that neither Beginning or End were to be found. *Grognon* was overjoyed at the Impossibility of this Task; sent immediately for the lovely Captive, and, with a Smile of Derision, Here, said she, prepare your clumsy Paws to unravel this Skain; and be assured, if thou breakest the least Bit, thou shalt dearly pay for it; for I will slay thee alive myself: Begin when thou wilt, but I must have it unravelled before Sun-set; and, saying this, she shut her up in a Chamber under three Locks.

When

When the Princess was alone, she attempted the Task, turned the Skain a thousand Ways, and broke it a thousand Times; which so distracted her, that she gave over the Attempt; and throwing it in the Middle of the Room, Go, fatal Skain, said she, lie there, since thou it is that art to be the Occasion of my Death. Oh, *Percinet*, *Percinet*! if my Severity has not given too great a Repulse to your Affection, though I cannot hope your Assistance, yet come, however, and receive my last Farewel. Saying this, she fell a weeping so bitterly, that any thing less sensible than a Lover would have been moved to Compassion. *Percinet* immediately opened the Door with the same Ease as if he had the Keys in his Pocket. Here I am, dear Princess, said he, always ready at your Service; it is not in my Power to forsake you, though you refuse to return my Love. Having said this, he struck three Times with his Wand upon the Skain; and immediately the Threads untwisted, and closed one to the other; and with two more Strokes the whole was unravelled with surprizing Ease: Which done, he asked her, whether she had any other Service to command him, and whether she intended ever to bear his Company, but in her Distresses? Upbraid me not, sweet *Percinet*, cried she, I am already too unfortunate.—Oh Princess, replied *Percinet*, it is your own Fault that you are not absolutely delivered from this insulting Tyranny, to which you are a Victim. Go with me, make your Felicity mine, and mine yours; what are you afraid of? That you love me not with a sincere and lasting Affection, replied the Princess: I am desirous that Time should confirm the Truth of the Sentiments you express for me. *Percinet* being offended at her Jealousy, took his Leave and left her.

The Sun was just setting, when *Grognon*, who waited for the Close of the Evening with the

greatest Impatience, came with her four Furies, who attended her wherever she went. She put her three Keys into the three Locks, and as she opened the Door, Well! said she, I suppose my beautiful Idler has been afraid to make use of her ten Fingers.—Ay, ay, she had rather sleep to preserve her Complexion. However, when she was entered, *Graciosa* presented her the Skain, wherein there was not a Thread amiss; so that all *Grognon* could say was, that she had sullied it, and was an awkward Creature; for which she gave her two such unmerciful Blows on her fair Cheeks, which were of the Colour of the Lily and the Rose, that they became black and blue. The unfortunate *Graciosa*, who was forced to suffer patiently what she could not avoid, was after this locked close up again in her Dungeon.

Grognon, amazed that she had succeeded no better with her Skain of Thread, sent for the Fairy again; and reproached her in very passionate Terms; Find me out something else, said she, so difficult as may amount to an Impossibility. The Fairy went away, and the next Day returned with a great Tub full of Feathers of all Sorts of Birds; as Nightingales, Canary-Birds, Robin-Redbreasts, Goldfinches, Linnets, Parrots, Owls, Sparrows, Pigeons, Ostriches, Bustards, Peacocks, Larks, Partridges, and an infinite Number more, which I am not able to name; and these Feathers were so intermixed, that the Birds themselves would never have been able to have known their own Apparel. Here, said the Fairy to *Grognon*, is that will try the Wit and Patience of your Captive: Command her to separate these Feathers, and lay the Plumage of every one of these Birds by itself; which is a Task would puzzle her, were she a Fairy herself. *Grognon* was in an Extasy of Joy only at the bear Thoughts of the Princess's Perplexity. She sent for her; and after having terrified her
with

with a thousand Menaces, she shut her up with the Feathers, in a Chamber under three Locks, as before; giving her to understand, that she expected her Work should be done before Sun-set.

Graciosa took some of the Feathers, and looked upon them; but finding it impossible to know the Difference of one Bird's Feathers from those of another, she threw them back into the Tub. Yet she made several Essays; but the oftener she try'd, the more impossible she found her Task. So that, at length overwhelmed with Grief and Despair, I must die, cried she, with a lamentable Voice; it is my Death that is sought for, and only that can put an End to my Miseries. Injured *Percinet* has left me too, no doubt; and to call on him for Succour would be in vain; for, had his Love continued, he would have been here ere now.

Dear *Graciosa*, I am here, cried *Percinet*, starting up from under the Feathers, where he lay hid: I am ready to deliver you from all your Troubles; and now, after so many Proofs of my Fidelity, can you any longer suspect the Sincerity of my Affection, or think I do not love you better than my Life? Saying this, he struck three Times with his Wand upon the Cask, and immediately the Feathers flew out, and sort'd themselves in little Heaps about the Room. I am infinitely obliged to you, Sir, said *Graciosa*: But for you, I must have been lost: and be assured I will not be ungrateful. The Prince used his utmost endeavours to persuade her to come to an immediate Resolution in his Favour: but still she insisting upon Time, he complied, though it was much against his Will.

Grognon came exactly at her Hour; but was quite amazed and confounded to see her Designs again defeated: She, however, bestowed some Blows upon *Graciosa*, pretending the Feathers were not laid even. She sent for the Fairy directly, and fell into such a Rage against her, that she knew

not what to say, being herself quite confounded. At length the Fairy promised to use her utmost Art, in making a Box, which if her Curiosity ever tempted her to open, should puzzle her to shut again, beyond all the Arts in *Fairy-land* to help her: Accordingly, some Days after, she brought this Box, which was somewhat large. Here, said she to *Grognon*, send your Captive somewhere with this Box; but forbid her to open it, and then she certainly will; and you will have your Desire. *Grognon*, observing the Fairy's Directions, Here, said she to her fair Captive, carry this Box to my rich Castle, and set it upon a Table in my Cabinet; but, upon Pain of Death, I command you not to look what is in it.

Graciosa, having put on her wooden Clogs, her Canvas Gown, and her Woollen Cap, set out on her Journey. All that met her cried, Certainly there goes some Goddess in Disguise; for the Poverty of her Dress could not conceal her wonderful Beauty. However she began to be tired with her Journey; and coming into a little Wood, surrounded with delightful Meadows, she sat down to rest herself: But having set the Box on her Knees, her Curiosity on a sudden prompted her to open it. What can be the Danger? said she to herself; I shall take nothing out of it, and would only see what is in it; so, reflecting no further on the Consequences, she opened the Box; when immediately out came a great many little Men and Women, Violins, Instruments, little Pictures, little Cooks, and little Dishes; in short, the Giant of the whole Company was not higher than your little Finger: They danced in the Meadows; divided themselves in Companies, and began the pleasanterest Ball that ever was seen; some skipped and capered about; others acted as Cooks; some eat and drank; and the little Violins played to a Miracle. *Graciosa*, for some Time, was delighted with the Sight,
 thinking

thinking to recall the merry Wantons into the Box ; but not one of them would return : The little Gentlemen and Ladies betook themselves to their Heels ; the Violins ran away ; the Cooks, with their Pots upon their Heads, and their Spits upon their Shoulders, flew from her like so many Birds ; and when she followed them into the Wood, they got into the Meadows ; when she ran after them in the Meadows, they flew into the Wood. Oh indiscreet Curiosity ! cried *Graciosa*, weeping, Now my Enemies will prevail ; the only Misfortune I could have prevented, is befallen me through my own Folly, no, I cannot sufficiently blame myself. Oh ! *Percinet ! Percinet !* if it be possible for thee still to love a Princess so imprudent, assist me once more, in this most perilous Accident that ever threatened my Life.

Percinet did not stay to be called thrice, but appeared immediately in his Green Habit : saying, were it not for the wicked *Grognon*, he supposed *Graciosa* would never think of him. Have a better Opinion of my Sentiments, replied the Princess ; I am neither insensible of Merit, nor ungrateful for Kindnesses received. It is true, I have put your Constancy to Trials ; but it is to crown it when I am convinced of it. *Percinet*, being now better pleased than ever, gave three Strokes with his Wand upon the Box, and immediately the little Gentlemen and Ladies, the Violins, the Cooks with their roast Meat, in short, the Whole of this deminutive Company placed themselves again in the Box, as if they had never been out of it. Which done, *Percinet*, who had left his Chariot in the Wood, desired the Princess to use it the remaining Part of her Journey to the Castle ; and indeed she had no small need of such a Convenience, considering the Condition she was in. So, having rendered her invisible, he con-

ducted her himself, and by that Means had the Pleasure of her Company; a Pleasure to which, my Chronicle says, she was not indifferent in her Heart, though she was careful to conceal her Sentiments.

Thus she arrived at the rich Castle: but when she demanded the Key of the Cabinet, in *Grognon's* Name, the Governor burst out a laughing.—How! said he, hast thou the Confidence to think that Shepherds Girls are ever admitted into Queens Cabinets! Go, go, get thee gone, wooden Clogs and Hobnails never yet defiled these glittering Floors. *Graciosa* desired him to write a Line why he had refused her Entrance, which he readily did. So leaving the Castle, she was received by the amiable *Percinet*, who waited for her, and conducted her back to the King's Palace. It would be difficult to relate all the tender and respectful Arguments he used by the Way, to persuade her to put an End to her Misfortunes. To which she replied, that if *Grognon* imposed upon her any more of these impossible Commands, she would yield him her Consent.

When the enraged Stepdame saw the Princess returned, she flew upon the Fairy, whom she had detained with her all the while, fastened her Claws in her wrinkled Cheeks, and would have throttled her too, had it been possible to strangle a Fairy. *Graciosa* presented her the Governor's Letter and the Box; but she threw both in the Fire, not vouchsafing to open them; and had she thought of it, would have thrown the Princess after them; but she did not defer her Punishment.

She caused a great Hole to be made in the Garden, as deep as a Well, and a great Stone to be laid over the Mouth of it. Then taking occasion to walk in the Garden, she said to *Graciosa*, and the rest that attended her, Under that Stone, as I am informed, there lies concealed immense Treasure

sure, let us go and remove it. Upon this, they all set their Hands to it, and *Graciosa* among the rest; which was what *Grognon* desired; for as the Princess stood by the Side of the Hole, *Grognon* pushed her in, and then rolled the Stone over it again.

This Stroke appeared to be past Remedy; for how could *Percinet* find her, buried thus in the Earth? She herself despaired, and repented she had so long delayed to marry him. How terrible is my Destiny, cried she: This kind of Death is more dreadful than any other. Oh, *Percinet*! you are sufficiently revenged for my scrupulous Reluctancy. But I was afraid you were like many other Men, who prove inconstant when once they find themselves beloved; I was desirous to be certain of your Heart, but my unjust Suspicions are now the Cause of my present Misery, Yet, continued she, if I could but hope you would shew some Regret for the Loss of me, I should be less sensible of my Misfortune. She was lamenting in this Manner to ease her Sorrows, when she perceived a little Door open, which she had not seen before, by Reason of the Obscurity: At the same Time she also saw Daylight, and a Garden full of Flowers, Fruits, Fountains, Grottos, Statues, Groves, and Arbours; she went in, and walked forward into a spacious Alley, wondering what would be the Event of this extraordinary Beginning. Soon after she discovered the Castle of *Fairy-land*, which she easily knew again; for a Castle made all of Chrystal of the Rock, with the History of one's Life engraved therein, is no very common Sight. *Percinet* appeared too, together with the Queen his Mother, and his Sisters. Fair Princess, said the Queen to *Graciosa*, it is Time now you would consent; make my Son most happy, and free yourself from that deplorable Condition wherein you live under the Tyranny of *Grognon*.

The grateful Princess fell upon her Knees, and
E 6 told

told the Queen she might dispose of her Destiny, and that she would obey her in all things; that now she discovered the Truth of *Percinet's* Prediction, when he foretold her, that his Palace should be among the Dead, and she never enter it again, till she had been buried; that she was amazed at his Knowledge, that his Merit was no less her Admiration, and therefore she accepted him for her Husband. Now the Prince, in his turn, threw himself at her Feet; the whole Palace resounded with Music and Acclamations of Joy; and the Nuptials were solemnized with the greatest Magnificence. All the Fairies for a thousand Miles round came thither in most sumptuous Equipages; some in Chariots drawn by Swans, others by Dragons; some rode upon the Clouds, and others in Globes of Fire. Among the latter appeared the Fairy, who assisted *Grognon* to torment *Graciosa*. When she knew who it was, she was in the greatest Surprize; besought her to forget what was past, and said she would endeavour to make her amends for the Evils she had caused her to suffer. And it is certain, she did not stay out the Festival, but remounted her Chariot drawn by two Terrible Serpents, she flew to the King's Palace; and finding *Grognon* out, wrung off her Neck, notwithstanding all the Guards and her Women could do to prevent it.

The M O R A L.

Detested Envy thus with baneful Wing.

Disturbs the Calm of our serenest Days;

She ne'er with-holds her poison'd Sting,

But wounds insidious, and our Peace betrays.

'Twas she who Grognon's Malice mov'd

To ruin Graciosa's Innocence;

'Twas she who all these Snares improv'd

Her Wit to baffle, and confound her Sense.

'Twas

'Twas she who aim'd the cruel Darts,
Fair Graciosa's Peace undoing ;
But Percinet their Influence thwarts,
And saves the Fair from Ruin.

Well did he then deserve the Heart,
Which afterwards she gave his Love ;
And who with Firmness bear the Smart,
To perfect Joy their Pains improve.

THE
CURIOUS STORY

OF

F I N E T T A.

SOME Time ago there lived a King and a Queen, who had managed their Affairs so ill, that they were driven out of their Dominions; and to support themselves, were forced to sell their Crowns, then their Robes, Linen, and Laces, and afterwards all they had; and when they were reduced to the utmost Poverty, the King said to the Queen, ' We are forced out of our Kingdoms, and have nothing left, therefore we must think of getting a Livelihood both for ourselves and Children; think a little what we shall do; for my Part I am entirely at a Loss.' The Queen who was a Woman of good Sense and Wit, asked eight Day's Time to consider of it; and when they were expired said to him, ' Come, don't let us vex and torment ourselves; you shall lay Nets and Snares for Fowls, and Lines for Fish, while I make them: As for our Daughters, they are three proud idle Sluts, and fancy themselves still to be great Ladies, we will carry them a great Way off, that it will be impossible for them to find their Way back again; for we can never keep them as fine as they expect we should.'

The

The King, who was a kind Father, began to weep when he saw he must part with his Children; but the Queen being of an imperious haughty Temper, and he being forced to acquiesce with her, he told her she might rise early the next Morning, and carry her Daughters where she thought fit. While they were thus contriving this Affair, the Princess *Finetta*, who was the youngest of the three, heard them through the Key-hole; and as soon as she was informed of their Design, ran as fast as she was able to a large Grotto, inhabited by the Fairy *Merlucha*, her Godmother; but before she went, took two Pounds of fresh Butter, Eggs, Milk, and Flour, to make a Cake of, that she might be the more acceptable Guest. When she first set out, she went very chearfully; but after she had walked some Time, and the Soles of her Shoes were worn away, and her Feet began to be galled with the Pebbles, she was so weary that she sat herself down on the Grass, and fell a-crying; when a fine *Spanish* Horse passed by ready bridled and saddled, with Diamonds enough on his Houfings to buy two or three Towns; who when he saw the Princess, he fed by her, bending his knees, seeming to pay some Respect to her; whereupon taking him by the Bridle, she said, 'Pretty Horse, if you will carry me to my God-mother the Fairy, I shall be very much obliged to thee; for I am so weary, that I am ready to die away; I promise you I'll give you good Corn and Hay, and litter you down with clean Straw.' The Horse bent down before her, and she jumping upon his back, he carried her to the Fairy's Grotto as swift as a Bird flies in the Air; for *Merlucha* knowing of her God-daughter's coming, had sent him for that Purpose.

When she went in, she made three low Curtesies, kissed the Hem of her Garment, and then said to her, 'Good-mor ow Godmother, how do you do? I have brought you here some Milk, Butter,

ter, Flour and Eggs, to make a Cake after our Country Fashion.' 'You are welcome, *Finetta*, (said the Fairy) come and let me embrace you.' Whereupon she kiss'd her two or three Times, which made *Finetta* ready to die with Joy; for *Merlucha* was a great and renowned Fairy. 'Well, my Girl, (said she) you shall be my Waiting-woman, come dress and comb my Head;' (which the Princess did with all the Address imaginable.) 'I know what brought you hither (said *Merlucha*) you heard the King and Queen consulting how they might lose you, and you have no Mind to be so served. Take this Clue of Thread, it will not break, and fasten one End of it to the Door of your House, and keep the other in your Hand; when the Queen leaves you, it will be an easy Matter for you, by this Thread, to find your Way back again.'

The Princess thanked her Godmother, who gave her a Sack full of Cloaths, all covered over with Gold and Silver, and embracing her, set her upon the same horse again, who carried her Home in a Moment or two; and when she had thanked her pretty Horse for his Trouble, and had bid him return, she went softly into the House, and hiding her Sack under the Bed, laid herself down without taking any Notice of what had passed. As soon as it was Day, the King awaken'd his Wife, and bid her prepare for her Journey; upon which she got up, and put on a Pair of strong Shoes, a short petticoat, and white waistcoat, and taking her Stick in her Hand, went to call her Daughters; the eldest of which was named *Love's Flower*, the second *Fair-Night*, and the youngest *Auricula*, or *Fine-Ear*, but, by way of Nickname *Finetta*. 'I have dream'd to-night, (said the Queen) that we must go and see my Sister, where we shall be treated, and be very merry. We'll go Madam, where you please (said *Love's Flower*) who could not endure to live in a Desert, so that we go,

but

‘but ’tis no Matter where.’ The other two said the same, and taking their Leave of their Father, they all four set forward for their Journey. They went at last so far that *Fine-Ear* began to fear lest her Clue should not hold out; for they had gone a great many score Miles: However, she was always behind, fastening her Thread in the Briars. When the Queen thought she had carried them so far that they could not find the Way back again, she went into a large Wood, and said to them, ‘Come my Little Lambs, lie down and take a Nap, while I, like a Shepherdess, will watch you, lest the Wolf should surprize you.’ Whereupon they laid themselves down and fell asleep, and the Queen, when she thought them fast, took her Leave, as she thought, for the last Time, when *Finetta*, who only shut her Eyes, and pretended Sleep, said to herself, ‘Was I now of a revengeful Temper, I should leave my Sisters to perish here; for they have beat and abused me very much: But, however, I will not now forsake them.’ Whereupon awakening them, she told them the whole Story; at which they fell a-crying, and begged of her to take them along with her, promising to give her all the fine Things they had. ‘I know (said *Finetta*) you will not perform what you promise; but nevertheless I shall act the Part of a kind Sister.’ And thereupon she rose up, and followed her Thread, which brought them home almost as soon as the Queen.

When they came there, stopping a Moment at the Door, they heard the King say, ‘My Heart aches to see you all alone.’ ‘Indeed, (said the Queen) we were very much troubled with our Daughters.’ ‘Well, said the King, had you but brought my *Finetta* back, I should not be so much concerned for the other two.’ And just then they knocked at the Door: ‘Who’s there?’ (said the King) ‘Your three Daughters, *Love’s Flower*, *Fair-Night*, and *Fine-Ear*.’

'Ear, (replied they).' And at that the Queen trembled, and said, 'Don't open the Door, for they are certainly their Spirits; for 'tis impossible they should be returned.' The King, who was as great a Coward as his Wife, said, 'Tis false, you are not my Daughters.' Whereupon *Finetta* replied, 'Look through the Key-hole, Papa, and if I am not your Daughter *Finetta*, I consent to be whipped.' At that the King did as she bid him, and knowing them opened the Door. The Queen seemed to be very glad to see them, pretending she came back for something she had forgot, and designed to have gone to them again.

Finetta, when all was over, asked her Sisters for what they had promised her; who, thereupon beat her with their Distaffs, and told her, That it was for her Sake that the King was not sorry for them. Afterwards she went to Bed; but being not able to sleep for the Blows and Bruises they had given her, she heard the Queen say, she would carry them another Way farther off, from whence she was assured they would never return. Upon this she got up softly, went into the Hen-house, and wrung off the Necks of two Pullets and a Cockerel, which the Queen had set up to regale herself with; and putting them into a Basket, set out to go to see her Godmother again. She had not gone half a Mile, being in the dark, and frightened out of her Wits, before she heard the *Spanish* Horse whinnying and prancing; who no sooner came to her, but she mounted, and was carried presently to her Godmother's. After the usual Compliments, she presented her with the Fowls, and desired her good Advice; for that the Queen had sworn to carry them to the World's End, *Merlucha* bid her not grieve herself, and gave her a Sack full of Ashes to carry before her, to sprinkle before her as she went along, telling her, when she returned, she needed but observe

observed her Footsteps, which would conduct her back again; and withal charged her not to take her Sisters along with her, assuring her, if she did, she never would see her more. The Horse being ready, *Finetta* took her Leave, and with it a great Quantity of Diamonds in a Box, which she put into her Pocket. A little before Day the Queen called the Princesses again, and told them that the King was not very well, and that she dreamed they must go all four to gather some Herbs for him in a certain Country, where they were excellent. *Love's-Flower* and *Fair-Night*, who suspected that their Mother's main End in this Affair was to lose them, were very much afflicted; but were, notwithstanding, obliged to go. *Finetta* said not a Word all the Time, but kept behind them strewing her Ashes; and the Queen being persuaded that they would never be able to find the Way back, for she had carried them a great Distance off, and observing them all asleep one Evening, took that Opportunity to bid them good by. When it was Day, that *Finetta* perceived her Mother was gone, she awakened her Sisters, and told them, the Queen was gone again, and had left them to themselves. *Love's-Flower* and *Fair-Night* cried, and tore their Hair, and beat their Breasts; when *Finetta*, who was a good-natured Girl, pitied them, and told them, though her Godmother, when she informed her how she should find the Way back, charged her not to take them along with her, and said she would never see her more if she did. 'Yet, said she, I will venture this to preserve my Sisters.' Whereupon they both fell upon her Neck, and kissed her, and all three returned together.

The King and Queen were very much surprized to see the Princesses again, and talked about it all the Night; when *Fine-Ear*, who had not her Name for nothing, heard them lay a new Plot, which the Queen was to put in Execution in the Morning,

Morning, and thereupon ran and awakened her Sisters, and acquainted them with it. ‘Alas! said she, we are all lost, the Queen without Dispute will carry us and leave us in some Desert; for your Sakes I have disobliged my Godmother, and dare not go to her as I used to do.’ This News put them to their Wits-End, and made them say to one another, What shall we do? ‘Oh! said *Fair-Night*, do not let us trouble ourselves, there are others who have as much Contrivance as the old *Merlucha*; we need but to take some Pease along with us, and sow them, and we shall easily trace our way back again.’ Upon *Love’s-Flower’s* approving of this Expedient, they put Peate in their Pockets; but for *Fine-Ear*, instead of Peate, she took her Sack of fine Clothes, and her Box of Jewels; and they were all three ready against the Queen called. ‘I have dreamed to Night (said she, that there were three Princes in a Country I need not name, waiting to marry you, and I have a great Mind to carry you to see whether my Dream is true or not.’ The Queen went first, and the Princesses followed after, sowing their Pease as they went along, never disturbing themselves, but being satisfied that they, by that Means, would find their Way home; when one dark Night the Queen left them again, and went home to the King both weary of so long a Journey, and glad to have got rid of so great a Charge.

The three Princesses slept till Eleven o’Clock the next Day, when *Finetta* discover’d first the Queen’s Absence; and tho’ she was well provided, could not forbear crying; but, however, relied more on the Fairy *Merlucha*, than the Ability of her Sisters. ‘The Queen is gone (said she to her Sisters) let us follow her as fast as we can.’ ‘Hold your Tongue, you Fool (replied *Love’s-Flower*) we can find the Way when we please.’ *Finetta* durst return no Answer; but when they wanted to go Home, they

they could find no Tracings or Appearance of any Pease; for the Pigeons, with which that Country abounded, had eaten them up, which set them all in Tears. After they had been two Days without eating, *Love's Flower* asked her Sisters, if they had nothing to eat? Whereupon *Finetta* said, she had found an Acorn; which they would have had from her; but she answered, 'What signifies one Acorn among three of us? Let us set it, it may grow to a large Tree, and be serviceable.' To which they all consented, though there was no likelihood of any Tree in that Country, where there was nothing to be seen but Cabbages and Lettuce which the Princesses lived on; for had they been nice, they must have perished. They had no other Covering, when they slept, than the azure Skies, and watered their Acorn every Night and Morning, which they perceived grew apace. When it was got to some Size, *Love's Flower* was for climbing it, but it was too weak to bear her; as was likewise *Fair-Night*, but she was too heavy: whereupon *Finetta* tried, and when she was up, her Sisters asked her what she saw; she told them nothing. 'Alas! (said *Love's Flower*,) this Oak is not yet tall enough.' However, they kept watering of it, and *Finetta* never failed to get up, into it twice a Day, and one Day when she was up, *Fair-Night* said to *Love's Flower*, 'I have found a Sack which our Sister has hid from us, what can there be in it?' 'Oh, (said *Love's Flower*) she told me she had some old Laces.' 'But I believe she had something better,' replied *Fair-Night*. And being curious, opened it, and found some old Laces of the King and Queen's, which served only to cover the fine Clothes and Jewels. 'What a fly Slut is this, (said she) let us take them away, and put some Pebbles in their Place.' Which the other agreeing to, *Finetta* came down again, without ever discovering the Trick her Sisters had played her; for she had no Occasion to dress in a
Desert,

Desert, all her Thoughts being employed on her Oak.

One Morning when she was up in it, and her Sisters asked her as usual, what she discovered, she told them she saw a House so beautiful, that she could not describe it, that the Walls were of Emeralds and Rubies, and the Roof of Diamonds set in Gold. ‘ You tell Fibs, (said they) it cannot be so.’ ‘ Indeed it is, (answered *Finetta*) come and see yourselves; my Eyes are ‘dazzled with the Splendor.’ Whereupon *Lowe’s Flower* climbed up, and when she saw the Castle, was amazed; and for *Fair-Night*, whose curiosity did not fail to prompt her to get up in her Turn, she seemed as much overjoyed as her Sisters.’ ‘ We ‘ must, without Dispute, (said they) go to this ‘ Palace; who knows but we may meet with fine ‘ Princes that will think themselves happy to ‘ marry us?’ In this manner of Discourse they passed away the whole Night, when *Lowe’s Flower* perceiving *Finetta* asleep, said to *Fair-Night*, ‘ Let ‘ us dress ourselves in the Clothes *Finetta* has ‘ brought along with her.’ ‘ The Thought’s very ‘ good,’ replied *Fair-Night*, Whereupon they got up and dressed themselves, and made themselves as fine as Gold and Silver, and Jewels could do.

Finetta, who knew not what her Sisters had done, opened her Sack with a Design to dress herself; but how great was her Surprize and Affliction, when she found nothing but Flints and Stones? And perceiving at that very Juncture her two Sisters as bright as the Sun in her Clothes, she cried, and complained of their Treachery; who only laughed at her. ‘ How can you, (said she to ‘ them) carry me along with you to the Castle, ‘ without letting me be dressed as well as yourselves.’ ‘ We have but Cloaths enough for ourselves, (replied *Lowe’s-Flower*, and if thou importunest

‘ importuneſt us thus, thou ſhalt feel our Blows.’
‘ But, (continued the other) they are my own, my
‘ Godmother gave them to me, and you have
‘ nothing to do with them.’ ‘ If you teaze us
‘ any longer, (ſaid they) we will kill you, and
‘ bury you, and no body ſhall know what is be-
‘ come of you.’ Which ſtruck ſuch an Awe upon
poor *Finetta*, that ſhe durſt not provoke them, but
followed them like their Servant-Maid, at a Diſ-
tance. The nearer they came to the Houſe, the
more wonderful it appeared, ‘ I cannot but think,
‘ (ſaid they one to another) how we ſhall be di-
‘ verted and entertained; we ſhall eat at the King’s
‘ Table; but for *Finetta*, ſhe ſhall waſh the Diſhes
‘ in the Kitchen; and if we are aſked who ſhe is,
‘ let us not make the leaſt Mention of her as our
‘ Siſter, but ſay, ſhe is a poor Herdsman’s Daugh-
‘ ter.’ Which caſt *Finetta* into Deſpair, ſhe be-
ing a Girl endowed with Wit and Beauty. When
they arrived at the Gates of the Caſtle, they
knocked very hard, and were let in by a fright-
ful old Woman: She was fifteen Feet high, and
thirty about, had but one Eye, and that placed in
the Miſt of her Forehead, like a *Cyclops*, and as
large as five others; her Noſe was flat, her Skin
black, and her Mouth ſo large that it was very
frightful. ‘ Oh! unfortunate Creatures, (ſaid
‘ ſhe, what brought you hither? Do you know
‘ that this is a Giant’s Caſtle, who would eat you
‘ all up for his Breakfaſt? But it is well he is not
‘ at Home; I am better than he: I will eat but
‘ one of you at a Time, and you will have the
‘ Comfort of living two or three Days longer.’
When they heard the Gianteſs ſpeak thus, they ran
away as faſt as they could, thinking to ſave them-
ſelves; but ſhe ſtrid as far at one Step as they at
five, and ſoon caught them again; and taking one
by the Hair of the Head, and the others by the
Arms and Necks, threw them all together into a
Cave

Cave, where there was nought but Toads, Snakes, and the Bones of devoured Persons. And as she was then for eating *Finetta*, and was only gone for some Oil and Vinegar, the Giant came ; but thinking to keep them for herself, as a nice Bit, she put them under a great Tub, where they had no Light but through a little Hole.

The Giant, who was six Times as big as his Wife, when he spoke made the House shake again, and when he coughed, it seemed like Thunder ; he had but one large Eye, and his Hair was like Bristles ; he leaned on a Piece of Timber, which he used for a Cane, and held a Basket in his Hand, out of which he took fifteen little Children he had taken away from their Parents, and swallowed them like poached Eggs. When the three Princesses beheld this, they shuddered, but durst not cry, for fear they should be heard, The Giant said to his Wife, ‘ I smell some fresh Flesh ; give it me.’ ‘ You always fancy, (said she) that you smell fresh Meat, ’tis nothing but some Sheep that are going by,’ ‘ Oh ! (said the Giant) I am not to be deceived thus ; I am sure I smell fresh Flesh, and will look for it.’ ‘ Ay do,’ (replied she.) ‘ And if I find any, (said he) that you have concealed from me, I’ll cut off your Head.’ Frighted at this Menace, she said to him, ‘ Be not angry, my Dear, and I will tell you the Truth ; I have got three young Girls, that came here To-day ; but it is a Pity to eat them ; for they know how to do every Thing, and as I am old, will be very serviceable to me. You know our House is very much out of Order, our Bread is not well baked, nor our Beer well brewed, and I appear not so handsome since I have flaved myself with working ; they shall be our Servants, therefore do not eat them now ; but if you have a great Desire to them at any other Time, you shall have them.’ The Giant, with

with great Reluctancy, promised her not to eat them all three, but pressed hard for two; which she opposing, he then desired one of them; which she not acquiescing with, after great Disputes he promised her not to eat them: For she designed, when he was gone abroad, to feast herself with them, and to pretend that they had made their Escape.

The Giant ordered his Wife to bring them to him, at which they, poor Creatures, were ready to die with Fear; but the Giantess encouraged them. When he saw them, he asked them what they could do? They answered, That they knew how to clean a House, and sew, and spin, and make such Ragouts, that all that tasted of them generally licked their Plates clean; and that for making of Bread, Cakes, and Patty-pans, they were famous. ‘ Well, well, (said the Giant, who loved a dainty Bit,) make good your Words; but, (said he to *Finetta*) how do you know when the Oven is hot enough?’ ‘ I lay some Butter on it, Sir, (replied she) and then taste it with my Tongue.’ Thereupon he ordered her to heat the Oven, and the Princess made a terrible Fire; for you must know, the Giant’s Oven was as large as a Stable, and he and his Wife devoured as much Bread as an Army; and the Giant, who overlooked them, eat an hundred Cakes and Piggins of Milk. *Love’s-Flower* and *Fair-Night* prepared the Paste: The Giant said the Oven was hot enough: *Finetta* told him, she would see whether it was so, and throwing some Pounds of Butter into the Oven’s Mouth, told him it must be tasted with the Tongue, but that she was too little to do it. ‘ Oh! (said he,) I am big enough.’ And thereupon he thrust himself so far in, that he could not get back again; but was burnt to Ashes.

When the Giant’s Wife came to the Oven, she was surprized to find such a Heap of Ashes as pro-

ceeded from her burnt Husband. *Love's-Flower* and *Fair Night*, who saw her very much grieved, did what they could to comfort her; but at the same Time, were afraid her Sorrow would be too soon over, and her Appetite come upon her. 'Madam, (said they) have Courage, some King, or great Prince, will think themselves happy to marry you.' Which made her laugh, and shew her long Teeth, that were as large as a Finger. When they saw her in a good Humour, *Finetta* said to her, 'If you will throw off these Bear Skins, with which you now clothe yourself, we will dress you a-la-mode, and you shall appear as bright as any Star.' 'Let me see, (said she) what you would be at; but assure yourself, if any Ladies look better than me, I will make Mince Meat of you.' Whereupon the three Princesses pulled off her Cap, and combed and frizzled her Hair; and while the two Sisters were amusing her after that Manner, *Finetta*, with a Hatchet, severed her Head from her Body at one Blow.

Never was Joy equal to theirs; they ran up to the Top of the House to ring the Golden Bells, went into all the Chambers of Pearls and Diamonds, the Furniture of which was so rich, that it was an Extasy to behold it. They laughed and sung all that Day long, and almost glutted themselves with Sweetmeats and other Dainties. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night* laid in Beds of Brocade and Velvet, and said one to another, 'Our Father never was so rich in all his Prosperity; but yet we want Husbands, and may be assured nobody will ever come here, since this House passes for a Place of Destruction, since the Giant and his Wife's Death are unknown; therefore we must go to the next Village to shew ourselves in our Finery, and we shall not be long before we find Persons enough who will be glad to marry Princesses.'

As soon as they were dressed; they told *Finetta* they were going a-walking, and that she must stay there to take care of the House, and have every Thing in order against they returned, or else they should make her feel their Blows. When they were gone, *Finetta*, who was forced to scour and wash, was so overpowered with Grief, that she burst out a-crying. 'How unhappy was I, (*said she to herself*) to disobey my Godmother! all Misfortunes have since attended me; my Sisters have robbed me of my fine Cloaths, and dressed themselves in them. Had it not been for me, the Giant and his Wife had been yet alive; and what am I the better for their Deaths; I should have been as well pleased to have been devoured by them, as to live as I do now.' When she had said all this, she cried so much, that her Eyes were almost swoln out of her Head; and when her Sisters came, she had the Mortification to see them bring with them Oranges, and Sweetmeats, and fine Fruits, and to hear them tell what Respect they had paid by a King's Son at a Ball they had been at; and withal, to be bid to come and undress them, and lay up their Cloaths; which she durst not refuse; for if ever she complained, they flew upon her, and beat her till they had left her for dead.

The next Day they went again, and came back as before, and lived in that Manner some Time; when one Night as *Finetta* was sitting over a Handful of Fire, not knowing what to do with herself, raking among the Cinders, she found an old rusty cankered little Key; and after having taken a great deal of Pains to scour it, found it to be Gold, and thinking it might open some Lock in the House, tried them all, and it belonged to a fine Box, which she opened, wherein there were rich Cloaths, Diamonds, Laces, fine Linen, Ribbons, and Things of great Value. Never mentioning a Word of this good Fortune, she waited impatiently for her

Sisters going again the next Day; and then as soon as she saw them out of Doors, dressed herself so fine, that she appeared as fine as the Sun, and went to the same Ball; and though she had no Mask on, yet her Cloaths had made so great an Alteration in her for the better, that they did not know her. When she appeared in that Assembly, there was heard a Murmuring of Voices, some out of Admiration and others of Jealousy; and when she danced, she excelled as much therein as in her Beauty.

Love's-Flower and *Fair-Night*, who had made there strange Havock among the Hearts, seeing the favourable Reception this Stranger met with, were ready to burst with Jealousy; but *Finetta*, who behaved herself extraordinary well, seemed by her Air, as if she was made to command. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night*, who had been used to see their Sister dirty and grimy, retained so small an Idea of her Face, that they knew her not, but paid as much Respect to her as the rest; and she, as soon as the Ball was over, ran Home as fast as she could, and put on her dirty Rags again. When her Sisters came home, they told her they had seen a charming young Princess, whose Skin was as white as Snow, the Colour of her Cheeks as fresh as a Rose, her Teeth as even and as white as Ivory, and for her Lips, they looked like Coral, and that her Cloaths were all over Gold and Diamonds. This Sport continued some Time, and *Finetta* every Ball appeared in a different Dress; for the Chest was inexhaustible, and the Cloaths were all so fashionable, that the Ladies followed that Mode.

One Night that *Finetta* had danced very much, and had staid longer than ordinary, and was willing to get home soon enough, that she might not be discovered by her Sisters, she made so much Haste, that she lost her Slipper, which was of red Velvet,

Velvet, braided with Pearls, and was found the next Day by the Prince of *Chery*, the King's Eldest Son, as he was hunting, and admired it so much for its Smallness, that he kissed it, and carried it home with him; and from that Day, grew so melancholy, and reserved, that he never would speak, lost his Stomach, fell away, and looked so ill, that the King and Queen, who loved him to Distraction, sent for all the Remedies and Assistance they could get: But all to no Purpose, for the Physicians, after they had consulted together, and made their Observations for two or three Days together, concluded that he was in Love, and would die unless he had some Relief.

The Queen, who doated on him, cried Day and Night over him; but could make no Discovery who the beloved Person was. She brought all the most beautiful Ladies of the Court into his Chamber, but he would not so much as look at them. At last the Queen said to him one Day, 'My dear Child, you overwhelm us with Grief; we know you are in Love, wherefore then should you hide it from us? Tell who the lovely Person is, and should she prove a Shepherdess, we will not oppose your Desires.' Hereupon the Prince grown more bold by the Queen's Promises, pulled the Slipper from under his Bolster: 'This, Madam, (said he) is the Cause of my Illness; I found this pretty little Slipper as I was one Day a-hunting, and am resolved never to marry any but the Person who can draw it on.' 'Alas! Child, (said the Queen) grieve not, we shall soon find her out.' And then she left him, and told the King, who was very much surprized at the Strangeness of his Passion, and ordered to be proclaimed by Sound of Trumpet, That all Women should come and try on the Slipper, and that the Person whom it fitted should be married to the
Prince,

Prince. Upon this, all the fine Ladies of the Court washed and paired their Feet, and made Choice of the thinnest Stockings, that they might put on the Slipper; but all to no Purpose, since none of them could get it on; which was no small Affliction to the Prince. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night*, upon this, dressed themselves so fine one Day, that *Finetta* was amazed, and asked them where they were going? Who told her, to Court, to try on the Slipper that the King's Son had found, and that whoever succeeded was to marry him. Whereupon *Finetta* asked, if she might not go? Which made them laugh at her, and tell her, they wondered how such a dirty Girl as she could have any such Thoughts, bidding her water the Garden, for she was fit for nothing else.

When they were gone, *Finetta* had a great Mind to try her Fortune, having a strong Fancy of her Success; but was somewhat at a Loss, because she knew not the Way; for the Ball she was at before was not kept at Court. However, she dressed herself very magnificently, her Gown was of blue Sattin, covered over with Stars of Diamonds; a full Moon was placed in the Middle of her Back, and a Sun upon her Head, which gave such a Lustre, as dazzled the Eyes of the Spectators. When she opened the Door to go out, she was very much surprized to find the *Spanish* Horse there; she caressed him, and was overjoyed to see him, and mounting on him, appeared a thousand Times more beautiful than *Helen*. The Horse went prancing along, and by the Noise he made with champing of his Bits, made *Love's Flower* and her Sister look behind, to see who was coming after them; but how great was their Astonishment, when they saw it was *Finetta*! 'I protest, (said *Love's Flower* to *Fair Night*) 'tis *Finetta*;' and the other was about to make some Reply, when the Horse passing by, dashed them all over with
Dirt;

Dirt; whereupon *Finetta* told them, that she despised them as they deserved, and so put forward.

‘Certainly, (said *Fair-Night*) we dream; who could have furnished her with this Horse and fine Cloaths? ’Tis a Miracle to me: She will, without Dispute, have the good Fortune to get the Slipper, therefore ’tis in vain for us to go any farther.’

While they were in the utmost Rage and Despair, *Finetta* arrived at the Palace, where she being taken for a Queen, the Guards were under Arms, with Drums beating and Trumpets founding. She went into the Prince’s Chamber, who no sooner set his Eyes on her, but he was charmed, and wished her Foot small enough to put on the Slipper; which she not only did do, but also produced the Fellow to it. Upon which all Persons present cried, (*Long live the Princess*); and the Prince arose from off his Bed, came and kissed her Hand, and declared to her his Passion. As soon as the King and Queen heard of it, they came overjoyed; the Queen flung her Arms about her Neck, and embraced her, and called her Daughter. The King and Queen made her great Presents, the Cannons were fired, and there were the most public Demonstrations of Joy possible.

The Prince desired she would consent to his Happiness, and that they might be married; which she refused till she had told them her Adventures, which she did in few Words. Their Joy was augmented so much the more, when they knew her to be a Princess by Birth; and, upon acquainting them with the Names of her Father and Mother, informed her that they had deprived them of their Kingdoms. As soon as she knew that, she vowed never to give her Hand to the Prince, unless they were restored again to their Dominions, which the King her Father-in-Law made no Scruple to grant. In the mean Time

Love's Flower and *Fair Night* arrived, and the first News they heard, was, that their Sister had put on the Slipper, and were so much confused, that they knew not what to say or do; but at last were for going back again; when she hearing that they were there, sent for them, and, instead of using them as they deserved, met them, and embraced them, and afterwards presented them to the Queen, acquainting her that they were her Sisters, for whom she desired she would have some Respect. They were so much surprized at their Sister's Goodness, that they stood speechless; but, upon her telling them that the Prince her Spouse would restore the King their Father, and send them into their own Country, they fell on their Knees before her, and wept for Joy.

The Nuptials were celebrated with all the Pomp imaginable; *Finetta* writ a Letter to her Godmother, which she sent with great Presents by the *Spanish* Horse, desiring her to find out the King and Queen her Father and Mother, and let them know her good Fortune, and that they might return to their own Kingdoms; which Commission the Fairy acquitted herself of, and the King and Queen were restored to their Dominions. *Love's Flower* and *Fair Night* lived as great and happy as they could desire, and became afterwards great Queens, as well as their Sister.

The Morality of this Tale is, that while we Act consistently with virtuous Principles, however Misfortunes may attend, yet in the End Happiness will succeed; and such as are good will ever meet a just Reward.

T H E S T O R Y

O F T H E

W H I T E C A T.

TH E R E was a King who had three Sons, all handsome, brave young Gentlemen; but jealous that they should desire to reign before his Death, he caused several Reports to be spread abroad, that they endeavoured to procure themselves Creatures to deprive him of his Crown. The King found himself very old, but his Sense and Capacity of Government no ways decayed; so that he cared not to resign up a Place he filled so worthily, and thought that the best Way for him to live at Quiet, was to amuse them by Promises. To this End he took them into his Closet, where, after he had talked to them with great Candour, he said, ‘ You will agree with me, my Children, ‘ that my great Age will not allow me to apply ‘ myself to the Affairs of the Public with as much ‘ Care as formerly; and I am afraid my Subjects ‘ will not be so well pleased with my Administration. Therefore I intend to resign my Crown to one ‘ of you. But as it is very just that you should strive ‘ to please me with such a Present, and as I design ‘ to retire into the Country, I should be very glad

‘ to have a pretty little Dog to keep me Company,
 ‘ Therefore, without having more Regard to my
 ‘ eldest than my youngest, I declare to you, that
 ‘ he of you who brings me the best beautiful Dog
 ‘ shall be my Heir.’

The three Princes were very much surprized at their Father’s Desire for a little Dog. For the two younger they were extraordinarily well pleased at this Proposal; and for the elder, he was either too timorous or respectful to represent his Right. However they took their Leaves of the King, who gave them Money and Jewels, telling them, That they must all return without fail in a Year’s Time, on a certain Day, with their Dogs. But before they set out on this Search, they all went to a Castle three Leagues off, where they made an Entertainment, and invited their most trusty Friends and Confidants, before whom the three Brothers swore an eternal Friendship to one another, promising never to be jealous of each others good Fortune; but that the most Successful should let the other two partake with him, appointing that Castle for their Place of Rendezvous, and from thence to go all together to the King.

They every one took a different Road without any Attendants; and for the two eldest, they had a great many Adventures: But as the Particulars are not so well known to me, I shall pass them over in Silence, and speak only of the youngest, who was a Prince of a sweet Behaviour, exact Shape, fine Features, had delicate Teeth, performed all Exercises fit for a Prince with a good Grace; and to sum up all in one, was a Youth of bright Parts, and brave even to a Fault: Besides he sang very agreeably, and played on the Lute and Theorbo to Admiration, and painted with great Judgment. Not a Day passed over his Head, but he bought Dogs of some Kind or other, as Hounds, Greyhounds, Spaniels, &c. that were pretty, keeping

always

always the most beautiful, and letting the others go; for it was impossible for him to keep all the Dogs he had purchased, since he had neither Gentleman, Page, nor any other Person along with him: However, he kept going on, without fixing on any certain Place: when he was surprized one Night in a large Forest, where he could find no Shelter, by a Storm of Thunder, Lightening and Rain. Still he pursued the Road, and went a long Way, when seeing a small Light, he persuaded himself some House was nigh, where he might get a Lodging that Night. Following the Lights, he arrived at the Gates of a stately Castle, which were all of Massy Gold; in which were Reflectors which gave that extraordinary Light which the Prince saw so far off. The walls were of fine China, whereon the Histories of all the Faries since the Creation of the World were represented; but the Rain and ill Weather would not suffer our Prince to stay to examine them all, though he was charmed to find the Adventures of Prince *Lutin*, who was his Uncle among the rest.

He returned to the Door, after having rambled some Paces off, and there found a Deer's Foot at the End of a Chain of Diamonds, which made him admire the Magnificence: He pulled, and soon heard a Bell, which, by the Sound, he judged to be either Gold or Silver; and some Time after the Door opened, and he saw no Person, but only twelve Hands, each holding a Flambeau; at which Sight he was very much surprized, and was in Dispute whether or no he should proceed any further, when, to his great Amazement he felt some others behind him, which pushed him forwards; whereupon he advanced with his Hand on his Sword, though very uneasy, and, as he thought, in some Danger: When going into a Wardrobe of Porphyry and Lapis Lazuli, he heard two sweet Voices sing these Words:

*With Unconcern behold these Hands,
And dread no false Alarms,
If you are sure you can withstand
The Force of Beauty's Charms.*

He could not believe he was invited so kindly to suffer any Injury, which made him, finding himself forced forwards, to go to a great Gate of Coral, which opened as soon as he approached it, and he went into a Hall of Mother o'Pearl, and thence into several Chambers adorned and enriched with Paintings and Jewels; a vast Number of Lights that were let down from the Ceiling of the Hall, contributed to light some Part of the other Apartments, which besides were hung round with Glass Sconces. In short, the Magnificence was almost incredible. After having gone into sixty Chambers, the Hands that conducted him stopt him, and he saw a great easy Chair make up towards him; the Fire light of itself, and the Hands, which were both white and finely proportioned, undress him, he being wet, and in some Danger of catching Cold. A fine Shirt and a Night-gown of Gold Brocade, with Cyphers and small Emeralds, were given him, and a Table and Toilet brought by these Hands. Every Thing was very grand: The Hands comb'd out his Hair with a tightness that gave him Pleasure, and afterwards dressed him in extraordinary fine Cloaths, while he not only silently admired them, but at last began to be in some little Fright. When he was dressed that he seemed as beautiful as *Adonis*, they conducted him into a stately Hall richly furnished, where he saw in fine Painting, the Stories of the most famous Cats; as *Rodillardus* hung by the Heels in a council of Rats, the Cat in Boots, the Marquis *de Carabus*, the writing Cat, the Cat turn'd Woman, Witches in the Shape of Cats,
with

with their nightly Meetings, &c. all very odd and singular.

Two Cloths were laid, both garnished with Gold Plate, with Beaufets set out with vast Number of Glasses, and Cups made of valuable Stones; and while the Prince was thinking with himself what they were laid for, he saw some Cats come and place themselves upon a Bench set there for that Purpose, one holding a Musick-Book, another with a Roll of Paper, to beat Time with, and the rest with small Guittars: When all on a sudden they every one set up a Mewing in different Tones, and struck the Strings with their Talons, which made the strangest music that ever was heard. The Prince would have thought himself in Hell, if the Palace had not been so wonderful fine, it put him so much in Mind of it; then stopping his Ears, he laughed heartily at the several Postures and Grimaces of these Strange Musicians. And while he was calling to Mind the several Things that had happened since his being in this Castle, he saw a little Figure about half a Yard high come forward in a Veil of black Crape, led by two Cats in Mourning Clokes, with Swords by their Sides, and followed by a numerous train of Cats; some carrying Rats, and some Mice in Traps and Cages.

The Prince was in the greatest Amazement, and knew not what to think; when the little Figure in black coming up to him, and lifting up its Veil, he saw the prettiest little white Cat he ever had set his Eyes on, which seemed to be young, but withal very melancholy, and set up such an agreeable Mewing, as went to the Princes Heart. ‘ Prince, (said she) you are welcome; it is a Pleasure to me to see you here.’ ‘ Madam, Puss, (replied the Prince) you are very generous to receive me so graciously; but you appear to me to be a Cat of extraordinary Merit:’
 ‘ For

‘ For the Gift you have of Speech, and this stately
‘ Castle you possess, are convincing Proofs of it.’
‘ Prince, (answered the White Cat) I desire you
‘ would forbear your Compliments, for I am both
‘ Plain in my Discourse and Manners, but have a
‘ good Heart. Let us go, (said she) to Supper,
‘ and bid the Musicians leave off, for the Prince
‘ does not understand what they say.’ ‘ What,
‘ (said he) do they then say any Thing?’ ‘ Yes,
‘ (answered the White Cat) we have Poets, and
‘ great Wits, and if you will stay with us, you
‘ shall be convinced of it.’ ‘ I need but hear you
‘ speak to believe that, (answered he gallantly)
‘ for I look on you as on something more than
‘ common.’

Supper was brought up, the Hands set on the Table two Dishes of Soup, one made of young Pigeons, and the other of fat Mice. The sight of the one hindred the Prince from eating the other, fancying that the same Cook had dressed both; which the White Cat guessed at, assured him that she had two Kitchens, and that he might eat of whatever was set before him, and be confident there were no Rats or Mice in any Thing offered him. The Prince, who believed that this beautiful Cat would not deceive him, wanted not to be told so twice. He observed a little Picture to hang upon her Foot, at which he was not a little surprized, and asked her to shew it him, thinking it might be some fine Puffs, a Lover of the White Cat; but was in a maze to see a handsome young Man, who resembled him very much. The White Cat sighed, and growing melancholy, kept a profound Silence. The Prince perceived that there was something extraordinary in it, but durst not inform himself for fear of displeasing or grieving his kind Entertainer. He diverted her with all the News he knew, and found her well acquainted with the different Interests of Princes,
and

and other Things that passed in the World. When Sapper was done, the White Cat carried her Guest into a Hall, where there was a stage on which twelve Cats, and as many Apes, danced a Mask in Moorish and Chinese Habits; and when this was over, the White Cat bid her Guest Good-night, and the Hands led him into an Apartment opposite to that which he had seen, but no less magnificent: It was hung with Tapestry, made of the Wings of Butterflies, the Variety of which Colours formed most beautiful Flowers. The Bed was of fine Gauze, tied with Bunches of Ribbon, and the Glasses reached from the Ceiling down to the Floor, and the Pannels between represented, in carved Work, thousands of Cupids.

The Prince went to Bed, and slept a little; but was awakened again by a confused Noise. The Hands took him out of Bed, and put him on an hunting Habit. He looked out of the Window, and saw above five hundred Cats, some leading Greyhounds, and others blowing Horns; it being that Day a great Feast, whereon the White Cat had a Mind to go a hunting, and was willing that the Prince should partake of that Diversion. The Hands presented to him a wooden Horse, that had a good Speed and easy Paces, which he made some Scruple to mount, alledging, they took him for Don Quixotte; but his Refusal signified nothing, they set him on the wooden Horse, which was finely caparisoned, with a Saddle and Housing of Gold, beset with Diamonds. The White Cat rid on a most beautiful Ape, having thrown off her Veil, and put on a Hat and Feather, which gave so bold an Air, as frightened all the Mice that saw her. Never was there better Sport; the Cats outrun the Mice and Rabbits, and whenever they took one, the White Cat always paunch'd its Prey, and gave them their Fees. For the Birds they were not in much greater Security;

curity ; the Cats climbed up the Trees, and the Ape carried the White Cat up to the Eagles Nests. When the Chase was over, she took a Horn of about a Finger's Length, which, when sounded, was so loud, that it might be heard some Leagues ; and as soon as she blowed, she had presently all the Cats in the Country about her, some mounted in Chariots in the Air, and some in Boats, but all in different Habits, which made a fine Shew. With this pompous Train she and the Prince returned to her Castle, who thought it favoured very much of Sorcery ; but was more surprized at the Cat's speaking than all the rest.

As soon as she came home, she put on her black Veil again, and supped with the Prince, whom the fresh Air had got a good Stomach ; the Hands brought him fine Liquors, which he not only drank of with Pleasure, but made him forget the little Dog he was to procure for his Father : His Thoughts were bent on bearing the White Cat Company and he spent his Time in Hunting and Fishing, and sometimes in Balls and Plays. The White Cat made such passionate Songs and Verses, that he began to think she had a tender Heart, since she could not express herself as she did, and be insensible of the Power of Love, but her Secretary, who was an old Cat, writ so bad a Hand, that should any of her Works remain, it would be impossible to read them. The Prince had forgot his Country, the Hand still waited on him, and he regretted his not being a Cat, that he might pass his Life in such pleasant Company. ' Alas ! (said he to the White Cat) how sorry am I to leave you, since I Love you dearly ! Either become a Woman, or change me into a Cat.' Which Wish the White Cat only answered in obscure Words, though she was mightily pleased with it.

Thus a Year slipt away free from Care and Pain. The White Cat knew the Time he was to return,

and

and as he did not think of it, put him in Mind thereof. ‘ Don’t you know, (said she) that you have but three Days to find a little Dog in, and that your Brothers have got some very fine one’s?’ This roused the Prince out of his Lethargy: ‘ By what secret Charm, (cried he) have I forgot the only Thing in the World, that is of the greatest Importance to me? What will become of my Honour and Fortune? Where shall I find a little Dog beautiful enough to gain a Kingdom, and a Horse swift enough to make diligent Search after one?’ Then beginning to afflict himself, and grew uneasy, the White Cat said to him, ‘ Do not grieve, Prince, I am your Friend; you may stay here a Day longer yet; for though it is five hundred Leagues off, the good wooden Horse will carry you there in less than twelve Hours.’ ‘ I thank you, beautiful Cat, (said he) but ’tis not enough for me to return to my Father; I must carry with me a little Dog.’ ‘ Here take this Acorn, (said the White Cat) it has a beautiful little Dog in it; put it to your Ear, and you will hear it bark.’ The Prince obeyed, heard it bark, and was transported with Joy: He would have opened it, so great was his Curiosity; but the White Cat told him it might catch Cold, and he had better stay till he gave it to his Father. He thanked her a thousand Times, and bid her a tender Farewel, assuring her that he never passed his Days so pleasantly as with her, and that he was grieved to leave her behind him: adding that though she was a Sovereign, and had great Court paid to her, yet he could not forbear asking her to go along with him: To which Proposition she only answered with a Sigh.

The Prince came first to the Castle, that was appointed for the Rendezvous with his Brothers, who arrived soon afterwards, but were very much surprized to see a wooden Horse in the Court, that leaped

leaped better than any in the Academies. The Prince went to meet them; they embraced, and gave each other an Account of their Adventures; but our Prince took Care to conceal the Truth of his, and shewed them only an ugly Turnspit, telling them that he thought him very pretty: At which, though they were very good Friends, the two eldest conceived a secret Joy. The next Day they all three went in the same Coach to the King. The two eldest carried their Dogs in Baskets so white and delicate that none durst hardly touch them; and the youngest had his poor despicable Turnspit in a String. When they came to the Palace, the Courtiers crowded about them to welcome them home. The King, when they came into his Apartment, knew not in whose Favour to declare, for the two little Dogs that the elder Brothers brought were almost of equal Beauty, when the youngest pulling the Acorn out of his Pocket, which the White Cat gave him, put an End to the Difference. As soon as he opened it, they all saw a little Dog laid on Cotton, and so small, that he might go through a Ring and never touch it. The Prince set it on the Ground, and presently it began to dance a Saraband, with Castanets, as nimble and as well as the best Spaniard. It was of a Mixture of several Colours, its Ears and long Hair reached the Ground. The King was very much surprized, and though it was impossible to meet with any Thing so beautiful as *Tonton*, by which Name it was called, yet he was not very ready to part with his Crown, the least Gem of which was dearer to him than all the Dogs in the World. He told his Children, that he was very well pleased with the Pain they had taken, but that they had succeeded so well in the first Thing he had desired, that he had a Mind to make further proof of their Abilities before he performed his Promise: And that was, he would give them a
Year

Year to find out a Web of Cloth fine enough to go through the Eye of a small working Needle. They all stood surprized and concerned, that they were to go again upon another Search; however, the two elder seem'd the more ready, and all three parted without making so great a Profession of Friendship as they did the first Time, for the Story of the Turnspit had somewhat abated it.

Our Prince mounted his wooden Horse again, and without looking after any other Assistance, than what he might expect from the Friendship of the White Cat, returned in all Diligence to the Castle, where he had been so well received; where he not only found all the Doors open, but the Windows, Walls, and Walks illuminated. The Hands came and met him, held his Horse's Bridle, and led him into the Stable, while the Prince went to the White Cat's Chamber, who was laid in a little Basket, on a Quilt of white Sattin. When she saw the Prince, she made a thousand Skips and Jumps, to express her Joy, and said, 'Whatever Reason I
' might have, Prince, to hope for your Return, I
' must own I durst not flatter myself with it; since
' I am generally unhappy in what I most desire,
' therefore this surprizes me.' The Prince, full of Acknowledgement, caressed her often, and told her the Success he had in his Journey, which she was not unacquainted with, and that the King required a Web of Cloth so fine, as it might be drawn through the Eye of a Needle, which he believed was a thing impossible; but that however he would not fail to try to procure such a one, relying on her Friendship and Assistance. The White Cat, putting on a grave Air, told him it was an Affair that required some Consideration, that by good Fortune she had in her Castle some Cats that spun very fine, that she would do what she could to forward that Work, so that he might stay there,
and

and not trouble himself to search elsewhere, it being unlikely for him to meet with any so easily.

Soon after the Hands appeared, carrying Flambeaux, and the Prince followed the White Cat into a magnificent Gallery that looked on to a River, upon which there were some artificial Fire-works, made to burn four Cats, who had been accused and convicted of eating some Roastmeat, designed for the White Cat's Supper; with some Cheese and Milk; and besides for conspiring against her Person with *Martifax* and *Lermites*, two famous Rats in that Country: But as it was thought that there was a great deal of Injustice done them, and that most of the Witnesses were suborned, the Prince obtained their Pardon; notwithstanding, the Fire-works were let off, which gave the Prince very great Diversion. Afterwards a Repast was served up, which gave the Prince more Pleasure than the Fire, for his Riding had got him an extraordinary Stomach: For the rest of the Time, he spent it in agreeable Entertainments, with which the ingenious White Cat diverted her Guests, who was perhaps the first Mortal that was so well entertained by Cats without any other Company. Indeed the White Cat had a ready Wit, and could discourse on any Subject, which often put the Prince into a great Consternation, and made him say to her, 'Certainly, all this that I observe so wonderful in you, cannot be natural; therefore tell me by what Prodigy you think and speak so justly?' 'Forbear asking me any Questions, Prince, (said she) for I am not allowed to answer them, but you may conjecture what you please; let it suffice that I have used you with Respect, and that I interest myself tenderly in what regards you.'

The second Year rolled away insensibly, as well as the first; the Prince wished for nothing, but the diligent Hands brought it to him, whether Books, Jewels, fine Pictures, or antique Medals, &c.

when

when the White Cat, who was always watchful for the Prince's Interest, informed him that the Time of his Departure drew nigh; but that he might be easy concerning the Web of Cloth, for she had a wonderful fine one made; and added withal, that this Time she would give him an Equipage suitable to his Birth, and without waiting for an Answer, obliged him to look into the great Court of the Castle, in which there waited an open Chariot of embossed Work in Gold, in several gallant Devices, drawn by twelve milk-white Horses, four-a-breast, whose Harnesses were covered with Velvet of Fire-colour, which was the same as the Lining of the Chariot, beset with Diamonds, and the Buckles of Gold. An hundred Coaches with eight Horses, full of the Lords of his Retinue, magnificently cloathed, followed this Chariot, which was guarded besides by a thousand Body-Guards, whose cloathing was so full of Embroidery, that the Cloth was hardly discovered; and what is very singular, the White Cat's Picture was seen every where, both in the devices on the Chariot, and on the Guards. 'Go, Prince, (said she) and appear at the King your Father's Court, in so stately a Manner, that your Magnificence may serve to impose on him, that he may refuse you no longer the Crown you deserve. Take this Walnut, be sure to crack it in his Presence, and you will find in it such a Web as you want.' 'Lovely white Cat, (said he) I own I am so penetrated with your Bounty, that if you will give your consent I will prefer passing my Days with you, before all the Grandeur I may promise myself elsewhere.' 'Prince, (replied she) I am persuaded of the Kindness of your Heart, which is a rare Thing among Princes, who would be respected by all the World, and love none but themselves; but you shew me this Rule is not general. I make great Account of the Attachment

‘ment you have for a little white Cat, that in the
 ‘Main is fit for nothing but to catch Mice.’ At
 that the Prince kissed her Paw, and went away.

It is almost incredible to believe the haste he made, were we unacquainted with the Swiftness of the wooden Horse, who carried him before five hundred thousand Leagues in less than two Days; and the same Power that animated him, had so great an Effect upon the others, that he was not above four-and-twenty Hours upon the Road, and never stopt till he arrived at the King’s Palace, where his two Brothers had got before him; who seeing he was not come, rejoiced at his Negligence, and said to one another, ‘How fortunate is this! he is either sick or dead, and will not come to rival us in this important Business.’ Thereupon they pulled out their Webs; which were indeed very fine, and passed them through the Eye of a large Needle, but not a small one; which Pretext of Refusal the King embracing, went and fetched the Needle he proposed, which the Magistrates, by his Order, had carried to the Treasury, and locked up carefully: This Refusal raised a great Murrouring: Those that were Friends to the Princes, and particularly the eldest, whose Web was the finest, said it was all a Trick and Evasion: And the King’s Creatures maintained, that he was not obliged to keep any other Conditions than what were proposed; when to put an End to this Difference, there was heard a sounding of Trumpets and Hautboys, which came before our Prince.

The King and his Sons were all surprized at this Magnificence. The Prince, after he had respectfully saluted his Father, and embraced his Brothers, took out of his Box, covered with Rubies, a Walnut which he cracked, thinking to find the Web so much boasted of; but only saw a small Hazel Nut, which he cracked also, and, to his Surprise, found only a Kernel of Wax. The King and every
 Body

Body laughed, to think that the Prince had been so credulous as to think to carry a Web of Cloth in a Nut; but had they recollected themselves, they might have remembered the little Dog that lay in an Acorn. However he peeled the Kernel, and nothing appeared but the Pulp itself, whereupon a great Noise was heard all over the Room, every one having it in his Mouth what a Fool the Prince was made of; who, for his Part, returned no Answer to all the Pleasantries of the Courtiers, but broke the Kernel, and found in it a Corn of Wheat, and in that a grain of Millet. At the Sight of this he began to distrust, and muttered to himself, ‘*O White Cat! White Cat! thou hast deceived me!*’ And at that Instant he felt a Cat’s Paw upon his Hand, which scratched him, and fetched Blood; he knew not whether it was to encourage or dismay him. However, he opened the Millet Seed, and to the Amazement of all present, drew out a Web of Cloth, four hundred Yards long; and what was more wonderful, there were painted on it all Sorts of Birds, Beasts and Fish, Fruits, Trees and Plants, Rocks, and all Manner of rare Shells of the Sea; the Sun, Moon, Stars and Planets; and all the Pictures of all the Kings and Princes of the World, with those of their Wives, Mistresses, and Children, all dressed after the Fashion of their own Country. When the King saw this Piece of Cloth, he turned as pale as the Prince was red in looking so long for it, and the Needle was brought, and it was put through five or six Times; all which Time, the King and his two Sons were silent, though afterwards, the Beauty and Rarity of the Cloth was so great, they said it was not to be matched in the whole World. The King fetched a deep Sigh, and turning himself towards his Children, said to them! ‘Nothing gives me so much Comfort in my old Age, as to be sensible of the Deference you have for me, which makes me desirous of putting

‘ting you to a new Trial. Go and travel another
 ‘Year, and he that brings me the most beautiful
 ‘Damsel, shall marry her, and be crowned King;
 ‘there being an absolute Necessity that my Suc-
 ‘cessor should marry: And I swear and Promise,
 ‘I will no longer defer the Reward.’

Our Prince suffered all this Injustice: The little Dog and the Web of Cloth rather deserved ten Crowns than one; but he was of so sweet a Disposition, that he would not thwart his Father’s Will: So without any delay he got into his Chariot again, and with his Train returned to his dear White Cat, who knowing the Day and Moment he would come, had the Roads strewed with Flowers. She was laid on a Persian Tapestry, under a Canopy of Cloth of Gold, in a Gallery from whence she could see him return. He was received by the Hands that always served him, and all the Cats climbed upon the Gutter to congratulate his Return by a Concert of Mewing. ‘Well, Prince, (said she to him) I see you are come back without your Crown.’ ‘Madam, (replied he) by your Bounty I was in a Condition of gaining it; but I am persuaded the King is more loth to part with it, than I am fond of having it.’ ‘No matter for that (said she) you must neglect nothing to deserve it, I will assist you on this Occasion; and since you must carry a beautiful Damsel to your Father’s Court, I will look out for one, who shall gain you the Prize: But in the Interim, let us be merry, and divert ourselves. I have ordered a Sea-fight between my Cats and the most terrible Rats of the Country. My Cats perhaps may be hard set, for they are afraid of the Water; However they will have Advantage enough: We cannot expect it in every Thing.’ The Prince returned her Thanks, and said several very handsome Things on her Conduct and Prudence. Afterwards they went upon a Terrace which

which looked on to the Sea. The Cats Vessels consisted of great Pieces of Cork, on which they floated very commodiously; and those of the Rats of Egg-Shells joined together. The Fight was very obstinate; the Rats threw themselves into the Water, and swam better than the Cats, insomuch that they as often conquered, as they were conquered; when *Minagrobis*, the Admiral of the Cats, reduced the Rattish Race to the utmost Despair, by eating up the Admiral of their Fleet, who was an old experienced Rat, that had made three Voyages round the World in very good Ships, in which he was neither Captain nor Sailor, but only a kind of Interloper. But the White Cat was so politick, that she would not absolutely destroy these poor unfortunate Rats, thinking that if there were no Rats nor Mice, her Subjects would live in an idleness that might become prejudicial to her.

The Prince passed this Year, as he had done the two first, in Hunting, Fishing, and such Diversions, and often at a Game of Chess, which the White Cat played extraordinary well at; but he could not forbear often questioning her, to know by what Miracle she spoke. He asked her, if she was a Fairy, or if by any Metamorphosis she was turned into a Cat. But as the White Cat was always capable of saying what she had a mind to, she returned him an Answer so insignificant, that he perceived she was not willing to communicate this Secret to him. As nothing passes away so quick as happy Days, if the White Cat had not been so careful as to remember the Time the Prince was to return, 'tis certain he would have quite forgot it. She told him of it the Night before, and withal, that the Hour of destroying the fatal Work of the Fairies was come; and therefore he must resolve to cut off her Head and Tail, and throw them presently into the Fire. 'What, (cried he) shall I, ' my lovely White Cat, be so barbarous as to kill

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you?

‘ you? You have undoubtedly a Mind to make
 ‘ Proof of my Heart, but be assured it is incapable
 ‘ of wanting that Friendship and Acknowledg-
 ‘ ment due to you.’ ‘ No, Prince, (continued
 ‘ she) I do not suspect you of Ingratitude; I know
 ‘ your Merit; but neither you nor I can prescribe
 ‘ to Fate: Do what I desire you, we shall thereby
 ‘ be happy; and you shall know upon the Word of
 ‘ a Cat of Worth and Honour, that I am really
 ‘ your Friend.’ Tears started two or three Times
 in the young Prince’s Eyes, to think he must cut
 off the Head of his pretty White Cat, that had
 been so kind to him; he said all that he could
 think most tender to engage her to dispense with
 him: To which she answered obstinately, she
 would die by his Hand, and that was the only
 Way to hinder his Brother from having the Crown.
 In short, she pressed him so earnestly, that he
 trembling, with an unsteady Hand, cut off her
 Head and Tail, and threw them presently into the
 Fire; and at the same Time saw the most charm-
 ing Metamorphosis imaginable. The Body of the
 White Cat grew presently large, and changed all
 on a sudden to a fine Lady, so accomplished, as
 exceeds Description. Her Eyes committed Theft
 upon all Hearts, and her Sweetness kept them;
 her Shape was majestic, her Air noble and mo-
 dest, her Wit flowing, her Manners engaging; in
 a Word, she was beyond every Thing that was
 lovely.

The Prince, at the Sight of her, was in so agree-
 able a Surprise, that he thought himself enchanted.
 He could not speak nor look at her, and his
 Tongue was so tied, that he could not explain his
 Amazement; which was much greater, when he
 saw an extraordinary Number of Gentlemen and
 Ladies, holding their Cat-Skins over their Shoul-
 ders, come and prostrate themselves at the Queen’s
 Feet, to testify their Joy to see her again in her
 natural

natural State. She received them with all the Marks of Bounty, which sufficiently discovered the Sweetness of her Temper. After having spent some Time in hearing their Compliments, she ordered them to retire, and leave her alone with the Prince; to whom she spoke as follows:

Think not, Sir, that I have always been a Cat, and that my Birth is obscure. My Father was King of six Kingdoms, loved my Mother tenderly, and gave her Liberty to do what she pleased. Her most prevailing Inclination was to travel, inso-much that when she was with Child of me, she undertook to go to see a Mountain, of which she had heard a most surprizing Account. As she was on the Road she was told there was nigh the Place she was then at, an antient Castle of Fairies, which was the finest in the World, or at least said to be so; for as no Person was ever admitted into it, there could not be any positive Judgment passed thereon: But for the Gardens, they were known to contain the best Fruits that ever were eat. The Queen my Mother, who longed to taste them, went thither. But when she came to the Gate of this stately Edifice, which shined again with Blue enameled with Gold, nobody came, though she knocked a long Time; and her Desire increasing the more, by reason of the Difficulty, she sent for Ladders to scale the Walls: But they growing visibly to a great Height of themselves, they were forced to fasten the Ladders to another, to lengthen them, and whenever any one went up them, they broke under their Weight; so that they were either killed or lamed. The Queen was in the utmost Despair to see Trees loaded with such delicious Fruits, and not to taste of them, which she was resolved to do, or die: Inso-much that she ordered some rich Tents to be pitched before the Castle, and stayed there six Weeks, with all her Court. She neither slept

nor eat, but sigh'd continually, and was always talking of the Fruit. In short, she fell dangerously ill, and no Remedy could be found out; for the inexorable Furies never appeared from the Time she came there. All her Court were very much grieved; there was nought to be heard but Sighs and Lamentations, while the dying Queen was continually asking those that were in waiting upon her, for Fruit; but would eat of none but what came out of this Garden.

One Night, after having got a little Sleep, when she awakened she saw a little ugly decrepid old Woman sit in an Elbow Chair by her Bolster, and was surprized that her Woman should suffer a Stranger so near her; when she said to her, ' We think your Majesty very importunate to be so stubborn in your Desires of eating our Fruit; but since your Life is in Danger, my Sisters and I have consented to give you as much as you can carry away, and to let you eat of them as long as you stay here, provided you will make us one Present,' ' Ah! my good Mother, (cried the Queen, name it, I will give you my Kingdoms, Heart, and Soul, to have some of the Fruit: I cannot buy it too dear.' ' We would have your Majesty, (said she) give us the Daughter you now bear in your Womb. As soon as she is born, we will come and fetch her; she shall be brought up by us, and we will endow her with all Virtues, Beauties, and Sciences: In short, she shall be our Child, and we will make her happy: but your Majesty must observe, that you must never see her any more till she is married. If you will agree to this Proposition, I will cure you immediately, and carry you to our Orchard, where notwithstanding it is Night, you shall see well enough, to chuse what you would have; but if what I say displeases your Majesty, Good-
' night.'

‘night.’ ‘Though what you impose on me,
 ‘(replied the Queen) is very hard, yet I accept
 ‘it rather than die; for certainly if I cannot live,
 ‘my Child must be lost; therefore, skilful Fairy,
 ‘(continued she) cure me, and let me not be a
 ‘moment debarred of the Privileges I am intitled
 ‘to thereby.’

The Fairy touched her with a little golden Wand, saying, ‘Your Majesty is free from all Illness,’ And thereupon she seemed as if she had thrown off a heavy Garment that had been very troublesome and incommodious to her. She ordered all the Ladies of her Court to be called, and with a gay Air told them she was extraordinary well, and would rise, since that the Gates of the Fairies Palace, which were so strongly barrocaded, were set open for her to eat of the Fruit, and to carry what she pleased away. The Ladies thought the Queen delirious, and she was then dreaming of the Fruit she longed so much for; insomuch, that instead of returning any Answer, they fell a-crying, and called in the Physicians; which Delays put the Queen into the utmost Despair: She asked for her Clothes, and they refusing her them, put her into a violent Passion, which they looked upon as her Fever. In the Interim the Physicians came, who, after having felt her Pulse, and made their Enquiries, could not deny but that she was in perfect Health. The Ladies seeing the Fault they had committed through their great Zeal, endeavoured to repair it by dressing her quickly. They every one begged her Pardon, which she granted, and hastened to follow the old Fairy, who waited for her. She went into the Palace, where nothing was wanting to make it the finest in the World; which you will the more easily believe, Sir, (added the new metamorphosed Queen) when I shall tell you it was this we are now in. Two other Fairies,

not quite so old as she that conducted my Mother, received her favourably at the Gate; she desired them to carry her presently into the Garden, and to those Trees that bore the best Fruits. They told her they were all equally good, and that unless she would have the Pleasure of gathering them herself, they would call them to her. 'I beg, (said the Queen) that I may have the Satisfaction of seeing so extraordinary an Event.' Whereupon the Elder of the three put her Fingers in her Mouth, and blowed three Times, and then cried, Apricots, Peaches, Nectarines, Plumbs, Cherries, Pears, Melons, Grapes, Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Gooseberries, Currants, Strawberries, Raspberries, come all at my Call. 'But, (said the Queen) these Fruits are not all ripe in the same Season.' 'Oh, (said they) in our Gardens we have all Sorts of Fruit always ripe and good, and they never diminish.'

At the same Time they came rolling to them without any Bruises; and the Queen, who was impatient to satisfy her Longing, fell upon them, and took the first that offered, which she rather devoured than eat. When her Appetite was somewhat satisfied, she desired the Fairies to let her go to the Trees, and have the Pleasure to gather them herself: To which they gave their Consents; but said to her, at the same Time, You must remember the Promise you have made us; for you will not be allowed to run back from it. 'I am persuaded, replied she, that it is so pleasant living with you, and this Palace is so charming, that if I did not love the King my Husband dearly, I would offer myself; therefore you need not fear my retracting from my Word.' The Fairies, who were very well satisfied, opened the Doors of their Gardens, and all their Inclosures, and the Queen stayed in them three Days and Nights, without ever stirring out.

out, so delicious she found them. She gathered Fruit for her Provision, and as they never wanted, loaded four hundred Mules she brought along with her. The Fairies added to their Fruit, Baskets of Gold of curious Work, to carry them in, and many other very valuable Rarities. They promised to educate and make me a compleat Princess, and to chuse me out an Husband, and to inform my Mother of the Wedding.

The King was overjoyed at the Queen's Return, and all the Court expressed their Pleasure to see her again; there was nothing but Balls, Masquerades, and Courses, where the Fruits the Queen brought, served for delicious Regales. The King preferred them before all other Things, but knew not the Bargain she had made with the Fairies; but often asked her what Country she had been in, to bring home such good Things; to which she replied, she found them on a Mountain that was almost inaccessible; sometimes that she met with them in a Valley, and sometimes in the Midst of a Garden or a great Forest; all which Contradictions very much surprized the King. He enquired of those that went with her; but they were all forbid to tell any Thing of the Matter. At length the Queen, when her Time was at Hand, began to be troubled at what she had promised the Fairies, and grew very melancholy; she sighed every Minute, and changed her Countenance. The King was very much concerned, and pressed the Queen to declare what was the Cause; who with some Difficulty told him what had passed between her and the Fairies, and that she had promised them the Daughter she was then big with. 'What! (cried the King) we have no Children, and could you, who knew how much I desired them, for the eating of two or three Apples, promise your Daughter? Certainly you must have no Regard

‘ for me.’ And thereupon he loaded her with a thousand Reproaches, which made my poor Mother almost ready to die for Grief: But not content with this, he put her into a Tower, under a strong Guard, where she could have no Conversation but with the Officers that were appointed to attend her. The ill Correspondence between the King and Queen, put the Court into the utmost Consternation: They laid aside their rich Clothes, and put on such as were agreeable to the general Sorrow. The King appeared for his Part inexorable, and would not see the Queen; but as soon as I was born, made me be brought into his Palace to be nursed there, while my Mother at the same Time remained a Prisoner, and in an ill State of Health. The Fairies, who were not ignorant all this while of what was passed, and who looked upon me as their own Property, were so provoked, that they resolved to have me; but before they had Recourse to their Art, they sent Ambassadors to the King, to desire him to set the Queen at Liberty, and to restore her to his Favour again; and likewise to demand me, that I might be nursed and brought up by them. The Ambassadors were so little and deformed, for they were Dwarfs, that the King, instead of granting what they asked, refused them rudely, and if they had not got away quickly, might have served them worse.

When the Fairies were informed of my Father’s Proceeding, they were so enraged, that after they had sent all the Plagues capable of rendering his Kingdoms desolate, they let loose a terrible Dragon that poisoned all the Places wherever he came; devoured Men, Women and Children, and killed all Trees and Plants with the Breath of his Nostrils. The King finding himself reduced to this Extremity, consulted all the Sages of his Kingdom to know what he should do to preserve his Subjects against these
Misfortunes,

Misfortunes wherewith they were oppressed: They advised him to send for the best Physicians to prescribe the most excellent Remedies, as one Means; and to Pardon all Criminals that were condemned to die, if they would fight with the Dragon, as the other. The King, who was well enough pleased with this Advice, put it in Execution, but received no Benefit by it; for the Mortality continued, and none fought with the Dragon but were devoured: Infomuch, that at last he had Recourse to a Fairy who had protected him from his Youth, and who was so old that she hardly ever rose from off her Seat. He went to her, and reproached her for permitting his Fate to prosecute him in such a Manner without giving him some Assistance.

‘ What would you have me do, (replied the Fairy) ‘ you have provoked my Sisters who have equal ‘ Power with me, and we seldom act one a- ‘ gainst another; therefore think of appeasing ‘ them by giving your Daughter, since they ‘ have a Right to her; set the Queen at ‘ Liberty, who is too good and amiable to be used ‘ so ill, and resolve to fulfil what she has promised, ‘ and then I’ll assure you, you shall be happy.’

The King my Father loved me dearly; but seeing no other Way to preserve his Kingdoms, and to be delivered from the fatal Dragon, told his Friend that he would believe her, and would give the Furies his Daughter, since she had assured him I should be taken Care of, and treated as became a Princess of my Birth, and release the Queen; and withal, desired her to tell him how he might send me to the Fairy Castle. ‘ You must carry ‘ her, (said the Fairy) in a Cradle to the Mountain ‘ of Flowers, and must stay thereabouts to see ‘ what happens.’ The King told her she might acquaint her Sisters that he and the Queen would go with me thither in eight Days Time, and that they might do with me what they thought proper.

As soon as he came back to the Palace, he sent for the Queen, with as much Love and Tenderness as he had made her a Prisoner with Anger and Passion; but she was so fallen away and altered, that he could hardly know her, if he had not been very certain she was the Person he once so much doated on. He begged of her, with Tears in his Eyes, to forget the ill Treatment she had received from him, which he promised her should be the last. She answered, that she brought it on herself by her Imprudence, in promising her Child to the Fairies; and that if any Thing would plead her Excuse, it was the Condition she was then in. In short, he declared his Design to her of putting me into their Hands; which she opposed; and it seemed as if it was my Fate to be always the Cause of my Father and Mother's disagreeing: But after she had cried and taken-on for some Time, without obtaining what she desired, (for my Father too well foresaw the fatal Consequences, and his Subjects still dying as if they had been guilty of our Faults) she consented, and Preparations were made against the Ceremony. I was put into a Cradle of Mother-o'Pearl, adorned as much as possible by Art, with Garlands of Flowers, Festoons hung round about it, and the Flowers so intermixed with Jewels of several Colours, that when the Sun reflected upon them, they gave such a Lustre as dazzled the Eyes. The Magnificence of my Dress exceeded, if that was possible, my Cradle. All the Bands and Rolls of my Swaddling-Clothes were buckled with large Pearls; four and twenty Princesses of the Blood carried me on a Kind of light Litter, all dressed in White, to resemble my Innocence, and were followed by the whole Court, according to their Ranks. While they were going up the Mountain, they heard a melodious Symphony; and afterwards Fairies appeared to the Number of
six

six and thirty, for the three had invited all their Friends, each in a Shell of Pearl, as large as that wherein Venus arose out of the Sea, and drawn by Sea-Horses, in as great Pomp as if they had been the first Queens in the World. They were exceeding old and ugly: They carried in their Hands Olive Branches, to signify to the King, that by his Submission he had gained their Favour. When they took me, it was with such extraordinary Carresses, that it seemed as if they lived only to make me happy.

The Dragon, which was the Instrument of their Revenge against my Father, followed them bound in Chains of Diamonds. They took me in their Arms, caressed me a thousand Times, endowed me with several Gifts, and then fell to dancing; and it is almost incredible to believe how these old Women jumped and skipped. Afterwards the devouring Dragon came forwards, the three Fairies, to whom my Mother promised me, placed themselves upon him, and set my Cradle between them; then striking the Dragon with a Wand, he presently displayed his large Wings, which were as thin and fine as Gauze, and intermixed with various Colours, and carried them to their Castle. My Mother seeing me in the Air upon this furious Dragon, could not forbear shrieking out, while the King comforted her by the Assurance his Friend had given him, that no ill Accident should befall me, and that I should have as great Care taken of me, as if I was in their own Palace: Which Assurance appeased her, though she was very much grieved to lose me for so long a Time; especially when she reflected that she herself was the Cause of it. You must know, Prince, (continued she) that my Guardians built a Tower on purpose for me, wherein there were a thousand beautiful Apartments for all the Seasons of the Year, furnished

with magnificent Goods, and agreeable Books; but there were no Doors, and no other coming in but at the Windows, which were prodigious high. It was surrounded by beautiful Gardens full of Flowers, and embellished with Fountains and Arbours of Greens, where it was cool and pleasant in the hottest Seasons. Here the Fairies brought me up, and took more Care of me than ever they promised the Queen to do. My Clothes were so fashionable and fine, that if any one had seen me, they would have thought it had been my Wedding-Day. They taught me all that was proper for one of my Age and Birth to learn; and they had not much Trouble with me, for there was nothing but what I comprehended with great Ease. They were very well pleased at my ready Disposition; and if I had never seen any body besides them, I should have been contented to have lived there all my Life. They came very often to see me, mounted upon the same dreadful Dragon I have already spoke of; they never mentioned the King or Queen to me, but called me their Daughter, and I thought myself really so. No Creature lived with me in this Tower, but a Parrot and a little Dog, which were endowed both with Reason and Speech, and were given to divert me.

One Side of the Tower was built upon a hollow Road, set full of Elms and other Trees, which shaded it so much, that I never saw any one pass by while I was there; when one Day, as I was at the Window talking to my Parrot and Dog, I heard a Noise, and looking about, perceived a young Gentleman, who stopped to hear our Conversation. I had never seen one before but in Paintings, and was not sorry that this Accident had given me the Opportunity; insomuch, that not mistrusting the Danger we run in the Satisfaction we receive by the Sight of so lovely an Object,
I looked

I looked at him again, and the more I looked, the more pleased I was. He made me a low Bow, fixed his Eyes on me, and seemed concerned to know how to talk to me; for my Windows being a great height, he was afraid of being heard, knowing that it was a Castle which belonged to Fairies. Night came upon us all on a sudden, or, to speak more properly, before we perceived; he sounded his Horn twice or thrice, which he thought to please me with, and then went away without my discovering which Way he took, it was so dark. I remained thoughtful; the Pleasure I used to take in talking to my Parrot and Dog, was no ways agreeable. They said all the pretty Things that could be to me, for these were very witty: But my Thoughts were otherwise engaged, and I had not Art enough to dissemble. My Parrot observed all my Actions; but made no mention of what he thought. The next morning I arose with the Sun, and ran to my Window, where I was most agreeably surprized to see my Spark, who was dressed magnificently: in which I flatter'd myself I had some Share, and was not mistaken. He spoke to me through a Speaking Trumpet, told me he had been till that Instant insensible to all the Beauties he had beheld; but found himself so sensibly touched with me, that he could not live without seeing me. I was mightily pleased with his Compliment, but vexed that I durst not make some Reply; for I must have bawled out with all my Might, and run the Risque of being sooner heard by the Fairies than him. I threw him some Flowers I had in my Hand, which he took for so signal a Favour, that he kissed them several Times, and thanked me. He asked me afterwards, if I approved of his coming every day at the same Hour under my Window, and if I did to throw something; whereupon I presently pulled off a Torquoise Ring, that I had on

my Finger, and cast it at him, making a Sign for for him to be gone presently, because I heard the Fairy *Violenta* coming on the Dragon to bring my Breakfast.

The first Words she spoke, when she entered my Chamber, were, ' I smell the Voice of a Man ; a Search, Dragon,' Alas ! what a Condition was I in ! I was ready to die with Fear, lest he should find out, and follow my Lover. ' Indeed, (said I) my good Mamma, (for the Fairy would be called so) you banter, when you say you smell the Voice of a Man ; can any one smell a Voice ? and should it be so, what Wretch could be so bold as to venture coming up into this Tower ? ' What you say is very true, Child, (said she) I am overjoyed to hear you argue so well : I fancy it is the hatred I have against Men, that makes me think them nigh when they are not : However, I have brought you your Breakfast and a Distaff ; besure spin ; Yesterday you did nothing, and my Sisters are very angry.' Upon my Word, I was so taken up with this Stranger, that I was not able to Work. As soon as her Back was turned, I threw away my Distaff, and went upon the Terrass, to look as far as my Eye would carry, in an excellent Spying-Glass I had ; by which, after having looked about some Time, I discovered my Lover under a rich Pavillion of Cloth of Gold on the Top of a high Mountain, surrounded by a numerous Court. I doubted not but that he was some neighbouring King's Son, and was afraid, lest, when he came to the Tower again, he should be found out by the terrible Dragon. I went and fetched my Parrot, and bid him fly to that Mountain, to desire him, from me, not to come again, because I was afraid my Guardian should discover it, and he should come into Danger. My Parrot acquitted himself of his
Com-

Commission, and surprized all the Courtiers, to see him come upon full Wing, and perch upon the Prince's Shoulder, and whisper him softly in the Ear. The Prince was both overjoyed and troubled at this Message; my Care flattered his Passion; but the Difficulty there was in speaking to me, gave him as much Chagrin. He asked the Parrot a thousand Questions, and the Parrot him as many; for he was naturally inquisitive. The Prince in Return for my Torquoise, sent me a Ring of another, but much finer than mine, cut in the Shape of a Heart, and set round with Diamonds; and told him (that he might treat him more like an Ambassador) he would present him with his Picture, which he might shew to his charming Mistress. The Picture was tied under his Wings, and the Ring he brought in his Bill.

I waited for the Return of my green Courier, with an Impatience unknown to me till then. He told me the Person I sent him to was a great King, who had received him with all the Joy possible, that I might assure myself he lived only for me; and that tho' it was very dangerous for him to come so low as my Tower, yet he was resolved to hazard all to see me. This news had such an Effect upon me, that I fell a-crying. My Parrot and Dog comforted me the best they could, for they loved me tenderly; and then the Parrot delivered the Prince's Ring to me, and shewed me his Picture. I must own I was overjoyed that I could view so nigh a Person I had never seen but at a Distance. He appeared much more lovely than he seemed, and the different Thoughts this Sight inspired me with, for some were agreeable to me, and others not, made me very uneasy, which the Fairies, when they come to see me, discovered. They said one to another, that I was certainly troubled at something, and that they must think of providing

providing a husband for me of the Fairy Race. They named several, but at last pitched on the little King *Migonnet*, whose Kingdom lay about five hundred Leagues off from their Palace, but that was of no great Importance. My Parrot heard all their Discourse, and came to give me an Account. 'Alas! my dear Mistress, (said my Bird) how much I pity you, if you should be King *Migonnet's* Queen! He is enough to fright you, which I am sorry to tell you; but one Thing I am sure of, the King who loves you, scorns to have such a one for his Foot-boy: And I think, (continued he) if I am not much mistaken, I have perched upon the same Bough with him.' 'How do you mean, (replied I, on the same Bough?' 'Why, (said he, he has Feet like an Eagle.' I was very much afflicted at this Account, I looked on the charming Picture of the young King, and fancied he only gave it my Parrot, that I might have an Opportunity of seeing it, but when I compared it with *Migonnet*, I lost all Hopes of Life, and resolved to die sooner than marry him. I slept not all the Night, but talked with my Parrot and Dog, and towards Morning began to close my Eyes. My Dog, who had a good Nose, smelt the King at the Foot of the Tower: he awakened the Parrot, and said to him, 'I'll engage the King is below.' To which the Parrot made Answer, 'Hold thy Tongue, thou prating Fool; because thy Eyes and Ears are always open, you are vexed that any body else should have Rest.' 'Well, (said the Dog,) I am sure he is.' 'And, (replied the Parrot, I am sure he is not; for I have from my Mistress, forbid him coming.' 'You talk finely of your forbidding him, (cried the Dog; a Man in Love consults nothing but his Passion.' Thereupon, pulling the Parrot by the Tail, he made such a Noise that I awoke. They told me of their

Dispute;

Dispute; I ran or rather flew to the Window, whence I saw the King holding out his Arms, who, by his Trumpet, told me he could not live without me; that he possessed a flourishing Kingdom, and conjured me to find out some Way to escape from my Tower, or let him come to me; calling Heaven and all the Elements to witness, that he would marry me, and make me his Queen. I bid my Parrot go and tell him, that what he desired seemed to be almost impossible; that, however, upon the Word he had given, and Oaths he had sworn to me, I would endeavour to accomplish his Desires: But withal, to conjure him not to come every Day, lest he should be discovered, which might prove fatal to us both.

He went away, overjoyed with the flattering Hopes I gave him. I found myself in the utmost Confusion, when I reflected on what I had promised. I knew not how one so young, timorous, and unexperienced, should get out of a Tower, to which there were no Doors, with the Assistance only of a Dog and a Parrot, therefore I resolved not to attempt a Thing in which I could never succeed, and so sent my Parrot to acquaint the King with it; who was for killing himself that Minute; but at last charged the Parrot to persuade me to it, and to come and see him die, or to bring him some Comfort. To which my winged Ambassador answered, that he was very well persuaded his Mistress only wanted the Power. When he gave me an Account of what had happened, I was more grieved than ever. The Fairy *Violenta* came, and found my Eyes swelled and red; she told me I had been crying, and if I did not tell her the Reason, she would burn me. I answered trembling, I was weary with spinning, and that I had a great Desire to make some Nets to catch some Birds, that destroyed the Fruit in the Garden.

‘ What

• What you desire, Child, (said she) shall cost you
 • no more Tears I will bring you Materials enough
 • To-night; but I would rather you thought less of
 • working, and more of setting off your Beauty,
 • because King Migonnet will be here in a few
 • Days.' I sighed at this News, but made no re-
 ply; but as soon as her Back was turned, began
 two or three Rows of my Nets, and afterwards
 applied myself to the making a Ladder of Ropes.
 But as the Fairy had not furnished me with as
 much as I wanted, which obliged me to ask for
 more, she told me my Work was like *Penelope's*
 Web, it went not forwards, and yet I teased her
 for more Stuff. 'O good Mamma! (said I) you
 • may say what you please; but you must know
 • that as I am not very ready at this Work, I burn
 • it when it does not please me.' With which
 Excuse she seemed satisfied, and left me.

I sent my Parrot that Night to bid the King
 come under my Window, where he should find a
 Ladder, and to tell him he should know more
 when he came; in short, I had tied it very fast,
 and was determined to escape with him by this
 Means; but he, as soon as he saw it, without
 waiting for my coming down, mounted up in Haste,
 and threw himself into my Chamber, as I was
 making every Thing ready for my Flight. I was
 so overjoyed to see him, that I forgot the Danger
 we were in. He renewed all his Oaths, and in-
 treated me to defer his Happiness no longer: we
 made my Parrot and Dog the Witnesses of our
 Marriage, which was the most private in the
 World for Persons of our Rank, and none certainly
 were ever better satisfied. The King left me be-
 fore Day: I told him of the Fairies Design to
 marry me to Migonnet, and gave him a Descrip-
 tion of his mean and sorry Figure, for which his
 Horror was as great as mine. As soon as the King

was gone, the Hours seemed like Years; I ran to the Window, and followed him with my Eyes, notwithstanding the Darknes; but how great was my Surprize to see a fiery Chariot drawn in the Air, by six winged Salamanders, who flew so swift, that the Eye was not able to follow them. This Chariot was attended by a great many Guards, all mounted on Ostriches. I did not give myself Time to think that it was Migonnet that was thus traversing the Air, but I believed it was a Fairy, or Inchanter. Soon after, the Fairy *Violenta* came into my Chamber, and told me she brought me good News, that my Lover would be with me presently, and bid me prepare myself to receive him; and with that gave me fine Cloaths and Jewels. ‘But pray, (said I) who has informed you that I want to be married? I am sure it is the farthest from my Thoughts; therefore send King Migonnet back again; for I will not put in one pin more, whether he thinks me handsome or not; I am not for him.’ ‘Oh! Oh! (said the Fairy again) little Rebel, little Empty-Pate, I shall not mind your Railery, but I shall——’ ‘What will you do? (replied I enraged at the Names she had called me) Can any one be worse served than I am, to live all my Days immured with a Parrot and a Dog, and to be visited constantly by that frightful Dragon?’ ‘Ha! Ingrate! (said the Fairy) is this all we deserve for our Care and Pains; I have told my Sisters but too often, we should have but sorry Recompence.’ At that she went away, and told them of our Difference, which put them into no little Amazement.

My Parrot and Dog remonstrated to me, that if I should continue any longer thus sturdy, they foresaw that I should undergo some Misfortune. But I was so proud of possessing the Heart of a King, that I despised both the Fairies, and the Advice of those

those my little Companions. I would not dress me, but strove all I could to tumble my Head-dress, that I might appear less agreeable to Migonnet. We had an Interview upon the Terrass, he came in his Fiery Chariot; but of all Dwarfs, he was the least I ever saw in my Life. His Feet were like an Eagle's, and close to his Knees, for Legs he had none. His Royal Garment was not above half a Yard long, and trailed one-third Part upon the Ground. His Head was as big as a Peck, and his Nose long enough for twelve Birds to perch on it, and be regaled at the same Time with a delightful Bush, for his Beard was large enough for Canary Birds to build their Nests in: and for his Ears, they reached a Foot above his Head, but were a great Part hid by a high Crown that he wore to appear more grand. The Flame of his Chariot coddled the Fruit, withered the Flowers, and dried up the Fountains of the Gardens. He came with open Arms to embrace me, and I stood upright, which obliged his first Esquire to hold him up. As soon as he came near to me, I ran to my Chamber, and fastened my Window: So that Migonnet enraged, was forced to retire to the Fairies, who asked a thousand Pardons for the Affront; and to appease him because he was powerful, they resolved to bring him at Night into my Chamber, and while I was asleep, to tie my Hands and Feet, and put me into his Chariot. Things being thus agreed on, they only chided me for what I had done, and charged me to think of making him Amends for the future. Which Mildness of theirs surprized my Parrot and Dog, who told me their Hearts misgave them, for they knew the Fairies to be strange ill-tempered sort of old Ladies, and especially Violenta. I laughed at their Fears, and waited with the utmost Impatience

tience for my dear Husband, whose Desires to see me again were no less violent: I threw out the Ladder of Ropes, resolving to escape with him, he came softly up it, and said a thousand Kind Things, which I dare not recall to my Remembrance.

While we were talking together, with the same Tranquillity, as if he had been in his own Palace, we saw all on a sudden the Windows broke open, and the Fairies enter upon their frightful Dragon, followed by *Migonnet* in his fiery Chariot, and all his Guards on Ostriches. The King, without any Dismay, clapped his Hand on his Sword, and thought of securing and protecting me; when these barbarous Creatures set their Dragon upon him, which devoured him before my Face. Vexed, and in Despair, I threw myself into the Mouth of this dreadful Monster, that he might swallow me as he had done the Prince, who was dearer to me than all the World besides. And I had certainly undergone the same Fate; but the Fairies, who were more cruel than the Monster, would not permit it, but said I must be reserved for greater Punishments; a quick Death was too mild a one for so base a Creature: Whereupon touching me, I found myself changed into a White Cat. They conducted me to this stately Palace, which belonged to my Father, and turned all the Lords and Ladies into Cats; and for the rest of his Subjects, left of them only the Hands, which we see, and reduced me to that miserable Condition you found me: Letting me know at the same Time my Birth, the Death of my Father and Mother, and that I never should be released from this Metamorphosis, but by a Prince that perfectly resembled my Husband, whom they deprived me of. ‘ You, Sir, have ‘ that Resemblance, the same Features, Air, and ‘ Voice: I was struck as soon as I saw you, and ‘ was

‘ was informed of all that should happen, and am
 ‘ still of all that shall come to pass: My Pains will
 ‘ be at an End.’ ‘ And shall mine, fair Queen,
 ‘ (said the Prince) be of long Duration?’ ‘ I love
 ‘ you, Sir, already more than my Life, (said the
 ‘ Queen) we must go to your Father and know his
 ‘ Sentiments for me, and whether he will consent
 ‘ to what you desire.’ After this she went out,
 the Prince handed her into a Chariot, which was
 much more magnificent than that he had, and
 then went into it himself. All the rest of the
 Equipage answered it so well, that the Buckles of
 the Horses Harnesses were Diamonds and Emeralds.
 I shall say nothing of their Conversation, which
 must be very polite, since she was not only a great
 Beauty, but also a great Wit; and for the Prince,
 he was no Ways inferior to her therein: So that all
 their Thoughts were bright and lively.

When they came nigh the Castle where the
 Brothers were to meet, the Queen went into a
 Cage of Chrystal set in Gold, which had Curtains
 drawn about it, that she might not be seen, and
 was carried by handsome young men richly clothed.
 The Prince staid in the Chariot, and saw his
 Brothers walking with two Princesses of extraor-
 dinary Beauty. As soon as they knew him, they
 came to receive him, and asked him if he had
 brought a Mistress along with him; to which he
 answered, That he had been so unfortunate in all
 his Journey, to meet with none, but what were
 very ugly; but that he had brought a pretty White
 Cat. ‘ A Cat, (said they, laughing) what was
 ‘ you afraid that Mice should devour our Palace?’
 The Prince replied, that he was not very wise in
 making such a Present to his Father, but it was
 the greatest Rarity he could meet with. After-
 wards they all bent their Course towards the ca-
 pital Town. The two elder Princes and the Prin-
 cesses

cesses went in Calashes of blue embossed with Gold, with Plumes of white Feathers upon the Horses Heads ; nothing was finer than this Cavalcade. The younger Prince followed after, and then the Cage of Chrystal, which every body admired. The Courtiers crouded to tell the King that the Princes were arrived, and brought most beautiful Ladies along with them ; which News was no ways pleasing to the King. The two eldest Princes were very earnest to shew him the Beauties they had brought, whom he recived kindly, but knew not in whose Favour to decide ; when looking on the youngest, ‘ What, (said he) are you come by yourself?’ ‘ Your Majesty, (replied the Prince) will find in this Cage a pretty little Cat, which mews and plays so sweetly, that you will be very well pleased with her.’ Here at the King smiled, and was going to open the Cage ; but as soon as he approached towards it, the Queen with a Spring broke it in Pieces, and appeared like the Sun when he breaks forth from a Cloud. Her fine Hair was spread upon her Shoulders, and laid in fine large Rings, and her Forehead was adorned with Flowers. Her Gown was a thin White Gauze, lined with a Rose Coloured Taffety. She made the King a low Courtesy, who in the Excess of his Admiration could not forbear crying out ‘ This is the incomparable Fairy who deserves my Crown.’ ‘ Sir, (said she) I came not to rob you of your Crown, which you wear so worthily : I was born Heirefs to six Kingdoms, give me Leave to present one of them to you, and one to either of your Sons, for which I ask no other Return but your Friendship and this young Prince in Marriage : Three Kingdoms will be enough for us.’ The King and all the Court were not able to express their Joy and Amazement. The Marriages of
the

the three Princes and their Princesses were celebrated at the same Time, and the Court spent several Months in Pleasures and Diversions; after which they all went to their Dominions, and the White Cat gained as great Honour by her Bounty and Generosity, as by her rare Merit and Beauty.

T H E

THE
S T O R Y
OF THE
PRINCESS CARPILLONA.

THERE lived some Ages ago, an old King, who, to make amends for a long Widowhood, married a young beautiful Princess, with whom he was very much in love. By his first Wife he had one Son, who was both crooked and squint-eyed, and who was very much displeas'd at his Father's marrying a second Time. ' My being
' my Father's only Son, (said he) makes me both
' loved and feared; but if the young Queen has
' Children, my Father, who can dispose of his
' Crown as he pleases, will not consider that I
' am his eldest Son, but will disinherit me for
' them.' He was not only ambitious and malicious, but a great Dissembler; insomuch that he shew'd not the least Uneasiness, but went privately to consult a Fairy, who pass'd then for one of the most able. The Fairy told him he come too late,
† H
that

that the Queen was with Child of a Son, to which she would do no harm; but if he died, or any ill Accident befel him, she promised the Queen should have no more: Which comforted the Prince a little, who, conjuring the Fairy not to forget him, returned home, resolving with himself, to make away with his little Brother.

At nine Months End, the Queen was delivered of a lovely Boy, in whom there was something very remarkable, he having an Arrow imprinted on his Arm. The Queen was so fond of her Child, that she would nurse it herself, which was no way pleasing to the crooked Prince, the Mother's Care being always beyond any Nurse's, and it being not so easy for him to accomplish his Designs. Nevertheless, he resolved to make an Attempt. He shewed a great Value and Respect for the Queen, and a Tenderness towards the Infant, of which the King was very fond: 'I could not have
 • thought, (said he) my Son so good-natured; he
 • shall lose nothing by it: For if he continues to be
 • so, I'll leave half my Kingdom to him. These Promises were not enough for the Prince, who was resolved to have all, or none; and to that End, one Night presented some Comfits made up with Opium, to the Queen, who soon after fell into a sound Sleep; and then the Prince, who had hid himself behind the Hangings, took the Child away softly, and put in its stead a Cat wrapped up in Swaddling Clothes. The Cat cried, and awakened the Queen; who being drowsy, and thinking it her little Poppet, gave it her Breast; which the Cat bit: Whereupon looking, and seeing the Cat's Head, she shrieked out. Her Grief was so lively, that she thought she should have died away that Moment. The noise and Skreamings of the Women alarmed the whole Court. The King put on his Night-gown, and ran into her Apartment; where the first
 Thing

Thing he beheld, was the Cat in the Swaddling Cloaths, thrown on the Ground and Mewing. The King was very much surprized, and asked what that meant; they told him the young Prince was not to be found, and that the Queen was hurt. Thereupon, he went immediately into her Chamber; where he found her in Affliction, not to be expressed: The which, that he might not augment by his own Sorrow, he constrained himself, to comfort the poor Princess.

In the mean Time, the crooked backed Prince had given his little Brother to one of his Creatures, bidding him carry him to some distant Forest, and expose him naked to the wild Beasts, that he might be heard no more of, promising to reward him well, and then returned to his own Apartment; from whence he ran into the Queens, rubbing his Eyes, as if he was asleep: Where, when he was informed of what had happened, he stamp and roared like a mad Man, and, out of his natural Fierceness, twisted the Cat's Head off: and in this Manner disguised the Crime he was so deeply guilty of, shedding many Tears. The King and Queen, who thought too well of him, sent him to all the Fairies, to learn what was become of their Child; and he, to put a stop to any further Enquiries, returned with several different and intricate Answers; which all seemed to assure them, that the Child was not dead, but was, for some Reasons not to be known, only taken away for a Time, and that all their searching any more after him, would be to no purpose. This he thought would make them easy, and indeed it had its Effect; for the King and Queen both flattered themselves with the hopes of seeing their Son again. Notwithstanding the Queen's Breast gangreened, and she died. Upon which the King became so afflicted and sorrowful, that he saw no light for a Twelve-

month, living only in Expectation of hearing some News of his lost Child.

The Man whom the Prince delivered him to, travelled all Night with him, without making the least Halt ; and in the Morning, when he opened the Basket, in which he carried him, this pretty Infant smiled, as he was used to do at his Mother. ‘ Oh ! poor Prince, (said the Man) how unhappy is thy Fate, to serve, alas ! for Food to some hungry Lion ? Why did the Prince, thy Brother, make Choice of me, to be assisting to thy Destruction ? ’ Then he shut the Basket again, that he might not behold an Object so worthy his Pity ; but upon the Child’s crying, who had not had the Breast all Night, to quiet it, he gathered some Figs, and put into its Mouth, and so carried it all that Day : And the Night following, arrived at a vast Forest, which he would not enter then, for fear of being devoured himself, but stayed till the Morning ; when advancing in the Forest, which was so large he could see no End, he perceived a Place where the Trees stood very thick, and a Rock in the midst of them, that branched out in several Points. ‘ This Place, (said he) must certainly be a Retreat to the wild Beasts ; here I must leave the Child, since it is not in my Power to save it. ’ Then approaching towards the Rock, he saw a large Eagle flying about, as if she had young ones ; and looking further, found her Nest in the Bottom of a Kind of Grotto : Thereupon undressing the Child, he laid it in the midst of three young Eagles in the Nest, which was well sheltered from the Weather, and difficult and hazardous, to get to, by reason of the Briars it was surrounded with, and its being so nigh a Precipice. Then leaving this young Prince and seeing the Eagle fly to her Nest, he sighing, said, ‘ Alas ! poor Infant, thy fate is accomplished, thou servest
‘ that

' that Bird of Prey to feed her Young with.' And afterwards returned to his Master and assured him his Brother was no more. For which News, the barbarous Prince embraced his faithful Agent, and presented him with a fine Diamond Ring, assuring him, he should be Captain of his Guards, when he was King.

But to return to the Eagle: When she came to her Nest, she was somewhat surprized to find this new Guest there; however, she exercised the Rights of Hospitality, more than some People would do: She put him next her Nestling, covered him with her Wings, took care of him, and whatever engaged her in his Favour, went and provided the most nourishing Fruit, which she squeezed with her Bill into his Mouth; and, in short, made him an excellent Nurse. When the young Eagles were fledged, they left their Nest solely to the Prince, who nevertheless was not abandoned by the old one, which fed him still with the choicest Fruits; and by some Fore-sight, fearing, lest he getting out, should fall down the Precipice, removed him to another Place, which was upon an high Rock, where he was most secure. Love, who is always painted most beautiful, was not more perfect than this young Prince; the Heats of the Sun could not prejudice his Complexion, which exceeded the Lilies and Roses; his Features were more regular than the best Painters could imagine; his Hair reached down to his Shoulders, his Mien was majestic: In short, nothing could be more noble. But the Eagle having Young ones again, she made such Havock among all the neighbouring Flocks, that the Shepherds, losing every now and then a Lamb; resolved to discover her Nest: And to that end, agreed to watch her; which they did for a long Time: When one Day, they observed, she lighted upon this Rock, which the most hardy of

them resolved to climb; though the Attempt was very dangerous, yet it answered their Expectation. They discovered the Nest, and found in it, two young Eagles, and this young Prince, who was about four Years old. Their Amazement at the Sight of him was inexpressible; and they could not tell what to imagine at such an extraordinary Thing. However, they tore the Nest in Pieces, and carried away the young Prince, and the two Eagles. The Eagle hearing their Cries, came furiously towards them, and had made these Ravishers feel the Effects of her Resentment, had not one of the Shepherds killed her with an Arrow he let fly at her. The young Prince seeing his Nurse fall, cried and wept bitterly: And the Shepherds, overjoyed with what they had done, returned to their Hamlet, where they were to perform the next Day a cruel Ceremony: the Cause of which was as follows.

This Country had served a long Time for a Retreat of the *Ogri*, (who were a larger sort of Men, and great Eaters of human Flesh) and not liking such dangerous Neighbours, had endeavoured, but with ill Success, to drive them away. The *Ogri*, enraged at the Hatred they bore them, redoubled their Cruelties, and devoured all that came to their Hands. When one Day, as the Shepherds, were assembled together, to deliberate on what they should do, there appeared in the midst of them, a Man of a prodigious Size, the lower Part of whose Body was like a Goat, covered with a blue Shag: On his Shoulder he carried a great Club, and on his Left-Arm a Buckler. ‘Shepherds, (said he) I am the
 ‘blue Centaur; if you will give me every three
 ‘Years a Child, I Promise to bring an hundred of
 ‘my Brothers, and drive the *Ogri* away.’ The Shepherds made some Difficulty to engage themselves in so cruel an Agreement; till the Elder of
 them

them said, 'What, my Friends, is it not better for us to give one to preserve so many, since the Ogrs neither spare Men, Women, nor Children; therefore let us not refuse the Centaur's Offer.' They all by this Argument consented, and swore the Centaur should have a Child every third Year. After that he went away, and returned as he promised, with his Brothers, who were all as monstrous as himself. The Ogrs were no less brave than cruel; they fought several battles with great Obstinacy, wherein the Centaurs were always victorious, and forced them at last to fly. The blue Centaur demanded his Recompence, which every one allowed to be just; but when they come to deliver up the promised Infant, there was no Family could think of parting with one of theirs, and the Mothers hid all their Children. The Centaur, who could not bear to be jested with, after having waited twice four and twenty Hours, told the Shepherds, that he expected as many Children as they made him wait Days; insomuch, that their Delays cost them six Boys and as many Girls; but since that Time they have regulated this Affair, and every third Year make a solemn Festival, to deliver their promised Infant to the Centaur.

It happened that the Day whereon the Prince was found, was the Day before this tribute was to be paid; and though there was a Child provided, it must easily be thought that the Shepherds would deliver this Prince in its stead. The Mother of the other, freed by this Means from all the Horrors she must necessarily lie under in Apprehensions of the Death of her Child, was transported with Joy. And as she was obliged to dress him, she combed his fine Locks, put him on a Garland of white and red Roses, wrapped him up in a fine white Cloth, which she girt about him with Flowers. Thus adjusted, he walked at the Head of a great many

Children that were to attend him ; but I may say, it was with an Air of so much Grandeur, and State, as seemed as if all the Shepherds made this Procession only to divert him, so little was his Dread : which drew Tears from many, who said, it was pity that beautiful Child should go to be devoured, and wished it was in their Power to save him ; but that was impossible. The Centaur was used to appear on the Top of a Rock, with his Club in one Hand, and his Buckler in the other, and with a terrible Voice to cry out to the Shepherds, ‘ Leave me my Prey, and retire.’ This Time, as soon as he perceived the Child, he roared out in a dreadful Voice, ‘ This will be the best Meal I have ever made in my Life ; this Boy will be a delicious Morfel.’ Which made the Shepherds and Shepherdesses weep, and say, ‘ How unhappy is this Child to have escaped (which was a Prodigy) the Eagles’s Talon’s, to be Food for this cruel Monster!’ And among the rest an old Shepherd, taking him in his Arms, kissed him often and said, ‘ Though I know thee not, dear Babe, I am sensible I have seen too much of thee for my Repose. Why must I be assisting at thy Funeral ? And why was Fortune so cruel to preserve thee for this horrible End ?’ While he was moistening the Prince’s rosy Cheeks with his Tears, this innocent Babe put his Hands into his grey Hairs, and smiling upon him, inspired him with more Pity, that he seemed loth to advance. Whereupon the hungry Giant cried out, ‘ Make haste ; if you make me come down I shall devour an hundred of you. And indeed was so impatient, that he rose up, and made a flourish with his Club ; when, all on a sudden, there appeared in the Air a great Globe of Fire, incircled with a blue Cloud. Every body was attentive to such an extraordinary Sight ; the Globe and Cloud approached them



FAIRY TALES



*The Prince deliver'd from the Blue Centaur.
by the Fairy Amazona.*

them by Degrees; and when nigh the Earth, opened and there came out a Chariot of Diamonds, drawn by six Swans, in which sat a beautiful Lady dressed like an *Amazon*, with an Helmet on her Head of pure Gold, on which was a Plume of white Feathers; and her Visor, which was raised up, discovered Eyes as bright as the Sun: Her Body was armed with a rich Cuirass, and in her Hand she held a Spear of Fire. ‘What, Shepherds (said she) are you so inhuman, to give this lovely Babe to that cruel Centaur? It is now Time to free you from your Promise; Justice and Reason both oppose such barbarous Customs: Fear not the Return of the Ogrî; I will secure you; I am the Fairy *Amazona*, and from this Moment will take you under my Protection.’ ‘Ah! Madam, (cried the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, holding up their Hands) this is the greatest Happiness that can befall us.’ And were saying a great deal more, when the furious Centaur defied her to the Combat; in which he was burnt to Death by the Fire of her Spear, and fell with as much Noise as if a Mountain had been overturned; that the Shepherds frightened therewith, hid themselves in Caves that were under the Rocks, from whence they could see all that pass.

It was thither the wise Shepherd fled with the little Prince in his Arms, as much concerned for the Child, as himself and Family. After the Death of the Centaur, the Fairy *Amazona* took a Trumpet, and sounded so melodiously with it, that the sick Persons who heard it, recovered their former Health, and those who were well, conceived a secret Joy which they could not express. At last, when all the Shepherds and Shepherdesses were assembled together at the Sound of the harmonious Trumpet, the Fairy *Amazona* advanced towards them in her Diamond Chariot, rolling within three Yards of the Ground, on a Cloud as clear as Christal. The old

Shepherd, whose Name was *Sublimus*, appeared with the little Prince clinging about his Neck: 'Come forwards, *Sublimus* (said the Fairy) fear nothing, Peace shall reign here for the future, and you shall enjoy the Repose you have sought so much after; but give me that Child whose Adventures are so extraordinary.' The old Man, after making a low Bow, held out his Arms, and put the Prince in hers, who, when she had him, caressed and embraced him a thousand Times, setting him on her Knees, and talking to him; who, though he understood no Language, yet by Accents and Signs he could express Joy and Grief; for he had never heard any Person speak before. He was so dazzled with the Fairy's bright Arms, that getting upon his Knees to examine it from the Head-piece downwards, and to touch it; the Fairy smiled and said, though he could not understand her, 'When my Boy, you are fit to wear such Armour, you shall not want,' And then returning him back to the Shepherd, after having kissed him tenderly, 'Wife old Man (said she) you are no Stranger to me, vouchsafe to take care of this Child; learn him to despise the Grandeur of the World, and be above the Strokes of adverse Fortune, though he may be born to a splendid one: But I hold it better to be wise than powerful. The Happiness of Men ought not to consist in outward Greatness, but in Wisdom; and the greatest is to know ourselves, to limit our Desires, to be as well contented with a moderate Competency, as with the greatest Riches; to search after the Esteem of People of Merit, to despise none, and be always ready to quit this miserable Life without Regret. But what am I thinking of, venerable Shepherd! I am telling you Things which you know as well as myself; but then I mention them not so much for yourself, as for the other Shepherds. Fare-

well,

‘ well, Shepherds, call me when you want me ;
 ‘ this same Spear, and this same Hand, which put
 ‘ an end to the Life of the blue Centaur, shall al-
 ‘ ways be ready to protect you.’

Sublimus, and those who were with him, were so confounded, and at the same Time overjoyed, that they could return no Answer to the obliging Words of the Fairy ; but prostrated themselves before her, while the Globe of Fire, rising by Degrees, ascended to the middle Region of the Air, and was seen no more. The fearful Shepherds at first durst not approach the Centaur, though dead ; till reflecting better on it, they at length resolved to raise a funeral Pile to reduce him to ashes ; lest his Brothers might be informed of what had happened, and should come to revenge his Death.

Sublimus carried the little Prince to his Hut ; his Wife being sick, his two Daughters had not been able to leave her to attend the Ceremony. ‘ Here
 ‘ Shepherdes, (says he) here’s a Child beloved by
 ‘ the Gods, and protected by the Fairy *Amazona* ;
 ‘ we must look upon him, for the Time to come, as
 ‘ our own, and give him an Education that may
 ‘ make him happy.’ The Wife was pleased with the Present ; and taking the Prince upon the Bed, said, ‘ I will bring him up, and cherish him in his
 ‘ Infancy, but must leave the Part of his Education
 ‘ to yourself.’ The Shepherd told her that was all he desired, and so left him with her. The two Daughters ran presently to see their new Brother, were charmed with his incomparable Beauty, and the Graces that adorned his little Body ; and from that Moment began to learn him to talk. Never was Wit more extensive and lively ; he comprehended every Thing with an Ease that amazed all the Shepherds ; and in a short Time was fit to take Lessons of the old Shepherd himself, who was capable of giving him whatever was excellent. He

had been King of a flourishing Nation, but by the Intrigues of his Ministers with an Usurper, his Neighbour and Enemy, had been surprized with all his Family, and made a Prisoner in a strong Fortrefs, there to end his Days in Misery.

So sudden and unexpected a Change was not able to shock the Virtue of the King and Queen in the least; they bore all the Outrages of the Tyrant with an unparalleled Constancy and Firmness of Mind. The Queen who was big with Child when these Misfortunes came upon them, was brought to bed of a Daughter, which she was obliged to nurse herself, as well as to take care of her two others, who partook as much of their Troubles as their Age would admit. The King after three Years Confinement, gained one of his Guards, who promised to bring him a Boat under the Window of the Room he was imprisoned in, to cross the Lake, which this Fortrefs stood in the midst of; and provided him Files to cut the Iron-Bars with, and Cords to let themselves down by. They made choice of a dark Night, and did all without any Noise; and by the Assistance of this Soldier, slid down by the Rope. The King went first, then the two Children, after them the Queen, and after her the little Babe in a Basket: But, alas! the Knot whereby it was fastened slipping, they heard her fall in the Lake: The Queen had she not swooned, would certainly have alarmed the Garrison with her Cries and Complaints. The King grieved at this Accident, and sought for her as much as the Darkness of the Night would let him, and found the Basket, but none of the Princess; so that giving her up for lost, he rowed away as fast as he was able, with the rest of his Family; and when they came to the other Side found Horses, which were provided by the same Soldier, and laid ready for them to go where they pleased.

During

During their Confinement, the King and Queen had Time to moralize and reflect, that the greatest Blessings this Life affords were but small, when justly weighed; which, together with the new Misfortune of losing their little Daughter, made them resolve not to retire to any neighbouring Prince or Ally, to whom they might be chargeable, but to settle in some fertile and pleasant Plain; there to change the Sceptre for a Shepherds Crook, and buy a Flock of Sheep. And having pitched on this Country, they built a pretty Cottage, which was sheltered from the Weather by the Mountains that were behind it, and rendered pleasant by a pretty Brook that ran before it. Here they enjoyed more Tranquillity than upon their Throne. There were none that envied their Poverty; they feared no Traitors nor Flatterers, and passed their Days free from Trouble. The King would often say, ' Ah! how happy might Men be, could they cure themselves of Ambition! I have been a King, but now prefer my Cottage before the Palace, wherein I once reigned.' Under this great Philosopher this young Prince, ignorant of his Master's Rank, received his Education, while the Master was no better informed of his Pupil's; but his Dispositions were so noble, that he could not believe him of mean Birth. He observed with Pleasure, that he always put himself at the Head of his Companions, and with an Air of Superiority, drew Respect from them; he was continually forming Armies, building Forts, and attacking them, and whenever his Father (as we must call him) took him along with him a Hunting, would face the greatest Dangers. All these Things persuaded him, that he was born to command: But till he arrives at fifteen Years of Age, let us leave him to his Studies, and return to his Father's Court.

The crook-backed Prince, seeing that his Father grew very old, shewed little Regard to him, and grew so impatient to wear his Crown, that to divert himself, and not to lie idle, he asked the King for an Army, to go and conquer a neighbouring Kingdom, whose Factions invited him. The King consented, on Condition that he would sign an Instrument to all the Lords of the Kingdom, signifying, that if ever the young Prince returned, and that they were well assured it was him, by the Arrow on his Arm, to resign the Crown to him. The Prince seemed very ready, being assured of his Brother's Death, and thinking he hazarded nothing, but at the same Time valued himself very much upon this Piece of Compliance. When this was done, and registered in the proper Courts, and the Instrument itself laid up in the Treasury, the King raised a gallant Army, which the Prince after taking his Leave of him, put himself at the Head of; and, after several Battles, killed the King his Enemy, with his own Hand, took the Capital City, and having left a Garrison and Governor in it, returned home to his Father, to whom he presented a young Princess, called *Carpillona*, whom he had taken Captive. She was as beautiful as Nature could form, or Imagination represent. The King, at the first Sight of her, was charmed, and the crooked Prince who had beheld her often, was so much in Love with her, that he could not rest: She hated him as much as he loved her; for as he always used her as his Slave, her Heart was so set against him, and his Manner of Address, that she did what she possibly could to avoid him.

The King appointed her an Apartment in the Palace, and Women to wait on her, and was very sensible of the Misfortunes of so young and beautiful a Princess. And when the crooked Prince asked his Consent to marry her, he replied, he consented,

sented, provided she had no Reluctancy; but that he thought, when he was nigh her, she seemed melancholy: 'Tis because she loves me, (answered the Prince) and dares not discover it, and the Constraint she puts upon herself occasions it; but as soon as she shall be my Wife, you shall see she will be pleased.' 'I would believe so, (said the King) but don't you flatter yourself a little too much?' The Prince, angry at these his Father's Doubts, went and told the Princess, that she was the Cause that the King shewed a more than usual Severity in his Behaviour towards him. Upon which he suspected he might love her, and therefore desired her to tell him sincerely, which of them she approved best of, assuring her, that provided she reigned, he should be content. This he said only to know her Sentiments, and not with any Intent of changing his. The young *Carpillona*, who was not so experienced, as to know that most Lovers are Dissemblers, gave into the Deceit, and said; 'I must own, Sir, that was I my own Mistress, I would neither make Choice of the King nor yourself; but since my bad Fortune imposes this hard Necessity upon me, I must tell you, the King.' 'And why?' (answered he with some Violence) because (added she) he is more mild than you, reigns at this Time, and will not live so long. 'Ha, ha!' (cried he) you would be left Queen-Dowager in a short Time: but satisfy yourself you shall not: The King has no Thoughts of you, 'tis only I that do you that Honour, which is much more than you deserve, for your Ingratitude is immense; but were it a thousand times more than it is, you should be my Wife.' The Princess *Carpillona* conceived, but somewhat too late, that it was dangerous to speak one's Thoughts; and to make amends for what she had so unwarily said, replied again, 'I only used this Stratagem to try

your

‘ your Sentiments; and I am very glad that you
 ‘ love me so well, to withstand my affected Seve-
 ‘ rities. I esteem you already; endeavour, Sir, to
 ‘ make me love you.’ The Prince bowed, and be-
 lieved what she said to be Truth; Men being
 generally great Fools when in Love, and too apt to
 flatter themselves. *Carpillona* by this Means, made
 him as mild as a Lamb; and he went away smil-
 ‘ ing, and squeezed her Hand so hard, she thought
 he had broke it.

As soon as he was gone, she ran into the King’s
 Apartment, and casting herself at his Feet, said,
 ‘ Secur: me, Sir, from the greatest of all Misfor-
 ‘ tunes: The Prince would marry me, and I must
 ‘ confess he is odious to me; be not so unjust as
 ‘ he is. My Rank, my Youth, and the Misfortunes
 ‘ of my Family, deserve the Pity of so great a
 ‘ King.’ ‘ Fair Princess (said the King) I am not
 ‘ surprized, that my Son loves you, none that be-
 ‘ hold you can avoid it; but I shall not forgive
 ‘ him the Want of Respect he owes you.’ ‘ Ah!
 ‘ Sir (replied she) he looks upon me as his Prisoner,
 ‘ and treats me like a Slave.’ ‘ It was with my Ar-
 ‘ my (answered the King) that he vanquished the
 ‘ King your Father, and if you are a Captive, you
 ‘ are mine, and I give you your Liberty; and am
 ‘ happy, that my advanced Age, and grey Hairs
 ‘ secure me from being your Slave.’ The grate-
 ‘ ful Princess returned the King a thousand Thanks,
 and retired with her Women.

In the mean Time the Prince, having been in-
 formed of what passed, resented it very much; but
 his Rage was worked up to the highest Pitch, when
 the King forbid him to think any more of the
 Princess: Telling him that after all the Services
 he had offered her, she could not love him. ‘ What
 ‘ (answered he) shall I labour all my Days to no
 ‘ Purpose? I love not to lose my Time after such a
 Manner.’

‘ Manner.’ ‘ I am sorry you should, (said the
 ‘ King, but it must not be.’ ‘ We shall see that,
 ‘ (said the Prince, in an insolent Manner, and
 ‘ going out of the Room) do you think to take my
 ‘ Prisoner from me? I’ll lose my Life first.’ ‘ She
 ‘ you call your Prisoner (said the enraged King)
 ‘ was mine, and now is free; I have made her
 ‘ Mistress of herself, and not to depend on your
 ‘ Caprice.’ So smart a Conversation had gone
 further, had not the Prince retired, who from that
 Moment conceived a Desire of taking Possession of
 the Crown and Princess. He had gained the Hearts
 of the Soldiers, and ill designing People were assist-
 ing to his Ambition, that the King at last was in-
 formed of his Intentions of dethroning him; and
 knowing him to have the Army on his Side, was
 forced to take the mildest Measures. He sent for
 the Prince, and said to him, ‘ Is it possible that
 ‘ you should be so ungrateful, as to take from me
 ‘ my Crown, and set it upon your own Head,
 ‘ since you see I am so nigh my End? Have I not
 ‘ had Misfortunes enough already, by losing a
 ‘ Wife and Son? Indeed I have opposed your De-
 ‘ signs upon the Princess *Carpillona*, but as much
 ‘ for your sake as hers: for how can you be happy
 ‘ with a Person that does not love you? but since
 ‘ you will run the risque of it, I consent you shall
 ‘ marry her; but let me have some Time to talk
 ‘ to her to prepare her for it.’

The Prince, who wished more for the Princess
 than the Kingdom, (for he had that which he lately
 conquered) told the King, That he was not so de-
 siring of reigning as he believed, since he had
 signed an Act, whereby he disinherited himself, in
 case his Brother returned, and so should rest satisfied,
 provided he might marry *Carpillona*. The King em-
 braced him, and went to the Princess, who was
 always with her Governess in cruel Alarms, whom
 she

she had then carried into her Closet, and crying
 bitterly, said, 'Should it be possible, that after all
 ' the Promises the King has made me, he should
 ' be so cruel as to sacrifice me to his Crook-backed
 ' Son, the Day of my Nuptials would be the last
 ' I shall breathe; since I am more displeas'd with
 ' the ill Qualities of his Heart, than the Deformity
 ' of his Body.' 'Alas! my dear Princess, (replied
 ' the Governess) you know undoubtedly, that the
 ' Daughters of the greatest Kings are always made
 ' Victims to the State; they never consult their
 ' Inclination, nor whether the Prince that is to
 ' espouse them be handsome or deformed. And just
 as *Carpillona* was about to reply, she was told that
 ' the King waited for her in her Chamber. As soon
 as she set her Eyes on him, she knew what he
 came about, having a great Penetration; and cried
 out, 'Alas! what have you to tell me?' 'Fair
 ' Princess (said he) look not on your Marriage with
 ' my Son as a Misfortune, but consent willingly;
 ' the Violence that he commits, in regard to your
 ' Sentiments for him, shews but the Ardour of his
 ' own: And if he loved you not, he might find more
 ' Princesses, who would be glad to partake with
 ' him a Crown, which he is already in Possession
 ' of, besides that which he will have after my
 ' Death. Your Disdain and Contempt have not
 ' been able to dismay him, and you ought to be-
 ' lieve that he will forget nothing to please you.'
 ' I flattered myself (replied she) to have found a Pro-
 ' tector in you, but my Hopes are deceived: You
 ' abandon me, but the just Gods will not.' 'If you
 ' knew but all I have done (replied he) to prevent
 ' this Marriage, you would be convinc'd of my
 ' Friendship. Alas! Heaven blest me with a
 ' Son who was nurs'd by his own Mother; but he
 ' was stol'n away one Night, and a Cat put in his
 ' Place, which bit the Queen so cruelly, that she
 died

' died of it. If that lovely Child had not been ta-
 ' ken from me, he would have been now a Com-
 ' fort for me in my old Age; my Subjects would
 ' have feared him, and I might have offered you my
 ' Crown with him. This Son would not then have
 ' carried Things so high as now, but would have
 ' thought himself happy to live at Court.' ' I am
 ' then the Cause of what has befallen you, (answered
 ' she) since he would have been so serviceable to
 ' me, look upon me as the guilty Wretch, and
 ' think of punishing me, rather than marrying me.'
 ' You was not then capable, fair Princess (said he)
 ' of doing Good or Harm: I accuse you not of my
 ' Misfortunes; but if you would not augment them,
 ' prepare yourself to receive my Son: For he is too
 ' powerful here, and may act some tragic Scene.'
 The King seeing she returned no other Answer,
 but was all in Tears, left her; and knowing the
 Prince would be impatient, went and told him
 that the Princess had given her Consent, and bid
 him make every Thing ready against the Solemn-
 zation of the Marriage. The Prince, transported
 with Joy, thanked the King, and immediately sent
 for Jewellers, and all Sorts of Tradesmen, and be-
 spoke all the finest Things imaginable; and then
 sent several rich Presents of Jewels, &c. which
 she received with all Appearance of Joy. After-
 wards he paid her a Visit himself, and among other
 Things said, ' Was you not very much in the
 ' Wrong, Madam, to refuse the Honour I would
 ' do you, since I am not disagreeable in my Per-
 ' son, and the World says I have Wit; besides, you
 ' shall have the finest Diamonds, and wear the
 ' richest Clothes of any Queen in the World.' The
 Princess answered coldly, That the Misfortunes of
 her Family would not permit her to dress like other
 Princesses, and desired him not to make so great
 Presents. ' You are in the right, (said he) not
 ' to

‘ to dress yourself, if I do not give you leave; but
 ‘ you must think of Pleasing me: Every Thing will
 ‘ be ready for our Marriage within four Days; di-
 ‘ vert yourself till then, and command here since
 ‘ you are absolute Mistress.’ And after that left
 her.

No sooner was he gone, but she shut herself up with her governess, and told her she might chuse whether she would find her the Means of escaping, or hole of killing herself on the Wedding Day. After the Governess had represented to her the Impossibility of getting away, and the Weakness she shewed, by killing herself, to avoid the Misfortunes of this Life; she endeavoured to persuade her, that Virtue might contribute to her Tranquillity, and that without having an entire Love for the Prince, she might esteem him enough to live happy with him. *Carpillona* could not yield to any of these Remonstrances; but told her, that till then she made account she had some Value for her, but that now she was sensible how much it was; and that if all the World should fail her, she would not be failing to herself; and that dangerous Diseases must have dangerous Remedies. After this she opened the Window, and looking some Time out of it, her Governess, who feared she designed to throw herself out, fell on her Knees, and looking tenderly at her, said, ‘ Alas! Madam, what
 ‘ would you have me do? I will obey you, though
 ‘ it should cost me my Life.’ The Princess embraced her, and desired her to buy her a Shepherdess’s Dress, and a Cow, and not amuse herself with persuading her from her Design, since it would be to no Purpose, and only losing Time; and not only that, but to dress up a Figure, and lay it in her Bed, and say she was ill. ‘ You know, Madam,
 ‘ (said the poor Governess) the Danger to which I
 ‘ expose myself; the Prince, without doubt will
 ‘ know

‘ know that I assisted you, he will make use of a thousand Torments to make me confess: And then judge if my Love is not great.’ The Princess, very much confounded, made answer, That she should go away herself two Days after, and that it would be easy to impose upon the World for that short Time. In short, they contrived it so well, that *Carpillona* had that Night both a Shepherdess’s Habit and a Cow, and appeared as beautiful as the Queen of Love, when she appeared with *Juno* and *Pallas* in that Habit to *Paris* on Mount *Ida*. She set out by Moon-light, sometimes leading her Cow, and sometimes getting on her Back; and if the least Breath of Air but gently agitated the Leaves of the Trees, a Bird flew off her Nest, or any Thing stirred, she feared it might be Wolves or Thieves.

Thus she travelled all the Night, and would have done the next Day, but that her Cow stopped to graze in a pleasant Mead; where the Princess, fatigued with the Weight of her Clothes and Shoes, sat herself down on the Grass by a purling Stream, and tied up her Hair, which had got out from under her Cap, and fell in flowing Rings on her Shoulders. She looked about, to see if she might not be observed; but for all her Precaution, she was surprized by a Lady all in Armour, who, taking off her Head-piece, which was Gold, adorned with Diamonds, said, ‘ Shepherdess, I am very dry and weary, will you give me some Milk to quench my Thirst?’ ‘ With all my Heart, Madam, (said *Carpillona*, if I had any Thing to put it in.’ ‘ I have here a China Dish; (said the armed Lady) take that.’ But the poor Princess not knowing how to stroke the Teat; ‘ What, (said the Lady) is your Cow dry, or do you not know how to milk her?’ Hereupon the Princess, ashamed to appear so awkward before such an extraordinary Person, fell a crying,

crying, and replied; ‘ I must own, Madam, for
 ‘ the small Time I have been a Shepherdes it has
 ‘ been my Business to feed my Cow; my Mother
 ‘ does all the rest.’ ‘ Then you have a Mother,
 ‘ (continued the Lady) and pray what does she do?’
 ‘ She is a Farmer,’ (said *Carpillona*) ‘ What, hard
 ‘ by?’ (said the Lady again.) ‘ Yes,’ (replied the
 ‘ Princess) Really (said she) I have a great Affec-
 ‘ tion for her upon your Account and will go to
 ‘ see her; lead me to her.’ *Carpillona* was at a
 stand what Answer to make, she was unused to lye,
 and knew not that she talked to a Fairy: She looked
 down, her Colour come into her Face, and at last
 she said, ‘ When once I come abroad, I never re-
 ‘ turn till Night; therefore I desire you, Madam,
 ‘ not to make my Mother angry with me.’ ‘ Ah!
 ‘ Princess, Princess (said the Fairy) you cannot
 ‘ support a Lye, nor act the Person you pretend to
 ‘ be, without my Assistance, Here take this Nose-
 ‘ gay of Gilliflowers, and be assured that while
 ‘ you have it the Crook-backed Prince, from whom
 ‘ you fly, will never know you; and remember, when
 ‘ you come to the great Forest, to inform yourself
 ‘ of them whereabout the Shepherd *Sublimus* has
 ‘ his Abode. Tell him that you come from the
 ‘ Fairy *Amazona*, who desires him to receive you
 ‘ as his Daughter. Farewel, *Carpillona*, I have
 ‘ been your Friend a long Time.’ ‘ Alas! Ma-
 ‘ dam, cried the Princess, do you love me, and
 ‘ can you abandon me, when I stand so much in
 ‘ need of your Assistance?’ ‘ The Nosegay will
 ‘ not fail you, (replied she;) my Time is preci-
 ‘ ous, and I must leave you to compleat your Des-
 ‘ tiny.’ And as she uttered these Words, dis-
 appeared.

Carpillona was ready to die with Fear, but reco-
 vering herself, continued on her Way, though igno-
 rant of the Road, that led to the great Forest;
 thinking

thinking to herself, that this able Fairy would conduct her thither, and always kept the Nosegay in her Hand, whether she stood still or walked: But at last, her Feet were so chafed and sore, that she was forced to lie down under the Shade of some Trees; where she reflected often, and with no small Uneasiness, on her poor Governess, of whose Zeal and Fidelity there are but few Examples. She dressed up a Figure, as the Princess had ordered her, went always very softly into her Room, as she said, for fear of disturbing her, and scolded at the least Noise that ever was made. The King, when he was told of the Princess's being sick, was not at all surprized, attributing it to her Grief, and the Violence offered: But as soon as the Prince was informed of this ill News, his Chagrin was inconceivable; he would see her, but the Governess, with much ado prevented him. Then he asked that his Physician might; but she told him, it would be the Means to kill her, for she hated all Physicians and their Remedies; but withal, bid him not be frightened, telling him, it was only a Dizziness of her Head, and that she would be well, after three or four Days Rest: By which Means she put a Stop to any further Importunities. When one Night, when she was preparing for her Flight, she heard him knock at the Door, as if he would break it down; and what induced him to this Violence, was an Information he had had of the Matter from the other Women; who perceiving the Deceit, and fearing some Punishment might fall to their Share, went and told him presently. The Excess of his Rage cannot be expressed: He ran to the King, thinking he was not ignorant of it, but found by the Surprize he read in his Face himself to be mistaken. As soon as he saw the poor Governess, he said to her, catching hold of her Hair; 'Give me my *Carpillona*, or I'll
' tear

‘tear out thy Heart.’ She made no Reply, but with Tears; and prostrating herself at his Knees, conjured him, but all in vain, to hear her. He cast her into a deep Dungeon, and had put her to Death a thousand times, had not the King, who was as good as his Son was wicked, obliged him to let her live in that frightful Prison.

This amorous and violent Prince, ordered, that the Princess should be pursued both by Sea and Land; and to that End, left the Court himself, and ran about like a mad Man. When one Day, as *Carpillona* was sat with her Cow under a large Rock, and the Weather being very tempestuous, she remained trembling at the Thunder and Lightning, when the crook-backed Prince came thither with his Attendance for Shelter. But, alas! when she saw him so nigh her, she was more frightened, than at the Thunder and Lightning: She held her Nosegay of Gilliflowers fast with both her Hands; and remembering the Fairy said, ‘Abandon me not, charming *Amazona*.’ The Prince casting his Eyes upon her, said, ‘What can you be afraid of, poor decriped old Wretch? Where would be the hurt if the Thunder should kill thee, since thou hast one Foot in the Grave already? The young Princess was not less overjoyed than amazed, to hear him call her old: ‘Without doubt, (said she to herself,) my Nosegay works this Wonder.’ And that she might have no farther Conversation with him, she pretended to be deaf. The Prince, finding she could not hear, said to his Confidant, who was never from him: ‘Now, if my Heart was a little more gay, I could set this old Creature upon the Top of the Rock, and have the Pleasure of seeing her roll down and break her Neck.’ ‘But, Sir, (replied this wicked Favourite, to divert you, I’ll carry her up by force, and you shall see her Body bound like a Ball.’

‘ Ball.’ ‘ We have not now Time (said he) we
 ‘ must continue our Search after this Ingrate, who
 ‘ disturbs the Repose of my Life.’

As he made an end of these Words, he clapped
 Spurs to his Horse, and rid off. It is easy to judge
 of the Joy of the Princess, who did not forget to
 thank the Fairy Amazona, whose Power she was
 then sensible of. She pursued her Journey, and
 arrived at the Plain whereon the Shepherds of that
 Country built their Huts, which were all very
 pretty, each having a Garden and a Spring. The
 Valley of *Tempe* could not be more agreeable. The
 Shepherdesses were for the most part beautiful,
 and the Shepherds neglected nothing to please them.
 On all the Trees, Cyphers and Love Verses were
 engraved. As soon as *Carpillona* appeared among
 them, they left their Flocks; and, prepossessed with
 her Beauty and majestic Air, advanced towards
 her; but what surprized them most, was the Mean-
 ness of her Habit: For though they lived an inno-
 cent and rustic Life, yet they pretended very
 much to a neat Adjustment of their Apparel. The
 Princess desired them to shew her the Shepherd
 Sublimus's Cottage; which they did presently:
 And there she found the good old Man sat in the
 Valley with his Wife and Daughters, a little Brook
 running by them, which charmed with its gentle
 Murmurs; he had some Reeds in his Hands, with
 which he was making a little Basket to gather
 Fruit in; and his Wife was spinning, while his
 Daughters were angling in the Brook.

When *Carpillona* first accosted them, she was sen-
 sible of so much Respect and Tenderneſs, that she
 was herself surprized; and when they saw her,
 they were no less affected. ‘ I am, (said she, sa-
 ‘ luting them in an humble Manner, a poor Shep-
 ‘ herdess, and come from the Fairy Amazona, to
 ‘ offer you my Service, and hope, that upon her
 ‘ Account

‘ Account you will receive me.’ ‘ Child, (said
 ‘ the King, getting up, and returning her Salute
 ‘ in as civil a Manner, that great Fairy has Rea-
 ‘ son to believe that we have a perfect Honour for
 ‘ her; but you are welcome if you had no other
 ‘ Recommendation but your own Person.’ ‘ Come
 ‘ hither pretty Maid, (said the Queen, holding out
 ‘ her Hand) come, and let me kiss you: I conceive
 ‘ a great Kindness for you, and could wish you
 ‘ would look upon me as your own Mother, and
 ‘ my Children as your Sisters.’ ‘ Alas! my good
 ‘ Mother, (said the Princess) I desire not that
 ‘ Honour, it is enough for me to be your Shep-
 ‘ herdes, and tend your Flock.’ ‘ No, (replied
 ‘ the King) we are all equal here, you come with
 ‘ too good a Recommendation for us to make any
 ‘ Difference between you and our Children; sit
 ‘ down by us, and let your Cow feed with our
 ‘ Sheep.’ She made some Difficulty, persisting in
 what she told them at first, that she was come only
 to be their Servant; but would have been very
 much embarrassed if they had taken her at her
 Word: For indeed, by her Looks, she seemed to
 be made more to command than to obey; and it
 might be thought, that so great a Fairy would not
 protect an ordinary Person.

The King and Queen looked upon her with an
 Amazement mixed with Admiration, which they
 could not comprehend: They asked her if she came
 a great Way? she said, Yes; and then, if she had a
 Father and Mother? to which she said, No: And
 answered all their other Questions, with Mono-
 syllables, as much as her Respect would allow her
 to do. What is your Name, (said the Queen?)
 ‘ *Carpillona* (replied she.)’ ‘ The Name (said the
 ‘ King, is very odd; and, unless some Adventure
 ‘ gives room for it, it is very rare.’ She made no
 Answer, but took up one of the Queen’s Spindles,

to wind off the Thread : But when she drew of her Gloves, the King and Queen, who cast their Eyes upon her Hands, thought them to be Snow formed in that Shape ; and, to penetrate farther into her Condition, said : ‘ *Carpillona*, your Clothes are too hot for the Climate we live in, and your Shoes too heavy and clumsy for so young a Damsel : you must be dressed after our Manner.’ ‘ My Clothes, Mother (answered she) are such as they wear in my Country ; but I’ll put on what you please to order me.’ They admired her Obedience, and above all the Air of Modesty that appeared in her Eyes and all her Actions ; but, it being Supper-time, they got up, and went all into the House, where they intended to dress the Fish that the two Princesses had caught, and some fresh Eggs, and to make the rest up with Milk and Fruit. ‘ I am surprized (said the King) that my Son is not yet come home : His eagerness after Sport carries him too far ; and I am always in fear, lest some Accident should befall him.’ ‘ My Fears are no less than yours, (said the Queen) but if you please we will not sup till he comes.’ ‘ No, (said the King) let him mind his Time better : On the contrary, I desire you, when he comes, not to speak to him, but that every one give him a cold Reception, ‘ You know his good Nature (said the Queen) and he will be so much troubled, that he will fall sick.’ ‘ I cannot help that, (replied the King) he must be corrected.’ After this Discourse, they sat to Supper ; but before they had quite done, the young Prince came in, with a wild Roe on his Shoulders, his Hair all wet with Sweat, and his Face covered with Dust ; he leaned on a little Lance he generally carried along with him ; his Bow hung on one Side, and his Quiver of Arrows on the other. In this Condition there appeared something so noble and lofty

in his Countenance and Mien, that none could look upon him without Attention and Respect: ‘ Mother, (said he, addressing himself to the Queen, my Desire to bring you this Roe, has made me run all Day over the Mountains and Plains.’ Son, (said the King gravely) you endeavour more to make us uneasy, than to please us; you know how much I have said to you on your violent Desire of Sport; but you are resolved to take no Notice of it.’ The Prince blushed, and what vexed him most, was, to see a Person there, who did not belong to their Family. He replied, that another Time he would come sooner; or if he did not approve of it, he would not go at all. ‘ That is enough (said the Queen, who loved him tenderly) I thank you Child for your Present; come and sit by me, and eat your Supper; for to be sure, you must be hungry.’ The Prince was somewhat disordered at the serious Air the King spoke to him in, and durst not look up; for though he was intrepid in all Dangers, he was of a docible Temper, and stood in great Awe, where his Duty required it of him. But at last, he recovered out of his Confusion, sat down by the Queen, and cast his Eyes on *Carpillona*, who had not stayed so long to look at him: But as soon as their Eyes met, their Hearts were so agitated, that they knew not what to attribute their Disorder to. The Princess blushed, and the Prince kept his Eye stedfast upon her; till at last, she raising hers again with a pleasing Softness, they continued looking at each other with a mutual Surprize, thinking nothing could equal what they beheld. ‘ Is it possible, (said the Princess to herself) that, of so many Persons I have seen at Court, none should come nigh to this young Shepherd. How comes it, (thought he to himself) that this admirable Maid is but a poor Shepherdess! Ah! that I was but a King, to
‘ place

‘ place her on a Throne, and to make her as much
 ‘ the Mistress of my Empire as she is of my Heart.’
 In musing after this Manner, he eat nothing. The
 Queen, who thought it owing to the ill Reception
 he met with, tired herself with inviting and caref-
 sing him, and brought out the finest Fruit she had.
 He desired *Carpillona* to taste of them. She thanked
 him, and told him, without thinking on the Hand
 that gave them, that she had done nothing but eat,
 and cared for no more. Upon which, he left them
 coldly upon the Table. The Queen took not the
 least notice of all this; but the eldest Princess, who
 had no small Esteem for him, and who perhaps
 might have loved him very well, but for the Dif-
 ference she thought between them, observed all
 that passed with some Jealousy.

After Supper the King and Queen retired, and
 the Princesses, according to their usual Custom,
 did whatever was to be done in the House: One
 milk’d the Cows, the other pressed the Cheese,
 &c. *Carpillona* busied herself after their Example
 to work; but she was so little used to it, that she
 did nothing to the Purpose: Insomuch that the two
 Princesses called her the pretty unhandy Maid. The
 amorous Prince helped her in every Thing; he
 went to the Spring with her, carried her Pail,
 drew the Water, and brought it back on his Shoul-
 ders, and would not suffer her to carry any Thing;
 ‘ What do you mean, Shepherd, (said she to him)
 ‘ must I act the fine Lady? I that have been used
 ‘ all my Life to Work! am I to live here in idle-
 ‘ ness?’ ‘ You shall do what you please, lovely
 ‘ Shepherdess, (said he) but deny me not the Plea-
 ‘ sure of accepting my small Assistance on these Oc-
 ‘ casions.’ Afterwards they both returned, though
 sooner than he desired; for though he durst not
 yet hardly speak to her, nevertheless, he was o-
 verjoyed to be with her. They both passed the

Night in an Uneasiness, which neither of them, through their little Experience, could guess the Cause of. The Prince waited impatiently for Day, to see the Shepherdes again; and she was in as much Dread. The new Trouble the Sight of him put her into, somewhat diverted her other Displeasures; and she thought so much of him, that she almost forgot the crook backed Prince. ‘Why, (said she) has blind Fortune bestowed so many Graces, such a Mein, and such Charms on a young Shepherd, who is destined only to feed his Flock; and so much Malice and Deformity on a Prince appointed to rule a flourishing Nation?’

Carpillona never had the Curiosity to view herself since her Metamorphosis from a Princess into a Shepherdes; but then a certain Desire of pleasing, made her seek after a Glass. She was not long before she found that of the Princess; but when she saw herself she was quite confounded. ‘What a Figure’s here? (cried she) whom am I like? It is impossible that I should endure to be buried long in this coarse Stuff.’ Then she washed her Face and Hands, and went to the Queen, and falling on her Knees, presented her with a fine Diamond Ring, which was part of the Jewels she brought along with her. ‘Mother, I found this Ring some Time since, but knew not the Value of it, but believe it may be worth some Money; I beg you would accept of it, as a Proof of my Acknowledgment for your Charity towards me; and likewise, I desire you to buy me a Habit, and Linen that I may appear like the other Shepherdes, of this Country.’ The Queen was very much surprized to see so noble a Ring, and told her that she would not take it, but would keep it for her, and that she would send to a little Town that was hard by, for a nice Country Habit, Shoes, &c. compleat.

When

When Carpillona was thus dressed, she appeared more charming than *Aurora*. The Prince neglected nothing on his Part, but adorned his Hat, Scrip, and Crook with Flowers, and carried her a Nosegay, which he presented with all the Fear of a Lover, and which she received with some Consternation, though she wanted no presence of Mind nor Wit. When she was with him, she hardly ever spoke, but was always very thoughtful, as was he himself. When he went a hunting, instead of pursuing his Game, whenever he found a Place proper to entertain himself with the Thoughts of his beloved Carpillona, he would stop all on a sudden, and in that solitary Retirement make Verses and Songs on his Shepherdess, often talking to the Rocks, Woods, and Birds: And in short he lost all that Gaiety of Temper which made him seek after the Company of the young Shepherds. But as it is hard to love, and not fear what we love, he dreaded so much the making his Shepherdess angry by declaring himself that he durst scarce ever speak to her; and though she observed very well, that he preferred her before all others, and that Preference ought to assure her of his Sentiments, yet she could not but be in some Pain for his Silence. Sometimes she would be overjoyed, and would say to herself, ‘ If he really does love me, how shall I receive the Declaration of his Passion? If I should be angry, I perhaps shall be the cause of his Death; and if I be not, I shall die myself with Shame and Grief. What shall I, who am born a Princess, hearken to a poor Shepherd? Ah! too base Weakness, I shall never consent. My Heart ought not to change with my Apparel; I have but too much to reproach myself with, since I have been here.’ As the Prince had a thousand natural Charms in his Voice, and perhaps had he not sung so well, the Princess prepossessed in his Favour, would have

liked to hear him; she would often engage him to sing; and the Songs he made choice of, had always something so tender and engaging in them, that she could not forbear expressing a Pleasure, which inspired him with the more Boldness; and one Day he went to the River-side, to a Place shaded by Osiers and Willows, and whither he knew that Carpillona led her Flock every Day; and with a Nail wrote on the Bark of one of the Trees these Lines.

*In this Retreat, in vain do I
Find Peace and Pleasure reign:
Where Love the Freedom of a Sigh
Denies to ease my Pain.*

The Prince's surprized him just as he had made an end: He affected to seem confounded, and after some Moments of Silence said to her, 'You see an unhappy Shepherd, who complains to the most insensible Things, when he ought to complain to none but you.' She made no Answer, but casting down her Eyes, gave him the Opportunity he wanted to declare his Sentiments. While he was speaking, her Thoughts were wholly taken up, how she ought to take what she heard from a Mouth, that was not indifferent to her; but her Inclination engaged her to excuse him. 'He is ignorant (said she to herself) of my Birth; therefore his Temerity is pardonable: he loves me, and thinks me his Equal; but should he know my Rank.—Will not the Gods themselves, who are so much above us, will not they accept of the Hearts of Mortals? Are they angry because they are loved? Well, Shepherd, (said she, turning herself towards him) I pity you, and that is all I can do for you: I will not love, I have Misfortunes enough already. Alas! what would be my Condition, if to augment

'ment my Calamities, my Days should be burdened
 'with an Engagement?' Ah! Shepherdes, (cried
 'he) say rather, that if you have any Troubles,
 'nothing is more capable to sweeten them. I will
 'partake of all of them, my Study shall be to
 'please you; you may repose on me the Care of
 'your Flock.' 'I wish to Heaven (said she) that
 'I had no other Reason to be uneasy.' 'What
 'others can you have (said he with an eager con-
 'cern) being so beautiful, so young, so free from
 'Ambition, and so little versed with the vain
 'Grandeurs of a Court? But without doubt, you
 'love here some happy Rival, which renders you
 'inexorable towards me.' Pronouncing these last
 Words he changed Countenance, became melan-
 choly, and was cruelly tormented with this Thought.
 'I will there agree with you (replied she) you have
 'a Rival; but then he is one hated and abhorred;
 'You had never seen me, but that the Necessity of
 'avoiding his pressing Instances obliged me to fly
 'from him.' 'Perhaps, Shepherdes, (said he)
 'you will fly from me too; for if you hated him
 'only because he loved you, I am sure, I am to be
 'hated the most of all Men.' 'Whether it be,
 '(replied she) that I do not believe him, or that I
 'look more favourably upon you, I am sensible I
 'shall not fly from you, as I have done from him.'
 The Shepherd was transported with Joy at these
 obliging Words, and from that Day neglected no
 Opportunity to please the Princess.

Every Day he gathered the finest Flowers to make
 Garlands for her, and adorned her Crook with Rib-
 bands. He never would suffer her to be exposed to
 the Sun; but whenever she came along the River-
 side with her Flock, he would cut down Branches
 of Trees, and form an Arbour wherever there was
 a pleasant Situation. All the Trees thereabouts,
 bore her Cyphers, and Verses in praise of her

Beauty. The young Princess saw all those Testimonies of the Shepherd's Passion; she loved secretly, but durst never examine her Heart, for fear of finding there Sentiments too tender. The young Shepherd's Love for his Shepherdess, could not long be kept secret, but was discovered, as well as applauded by every one; for who could find fault where all was Love? All who saw them, said, they were born for each other; that they were both perfect Beauties; that it was the Work of the Gods, that Fortune made their Country so happy; and that they must neglect nothing to detain them. Carpillona felt a secret Joy to hear the public Praises in favour of a Swain she thought so amiable; but then thinking of the Difference that was between them she was somewhat chagrined, but purposed not to discover who she was, that she might indulge her Heart the more. The King and Queen who were extremely fond of them both, were no ways displeas'd at this growing Passion: They looked on the Prince as their own Son, and were no less taken with the Perfections of the Shepherdess. Was she not sent by *Amazona*, said they, who fought the Centaur? Without doubt, that wise Fairy has destin'd them for each other; therefore we must wait her Orders.

Things were in this Condition: The Prince complain'd always of Carpillona's Indifference, because she carefully conceal'd her Sentiments from him; when being one Day out a hunting, he could not avoid a furious Bear that came suddenly out of the Hollow of a Rock, and had devoured him, had not his Courage been seconded by his Activity. After having struggled a long Time upon the Top of the Mountain, they both at last rolled down together. Carpillona at that very Time was stopp'd with her Companions in that Place, yet could not see what pass'd on the Top of the Hill: But what a Condition were they all in, when

when they saw a Man and a Bear tumbling down together? The Princess soon knew her Shepherd, and sent out Cries of Fear and Grief; all the Shepherdesses ran away; but Love redoubling the Princess's Courage, she was so bold as to run the Iron of her Crook down into the terrible Monster's Throat, and so give her Lover some Assistance; who when he saw her, for fear she might partake of his Danger, raised his Courage to such a Height, that he no longer thought of preserving his own Life, but only to secure hers; and indeed killed his Enemy just at her Feet: At the same Time he fell down half dead with the Loss of Blood from two Wounds he had received.

How cruel a Sight was it for her to see his Clothes all died with Blood! She could not speak; her Face was drowned in Tears; she laid his Head in her Lap, and all on a sudden breaking Silence, said, 'Shepherd, if you die, I'll die with you: In vain have I concealed my secret Thoughts: know then now, that my Life is attached to yours.' 'What can I wish for more, fair Shepherdess?' (cried he in a faint Voice.) 'Whatever befalls me, my Fate now will always be happy.'

By this Time the Shepherdesses who fled, returned with several Shepherds, and assisted the Prince and the Princess, who by that Time was in as bad a Condition: But while they were cutting down the Branches of Trees to make a Sort of Litter for them, the Fairy *Amazona* appeared among them. 'Be not concerned (said she) let me touch the young Shepherd.' Then taking him by the Hand, and putting her golden Casque upon his Head, she said, 'Dear Shepherd, I forbid thee from being sick.' Hereupon he soon got up, and the Visor of the Casque being up, there appeared a martial Air in his Face; and his Eyes, which were bright and lively answered the Hopes which the Fairy conceived. He was amazed at the Manner of his Cure, and the

Majesty that appeared throughout her whole Person; and transported with Admiration, Joy, and Acknowledgment, cast himself at her Feet: ‘ Great Queen (said he) I was dangerously wounded; one Glance from your Eyes, and one Word from your Mouth has cured me. But alas! I have a Wound in my Heart that I will not be cured of; vouchsafe only to assuage the Pain, and mend my Fortune, since I cannot partake it, such as it is, with this fair Shepherdess.’ The Princess blushed to hear him speak after this Manner; she knew that the Fairy *Amazona* was not ignorant who she was, and feared lest she should blame her for giving Hopes to a Lover so much below her; insomuch that she durst not look up: But the Sighs that escaped her Breast, raised some Pity in that of the Fairy’s. ‘ Carpillona (said she), this Shepherd is not unworthy your Esteem. And you, Shepherd, who desire so much the Change of your Condition, assure yourself of a most illustrious Fate.’ And then she disappeared. The Shepherds and Shepherdesses conducted them back in Triumph to their Hamlet, placing the two Lovers in the midst of them, and crowned them with Flowers, as a Token of the Victory they had gained over the terrible Bear, which they brought after them, singing Verses on the Tenderness of Carpillona to the Prince.

When they came to the Shepherd Sublimus, they told him all that had happened; with what Courage the Shepherd had defended himself against the Bear, and with what Generosity the Shepherdess had assisted him; and in short, what the Fairy *Amazona* had done. The King, overjoyed at this Relation, ran to acquaint the Queen of it. ‘ Without doubt, (said he) this Boy and Girl are above the Vulgar; their eminent Perfections, their Beauty, and the Care of the Fairy *Amazona*, shews something extraordinary.’ This Discourse put the Queen in
mind

mind of the Diamond Ring *Carpillona* had given her. ‘ I have always forgot, (said she) to shew you a Ring which this young Shepherdes put into my Hands, with an uncommon Air of Grandeur, desiring me to accept of it, and to furnish her for it with such Clothes as they wear in this Country.’ ‘ Is the Stone fine (replied the King.)’ ‘ I never looked much at it (said the Queen) but here it is;’ and presented it to him. No sooner had he fixed his Eyes on it, but he cried out, ‘ Ye Gods ! what is this I behold ? What do you not know a Present which I received from your Hands ?’ At the same Time he touched a little Spring, the Diamond flew up, and the Queen saw her own Picture, which she had drawn to give the King ; and which she had tied about her little Daughter’s Neck for her to play with, when she nursed her in the Tower. ‘ Alas ! my Dear, (said she) what strange Adventure is this ? it renews all my Grievs : But let us talk to the Shepherdes, and endeavour to learn more.’ Upon this she called *Carpillona*, and said, ‘ I have waited till now, Child, for a Confession from you ; which would have given much more Pleasure, had it come from you without being pressed to it : But since you still continue to conceal from us who you are, it is proper that we inform you that we know, and that the Ring you gave me has discovered this Riddle. ‘ Alas ! Mother, (replied the Princess, falling on her Knees by her) it was not for want of Confidence that I concealed my Rank from you, but that I Thought it might be a Trouble to you to see a Princess reduced to my Condition.

‘ My Father was King of the Peaceable Islands ; but his Reign being disturbed by an Usurper, he, and my Mother, were both confined in a strong Tower. After three Years Imprisonment, they found the means, by the Assistance of one of their Guard, and the Favour of the Night, to escape.

They

They let me down in a Basket; but the Cord breaking, I fell into the Lake which surrounded the Castle, where I was taken up by some Fishermen, who just then were drawing their Nets, which they had thrown out for some Carp, which the Moat was well stored with. But, alas! how were the Fishermen deceived in their Hopes! for by my Weight they were in Expectation of a good Draught. When they first saw me, they thought of throwing me in again; but at last they resolved to leave me in the Net, and carry me to the Tyrant; who, being informed of the Flight of my Family, knew me to be an unhappy destitute Princess. His Wife, who had no Children, pitying, and having some Inclination for me, took me, and brought me up under the Name of *Carpillona*, perhaps with a design that I might have no notion of my Birth; but my Heart has always told me who I am: And it is sometimes a Misfortune to have Sentiments so little conformable to one's Fortune. But as the greatest Prosperity is not to be depended on, a neighbouring Prince, who was crooked, and went by the Name of the *Hump-backed Prince*, came at the Head of a gallant Army, deprived the Usurper of my Father's Crown of his ill gotten Power. The Change of the Tyrant's Fortune rendered mine still worse; The Conquerer took me with him as the greatest Ornament of his Triumph, and determined to marry me, whether I consented or not. In this Extremity I betook myself to Flight, dressed like a Shepherdess and leading a Cow; and was met by the Prince, who undoubtedly had known me again, if the Fairy *Amazona* had not generously given me a Nosegay of Gilliflowers to secure me from my Enemies. Neither, my good Mother, (continued the Princess, did she do a less charitable Action in recommending me to you; and if I declared not my Rank sooner, it was not through

‘ through Distrust, but only to spare your Grief.
 ‘ Not, (pursued she) that I complain ; for I never
 ‘ knew any Tranquility till the Day I was received
 ‘ by you ; and I must own that a Country Life is
 ‘ so sweet and innocent, that I prefer it before that
 ‘ of a Court.’

As she spoke with great Earnestness, she observed not that the Queen melted into Tears, and that the King’s Eyes watered ; but she had no sooner done, than they both strove to clasp her in their Arms, where they held her a long Time, without being able to pronounce one Word. She melted and cried after their Example ; and it is hard to express the agreeable Trouble these three illustrious Persons were in. At last the Queen making an Effort upon herself said, ‘ Is it possible, my dear Child, ‘ that after all my Sorrow for thy fatal Loss, Heaven ‘ should restore thee to thy Mother, to comfort her ‘ in her Misfortunes. Behold, my Child, the Breast ‘ that suckled thee in thy tender Infancy ! Behold ‘ the King thy Father, the Author of thy Days ! ‘ With what Transport shall we solemnize the ‘ Return of a Child which Heaven in it’s Anger ‘ deprived us of ?’ ‘ And I, illustrious Mother and ‘ Queen, (cried the Princess, casting herself at her ‘ Feet) by what Expressions and Actions shall I ‘ make you both understand the Love and Respect ‘ I owe you, since I find you the dear Sanctuary ‘ to my Misfortunes, when I durst not flatter my- ‘ self with ever seeing you again ?’ Then they all renewed their Caresses, and thus some Hours glided away. *Carpillona* after this retired, having first been forbid by her Father and Mother to speak of what had passed.

The Princess, in Regard to indifferent Persons, observed their Commands punctually, but could not keep the Secret from her young Shepherd ; so hard a Thing it is to conceal any Thing from a Person we love. She reproached herself a thousand Times

for not having discovered her Birth to him. ‘How
 ‘ great would his Obligation have been, (said she)
 ‘ if he had known, that being born to a Throne,
 ‘ I could stoop so low as to him: But, alas! what
 ‘ Difference does Love make between a Scepter and
 ‘ a Crook? Can this chimerical Grandeur, which
 ‘ we boast so much of, can it satisfy our Souls?
 ‘ No: Virtue alone has there a Right; it sets us
 ‘ above a Crown, and can free us from it: The
 ‘ Shepherd that loves me, is wise, witty, and amia-
 ‘ ble; what can a Prince be more?’ As she aban-
 ‘ doned herself to these Reflections, she saw him at
 her Feet, he having followed her to the River-side;
 and was presented by him with a Garland of Flow-
 ers, the Variety of which was charming. ‘From
 ‘ whence come you, fair Shepherdess (said he) I
 ‘ have been seeking you some Hours, and have
 ‘ waited some others with Impatience?’ ‘Shepherd,
 ‘ (said she) I have been taken up with a very sur-
 ‘ prizing Adventure, and reproach myself for being
 ‘ so long silent; but remember, that this Mark of
 ‘ my Confidence requires an eternal Secrecy. I
 ‘ am a Princess, my Father was a King, whom I
 ‘ find in the Person of the Shepherd *Sublimus*.’ The
 Prince was so confounded and surprized at this
 News, that he had not Power to interrupt her, tho’
 she related the History of her Life with all imagi-
 nable Beauty: So great were his Fears lest this
 wise Shepherd, since he was a King, should refuse
 him his Daughter; or that she reflecting on the
 Difference between a great Princess and himself,
 should fall off some Day from those Testimonies of
 Kindness she had given him. ‘Ah! Madam, (said
 ‘ the melancholy Prince) I am a lost Man, I must
 ‘ renounce this Life: You are born to a Crown,
 ‘ and have found your Father and Mother. For
 ‘ my part, I am an unhappy Wretch, that knows
 ‘ neither his Country or Relations; an Eagle was
 ‘ my Nurse, and her Nest my Cradle: If you have
 had

‘ had some favourable Regard to me, it will be returned you.’ The Princess mused a Moment or two, and without returning any Answer to what he said, took her Bodkin out of her Hair, and writ on the Bark of a Tree :

An equal Passion can your Heart return ?

The Prince writ immediately this Verse :

A thousand Times more ardently I burn.

The Princess writ under it :

*Thank Fortune for this lucky Main,
To love and to be lov'd again.*

The Prince, transported with Joy, cast himself at her Feet, and taking one of her Hands, said, ‘ Adorable Princess, you flatter my afflicted Heart, and by this new Bounty preserve my Life ; remember what you have wrote in my Favour.’ ‘ I am not capable of forgetting (said she, with a gracious Air ; depend upon my Heart, it is more interested in your Behalf than in my own.’ Their Conversation, without doubt, had been longer, had they had more Time ; but they were then obliged to gather up their Flocks, and return Home.

All this Time the King and Queen conferred together upon *Carpillona's* Behaviour towards the young Shepherd. While she was unknown to them, they approved of those growing Flames, that kindled in their Souls ; the perfect Beauty wherewith Heaven had endowed them, the Wit and Graces which accompanied all their Actions, made them desire an everlasting Union : But when they looked upon her with a different Eye, as their own Daughter, and on the Shepherd as an unfortunate Babe, exposed to the Fury of the wild Beasts, they resolved to tell *Carpillona*, that she should not entertain him any
more

more with flattering Hopes, but should declare to him that she would not settle in that Country. After this Determination of theirs, the Queen called her in, and with a great deal of Tenderness, told her all that had passed. But what Words were capable to calm so violent a Disorder? The young Princess strove in vain to constrain herself; her Face was sometimes as red as Scarlet, and another while as pale as Death; and the languishing of her Eyes discovered but too much the State she was in, Ah! how did she then repent her Confession? Nevertheless she assured her Mother, with great Submission, that she would obey her Commands; and then retiring, had much to do to get to her Bed, where bursting into Tears, she passed the Night in uttering her Complaints and Regrets.

The next Morning she arose, to lead her Flock to feed; but instead of going towards the River, went directly to a Wood, where laying down upon the Grass, and leaning upon her Elbow, she fell into a deep Musing: The Prince, who could not be quiet, where she was not present, sought all about for her, and finding her presented himself to her Sight; who no sooner saw him, but she shrieked out, as if she had been surprized, and rising with Precipitation, left him without looking once at him. He stood some Time like one Thunder-struck at so unusual a Behaviour; but recovering himself, followed her, and stopping her, said, 'What, Shepherdess, would you in giving me Death, deprive yourself of the Pleasure of seeing me expire before your Eyes? You have changed in regard to your Shepherd, and no longer remember what you promised but Yesterday.' Alas! (said she, casting her Eyes melancholy upon him, what Crime do you accuse me of? I am miserable, and tied down by Commands, which I cannot evade: Pity me, and leave me, wherever you see me.' Must I, (cried he, folding his Arms in an Air of Despair,)

' Despair) must I fly you, Divine Princess? and
 ' can so cruel an Order, and so little deserved, be
 ' pronounced by you yourself? What would you
 ' have become of me? And can that flattering
 ' Hope, to which you was so willing that I should
 ' abandon myself extinguish, and I live?' At these
 Words *Carpillona*, whose Grief was no less violent
 than her Lover's, fell speechless, and void of Life,
 at his Feet. At which Sight he was agitated
 with a thousand different Thoughts; but the Con-
 dition his beloved Mistress was in, told him, that
 her Heart had no Part in the Orders she then gave
 him, which diminished in a measure his Sorrows:
 However, he lost not a Moment to assist her; a
 Spring which ran softly along the Grass, afforded
 him Water to throw in her Face, and some *Cupids*,
 who were hid behind a Bush, have told their Com-
 rades since that he was so bold as to steal a Kiss,
 Whether it be true, or not, the charming Shep-
 herdess presently opened her Eyes, and pushing her
 lovely Shepherd from her, said, ' Fly, and be
 ' gone; how angry will my Mother be, if she
 should come?' ' What (said he) must I leave you
 ' then, to be devoured by Wolves and Bears; or
 ' during a long Swoon, to be stung in this solitary
 ' Place by some Serpent or Aspic.' ' Yes, (said
 ' she) we must hazard all, rather than displease
 ' the Queen.'

During this Conversation, in which their tender
 Looks had no small Share, the Fairy their Pro-
 tectrix, appeared in the King's Chamber, armed
 as before, and addressing herself to the Queen, said,
 ' You are no ways grateful, Madam, for the pre-
 ' sent I made you of your Daughter, who would
 ' have been drowned in the Net, but for me, since
 ' you are upon the Point of killing with Grief the
 ' young Shepherd (with whom I trusted you:)
 ' Think not of the Difference that may be between
 ' him and *Carpillona*; it is Time to unite them:
 ' Think,

‘ Think, illustrious *Sublimus* (said she to the King) of their Marriage; I wish it, and you will have no Reason to repent it.’ After these Words, without waiting for an Answer, she left them, nothing remaining to their View, but long Rays of Light, like those of the Sun.

The King and Queen were equally surprized, and both felt a secret Joy, that the Fairy’s Commands were so positive. ‘ It is no longer to be doubted (said the King) but that this unknown Shepherd is of a Birth agreeable to *Carpillona*, since their Protectrix has too much Justice to unite two Persons of unequal Rank. ’Twas she that saved our Child in the Lake, where she must inevitably have perished. How have we deserved her Protection?’ ‘ I have often heard say (replied the Queen, that there are good and ill Fairies, and that they have a Friendship or an Aversion to Families according to their Genius, and certainly *Amazona* is favourable to us.’ As they were talking in this Manner, the Princess came in, a drooping languishing Air appearing in her Face. The Prince, who durst not follow her, but at a Distance, came some Time after; but so great Melancholy hung upon him, that it was sufficient to look at him, to know all that passed in his Soul; and during Dinner-time these two Lovers, who used to make all the Mirth, opened not their Mouths, nor durst they so much as look at one another. When the Cloth was taken away, the King went into his little Garden, and bid the Shepherd follow him. At this Order he turned pale; an extraordinary Shivering glided through his Veins, and *Carpillona* was afraid her Father was going to send him away; so dreadful were both their Apprehensions, *Sublimus* went into a green Arbour, where sitting down, and looking upon the Prince, he said, ‘ Son, you know with what Love I have brought you up: I have always regarded you as a Present made

' made me by the Gods, to support and comfort me
 ' in my old Age; but a greater Proof of my
 ' Friendship to you, is the Choice I make of you for
 ' my Daughter *Carpillona*, the Loss of whom you
 ' have heard me so often deplore; but that same
 ' Providence that restored her to me, has ordained
 ' her for you.' ' Ah! Father, (cried the Prince,
 ' casting himself at his Feet) dare I flatter myself
 ' with what I hear? Am I so happy as to be your
 ' Choice, or is this only to know my Sentiments
 ' for that beautiful Shepherdess?' ' No, my dear
 ' Son, (said the King) float no longer thus be-
 ' tween Hope and Fear); I am resolved to cele-
 ' brate your Nuptials within a few Days.' ' You
 ' heap too many obligations upon me, (replied the
 ' Prince embracing his Knees; and if I do not
 ' sufficiently explain my acknowledgments, it pro-
 ' ceeds from the excess of my Joy.' The King made
 him rise, professed a great Value and Friendship
 for him: and though he did not acquaint him with
 the Greatness of his Rank, he said enough to let
 him know, that his Birth was much above his pre-
 sent Condition.

Carpillona could not be easy, but must follow
 them into the Garden, where she observed all that
 passed from behind some Trees; and seeing her
 Lover at her Father's Feet, she believed he might
 be intreating him not to condemn him to a cruel
 Banishment; and desiring to know no more, fled
 into the Forest, running like a Fawn before the
 Dogs, fearing neither the Fierceness of the wild
 Beasts, nor the Thorns or Briars, which tore her
 on all Sides. The Echoes repeated her Com-
 plaints, and she seemed to seek nothing but Death:
 In the mean Time her Shepherd, impatient to tell
 her the joyful News, made all imaginable Haste to
 follow her, and find her out. ' Where are you my
 ' Shepherdess (cried he) where are you, my lovely
 ' *Carpillona*; if you hear me, fly me not, we shall
 ' both

‘ both be happy.’ In pronouncing these Words, he perceived her, surrounded in the bottom of a Vale by several Hunters, who were endeavouring to put her behind a little hump-backed Man: At this Sight, and the cries of his Mistress, who wanted assistance, he flew like an Arrow out of a Bow, and having no other Arms but his Sling, he let fly a Stone, which hit the crooked Prince full on his Forehead, and knocked him off his Horse, who brought the Princess down with him. By that Time the Prince came to them himself, and endeavoured to defend his dear Shepherdess against those Ravishers; but all his Resistance was to no Purpose, they took him as well as her, and had sacrificed him to their Rage, had not the crook-backed Prince made a Sign to them to save him, that he might put him to the most cruel Torments: So that they then only contented themselves with binding him and the Princess, and in such a Manner, that they could talk to one another; and after having made a Sort of a Litter to carry their wounded Prince in, went away, without being seen by any of the Shepherds, who might have given *Sublimus* an Account of the Misfortune of these young Lovers. Notwithstanding, we may easily imagine his and the Queen’s concern, when Night came, and they saw them not; who with all the Shepherds of that Neighbourhood, sought several Days for them.

Now before I proceed any further, it will not be amiss to say, that the crooked Prince had not forgot *Carpilona*, and that when he was not employed with the Affairs of State, or acting some horrid Murder, he used to go a hunting, and stay out for seven or eight Days. It was at one of these long Huntings, that he saw the Princess cross a Path; and the Liveliness of her Grief made her give so little Attention to what might befall her, that she
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took not the Nofegay of Gilliflowers with her; fo that he knew her as foon as he faw her.

But to return to the Shepherd and Shepherdess: The Shepherd cried out, ‘ Alas! this is the greateft of all Misfortunes; we were juft upon the Point of being united together.’ And then he told her all that paffed between *Sublimus* and him. It is no hard Matter to comprehend the Regret of *Carpillona*, who burfting forth a frefh into Tears, faid, ‘ I fhall coft you your Life; I lead you, for whom I would spill the laft Drop of my Blood, to a horrid Punifhment: I am the Caufe of this Misfortune, and through my own Imprudence, have fallen into the inhuman Hands of my moft cruel Perfecutor.’

With this kind of Difcourfe they entertained one another, ’till they arrived at the Capital City, where the good old King, the Father of this wicked and crooked Prince, was informed that his Son was brought in a Litter, having received by a Stone out of a Sling, a Wound from a young Shepherd, in Defence of a Shepherdess, and was in great Danger. At this News the King was very much concerned, and ordered the Shepherd to be put into a Dungeon; and the like Fate the Princess *Carpillona* underwent, by a private Order of the Prince, who refolved to make her confent to marry him, or to put her to the fevereft Torments: But it feemed that thefe two Lovers were only parted by a flight Partition, the Boards of which being not joined clofe, they had the Satisfaction of feeing each other when the Sun fhone at Noon, and the Remainder of their Time had the more Liberty to entertain their Sorrows. They faid all the tender and paffionate Things Hearts fo deeply touched could invent, and expreffed themfelves in fuch moving Terms, that they often diffolved into Tears. The Creatures of the Prince came every Day to the Princess, to threaten her with a speedy Death, if
fhe

she did not accept the Honour he did her. She received all their Proposals with a Firmness of Mind, and an Air of Disdain, insomuch that they began to despair of their Undertaking. ‘Fear nothing, my dear Shepherd, (said she) the Dread of the most cruel Torments cannot make me unfaithful; we will die together, if we cannot live so.’ ‘Fair Princess, (replied he) do you think to comfort me? Alas! would it not be more easy to me to see you in the Arms of this Monster, than in the Hands of an Executioner?’ In short, these Sentiments of his were not relished by her; she accused him of Weakness, and assured him she would shew him an Example, and die with Courage.

The Prince’s Wound growing better, his Love, enraged with a continual Denial of the Princess, made him resolve to sacrifice her, with the young Shepherd, to his Rage; and to that End appointed a Day for this dismal Tragedy, and desired the King, and all the Lords of the Kingdom, to be present; and for himself he came in an open Litter, to glut his Eyes with this horrid Sight. The King, not knowing the Princess *Carpillona* was a Prisoner, when he saw her bound with her Governess, who was condemned to suffer the same Fate as herself and Shepherd who appeared as bright as the Sun; he ordered them to be brought to him upon the Terrass, where he was with his Court, and not waiting for the Princess’s making her Complaint, for the ill and bad Usage she had had, cut the Cords wherewith she was bound, and afterwards looking upon the Shepherd, found his Bowels yearn with Tenderness and Compassion: ‘Rash Youth, (said he speaking to him with all the Harshness he was Master of) what could inspire thee with so much Boldness, as to attack so great a Prince, and to reduce him almost to Death?’ The Shepherd shewing an awful Respect, and a Confidence unknown to him before, replied, and said with a wonderful

wonderful Intrepidity, ‘ Great Monarch, the Danger which I saw the fair Princess in, was the Occasion of this rash Action ; I knew not your Son, and much less in an Attempt so violent, and so much below a Prince.’ As he spoke he invigorated his Discourse, by raising his Voice and his Gesture, wherein his Arm lay bare, and the Arrow, wherewith he was marked appeared too visible, not to be perceived by the King ; who cried out, ‘ O Heavens ! am I deceived ? or have I found my Son again, whom I had lost ? ‘ No ; ‘ Great King (said the Fairy *Amazona*, mounted in the Air upon a stately Horse) you are not deceived ; behold thy Son, whom I preserved in an Eagle’s Nest, where he was carried by the Order of his barbarous Brother, for the loss of whom he must be thy Comfort.’ And as she made an End of these Words, flew at the guilty Prince, and with her Lance pierced his Heart, which reduced him presently to Ashes.

After this the Fairy went to the Terrass, and presented the Prince, no longer now a Shepherd, with a Suit of Armour, saying to him, ‘ These I promised thee ; and with these thou shalt be invulnerable, and the greatest Warrior in the World.’ Hereupon there were heard in the Air the Soundings of Trumpets, and all Manner of warlike Instruments, which were followed with a soft and melodious Symphony to Words in the Praise of the Prince and Princess. The Fairy alighted from off her Horse, placed herself by the King, and desired him to give Orders for solemnizing the Marriage ; and then commanded a Genius, that appeared at her Call, to go and fetch the illustrious and royal Shepherd and his Family ; which immediately went, and returned with them. What a Satisfaction was this, after such long Troubles ? The Palace was filled with Cries of Joy,
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and none was ever equal to that of these two Kings and their Children. The Nuptials were celebrated with great Magnificence; after which the kind Fairy took her Leave and disappeared. The King *Sublimus* returned to his own Dominions. *Carpillona* lived with her dear Spouse in all imaginable Pleasure, and the old King everjoyed to see a Son so worthy of his Love, grew young again with the Satisfaction he enjoyed, and lengthened out his Days some Time longer.

THE
S T O R Y
OF THE
P I D G E O N AND D O V E.

THERE was formerly a King and Queen, who lived in that strict Union and Love, that they were an Example to all the Families in their own Kingdom, which was the Kingdom of *Desarts*; where the Subjects lived together in that Harmony, that they were the Surprize of their Neighbours. The Queen had had several Children, but could rear up but one; which was a Daughter of such incomparable Beauty, that if any Thing could comfort her for the Loss of her other Children, it was the Charms that appeared in this. The King and Queen educated her as their only Hope. But the Felicity of this small Family lasted not long: The King being one Day a hunting upon a fiery starting Horse, and some People being a shooting, the Horse was so frightened at the Fire and Noise of a Gun, that he ran away with the King and fell with him down a great Precipiece, where he died immediately. This dismal News reduced the Queen

to the utmost Extremity; she was too sensible of Grief to moderate or resist it, and thought of nothing but settling her Affairs, that she might die with some Sort of Quiet; and having a Friend, who was called, *the Sovereign Fairy*, because of her Authority over all Kingdoms, and her great Power, she writ a Letter to her with a dying Hand, desiring her to come, that she might expire in her Arms, and to make halte if she would find her alive, because she had something of Consequence to say to her.

Though the Fairy had at that time Matters of great Concern upon her Hands, she left them all unfinished, and mounting upon her fiery Camel, that went swifter than the Sun, come to the Queen, who waited for her with the utmost Impatience: First, she acquainted her with several Things relating to the Government of the Kingdom, desiring her to accept of it, and withal to take care of the little Princess *Constantia*. And then said, ‘ If any
 ‘ Thing can make me easy, in leaving an Orphan
 ‘ of so tender an Age behind me, ’tis the Hope
 ‘ you give me of the same Marks of Friendship to-
 ‘ wards her, as you have always shewn me; and
 ‘ that she will find in you a Mother, that can
 ‘ make her happier and render her more perfect;
 ‘ and that you will make choice of an Husband so
 ‘ amiable, that she may never love any other.’
 ‘ Great Queen (said the Fairy) you desire all that
 ‘ can be wished for, and I will forget nothing to
 ‘ serve your Daughter: but I have cast her Nati-
 ‘ vity, and it seems Fate is angry with Nature for
 ‘ having exhausted all her Treasures in her Birth,
 ‘ and upon that Account is resolv’d to make her
 ‘ suffer: And your Majesty must know, that it
 ‘ sometimes pronounces some Sentences that are
 ‘ not to be avoided.’ ‘ However, (replied the
 Queen)

Queen) soften her Misfortunes, and neglect nothing to prevent them ; by Attention we often may prevent great Evils.' The Sovereign Fairy promised what she desired, and the Queen having embraced her dear *Constantia* with all the Tenderness of a loving Mother, died in great Tranquillity.

The Fairy, who read with great Ease whatever was foretold by the Stars, saw plainly that the Princess was threatened with the fatal Love of a Giant, whose Dominions lay nigh to the Kingdom of *Desarts*, therefore she thought the best way to avoid him, was to remove her Charge to a Part the farthest off from that Giant, where they might be in no likelihood of his disturbing their Repose. Whereupon, as soon as she had made Choice of some Ministers she durst confide in, to govern in her Absence, and had enacted some Laws as judiciously contrived for the Benefit of the Subject, as any that were made by the Sages of Greece, she went one Night into *Constantia's* Chamber, and without waking her, took her in her Arms, and carried her on her fiery Camel into a fertile country, where she might live free from Ambition and Trouble : it being a true Representation of the Valley of *Tempe*, where Shepherds and Shepherdesses lived in little Huts of their own Building. The Fairy knowing, that if the Princess lived to sixteen Years of Age, without seeing the Giant, that she might return in Triumph back to her own Dominions, took all the Care imaginable to conceal her from the Eyes of all the World ; and that she might not appear so beautiful, dressed her like a Shepherdess, with her Coifs, and Hat hanging over her Eyes ; but that charming Princess, like the Sun breaking out from a dark Cloud, could not be so disguised, but that some of her Charms must appear ; and notwithstanding

standing all the Fairy's Care, Constantia was every where mentioned as the chief Work of the Gods, and the Ravisher of all Hearts. Besides her Beauty was not the only Thing for which she was admired; the Fairy had endowed her with a delicate Voice, and the Knowledge of all Instruments, that she might be said even to excel *Apollo* and the Muses. In this Solitude she lived without the least repining, for the Fairy had acquainted her with the Reasons of bringing her up in so obscure a Manner; which, as she had a great Share of Wit and good Sense, she relished extraordinary well: In short, she was the Admiration of the Fairy for her Docility and quickness of Apprehension. But as her Presence at that Time was absolutely necessary in the Kingdom of *Desarts*, since the Ministers she had appointed acted not according to their Instructions, she was obliged to leave Constantia, enjoining her not to stir out till she returned.

The Princess had a Favourite Ram, that she had bred up from a Lamb, and which she called *Rufon*, with which she used to divert herself, dressing it up in Garlands of Flowers, and Bunches of Ribbons. It knew her Voice, and would do whatever she bid it, and used to skip about her Chamber, and play with her for Hours together. Wherever she went, it would go along with her, would eat nought but what she gave, and would sooner perish with Thirst than drink out of any Thing but the Palms of her Hands; it would shut a Door, beat Time when the Princess sung, and bleat by way of Cadence: In short, *Rufon* was amiable, and was loved by Constantia, who was continually talking and making much of him. Notwithstanding all this, *Rufon* was more taken with an Ewe of the Flock, than his Princess, and a poor sorry Ewe was more in *Rufon's* Eyes than the Queen of Love.

Constantia

Constantia often reproached him with his Wantonness: 'Little Libertine (said she) cannot you stay with me? thou art so dear to me, that for thee alone I neglect my whole Flock, and yet thou wilt not forsake that scabby Ewe to please me.' After that, she tied him to the Wall with a Chain of Flowers, whereat he seemed very much vexed, and kept pulling and tearing 'till he broke it. 'Alas, (said Constantia in a Passion) the Fairy has often told me, that Men are as wilful as thee, that they cannot endure the least Confinement, and that they are the most refractory Creatures under the Heavens; and therefore since thou art like them, naughty Rufon, go to thy nasty Ewe, and if the Wolf, should catch thee, thou must take it for thy Pains, since it will not be perhaps in my Power to save thee.'

The amorous Sheep, on whom Constantia's Advice could not prevail, being one Day with his dear Ewe, nigh the little House where the Princess was set working all alone, she heard him bleat out so loud and pitifully, that she no longer disputed but some ill Accident had befallen him; and being very much concerned for him, ran to the Door, from whence she saw her poor Rufon carried away by a Wolf: And not thinking of the Charge the Fairy had given her, ran after crying out, a Wolf, a Wolf: and still pursued him, sometimes throwing her Crook, and sometimes Stones at him, but all could not make him quit his Prey, when alas! passing by a Wood, there came out a terrible Giant. The Princess, at the Sight of this Colossus, lifted up her Eyes to Heaven to beg Assistance, and almost wished the Earth would open and swallow her, but all in vain; she deserved to be punished for not believing and observing what the sovereign Fairy told her. The Giant spread

wide his Arms to hinder her passing by; and tho' he was savage and furious, nevertheless he was sensible of her Charms. 'What Goddess art thou?' (said he, in a Voice as loud as Thunder :) 'Think not to deceive me, for thou art not mortal; therefore tell me thy Name, or whether thou be the Wife or Daughter of Jove. I have a long Time sought after a Goddess to marry her, and now happily met with one.' At these words the Princess remained mute, and he finding that she returned no Answer to his Gallantries, said, 'For a Divinity thou hast the least Wit I ever met with, therefore, I shall put thee in my Bag.' And without any more ado, opened a great Sack and put her in. The first Thing she perceived was the Wolf and the Ram, which the Giant had taken as he was hunting: 'Alas! (said the Princess to the Sheep, kissing it, thou must die with me, my dear Ruseon; but that is but a small Comfort; would it not have been much better for us to have staid at Home?' This melancholy Reflection made her cry most bitterly; she sighed and sobbed, Ruseon bleated, and the Wolf howled, which awakened a Dog, a Cock, a Parrot, and a Cat, that were fast asleep, and they altogether made such a Noise, that the Giant tired therewith, thought once to kill them: But at last contented himself with only tying them up in the Sack, and hanging them upon a Tree while he went to fight a Duel with another Giant.

The Princess never disputed but that she was a great Way from Home, though she had not been long in the Sack, for the Giant's moderate Rate of walking was faster than the swiftest Horse could gallop; however she took out her Scissars, and ripped up the Sack, and let out her Ruseon, the Cock, the Cat, and Parrot; and after them got out

out herself, leaving the Wolf behind. The Night was very dark, and the Princess a Stranger to the Place where she was, and knew not which Way to go, being in the Midst of a large Forest, and not a Star appeared in the Heavens that might afford her the least Light, and she always in fear of meeting the Giant; notwithstanding all this, she went forwards, and had fell a thousand Times, but that the Animals she had set at Liberty, out of Gratitude stayed with her, and were very serviceable to her in her Journey. The Cat's glaring Eyes served for a Flambeaux; the Dog as a Centinal, to give notice by his Barking; the Cock by his Crowing, to frighten the Lions; and the Parrot, by his Talking, secured her against Thieves, by making them believe there were twenty People; and the Ram by going just before, picked out her Way, that she might not stumble. Constantia kept walking on at a Venture, recommending herself to the Protection of her good Friend the Fairy, though at the same Time she reproached herself for not having followed her Orders. Sometimes she feared she was forsaken, and wished that her good Fortune would Conduct her to the House where she had been brought up so privately; but as she was entirely ignorant of the Way, she durst not flatter herself with so great an Happiness. At Day-break she found herself by the Side of a River, that watered a most agreeable Meadow, and looking about, saw neither Dog, Cat, Cock, or Parrot, but only Rusion that kept her Company;

• Alas! (said she) where am I? I am a perfect
 • Stranger to this sweet Abode; what will become
 • of me? Who will take Care of me? How much
 • hast thou cost me, my dear Favourite? (said she
 • to Rusion) Had I not ran after thee, I had been
 • still with the *Sovereign Fairy*, and had been in
 • no fear of the Giant, or any unlucky Adventure.'

Rufon trembling, feemed to acknowledge his Fault; and in fhort, the Princefs fatigued and weary, left off chiding, and fat herfelf down on the Banks, where the Shade of fome Trees fecured her from the Heat of the Sun, invited her to lie down to take a fhort Sleep, while Rufon, who ferved for her Guard, walked around her. She had not been long in a foud Sleep, before Rufon bleated fo loud, that he awakened her, but then how great was her Aftonifhment, to obferve at twenty Paces off a young Man behind fome Bufhes; the Beauty of his Shape and Face, the Noblenefs of his Air, and the Magnificence of his Drefs, equally furprized the Princefs, that fhe started up all on a fudden, with a Refolution to be gone: But what fecret Charm detained her, I know not. She looked upon the Stranger with as much Concern, as if he had been the Giant; but her Apprehenfions proceeded from different Caufes: Their Looks and Actions difcovered too well the Sentiments they entertained of each other, and they perhaps might have remained fo fome Time before they had fpoke, had not the Prince heard the Sounding of the Horn, and the Dogs approaching them. Perceiving fhe was furprized, at laft he faid, ‘ Fear nothing, fair Shepherdefs, you are
 ‘ fafe here; would to Heaven all that you fee were
 ‘ fo too.’ ‘ Sir (faid fhe) I am a poor Orphan,
 ‘ whose only employ is being a Shepherdefs, there-
 ‘ fore I implore your Protection; procure me but
 ‘ a Flock, none fhall exceed me in Care.’ ‘ Hap-
 ‘ py muft the Sheep be, faid he that you lead!
 ‘ But in fhort, lovely Shepherdefs, if you defire it,
 ‘ I will fpeak to the Queen my Mother, and fhall
 ‘ take a Pleafure from this Day to offer you my
 ‘ Services.’ ‘ Alas! Sir (replied Conftantia) I
 ‘ ask pardon for the Liberty I have taken; I fhould
 ‘ not have been fo bold, had I known your Rank.’

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The Prince heard her with the utmost Astonishment, to find her Wit and Politeness answerable to the Excellence of her Beauty, all which was no ways agreeable to the Plainness of her Dress; and thereupon endeavoured to dissuade her from being a Shepherdess. ‘ Consider (said he) you will be
 ‘ exposed in Woods and Fields, to many Dangers,
 ‘ where you have no other Company but your
 ‘ harmless Sheep; besides, the Delicacies I have
 ‘ observed in you will not admit of that Solitude
 ‘ you seem to desire. Who can be so ignorant as
 ‘ to think, that when the Fame of your Charms is
 ‘ spread abroad, you can avoid thousands of im-
 ‘ portunate Lovers? I myself, adorable Shepher-
 ‘ dess, will quit the Court to follow you; and why
 ‘ may not others do the like?’ ‘ Forbear (Sir,
 ‘ said she) to flatter me with Praises, of which I
 ‘ am no ways deserving; I was born in a Cottage,
 ‘ and have always led a Country Life, and hope
 ‘ you will permit me to look after the Queen’s
 ‘ Flock, if she vouchsafed me that Charge, in all
 ‘ Tranquillity: But yet I have one Favour more
 ‘ to request, and that is, that I may be put under
 ‘ some more experienced Shepherdess, whom I
 ‘ shall endeavour never to displease.’ The Prince
 could not return any Answer to these Words, be-
 cause his Attendants appeared on a Hill at some
 small Distance, but said to her in great Haste, ‘ I
 ‘ must leave you, charming Fair; I cannot bear
 ‘ the Thoughts that so many should partake of the
 ‘ Happiness of seeing you: Go to the End of the
 ‘ Meadow, there is the House where you will be
 ‘ entertained, if you tell them I sent you.’ Here-
 upon Constantia, who was loth to be exposed to so
 much Company, ran to the Place where *Constantio*
 (which was the Prince’s Name) directed her, fol-
 lowed all the while by that Prince’s Eyes, who
 fetched many tender Sighs; then remounting his

Horse he made towards his Company, and with them returned to Court, without pursuing their Sport any longer.

When he came to see the Queen, he found her very much enraged against an old Shepherdes, who had given up a very bad Account of her Lambs; whereupon she had ordered her never to see her more. Constantio, favoured with this Opportunity, told her he had met with a young Danisel that seemed careful, and who was very desirous to serve her. The Queen approved of what her Son told her, bidding the Prince give Orders for her to be conducted to those Pastures that belonged to the Crown. He was overjoyed that she was dispensed with from coming to Court; for the Violence of his Passion had created a Jealousy of being rivalled, though there were none that could dispute with him either in Rank or Merit; but indeed he was not so apprehensive of the great Lords, as of more inferior Persons, believing she might have more Inclination for a plain Shepherd, than for a Prince so nigh to the Throne. Hard it is to relate the many Reflections with which this was followed, how he reproached his Heart, that had never loved before, nor thought any Person worthy of it, for submitting to a young Damsel of an obscure Birth; and since that he could not own his Passion without a Blush, he resolved to combat it, and persuaded himself that Absence was the only Remedy, particularly in a new born Love. He avoided the Sight of his Shepherdes as much as possible, and followed his Diversion of Hunting and other Sports; and whenever he saw any Sheep, turned his Head away, as if they were so many Vipers, insomuch that in a little Time he was insensible of the Wound he had received: When one Day, it being the hottest of the Dog-Days, fatigued with severe Hunting, and being alone by the River-side, he retired under

der some Willows and Osiers, that by the uniting of their Branches formed a pleasant Shade, which invited him to Sleep; when all on a sudden he was awakened by an heavenly Voice, and agreeably surprized to hear these Words:

*Why, alas! have I then vow'd
To live all free from Love,
Since it is the God's Decree,
That he will me perjur'd prove.*

*How from such a killing Wound
Shall I free each tender Part,
Since Constantio is become
Master of my easy Heart.*

*To other Day I saw him walk
To this solitary Glade,
Wearied with the pleasing Toil,
That invites Men to it's Shade.*

*Nothing so charming had I seen
To rob me of my Rest;
'Twas then Love drew his Bow,
And aim'd it at my Breast.*

*The Dart pierced in too deep,
So large a Wound it made;
My Passion burns up to a Flame,
No Cure is to be had.*

His Curiosity, at the hearing of his Name mentioned, prevailed over the pleasure of listening to the fine Singing, he rose up, and went to a little Eminence, surround with Trees, to look about, he was no sooner at the Top, but he perceived the fair Constantia, at the Foot thereof, sitting by the Side of a Brook, the precipitant Fall whereof seemed, by
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the agreeable Noise it made, to agree with her Voice. Her faithful Sheep lay on the Grass by her Side, while she frequently patted him with her Crook, and he in acknowledgment, looked her in the Face, kissed her Hand, ‘ Alas! (said the Prince
 ‘ to himself) how happy wouldst thou be, if thou
 ‘ knewest but the Value of those Caresses? this Shep-
 ‘ herdes is now more beautiful than the first Time
 ‘ I saw her! O Love! what is it thou requirest of
 ‘ me! Ought I to love, or am I rather able to re-
 ‘ sist? I have carefully avoided her, being too sen-
 ‘ sible of the Danger of seeing her; witness, ye
 ‘ Gods! the Impressions those first Moments made
 ‘ on me. My Reason I employed to my Assistance;
 ‘ I flew from the lovely Object: but, alas! have
 ‘ found it again: And too sure, the *Constantia* she
 ‘ spoke of, is some happy Shepherd.’

While he was arguing with himself after this Manner, the Shepherdes arose to gather up her Flock, to drive them to another Part of the Mead, where she had left her Companions. The Prince, fearing to lose his Opportunity of speaking to her, made all imaginable Haste to get to her: ‘ Charm-
 ‘ ing Shepherdes (said he) give me Leave to ask
 ‘ if the small Service I did you, is any ways pleas-
 ‘ ing to you?’ Constantia, at the Sight of the Prince, blushed, and her Complection was animated with the most lively Colours: ‘ Sir (replied
 ‘ she) I should have taken Care to have returned
 ‘ you my most humble Acknowledgments, if they
 ‘ had been convenient from so poor a girl as me,
 ‘ to so great a Prince; but if I have been failing
 ‘ therein, Heaven can witness I am not ungrate-
 ‘ ful, but pray the Gods to crown your Days with
 ‘ Happiness.’ ‘ Constantia (replied he) if you are
 ‘ so much touched with my good Intentions, as you
 ‘ say, it is easy for you to shew it.’ ‘ Alas! Sir,
 ‘ (said she, somewhat confused) what can I do for
 ‘ you?’

‘ you?’ ‘ You may tell me, (added he) whom you
 ‘ meant by those Words you sung?’ ‘ As they are
 ‘ none of my making (answered she) it is not in
 ‘ my Power to satisfy you therein.’ While she
 was speaking, he perceived that she blushed, and
 was somewhat embarrassed, and thereupon said,
 ‘ Why, Constantia, do you conceal your Thoughts,
 ‘ since your Countenance betrays too much the
 ‘ Secrets of your Heart? You are in Love.’ Here
 he left off to observe her with more Attention. To
 which she replied, ‘ Sir, whatever Things may
 ‘ concern me, cannot be worth a great Prince’s
 ‘ being informed of; besides, I am so much used
 ‘ to Silence with my Sheep, that I must beg your
 ‘ Pardon, if I answer not your Questions.’ And
 then went away suddenly.

As Jealousy oftentimes helps to renew the Flames
 of Love, the Prince’s from that Moment took such
 Force as never to be extinguished; he discovered a
 thousand new Charms in her Person, which he never
 had observed before; her Manner of leaving
 him, confirmed his Suspicion, of her being in love
 with some Shepherd: A profound Melancholy hung
 over his Soul, he durst not follow her, though desirous
 of more Discourse with her; but laid himself
 down on the same Place she rose from, and after
 recollecting the Words she had sung, writ them
 down in his Pocket-Book, and examined them with
 great Attention. ‘ ’Tis but lately (said he to him-
 ‘ self) that she has seen this Constantio, with whom
 ‘ she is so much enamoured; how came I to bear
 ‘ the same Name, and not also to enjoy the same
 ‘ good Fortune? Alas! how coldly she looked at
 ‘ me? She shewed more indifference than when
 ‘ first I saw her; her greatest Care has been to find
 ‘ out a Pretext to get away from me.’ With these
 tormenting Thoughts he racked his afflicted Soul,
 unable to comprehend that a simple Shepherdes
 should

should not have the least Inclination to a great Prince. When he returned to the Palace, he sent for a young Lad, with whom he used to divert himself sometimes, who was both of Birth and Fashion, and one of the Prince's Attendants; he ordered him to dress himself like a Shepherd, to feed a Flock of Sheep in the Queen's Meadows, and to observe Constantia, without being in the least suspected by her. *Mirtain* (which was his Name) too desirous to please his Master to neglect any Opportunity, promised to acquit himself the best he could, and prepared himself against the next Morning; when he was admitted, by shewing an Order from the Prince, and saying he was his Shepherd. He was gallant, and found it no difficult Matter to render himself pleasing to the Shepherdesses; but for Constantia, he discovered in her an Air of Pride above what she seemed to be, which made him think the Country Life she led could not be agreeable to so much Wit, Beauty, and Merit: He followed her, but all in vain, and found her always alone at the Bottom of the Wood, singing an Air which she seemed very much to delight in. He could meet with no Shepherds that durst undertake to make any Address, so difficult it appeared to please her; however, *Mirtain* attempted it, was always near, offered her some little Services, but found by Experience, that she would not enter into any Engagement.

Every Night he gave the Prince an Account of the Situation of Affairs, all which contributed to his Despair. 'Deceive not yourself, my Lord, (said he one Day to him, this beautiful Damsel is certainly in Love: but then it is with one of her own Country. If so (replied the Prince) why should she not return home?' 'How do we know (added *Mirtain*, but she may have some Reasons that may oppose it?' Perhaps she may
be

' be enraged against her Lover.' Alas! (cried
 ' the Prince) the Words I heard her sing were ut-
 ' tered with too much Tenderness; however, learn
 ' her Sentiments of me, speak both well and ill of
 ' me: By that means thou mayest come to know
 ' her Thoughts.' *Mirtain* failed not to get an
 Opportunity of Discourse with Constantia, and
 among other Things, said, ' Fair Shepherdess,
 ' what is the Matter with you? You seem melan-
 ' choly, notwithstanding all those Reasons you have
 ' to be otherwise.' ' Pray, (said she) what are
 ' those Reasons? I am here a Stranger, reduced
 ' to keep Sheep, and hear no News from my
 ' Friends; where is the Agreeableness of all
 ' this?' ' But then (replied he) you are the most
 ' amiable Person in the World; you have a great
 ' Share of Wit, a ravishing Voice, and a Beauty
 ' not to be equalled.' ' Though I am Mistress of
 ' all these (said she, fetching a deep Sigh) of what
 ' Advantage are they to me?' ' What then (re-
 ' plied *Mirtain*) you are ambitious, you think
 ' none but Kings and Princes are happy? Be con-
 ' vinced of this Mistake; I belong to the Prince
 ' Constantio, and notwithstanding the Inequality
 ' of our Stations, am sometimes nigh his Person,
 ' and can observe and penetrate into the Actions of
 ' his Soul, and know full well he is not happy.'
 ' Alas! (said the Princess) what can trouble his
 ' Repose;' ' A fatal Passion (answered *Mirtain*.)'
 ' He is in Love (replied she with some concern;)
 ' alas! I pity him: But what do I say (continued
 ' she, blushing) he is too lovely, not to deserve a
 ' Return.' ' he dares not flatter himself fair Shep-
 ' herdess (said *Mirtain*; but if you would give
 ' him Ease as to that Point, your Words would
 ' have more Effect upon him than any other Per-
 ' son's.' ' It is no ways proper for me (said she)
 ' to concern myself with the Affairs of so great a
 ' Prince;

‘ Prince ; and those you speak to me of, are too particular: Adieu, Mirtain (leaving him suddenly) if you would oblige me, speak no more of your Prince, nor his Amours.’

Thus she left *Mirtain*, though no ways insensible of the Merit of his Prince ; for from the first Time she saw him, she had never been able to blot him out of her Thoughts : And without this secret Charm which detained her against her own Desire, it is certain she would have endeavoured to find out the *Sovereign Fairy*. Besides, it may be expected that that knowing Person, who could not be ignorant of all that passed, should come to look after her ; but that lay not in her Power ; after the Giant had found the Princess, she was forced to submit to Fortune for a certain Time, insomuch that the Fairy was contented to come and see her in a Sun-beam, against which *Constantia* could not look stedfastly enough to discern her.

Constantia perceived with Rage that the Prince had neglected her, and that this second View was entirely owing to Chance, that conducted him to the Place where she was sat Singing: she was vexed with herself for the Sentiments she entertained of him ; and if it is possible to love and hate at the same Time, I may say she hated because she loved too much. *Rufon* was the only Witness of the Tears she shed secretly : sometimes she would confess her Grief to him, as if he was capable of understanding ; and whenever he skipped or played among the other Sheep, she would cry out, ‘ Take care, *Rufon*, lest Love inflame thee, which without a Return, is the greatest of all Misfortunes.’ These Reflections were followed by a Thousand Reproaches she made herself, for the Love she bore to a Prince that appeared so indifferent, whom she was striving to forget ; when she found him retired to that agreeable Shade, to think with more Freedom on the
Shepherdes

Shepherdes from whom he flew. There surprized with Sleep he lay upon the Grass, when she came and saw him: Her Passion encreased, and she could not forbear making these Words true, which were the Cause of the Prince's Disquiet. But then, what were her Torments, when *Mirtain* told her, Constantio was in love? Whatever Restraint she put upon herself, she could not help changing her Countenance; at which *Mirtain*, whose Business it was to observe all her Actions, was not a little overjoyed and ran to acquaint his Master. The Prince, who was not at that Time so much disposed to flatter himself as his Confidant, fancied he saw nothing but Indifference in all the Proceedings of that Shepherdes, and accused the happy and beloved Constantia. The next Morning he went to find her out: She no sooner saw him, but she fled from him, as if he had been a Lion or a Tyger, thinking Flight the only Remedy that was left her: For since her Conversation with *Mirtain*, she thought she ought not to neglect the recovering of her Heart again, and that the only Means to succeed therein, was to avoid him. But what became of Constantio, when his Shepherdes, left him so suddenly? ' You see said he to *Mirtain*, who stood by him) the happy Effects of what you have done; ' Constantia hates me; I dare not follow her to know her Sentiments.' ' Alas! Sir (replied *Mirtain*) you shew too much Respect for a Country Girl; ' If you think fit, I will go and order her to come to you.' Ah! *Mirtain* (cried the Prince) thou art a Confident, not a Lover; my Thoughts are entirely bent upon pleasing that lovely Damsel; ' I have discovered a Politeness in her, that I am sure those rough Ways of yours must be disagreeable to, and chuse rather to endure my Pains, ' than displease her.' As he made an end of these Words, he went away seized with a Melancholy
deep

deep enough to move the Pity of an Heart less interested than Constantia's. As soon as he was gone, she returned, to have the Satisfaction of sitting on the same Spot of Ground he had stood on. ' It was here (said she) that he stopped ; it was from hence that he looked at me ; but, alas ! in all these Places he has shewn but too much indifference for me, and comes only to enjoy the more Freedom of his Thoughts on his beloved Mistress : But what Reason have I to complain ? How is it possible he should engage himself to a Girl that he thinks so much beneath him ? ' Sometimes she was for informing him of her Adventures ; but the *Sovereign Fairy* had forbid her so absolutely never to speak of them, that her Obedience prevailed, and she resolved to keep them secret.

Some Days after the Prince came again, and she avoided him as much as before ; upon which he was very much grieved, and ordered *Mirtain* to go and load her with Reproaches from him ; which she pretended she did not understand, but at last consented to see his Master. Which Words were no sooner out of her Mouth, but *Mirtain* ran to acquaint the Prince, who longed with impatience for the Approach of the next Morning. It no sooner appeared, but he went to find his lovely Shepherdess ; she seemed at the first Sight of him, speechless and confused, and much more so when he declared his Passion : And notwithstanding her Desire of believing him, she was afraid of being deceived, thinking, that he looked upon her no otherwise than as she appeared to be, might only divert and please himself, by making a Declaration no ways suitable to a poor Shepherdess. Enraged at this Thought, she became more proud, and received all the Assurances of his Passion with a Coldness that confirmed all his Suspicions. Upon which he said,

* I see

' I see you are engaged : Some happy Swain has
 ' known how to charm you ; but bear me Witness,
 ' Heaven ! if I find him out, he shall feel the Ef-
 ' fects of all my Rage.' ' Sir (replied she) I ask
 ' no Favour for any one ; and if you knew but the
 ' Sentiments of my Heart, you would find them
 ' different from what you think them to be.' At
 these Words the Prince conceived some Hopes ; but
 those were soon destroyed by the Conversation they
 had afterwards ; for she protested her Indifference
 was not to be overcome ; and that she was very
 sensible she could never love. These Words again
 cast him into an inexpressible Grief, which he con-
 strained as much as possible, that she might not
 perceive it. In short, whether through the Vio-
 lence he did himself, or the Excess of his Passion,
 which was become stronger, by the more Difficul-
 ties that opposed it, he fell so dangerously Ill, that
 the Physicians, not knowing the Cause, despaired
 of his Recovery. *Mirtain*, who was by his Master
 ordered to attend on, and follow Constantia, told
 her the dismal News, which she heard with a trou-
 ble and concern not to be conceived. He asked her
 if she knew no Remedy for a Fever, and violent
 Pains of the Head and Heart ; to which she replied
 she knew of one, consisting of some Simples that she
 could gather, but that it depended most on the
 Manner of the Application. ' Will not you go to
 ' the Palace (said he) to administer it?' ' No,
 ' said she blushing) I am afraid it should not suc-
 ' ceed.' ' How (continued he) can you neglect
 ' any Thing to do us Service on this pressing Oc-
 ' casion? I always indeed thought you cruel and
 ' hard-hearted, but now find you a Thousand
 ' Times more so than I imagined.' These Re-
 proaches of *Mirtain's* created a Pleasure in Con-
 stantia, who was overjoyed that he pressed her to
 see the Prince ; for the obtaining of which Sa-
 tisfaction

faction alone, she boasted of a Remedy to ease his Pains.

Mirtain went and informed the Prince of all that the Shepherdess said to him, and with what Ardour she wished for his Health. ‘ Ah! *Mirtain* (said Constantio, you intend to flatter me; but I forgive you, and would willingly (durst I be deceived) think that beautiful Maid has some Friendship for me. Go, and tell the Queen, that one of her Shepherdesses hath a wonderful Secret to cure me; get her Leave, and bring this Charmer hither: Run, fly, for every Moment seems an Age.’ The Queen who had never seen this Shepherdess, said, when *Mirtain* told her of Constantia, that she had no Faith in what such ignorant Persons pretended to know, and that it was idle Talk. ‘ Certainly, Madam (said *Mirtain*) there is sometimes as much Ease found in the Use of some Simples, as from the learned Prescriptions of the most eminent Physicians; and the Prince is very desirous of trying what this young Damsel proposes.’ ‘ With all my Heart, (said the Queen) But if she does not Cure him, I will use her so, as she shall never have the Assurance to pretend to administer her Simples any more.’ *Mirtain* went and gave his Master an Account of the Queen’s ill Humour. The Prince cried out, that he was afraid Constantia should feel the Effects thereof, and ordered him to go back to his Mother, to desire her, from him, to let that fair Maid stay with her Sheep, ‘ What a Recompence (continued he) is this for her Pains! The very Thoughts of it redouble my Disease.’ *Mirtain* acquitted himself of his Commission to the Queen, but as she was naturally hasty, she flew into a Passion at the Fickleness of his Resolution, ‘ I have already sent for her, (said she) If she cures my Son, I shall give her a Reward

ward; if not, I know what I have to do: Go, and endeavour to divert him, for his Melancholy grieves me.' *Mirtain* obeyed, but acquainted not his Master with the Reception he met with, least his Fears for the Shepherdes might do him a Prejudice. The Pastures belonging to the Crown being nigh the Town, it was not long before she came; besides those who are guided by Love, are seldom slow. The Queen did not think fit to see her, contenting herself with bidding her take care what she did, and assuring her, if she did not cure the Prince, she should be put into a Sack, and thrown into the River. At this Menace the beautiful Princess turned pale, and her blood ran chill in her Veins, 'Alas! (said she to herself) I deserve this Punishment for the Lye I have told, when I boasted of my Skill? and I fear my Desire of seeing Constantio, will not be a sufficient Reason for the Gods to protect me.' Then hanging down her Head the Tears ran trickling down her fair Eyes. Those that were by, admired her so much, that they took her to be more like an Angel than a Mortal, and said, fear nothing, lovely Shepherdes, your Eyes carry in them Life and Death; one Glance from them is able to recover our young Prince: Go into his Chamber, dry up your Tears, and apply your Remedy without Fear:

This Manner of speaking, together with her extreme Desire to see the Prince, inspired her with some Confidence. She begged Leave to go into the Garden to gather what was necessary for the Cure, where she took some Myrtle, Trefoil and other Herbs and Flowers dedicated to Cupid and his Mother; the Feathers of a Dove, some Drops of a Pidgeon's Blood, and called upon all the Deities and Fairies for their Aid; and then trembling
more

more than a Turtle when she sees a Kite hovering over her Head, bid them conduct her to the Prince's Chamber. When she came there, she found him in Bed, his Face pale as Death, and his Eyes languishing; but as soon as he saw her, some streams of Colour flowed up into his Cheeks, which she observed with great Joy. 'Sir (said she) I have often offered up my Prayers to Heaven for the Recovery of your Health; and my Zeal engaged me to tell one of your Shepherds, that I knew of a Remedy, which I would willingly make use of to ease you; but the Queen has told me that if Heaven should abandon me in this Undertaking, she will put me to Death. Judge, Sir, of my Fears, and be persuaded that I am more interested in the Preservation of your Health, than my own Life.' 'Fear nothing, charming Shepherdes (said he) the favourable Vows you made for my Life, will render it so dear to me, that all my endeavours shall be to preserve it. Alas! how can my Days be more happy, when I remember what I heard you sing of Constantio? Those fatal Words, and your Rigour, have reduced me to the Condition you see me in; but fair Shepherdes, you bid me live, and I will live for you.' It was with Difficulty that Constantia concealed the Pleasure so obliging a Declaration created in her Soul, and fearing lest some Person might hear what the Prince said to her, she asked him, if he would give her Leave to put on a Bandage and Bracelets of the Herbs she had gathered; at which he held out his Arm in a tender Manner, and she tied on one of the Bracelets presently, having first performed some little Ceremonies to amuse the Prince's Court. The Prince cried out a few Moments after, that he was better; and the Physicians being called in, were surprized at the Excellence of a Medicine, the Effects

fects of which were so quick: But when they saw the Shepherdes that applied it, their Amazement vanished; and they said one to another, that there was more Virtue in one Look from her than all their Medicines together. The Shepherdes was so little affected with the Praises they bestowed on her, that those who knew her not, took that for Stupidity which proceeded from a different Cause; for she placed herself behind one of the Bed Curtains, hiding herself from every one but her sick Patient, whose Head and Pulse she often stooped to feel; and in those little Opportunities they said thousands of tender Things to each other. ‘I hope, Sir (said she to him) the Sack the Queen provided for to drown me in, will be put to a better Use, since your Health, which is so precious to me, is in a fair Way of being restored.’ ‘It depends entirely upon you, lovely *Constantia* (replied he) a little share in your Heart will compleat both my Health and Happiness.’ He rose soon after and went to the Queen’s Apartment, who, when she was told the Prince was coming, would not believe it, but was very much surprized to meet him at her Chamber-Door. ‘What is it you, my dear Child (cried she?) To whom am I obliged for this?’ ‘To your own Bounty, Madam, (replied he) in sending me the most able Person in the World; whom I desire you to recompence according to the Benefit I have received from her.’ ‘Never Mind that (said the Queen in a careless Manner) She is a poor Shepherdes who will think herself happy to keep my Sheep; trouble not yourself about that.’ The King coming in just upon this, and being told of the good News of the Prince’s Recovery, and his being with the Queen; as he was making towards that Apartment, *Constantia* was the first Object that struck his Eyes: Her Beauty, like the Sun shining among the lesser

Lights, dazzled him so much, that he was some Time before he could ask those about him what she was, and how long Goddesses had inhabited his Palace; at last recovering himself, he went towards her, and knowing her to be the Inchantress that had cured his Son, embraced her, and told her in a gallant Manner, that if he should be ill, he would beg of her to cure him too, and then bid her follow him. The Amazement of the Queen, who had never seen her before, is not to be expressed; she gave a great Shriek, and fell into a Fit, looking all the Time with an enraged Eye on the Shepherdess. Constantio and Constantia were both frightened; the King knew not what to attribute it to, and the whole Court were in the utmost Consternation: When at last the Queen came to herself again, the King asked often what was the Cause, but she dissembling her Uneasiness, said it was only the Vapours: At which the Prince who knew better, was very much concerned. She bid the Shepherdess, with some seeming Sort of Kindness, to stay; telling her that she designed her to look after the Flowers in her Parterre; which employ the Princess was very much pleased with, to think she might have an Opportunity of seeing Constantio every Day.

Some Time after, the King obliged the Queen to go with him into his Closet, where he asked her tenderly what vexed her. ‘Alas! (cried she) I dreamed ‘that my Son was married to a young
 ‘Shepherdess; and though I never saw this young
 ‘Girl in my Life before, yet I have so strong an
 ‘Idea of her Person in my Dream, that I knew
 ‘her again as soon as I fixed my Eyes on her, and
 ‘shall be very much deceived if this sorry Country
 ‘Girl does not give me great Cause to be afflicted.’
 ‘You give too much way (said the King) to such
 ‘Fancies: I would advise you not to act upon such
 Principles:

Principles: Send this Shepherdes back to her Flock, and do not grieve yourself with such a ridiculous Conceit.'

This Advice of the King's was no Ways acceptable to the Queen, who, instead of following it, applied herself to penetrate into her Son's Sentiments of Constantia. The Prince took all Opportunities that offered, to see her; and as it was her Business to look after the Flowers, he fancied that every Time she touched them they appeared more beautiful: *Rufon* was still her Companion: To him, though he could not answer her, she would be often talking of the Prince: and whenever he approached towards her she was so embarrassed, that her Eyes plainly discovered the Secrets of her Soul; at which, the overjoyed Prince would say all the tender Things a violent Passion could inspire. The Queen, on the Credit of her Dream, and much more on the Account of Constantia's incomparable Beauty, could not sleep in Quiet, but rose before Day, and hid herself behind the Palisadoes, and at the Bottom of a Grotto, to hear her Son's Discourse with that fair Maid; but as they were both so wise as to talk low, she could gather nothing to support her Suspicions, which made her the more uneasy. She looked on the Prince with the utmost Disdain, and was in continual Fear, Night and Day, lest that Shepherdes should ascend the Throne.

Constantio had as strict a Guard upon himself as possible; but nevertheless every Body almost perceived his Love of *Constantia*; for whenever he praised her, through his wonted Custom of admiring her, or found Fault with her, he did both like an interested Person: And for *Constantia*, she also could not forbear speaking of the Prince to her Companions; and as she often sung those Words she made for him, the Queen who heard her, was

no less surprized at her captivating Voice, than at the Subject of her Poetry. ‘What have I done, just Heavens (said she) to be punished in the most sensible Manner? Alas! I designed my Son for my Niece, and to my mortal Grief, see him engaged to a Wretch, who may, perhaps, make him guilty of Disobedience.’

While she was afflicting herself after this Manner, and ruminating upon a thousand furious Projects to punish Constantia, for being so beautiful and charming, Love made a farther Progress in the Hearts of the two Young Lovers. Constantia convinced of the Sincerity of the Prince, could no longer conceal her Birth and Sentiments from him. A Confession so tender, and so particular a Confidence, ravished him so much with Joy, that if they had been in any other Place besides the Queen’s Garden, he would have cast himself at her Feet to thank her. His Passion was no longer to be resisted; he loved Constantia when a Shepherdess, and we may easily believe adored her when he knew her Rank: And if a Princess wandering through the World, sometimes as a Shepherdess, and sometimes a Gardener, might seem extraordinary, at that Time those Things were very common; and the Princess’s Air and Manner of Address were convincing Proofs of the Sincerity of her Words.

Constantio, moved by Love and Esteem, swore an eternal Fidelity to the Princess, as she did also to him, promising to marry as soon as they should obtain the Consent of those whom Duty required them to demand it of. The Queen perceived the Strength of his growing Passion, and was more sensible of it, when one Day her Confident, who desired nothing more than to find something to gain her Favour by, came to tell her, that Constantia sent Rufon every Morning into the Prince’s
Apartment,

Apartment, and that that Sheep carried two Baskets full of Flowers, and that *Mirtain* led him. The Queen, at this News lost all Patience, and as she knew which Way poor Rufon was to pass, waited for him; and notwithstanding *Mirtain's* Prayers and Intreaties, carried him into her Chamber: Where she tore the Baskets and Flowers in Pieces, and found in a large Lilly a Piece of Paper curiously wrapped up by *Constantia*, wherein she reproached the Prince with the Dangers he exposed himself to in Hunting. The Lines were thus:

*In the midst of all my Joy,
Chilling Fears croud on apace,
Anxious Cares my Breast invade,
While you pursue the Chace.*

*Tell me, ye Powers, wherein consist
Those Charms that thus engage;
Charms that can my Prince invite,
And tempt his Godlike Rage.*

*Turn! O turn! your conquering Arms,
Against more yielding Hearts;
Wolves and Bears fly from your Spears,
The Fair embrace your Darts,*

While the Queen was venting her Rage against the Shepherdes, *Mirtain* went to give his Master an Account of what had happened. The Prince uneasy thereat, ran into his Mother's Chamber; who at that Time was going to the King's, to tell him. 'Behold, Sir (said she) the noble Inclinations of your Son; he is in Love with the Shepherdes that pretended to cure him. Alas! (continued she) she knew how too well; 'twas Love instructed her: She has restored him to Health, to make him more miserable; and if we do not

' prevent the Misfortune with which we are
 ' threatened, my dream will prove but too true.'
 ' You are naturally too severe (said the King) and
 ' would have your Son think of no other Person, but
 ' the Princess you design to marry him to; you
 ' must indulge his Years.' ' I cannot bear (cried
 ' the Queen) your taking his Part, you can never
 ' find Fault with him; all that I ask of you is, to
 ' consent that I send him from Court for some
 ' Time; Absence may have more Effect than all
 ' my Arguments.' The King, was a Man that
 loved a quiet Life, agreed to what his Queen de-
 sired; and she returned back to her own Apart-
 ment. where she found the Prince waiting for her
 with the utmost Impatience. ' Child (said she to
 ' him, before he could speak to her) the King has
 ' been shewing me a Letter from the King my
 ' Brother, wherein he begs of him to send you to
 ' his Court, that you may contract a Friendship
 ' with the Princess his Daughter, whom we have
 ' a Design you shall marry; it being proper you
 ' shall Judge of each other's Merit, and engage
 ' your Affections.' ' Madam (replied the Prince)
 ' I ask nothing so particular in my Favour; neither
 ' is it customary for Princes to go on such Occa-
 ' sions, and to consult their Hearts before Reasons
 ' of State: My Obedience shall be the same whe-
 ' ther the Person be beautiful or deformed, witty
 ' or otherwise.' ' I understand you, Reprobate,
 ' (said she in a Passion) you love a base Shepher-
 ' des, and are afraid of leaving her; but you
 ' shall, or see her die before your Face: But if you
 ' are ready to go, and will endeavour to forget her,
 ' I'll keep her here, and love her as much as now
 ' I hate.' The Prince who turned as pale as Death,
 reasoned with himself what to do in this Urgency,
 he knew his Mother to be a most cruel and revenge-
 ful Princess, and feared lest his Opposition might
 exasperate

exasperate her so much, that his dear Mistress would feel the Effects of her Resentment. In short, being closely pressed, he consented at last, like one who consents to drink a Glass of Poison; and no sooner had given his Word, but he left his Mother, and returned to his own Apartment, with a Heart so oppressed, that he thought he should die. He told the faithful *Mir'ain* his Affliction; and impatient to let his *Constantia* know the Cause of it, went to the Grotto, where she used generally to retire from the Heat of the Sun, to comb her delicate Locks, and adjust herself. There he found her sitting on the Grass by a Brook-side, which fell from the Height of a Rock, with her Feet in the Water, the agreeable Murmurs of which, together with the Fatigue of her Work, having invited her insensibly to taste the Sweets of a gentle Sleep. Her Eyes, though closed, preserved a thousand Beauties; her long black Eye-lashes set off the Whiteness of her Skin; the Loves and Graces seemed to surround her, and Modesty and Sweetness to augment her Charms. The amorous Prince remembered, that the first Time he saw her it was asleep; but since then, his Sentiments of her were become so tender, that he would willingly have surrendered up half his Life, to enjoy the other half with her: He gazed upon her some Time, with a Pleasure that suspended his Grief; then running over all her Beauties, discovered her Foot as white as Snow, which he could not forbear admiring, and approaching nearer, fell on his Knees, and took her by the Hand: Upon which she waked, seeming vexed that he should see her bare Foot, and hid it with a Blush upon her Cheeks, surpassing the Rose opening to the Morning Sun. But, alas! of what continuance was it? She observed a deep Melancholy in the Prince's Face, and said to him, frightened; 'What is the Matter with you, Sir, I

' know by your Eyes you are troubled.' ' Ah!
 ' who can be otherwise my dear Princess? (said he,
 ' shedding some Tears.) We must part: I must go
 ' and leave you exposed to my Mother's Rage; she
 ' knows the Love I bear to you: The Billet you
 ' sent me fell into her Hands, and, she, insensible
 ' of my Grief, is sending me to the King her Bro-
 ' ther.' ' What's this you tell me, Prince! (cried
 ' she, you are going to leave me, as the Means
 ' necessary to preserve my Life! How could you
 ' imagine such Means? Let me die rather before
 ' your Eyes, than live without you.'

So tender a Discourse could not fail of being ac-
 companied and interrupted by Sighs and Tears:
 The two young Lovers never knew nor foresaw
 the Cruelties of Absence before; they swore a
 thousand Times never to change, and the Prince
 promised a quick Return, assuring her, that he
 would affront both his Uncle and his Daughter, so
 as to make them lay aside all Thoughts of an Al-
 liance. ' I will strive (said he) to displease the
 ' Princess, and I am sure I shall succeed.' ' Then
 ' you must not shew yourself (said Constantia) for
 ' if you do, you will please in spite of yourself.'
 Then they cried again bitterly, looking at each o-
 ther with a piercing Grief, and making such reci-
 procal Promises, that if they had any Comfort, it
 was in the assurance of their Love and Fidelity.
 In this melting Conversation the Time ran away so
 fast, that it was dark Night before they thought of
 parting; when the Queen having a Mind to set-
 tle the Prince's Equipage with him, sent to *Mirtain*
 to acquaint his Master with it, whom he found at
 his Mistress's Feet, holding one of her Hands be-
 tween his. As soon as they saw him, they were
 both so struck, that they could not speak: How-
 ever he delivered the Queen's Message to the
 Prince; who durst not disobey her Commands, but
 took

took his Leave of the Princess. The Queen, when she saw him, found him so melancholy, and so much altered, that, guessing at the Cause of it, she would not speak. Nevertheless, every Thing was prepared with the same Diligence, while he was altogether taken up with his Passion. He made *Mirtain* to stay at Court, to send him News of the Princess, with whom he left a great many rich Jewels, to serve in Case of Necessity. The Despair of our Lovers is not to be expressed, when the Prince went: And if any Thing mitigated it, it was the Hopes of seeing each other soon again. 'Twas then *Constantia* was most sensible of the Greatness of her Misfortune, of being the Daughter of a rich and powerful King, and in the Hands of a cruel Queen, who had sent away her Son for fear of her, who was no ways his inferior.

The Queen now overjoyed that her son was gone, applied herself to the intercepting all his Letters; succeeded therein, and knew *Mirtain* to be his Confidant, whom, thereupon, she ordered under a false Pretext to be arrested, and sent to a dismal Prison. The Prince, when he heard of it, was very much enraged, and writ Letters to the King and Queen to demand his Favourite's Liberty; but all his Instances had no Effect. But this was not all, for one Morning when the Princess rose to gather some Flowers, according to custom, for the Queen's Toilet, she saw the faithful *Rufon* who went before her, come trembling to her, and advancing forwards to see what was the Cause, heard a hissing of Snakes, and was surrounded by Toads, Vipers, Scorpeons, Aspicks, and Adders, which made many vain Leaps at her, and always fell down again upon the same spot of Ground. Notwithstanding the Fright she was in, she could not but take notice of this Prodigy, and could attribute it to nothing but a Ring given by her Lover.

Which way soever she turned, those venemous Animals fled before her; the Alleys and all the Flower Beds were full of them, insomuch, that the beautiful Constantia knew not what would become of her; and saw the Queen at her Window laughing, and from thence judged, it was in vain to flatter herself with any Expectation of Assistance from her Orders: 'I know I must die (said she courageously) these Monsters came not here of themselves, but have been brought by the Queen's Command, who is come herself to be a Spectator of the deplorable End of my Life, which has hitherto been so unhappy, that I have no Reason to be fond of it, but if I do in some Measure regret the Loss of it, the just Gods can witness on what Account it is.' After this she advanced boldly forwards: the Snakes, &c. made off from her as fast as she made towards them; and so she got out of the Garden: At which she was as much amazed as the Queen, who had been a long Time providing these dangerous Creatures to destroy her, thinking that her Son would believe her Death accidental, and she by this means should skreen herself from his Reproaches: But this Project failing, she had recourse to this other.

There lived at the farther Side of a large Forest, a Fairy, whose Abode was rendered inaccessible by Elephants that devoured all Travellers; with this Fairy the Queen had agreed, that if any Person should come from her unhurt, to send them back again with somewhat that would be sure to kill them. Her other Plot miscarrying, she sent for Constantia, and ordered her to go thither with a Message she gave her. The Princess who knew the Queen would be absolutely obeyed, prepared to set out for the dangerous Journey she was to undertake; and reflecting on the Dangers she had heard her Companions tell of, she remembered that an old Shepherdess

herdeſs had ſaid that thoſe Elephants were very gentle when they ſaw either a Sheep or a Lamb : and that when the Fairy ſent the burning Girdle to the Queen, for fear leſt the Queen ſhould make her put it on, ſhe had faſtened it upon ſeveral Trees which it fired, till it had loſt all it's Force ; but little thought when ſhe heard this Story, that it might one Day be ſerviceable to her. In ſhort ſhe took *Ruſon*, and ſet forwards on her Journey ; and the Queen, who was mighty well pleaſed thereat, could not forbear telling the King that they ſhould never ſee the hated Object of their Son's Affections any more, ſince ſhe had ſent her to the Foreſt, whence ſhe could never return. Upon which the King told her ſhe was too revengeful, and that he could not but have ſome Regret for the Death of ſo beautiful a Creature.

In the mean time *Conſtantia* arrived at the Foreſt, and was preſently ſurrounded by the Elephants ; but thoſe dreadful Creatures no ſooner ſaw *Ruſon*, but they careſſed him with their Trunks as gently as the fineſt Lady could with her fair Hand : And then the Princeſs fearing leſt they ſhould ſeparate their Interests, took *Ruſon* in her Arms, and which Way ſoever ſhe turned, always preſented him, and by that means reached the Fairy's Abode, the Rudeneſs and Deſolation of which frightened her, as much as the old Woman herſelf, who in all Reſpects answered her dwelling Place. ' What is it you want, fair Maid ? (ſaid ſhe.) To which the Princeſs replied, that the Queen preſented her Duty and Service to her, and deſired her to ſend the Girdle of Friendſhip.' ' She ſhall not be denied (ſaid the old Fairy, I know it is for you.' And then putting her Hand into a Long Pocket ſhe wore by her Side, pulled out a Girdle of Blue Velvet, and gave it her, ſaying, ' This Girdle will make you moſt exquisitely beautiful, provided

‘ you wear it as soon as you are in the Forest.’
 Constantia made a Courtesy, and thanked her; and then took up *Rufon*, who was as useful as before: However, she did not forget to put the Girdle of Friendship about a Tree, which immediately was all in Flames; and after that, she girt it about several, till all its Virtue was spent; and at last came back to Court very much tired. The Queen was so surprized when she saw her, that she could not speak for a long Time, and when she recovered herself, told her that she was a false saucy Baggage, for that she had not been with the Fairy. Constantia affirmed she had, and that she had brought the Girdle of Friendship; upon which the Queen asked her if she had put it on; and the other replied it was too rich for a poor Shepherdess to wear. No, no (said the Queen) I give it you for your Pains, be sure to gird it about your Waist; but tell me what you met with in your Travels.’ Hereupon Constantia told her how she had met with Elephants so sensible and tame, that she could not but admire them; that the Forest seemed like their Kingdom, wherein some paid great Respect to others; and the Queen, though vexed at this Relation, yet disguised her Rage, hoping the Girdle would compleat her Desires.

Constantia retired to her Chamber, where she bewailed the Absence of her dear Prince, to whom she durst not write, because the Queen had Spies abroad that intercepted all Letters and Messengers. ‘ Alas! Constantio (said she) you will shortly hear dismal News of me; you should not have gone, and left me exposed to your Mother’s Violences; you would have defended me; or received my last Sighs; whereas I am now in the Power of her Tyranny, and have none to comfort me.’ The next Morning she went with the Girdle about her Waist, to work in the Garden as usual; where she found

found the same venemous Creatures again, which her Ring secured her from. And when the Queen perceived her gathering her Flowers, and well; she burst out into an Extravagancy of Passion. 'What Power (cried she) interposes in this Shepherd's Behalf? By her Beauty she has bewitched my Son, and by her Simples restored him his Health, and can walk unhurt in the midst of Adders and Aspicks. The Elephants were tame and gentle at the Sight of her; and the Girdle that should burn and consume her, serves only to adorn her; Therefore I must use some other Means.' Thereupon she sent the Captain of her Guards, in whom she could confide, to the Port, to see if there were any Vessels ready to sail for a long Voyage; and he returned and told her there was one which was designed to sail the Beginning of the Night. This News was very agreeable to the Queen, who immediately sent for the Master to come and buy a beautiful Slave; who when he came to the Palace, and saw Constantia (who knew nothing of what was in Agitation) in the Garden, was so surprized with the Charms of this incomparable Maid, that the Queen, who was very covetous, took the Advantage of it and sold her at a considerable Price. It happened that Night that Constantia retired very early to her Chamber, to amuse and indulge her Thoughts on Constantia, and to answer a Letter of his which she had by some Stratagem received, the which she was reading when the Queen entered the Room, followed by the Captain of the Guards and two Mutes, who stopped her Mouth with a Handkerchief, and carried her away. *Rufon* would have followed his dear Mistress, but the Queen caught hold of him, and prevented him; fearing lest his Bleating might discover what she had a mind should be done privately. And thus Constantia having none to assist her, was transported aboard the Vessel, which hoisted Sail immediately after.

Here

Here we must leave her to the Mercy of the Sea, her new Master, and to cruel Fortune: for the Sovereign Fairy could not prevail with Fate in her Favour: And all she could do, was to follow her unseen in a dark Cloud. In the mean Time the Prince Constantio, wholly taken up with his Passion, paid no Regard to the Princess that was designed him; and though he was naturally the most polite Prince in the World, was guilty of several rude and unmannerly Actions, which she often complained of to her Father, who reprov'd his Nephew for it, and so the Match went rather off than came on. At this very Nick of Time the Queen thought fit to write to the Prince, to let him know that Constantia was at the Point of Death; which News created so much Grief in the Prince, that without observing any Ceremonies of taking his Leave, he set out with all Speed to come and see her, but notwithstanding all his haste came too late: For the Queen foreseeing that he would return as soon as he received her Letter, had for several Days before caused a Report to be given out that Constantia was very ill; and sometime after, another, that she was dead; and to confirm it, buried a Figure of Wax: And to convince the Prince the more of the Truth of it, released *Mirtain* out of Prison to assist at the Funeral of this charming Maid, who was regretted by all the Court, and for the Loss of whom the Queen, on her Son's Account, seem'd to be under some Concern.

The Prince arriv'd soon after in all the Fears and Uneasiness imaginable; and when he enter'd first the City, impatient to know how his dear Constantia did, happening to ask some People who knew him not, and being told she was dead, he fell from his Horse senseless and speechless; and being known by the Crowd which gathered about him to be the Prince, he was carried for dead to
the

Palace. The King was sensibly touched with the miserable Condition of his Son; but the Queen was prepared before hand, believed that Time and the Loss of his most tender Hopes might cure him: But he was too deeply affected to admit of any Comfort. His Griet, instead of diminishing, increased every Moment, and he kept his Room several Days, without seeing or hardly speaking to any one; when one Day oppressed with his Sorrow, he went into the Queen's Apartment with Tears in his Eyes, his Face as meagre and as pale as Death, and told her she had been the Cause of his beloved Constantia's Death, and that she would shortly be punished for the same, since he was resolved to die also, and would go to the Place where she was buried. The Queen, unable to dissuade him from it, resolved to go with him herself to a Wood planted with Cypress, where she had raised a Tomb over her. When the Prince came there, he said all the tender and compassionate Things any Man could invent, which made the Queen, notwithstanding her natural hardness of Heart, melt into Tears; *Mirtain* took on as much as his Master, and all that heard him shared in his Affliction. At last, all on a sudden, enraged with the Disappointment of his Passion, he drew his Sword, and approaching the marble Monument, had killed himself, if the Queen, and *Mirtain* had not held his Arm. 'No, (cried he) nothing shall prevent my dying, and being with my dear Princess.' The Name of Princess surprized the Queen, and had made her fancy he raved, had he not spoke rationally in other Things. She asked him why he called Constantia a Princess; to which he answered, because she was one, and Sovereign of the Kingdom of *Desarts*. 'Well Child (said the Queen) since Constantia is of Birth suitable to yours, comfort yourself, she is not dead? for now I must own to you

‘ you to mitigate your Grief, I have sold her to a Merchant for a Slave.’ ‘ Ah! (cried the Prince) what you tell me is only to suspend my Design of Dying; but my Resolution is fixed, nothing shall hinder it.’ ‘ Then (said the Queen) your own Eyes must convince you of the Truth of my Words.’ And thereupon she ordered the Figure of Wax to be dug up. The Prince as soon as he saw it believed it to be the Body of the lovely Princess, and fainted away, they endeavoured to bring him to himself again, but all in vain: The Queen assured him she was not dead; but after the Trick she had played him, he could not believe her, till *Mirtain*, whom he knew loved him, and who was not capable of telling him a Lye, confirmed it.

From that Moment the Prince found some Ease, because of all Misfortunes Death is the most terrible; and he might yet flatter himself with the Hopes of seeing her again: But then he knew not where to seek her, nor who the Merchant was, who never made the least Mention whither he was bound. All these were great Difficulties, but what are those, true Love will not surmount? The Prince chose perishing, in pursuing the Ravishers a thousand Times before living without her, and reproached the Queen as often for her Cruelty; telling her she might repent of what she had done since he was resolved to go, and never come back again. The afflicted Mother cast her Arms about her Son’s Neck, wet his Face with her Tears, and conjured him, by the Regard he had to his Father’s and Mother’s Years, and the Love and Friendship he bore them, not to Leave them; telling him that if he deprived them of the Happiness of seeing him, it would be the Cause of their Deaths; that he was their only Hope; and that when he was gone, their Neighbours and Enemies would seize upon

upon the Kingdom. All which the Prince listened to with a Coldness and Respect, having the ill Usage she had given Constantia always in his Thoughts, and without her he despised all the Crowns in the World; insomuch that he persisted, with a surprizing Firmness, in the Resolution of going the next Day. The King endeavoured to persuade him to stay but all in vain, for nothing could prevail with him; the Night he spent in leaving Orders with *Mirtain*, giving him the Charge of the faithful *Rafson*, and a great many rich Jewels, telling him, that he should hear from him, provided he was secret, being willing to create the Queen as much Uneasiness as possible.

Before Day the impatient Constantio took Horse, yielding himself up entirely to Fortune, desiring her only to be so favourable as to direct him where he might find his dear Mistress again. Whither to go he knew not; but as she was carried on Board a Vessel, he thought it would be the best Way to find her to embark on Board one too: To this End he made towards the most noted Port, and being there unaccompanied and unknown, informed himself of the most distant Parts, and of all the Coasts, Ports, and Havens they could put in at, and then went on Board a Vessel, in hopes that a Passion so violent and pure as his would not always be unsuccessful.

Whenever they came nigh any Land, he always put out a Sloop and rowed along by the Shore, calling upon Constantia, venting his Sighs and Complaints to the pitiless Winds to convey them to the Shore; and then returned back to the Ship overwhelmed with Grief, and his Eyes bathed in Tears. One Night, that they came to an Anchor behind a large Rock, he went on the Shore as usual, but as they knew not the Country, and the Night was very dark, those that were along with him

him would not venture any further for fear of Danger. The Prince, who valued not his Life to find out the Object of his Wishes, kept going forwards, often falling and getting up again, till at last he discovered a great Light, that seemed to come from some large Fire; and approaching nearer towards it, heard a great Noise of Hammers, that gave terrible Strokes: Far from being afraid, he made all possible Hastę forwards, till he came to a great open Forge, in the Furnace of which was so great a Fire, that it looked as bright as the Sun; here thirty Cyclops were at work, making Arms. Constantio went up to them, and said, ‘ If you are capable of entertaining any Pity in the midst of Fire and Steel, tell me if you have seen the beautiful Constantia land here, and I will give you whatever you shall demand.’ He had no sooner said thus, but the Noise that ceased at his first arrival, was renewed with much more Violence: ‘ Alas! (said he) the barbarous Wretches are no ways touched with my Grief; what can I expect from them?’ And just as he was about to leave them, he heard a soft Symphony that ravished his Senses; and looking towards the Furnace, saw the most beautiful Child Fancy could ever represent, brighter than the Fire he came out of. When he considered his Charms, the Bandage over his Eyes, his Bow and Quiver by his Side, he no longer doubted but that it was Cupid; who cried out to him, ‘ Stay, Constantio, you burn with too pure a Flame for me to refuse my Assistance: I am called *Virtuous Love*; it was I wounded you with Constantia, and defended her against the Giant that persecuted her. The Sovereign Fairy is my intimate Friend; we have engaged to protect her; but I must make a Tryal of your Passion, before I discover where she is.’ ‘ Command, *Love*, command what you think fit (cried the Prince)

‘ Prince) I will not disobey thee.’ ‘ Then throw
 ‘ yourself into this Fire (replied the Child) but re-
 ‘ member, if you love not faithfully, you are lost.’
 ‘ I have no Reason to fear that,’ said Constantio ;
 and immediately threw himself into the Furnace,
 where he lost all Sense presently ; He slept thirty
 Hours, and when he awaked, found himself changed
 into a most beautiful Pidgeon, and instead of being
 in the terrible Furnace, on a Nest of Roses, Jesta-
 mines, and Honey suckles. Never was any Sur-
 prize greater than his, to see his rough Feet, his
 Skin stuck full of Feathers of various Colours, and
 his Eyes as he beheld them in a Brook, as red as
 Fire : he attempted several Times to utter his
 Complaints, but found he had lost the Use of his
 Speech, though he had recovered his Senses. He
 looked upon this Metamorphosis as the compleatest
 of all Misfortunes : ‘ Ah ! perfidious Love (thought
 ‘ he to himself) is this the Recompence thou givest
 ‘ the most perfect of all Lovers ? The False, the
 ‘ Fickle, and Foresworn are favoured by thee,
 ‘ while thou tormentest the true and faithful : What
 ‘ can I promise myself from so extraordinary a
 ‘ Figure as mine, a poor Pidgeon ? Could I speak,
 ‘ I would fly high and low, and search after my
 ‘ Mistress, through all different Climates, and in-
 ‘ form myself of every one I met ; but I am de-
 ‘ barred the Liberty of pronouncing her Name,
 ‘ and the only Remedy left me, is to throw myself
 ‘ off some Precipice, and willingly embrace my
 ‘ Death.

Possessed with this fatal Resolution, he flew to
 the Top of a high Mountain, and from thence cast
 himself down ; but forgot, having not been long a
 Pidgeon, that his Wings and Feathers would keep
 him up : Thereupon he resolved to unplume him-
 self, and accordingly put this Design in Execution.
 As soon as he had quite stripped himself, he walked

up to the Top of a high Rock, to attempt his Destruction once more, where he was surprized by two young Damsels, that came suddenly upon him; who as soon as they saw him, said one to another, 'Where has this poor Pidgeon been? He has escaped the Claws of some Bird of Prey, or some Weasel.' 'It is no Matter where he has been,' (said the younger) but I know where he shall go; he shall go and bear five others, which I have at home company with which I intend to make a Pye for the Sovereign Fairy.' The Prince Pidgeon hearing her speak thus, instead of going from her, made towards her, in hopes of being speedily killed by her: But that proved his Safety; for the young Maids found him so tame and familiar, that they resolved to bring him up, and keep him alive; to which End the Elder put him into her Work-Basket she had in her Hand, and so they pursued their Walk.

Some Days after, one of these Damsels said to the other, 'Methinks our Mistress has a great deal of Business upon her Hands, since she is never from off her Fiery Camel, but goes Night and Day from one Pole to the other.' If you can be discreet (replied the other) I'll tell you a Secret she hath entrusted me with; the Princess Constantia, of whom she is so very fond, is persecuted by a Giant that would marry her, and has put her in a Tower; and she is doing some surprizing Things to prevent this Marriage.' The Prince listened to this Conversation, and thought till then nothing could add to his Troubles; but found, to his Grief, he was much deceived; for we may judge by his Passion, and by the unhappy Circumstances he lay under, of being a Pidgeon, at a Time when the Princess stood in most need of his Assistance, that his Anguish of Soul was great; his Imagination, always ready to torment him, represented to him

him, that Constantia was secured in a dismal Tower, and there exposed to the Importunities and Violences of a barbarous Giant; and was always in Apprehension, lest she, through Fears, might consent to marry him; and then again, lest by refusing she should hazard her Life, through the Rage of an unsuccessful Lover. One Day the young Maid, that carried him in her Basket, having been abroad, and returning back with her Companion to their Mistress at the Fairy's Palace, found her walking in a shady Walk of the Garden, went and cast herself at her Feet, and told her, that she had found a Pidgeon that was so tame and familiar, that her Companion and she designed to keep it in their Chamber; that if she liked it, it was at her Service, it being very diverting. The Fairy took the Basket, opened it, and seeing the Pidgeon at the Bottom, and knowing who it was (for that Metamorphosis was owing to her) fell into a serious and deep Reflection, moralizing on the Vicissitudes and Changes of this Life, and above all on those of Constantio's. She caressed the Pidgeon; and he, for his Part, neglected no little Artifice to gain her Attention, that she might give him some Comfort in this melancholy Adventure. The Fairy carried him into her Closet, and there said to him, ' Prince, ' the miserable Condition you are at this present ' in, makes me, that I cannot forbear owning and ' loving you for my beloved Constantia's Sake, ' who, I can assure you is no less indifferent than ' yourself: Blame no body but me for this Meta- ' morphosis: I did it to try your Passion, which is ' both pure and lasting, and will tend to your own ' Honour.' The Pidgeon bowed his Head three Times in acknowledgement, and listened attentively to what the Fairy told him.

' The Queen, your Mother (said she) had no ' sooner received the Money for the Princess, but ' she

she sent her aboard with all imaginable Violence;
 and the Ship set sail for the Indies, where they
 were sure to make a considerable Advantage of
 the precious Jewels they carried with them. Her
 Tears and Intreaties worked not the least Effect
 upon them; she said, but all to no purpose, that
 the Prince Constantio would purchase her of them
 again, if all he had in the World would do it.
 The more she urged all these Arguments, the
 more haste they made to get off, for fear lest the
 Prince, hearing of what was done, might come
 and snatch away their Prey from them. In short,
 after having been some Months at Sea, a great
 Storm arose; and the Princess, oppressed with
 Grief, and fatigued with the Sea, was at the
 Point of Death; when they, to preserve her, put
 into the first Port they could make: But as they
 were disembarking, a great Giant, followed by
 several others, came down upon them, and would
 see what they had in their Vessel; where the first
 Object he fixed his Eyes on, was the young Prin-
 cess; and knowing her again as well as she knew
 him, cried out, Ah! little Runaway, the just and
 merciful Gods have put thee in my Power again:
 Do not you remember how I found you, and you
 cut the Sack? but I shall be very much mistaken,
 if you serve me so any more. And without any
 more Words, took her away in his Arms from the
 whole Ship's Crew, and carried her to his great
 Tower, which is situated upon a high Mountain,
 and built by Enchanters, who neglected nothing
 to make it fine and curious. Doors there are
 none, and no entering into it, but by the Win-
 dows, which are very high; the Walls are built
 with Diamonds, which make it look as bright as
 the Sun at Noon-day. In short, it is as noble as
 Art and Nature can make it. When the Giant
 had the charming Constantia in his Possession, he
 told

told her he would marry her, and make her the
 happiest Woman in the World; that she should
 be Mistress of all his Treasures; that he would
 love her, and doubted not but that she was over-
 joyed that her good Fortune brought her to him.
 She, by her Tears and Complaints, has let him
 know the Excess of her Despair; but, as I ma-
 nage privately against Fate, which hath sworn
 the ruin of Constantia, I have inspired the Giant
 with such Sentiments of Mildness as he never was
 Master of before: Infomuch, that instead of being
 enraged against the Princess, he has told her he
 will give her a Year's Time to consider on it; and
 if she does not then come to a Resolution, he will
 marry her against her Will, and then kill her.
 After this dismal Declaration, he brought several
 young Damfels to bear her Company, and divert
 her, and set a Guard of Giants round the Tower,
 to hinder any Person from coming to her. In
 short, the poor Princess seeing no likelihood of
 any Succours, and the Year being expired all
 but one Day, designs to throw herself from off the
 Top of the Tower. This, Prince, is what she is
 reduced to, and the only Remedy I know of, is
 for you to fly to her with a little Ring, which, as
 soon as she shall put it on her Finger, will change
 her into a Dove, and so you may save yourselves
 together.' The Pidgeon was in the utmost Im-
 patience to be gone, but wanted the Ring; he
 pulled the Fairy by the Apron and Handkerchief,
 to make her understand what he meant: Which she
 knowing full well, said, 'Fly, charming Pidgeon,
 (giving him the Ring) take care you lose it not,
 and it will guide you to Constantia.' But as the
 Prince Pidgeon, as I said before, had no Feathers,
 the Fairy rubbed him with a wonderful Essence, that
 made the most beautiful Feathers grow immediately,
 infomuch that he excelled Venus's Doves. Over-
 joyed

joyed to see himself replumed again, and taking the Ring, he arrived at the break of Day at the Tower: And as there was a spacious Garden on the Top of the Tower, full of Orange Trees, loaded with Fruit, the Prince, had he not more important Affairs on his Hands, could have spent some Time in admiring it.

He Peached upon an Orange Tree with the Ring in his Mouth, and in extreme anguish of Mind; when the Princess came into the Garden in a long white Robe, and her Face covered with a black Veil embroidered with Gold, that hung all upon her Shoulders; the amorous Pidgeon could not have been certain that it was her, but by the Nobleness of her Shape, and her majestic Air, which too plainly discovered who she was. But when she came and sat under the Orange Tree, and lifted up her Veil, he remained some time dazzled. ‘ My
 ‘ sad Regret and melancholy Thoughts (cried she)
 ‘ are now useless, my afflicted Heart has lived a
 ‘ whole Year betwixt Hope and Fear, but now the
 ‘ fatal Time is come: This Day, some few Hours
 ‘ hence, I must die, or marry the Giant. Alas!
 ‘ is it possible that the Sovereign Fairy, and the
 ‘ Prince Constantio should thus abandon me? What
 ‘ have I done? But what need all these Reflec-
 ‘ tions? I had better execute my noble Design.’
 Hereupon she rose up with Boldness to throw her-
 self off; but as the least Noise frightened her, and
 hearing the Pidgeon stir in the Trees, she lifted up
 her Eyes to see what it was; when he taking that
 Opportunity, flew upon her Shoulder and put the
 Ring in her Breast. The Princess was surprized
 at the Caresses of the Bird, but much more at the
 Present he made her; and looking at it some Time,
 observed mysterious Characters. When the Giant
 came into the Garden, unheard by her, for
 some of the Women who waited on her had in-
 formed that dreadful Lover of the Princess’s De-
 pair

spair, and that she was determined to kill herself, rather than marry him: And knowing that she went early that Morning upon the Top of the Tower, he dreaded some dismal Catastrophe; and his Heart, which never, till then, had been capable of any thing but Barbarities, was so engaged by the Charms of that lovely Maid, that he loved her with Tenderness. But, O Heavens! what a Condition she was in, when she saw him? She was afraid he would prevent the Means she sought of Death: and the poor Pidgeon was not a little terrified at this formidable *Colossus*. However, the Princess, in the Trouble and Confusion of her Soul, slipped the Ring on her Finger, and was immediately changed into a Dove, and flew away with her faithful Pidgeon.

Never was Surprise equal to that of the Giant's, who, after having seen his Mistress metamorphos'd into a Dove, and traversing the open Air, remained some Time motionless; then he made most dreadful Outcries and Howlings that shook the neighbouring Mountains, and with them ended his Life. The charming Princess flew after her Guide, and when they had taken a long Flight, they alighted in a thick shady Wood, rendered very agreeable by the Grass and Flowers that grew therein. Constantia knew not that the Pidgeon was her beloved Prince, and he was grieved that he could not speak, to tell her; when suddenly he felt an invisible Hand unloose his Tongue, and said to the Princess; 'Charming Dove, your Heart hath not yet informed you, that you are with a Pidgeon that burns always with the Flames your bright Eyes first kindled.' My Heart (replied she) has ever wished for this Happiness, but never durst flatter itself: Alas! who could imagine it? I was at the very Brink of Destruction, and you came and snatched me out of the Arms of Death, or from a Monster

‘ much more terrible.’ The Prince overjoyed to hear these Words of his Dove, and to find her as tender as his Desires could wish, said whatever the most delicate and lively Passion could inspire; and told her all that had happened since the sad Moment of their Separation, particularly the surprizing Adventure of the Forge, and how he came to the Fairy’s Palace. She was overjoyed to find that her best Friend had all along interested herself in her behalf; and thereupon said Constantia, ‘ Let us go my dear Prince, and thank her for all these Favours, perhaps she may restore us to our former Shapes, and then we will return back to your Kingdom or mine.’ ‘ If you love me with an equal Flame (answered he) I have one Proposal to make, wherein Love is only concerned: But, lovely Princess, you will say I am extravagant.’ ‘ Value not the Reputation of your Thoughts before the Ease of your Heart, (replied she) speak without Reserve; I shall always take a Pleasure to hear you.’ ‘ Then I would advise (said he) not to change our Forms; we may burn, you a Dove, and I a Pidgeon, with a Passion as ardent as Constantio and Constantia; and I am persuaded, that being free from the Cares of crowned Heads, we may live only for each other in this delightful Solitude.’ ‘ Ah! (cried the Dove) How delicate and great is this Design! For though I am young, I have undergone so many Misfortunes, since Fortune, jealous of my innocent Beauty, has persecuted me so obstinately, that I shall be overjoyed to forsake every Thing to live with you. I consent, my dear Prince, let us pitch upon an agreeable Country, and under this Metamorphosis spend our Days, innocent and free from Ambition, and all Desires, but those of virtuous Love. At that instant Cupid descending from Heaven, cried out,

‘ I

‘ I am your Guide, a Design so full of Tenderness
 ‘ deserves my Protection.’ ‘ And mine too (said
 ‘ the Sovereign Fairy, who appeared all on a sud-
 ‘ den;) I come to partake in your Joy.’ The
 Pidgeon and Dove were as much pleased as sur-
 prized, and put themselves under the Care of the
 Fairy. Cupid invited them to *Paphos*, where he
 told them his Mother was worshipped, and Doves
 admitted; but Constantia told them, they desired
 to have no Commerce with Men, but were happy
 they could enjoy a Pleasant Solitude.

The Fairy struck the Earth with her Wand, and
 Love touched it with his golden Quiver, and pre-
 sently a Wood appeared, adorned with Meadows,
 Fountains and Fruit-Trees; ‘ Stay here (said Love)
 ‘ and swear a lasting Fidelity to each other, in the
 ‘ Presence of this wonderful Fairy.’ Which they
 both did. After that, the Fairy promised, if they
 would leave that Metamorphosis she never would
 forsake them, but would restore them to their for-
 mer Shapes. They thanked her, and assured her,
 it was not in the least their Desires, since they had
 made too much Trial of the Misfortunes attending
 human Life. The Fairy approved of their de-
 spising the Greatness of the World; and then Cupid
 and she retired to their Mansions, leaving the
 Pidgeon and Dove as Examples of a tender and sin-
 cere Passion: And ever since that Time, they have
 been represented as true Emblems of Love and
 Constancy.

THE
S T O R Y
O F T H E
Y E L L O W D W A R F.

TH E R E was a Queen, who, though she had many Children, had but one living, which was a beautiful Daughter ; and being left a Widow, and without hopes of having any more, was so much afraid of losing her, that she never gave her any Correction for what Faults she committed : Inso-much that that admirable Person, who knew her own Beauty, and as she was born to a Crown, was so vain and proud of her growing Charms, that she despised all the World besides. The Queen her Mother contributed, by her Caresses and Complaisance to persuade her none were deserving of her. She was dressed every Day like a *Pallas* or *Diana*, followed by her Nymphs : And in short, the Queen, to give the finishing Stroke to her Vanity, called her *All Fair* ; and having had her Picture drawn by the best Painters, sent it to all the Kings with whom she was in Alliance, who, when they saw it, were not able to resist the inevitable Power of her Charms :

Charms: Some fell sick; others run mad; and those who escaped either Sickness or Madness, came to her Court, and as soon as they saw her, became her Slaves.

Never was any Court more gallant and polite; twenty Kings studied to please her, who after they had spent immense Sums upon an Entertainment upon her, thought themselves fully recompenced if she said any Thing that was pretty to them. The Adorations that were paid to her, overjoyed the Queen her Mother; not a Day passed over her Head but she had thousands of Songs and fine Copies of Verses sent by the most famous Poets in the World. In short, *All Fair* was the only Subject of the most renowned Authors, both in Prose and Verse. The Princess was about Fifteen. There were none who did not desire to marry her; but they durst not pretend to that Honour, it was so difficult a Task to touch a Heart of that Stamp. Her Lovers murmured very much against her Cruelty; and the Queen, who wanted to have her married, knew not how to gain her Consent: Sometimes she would say to her, 'Will you not abate somewhat of that intolerable Pride that makes you contemn all the Kings that come to our Court? I will chuse one for you; shew me in this some Complacency.' 'I am already happy, (replied *All Fair*, in the easy indifference I now live in; if I should once lose that, you would be angry. I should perhaps be angry if you loved any one beneath you (answered the Queen) but you cannot have more deserving Princes than those that now ask you.' In short, the Princess was so prepossessed of her own Merit, that she thought it greater than what it was; and by this Resolution of hers to live a Maid, began to grieve her Mother so much, that she repented, but too late, that she had humoured her so much.

The Queen, uncertain what to do, goes all alone to find a celebrated Fairy, that was called the *Desart Fairy*; but as it was an hard Thing to see her, because she was guarded by two Lions, unless she made a Cake for them of Millet, Sugarcandy and Crocodiles Eggs, she prepared one herself, and put it into a little Basket, which she hung upon her Arm: But being weary with walking further than she was used to, she laid herself down under the shade of a Tree to rest herself, and there insensibly fell asleep, and when she awaked, found only her Basket, and her Cake gone; and to compleat her Misfortune heard the Lions coming. ‘Alas! (cried she) what will become of me? I shall be devoured.’ And having no power to stir, she leaned against the Tree she had slept under, when hearing somebody say, *Hem! Hem!* she looked about on all Sides, and raising her Eyes, perceived a little Man in the Tree about half a Yard in Height, eating Oranges, who said to her, ‘O Queen, I know you, and the Fear you are in lest these Lions should devour you; I cannot blame you, they have devoured a great many, and to your Misfortune you want a Cake.’ ‘I must resolve on Death (replied the Queen sighing) but alas! I could not be so much grieved was my dear Girl but married!’ ‘What have you a Daughter?’ (said the Yellow Dwarf, who was called so from his Complexion and the Orange Tree he lived in :) Indeed I am very glad of that, for I have sought after a Wife both by Sea and Land: Now if you will promise me I shall have her, I will secure you both from Lions, Tygers, and Bears.’ The Queen looked at him as much frightened at his horrible little Figure as at the Lions, and musing some Time, returned no Answer. ‘What, do you hesitate, Madam? (cried he) it seems you are not very fond of Life.’ At the same Time the
Lions

Lions appeared on the Top of a small Hill, running towards her; at which Sight the Queen, who trembled like a Dove when she sees a Kite, cried out with all her Might, ' Good Sir Dwarf, *All Fair* is yours.' ' Oh! (said he with an Air of Disdain) '*All Fair* is too fair, I will not have her.' ' O Sir (continued the afflicted Queen) do not refuse her, she is the most charming Princess in the World.' ' Well (said he) I will take her out of Charity; but remember the Gift you make me.' And thereupon the Orange Tree opened, and the Queen was let into it, and so escaped from the Lions. She was vexed she could find no Door to that Tree, when at last she perceived one that opened into a Field full of Nettles and Thistles, surrounded with a muddy Ditch; in the Middle thereof stood a little thatched House, out of which the Yellow Dwarf came in a pleasant Air, wooden Shoes, a coarse yellow Stuff jacket, and without any Hair to hide his large Ears. ' I am glad, good Mother-in-law (said he to the Queen) to see you in this my Abode, where your Daughter is to live with me; she may keep an Ass to ride on within these Nettles and Thistles, and may secure herself from the Injuries of the Weather under this rustick Roof; she will have this Water to drink, and may eat some of these Frogs that are fattened in it: Besides I always shall bear her Company, and never shall leave her.'

When the unfortunate Queen came to consider on the deplorable Life the Dwarf promised her dear Child, she was not able to support the terrible Idea, but fell into a Swoon, and had not the Power to say one Word; and while she was in that Condition, was conveyed to her own Bed, in a fine Suit of Night-Clothes of the newest Fashion. As soon as the Queen came to herself, she remembered what had happened, but knew not how to believe

it, seeing she was in her own Palace, in the Midst of all the Ladies of her Court; and her Daughter by her Bed-side: But the fine Night-clothes, which were of a curious Lace, amazed her as much as the Dream she fancied she had had; and through the Excess of her Disquiet she fell into such an extraordinary Fit of Melancholy, that she hardly either spoke, eat, or slept. The Princess, who loved her at her Heart, was very much grieved, and often asked her what was the Matter; when the Queen, to deceive her, told her sometimes it proceeded from her ill State of Health, and other Times from some of the Neighbouring Princes Threatning to make War against her. Though *All Fair* found these Answers very plausible, however she knew there was something more in the Bottom, which the Queen endeavoured to hide from her; and being able no longer to endure her Uneasiness, resolved to go to the *Desart Fairy* to ask her Advice, whether or no, she should marry, since she was so much pressed to it: She took Care to make a Cake to appease the Lions, and pretending to go to Bed earlier than ordinary, went down a Pair of Back-Stairs, in a White Veil that reached down to her Feet, then set forward on her Journey.

When the Princess came to the fatal Orange tree, she saw it so loaded with Fruit, that she had a great Mind to gather some, whereupon she set down her Basket, and plucked some and eat them; but when she went to look for her Basket and Cake, and found them taken away, her Grief was inexpressible, and turning about, espied the little frightful Dwarf, who said to her, ‘What makes you cry, Child?’ ‘Alas! who can forbear?’ (replied she) ‘I have lost my Basket and Cake, which were so very necessary in my Journey to the *Desart Fairy’s*.’ ‘What want you with her?’ (answered this little Monkey) ‘I am your Relation and Friend, and am as know-
ing

'ing to the full as she.' 'The Queen my Mo-
 'ther (replied the Princess is grown very melan-
 'choly, which makes me fear for her Life; I
 'fancy I may be the Cause of it, since she has de-
 'sired me to marry, and I must own to you, I
 'have not yet found any one that I think deserv-
 'ing enough of me: These are the Reasons that
 'have engaged me to speak with the Fairy.' 'Prin-
 'cess, give yourself no further Trouble (said the
 'Dwarf) I am more proper to inform you about
 'these Things: The Queen your Mother is vexed
 'that she has promised you in Marriage.' 'The
 'Queen promised me in Marriage! (said she in-
 'terrupting him) undoubtedly you are mistaken,
 'she would certainly have told me of it: I am too
 'much concerned in that Affair, to be engaged
 'without my own Consent.' 'Beautiful Princess,
 '(said the Dwarf, throwing himself at her Feet)
 'I flatter myself this Choice will not be displeas-
 'ing to you, when I tell you I am destined to that
 'Happiness.' 'My Mother chose you for a Son-
 'in-Law! (cried *All Fair*, falling back some
 'Steps;) was ever any Folly like yours?' I am
 'not very fond of the Honour (said he, in a Passion)
 'but here are the Lions, who will revenge my
 'Affront.'

At the same Time the Princess heard the Lions
 roaring 'What will become of me? (said she)
 'must I thus end my Days?' The wicked Dwarf
 looked at her, and with a malicious Smile, said,
 'You shall have the Glory of dying, and not be-
 'stowing your shining Merit on a poor miserable
 'Dwarf, such as I am.' 'Pray be not angry (said
 'the Princess, lifting up her Hands) I'd rather
 'marry all the Dwarfs in the World, than die
 'after so frightful a Manner.' 'Observe me well,
 'Princess (said he) before you give me your Word;
 'for I do not pretend to surprize you.' 'I have

' already (replied she) but the Lions approach towards me; save me, or I shall die with Fear'. In short, she fell into a Swoon, and, without knowing how she got there, found herself in her own Bed, in the finest Linen and Ribbons possible, with a Ring of one single red Hair, so fast upon her Finger that she could not get it off.

When the Princess saw all this, and remembered what had passed before, she grew so melancholy, that all the Court were surprized and uneasy at it: The Queen was most alarmed of all, and asked a thousand Times what was the Matter; but she was determined in herself to conceal her Adventure from her. At last the States of the Kingdom, impatient to have their Princess married, assembled and addressed the Queen to make Choice of an Husband for her out of Hand. The Queen told them, it was what she had most at Heart, but that her Daughter was very much against it. However she advised them to go to her, and talk with her about it; which they did immediately. *Al Fair*, whose Pride was somewhat abated, since her Adventure with the Yellow Dwarf, thought it would be the best way to marry some potent Prince, with whom this little Ape would not dare to dispute so glorious a Conquest; and gave them a favourable Answer, and consented to marry the King of the Golden Mines, who was a powerful and handsome Prince, who loved her with a violent Passion, and who never till then durst entertain any Hopes. We may easily guess at the Excess of his Joy, and his Rival's Rage, when the News was declared. There was great Preparations made against the Nuptials, and the King of the Golden Mines launched out such prodigious Sums of Money, that the Sea was full of Ships, that were sent to the remotest Parts for the greatest Rarities. In short, that Prince discovered such lively and delicate Sentiments, that
she

she began to have some Passion for him. Thus were they both happy ; when one Day the King, who was both gallant and in love, took the Liberty to discover his Tenderness to her in the Garden, in Verses of his own making, among which he repeated these Lines.

*The verdant Leaves bud out when you appear,
And all the Trees their brightest Liveries wear ;
The Flow'rs Spring forth by your indulgent Heat,
And am'rous Birds their little Songs repeat :
In this blest Place, distant from Care and Crowns,
All Nature smiles, and you her Goddess owns.*

In the Midst of all this Joy, the King's Rivals, who were in the utmost Despair at his good Fortune, and sensible of the most piercing Grief, left the Court, and returned to their own Dominions, not being able to be Eye-witnesses to the Princess's Marriage ; but before they went, they took their Leaves of her in so obliging a Manner, that she could not but pity them. ' O ! Madam (said the King of the Golden Mines) what do you rob me of by granting your pity to Lovers, who are over-and-above recompensed for their Pains by one single Look from you !' ' I should be angry (replied the Princess) if you was insensible of the Compassion I have shewn those Princess, to whom I am lost for ever ; it is a Proof of your Delicacy, which I approve of : But, Sir, their Conditions are far different from yours ; you ought to be pleased with what I have done for you ; they have no Reason to be so, therefore you should restrain your Jealousy.' The King of the Golden Mines was so confounded at the obliging Manner that the Princess took a Thing that might very well have displeased her, that he threw himself at her Feet, kissed her Hand, and asked a thousand Pardons.

At last the long wished-for Day came, and the Nuptials were proclaimed, by sounding of Trumpets, and all other Ceremonies; the Balconies were all adorned with Tapestries, and the Houses bedecked with Flowers. The Queen was so overjoyed, that she was hardly in Bed, and got to Sleep, but she rose again to give the necessary Orders, and to chuse out the Jewels the Princess was to wear that Day. She was covered almost over with Diamonds, and on her Gown, which was a Silver Brocade, were twelve Suns formed with Diamonds. But nothing appeared so bright as that Princess's natural Charms; a rich Crown was set upon her Head, her Hair hung down almost to her Feet, and the Majesty of her Shape distinguished her from all the Ladies that attended on her. The King of the Golden Mines shewed himself no less accomplished and magnificent: Joy and Cheerfulness appeared in all his Actions: None approached him, but he loaded them with his Gifts and Presents; for he had ordered some Thousands of Tons of Gold, and Velvet Sacks, embroidered with Pearls, full of Guineas, to be placed in the Hall, where all that put forth their Hands, received Handfuls of Gold; insomuch that this Part of the Ceremony drew there great Crouds of People, that would have been insensible of all the other Pleasures.

As the Queen, King and Princess were going out into a long Gallery, they saw a Box move towards them, in which there sat a large old Woman, at whose Age and Decrepidness they were not so much surprized, as at her Ugliness: She leaned upon a Crutch, had a black Taffety Ruff on, a red Velvet Hood, and a Fardingale all in Rags; and after having taken two or three Turns about, without speaking a Word, she stopped in the Middle of the Gallery, and shaking her Crutch in a threatening Manner,

Manner, cried out, ‘Ho, ho! you Queen and
 ‘ Princess, do you think to falsify unpunished your
 ‘ Words, which you gave my Friend the Yellow
 ‘ Dwarf? I am the Desert-Fairy; and do not you
 ‘ know, that if it had not been for him and his
 ‘ Orange-tree, you had been devoured by my
 ‘ Lions? These Insults to Fairies shall not be al-
 ‘ lowed; think presently on what you design; for
 ‘ I swear by my Coif you shall marry him, or I
 ‘ will burn my Crutch.’ ‘ Ah! Princess (said
 ‘ the Queen in Tears) what is this that I hear?
 ‘ What have you promised?’ ‘ Ah! Mother, (re-
 ‘ plied the Princess, full of Grief) what have you
 ‘ promised?’ The King of the Gold Mines, en-
 ‘ raged at what had passed, and that this wicked old
 Woman should come to oppose his Happiness, drew
 his Sword, and going up towards her, pointed it to
 her Throat: ‘ Wretch (said he) be gone from
 ‘ hence, or I’ll revenge thy Malice on thy Life.’
 He had no sooner pronounced these Words but the
 upper Part of the Box flew off with great Noise,
 and out came the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a
 large Spanish Cat, and placed himself between the
 Desert Fairy and the King of the Gold Mines:
 ‘ Rash Youth (said he) think not to commit this
 ‘ Violence on the illustrious Fairy, thy Rage shall
 ‘ light on me; I am thy Rival and thy Enemy:
 ‘ The false Princess, who was going to bestow her-
 ‘ self on thee, has given me her Word, and re-
 ‘ ceived mine; see if she has not got a Ring of my
 ‘ Hair upon her Finger, by that you may judge of
 ‘ my Right to her.’ ‘ Hideous Monster (said the
 ‘ King) hast thou the Boldness to call thyself the
 ‘ Adorer of this divine Princess, and to pretend to
 ‘ so glorious a Possession? Thou art such a Baboon,
 ‘ such an odious Figure, that I had sacrificed thee
 ‘ before now, hadst thou been worthy of so honour-
 ‘ able a Death.’ The Dwarf, piqued to the very
 Soul

Soul at these Words, clapped his Spurs in the Cat's Sides, which made such a Mewing, and flying about, as frightened all but the King, who hemmed in the Dwarf so close, that he drew a large Cutlass, with which he was armed, and defying the King to a Combat, went down into the Court of the Palace, making a terrible Noise. The enraged King followed him as fast as possible; and when they stood opposite to each other, ready to begin the Combat, the Sun on a sudden turned as red as Blood, and it grew as dark as Pitch; it thundered and lightened, and by the Flashes of the Lightning, the King and all the Court, who were got into the Balconies, perceived two Giants vomiting Fire on each Side of the Dwarf; all which was not capable of daunting the magnanimous Heart of this young Monarch, who shewed a wonderful Intrepidity in his Looks and Actions, that encouraged all who were concerned for his Safety, and gave the Dwarf and his Enemies some Confusion. But all his Courage was not Proof against what he saw the Princess endure; when the Desert Fairy, with her Head covered with Snakes, like *Tifphone*, and mounted on a winged Griffin, struck her so hard with a Lance she carried in her Hand, that she fell into the Queen's Arms all over Blood. This tender Mother, who was touched to the very Soul to see her Daughter in this Condition, made most sad Complaints; and for the King, he lost both all his Reason and Courage, left the Combat, and ran to the Princess, to succour her, or die with her; but the Yellow Dwarf would not give him Time to get to her, but flew on his *Spanish* Cat into the Belcony where she was, and took her out of her Mother's Arms, and from all the Ladies, and then leaping upon the Top of the Palace, disappeared with his Prey.

The King, confused and motionless, looked on such an extraordinary Adventure with the utmost Despair, since it was not in his Power to help it;
when

when to compleat his Misfortunes, he found a Mist before his Eyes, and himself lifted up by some extraordinary Power in the Air; for the wicked Fairy, who came to assist the Yellow Dwarf in taking away the Princess, had no sooner set her Eyes on the King of the Gold Mines, but her Heart grew sensible of that young Prince's Merit; and that he might be her Prey, she therefore carried him to the Bottom of a frightful Cavern, and there loaded him with Chains fixed to a Rock, hoping that the Dread of an approaching Death might make him forget *All Fair*, and engage him to do as she would have him. As soon as he arrived there, she restored him his Sight, and borrowing, by the Fairy-Art, all those Charms and Graces that Nature had denied her, appeared to him like a lovely Nymph, that was come that Way by Chance. 'What is this that my Eyes behold? (said she) what have you done, charming Prince, that you are kept here?' Whereupon, the King deceived by these false Appearances, replied; 'Alas! fair Nymph, I know not what the infernal Fury that brought me hither would have; for though, when she took me away, she deprived me of my Sight, and has not since appeared, yet I know by her Voice, that she was the Desert-Fairy.' 'Oh! Sir (cried the false Nymph) you are in the Hands of a Woman, who will not let you go till you marry her; 'tis what she has done by several Heroes: She is the most obstinate Woman in the World in these Affairs.' But while she pretended to bear a Share in the King's Affliction, he perceived her Griffin-Foot, which was always a Mark by which the Fairy was known in all her Metamorphoses, which she could not change; and seeming to take no Notice of it, but speaking in an Air of Confidence, said, 'Indeed I have no Aversion for the Desert-Fairy; but I cannot bear that she should protect the Yellow Dwarf, and keep me chained thus like a Criminal;

nal: What have I done? I love, 'tis true, a charming Princess; and had I my Liberty, it would engage me in Gratitude to Love the Fairy.' Do you use Sincerity?' (said the pretended Nymph) 'Doubt you of it?' (replied the King) 'I am a Novice in the Art of Dissembling; and I must own to you a Fairy has much more to flatter my Vanity with, than a Princess; but if I loved her to Distraction, and she confined me, I should hate her.'

Deceived by these Words, the Desert-Fairy resolved to transport him to a Place as agreeable as this was horrible; and to that End, obliged him to get into her Chariot, which was then drawn by Swans, whereas it was generally drawn by Bats. But in what a Condition was this Prince, when as he was traversing the waste Space of Air, he saw his dear Princess in a Castle of polished Steel, the Walls of which cast such a Reflection when the Sun shined, that there was no going near it; she was laid in a Grove by a Brook-Side, leaning her Head on one Hand, and wiping away her Tears with the other: And as she was looking up to Heaven to ask Relief, she saw the King pass along with the Desert-Fairy, who, as she had made use of her Art to seem handsome to that young Monarch, she appeared to the Princess the most charming Person in the World. 'What (cried she) am not I unfortunate enough, to be in this inaccessible Castle, whither this ugly Dwarf has brought me; but to add to my Misfortunes, I must be tormented with Jealousies? Must I be informed, by such an extraordinary Adventure, of the Infidelity of the King of the Gold Mines, who has certainly thought that by losing the Sight of me, he was freed from his Oaths? But who can this formidable Rival be, whose fatal beauty surpasses mine?' While she was saying these Words, the amorous King felt a mortal Pain, in being carried away with such Swift-ness from the

the dear Object of his Vows: Had he not known the Fairy's Power, he would certainly have tried to have got from her, either by killing her, or some other Means that his Love and Courage would have suggested to him; but how could he attempt any Thing at that Time?

The Fairy also perceived the Princess, and sought in the King's Eyes to penetrate into the Effect that Sight might produce in his Heart. 'None can inform you so well as myself, of what you want to know (said he to her) the unexpected meeting with that unhappy Princess, for whom I had some Respect, before I was acquainted with your Charms, gave me some small Disturbance; but you have so much a greater Sway over me, that I would sooner die than be false to you.' 'Ah! Prince (said she) may I flatter myself with having inspired you with such favourable Sentiments for me?' 'Time shall convince you, Madam (replied he) but if you would make me sensible that I have any Part in your Esteem, deny not *All-Fair* your Assistance.' 'Do you know what you Ask? (answered the Fairy, knitting her Brows and frowning) What, would you have me make use of my Knowledge against the Yellow Dwarf, who is my best Friend, to force a proud Princess, whom I must look upon as my Rival, out of his Hands? No, I cannot bear the Thoughts of it.' At that the King sighed inwardly, but durst return no Answer. At last they came to a large Meadow, enamelled with various Flowers, and surrounded by a deep River, into which there ran several small Brooks, which formed Meanders about little Holts of Trees, where there was always a fresh Air: At a small Distance stood a stately Palace, the Walls of which were of transparent Emeralds, and as soon as the Swans that drew them alighted, thousands of beautiful Persons came to receive the Fairy with Acclamations of Joy, and Songs in Praise of her Charms

Charms and her Choice; which overjoyed the Fairy to hear them mention her Amours. She led the King into the most magnificent Apartment that had ever been seen in the Memory of Fairies, and leaving him there, and thinking she was not sure she had captivated him, she got into an obscure Place, from whence she might observe all his Actions; and he fancying she would watch him, went to a large Glass, and said to it, 'Faithful Adviser, permit me to study out Ways to render myself agreeable to the charming Fairy, whom I adore; for great is my Desire to please.' And, thereupon, he painted, powdered and patched, put on a magnificent Suit of Clothes that lay ready for him, and adjusted himself the best he could.

Upon this, the Fairy went in unto him so much transported with Joy, that she could not moderate it. 'I shall not forget (said she) the Care you have taken to please me, you have found out the true and only Way: You see, Sir, it is not so difficult when People please.' The King, who thought that saying fine Things to the Fairy was the best Card he could play, spared no soft Expressions at this Juncture, and by that Means got Leave to take a Walk on the Sea-Shore, which the Fairy, by her Art, had rendered so dangerous and boisterous, that no Pilots were so bold as to venture to sail in it; so that she was under no Apprehensions of her Prisoner's escaping, who thought it a great Assuagement to his Pains to muse alone, and think of his dearest Princess, without being interrupted by his hateful Goaler. When he had walked there some Time, kissed the Sand, and invoked the Powers of the Sea, he heard a Voice, which made him give great Attention, and observing the Waves to swell, and regarding them stedfastly, he perceived a beautiful Mermaid arise with a Looking-glass in one Hand, and combing her Hair, which was gently agitated by the Winds, with the other. At the
Sight

Sight the King was very much surprized ; but much more when it came and said to him ; ‘ I know the sad Condition you are reduced to, by your Separation from your Princess, and the Defart-Fairy’s Passion for you ; if you approve of it, I will carry you away from this fatal Place, where, perhaps, you may languish out thirty or forty Years.’ The King knew not what Answer to return ; not but he desired to be delivered from his Captivity, but for fear the Fairy had assumed a new Form to deceive him : And as he hesitated, the *Syren*, who guessed at his Thoughts, said, ‘ Fear not, this is no Snare laid for you ; I am too much an Enemy to the Defart Fairy and the Yellow Dwarf, to serve them : I see your unfortunate Princess every Day, her Beauty and Merit raises my Pity ; and I tell you again, if you have any Confidence in me, I will assist you to get away.’ ‘ I have so much in you (cried the King) that I will do whatever you bid me ; but since you have seen my Princess, tell me some News of her.’ ‘ We shall lose too much Time in talking (replied the *Syren*) Come along with me, and I will carry you to the Steel Castle, and leave on this Shore a Figure so like you, that the Fairy shall be deceived by it.’

She presently cut down some Sea-Rushes, and bundled them together, and blowing upon them, said, ‘ My good Friends, I order you not to stir off from this Beach, till the Defart Fairy comes and takes you away.’ Whereupon a skin grew soon over the Rushes, and they became so like the King of the Gold Mines, that it was surprizing ; they were cloathed like the King, and looked pale and dead, as if he had been drowned. After this the *Syren* made the King sit upon the Fish’s Tale, and both sailed away in a rolling Sea, with all imaginable Satisfaction. When they were at some Distance from the Shore, the *Syren* said, ‘ I will now tell you how the wicked Dwarf carried the Princess

‘ Princess away: He set her behind him on his
 ‘ *Spanish* Cat; and notwithstanding the Blood she
 ‘ lost by the Wound she received from the Defart-
 ‘ Fairy, which made her swoon away, he never
 ‘ stopped to give her Assistance till he had her safe
 ‘ in his Steel Castle, where he was received by
 ‘ some of the most beautiful Persons in the World,
 ‘ which he had transported thither, who all shewed
 ‘ a great desire to serve the Princess, who was put
 ‘ into a Bed of Cloth of Gold, embroidered with
 ‘ large Pearls.’ ‘ O! (cried the King of the
 ‘ Gold Mines) he has married her; I swoon and
 ‘ die away.’ ‘ No (said she) assure yourself the
 ‘ Princess’s Constancy is too firm to admit of that.’
 ‘ Then go on,’ (replied he) ‘ What I have more
 ‘ to tell you, is (continued the Syren) she was in
 ‘ the Grove you passed over, and saw you with the
 ‘ Defart-Fairy, who was so painted, that she seemed
 ‘ to her of a much superior Beauty to herself, and
 ‘ her Despair is not to be comprehended, since she
 ‘ fancies you love her.’ ‘ I love her! (cried the
 ‘ King: Just Heavens! how much is she deceived
 ‘ What ought not I to do, to make her sensible
 ‘ how much she is mistaken?’ ‘ Consult your own
 ‘ Heart (answered the Syren, with a gracious
 ‘ Smile) People that are deeply engaged have no
 ‘ Need of Advice on that Account.’ And just as
 ‘ she made an End of these Words, they arrived at
 ‘ the Steel-Castle, which on the Sea-Side the
 Dwarf had not fortified with those burning Walls.

‘ I know (said the Syren) the Princess is by the
 ‘ same Brook-Side, where you saw her as you passed
 ‘ by; but as you will have a great many Enemies
 ‘ to fight with before you can come to her, take this
 ‘ Sword, with which you may undertake any Thing,
 ‘ and face the greatest Dangers, provided you never
 ‘ let it go out of your Hand. Farewel; I shall re-
 ‘ tire under that Rock you see there; if you have
 ‘ any Need of me, to conduct you farther with your
 ‘ Princess,

‘ Princess, I shall not fail you; for the Queen her
 ‘ Mother is my best Friend, and it was on her Ac-
 ‘ count that I have thus served you.’ After these
 Words she gave him the Sword, which was made of
 one certain Diamond, that gave as great a Lustre
 as the Sun; upon the receiving it, he could use no
 Words expressive enough for an Acknowledgement;
 but desired her to make it up in thinking all that a
 generous Mind was capable of.

But to return to the Desert-Fairy: when she saw
 that her Lover did not return, she hastened after to
 find him, running all along the Shore attended with
 a hundred young Damsels, loaded with Presents for
 him; some brought great Baskets full of Diamonds,
 some golden Vessels of admirable Work, some Am-
 bergris, Coral and Pearls, and some carried great
 Pieces of Stuffs upon their Heads of prodigious
 Richness; others Flowers, Fruits and Birds; in
 short, every Thing that might be acceptable. But
 in what a sad Condition was the Fairy, when fol-
 lowing this noble Troop, she saw the Rushes in the
 Shape of the King of the Gold Mines; she was so
 amazed and grieved, that she gave a terrible Shriek,
 that made the Hills echo again, and seemed more
 furious than *Megara*, *Alecto* and *Tisiphone* together:
 she threw herself upon the Body, cried, howled, and
 tore fifty of the Persons that were with her in Pieces,
 as a Sacrifice to the *Manes* of the dear Deceased.
 Then she called eleven of her Sister-Fairies, to
 help her to erect a stately Mausoleum to this young
 Hero; who were all as much deceived as herself by
 the *Syren*, who was more powerful than they. But
 while they were providing Porphyry, Jasper, Agate,
 Marble, Statues and Devises in Gold and Brass, to
 immortalize the Memory of the King, whom they
 thought to be dead, he thanked the lovely *Syren*,
 conjuring her to grant him her Protection; which
 she engaging him she would, he had nothing to do
 but to advance towards the Steel-Castle.

Thus

Thus guided by his Love, he went forward, and looking carefully about, perceived his adorable Princess; but was not long without Employment; for four terrible *Sphinxes* flew at him, and had torn him into a thousand Pieces, had it not been for the *Syren's* Sword, which glittered so in their Eyes, that they fell down at his Feet without any Strength; and he gave each a mortal Wound, and so proceeded on, till he met with six Dragons, whose scaled Skins were harder than Iron. Whatever Fear such Creatures might have put some into, he was intrepid, and with his Sword cut them all asunder, and thought he had surmounted the utmost Difficulties, when he met with the greatest of all; which was four-and-twenty Nymphs, holding in their Hands long Garlands of Flowers, with which they stopped his Passage: 'Whither are you going, Sir? (said they) We are appointed to guard this Place, and if we let you pass, it will be bad both for you and us; therefore pray be not obstinate: Sure you would not imbrue your victorious Arm in the Blood of so many innocent young Damsels, who have done you no Wrong.' At these Words, the King, who was a great Admirer of the Fair Sex, and had professed himself always their Protector, was so confounded to think that he must force his Passage through them, that he knew not what to resolve on; when he heard a Voice say, 'Strike, strike, or you lose your Princess for ever.' Whereupon without making any Reply, he threw himself into the Midst of the Nymphs, and gave them no Quarter, and soon dispersed them. This being the last Obstacle he had to meet with, he went into the Grove where the Princess lay pale and languishing by a Brook-side; and upon his approaching trembling towards her, she flew from him with as much Indignation, as if he had been the Yellow Dwarf. 'Condemn me not, Madam (said he) before you hear me; I am neither false nor guilty of what
you

‘ you imagine ; but only an unfortunate Wretch,
 ‘ that has displeas'd you with Repugnance to him-
 ‘ self.’ Ah ! barbarous Man (cried she) I saw
 ‘ you traversing the Air with a beautiful Person ;
 ‘ was that against your Consent?’ ‘ Yes, Princess.
 ‘ (said he) it was: The wicked Defart Fairy not
 ‘ satisfied with chaining me to a Rock, took me
 ‘ with her in her Chariot, and convey'd me to a
 ‘ distant Part of the World, where I should have
 ‘ languish'd out my Days, without hope of any
 ‘ Succour, had it not been for a kind Syren, that
 ‘ brought me hither. I come my Princess to de-
 ‘ liver you out of the Hands of those that detain
 ‘ you here: refuse not the Assistance of the most
 ‘ faithful of Lovers.’ Thereupon he threw himself
 at her Feet, and catching hold of her Gown, un-
 fortunately let fall the formidable Sword, which the
 Yellow Dwarf, who lay behind some small Shrub,
 no sooner saw out of the King's Hand, but knowing
 its Power, he ran and seiz'd it.

The Princess, at the Sight of the Dwarf, gave a
 terrible Shriek ; but all her Complaints serv'd only
 to exasperate the little Monster, who, by two caba-
 listical Words, conjur'd up two huge Giants, that
 load'd the King with Irons. ‘ I am now (said the
 ‘ Dwarf, Master of my Rival's Fate ; however, I
 ‘ will grant him his Life and Liberty, on Condi-
 ‘ tion he consents to my Marriage.’ ‘ No, I will
 ‘ die a Thousands Deaths first (cried the amorous
 ‘ King in a Rage.) ‘ Alas ! (replied the Princess)
 ‘ the Thoughts of that is the most terrible of them
 ‘ all.’ ‘ Nothing shocks me so much (answered
 ‘ the King, as that you should become a Victim
 ‘ to this Monster.’ ‘ Then (said the Princess) let
 ‘ us die together.’ ‘ No, my Princess (said the
 ‘ King) let me have the Satisfaction of dying for
 ‘ you.’ ‘ I would sooner consent (said she) to the
 ‘ Dwarf's Desires.’ ‘ Oh ! cruel Princess (inter-
 ‘ rupted the King) should you marry him before
 ‘ my

‘ my Face, my Life would ever after be odious to me.’ ‘ No, it shall not be before thy Face (replied the Dwarf) for a beloved Rival I cannot bear.’ And at these Words he stabbed the King to the Heart; whose Death the Princess was not able to survive, but she fell on that dear Prince’s Body, and poured out her Soul with his. Thus died those two illustrious but unfortunate Lovers, before the *Syren* could apply any Remedy, all her Power laying in the fatal Sword.

The wicked Dwarf was better pleased to see his Princess void of Life, than in the Arms of another; and the Desert-Fairy being informed of his Adventure; conceived as great an Hatred against the Memory of the King of the Gold Mines, as Love for his Person, and destroyed the Mausoleum she had erected. And for the kind Mermaid, who was grieved at this Misfortune, she could obtain no other Favour of Fate, but to change them into two Palm-Trees; which preserving a faithful and lasting Passion for each other, caress and unite their Branches together.

T H E
S T O R Y
O F
YOUNG and HANDSOME.

HERETOFORE there lived a Fairy, who strove as much as possible to resist the Force of Love: But all in vain; for that little God, without employing the utmost of his Power, rendered her sensible of it. A young Prince arrived at her Court, who was amiable and renowned for great Actions he had done, and which were not unknown to the Fairy.

This young Prince's Person answered so well the great Reputation he had gained, that the Fairy, who was not proof against so many Charms, in a short Time accepted his Vows. The Fairy was beautiful, and he really in Love. She married him, and by that Marriage made him a rich and most powerful Monarch. After this Union, they lived a long Time happy; but the Fairy growing old, the King's Love, though he was as much in Years himself, began to fall off, and he was taken with some of the young Beauties of the Court: At which the Fairy conceived a Jealousy, that proved fatal to many of her Rivals.

The Fairy, by this Marriage, had only one Daughter, who was the Object of her Tenderness, and in all Respects deserving of it. The Fairies, her Relations, at her Birth, endowed her with a sprightly Wit, a most bewitching Beauty, and Graces more engaging than both, with a Voice
†N
that

that captivated all that heard it. Her Shape was perfectly fine, and her Air noble; her Hair was a curious black, her Mouth little, but always graced with Smiles: her Teeth were of a surprizing Whiteness, her Eyes black, lively and sparkling; and her Looks so tender and piercing, that they created Love in all Hearts: Whereupon the Fairy named her *Young-ana-Handsome*, suspending all other Gifts, that she might judge in the End what sort of Happiness she might promise a Daughter so dear to her.

The Infidelity of the King was a continual Affliction to the Fairy; the Misfortune of not being beloved, made her think that the greatest of all Blessings was to be always amiable. This Happiness, after a thousand Reflections, she endowed *Young-and-Handsome* with, who was then about sixteen Years old, when the Fairy used all her Knowledge, that she should always remain the same as she was at that Time. What blessing could she bestow more valuable?

The Fairy buried the King her Husband, and though he had been False to her a long Time, was so sensibly grieved at his Death, that she resolved to leave her Dominions, and retire to a Castle she had built in a Desert Country, which she had surrounded with a vast Forest, so that only she herself could find the Way to it.

This Resolution afflicted *Young-and-Handsome*, who was loth to part with the Fairy, who commanded her absolutely to stay; but before her Departure, she recalled into her Palace, which was very fine, all the Pleasures and Diversions she had banished so long, and therewith composed the Court of *Young-and-Handsome*, who in that agreeable Company was comforted some Time after, for the Absence of the Fairy. All the Kings and Princes, who thought themselves worthy of pleasing her, came in Crouds to the Court of *Young-and-Handsome*, to endeavour, by their Sedulities and Love, to render so lovely a Princess happy.

Nothing

Nothing ever equalled the Magnificence and Charms of her Palace, there were every Day some new Entertainments, every body was happy, but those Lovers who adored without Hope, for she looked favourably on none: But as they had the Happiness to see her often, the most indifferent Looks were sufficient to stay them for ever,

One Day *Young-and-Handsome*, content with the Happiness and Sweets of her Reign, was walking in a pleasant Wood, attended only by some of her Nymphs, to taste the Delights of Solitude; where she amused herself with pleasing Thoughts, which brought her insensibly into a delicate Meadow, enamelled with Flowers of various Colours.

Her Eyes were engaged with a thousand different and agreeable Objects, when perceiving a Flock of Sheep feeding in a Meadow, by the Side of a Brook, which by its Waters rolling among the Pebbles, made soft Murmurings, she discovered a young Shepherd, shaded by an Holt of Trees, laid asleep by the Brook-side, with his Crook set against a Tree, and a pretty little Dog, which seemed to be rather his Master's Favourite, than the Keeper of the Flock, by his Side.

Young-and-Handsome went to the Brook, and looked on the Shepherd! but how fatal was that Sight! for Love sleeping in the Arms of *Psyche*, never appeared with so many Charms. The young Fairy stopped, being unable to resist some Emotions of Admiration, which were soon followed by more tender Sentiments. The young Shepherd seemed to be about eighteen Years of Age, very proper and well shaped, and his Hair, which was brown, and curled naturally in large flowing Rings, adorned a most beautiful Face. His Eyes, which were closed, concealed from the Fairy new Darts, which Love preserved to redouble her Tenderness.

Young-and-Handsome felt an unusual Disturbance in her Breast, and had not Power to leave the Place, but took too much Pleasure in those her Sentiments,

to seek to oppose them; she loved tenderly, and thought at that Time only of being loved again: She durst not awake the Shepherd, for fear of discovering her Disorder, but taking a Pleasure in revealing her Passion in a more gallant and agreeable Manner, rendered her invisible, to divert herself with the Amazement she designed to put him into. Some charming Music was presently heard, with a Symphony that struck the Heart itself. These delightful Sounds awakened *Alidorus*, which was the Shepherd's Name, who then thought it only an agreeable Dream: But how great was his Surprize, when rising off the Grass where he was laid, he found himself in a fine and magnificent Habit, of yellow Velvet trimed with Silver; his Scrip embroidered with Cyphers of *Young-and-Handsome*, and tied with a Scarf of Flowers; his Crook of curious Work, adorned with Jewels of several Colours, which formed nice Devices; and his Hat made of Jonquils and blue Hyacinths, intervoven with great Art.

Pleased and surprized with his new Dress, he viewed himself in the Brook, while *Young-and-Handsome* was in a thousand Apprehensions, lest he should undergo the same hard Fate with the beautiful *Narcissus*. But how much greater was his Astonishment, when he saw his Sheep fleeced with Silk as white as Snow, instead of their ordinary Wool, and bedecked with Branches of Ribbons of various Colours; and his favourite Ewe, set off like the rest, come skipping over the Grass, as if she was proud of her Attire; and his little Dog with a Collar of Gold, set with small Emeralds, which composed these Verses:

*How pants the Heart, seiz'd with an am'rous Fire,
 When it is scorch'd with lasting Flames of Love?
 Tho' to be Handsome, can create Desire,
 Yet, to be happy, we must constant prove.*

The Young Shepherd judged, by these Verses, that he was obliged to Love for this agreeable Adventure. The sun was then set, and *Alidorus*, possessed with most pleasing Thoughts, returned to his Cabbin, in which he observed no Change without; but was hardly entered before a delicious Odour informed him there was something new. He found his little Hut hung with a Tissue of Jessamin and Orange-flowers, the Curtains of his Bed the same, raised up with Garlands of Lilies and Roses, supported in their Beauty by an agreeable Freshness.

The Floor was China, whereon were represented the Stories of all the Goddesses who fell in love with Shepherds; *Alidorus*, who had a great deal of Wit, observed it: For the Shepherds in that Country were not common Shepherds; some of them being descended from Kings and great Princes; as *Alidorus*, derived his origin from a Prince that governed those People before they were subject to the Fairies.

Till then the young Shepherd had been insensible; but now he began to perceive that his young Heart, though he could fix on no Object, burnt to surrender; he almost died with impatience to know the Goddess or Fairy that shewed him such favourable Marks of her Tenderness. He walked about with the greatest Uneasiness imaginable, and knew not what to think. Night came on, a fine Illumination appeared in his Cabbin, and his Musings were interrupted by a delicious and stately Supper that was set before him: 'What (said the Shepherd smiling) always new Pleasures and nobody to partake of them with me!' His little Dog would have played with him, but he was too much taken up to answer his Caresses; when sitting down, a little *Cupid* presented him Drink in a Cup made of one little Diamond. He asked the little love some Questions, who, instead of answering them, drew some Arrows, which, as soon as they reached the Shepherd, were changed into a sweet smelling Wa-

ter. *Alidorus* comprehended by these little Tricks, that the little Rogue was ordered not to explain this Mystery. As soon as *Alidorus* had done, the little Cupid flew away, and the Table vanished.

Afterwards he heard a charming Symphony, which creating a thousand tender Sentiments in his Heart, his Impatience to know to whom he was obliged for so much Pleasure, continually increased; when with a great deal of Satisfaction he heard these Words sung :

*Tell me, Cupid, what bright Form
Will wound the Swain I love ;
Say what Charms I must put on,
That may his Passion move.*

*My constant Love, let him not doubt,
Tho' that won't always please ;
Great God encrease my Stock of Charms,
My Truth will give me Ease.*

• Come then, charming Object (cried the Shepherd) and by your Presence compleat my Felicity : I believe you too lovely ever to be capable of being unfaithful to your Charms.' No Answer was returned, the Music ceased soon after, and a profound Silence reigned, which invited the Shepherd to take a sweet Repose.

He threw himself upon his Bed, where he slept but little, agitated by his Impatience and growing Passion. At Day break he awakened by the harmonious Warblings of the Birds, arose and drove his flock to the same Place where the Day before his good Fortune began. He was no sooner sat down by the Brook-side, but a Pavillion of a bright green and gold coloured Stuff was fastened to the Boughs of the Trees to secure him from the Scorchings of the Sun. His Pavillion, Flock and Habit, surprized

surprized all the young Shepherds and Shepherdesses about him, they came in great Haste, and asked him with Earnestness, the Reason of those strange Alterations: And *Alidorus* smiling, told them all that had happened. There was not a Shepherd but what was jealous, nor Shepherdesses but blushed with Rage and Envy, since there was scarce one of the latter, who had not formed designs of gaining the Heart of this lovely Shepherd; and a Goddess, or a Fairy, were either of them too dangerous Rivals.

Young-and Handsome, who never lost sight of her Shepherd, suffered the Conversation of the Shepherdesses with Impatience; some of them were charming, and a lovely Shepherdess may prove a formidable Rival to a Goddess herself. But *Alidorus's* Indifference, and their being obliged to leave that Shepherd, and drive their Flocks further on the Meadow, encouraged the Young Fairy.

Some Time after, when none but Shepherds were with *Alidorus*, a delicious Entertainment appeared on a white Marble Table, with Seats of Green a round it, of which *Alidorus* and those Shepherds partook; when sitting down at the Table, they found themselves clothed in magnificent Habits, but none so fine as *Alidorus*, who shined again with Jewels. A rustick Music, but very fine, echoed all around, and these Words were sung:

Alidorus's Happiness confess,
By whom Love his Power has shewn;
Swains that know his killing Charms,
Regard the Choice my Heart does own.

The Shepherds Amazement increased every Minute, and some Shepherdesses, drawn by the Music, coming to the Brook-side, they began a very agreeable Country-Dance. The young Fairy, who was always present, but invisible, assumed, with

six of her Nymphs, the Habits of Shepherdeses, dressed with Garlands of Flowers, with their Crooks very prettily wrought; at which Time *Young-and-Handsome*, who had on a Head-dress of Jonquils, which had the most agreeable Effect imaginable on her fine black Hair, appeared the most beautiful Person in the World.

The arrival of these Shepherdeses surprized all the Assembly; all the Beauties there conceiving Jealousies, and the Shepherds seeking with great Earnestness to pay them the utmost Respect.

Young-and-Handsome, who was not known to be a Fairy, received all the Honours, and, like the Loadstone, attracted all the Hearts; for there the most sincere Homages were paid to beauty alone, which flattered *Young-and-Handsome* with the Effect of hers, since there her Rank had not the least Share.

For *Alidorus*, as soon as she appeared, forgetting the Love a Goddess, or a Fairy, had for him, flew to *Young-and-Handsome*, and approached her with the best Grace in the World: 'Come, charming Shepherdess (said he) accept of a Place more worthy of you; so delicate a Person is to much superior to other Beauties, to stay intermixed with them.' Then offering his Hand, *Young-and-Handsome*, pleased with the Sentiments she had inspired the young Shepherd with, suffered herself to be led by him. *Alidorus* conducted her under the Pavilion, where some young Shepherds, by *Alidorus's* Orders, brought Bundles of Flowers and Greens, and raised a kind of Throne, whereon they placed *Young-and-Handsome*. The lovely young Shepherd laid himself at her Feet, the Nymphs sat by her, and the rest of the Company made a Ring, where every one seated themselves according to their Inclination.

This Circle of Beauties was a most agreeable Sight; where the purling Streams and the harmonious

nious Symphony, intermixed with the Warblings of the Birds, which flocked about them, made a compleat Concert. Shepherds came in Troops to make their Court to *Young-and-Handsome*; and one among them who was called *Iphis*, going up to the young Fairy, ‘ Though this Seat whereon you are placed by *Alidorus* (said he to her) is very agreeable, yet notwithstanding it is very dangerous.’ ‘ I believe (replied the Fairy, with a Smile capable of captivating all Hearts) the Shepherdesſes of this Hamlet will hardly pardon in me the preference which *Alidorus* seem to give me, before so many Beauties much more deserving.’ ‘ No, (said *Iphis*) our Shepherdesſes are more just, but a Goddess loves *Alidorus*.’ Then he-telling her the whole Adventure of that lovely Shepherd, and having made an End of that Relation, the young Fairy turning herself towards *Alidorus*, said with a gracious Smile, ‘ I will not create myself so formidable an Enemy as the Goddess, by whom you are beloved: Without Doubt she hath not destined me the Place I possess, therefore I shall surrender it up to her;’ and in saying these Words she got up. ‘ Stay (said *Alidorus*, looking on her tenderly and stopping her) stay, beautiful Shepherdesſes, there is no Goddess, whose Tenderneſs I would not sacrifice to the Pleasure of adoring you: And that Goddess *Iphis* hath told you of, is not very subtle, at least in Love Affairs, to permit me the Sight of you.’ *Young-and-Handsome* could not then return any Answer; for they took her out just at the very Moment to Dance. Never any Person acquitted herself with so good a Grace. And for the lovely Shepherd, he even surpassed himself. None of all the magnificent Entertainments at the Court of *Young-and-Handsome* ever gave her so much Pleasure as this rural Assembly; for love embellishes all Places, where we can see the Persons we d fire,

Alidorus found his Love increase every Moment, and swore a thousand Times to sacrifice all the Goddesses and Fairies in the World to the tender Passion his Shepherdess inspired in him. *Young-and-Handsome* was charmed with these Sentiments of her beloved Shepherd; but was willing to make further Trial of his Passion. *Iphis* was amiable, and if *Alidorus* had not been there, without Doubt had had the Preference. The young Fairy spoke to him twice in a favourable Manner, and danced often with him.

At which *Alidorus* conceived a jealousy as violent as his Love, which was not unobserved by *Young-and-Handsome*; who, thinking herself sure of her Shepherd's Heart, forbore to torment him, and spoke no more to *Iphis* all that Day; but cast more favourable looks on *Alidorus*, which of themselves were able to vanquish the most Insensible.

At Night this fair Assembly broke up with Regret, when *Young-and-Handsome* would not permit any of the Shepherds to accompany her, but was followed by a thousand Sighs: However, she promised *Alidorus* to meet him the next day in the Meadow, and then went away with her Nymphs. The Shepherds let them go, hoping by following at a Distance, to know what Hamlet those divine Persons belonged to; but as soon as they had gained a little Wood, which deprived their Followers of the Sight of them, she and her Nymphs disappeared, and amused themselves sometime to see the Shepherds searching out the Path they believed they had gone. *Young-and-Handsome* observed with Pleasure that *Alidorus* seemed the most earnest. *Iphis* was in Despair that they staid so long before they pursued them; and a great many other Shepherds, whose Hearts the Nymphs had captivated, spent most of the Night to find them out.

Young-and-Handsome returned to her Palace, where

where (though a Fairy may have many Occasions to be absent) she found all her Lovers very uneasy, that they had not seen her all that Day; but none of them durst reproach her; for those who were her Lovers were forced to be submissive and respectful, or leave her Court: So severe was she, that they durst not tell her of their Tenderness; but hoped only to gain her by their Assiduities, Respect, and Constancy.

Young-and-Handsome seemed to take very little Notice of any Thing; she eat but little, was often musing, and the Princes her Admirers, who were Observers of all her Actions, thought they heard her often sigh. She took Leave of her Court betimes, and retired to her Apartment; for when we are to see again those we love, every Thing that obstructs that Happiness seems cold and troublesome.

The young Fairy, with her Nymphs, were instantly at her beloved Shepherd's Cabbin, concealed in a Cloud. He seemed very melancholy for not finding out the Way his divine Shepherdess had taken, but found his Cottage as charming as he left it; only casting his Eyes on the Floor, he perceived it was changed, and instead of the Histories of Goddesses who were in love with Shepherds, he saw terrible examples of unfortunate Lovers, who were not deserving the Tenderness of those Divinities.

' You are in the right (cried the lovely Shepherd)
' you are in the right, Goddess; I deserve your
' Anger: But why suffered you my Eyes to behold
' a Shepherdess so lovely? Alas! what Deity was
' able to withstand her Charms?'

Young-and-Handsome, who was then in the Cottage when *Alidorus* pronounced these Words, felt all her Softness and Tenderness redoubled. Then appeared another magnificent Supper, which *Alidorus* made not so good a Use of as that of the Night

2-6 STORY OF YOUNG-AND-HANDSOME.

before : He was too much in love, and at the same Time jealous ; he often recalled in his Mind his Shepherdess, her speaking of *Iphis* ; but the Promise she made him, that he should see her again the next Day, somewhat mitigated his Pain.

The little Love waited on him all the Time ; but *Alidorus*, wholly taken up with his Disquiet, said not one Word to him. The Table disappeared, and a young Child making up to *Alidorus*, presented him with two Boxes, in which were magnificent Pictures, and then flew away.

The Shepherd immediately opened one of them, wherein was the Picture of a young Lady of a transcendant Beauty ; under which these Words were wrote in Letters of Gold :

Thy Happiness consists in his Tendernefs.

‘ Who but he who hath seen my Shepherdess, (said *Alidorus*, looking on the Picture) could resist those Charms ?’ Then shutting the Box, he laid it carelessly on the Table, and afterwards he opened the other Box : But how great was his Surprise, when he saw the Picture of his Shepherdess, shining with all those Charms that had made so lively an Impression on his Heart !

She was painted in the same Dress he saw her in that Day, with her Head-dress of Flowers ; and so transported was he with his Love, that it was a long while before he perceived these Words, which were wrote under it.

Forget her Charms, or thy Love will be fatal to thee.

‘ Alas ! (cried *Alidorus*, what Happiness is there without my Shepherdess ?’ This Transport charmed *Young-and Handsome*. That fine Picture *Alidorus* despised, was an imaginary one, by which the young

young Fairy had a Mind to try whether her Shepherd would prefer her to so beautiful a Person, who seem'd to be a Goddess, or a Fairy; but satisfied with his Love, she returned to her Palace, after she had by a Signal, called her Nymphs together, who were gone to see after their Lovers.

Some of them were very well pleas'd with theirs, having found them thinking and speaking of them with Passion; others again were dissatisfied with the Effects of their Beauty, having found their Shepherds asleep, who in the Day-time appear'd very amorous, but were not in Love enough to keep them waking all Night.

The young Shepherdes went to Bed when she arriv'd at her Palace, pleas'd with the Love of her Shepherd, and agitated only with the sweet impatience of seeing him again. For *Alidorus*, he slept a little; and without disquieting himself with the Menaces he read under the Pictures, thought of nothing but the Meadow, where he hop'd to see his Shepherdes the next Day, which he thought approach'd too slow.

He drov his Flock to the fortunate Place where he first saw *Young-and-Handsome*, his little Dog watching them, while his Master dream'd of his Shepherdes.

Young-and-Handsome was that Day, against her Will, oblig'd to give Audience to several Ambassadors that came from neighbouring Princes. Never were Audiences more short, yet best Part of that Day was spent in those troublesome Ceremonies, and the young Fairy suffer'd as much as her Shepherd, who languish'd under a most cruel Impatience. The Sun set, and *Alidorus*, who thought he should not see his divine Shepherdes that Day, was in the greatest Grief imaginable: He sigh'd and bewail'd his ill Fortune a thousand Times, made these Verses on her Absence, and with the Iron of his Crook engrav'd them on a young Elm.

Thou

*Thou bright Beauty of the Day,
Whom Love's Goddess can't survey,
Without Envy of thy Charms:
Shining Beauty, fairest Face,
Waited on by every Grace,
That the loveliest Female arms.*

*How prodigal has Love bestow'd,
All the Artillery of the God,
You are made so charming fair;
'Tis by you he woun's all Hearts,
And no longer by his Darts,
Nymph, your Absence brings Despair.*

*Fated to pass my Days alone,
My Sorrows now are constant grown,
Yet my Love and they are one.*

}

He had hardly done, before *Young-and-Handsome* appeared with her Nymphs at a Distance, all clothed like Shepherdesses. *Alidorus* knowing them presently, ran or rather flew towards *Young and-Handsome*, who received him with a charming Smile, capable to create a Happiness in Gods themselves.

He spoke to her of his Love with an Ardour that might have persuaded any Heart less affected than that of the young Fairy, who would see what he had engraved on the Tree, and was delighted both with the Wit and Tenderness of her young Shepherd. He told her all that happened the Night before, and offered her a thousand Times to follow her to the End of the World, to avoid the Love a Goddess or Fairy had unhappily conceived for him.

'I shall lose too much (replied *Young-and-Handsome*, if you fly that Fairy; for 'tis Time I discover to you my Sentiments, since I am satisfied with yours. 'Twas I myself, *Alidorus* (continued the charming Shepherdess) it was I that gave

‘ gave you those marks of my Tenderness, which,
 ‘ if you are faithful shall last for ever, and make
 ‘ us happy.’

The lovely Shepherd, transported with Joy, cast himself at her Feet, and, by his Silence informed the Fairy more, than if he had used the most pathetic Eloquence. Young-and-Handsome raised him up, and he found himself cloathed in a stately Habit; then the Fairy touching the Ground with her Crook, there appeared a magnificent Chariot, drawn by twelve white Horses, very beautiful, and harnessed four on a breast *Young-and-Handsome* got into the Chariot, and made her lovely Shepherd sit down by her; and as soon as the Nymphs had taken their Places, the Horses, which had no need of any Guide to obey the Fairy’s Intentions, carried them presently to a Castle *Young-and-Handsome* took great delight in, which she had embellished with all her Art, and called the Castle of Flowers.

The young Fairy and her happy Lover arrived in a great Court, surrounded by Palisadoes Breast-high, covered over with Jessamin and Citrons, by which there ran a fine River, on the other side of which were Meadows almost out of Sight, where the same River sported in several Meanders, as if loth to leave so charming an Abode.

The Castle was much more to be admired for it’s Architecture than Extent: there were twelve Apartments in it, each of which had its different Excellencies, they being large, but not capable of containing the whole Court of Young-and Handsome, which was both numerous and magnificent.

The young Fairy always came to this Castle when she had a Mind to be retired, attended only by favourite Nymphs, and some of the Officers of her Household. She conducted her Shepherd into the Apartment of Myrtles, where all the Furniture consisted of Myrtle, always in Flower, interwoven with

so much Art, as shewed the Fairy's delicate Taste in the most simple Things. Thus all the Apartments were furnished with Flowers, which perfumed the Air with their Fragrancy.

Young-and-Handsome had banished thence Winter, and never permitted the Heats of Summer to intrude on so agreeable a Place, but to enjoy with more Pleasure the Beauty of the Baths; which Apartment was made of blue and white Porphyry finely wrought, with Baths of different Sizes and Forms: That which *Young-and-Handsome* bathed in, was one entire Topaz of exquisite Beauty, over which was a Canopy of yellow and Silver Brocade, adorned with Pearls, supported by four Pillars of Amethyst. *Alidorus*, who was entirely taken up with the Happiness of looking on his lovely Fairy, and seeing her sensible of his Passion, observed hardly any of these Wonders. A tender and pleasant Conversation enchanted these happy Lovers a long Time in the Apartment of Myrtles; a magnificent Supper was served up in the Hall of Jonquils which was followed by an Entertainment, wherein the Nymphs represented in Music the loves of *Diana* and *Endymion*.

Young-and-Handsome, who forgot to return to her Palace, passed the Remainder of the Night in the Apartment of *Narcissus*; and *Alidorus*, transported with Love, was a long while before he could taste the sweets of Sleep in the Apartment of Myrtles, where the Nymphs conducted him after Supper: And that Night the Fairy, who was not willing to use her Power to calm an agreeable Disorder, slept not till Day-break.

Alidorus, who longed with Impatience to see the charming Fairy again, waited some Time for that happy Moment in the Hall of Jonquils: He had neglected nothing in his Dress that could add to his natural Graces and Beauties: And *Young-and-Handsome*,

some, who appeared more charming than *Venus*, spent Part of that Day with *Alidorus* and her Nymphs in the Gardens of the Castle, the Beauties of which surpassed Description.

They had a small Regale in a delightful Wood, where *Alidorus* for some Time enjoyed the Pleasure of declaring his Passion for *Young-and-Handsome*, who returning that Night to her Palace, promised *Alidorus* to come again the next Day. Never was any Absence of so short a Time so much regretted; the Shepherd wished passionately to have followed the young Fairy: she being willing to conceal her Tenderness from her Court, desired him to stay in the Garden of Flowers. None ever entered this Castle without her Orders; and for her Nymphs, she feared not their discovering her Secrets; for those of Fairies are always safe, and never divulged. She asked *Alidorus* for his little Dog, to take him along with her; for what pleases those we love is always dear to us.

After the young Fairy was gone, the Shepherd, to entertain his Disquiet, rather than divert it, went farther into the Wood, to dream on his adorable Fairy; and in a little Mead, that was in the midst of the Wood, enameled with Flowers, and watered by a delicate Spring, he saw his Flock skipping on the Grass, and guarded by six young Slaves of good Mein, clothed in Blue and Gold, with Collars and Chains of the same: His favourite Ewe soon knew her Master, and came to him; *Alidorus* caressed her, and was sensibly touched at the Care *Young-and-Handsome* had for him.

The young Slaves shewed *Alidorus* their Hut, which was just by, at the End of a shady Alley, which little Abode was built all of Cedar, in which appeared the Cyphers of *Young-and-Handsome* and *Alidorus* mixed together, with this Inscription in Letters of Gold, on a large Turquoise:

How

How pleasant is the sweet Abode,
 Where my Charmer's Flock doth feed !
 By the Shepherd I'm beloved,
 In Bliss no God can me exceed.

The lovely Shepherd returned to the Castle of Flowers, charmed with the Bounties of the young Fairy : who the next Day came again to her happy Lover, as she promised. How great was his Joy to see her again ! All that the young Fairy had done before, never gave him so great a Pleasure. She spent almost all her Time in the Castle of Flowers, and seldom appeared at her Court ; where the Princes her Lovers felt a mortal Grief, since all was sacrificed to the happy *Alidorus*.

But it was impossible for so great a Felicity to last long without some Disaster. Another Fairy had seen the lovely Shepherd, and found her Heart sensible of his Charms.

One Evening when *Young-and-Handsome* was gone to her Court, *Alidorus*, taken up with his Love, set musing in the Hall of Jonquils ; when hearing a little Noise at one of the Windows, and looking that Way, he perceived a great Light, and soon after saw on a Table just by where he sat, a little Woman, about half a Yard high, very old, with Hair as white as Snow, and an old-fashioned Ruff and Fardingale.

' I am the Fairy *Mordicant* (said she to the Shepherd ; and come to pronounce to you a Happiness, greater than that of being beloved by *Young-and-Handsome*.' ' What Happiness can that be ?' said *Alidorus* to her, in a disdainful Manner) ' The Gods themselves enjoy not a greater Blessing !' ' It is that of pleasing me (answered the old Fairy, haughtily :) I love you, and my Power is greater than that of *Young-and-Handsome*, and almost equal to the Gods. Leave this young Fairy for
 ' me ;

me; I will revenge you of your Enemies, and on those you would prejudice.'

'Your Favours are of no use to me (replied the charming Shepherd, smiling) I have no Enemies, and would hurt nobody: I am too well satisfied with my good Fortune, and if the beautiful Fairy, whom I adore, had been only a Shepherdess, I had been as happy with her in a Cottage, as I am in the most delightful Palace.'

After these Words the wicked Fairy seemed all on a sudden as large, as she seemed at first little, and in disappearing made a terrible Noise. The next Day *Young-and-Handsome* came again to the Castle of Flowers: *Alidorus* told her his Adventure; they both knew the Fairy *Mordicant* to be both old and ugly, and very sensible of Love. The two Lovers passed a thousand Jest on her Passion, and never made themselves a Moment uneasy at the Effects of her Revenge; for to be a successful Lover, and think of Misfortunes to come, is a Thing unusual.

Eight Days after, *Young-and-Handsome* and the lovely Shepherd went to take the Air in a fine gilt Boat on the River, which surrounded this Castle of Flowers, followed by their small Court in very fine Boats; *Young-and-Handsome's* was covered with a Canopy of a light Blue and Silver stuff, with Oars of the same, attended by others full of Musicians. *Alidorus* more in Love than ever, regarded nothing but *Young-and-Handsome*, whose Beauty that Day appeared more charming to him than ever.

In the Midst of their Pleasures, twelve *Syrens* arose out of the Water, followed soon after by as many *Tritons*; who ranging themselves by the boat-side which *Young-and-Handsome* was in, the *Tritons* with their concave Shells, performed a most agreeable Symphony, the *Syrens* sang most alluring Airs, which amused the young Fairy and Shepherd some Time. *Young-and-Handsome*, who was used to such
like

like Diversions, thought it had been prepared by those whom she entrusted with that Care; when those perfidious *Tritons* and *Syrens*, laying their Hands on the Boat, sunk down with it suddenly.

All that *Alidorus* feared, was the Danger that the young Fairy ran, and would have ran towards her, but the *Tritons* carried him away; while *Young-and-Handsome*, forced away by the *Syrens*, was put into her own Palace.

As one Fairy has no Power over another, the jealous *Mordicant* limited her Revenge, in making *Young-and-Handsome* endure all the Torments a cruel Absence could create. In the mean Time *Alidorus* was conveyed by the *Tirtons* into a terrible Castle, guarded by winged Dragons, where *Mordicant* resolved to make the Shepherd answer her Love, or revenge herself on his Disdain. They put him into a dark Room, where *Mordicant*, all shining with Jewels, came to him, and spoke of her Tenderness, whom the Shepherd, in Despair for being separate from *Young-and-Handsome*, treated with the utmost Contempt and Disdain.

Mordicant's Rage was inexpressible, and her Love too violent to destroy the Person who was the Cause of it. She resolved, after keeping *Alidorus* some Time in this most dismal Prison, to vanquish his Fidelity by new Artifices; and to that End transported him suddenly into a magnificent Palace, where he was served with a Pomp no ways inferior to what he had seen in the Castle of Flowers. She endeavoured to dissipate his Grief by a thousand agreeable Entertainments; and the most beautiful Nymphs in the World, which composed her Court, seemed to strive which should have the Honour of pleasing him. They never spoke to *Alidorus* of the wicked Fairy's Love, that faithful Shepherd languished in the midst of Pleasures, and was as much in Despair for his Absence from *Young-and-Handsome*, at all the most gallant Entertainments, as when in his dismal Prison.

In the mean Time, *Mordicant* hoped that the Absence of *Young-and-Handsome*, the continual Pleasures she endeavoured to amuse him with, and the sight of so many charming Persons, might in the End render the Heart of the Shepherd unfaithful: Her Design, by presenting so many beautiful Nymphs to his View, was to find out what Sort of Beauty he liked best, that she might assume a Form accordingly; sometimes she appeared a charming Brown, and sometimes a most delicate Fair.

Love, who can do every Thing, then suspended her natural Cruelty; but her Despair of not being able to shake the Constancy of *Alidorus* rekindled her Rage so much, that she resolved to destroy that charming Shepherd, and to make him a Victim to that unshaken Love he preserved for *Young-and-Handsome*.

One Day as she was watching undiscovered, she heard *Alidorus*, who was leaning over the Banisters of a Gallery that looked towards the Sea, sighing grievously, and making such tender and piercing Complaints, as shewed the lively Passion he had for the young Fairy; when transported with Rage, she appeared to him in her own natural Shape, and after having cast a thousand Reproaches on him, confined him in a Prison, and told him, that in three Days he should be sacrificed to her Hatred, by the most cruel Punishments a despised Lover could inflict.

Alidorus, for his Part, valued not his Life, which was insupportable to him when absent from *Young-and-Handsome*; and as he was satisfied he had nothing to apprehend on her Part from *Mordicant's* Anger, he expected with Firmness of Mind, the Death which had been pronounced.

In the mean Time *Young-and-Handsome*, who was as faithful to her Shepherd, groaned under her Grief of losing him. The *Syrens*, as soon as they had carried her to the Palace, disappeared, and the
young

young Fairy, not doubting but that it was the cruel *Mordicant* that had carried *Alidorus* away, could not disguise from her Court the Grief which her Tenderneſs for her Shepherd, and her Loſs of him, created.

How many Kings were there jealous of the Miſfortunes to which the wicked Fairy precipitated *Alidorus*! What a Rage were the Princes her Admirers in, when they underſtood that they had a Rival beloved, and ſaw her ſhed Tears for him! Yet their Hopes revived at the loſing of him, for they were ſenſible that *Young-and-Handſome* knew as well how to love as to pleaſe: They redoubled their Importunities, and every one flattered himſelf with the pleaſing Hope to ſucceed that happy Lover; when *Young-and-Handſome*, equally afflicted with the Abſence of *Alidorus*, and wearied with the Love of his Rivals, left her Court, and retired to the Caſtle of Flowers.

The ſight of that charming Abode, where every Thing reminded her of her lovely Shepherd, augmented her Grief and Tenderneſs; when one Day as ſhe was walking in thoſe pleaſant Gardens, ‘ Alas! (ſaid ſhe, looking on the Ornaments that embellished it) I once took a Pleaſure in you, but am now too much taken up with my Grief, to think of adding to your Beauties.’

As ſhe made an End of theſe Words, ſhe perceived the Flowers moved by a gentle Wind, and ſaw them ranged in a different Manner: At firſt they repreſented the Cyphers of *Young-and-Handſome*, then other Cyphers which ſhe knew not, and preſently afterwards they formed diſtinct Letters, by which *Young-and Handſome* read theſe Verſes:

*To grace this Place bid gentle Zephir wait
With ſpringing Gales the Flowers to conſecrate;
For flora every Day Exceſs he ſhews,
And does his Care luxuriouſly expoſe:*

Ambitious

*Ambitious more under your Pow'r to live,
If you but smile, much greater he will give.*

When she had read these Verses, she saw in the Air a God, who came to declare his Love to her, drawn in a Chariot of Roses by white Vapours. As soon as the Chariot alighted on the Earth, the God *Zephirus* got out of it, and approached the young Fairy: he spoke to her with all the Grace and Gallantry of a Deity, while the young Fairy, though pleased with so glorious a Conquest, answered him like a faithful Lover. *Zephirus*, not at all dismayed at the rigorous Answers of *Young-and-Handsome*, but flattering himself with the Hopes of softening her Heart by his gentle Approaches, made constant Court to her, and neglected nothing that might please her. Which contributed much to the glory of *Alidorus* thus to have a God for his Rival, and to be preferred before him.

All this while *Alidorus*, that happy Mortal was ready to expire by the Fury of *Mordicant*; he had been almost a Year in that Condition, when *Zephirus*, who had no Hopes of overcoming the Constancy of *Young and-Handsome*, touched with the Tears she shed, and finding her one Day more melancholy than ordinary, said to her, ‘ Since I am
‘ no longer permitted charming Fairy, to flatter
‘ myself with the Happiness of pleasing you, I will
‘ however, contribute to your Felicity. Tell me
‘ what I shall do (continued he) to accomplish it.’
‘ Restore me *Alidorus* (replied the young Fairy,
‘ with a smile that created new Love in *Zephirus*;)’
‘ I have no Power over another Fairy: But you,
‘ *Zephirus*, are a God, and your Power can reach
‘ that cruel Rival.’ ‘ I will endeavour (answered
‘ *Zephirus*) to overcome the Love you have in-
‘ spired me with, to do you an agreeable Service.’

After

After these Words he flew away, leaving *Young-and-Handsome*, full of pleasing Expectations.

Zephirus, fully convinced of the young Fairy's Constancy, and having no Hopes left, flew to the horrible Prison where *Alidorus* was kept, attended by six impetuous Western Winds, which opened the Prison Doors, and afterwards carried the lovely Shepherd in a bright Cloud to the Castle of Flowers; where after he had surveyed him, his Astonishment was not so great at the Fidelity of *Young-and-Handsome*.

Alidorus and *Young and-Handsome*, overjoyed to see one another again, thought each other more amiable, and loved more tenderly. These two Lovers returned the God a thousand thanks, who afterwards left them, and returned to *Flora*.

Young-and Handsome, willing that all her Court should partake of her Happiness, celebrated her Marriage by a thousand Sports throughout the Extent of her Empire, notwithstanding the Grief of the Princes her Lovers, who were Spectators of the Triumph of the lovely Shepherd: and that she might be under no apprehensions for the future of *Mordicant's* Rage against *Alidorus*, learnt him the Fairy Art, and presented him with the Gift of perpetual Youth. After having bestowed so great a blessing on her Happy Lover, mindful of his Glory, she gave him the Castle of Flowers, and made him to be acknowledged Sovereign of that Country, where his Ancestors had formerly reigned; so that he became the greatest of Kings, where he had been the most charming of Shepherds.

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