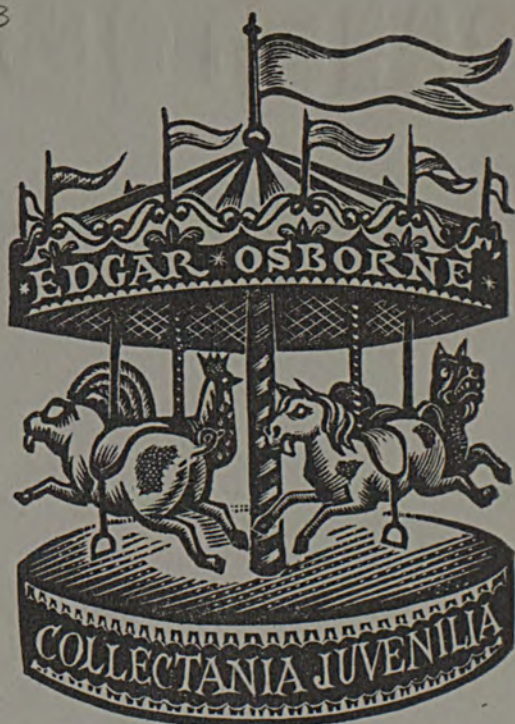


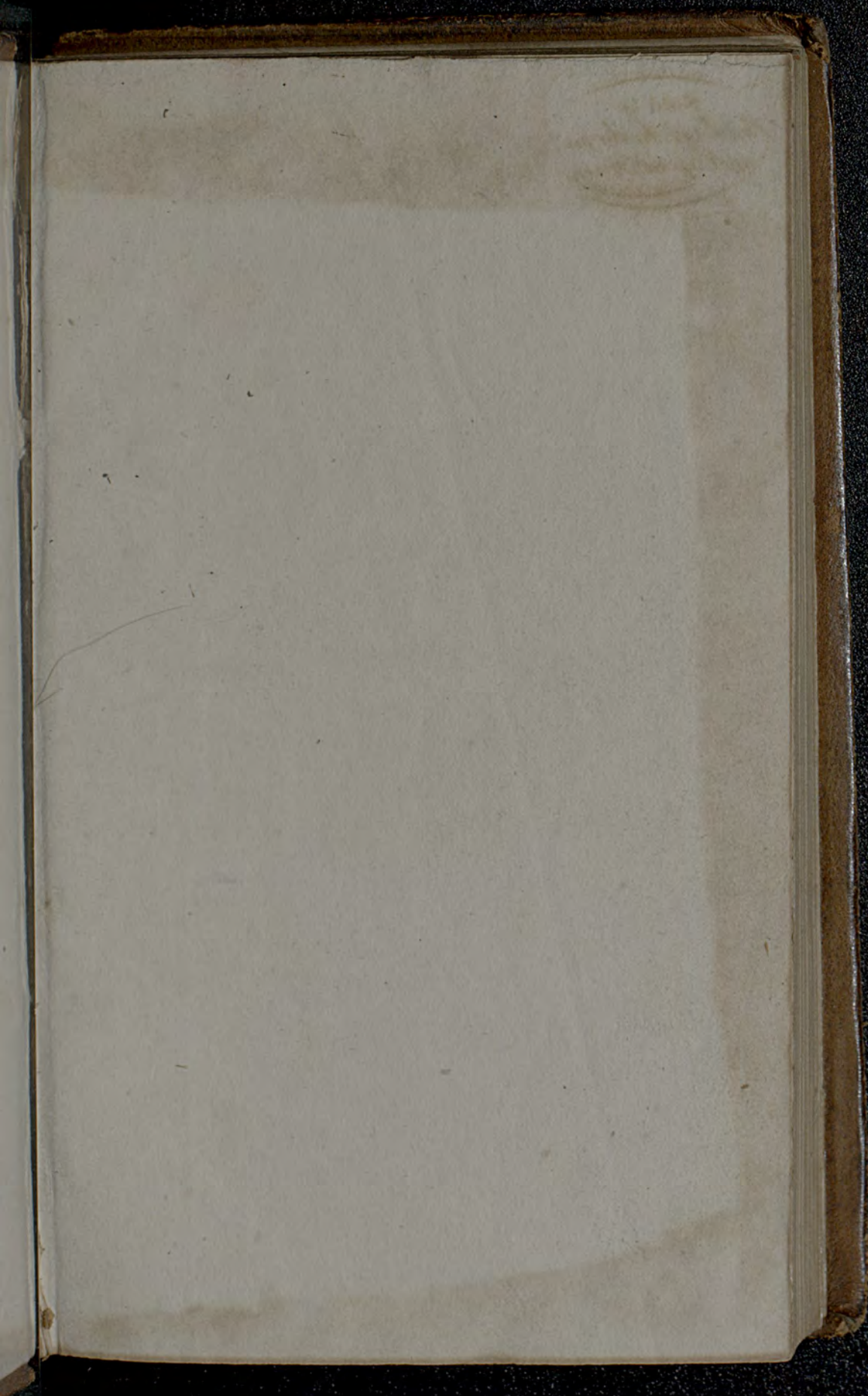
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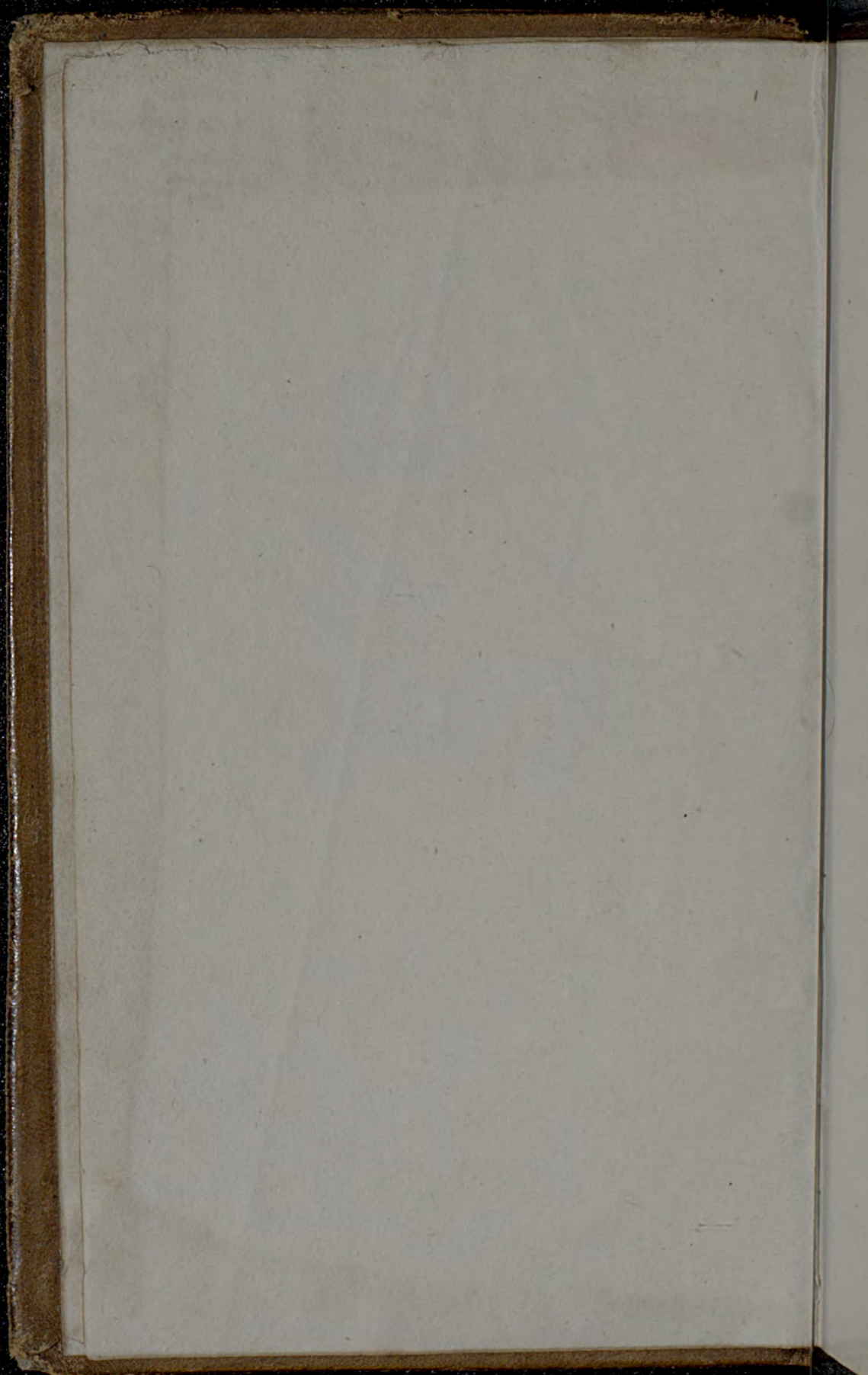
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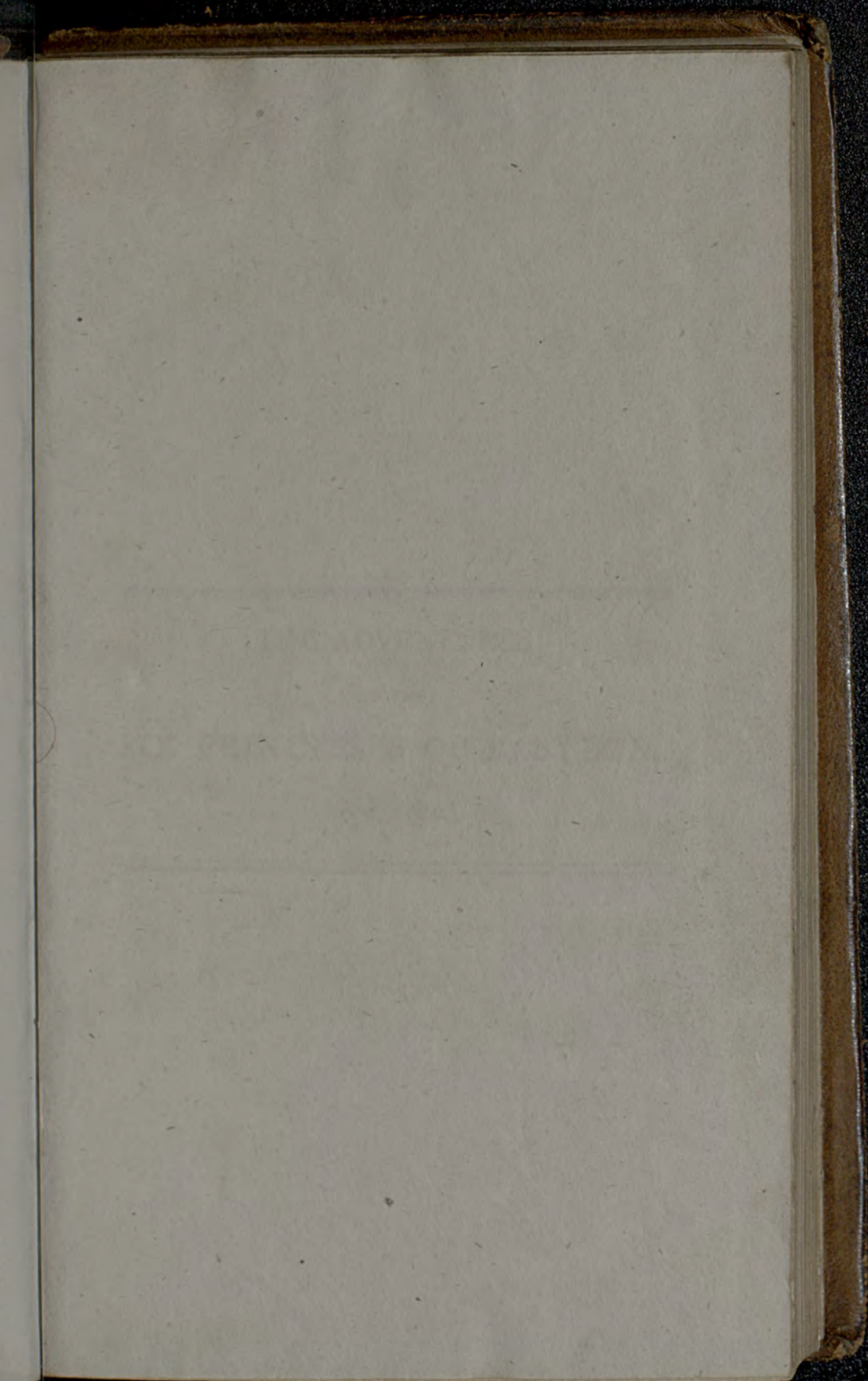


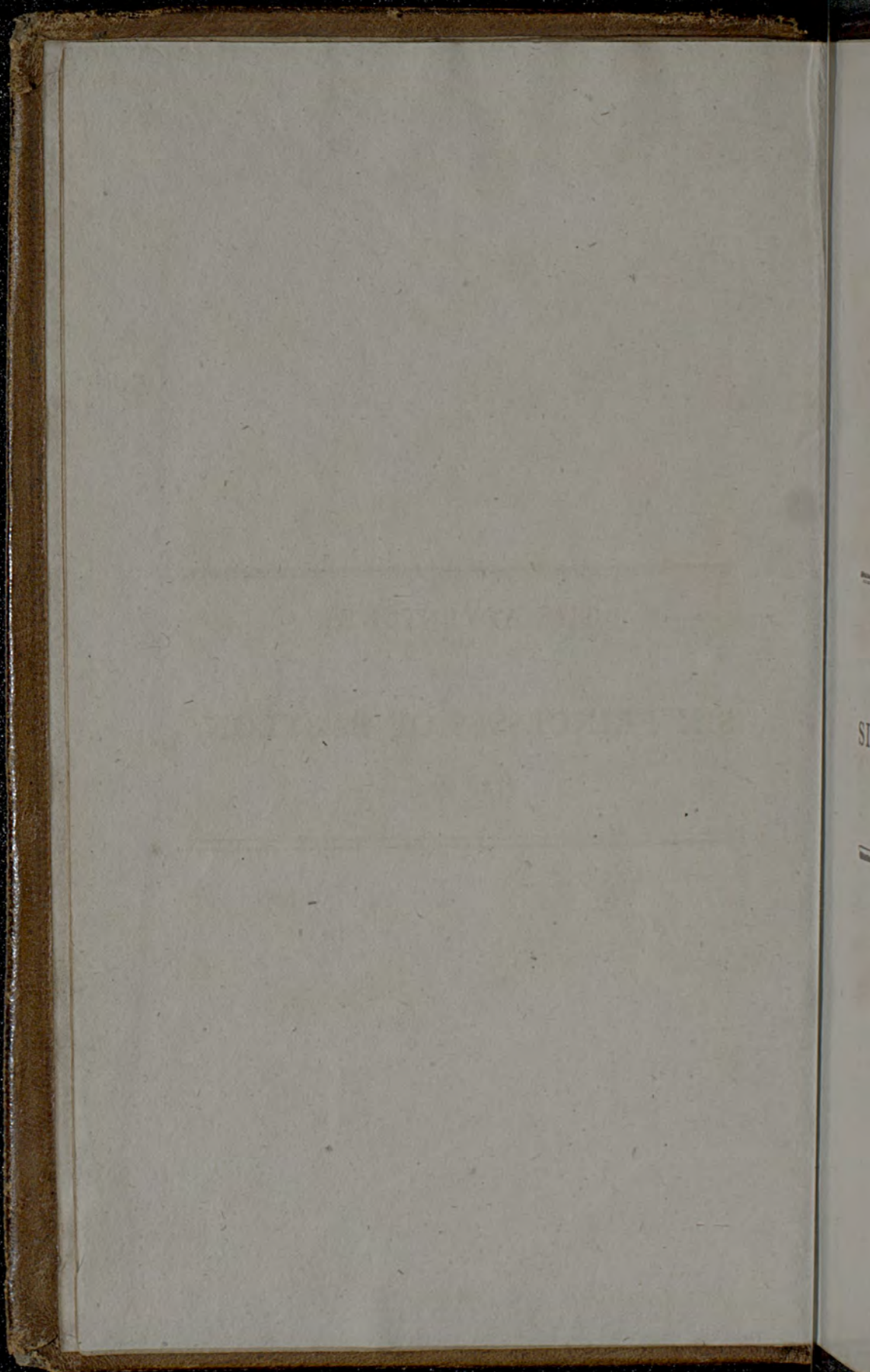
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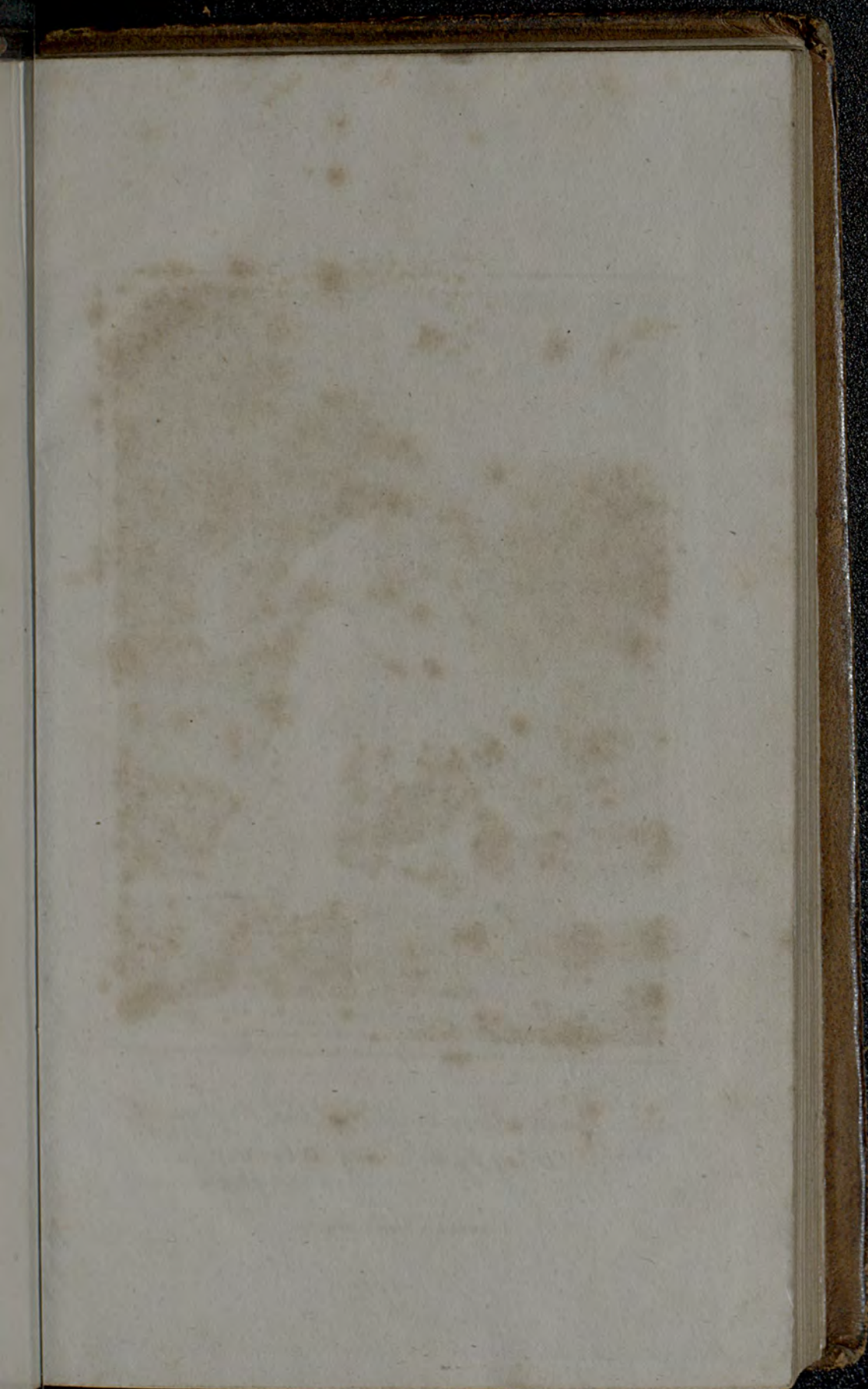






THE ADVENTURES
OF THE
SIX PRINCESSES OF BABYLON,
&c. &c.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
SIX PRINCES OF BABYLON





*The Princess Miranda delivered from the power of
Delay, by the Dwarf Diligence.*

See page 29.

Published as the Act directs, Decr 19, 1803.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
SIX PRINCESSES OF BABYLON,
IN
THEIR TRAVELS
TO
THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY,
BY
LUCY PEACOCK.

THE FOURTH EDITION, REVISED.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. BARFIELD, 91, WARDOUR STREET,
FOR R. AND L. PEACOCK, THE JUVENILE LI-
BRARY, 259, OXFORD STREET; AND SOLD BY
MESSRS. CARPENTERS, OLD BOND STREET;
C. LAW, AVE-MARIE LANE; AND J. HARRIS, ST.
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1805.

ADVENTURES

OF THE

DISCOVERY

OF THE

WEST INDIES

AND

THE

WEST INDIES

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WEST INDIES

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TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS MARY.

MADAM,

IT is with the utmost diffidence I presume to beg that your Royal Highness will graciously receive this performance, which I have been encouraged to print by the fostering hand of a kind Providence, which has also led it to your Royal Highness.

With all humility and gratitude, permit me, Madam, to present the following Allegory; fully sensible of its many imperfections, and I fear unworthy the great honour it has received;

received; but the many illustrious and able virtues that now adorn the British Throne, induce me to hope my little invention will not offend.

That the fountain of all goodness may shed its choicest blessings on the Royal House of Brunswick, to the latest posterity, is the sincere wish of

MADAM,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, grateful,

And devoted,

Humble Servant,

June, 1805.

LUCY PEACOCK.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION.

A PERUSAL of *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, first suggested to the author of the ensuing pages, the idea of personifying the passions in a language familiar to juvenile readers.

By

By presenting to the young mind a lively picture of the sublimity of Virtue, and of the natural deformity of Vice, she wished to excite reflection, and to call forth those qualities that adorn youth and dignify age.

She is sensible of her obligations to the public, for the favourable reception of this, the first effort of her pen, made at a very early age, and before she was conscious of the difficulty of the task she had undertaken.

The sale of the three first editions far exceeded her expectation, and
though

though different pursuits and avocations have, for some years, prevented its republication, the author trusts it will not be unwelcome to her young friends.

though different pursuits may have
 cations have, for some years, pre-
 vented its republication, the author
 trusts it will not be unwelcome to
 her young friends.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
SIX PRINCESSES
OF
BABYLON.

Introductory Tale.

IN former times there reigned over Babylon a certain king and queen, not less renowned for their mercy and justice, than for the extensive dominions they possessed; but a war happening with a neighbouring prince, the Babylonians were defeated, and the unfortunate monarch obliged to fly for shelter

to a foreign kingdom, whilst his amiable queen took refuge with her family, consisting of six lovely girls, in a lonely desert, that lay at a great distance from the city. One day, as she was sitting on the sea-shore, bathed in tears, and surrounded by her infant daughters, she was accosted by a decrepit old woman, with a bundle of sticks under her arm : what do you weep for, my good mistress ? said she, there are few evils that time and patience will not surmount.—Alas ! replied the queen, my misery is past relief ; death is the only cure I can hope for ; and even then, my poor children must be left to perish in these deserts. Do not despair, returned the old woman, Heaven, like a good parent, corrects, but never abandons, its children ; behold I am sent to be your protector ! I thank you, my good mother, for your kind intentions, said the queen, smiling in the midst of her grief, but, alas ! you can afford but a miserable protection. You must not always judge from appearances, replied she ; a plain and poor garment often conceals

ceals more valuable qualities than the richest embroidery.

While she was speaking these last words, the queen, to her inexpressible surprise, observed her face, which was before covered with the wrinkles of age and infirmity, brighten into the most beautiful aspect; the deformity of her person gradually decreased; and she now, instead of a decrepit hag, beheld a beautiful young female, clothed in a white garment that flowed gracefully below her feet. Fear nothing, said this charming figure, I am the fairy Benigna, whom your sufferings have drawn from fairy-land: I have consulted the oracle, which declares you doomed to eternal exile, unless raised again to empire by the virtues of your children. Now, though it is beyond my power entirely to over-rule fate, I can, in some measure, counteract it; consent, therefore, to resign your children to my direction, and patiently, with your husband, wait till the decrees of the oracle be fulfilled. He is now in an

B 2

island

island not far distant, whither, if you consent, my art shall instantly transport you.

The queen fell on her knees, in order to express her gratitude and resignation to the will of Benigna, who, touching her with a wand she held in her hand, the queen was immediately transported to her husband, in the island which had been mentioned by the fairy. Benigna then again waving her wand, a bright chariot appeared, drawn by eight snow-white swans, in which, seating herself with the six princesses, they mounted in the air, and, in a short time, losing sight of the deserts of Babylon, arrived at a spacious grotto. It was situated in the midst of a thick wood, and covered with the purple clusters of a luxuriant vine, whilst the harmony of birds, intermixed with the lulling sounds of several waterfalls, made it a most delightful abode. Here the fairy caused her little company to alight, and having refreshed them with a variety of fruits conducted

ducted them to rest in the interior of the grotto.

In this solitude the good Benigna made it her chief study to instruct them in the most useful and entertaining parts of learning, at the same time taking care to instil into their minds the love of virtue. Nor were diversions wanting to render their lives agreeable; they danced, sung, played on the lute, and often, equipped with a bow and arrows, solaced themselves with the pleasures of the chase.

Thus some years elapsed in the greatest tranquillity; they neither knew, nor wished for other society, than that of the benevolent fairy, nor for amusements superior to those their grotto afforded: but, alas! the time was now drawing nigh, when they must bid adieu to these serene enjoyments, and enter on a different scene of action.

One day the fairy summoned them to her, and, bidding them give attention to what she was about to say, addressed them in these words:—You have lived, my dear children, several years in this solitude, insensible of the great designs for which you were brought hither. But, it is now necessary to inform you, that the fate of your parents is so strongly connected with yours, and bound up in it, that it is in your power, by your constancy and virtue, to restore them again to empire; or, by your mutability and vice, to bring them with shame and misery to the grave.—Know, then, that *six wonders* lie hid in nature, which are ordained to be the trial of your constancy; they are attended with innumerable perils; but if once possessed, and kept among you, will render you more powerful than the most absolute monarch upon earth.

The first, said she, addressing the eldest princess, is the *distaff of industry*; an inestimable treasure! for, by applying one
end

end of it to your right hand, you are instantly put in possession of the thing you desire. This, continued she, Miranda, is allotted for your pursuit.

The next, said she, Florissa, must be your care: *a bottle of water*, taken from the river of Good-nature, and no less valuable than the distaff. Its quality is to reconcile all differences, one draught uniting the most bitter enemies: it has also this peculiar quality, that when attained, it can never be exhausted, since the more it is used, the more it continues to increase.

The *spear of truth* is the next, and possesses even superior virtues to the former, having the power to overcome all evil enchantment. Provided you keep the straight road, you need not fear any thing; but should you once turn aside, the dangers are so numerous that the greatest experience and fortitude are requisite to surmount them.

Be this the object of your pursuit, Clementina.

The *mantle of meekness* is the fourth, and confers a degree of immortality on the possessor : she who is so fortunate as to obtain it, immediately becomes beautiful as an angel, and though she should live to extreme age, will still continue to wear the full bloom of youth on her countenance. May your best endeavours, my dear Bonnetta, not be wanting, to acquire so great an ornament!

The fifth, said she, is the *magnet of true generosity* : if obtained, it will invest you, my dear Orinda, with the most valuable part of our art ; that by which we are enabled to confer benefits. The pleasures and advantages you will experience in the exercise of this power, cannot be described ; the actual possession of the magnet, can alone render you sensible of them.

The

The sixth, and last, is the *white wand of contentment*, not less desirable than the rest, as it possesses the power of rendering the most disagreeable objects in nature agreeable. Let it be your care, Matilda, to return with this invaluable treasure.

The fairy then embraced them, and after giving them some necessary directions concerning the roads they were to take, and advice for their future conduct, dismissed them with these words :

Remember, my children, that on the success of this journey, depends the happiness or misery of your lives ; if you succeed, peace and prosperity await you ; but should you fail, once more remember, that you lose my protection for ever, and bring infamy and shame on those who gave you birth.

The princesses then departed, promising to keep the words of the good Benigna in
B 5
their

their minds ; and after embracing each other, began their respective journies, each taking the road prescribed by the fairy.

How they succeeded, and what adventures they met with, will be the subject of the ensuing pages.

THE

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS MIRANDA.

THE princess Miranda, who set out in search of the wonderful *distaff of industry*, pursued her way for some time unmolested ; but, on a sudden, she heard a voice like thunder, in a peremptory tone, commanding her to stop. On turning, imagine her horror, when she perceived a monstrous giant within a few paces of her. She had neither time nor inclination to contemplate his figure ; for he seized her, and with hasty strides conveyed her to a large castle hard

by, where he delivered her to the care of an old woman, equal in stature with himself, who putting on her spectacles, viewed Miranda attentively, and then, having carried her to a deep dungeon, left her, and went to see after her household affairs.

Here the poor princess wept and prayed night and day, hourly expecting to be devoured by the giant and his companions : a hard situation for her, who had been used to every indulgence in the grotto of the good Benigna, whose justice she now began to arraign, for dooming her to an enterprise which, at the very first onset, appeared likely to prove so fatal.

One evening, as she was indulging these melancholy reflections, by the light of the moon which beamed through a crevice, she discerned a white stone, with a brass ring fixed in the centre. She rose hastily, and taking hold of it pulled with all her strength, till she with much difficulty raised it, and
discovered

discovered underneath a flight of stone steps. Hope revived in her bosom; she flattered herself they might lead to some secret way from the castle, and accordingly descended with great alacrity. The princess was not deceived; having continued her way through a long dark passage, she at last perceived day light, though at a great distance; but making all possible speed, to her inexpressible joy soon found herself on the sea shore. She stopped a moment to recover breath, and again ran with all the swiftness she was mistress of, hoping to reach some place of safety, where she might conceal herself; well knowing, that if once the giant, whose name was *Impatience*, should pursue her, there was but little chance of escaping.

She had not proceeded far, before she heard the voice of her dreadful enemy: this added double speed to her flight; and she was just sheltered in a little house, that stood by the way side, as the giant overtook her. This house belonged to an old fairy,
called

called *Delay* : the giant knew it well, and was sensible, when he saw the princess enter, he could have nothing further to do with her ; he therefore immediately departed in pursuit of some other prey.

As for poor Miranda, she threw herself on a seat, half dead with terror, scarcely believing but that she was already in the arms of the giant, till the fairy, with many kind speeches, convinced her, that while she was in her jurisdiction, she was entirely beyond his reach ; and persuaded her to amuse herself in the gardens which surrounded her habitation. At first Miranda excused herself, saying she was bound on a particular expedition—the search after the *distaff of industry* ; but the fairy pressing her to remain with her that night, she consented, and they went into the garden.

You must certainly, said the fairy, be extremely weary after the fatigue you have undergone ; let me persuade you to refresh yourself,

yourself, by bathing in the stream that bounds my garden ; it is called the *River of Ease*, and is endowed with the most invigorating quality. Miranda was preparing to follow the advice of her companion, when she heard a soft voice, resembling that of Benign^o, repeat these words :

Virtue, if you mean to save,
Bathe not in the treach'rous wave.

She hesitated—but the fairy again entreating her, she was proceeding to undress, when she distinctly heard the following words :

Let not gilded words allure ;
Vice's charms can ne'er endure ;
Should you once the stream invade,
Farewell—lost deluded maid.

The princess was now animated with a superior spirit, and she attempted to fly ; but *Delay* caught hold of her :—consent said she, to abide with me, and you shall enjoy
all

the pleasures it is in my power so amply to bestow.—I am the fairy *Delay*; and, to convince you of my power, behold a proof of it. She then struck herself with a wand, and Miranda instantly beheld her change into a dormouse, a dromedary, and various other shapes; after which she re-assumed her own. This, so far from inducing the princess to stay, served only to increase her terror and disgust; wretch, said the fairy, perceiving it, and that no entreaties would prevail, receive the punishment due to thy ingratitude; and, sprinkling her with some water from the *Lake of Sloth*, which she had before falsely called the *River of Ease*, the princess instantly felt herself transfixed to the place where she stood: her joints stiffened; her blood stagnated; she became a statue; retaining no other symptom of life than the power of reflection, which the wicked fairy had left to increase her misery.

The princess remained many months in this situation, when a young prince, who resided

resided on the opposite side of the lake, riding that way, become so enamoured of her beauty, that he fell dangerously sick. The king and queen, his parents, who loved him to excess, with much importunity discovered the true cause of his malady; upon which, they caused it to be proclaimed throughout their dominions, that any one who could produce a damsel equal in beauty to the statue, should be honoured with the highest post in the kingdom; and that the damsel, how low and mean soever her condition, should be married to the king's son. This proclamation was no sooner issued, than the most beauteous virgins from all parts were assembled and arranged before the prince; but not any of them appeared in his eye comparable with the charming statue.

The king and queen, willing to try every expedient to preserve their son, summoned a council of fairies; but they agreed with one consent, that the statue was enchanted in the garden of *Delay*, and that, unless it
were

were animated, no relief could be administered to the prince. This was difficult; it being against the laws of Fairy-land for one fairy to enter the territories of another, and destroy an enchantment performed in her jurisdiction.

Thus all hope seemed vain, and the royal pair were left in the deepest sorrow; but relief was not so distant as they imagined. There was a little deaf and dumb dwarf, named *Diligence*, who had been bred for some years in the palace; he was greatly attached to the prince, and no sooner understood that the statue was enchanted by the fairy *Delay*, than he made signs for pen, ink, and paper; by the help of which, he let the king and queen know that they had no further occasion for uneasiness; and, without staying to explain any thing, instantly repaired to the *Lake of Sloth*.

At first he was somewhat embarrassed, not knowing in what manner to cross it; but
presently

presently recollecting himself, he gathered a quantity of reeds that grew by the side, and in a few hours, with great ingenuity, formed a boat large enough to hold two persons, which quickly landed him on that side where the beautiful statue stood. He had no sooner touched it, than the charm was dissolved; and the princess, finding herself once more restored to speech and motion, overjoyed, followed her conductor, who, handing her into his boat, soon introduced her to the king and queen.

They scarcely knew which to caress most, Miranda, or the dwarf; and the prince also, though extremely weak and low, raised himself to testify his joy on their arrival. From that day the prince began to recover, and in a short time was able to leave his apartment, and enjoy the company of his beloved Miranda; but though his amiable manners added to the obligation, she was under to his family, had won her affection: she absolutely refused to listen to his addresses, till
she

she had performed the journey appointed by Benigna. In a few days, therefore, she set forward, attended by the deaf and dumb dwarf, lest she should again stand in need of his assistance; after promising to return thither, and suffer the prince to accompany her to Benigna, in order to gain her consent to their union.

The princess had not walked far with her little companion, when they arrived at a costly building; but it surprised her to observe, that although the castle seemed loaded with ornament, the gardens and grounds which surrounded it, appeared totally uncultivated and wild. She felt, however, an inclination to go in and rest herself, and was pushing open a little gate for that purpose, when the dwarf pulled her by the sleeve, and made signs that she should not enter. Miranda gave little attention to him, and seeing several young men and women reposing themselves on the grass, attempted to enter a second time; when *Diligence*, taking her
by

by the hand, led her, with much reluctance, to the front of the castle, and pointed to a large arch, on which was written in capital letters, the *Castle of Idleness*. Through this arch was a long avenue, at the end of which the princess descried a little, low, mean building, but ill suited to the splendor of the other parts; over the door was written likewise in capitals, the *House of Ignorance*.

In spite of this the princess still felt a strong desire to enter, being much fatigued with her journey, and stood debating whether she should follow her own inclination, or the advice of her friend the dwarf; when she was accosted by a young female, who told her she would introduce her to the owner of the mansion, a very powerful fairy, who had apartments ready for the accommodation of travellers. Miranda did not possess resolution to withstand this apparently kind offer; she followed her conductress into the castle, leaving poor *Diligence* in the utmost concern

cern for her imprudence, he being too wise to attend her.

Idleness, one of the most wicked fairies who exercised her power in those parts, was reclined on a downy sofa, and surrounded by a numerous train of attendants. Some of them were employed in fanning her; others danced, sung, or related some entertaining tale, to pass away her hours. She received the princess very cordially, and introduced her to her son, *Ignorance*, who resided in the building beforementioned. He appeared to be in the prime of life; his person awkward, and his manners ungraceful: in his hand he bore a yellow wand, with which, assuming an air of familiarity, he gave the princess a tap on the head, and an uncouth salute, to which she paid little attention; but, conversing generally with the inhabitants of this castle, she found such an insipidity in their conversation, that her soul thirsted for a repetition of those lessons of wisdom she had heard from the good *Benigna*; and, as weariness

had been the chief cause of her accepting the invitation, she determined to shorten her visit.

The sun was just risen, and the birds were chaunting their early congratulations to the new day, when Miranda left the castle of *Idleness*. For some time she pursued her journey through private ways unmolested, but she had no sooner gained the high road than a number of persons gathered round her, exclaiming with evident marks of surprise and contempt, the beast! the beast! Some laughed, others saluted her with stones and dirt, and some few shrugged up their shoulders, in pity of her miserable condition. Astonished and terrified at this unaccountable treatment, she attempted to speak, and demand the cause; but no sooner opened her lips, than immoderate bursts of laughter echoed universally from every side, and still added to her embarrassment.

The princess continued in this mortifying situation, till to her great relief, she perceived
her

old friend the dwarf. He was accompanied by a beautiful fairy, who, advancing to the princess, took her by the hand, and having led her from the crowd, presented her with a looking-glass, bidding her view herself; but what were the feelings of Miranda, when she discovered her head and face exactly to resemble those of an ass! She turned to the fairy, attempting to express her grief and astonishment; but, to complete her confusion, found that she was incapable of articulating any sounds but those of the animal she represented.

Despair took possession of her breast, and she was earnestly wishing for an end to her existence, when the fairy thus addressed her. You now see, to what dangers you have exposed yourself, by neglecting the advice of your friend the dwarf. It is *Ignorance*, whose powerful wand has thus transformed you; nor can any, except *Diligence* and myself, who am called *Perseverance*, destroy the enchantment. Happy are you to
possess

possess such friends; otherwise, the form you now wear would pursue you to the latest hour of mortality.

She then told her the glass in which she had discovered her deformity, was the *mirror of self-conviction*; and, presenting a wand, which she held in her hand, to Diligence, made signs that he should touch the princess with it, which he had no sooner done, than the enchantment vanished, and she was restored to her natural form and understanding. After this, the fairy advising her to be more cautious in future, left her to continue her journey, accompanied by her little deaf and dumb friend.

Miranda now no longer refused to follow the careful dwarf; who, taking a road directly opposite to that where the *Castle of Idleness* stood, presently conducted her to the foot of the Durable Mountain, at the top of which, guarded by a wise magician, lay the *wonderful distaff*.

The princess, overjoyed at arriving, as she imagined, so nigh her journey's end, began to ascend with great alacrity, but soon found it no easy matter, the mountain being extremely rugged, and in many parts almost perpendicular. After labouring therefore for some time, and perceiving that she gained little ground, she sat down to rest, and, in the mean while, to consider, whether the *distaff* was, in reality, worth the trouble that seemed to attend the obtaining of it. What, said she to herself, have I to do with it? If I return to the prince, he will receive me with open arms, and I shall become queen over that great country. Of what use then will the *distaff* be to me, since I shall have it in my power to command every thing I can desire. She paused—then resuming her reflections: I shall for ever lose the protection of my dear Benigna, said she, that is beyond a doubt; and the prince, likewise, seeing me so fickle in the enterprise I have undertaken, may despise and abandon me: her words will

then indeed be fulfilled, I shall bring shame and infamy—

She was pursuing these reflections, when *Diligence*, who during this time had been extremely dissatisfied at her loitering, now became quite outrageous; and, taking hold of her arm, partly by force, and partly by looks of entreaty, got her a considerable way up the mountain; and at length, after much labour and perplexity, led her to the summit, where she demanded the *distaff*.

The watchful magician looked extremely sullen and morose, till he perceived her accompanied by *Diligence*, of whom, as will hereafter be seen, he had some knowledge; when his countenance brightening, after a short pause, he delivered the *distaff* to Miranda: you, said he, to whom the fates have allotted so invaluable a treasure, be its guardian, and beware the evils, which once gained, will inevitably attend the loss of it.

He then glanced a smile of complacency on *Diligence*, and disappeared.

The first trial the princess made of her new prize, was for the use of her good friend the dwarf, without whose assistance she could never have obtained it; accordingly, applying it to the palm of her right hand, and at the same time wishing that he might be endowed with hearing and speech, the dwarf felt his ears opened, and his tongue capable of expressing his gratitude to Miranda, who again applying it to her hand, they once more found themselves at the foot of the mountain, where a chariot waited ready to convey them back to the palace. During their journey the princess, who felt a curiosity to know the history of a person to whom she was under such signal obligations, requested *Diligence* to favour her with the particulars of his life. The good natured dwarf, never so happy as when he could oblige, readily complied, and began in the following words.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
DILIGENCE,
THE DEAF AND DUMB DWARF.

YOU will, without doubt, be surprised, Madam, said the dwarf, smiling, to hear that, notwithstanding my diminutive size, my parents were giants. I was their only offspring, though I enjoyed no great share in their affections; owing, it is probable, to the smallness of my stature, which, I imagine, they considered would unfit me for lofty achievements; be this as it may, they beheld me as a disgrace to their family,

and employed me in the most menial offices, such as cutting faggots, cooking, bucking linen, &c. beating me unmercifully on committing the least fault.

One day as I was carrying a load of meat heavier than myself, a large eagle, allured by the smell, darted down, and seizing me and the meat in her talons, flew to the top of a very high rock, and having deposited me in her nest, took another flight in quest of more prey.

I was dreadfully alarmed at my situation; thinking, not without reason, that the old eagles, finding me an incumbrance, would either dash my brains out against the rocks, or peck me to pieces for food for their young; but lamentations were vain; it was my part, if possible, to extricate myself from the danger that threatened me. Accordingly I set about surveying the rock, that I might descend; but found it an utter impossibility, one side hanging over the

the sea, and the other being a direct perpendicular.

The stratagem I shall relate, though attended with great hazard, alone seemed to promise the least probability of escaping. I had, by good fortune, in my pocket a large knife, with which I used to cut wood in the forest; armed with this, I set myself in a posture of defence, and waited in the nest till the return of the old eagle, who no sooner alighted, then, seizing her by the throat, with all the strength I possessed, I at one leap sprang on her back, and kept my station, notwithstanding her endeavours to shake me off. The creature, enraged at finding her efforts vain, rose in the air, and attempted to dash me in pieces, by letting me fall; but I continued unhurt, never quitting my hold till she settled on the top of a tree, when with one hand I run my knife into her heart, and with the other laid hold on one of the branches, to prevent my falling with her.

My enemy was no sooner dead, than I descended from the tree, and had the satisfaction to find myself once more on safe ground, though, as I conjectured, at a considerable distance from home; a thought which gave me little uneasiness, as I determined never to return to my parents, whose unkind treatment made me prefer any situation to their society.

For some time I wandered about, hoping to discover a place where I might take up my abode, and at length came to a large cave. I was on the point of entering, when my attention was caught by a deep sigh, which proceeded from the mouth of it: I listened, and in a few minutes heard a soft voice repeat these words: Wretch that I am! What does my power avail, but for the wicked to exult over? As this sentence ended, I went into the cavern; but how was I astonished to find that the words I had just heard proceeded from the mouth of a white doe, chained to the side of it.

She

She told me she was enchanted; and entreated me to release her; which she said, could only be effected by repeating certain words, which she then taught me, and by striking the rock with a magic wand that lay concealed at a small distance from thence.

I immediately proceeded to execute the request of the captive doe, and striking the rock as directed, a large spark of fire, accompanied with a tremendous groan, issued from it; and, with inexpressible astonishment, I heard a voice repeat with horror, *The Castle of Idleness* will be destroyed! *The distaff* will be discovered! The meaning of these words I had scarcely time to consider, when the rock disappeared, and, instead of a white doe, a lovely young fairy, with a countenance full of beauty and expression, stood before me; the same who released you from the enchantment of *Ignorance*.

She was proceeding to thank me for

dissolving the charm, when an old fairy rushed from behind us, and darting a look of fury and indignation at me, from henceforth, said she, for your ill-timed interference, be *deaf* and *dumb*. No, replied the young fairy, interrupting her, your malice shall not avail; it is true, I cannot entirely overrule the evil you have inflicted, but I will, in part, counteract it. Be deaf and dumb, said she, striking me with her wand, till the *distaff of industry* be brought from the Durable Mountain. She had no sooner pronounced these words, than the wicked fairy, overcome with rage and disappointment, vanished.

Now, whilst the good fairy remained, the evil charm, by which I was rendered deaf and dumb, did not take effect; and she spoke to me, as nearly as I can remember, in these words: I am, said she, the fairy *Perseverance*, renowned for the superiority of my skill in good deeds; that old fairy has always been my inveterate enemy;

my ; her name is *Delay*, one of the oldest of our race ; the good I do, she is sure, if possible, to counteract, constantly lying in wait for all opportunities to wreck her malice on me : it is not long since a circumstance happened that gave full scope to her power. There is a law in fairy-land, by which we are all obliged, one day in the year, to lay down our art, and become subject to the inconveniencies and disasters of mortality. In consequence of this I was a few days ago met by *Delay*, divested of all power, when overjoyed at finding me incapable of withstanding her art, she amply satisfied her malice, by confining me to the form of a doe, and chaining me to a rock, within her jurisdiction, in which situation I remained, till, by your assistance, I regained my power. I am grieved that I cannot destroy the evil charm imposed on you by *Delay*, and would fain, in some measure, recompense the service you have rendered me : Chuse, therefore, any gift

it is permitted me to bestow, and I will confer it on you.—Here the charming fairy ended, and waited my reply.

I felt a just indignation against the wicked *Delay*, and secretly wishing to be revenged for the evil she had inflicted on me, desired *Perseverance* to endow me with the power of destroying her enchantments. She granted my request, and disappeared; when I instantly became *deaf* and *dumb*, but possessed of the gift I demanded.

I took up my abode in a wood, not far from the dwelling of *Delay*, where I continually released those who were held by her enchantment, till one day the prince *Osymandyas*, as he rode from hunting, discovered and carried me to the palace. His amiable manners so attached me to him, that I continued there till sent to accompany you in pursuit of the *distaff*.

The dwarf finished his narrative as they were passing the *Castle of Idleness*. Now, Madam, said he, this truly valuable *distaff* shall discover the futility of those pleasures which originate from the detestible enchantments of *Idleness*. Saying thus, he sprang from the carriage, and taking the princess by the hand, entered the castle. The fairy, as before, was reclined on a sofa, and surrounded by attendants; but the presence of her son *Ignorance*, who was on her right hand, discomposed Miranda, who could not forget the fatal wand, from the power of which *Diligence*, and his friend *Perseverance*, had so lately freed her; but the dwarf no sooner applied the *distaff* to his hand, than *Idleness* and *Ignorance*, now entirely disarmed of their power, together with their attendants, vanished, and the castle was instantly shivered to atoms.

The young female, who first invited the princess to the castle, only remained, on whom an astonishing transformation took place; she no longer appeared young and beau-

beautiful, but discovered herself to be the old fairy *Delay*. Hold! inhuman monster, said she to the dwarf, nor strive by that fatal *distaff* to annihilate thy mother. The time is come when thou must be fully acquainted with the circumstances of thy birth. Conduct me therefore to some place of safety, where I may at leisure unfold that secret which fate will no longer permit me to conceal. These mysterious words were no sooner pronounced, than *Diligence*, who till now stood motionless with surprise, accompanied by the princess, led *Delay* to a little copse hard by, where, being seated, she began in the following manner.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
FAIRY DELAY.

BEFORE I enter on those particulars which immediately relate to your birth, I shall communicate some events which, although at first they may appear foreign to the subject, are nevertheless of no small consequence in the narrative I am about to recount. Know then, that I am the daughter of *Idleness*, whose power you have so recently destroyed. The castle she inhabited formerly belonged to a mighty monarch, the
glory

glory of whose name was blazoned to the most distant parts; and what added to his greatness was, that he was in possession of that very *distaff* which, by thy assistance, the princess Miranda has obtained. He acquired it through a wise magician, named *Prudence*, the instructor of his youth, who, with infinite care and labour, discovered and brought it from a certain enchanted temple.

Possessed of such a treasure, the king soon became one of the most powerful monarchs; his dominions extended, and his people were happy; but this glory was shortly tarnished, and gave place to a scene of perplexity and misfortune. One day as he was riding through a wood, he discovered a young nymph, whose beauty so inflamed him that he resolved to make her his queen: but without doubt it will raise your admiration, when I say it was *Idleness*, whose personal charms made this sudden impression on the king.

It

It may possibly also appear strange, that *Idleness*, being a fairy, should so readily agree to a union with mortality: this probably might not have happened, had she not had *deep* designs to accomplish. Many years before, the Oracle had declared, that on a certain day, the *distaff of industry* should put an end to her power. No sooner therefore was it brought from the temple, and in possession of the king, than her breast was filled with anxiety; she considered her power as every instant in danger of annihilation, and determined to leave no stratagem untried to get the *distaff* from him. Seeing him therefore alone, and separated from his faithful monitor, *Prudence*, she thought no opportunity could be more convenient to put her design in execution. To this end, assuming an artificial beauty, she threw herself in his way, and had the satisfaction to find that her arts were not unsuccessful. At first she assumed an air of disdain, till, perceiving she had sufficiently captivated the deluded monarch, she informed him that she was of a superior

superior order of beings, and that there was only one thing which could ever prevail with her to consent to so ignominious an union, this was, his foregoing the *distaff of industry*.

The king at first objected to the proposal; representing to her, that the welfare of his kingdom depended on his keeping it in his possession; but finding that she would not listen to any other terms, the infatuated monarch, overcome by the violence of his passion, consented, and resigned the *distaff* to *Idleness*, who instantly sunk it in the *Lake of Sloth*, by which they were standing. She then secured it with a number of powerful spells, and returned to the habitation of her new lord, who entirely submitted to her the direction of the empire. She did not fail to render it sensible of her power; famine, disease, and pestilence continually, by her influence, infesting the provinces.

During this time, my brother *Ignorance*
and

and *myself* were born, and my father dying some years after, left us a share in the government. We reigned unmolested till a mighty giant, named *Impatience*, commenced a bloody war against us, which continued long without success on either side; for our enemy being descended from a race of enchanters, the art of my mother had no power to subdue him, therefore arms alone could decide the difference. Thus war and desolation threatened both parties, each being determined never to yield: the troops of *Impatience*, indeed, frequently destroyed those of my mother *Idleness*; but then they generally fell into the snares prepared by the armies over which I presided.

Things were in this situation, when the people petitioned that the magician *Prudence*, who had fled from the palace on the first entrance of my mother, *Idleness*, might be admitted as a mediator. This was agreed to, and the magician sent for, who proposed that a peace should be concluded, and cemented

mented by a marriage between *myself* and *Impatience*. This proposal was at first by no means approved; for the natural aversion we bore to each other was so great, that it was feared fatal consequences might ensue from such a union; but, to obviate this objection, the magician framed an enchanted cord, of such a peculiar texture, that whilst it remained unbroken, no mischief could ensue: it was called the *golden cord of forbearance*.

In a little time, seeing no other remedy, we followed the advice of *Prudence*, and by the assistance of the magic cord, lived many years in domestic cordiality. In this time you were born, whom we mutually agreed to call *Diligence*; but the year after a sudden change took place; for one day *Impatience*, in a fit of choler, seized the golden cord, on which alone our agreement depended, and broke it assunder. The instant it was severed, our old animosity returned, if possible, more violent than ever; it extended
even

even to you, our common offspring, whom we mutually determined to abandon and disown. We immediately parted, fully resolved to live entire strangers to, nor ever more to interfere in, each other's government. We left you in a forest, to the mercy of the first traveller who should pass; and you were taken up and adopted by a giant and giantess, of the race of your father. For my part, I repaired to the *Lake of Sloth*, at the side of which I took up my abode, and exercised the power of enchantment I inherited from my mother, of which the princess Miranda felt a severe proof.

Whilst I was thus occupied, *Prudence* the magician, was by no means unemployed; his imagination turned wholly on recovering the *distaff of industry* from the *Lake of Sloth*. His efforts had hitherto proved unsuccessful, the charms by which my mother had secured it being too strong easily to be destroyed; but he had now discovered, that it could never be raised unless *Diligence*,
the

the son of Impatience and Delay, could be found. Here was another difficulty, it being uncertain to what part of the globe we had consigned you; at length, by his art, he learned this likewise; and coming to the brink, by your assistance, though at that time too young to be sensible of its value, drew it from the *lake*. I burned with indignation at this act of violence, and should certainly have wrecked my vengeance on you, had you not been protected by the magician, who, having conducted you back to the forest, whence he brought you, fled with the *distaff* to the top of the Durable Mountain, where he preserved it for that person whom the fates should endow with sufficient constancy to obtain it.

Thus, compelled by fate, have I acquainted you with the secrets of your birth, events which, otherwise, the implacable hatred I still bear you would never have suffered me to reveal.

These words were scarcely ended, when *Delay* disappeared, so great was her aversion to *Diligence* and the *distaff*.

Our travellers then again set forward, contemplating on the strange events the fairy had unfolded, and presently arrived at the palace, where we will leave the prince and his royal parents to receive them, and see what befel the princess Florissa in her journey to the *river of Good-nature*.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS FLORISSA.

THE princess Florissa possessed many good qualities ; she was generous, sincere, and affectionate ; but there was a certain haughtiness in her manners, particularly to inferiors, which rendered her far less amiable than her elder sister. She could not bear the least contradiction ; and unless things went exactly agreeably to her inclination, would be frequently sullen, and continue out of humour whole days together. It was for this

this reason that the fairy allotted her the journey, well knowing that one draught from the *river of good nature* would correct these faults, which proceeded rather from a bad temper than a bad heart.

The first object that presented itself to her after she departed from the grotto of Benigna, was a poor boy, sitting by the way-side crying most piteously. For the love of goodness, Madam, said he, bestow a trifle to prevent me from starving.

You had better, replied the princess, go to work, than trouble and interrupt people as they pass.

Alas! returned the boy, I cannot get any thing to do, and am so weak for want of food that I can scarcely stand.

I don't believe a word that you say, replied Florissa; but let me be tormented no longer. Then putting her hand into a little

silk purse, she took from thence some pieces of silver, which she threw to him in such an ungracious manner, as entirely to destroy the obligation she meant to confer.

Not long after this, she met a poor decrepid old woman, supported by two crutches, one of which breaking, she fell to the ground. My pretty maiden, said she, be so kind as to help me up.—Your pretty maiden! replied Florissa, could I expect to be treated with such insolent freedom; lie till some other comes to assist you. Saying this, she was continuing her journey, when the old woman rose. You shall repent of your ill-nature, said she, I was an unseen spectator of your behaviour to the distressed boy, and contrived this artifice for a further trial of your disposition: Know that I am *Ill-fame*, the fairy ordained to punish those who by their conduct give scope to my power. Henceforth, said she, striking her with a black wand, your form shall be savage as

your manners: Which words were scarcely uttered, when the princess, instead of a beautiful young lady, became a large, shaggy, black bear. Continue in that form, said the fairy, best suited to your disposition, till the *River of Good-nature* restore you to your former shape. Then disappearing, she left the princess at leisure to repent of her folly.

Florissa was not at present in a state of mind to admit reflection; she vented the first transports of her rage by the most horrid howlings; in the midst of which, as if fate seemed determined to humble her, an arrow aimed from a clump of trees pierced her in the side. The anguish of the wound, added to her former misfortune, gave fresh transports to her rage: sometimes she rolled on the ground, at others tore her flesh, and endeavoured to put an end to her existence; at length, exhausted with fatigue, she sunk down, lamenting her unhappy fate; not considering that it was her own ill con-

duct which had occasioned her misfortune.

She had not been long in this situation, before, reflecting that the heat of the sun, now in its meridian, might encrease the anguish of her wound, she looked round, and espied, not far off, a tree, the branches of which overshadowed a large part of the road. To this shade, with much difficulty, she crawled, and in a little time, notwithstanding the agony of her body and mind, fell into a profound sleep.

Now the tree under which Florissà reposed, had many ages before been planted by a fairy for the convenience and relief of all travellers who might stand in need of it: by her it was endowed with many powerful gifts, but its chief virtue consisted in an odoriferous gum, which continually dropping from its branches, would instantly heal the most dangerous wounds, though deemed incurable by all human art. The name given to this
wonderful

wonderful plant by the fairy, was the *Tree of Patience*. The princess was soon sensible of its salutary effects; for its precious gum, whilst she slept, dropped into her wound, from which, upon awaking, she found little inconvenience.

This afforded her so much consolation, that she began to reflect on the words of the old fairy, which only doomed her to that savage form till she should drink of the *River of Good-nature*; she considered likewise, that it was a just sentence for her inhuman behaviour, determined to rectify her future conduct, and set out again on her journey, in order, if possible, to regain her former shape.

Full of these good resolutions, she pursued her way through the most unfrequented parts of the country, being conscious that her form would subject her to many inconveniences, should she attempt to take her road through cities. She travelled till the close

of the day, without meeting any person whatever, and at length arrived at a small neat house.

She looked up and sighed: Alas! said she to herself, were it not for the horrid form I now wear, here I might perhaps find a comfortable night's lodging, but I must flee the face of all human beings, lest I meet an untimely end from those I once called my fellow-creatures. Saying this, she let fall some tears, and turned away to seek a lodging in the forest.

She had not gone far before she observed a beautiful young female sitting on a grassy hillock: she was playing with a lamb which gamboled around her, but no sooner perceived Florissa, than alarmed at her savage appearance, she rose to run away: the princess however crouching down, caught her attention by several gestures which appeared very strange in one of her seeming species, and no sooner saw her stop, than advancing by
slow

slow degrees, she took the foot of the young female, whose name was *Pity*, between her fore-paws, and set it upon her head, in order to shew that she was entirely at her disposal.

Pity, amazed, began to take courage and be more familiar. She at length diverted herself by sticking the shaggy coat of the princess with flowers, and when she returned home, which was to that same house Florissa before admired, suffered her to follow, and grew so fond, that her dear bear was the constant companion of her rural amusements.

One day as they were walking on the seashore, it occurred to Florissa that she might make her friend acquainted with her former condition: accordingly, after first fixing her attention, she with one of her paws, made marks in the sand to this effect; "I am the unfortunate princess Florissa." When *Pity* read this, she guessed her bear was en-

chanted, and was lamenting that she was unable to release her, when she heard a voice, seeming to proceed from under the water repeat these words :

Would'st thou the potent spell unbind,
That holds the royal maid confin'd ;
Those sovereign powers which hidden lye
Within the Magic Cestus, try.

Pity was at first puzzled to discover the meaning of these mysterious words, but after some reflection, unlocked a golden girdle which she wore, and threw it round the princess.

This girdle *Pity* one day found floating in a neighbouring river, out of which she drew it, and was so captivated with its elegance, that she put it on and considered it as her greatest ornament, though till now ignorant of its real value: it was called the *Cestus of Civility*, and inherited a very remarkable quality, viz. that of transforming the most savage nature into the most gentle.

She

She had no sooner cast it round the princess, than to her utter astonishment, the black bear disappeared, and a delicate white pigeon flew into her bosom. Florissa, impatient to regain her former shape, did not remain long with her benefactress ; but stretching her wings mounted into the air, and was out of sight in an instant, leaving *Pity* to return home and bewail her loss.

There we also will leave her, and follow our ærial traveller ; who, highly delighted with her transformation, continued her flight over seas, mountains, vales, and deserts, till she arrived at the most beautiful spot of land ever beheld. Spring, summer, and autumn, seemed here eternally united ; fruits, flowers, buds, and blossoms, vied with each other to render this charming paradise, called the *Plains of Concord*, delightful : in the midst ran the *River of Good-nature*, which flowed meandering into a thousand little streams to water the plants and herbage of this happy land.

Here the princess alighted, and taking a large draught from the river, was immediately restored to her natural form. Perceiving that she was exactly equipped as when she left Benigna; she took a gold bottle, which the fairy had provided on her first setting out, and filling it with the delicious fluid, turned to pursue her journey to the fairy, after solacing herself with the beauties that surrounded her.

Florissa had not long left the *Plains of Concord*, when in passing through a forest she perceived two armed knights fiercely encountering each other. Having now entirely lost her former haughtiness, she eagerly ran to part them, but her efforts were ineffectual; the one who was mounted on a white steed, still persisting in forcing the other, mounted on a black one, to continue the combat. Finding that no entreaties would prevail, the princess requested them at least to refresh themselves with the liquor she had in her hand: to this they reluctantly consented; but had no sooner tasted,

tasted, than they felt the powerful effects of the river from whence it was taken, for they involuntarily fell into each others embraces; the knight who rode on the white steed soliciting forgiveness of the other for his former outrage.

Thus all differences being accommodated, after returning mutual thanks to Florissa, they were on the point of parting, when the knight who rode the black steed, observed that he was travelling to the grotto of a very powerful fairy, named Benigna, upon an affair of the last importance. The princess with surprise assured him she was going thither; and begged, if the question were not impertinent, to know the occasion of his journey.

The knight, who was already captivated with her charms, was not a little pleased to hear she was bound for the same place: If you will permit me, Madam, said he, I will

relate the incidents of my life, which may serve to amuse you till the declining sun render travelling more agreeable.

Florissa and the other knight having thanked him for his proposal, they seated themselves beneath a spreading tree, and he began as follows:

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
GENTLE REPROOF.

MY life, Madam, said the stranger, has been marked, from earliest infancy, by misfortunes. My mother was a fairy of the highest order, her name, *Friendship*. One day as she was sporting in the woods with her companions, she was accosted by a young knight of royal extraction, whose agreeable person and manners made so great an

an impression on her heart, that, contrary to the laws of fairy land, she determined to marry him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her kindred.

By this marriage she was excluded from the fairy-court; so great is their dislike to an union with mortals. But it gave my mother little uneasiness; my father, whose name was *Integrity*, possessing a disposition so amiable, and consonant to her own, that their lives were one continued scene of love and harmony: all that appeared wanting to complete their felicity, was a child, on whom they might lavish an equal share of tenderness.

Two years after their union, this likewise was added: I was born, to the inexpressible satisfaction of my parents, and called *Gentle Reproof*: but alas! their happiness was of short duration.

Not far from our habitation lived an old
fairy,

fairy, called *Malice*, though from the darkness of her complexion, she generally went by the name of the Black-fairy. She had a particular aversion to my mother, occasioned by the difference of their art; for, as my mother delighted in, and practised, that part of enchantment wholly good—so her sole skill and pleasure was in the exercise of evil. She had long looked with a malignant eye on the happiness of our family; and, bursting with venom at this addition to it, resolved to embitter it, by stealing me away. Accordingly, one day as I lay asleep, rendering herself invisible, she entered the house, and escaped with me undiscovered; then hastening to her den, she made use of many diabolical charms, which changed my face black like her own, and so entirely deformed me, that it would have been impossible for my mother, notwithstanding her art, to have known me, unless assisted by a superior power. When thus disfigured she called me *Reproach*.

Educated

Educated under her tuition, and knowing no other parent, I naturally became fond of her; and must do her the justice to acknowledge, that she equally returned my affection. Her favourite amusement was to lie concealed in the *Forest of Strife*, and when she saw any traveller who had been chastised by *Ill-fame*, another fairy who frequented those parts, to give me the hint to wound the object with my arrows, which were prepared by my foster-mother with such subtle poison, that they communicated a raging madness through the whole frame; and unless the persons wounded were so fortunate as to repair to a certain tree, which contained an antedote to its venom, they soon put an end to their own lives, and became our prey, which we devoured at leisure.

Thus, madam, you see my life was spent in a state of savage ferocity, whilst my true parents bewailed my loss, and in vain implored the fairy court for redress. All the
relief

relief they could obtain was to learn where I was, and by whose power detained; but the charms were too powerful to be overruled by ordinary means.

They continued deprived of hope for many years; when a young fairy, of my mother's acquaintance, advised her to repair to the cave of Merlin, a celebrated magician, and consult the oracle. To this end she set out, and arrived at the cave, which was situated among high rocks, and guarded by four gentle-minded fairies, whom my mother, by her art, easily conversed with. She then entered the cave, and, assisted by the magician, consulted the oracle, which answered, that unless the *Cestus of Civility*, which lie hid in the *Plains of Concord*, could be thrown round me, I should never return to my natural form and understanding.

When my mother understood this, she immediately set out in pursuit of it, and found it in the place the oracle pointed

pointed out, hid under a stone wrought with hieroglyphics of gold.

Her next care was to cast it round me : a very hazardous enterprise, I being constantly armed with the poisoned arrows, ready to draw on the slightest notice : but my mother, determined not to shrink at danger where there was the least probability of regaining me. She accordingly came to the forest where the black fairy and myself were amusing ourselves with our accustomed sports, and in an instant encircled me with the *Cestus* before my foster-mother, whose eye was fixed on a black bear I had just wounded"————

Here the princess interrupted him ; and, from many circumstances discovered, to their mutual surprise, it was that very arrow, aimed by *Reproach*, with which *she* was wounded, when under the chastisement of *Ill-fame*.—After this the knight proceeded.

The

The black fairy, Madam, did not perceive my mother till it was too late; she made signs, indeed, for me to defend myself, but the *Cestus*, which had the wonderful power of taming the most savage nature, had instantly wrought an astonishing change in me: my complexion was no longer dark, nor my countenance forbidding; my person, which was before deformed and bloated, was now smooth and delicate; my mind also underwent a total revolution, and I felt a just abhorrence of my foster-mother, and former way of life. On turning, I perceived my real mother run, bidding me follow, which I did, notwithstanding the rage and threats of the black fairy, who had now entirely lost her power over me. I was presently introduced to *Integrity*, my father, who embraced me with all the transports of parental affection.

Thus my parents were once more blest, and I, secure from the direful enchantments of *Malice*, lived in the greatest tranquillity,
till

till one day unlocking the *Cestus*, in order to bathe, it unfortunately fell into the river. I instantly plunged to recover it, but the current ran so strong, that it was out of sight in a moment. Terrified at the loss, I returned to my mother, whose advice was, that I should avoid the *Forest of Strife*, where Malice lived, and take a journey to consult Benigna, a powerful fairy, who resided in the further part of this country.

I immediately set out, but had not proceeded far before I was furiously attacked by this knight; when you timely interposed, and reconciled us with water from the *River of Good-nature*.

Here the knight concluded his narrative, which did not a little tend to increase the interest Florissa had, from the first moment, taken in his concerns; and they pursued their journey, accompanied by the strange knight,

knight, who declared himself bound on no particular adventure.

As we have an opportunity of leaving the princess in such agreeable company; we will attend her sister Clementina, in pursuit of the inestimable *Spear of Truth*.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS CLEMENTINA.

CLEMENTINA, the third princess, began her journey with a much lighter heart than her sisters. She was of a lively, volatile disposition, and wished to see the world: besides, she pleased herself with the idea of giving Benigna a proof of her fortitude, by braving those dangers, she had informed her lay in the way, unless she kept the straight road: this the princess was resolved not to

to do, being confident she possessed prudence and fortitude to combat and surmount every danger and temptation that might assail her. With these sentiments it is not surprising that she took an early opportunity to turn into a little meadow that lay on one side of the road. Finding it extremely pleasant, and adorned with a variety of beautiful flowers, Clementina amused herself with making posies, garlands, and other pretty fancies, till grown weary, she sat down under the shade of a flowering thorn, and fell into a deep sleep. She was awakened by a loud clap of thunder; and, starting up, to her great terror, perceived it to be the close of day, and found that a violent storm had gathered over her head. She looked round, in hopes of discovering some house where she might pass the night; but not perceiving any, was fain to shelter herself from the rain in a thick wood, on one side of the meadow.

The storm at length having somewhat abated,

abated, she attempted to regain the road; but alas! the intricacies of this wood, called the *Labyrinth of Error*, added to the darkness of the night, rendered it utterly impossible; and, to her inexpressible horror, she was obliged to spend the night there, every moment in expectation of being torn in pieces by the wild beasts, which made the wilderness resound with their savage howlings.

She now heartily repented of her folly, in neglecting the good advice of Benigna, believing that she should be devoured, as a punishment for her undutiful conduct; however, for security she ascended a tree, and by that means passed the night in safety. In the morning she descended, fully resolved to make all possible speed to the high road; but had scarcely left the tree, when she was accosted by an old hermit, arrayed in a long white garment, covered with a grey mantle, reaching to his girdle.

Good

Good morrow, sweet lady, said he, whither are you going so early?

I am an unfortunate traveller, replied the princess, who, last night, lost my way in this wilderness.

If you will step with me, said the old man, to my cottage, which is hard by, and accept of a breakfast, I will afterwards conduct you on your way.

I thank you, my good father, said she, and will accept your invitation with pleasure, for I am really very faint for want of refreshment.

You will find, said he, no costly fare, no luxurious meats or liquors; nothing but plain and poor, with a hearty welcome.

Clementina assured him she preferred that to the greatest dainties.

The hermit then asked her whence she came ; to which the princess answered, from the fairy Benigna, and that she was, by her appointment, travelling in pursuit of the *Spear of Truth*.

As they were conversing thus, they entered the cottage ; and the old man covered the table with milk, honey, and dried fruits, of which he kindly invited the princess to partake, and the repast being over, amused her with the most entertaining tales, intermixing such paternal advice, that, allured by his agreeable conversation, Clementina lost all thoughts of pursuing her journey that day, and was easily prevailed upon by her host, whose name was *Hypocrisy*, to spend some farther time with him ; nay, she became so well pleased with the honest freedom of his manners, that had it not been for Benigna, whom she still tenderly loved, she had been content to abide with him her whole life ; but when she considered that, by this conduct, she must entirely re-

1

linquish

linquish the design for which she set out, and by that means forfeit the friendship and protection of Benigna, her spirit was newly animated, and she proposed to continue her journey.

My dear child, said the hermit, let me persuade you to abandon this dangerous enterprise, and abide here in peace and tranquillity, where you will enjoy the pleasures of a rural life; as for me, continued he, should I lose you, my heart would break.

Notwithstanding these seducing words, Clementina was stedfast in her resolution, and warmly urged her departure.

Hypocrisy then brightened his countenance.

I did it but to try you, said he, and would be the last person to dissuade you from so glorious an enterprise as that of obtaining the *Spear of Truth*; on the contrary, though

though I live in this obscurity, I may be serviceable to you in the undertaking; having a friend, the possessor of a noble mansion not far from hence, who, at my request, will direct you a much nearer and easier way.

At this instant a young female, gaily dressed, entered, and the usual salutation having passed, *Hypocrisy* presented the princess to her with these words :

Conduct this traveller to your lady, tell her she is in pursuit of the *Spear of Truth*, and that I am much interested in her success.

Thus saying, he took an affectionate leave of Clementina, and parted with much seeming concern.

The young damsel, whose name was *Flattery*, conducted the princess through the *Labyrinth of Error* with great complaisance.

Her winning manners and agreeable conversation, so delighted Clementina that she thought herself inexpressibly fortunate in meeting with a companion so agreeable; nor did *Flattery*, on her part, appear to be less pleased: she exerted all the art she was mistress of, to ingratiate herself with Clementina, and effected it by lavishing on her the most extravagant compliments; she extolled her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, which she affirmed could not fail of insuring her a warm reception from the lady to whom she should soon have the honour of introducing her, and from whose friendship she would reap the most brilliant advantages.

These soothing accents sunk deep into the heart of Clementina, who was naturally fond of admiration, and engrossed her attention, till a superb building appeared in view. The princess, struck with its magnificence, asked her companion if it belonged to the lady to whom they were going.

Flattery replied that it did; but assured her that the elegance of the interior infinitely surpassed what she saw.

By this time they were at the brink of a river, that glided before the entrance, planted on each side with orange and other odoriferous shrubs; when *Flattery* taking a golden cup that hung on one of the branches, filled it from the stream, and presented it to the princess, telling her, that great as her beauty and accomplishments now were, one draught of that water would render her ten thousand times more lovely. Clementina, without hesitation, put it to her lips, and finding the taste extremely pleasant, drank a large draught.

Now this stream was the *River of Self-conceit*; it did not in reality produce the effect *Flattery* had described, but its quality was so intoxicating, as to produce on the person who tasted it an illusion similar. It instantly began to operate
on

on the princess, for casting her eyes downward to the stream, the reflection of her person appeared beautiful as an angel; her complexion seemed to glow with unusual loveliness; her eyes to flash brighter fire; and she had a number of smart repartees at the end of her tongue, which she only wanted time and opportunity to utter.

She had not time to reflect long on this imaginary change, for *Flattery* soon introduced her to a spacious gallery, richly adorned with bronzes, and the most highly finished fabulous paintings; from whence they passed through a suite of elegant apartments, in which were a number of ladies and gentlemen, amusing themselves variously, dancing, singing, or playing different games, cards, dice, &c. They all seemed in the height of festivity, and invited Clementina, as she passed, to join in their diversions; but she followed her guide to an apartment even superior in elegance to the former,

where sat *Falsehood*, the possessor of this enchanting mansion.

She appeared to be about five-and-twenty, and was so fair, that the princess now began to reflect on Benigna's beauty, which she had formerly considered as the model of perfection, with indifference, if not with contempt.

Falsehood was dressed in a changeable silk garment, embroidered with foils and feathers, and a wreath of rubies seemed to encircle her fine black hair, which fell in ringlets on her snowy bosom. To this charming female *Flattery* introduced the princess; informing her from whence she came, and that their good friend, the hermit, had recommended her as a guest worthy to be entertained, being on a journey in search of the *Spear of Truth*.

Falsehood, who perfectly understood the hermit's message, with a bewitching smile, promised

promise the princess her advice and protection, but assured her that the dangers and difficulties that lay in the road were so great that she could give her small hope of attaining the *Spear of Truth*; and that should she succeed, it would scarcely be worth the trouble of the journey, it being an antiquated weapon, much out of use, and not possessed of the virtues by some ascribed to it.

Behold, said she, taking her by the hand, the magnificence, the splendor, the festivity that surround you! Consent to share these with me, and forego an enterprise, in which toil and disappointment can be your only reward.

Flattery, in her natural insinuating manner, now added the most powerful persuasions; and the princess, intoxicated with her draught from the *River of Self-conceit*, began to look back with disgust on the innocent pleasures she had tasted in the grotto

of Benigna, and to think that her beauty, wit, and accomplishments, deserved better than to be confined to a solitary life. With these ideas she was easily persuaded to give up the journey allotted her by the fairy; and had no sooner signified her intention, than *Flattery* conducted her to the company she had before seen, who readily admitted her into their society.

She spent her time very agreeably, one thing only alarmed and gave her uneasiness; this was a spectre, which constantly haunted the mansion. It walked the apartments armed with a pair of pincers, which it employed on every opportunity to torment the guests, whose only resource was as soon as possible to join the companies, and resume their diversions, where it seldom intruded. This spectre, which was called *Evil Conscience*, in a little time became so troublesome to Clementina, that she lost all relish for the amusements that had before so much charmed her. She frequently
communicated

communicated the cause of her disquiet to her favourite, *Flattery*, who, laughing, told her the phantom that alarmed her was not worth attending to; that it had impertinently intruded, she could not tell how, into the mansion, and attached itself so firmly to *Falsehood*, her mistress, that, notwithstanding their endeavours, they could never rid the house of it; but, added she, continually surrounded by company, and immersed in pleasures, we give it little observance.

This explanation, however, did not satisfy Clementina, who grew every day more discontented with her situation. The company, the diversions, no more delighted her; and she now reflected with regret on those happy hours she had spent in the grotto of Benigna.

In this unhappy state of mind, she one day walked into a grove which bounded an avenue that led to the house, in order to

try if it were possible to escape the vigilance of her constant tormentor, the spectre.

Here she was met by a venerable hermit.

You seem in haste, young lady? said he, accosting her.

I am endeavouring, replied the princess, to escape a dreadful spectre that haunts our house.

Do you mean the palace of *Falsehood*? said the hermit.

The princess replied that she did.

I am happy, returned the hermit, that you have taken this path; I can easily free you from him, provided you put yourself under my protection, and consent to leave this place.

Clementina

Clementina was at first by no means prepossessed in favour of the hermit; she was fearful of being again deceived; but upon a nearer examination, she discerned in his countenance, which she had before thought stern and forbidding, that sedate composure, and friendly solicitude for her welfare, that her apprehensions vanished, and she frankly told him she had formerly set out in search of the *Spear of Truth*, and desired nothing more than to resume her journey; but that she had unfortunately forgotten what road she should take.

My name, said the hermit, is *Repentance*; it is in my power alone to free you from the tyranny of that spectre, and to put you again in the road to obtain the *Spear of Truth*.

He then commanded the princess to kneel; and taking a little box of balsam from his pocket, this said he, is the *Ointment of Resolution*, without which you will never be

be able to escape the mansion of *Falsehood*, who is an enchantress.

Saying this, he anointed her shoulders with the balsam, and the princess was instantly furnished with a pair of wings, with which she could fly to the most distant parts.

Repentance then conducted her to the road, from whence she had wandered into the *Labyrinth of Error*, and left her to pursue her journey.

She presently lost sight of the habitation of *Falsehood*, and arrived at the foot of the mountain, where the bright *Spear* was held up as a reward to the person who should attain the summit. Here Clementina saw many looking with wishful eyes on it; but, for want of the wings of *Resolution*, they continued at the bottom; by the assistance of these she gained the wished for eminence; and was presented with the *Spear of Truth* by a beautiful female, the guardian of it.

I resign

I resign to you, said she, this invaluable treasure ; and congratulate you on surmounting the arts which *Falsehood* and *Hypocrisy* never fail to employ, to interrupt the progress of those who set out in pursuit of it : go, continued she, return in safety to Benigna, far from the Labyrinth of Error, and secure from those dangers from which only the *Spear of Truth* can defend you. She then smiled with ineffable sweetness on the princess, and left her to return to the guardian fairy, who received her with open arms, and the warmest congratulations.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS BONNETTA.

GOOD-NATURE, affability, and sweetness of temper, shone conspicuous in the character of the princess Bonnetta, and amply made amends for the defects of her person. She was short and crooked; her complexion was dark, and her features irregular, but notwithstanding these defects, she captivated the hearts of all who knew her, by her good sense and amiable disposition.

This

This princess had not advanced far on her journey, before she was accosted by an old fairy, who spoke to her in these words :

I am, by my art, acquainted that the fates have ordained you a journey, long, difficult, and replete with innumerable dangers : you are young and inexperienced, and without some supernatural defence, will unavoidably fall a prey to those perils that await you ; take therefore this *enchanted rod*, which will give you unlimited power ; when used, you will instantly perceive the wonderful properties which lay concealed in it. She then disappeared, leaving the princess in possession of the rod.

Bonnetta, delighted with the gift of the old fairy, seated herself beneath a tree to indulge the agreeable reflections her good fortune occasioned, when she perceived an old man walking slowly towards her : he was dressed in a long black gown and cap, and held a white wand in his hand.

Daughter,

Daughter, said he, you are without doubt ignorant that the *rod*, which seems to inspire you with resolution and delight, ought rather to fill your mind with diffidence and regret.

The princess, surprised and alarmed at this address, was going to request an explanation, when the old man resumed :

The assertion of a stranger, may possibly obtain little credit; I will therefore relate my history, by which you will see upon what grounds I warn you to distrust the dangerous gift you have received.—Saying this, he seated himself beside her, and began in the following manner.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
HERMIT
OF THE
WHITE ROCK.

MY name, said the hermit, is Albubeca ;
I received my being in a cavern situated near
the summit of a tremendous precipice, called
the White Rock ; a retreat which my father,
who was deeply skilled in the most occult
sciences, had chosen, that he might mark the
progress

progress of the planets and other celestial bodies.

Excluded from the world, my youth was passed in an uninterrupted course of study, our society being confined to a few harmless peasants, who inhabited the vale below, and supplied us with the necessaries to suffice nature.

I obtained the knowledge of many choice secrets from my father, who at length died in a good old age. Shortly after his death, a singular adventure drew me from my former seclusion and inactivity.

One evening induced by the serenity of the air, I left my habitation, and following the course of a winding river, lost myself amidst a chain of almost inaccessible mountains. Continuing my walk, I was suddenly, at the entrance of a wood, struck with the appearance of a brilliant chariot, fashioned of one entire diamond.

I had

I had scarcely time for reflection—a shrill voice called me by my name, and turning round I discovered a terrible looking old fairy, who, with evident marks of confusion and dismay, bade me approach. By her stood a beautiful female, whose aspect bespoke her to be more than human; the glance of her eye seemed to penetrate through all nature; awful majesty sat on her brow, and grace and celestial dignity were in her mien.

When I approached, the old fairy touching a rod I then chanced to hold, with precipitation uttered these words, *May half of that power I possess, pass into this rod.* See, continued she, with a malignant smile, turning to the beautiful figure who stood at her side, my art shall still remain active. The other, without reply, struck the ground with a bright spear, when, to my utter astonishment, the wood in which we were standing vanished, and I perceived the old fairy bound to a rock that hung over the sea.

After

After this I was transported to a spot adjacent to my habitation, where the beautiful celestial, for such I found she was, spoke to me in these words :

The fates have permitted you to be a witness of some secrets, whereby the vindictive are governed. I am *Justice*, one of the superior deities—the name of that old fairy is *Revenge*, from whose tyranny, until the sun have seventy times encircled the earth, I have released mankind. She has endeavoured to frustrate my designs, by transmitting a part of her power to the rod you hold ; but I will defeat the evil of her intention. Then taking the rod from my hand, she touched it with her spear, and calling it the *Rod of Retribution*, returned it with these words ; Abuse not my delegated power : punish vice, and reward virtue. Then, with a smile of righteous dignity, she bade me return to my habitation in peace ; and, mounting the radiant chariot I had before seen, instantly disappeared.

Pos.

Possessed of the *Rod of Retribution*, I adhered strictly to the injunction of *Justice*, I called forth its *evil* properties to chastise vice, and its *good* to reward virtue.

But alas! the seventy years for which *Justice* had bound *Revenge* elapsed; she was once more set at large to torment mankind, and employed her utmost skill to obtain possession of the *rod*, to which she had transferred a considerable part of her power: finding all other efforts vain, she assumed the form of *Justice*, entered my habitation, and with ease persuaded me to relinquish it.

I had no sooner parted with this treasure, than a beautiful celestial stood before me. As the majestic countenance of *Justice* was formed to inspire reverence and awe, so was the mild serenity of this heavenly visitant's to create confidence and love.

Her brow was clear and open, and her
eyes

eyes full of sweetness and compassion: a robe of the purest white enfolded her, and a dove rested on her bosom. She told me that I had, by my credulity, put the *Rod of Retribution* into the hands of the old fairy *Revenge*, who had artfully for that purpose assumed the form of *Justice*. She added, that *Revenge* had annihilated its good properties, and left the *evil* alone remaining, with which she would still continue to scourge mankind. She then presented me with a wand, which she told me would confer *good* only, and commanded me to use it in defence of the innocent and unprotected.

Saying this, she disappeared, informing me that she was called *Mercy*.

It was by the power of this wand that I rendered myself invisible, and saw *Revenge* present you with the dangerous rod, which is now entirely gifted by her diabolical art. She is acquainted that you are in pursuit of the *Mantle of Meekness*, and expects that the
pos-

possession of the rod will frustrate your attempts to obtain it.

Let me instantly, said the princess, perceiving the hermit had concluded his narrative, throw this destructive power from me.

No, replied Albubeca, it is a temptation which heaven permits for a trial of your worth: to bear injuries with patience, when destitute of power to return them, is a tribute due to your own ease, but to endure them with moderation, whilst the *Rod of Retribution* rests in your hand, is an effort of true virtue. Go then, my daughter, and, possessed of it, approve yourself worthy to receive that invaluable treasure of which you are in pursuit.

He then disappeared, and left the princess to continue her journey.

Bonnetta travelled many days without meeting with any adventure worth relating; at length, pursuing her journey one morning, wrapt in contemplation; she suddenly felt several parts of her body wounded; and on turning to discover the cause, perceived that a shower of darts, apparently aimed at her, issued from a forest through which she had just passed.

The reader will, without doubt, recollect *Malice*, the black fairy, who had so considerable a share in the adventures of *Gentle Reproof*, and will remember, that she armed him with poisoned arrows, and called him *Reproach*. The powerful *cestus* had no sooner destroyed the spells by which she had bound him to herself, than the arrows which were fitted alone to the hand of *Reproach*, remained useless.

Malice, enraged at this diminution of her power, resolved to make herself amends, and with many secret spells and invocations,

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formed

formed a magic machine, exactly to her purpose. It resembled a porcupine; and, like that animal, was furnished with pointed quills, which, on the slightest intimation, were darted by *Malice* into the most susceptible parts of the human frame. Having animated this monument of her diabolical art with her own venom, she called it *Slander*.

Equally surprised and terrified, the princess Bonnetta endeavoured to escape by the swiftness of her feet, but in vain; the darts of *Slander* pursued her, with equal rapidity. The pain they inflicted, though by no means equal to that occasioned by the arrows of *Reproach*, was, nevertheless, sufficiently excruciating to make her often feel an inclination to retort the anguish she endured on the author of it, which she could instantly have done, by waving the enchanted rod put into her hand by the fairy *Revenge*; but, when she reflected on the words of the hermit of the White Rock, she determined

to endure all rather than, by the use of this dangerous gift, forfeit the hope of obtaining the treasure of which she had set out in pursuit.

She continued her flight with incredible swiftness, till, at the entrance of a cavern, she perceived an old man, who, with much kindness in his address, entreated her to enter, and shelter herself from the darts of *Slander*; inveighing bitterly against the cruelty of her persecutors, and begging she would confide in him, as his heart and door were always open to the innocent and oppressed.

The princess, overjoyed to arrive at a place of security, full of gratitude, accepted this apparently kind invitation; but had no sooner entered the cavern, than she fell many fathoms under ground, into a deep dungeon, where her treacherous host, rejoiced at adding another to the list of his captives, with a malignant smile, confined her

her amongst a number of unfortunate wretches, who, like herself, had been decoyed into his snares.

Here Bonnetta was frequently on the point of exercising the *Rod of Retribution*; but the natural mildness of her disposition, joined to that firm desire she ever felt of obtaining the immortal *Mantle of Meekness*, restrained her, and made her forego all thought of so dangerous an expedient: nor did she repent of her forbearance; for on the third day her old friend, the hermit of the White Rock, stood before her.

I am charmed, said he, with your moderation, which will not in the end go unrewarded: resign now, continued he, the *rod* to me; for though you have more trials to undergo, they will be in a state where its power will be useless. You are fallen into the snares of *Treachery*, a powerful, but evil magician, whose spells are too strong to be overcome by ordinary means: to

avoid the snares of *Treachery*, you must, for a time, bid adieu to all converse with human beings; chuse, therefore, and I will release you, either by transforming you to a dolphin, or to a nightingale.

Bonnetta was inclined to become an inhabitant of the air; but unwilling to determine hastily, she for some minutes continued silent.

If I become a nightingale, said she, to herself, I shall with ease skim to the most distant parts of the earth, and discover the various wonders that adorn its surface, palaces, plains, mountains, and seas; I shall observe the different customs and manners of mankind, and shall see more in a few months, than I should otherwise during my whole life. But will all this afford me pleasure, said she, recollecting herself, when I cannot impart it to others? I shall be alone in the world, without one friend, one companion to partake of my enjoyments.

Here

Here a flood of tears covered her face.

If I become a dolphin, said she, continuing her reflections, though I lose the light of the sun, I shall still hold a part in the concerns of mankind; I shall warn the unthinking mariner of the gathering storm*; I shall teach him to prepare for approaching danger: then this consolation will remain, that, although I should no more be permitted to mix with my native species, I shall still be useful to the cause of humanity.

This last reflection pleaded so forcibly with the amiable princess, that she entreated Albubeca to transform her to a dolphin; when the hermit, who was acquainted with what passed in her mind, thus answered:

Because you have preferred the good of

 F 4 others

* The dolphins are said to appear on the surface of the water, previous to a storm.

others to your own gratification, be at discretion, said he, striking her with his wand, a dolphin and a nightingale.

These words were no soon uttered, than the princess became a dolphin, sporting in a large ocean; but being desirous to try how she should approve of an ærial situation, she wished she might become a nightingale, and in an instant, as the hermit had promised, she mounted into the air in that form.

Evening approaching, she flew towards a cottage, and slept on the branches of a tree, and in the morning took her flight over a pleasant valley. Through it ran a clear stream, at the side of which sat a handsome young knight, the gracefulness of whose person so much attracted the attention of Bonnetta, that she perched on a shrub hard by, to observe him.

He had tied his horse to a tree, and was reading;

reading; but in a few minutes rose, and, mounting his steed, which was milk-white, rode slowly up the valley, while the princess, who had an earnest desire to discover who he was, followed at a short distance.

The first object that caught the attention of our travellers, was a magnificent castle, built of the finest Egyptian marble; the windows were lofty, with frames of wrought gold, and the whole edifice adorned with the richest sculpture art could invent. The stranger stopt to admire it; as did also his ærial companion, who had never in her life seen any thing so superb.

In the mean while a beautiful young lady approached, and invited the knight to enter the castle, and refresh himself. At first he refused; but complied at her earnest entreaty.

The princess likewise designed to be of the party, and was watching an opportunity to enter

unobserved, when the hermit of the White Rock stood before her.

Whither are you going? said he, frowning, you know not what danger lurks beneath that splendor. The castle belongs to the giant *Pride*: he is descended from a race of inchanters, and is universally known for his deformity, though he endeavours to conceal it by the costliness of his habit. That lady who appeared so beautiful, is his wife; her name is *Vanity*: by an artful insinuating address, she decoys travellers into the castle, where they are detained in a state of abject slavery, to augment the retinue of her husband; yet such is the power of *Vanity*, that these miserable victims continued pleased with their condition, and utterly insensible to their bondage, which, once known, they could easily shake off. The knight she has now entrapped is travelling in pursuit of adventures; he is an amiable youth, but too frequently

frequently led away by false appearances, and is called the knight of the silver shield.

Alas! replied the princess, is there not a possibility of freeing him from the enchantment?

I have, said the hermit, in my possession, a charm, which, if properly applied, is able to destroy it. It is called the *Ring of Humility*; and when rubbed on the eyelids of the persons held captive by the enchantments of *Pride* and *Vanity*, will immediately cause them to discover their bondage, when it requires little exertion to shake off the chains that bind them. I will intrust you with this inestimable jewel, if, after what I have said, you have courage to enter the castle and apply it.

Bonnetta, whose heart was deeply interested in the fate of the knight, readily consented; when Alubeca, taking the ring from his finger, slipped the neck of our little nightin-

gale into it, and, bidding her farewell, disappeared.

The princess, unobserved, took her flight to the great hall of the castle, at the upper end of which was the giant, who, notwithstanding the richness of his crimson and gold robe, appeared to Bonnetta a thousand times more deformed than her imagination had painted him.

He was seated at a splendid banquet, surrounded by a crowd of knights and ladies, who all appeared to be in the height of merriment; but it must certainly have astonished her, had she not been before informed of it by the hermit, to observe that each of the guests wore a large gold chain, one end of which was fastened to the neck, and the other to the right foot; but to this they appeared perfectly insensible, and continued their mirth, which was much augmented by *Vanity*, whose sole aim seemed the entertainment of her guests: Amongst
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the rest, not without a sensible mortification, the princess observed the knight of the silver shield, who appeared to be much captivated by the wit and beauty of *Vanity*.

When Bonnetta had made every necessary observation, she stole, unperceived, to the chamber allotted for the knight, and concealing herself in the hangings, waited till he retired to rest.

He was no sooner asleep, than she alighted softly on the bed, and, taking the ring in her beak, applied it to his eyelids, as the hermit had directed, and again slipping her neck into it, flew to her place of concealment.

In the morning when the knight awoke, he was much amazed to find himself encumbered with a heavy chain, and being insensible to this bondage when he went to rest, imagined that some person had been in his chamber, and treacherously taken
the

the advantage of him while he slept : stung with this idea, he started up, but, to his great surprise, with ease shook off his fetters.

He could not, however, comprehend a mystery, in appearance so strange, and was leaving his apartment, determined, if possible, to unravel it, when he cast his eye on the little nightingale, who had imprudently perched on a rich cabinet, preparing to serenade him. How was he amazed to observe her neck adorned with a jewel that far outshone any he had seen the preceding day in the castle ! He took hold of her, and notwithstanding she struggled, fluttered, and used her utmost endeavours in defence of it, pulled it from her neck, and putting the ring on one finger and the nightingale on the other, walked into the great hall.

Here was fresh matter for astonishment ; his fellow-guests, whom he had the night before considered as knights of the first distinction,

distinction, he now discovered to be miserable captives, kept in a splendid bondage, to augment the retinue of a deformed giant. He remonstrated with several on their abject situation, endeavouring to rouse them to revenge the indignity offered to their persons; but they refused to give ear to his advice, believing that his understanding was impaired.

Finding all efforts vain, he walked slowly from the castle, reflecting on the strange adventure he had met with, and fully persuaded that it was caused by some kind of enchantment.

The knight was at a considerable distance before he observed that he had lost his little nightingale, which had been taken unperceived from his hand, by one of the guests at the castle, and was now confined, much against her inclination, in a gilt cage.

Trusting that every reader is interested in
the

the welfare of this amiable princess, we will leave the knight of the silver shield to pursue his journey, possessed of the valuable *Ring of Humility*, and return once more to the *Castle of Pride*.

Poor Bonnetta languished many days in confinement, but at length an opportunity offered for her escape. Her keeper went one day to angle in a river which flowed through the grounds belonging to the castle, and, taking the cage in which she was confined, set it on the grass near him. By good fortune the door flew open, and Bonnetta, who anxiously awaited an opportunity to escape, instantly leaped into the river a dolphin.

She was soon far beyond the confines of the giant's castle, and continued gliding in the watery element, till, to her inconceivable terror, she felt her body encompassed by a net, and in a few minutes, with several of her finny companions, was drawn into a boat.

boat. How great was her joy and satisfaction, to behold in this boat her favourite knight of the silver shield ! She was on the point of changing herself again to a nightingale, when the air darkened, a storm arose, and the boat split against a rock ; at the same moment an old fairy appeared, seized the knight in her arms, and conveyed him out of sight in an instant.

The princess endeavoured to mount into the air, as usual ; but instead of a nightingale, she was restored to her natural form, and found herself at a vast distance from the spot where she lost sight of the knight. She had scarcely time to look round, before the hermit of the White Rock stood before her ;

You will now, said he, receive the reward due to your virtue ; we are on the borders of the celestial island, where the immortal *Mantle of Meekness* is preserved.

This sentence was scarcely uttered, when
a beauti-

a beautiful female approached, attended by two lovely infants, who bore the *Mantle of Meekness* before her. My name, said she, addressing Bonetta, is *Justice*; I am ordained by heaven to punish vice, and to reward virtue: the *Mantle of Meekness* is justly your's, and it amply repays the toil of attaining it.

Saying this, she put it on the princess, and turned again to the celestial island, her eternal abode.

Bonnetta, whose person was before deformed, and whose features were displeasing, arrayed in the *Mantle of Meekness*, now surpassed her sisters in loveliness, and she had this advantage, that her beauty would continue to extreme old age.

You have now, said Alubeca, embracing her, no more perils to encounter: go, pursue your way in safety to Benigna, whither the fates will conduct the knight of the silver shield.

shield : he is worthy of your affection, and
ordained to be your husband.

Saying this, he, with many devout wishes,
left the princess to continue her journey.

For the present we will follow his example,
and learn what befel the princes Orinda,
in pursuit of the *Magnet of true Generosity*.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS ORINDA.

THE princess Orinda, in loveliness of person, surpassed the most lavish description: she was tall, fair, finely proportioned, and might truly be considered a complete beauty. She early found opportunities of exercising the benevolence of her disposition by affording relief to the many distressed and weary travellers she met upon the road, after which she insensibly fell into a train of the most agreeable

agreeable reflections. She already in idea possessed the *Magnet*, and amused herself with considering to what purposes she should apply it, in the variety of situations which a lively imagination suggested; nor did she forget to picture the joy with which Benigna would receive her, when she returned in possession of such a treasure.

In one of these agreeable reveries, she passed far beyond the turning marked out in a little tablet the fairy had given her with directions for her journey, and entered a dreary avenue, which led her to an old castle, that appeared to have suffered much by the ravages of time.

Night approaching, she was alarmed for her safety, and hoping some respect would be paid to her appearance, took courage, and, after knocking, called repeatedly, but could make no one hear to give her admittance. At length, perceiving a small wicket stand open, she entered, and passed through

through several spacious apartments, many entirely unfurnished, excepting by spiders webs, which hung like banners from the ancient ceilings.

In one of these solitary apartments she was met by an old man, bent double with age. He was dressed in a coarse filthy-looking garment, and discovered every appearance of poverty and wretchedness; but notwithstanding this he carried a golden wand in his hand.

He accosted the princess in a morose, surly tone of voice, and demanded who she was, and what business she had there.

Orinda answered that she was travelling in pursuit of the *Magnet of true Generosity*, but that, night coming on, she had unfortunately taken a wrong path, and lost her way.

The old man, who was a magician,
named

named *Avarice*, frowned, and lifted his wand in order to strike her; but perceiving her to be extremely beautiful, he changed his intention, and, taking her by the hand, with a smile that seldom graced his countenance, led her to an iron door, at which they entered an apartment occupied by several deformed wretches like himself, who looked with malignity on the new-comer, as her dress and deportment bespoke her of a disposition very opposite to that of their governor and themselves.

Avarice, introducing her to this wretched assembly, declared, with an austere voice, that he thought her worthy to be his consort, and commanded them to respect her, as the lady of his mansion.

The poor princess no sooner heard this dreadful sentence pronounced, than she fainted, and continued in a state of insensibility for some hours. When her senses returned, she found herself on a miserable
dirty

dirty bed, and surrounded by three or four females, who paid homage to her as the intended bride of their lord.

In a little time the magician himself entered, and, after dismissing the attendants, addressed her thus: It appears to me, young damsel, that you are insensible of the honour offered you by fortune, in rendering you agreeable to me: it is true, I have paid some tribute to time, and may not perhaps appear quite agreeable to the delicacy of a maiden's eye, but the treasures it is in my power to bestow, will more than compensate for my personal defects, were they more numerous.

Saying this, he waved his wand, and Orinda instantly beheld the floor covered with heaps of gold.

You see, continued he, what power I possess; and yet this is nothing in comparison to what I will make you mistress of, provided

provided you consent to become my bride. I give you one hour to consider of my proposal; in which time remember, that as I can thus amply reward your compliance, so can I equally punish a refusal.

With these words he left her to bewail the ill-fate that first led her to enter the castle.

Orinda now began to consider if there were not a possibility of avoiding an union, worse than death itself. She had reason to believe that *Avarice*, on a refusal, would proceed to extremities; and, on the other hand, was determined to die rather than consent to so unsuitable a match: at length having revolved in her mind various plans, she fixed on a stratagem, which, if it succeeded, might, she thought, gain her time to contrive the means of escaping. The extremity of her situation, in some measure, justified the artifice, and she executed her purpose in the following manner.

She got up, and putting on a cheerful countenance, when *Avarice* returned for her final resolution, received him with the greatest affability, and seeming satisfaction.

I beg, said she, in a mild and penitent tone of voice, that you will forget my former disgust, which has now totally subsided: it is true, our years are a little disproportioned; but when I consider that you will make me mistress of such vast treasure, gratitude alone obliges me to prefer you to the most accomplished lover. I have only one request to make, to which if you agree, I willingly resign myself to your pleasure.

Avarice, who did not expect so easy a compliance, was overjoyed, and promised, with many protestations, to grant whatever she should desire.

Nay, said the princess, it is nothing more than that our marriage may be deferred four days, in order to absolve me from a vow I have

have made, never to marry without the consent of my parents.

Avdrice, readily consented, and *Orinda* was left to amuse herself as she thought fit.

Wholly engrossed in concerting measures for her escape, she endeavoured to regain the avenue which originally led her to this unfortunate situation; but, to her great mortification, that side of the castle at which she entered was now entirely shut up, and her only hope was to climb a steep barren rock, which rose on the opposite side of the dwelling. Many times she attempted to ascend and make her escape over this, but it was so extremely steep and craggy as to baffle every effort.

In the utmost despair she saw the morning of the fourth day approach, when, going to essay the rock for the last time, at the summit, she perceived a young man. *Orinda*, who had no time to lose, by signs
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gave him to understand her miserable situation, upon which he descended by a winding path, which had till now escaped her observation, and with little difficulty, led her to the summit. It is impossible to express her joy on this unexpected deliverance, at a moment when she believed herself doomed to linger out a wretched existence with her hateful persecutor *Avarice*. She now found herself on an extensive plain, at the extremity of which stood a superb mansion, surrounded by the most delightful plantations, ornamented with fine pieces of water, and gardens dressed with clumps of fragrant flowers. Comparing it with the miserable dwelling she had just left, she fancied herself in a perfect paradise, and thought she could never sufficiently express her gratitude to the person to whom she was indebted for her escape.

As they approached the mansion, *Luxury*, for that was the name of her conductor, informed her that it belonged to *Extravagance*,

gance, one of the most renowned lords in those parts, to whom he had the honour to be chief steward and favourite, adding that he would do himself the honour of introducing her to his lord.

As he said this, they arrived at the entrance, where the princess was received by two bloated females, with ruddy countenances, who accompanied her through a grand saloon into an apartment, the furniture of which was beyond all description elegant: sofas fringed with costly pearl; embroidered hangings, enriched with the finest paintings; and superb lustres, from whence hung festoons of the most precious gems, struck the eye of the astonished Orinda. Here sat *Extravagance*, in his morning dress: he was a handsome young man, robed in verd-coloured silk, embroidered with silver, and buttoned at the breast by a knot of diamonds, his hair fancifully braided, and scented with the richest perfumes. *Luxury*, his favourite, approached, and presenting the

the princess to him, informed him, that he had been so happy as to assist her in escaping from the castle of *Avarice*.

Extravagance received the princess with great politeness; and assured her, nothing made him so happy as to rescue any one from the power of that filthy magician, *Avarice*, whose utter extirpation he had long aimed at.

If the princess was struck with the magnificence that surrounded her, *Extravagance* was not less so with the beauty of her person: though arrayed only in a plain white robe, he thought she eclipsed all he had ever seen; and conceived so violent a passion for her, that he determined to make her an offer of marriage. He addressed her therefore in the most insinuating manner, hoping to gain her affection; a task by no means difficult, as she began already to be much pleased with his person and agreeable manners, so different from those of her
old

old lover, *Avarice*; but she gave him to understand, that, being under the guardianship of the fairy Benigna, she was not at liberty to encourage his addresses, till she had performed her appointed journey, and acquired the *Magnet of true Generosity*. *Extravagance* was no sooner made acquainted with this, than he replied, with a smile of satisfaction, that he was happy he could save her the fatigue of so tedious a journey, for that the *Magnet* was then actually in his possession, and assured her he would resign it the instant she became his bride.

Orinda, not in the least doubting what he said to be true, consented to remain his guest a few days, till she could receive the approbation of Benigna.

The remainder of the day was spent in the highest mirth and festivity, the princess becoming every hour more pleased with *Extravagance*, and his favourite, *Luxury*,

whose indefatigable attention prevented even her wishes. All went on very pleasantly till evening, when, being seated at a splendid supper, an astonishing transformation took place: the princess, to her unutterable amazement, beheld the faces of *Luxury* and her intended bridegroom gradually changed into those of swine!

The shock was so violent that she swooned, and was conveyed to a sofa by *Luxury* and *Extravagance*, who insensible to their own deformity, did not suspect the cause of her disorder. Here leaving her to the care of the two females who had received her on her arrival, they returned to finish their nightly revels.

The reader, who is without doubt impatient to know the cause of this strange transformation, will be surprised to learn that *Avarice* and *Extravagance* were brothers. They were the sons of an old fairy called *Excess*, *Avarice* was from his birth

birth much deformed; but *Extravagance* had a pleasing form, till he got acquainted with *Luxury*, who was descended from a very disagreeable mixt race of the Centaurs, from whom he inherited his deformity. *Extravagance*, by constantly associating with *Luxury*, grew so exactly to resemble him, as even to astonish his mother, the fairy *Excess*, who, at the request of her son, endowed him and his favourite with the power of transforming themselves to any appearance they pleased, to hide their beastly visages, whilst the day lasted; but when night commenced, their natural deformity returned, of which they themselves, for the time, were ignorant.

Though *Extravagance* and *Avarice* were sworn enemies, and sincerely hated each other, there was one point in which they closely united; this was, intercepting the passage of those who were in search of the *Magnet of true Generosity*, sensible that when this should be discovered, their power would cease. For this grand purpose, they

joined interests, and settled their abodes opposite to each other, at the entrance of a road that must unavoidably be passed, and employed their utmost art to effect this great end.

To return to the princess.—Having recovered her senses, she passed the night in the greatest uneasiness, doubting whether she had exchanged her situation for the better, yet trembling at the thought of falling again into the power of *Avarice*. Convinced, however, that the transformation which had struck her with such horror must proceed from some evil enchantment, she resolved to lose no time in making her escape. With this design she arose in the morning; but having entered the saloon, perceived the countenances of her lover and his favourite, the same as when she first entered the mansion. She would fain have persuaded herself that what she had the night before seen was a dream, occasioned by restless slumbers; but, when she considered every circumstance,

stance, still fresh on her memory, she was too well assured of its reality, and determined instantly to leave a place, which, notwithstanding all its allurements, seemed replete with danger. She accordingly left the mansion, and walked slowly forward without the least molestation, the house being in great bustle and confusion, preparing sumptuous banquets, &c.

The princess had not travelled far before she came to a pleasant wood, at the side of which, under the shade of a venerable oak, sat a young knight, bearing a shield, which cast a mild resplendent lustre round him: on it was engraven, the *Shield of Moderation*. Encouraged by the device on his shield, she advanced towards him, and modestly enquired if he could direct her to the cave where the *Magnet of true Generosity* was to be found.

The stranger after looking stedfastly on her, with surprise and pleasure blended in

his countenance, answered, that he would conduct her thither, and asked, whether she was in pursuit of that famous *Magnet*.

The princess replied that she was. The knight then rose, and they walked on, scarcely speaking, till they arrived at the brink of a precipice, when the stranger addressed Orinda to this effect :

The *Magnet of true Generosity* cannot be obtained without the *Shield of Moderation*, which you may perceive, Madam, that I wear : happy am I that the fates make me the instrument of giving you possession of the treasure you seek ; but I lose time in words that may be better spent in action.

Saying this, without waiting a reply, he descended the precipice, and left the princess wrapt in astonishment, at the summit, to observe his achievements in the valley.

She presently saw two enraged lions rush
from

from a thicket, and fall upon him; but, the knight, covering himself with his *Shield*, at one blow laid them senseless; and passed into a cave to take possession of the *Magnet*, when the princess, to her inconceivable amazement, perceived the one which was white, rise in the form of her lover, *Extravagance*, and the other, a black one, in that of the magician, *Avarice*! The knight instantly turned, and seizing *Extravagance*, by the wonderful power of the *Magnet*, totally subdued him; but in the mean while, *Avarice* raised a black mist, in which he escaped, and the princess for some time lost sight of her noble champion; but the air clearing, she perceived him advance, bearing the *Magnet of true Generosity* on the *Shield of Moderation*, and, ascending the precipice, presently lay it at her feet.

Orinda, overjoyed, expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms, declaring she could never recompense the service he had done her.

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To render myself worthy of your esteem, Madam, said the stranger, amply overpays the perils I have encountered; but you will be surprised, when I affirm, that the misfortunes of my life have arisen from too early a knowledge of you. The princess, astonished, requested an explanation, upon which the knight began his narrative in the following manner.

THE
HISTORY
OF
PRINCE MANFRED,
AND THE
SHIELD OF MODERATION.

I AM the son, said Prince Manfred, for so the stranger was called, of a neighbouring monarch of great power : my father possessed a noble and amiable disposition ; but my mother, though I would fain spare her memory, was haughty, austere, and turbulent.

lent. One day, during her pregnancy of me, as she took the air in the gardens of the palace, attended by a select party of friends, an old woman in a tattered garment entered the gate, and hastily advancing, asked charity: my mother, provoked at the intrusion, ordered those in waiting to drive that insolent wretch out of the gardens, little imagining that she had to deal with a fairy; for the old woman turning her eyes with indignation on my mother, uttered these words:

Your son shall die of a wound inflicted by a shadow: and immediately disappeared.

This unfortunate circumstance threw the whole company into confusion; my mother, especially, who was sincerely vexed that she had treated the supplications of distress with contempt; though she could not comprehend the meaning of the words which the fairy uttered. I was born; and, till the age of eighteen, lived free from any particular accident;

accident; so that my mother totally forgot the prediction, which had formerly given her so much disquietude; but the time was not yet come for its accomplishment.

One day, being weary with the fatigue of the chace, I threw myself on a grassy bank, and fell into a deep sleep, during which I dreamed that a beautiful young woman stood before me, and, taking me by the hand, bid me rise and save her from destruction.

This dream made such an impression on my imagination, that I could never forget it. My mind dwelt continually on the charming figure I had seen, whose beauty seemed to surpass every thing human. I lost all relish for the diversions of the court, my health declined, and by degrees I fell into a deep melancholy, my sole delight being to contemplate the extraordinary vision which I had seen.

My

My mother endeavoured, with the utmost solicitude, to discover the cause of my distemper, but I as carefully concealed it, being convinced it was beyond the power of human art to afford me relief: finding her efforts vain, and that my malady daily increased, she soon broke her heart with grief; and died, lamenting her austerity, which had given offence to the fairy, by whose means she was persuaded this misfortune was caused.

Two years elapsed; when one day as I was walking in the most gloomy part of a forest, indulging that melancholy, which was increased by the death of my mother, I was met by an aged fairy, who addressed me, as nearly as I can remember in these words:

I am the fairy whom your mother was so indiscreet as to irritate: she has paid dearly for her folly, and I am appeased. Fly instantly to the forest which lies east of the precipice that guards the *Magnet of true Generosity*;

Generosity, and take this shield, said she, presenting me this, with which you see me now armed; it is the *Shield of Moderation*, and will preserve you from the power of two evil enchanters, *Avarice* and *Extravagance*, who would otherwise obstruct your passage on that road: there shall the evil, which in the bitterness of my wrath I entailed on you, subside.

Saying this she disappeared.

I instantly set out and arrived at the forest she pointed out. Three days after the fairy again appeared to me bidding me remember, that only by the power of the *Shield of Moderation*, could the *Magnet of true Generosity* be obtained.

After this she again vanished, and I was presently accosted by you, whom I instantly discovered to be the exact resemblance of that beautiful figure I had seen in my dream.

Thus,

Thus, Madam, said he, I have related the strange accident which has imbittered my latter years: it now remains for you to determine, whether, by permitting me to accompany you back to your parents, to obtain their consent to our union, you make me happy, or by a refusal, doom me to disappointment and wretchedness.

The princess, with a frankness which particularly marked her character, gave her hand to the knight, telling him she must return to the fairy Benigna, under whose protection her royal mother had placed her, and was not averse to his accompanying her thither: the knight, greatly rejoiced at this permission, thought all his cares at an end, and they set out for the grotto of the fairy.

As they travelled over a desert piece of land, Orinda, casting her eyes downward, perceived

perceived that she set her foot on a large square piece of gold ore. With the assistance of the prince she raised it, and discovered with surprise that it concealed the entrance of a subterraneous path. Curiosity induced them to enter it, and they descended by a glimmering light, till they arrived at an iron door, over which was written, 'The Golden Grove.' It immediately flew open; a phenomenon occasioned by the approach of the *Magnet*, but of which the prince and princess were then ignorant: a golden grove instantly appeared to their view, and upon penetrating into it, they perceived interspersed a variety of statues of the same precious metal.

Orinda and the prince had not stood long to contemplate these wonders, when they heard a deep groan proceed from an enormous mass of solid gold, resembling a rock; they had scarcely time for reflection, before the princess heard the following words repeated,

repeated, by a voice resembling that of Benigna:

The charms of *Avarice* can't withstand,
The powerful *Magnet* in thy hand.

She could not perfectly comprehend this sentence; but judging that it alluded to her magnet, she immediately applied it, when the mass of gold instantly disappeared, and Matilda, her younger sister, who set out in pursuit of the *Wand of Contentment*, flew to her embraces.

My dear sister, said Orinda, am I really awake, or is this a dream? For Heaven's sake, whence arose the transformation from which the *Magnet* has happily freed you?

Alas! replied Matilda, my misfortunes are too numerous to relate in this place, where we are every instant in danger, from an accursed magician who rules here. Behold,
said

said she, pointing to the statues, those monuments of his art !

Orinda touched them with the *Magnet*, which immediately desolved the enchantment, and she saw the grove filled with knights and ladies, who fell at her feet, returning thanks for their happy deliverance.

They now informed her that the subterraneous passage, which she and the prince had ventured into, led to the castle of *Avarice*, her old lover ; and in her turn she recounted her late escape from him, as also the terrors she had experienced in the house of his brother, *Extravagance*. On this they sighed, and told her that to escape the snares of that enchanter, they had been induced to turn into a road directly opposite to his abode, where, losing themselves, they wandered in pursuit of a middle path, which some of their companions asserted there was, till they heard these words uttered with vehemence : I will ruin *Extravagance* !

Encouraged

Encouraged by this sentence, said the knight, who spoke for the rest, we approached, and accosting an old man, apparently bending under the weight of age and infirmity, told him, that to avoid falling into the snares of *Extravagance*, we had wandered beyond our knowledge, and wished for his advice. *Avarice*, for we soon found it was the magician, said, we were particularly fortunate in taking that road, as in his castle, in which he kindly invited us to pass the night, we need not fear any thing; to prove the truth of this assertion, he produced some pieces of rich metal, telling us they were talismans which would preserve us from every evil. As it was by this time dark, we unfortunately accepted his invitation, and followed him to this place, but we had no sooner entered, than waving a golden wand which he held, we were instantly changed into statues of gold, in which form we continued till your inestimable *Magnet* broke the enchantment.

Orinda, convinced of the powers of the *Magnet*, bid them not fear any thing from the magician's art, and entreated the princess Matilda to lead her to him, a request which she, not without some apprehensions, complied with. Orinda herself shuddered at entering apartments, in which she had formerly been exposed to so much danger, but remembering that the *Magnet* placed her far beyond the power of *Avarice*, attended by the prince, she proceeded to a door, which instantly, at her touch, flew open, and discovered *Avarice* sitting in the midst of gold. He no sooner beheld the *Magnet*, than he trembled, well knowing that his power was at an end, and let the golden wand fall from his hand. Orinda instantly took it up, and broke it in pieces, whilst *Avarice* divested of his power, by flight escaped the dreaded touch of the *Magnet of Generosity*.

The princess Matilda, in the mean time, was busily employed at one corner of the
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room,

room, searching a vast heap of gold, and at last, with great toil, drew from beneath it a delicate white wand—no other than her long lost and lament *Wand of Contentment*, which *Avarice* had buried, and secured from the reach of all, under that immense heap of metal. She had scarcely obtained possession of it, when the earth began to tremble, and they were in an instant, transported to a lofty mountain, at some distance, from whence they perceived the castle shivered to atoms.

After this Prince Manfred and the two princesses, continued their journey, during which the princess Matilda related her adventures.

THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
PRINCESS MATILDA.

NOT long after I had left our good friend Benigna, I was accosted by a little man about a span high; his countenance was the most pleasant I ever beheld, and he wore a green mantle covered with shells.

Whither are you travelling this fine day? pretty lady, said he, smiling.

I replied, that I had undertaken a very long journey, in hopes of obtaining one of the greatest treasures in the world.

What may that be? resumed the little man.

I told him, that it was the white *Wand of Contentment*.

You mistake, returned he, the journey is not so far as you imagine; the *Wand* lies in the island of pleasure, but a trifling distance from hence; if you are willing to be guided by me, I will instantly conduct you thither.

Overjoyed that fortune had sent me a guide, in whose favour I was greatly prepossessed, I readily resigned myself to his protection, and was instantly transported to the sea shore.

My conductor struck the water with a wand,

wand, and a boat immediately appeared on its surface, in which, being seated, we pushed from land, and sailed briskly till in view of a beautiful green island. As we drew nigh, the breezes that blew from it wafted the most delightful concert of music to our ears; and, on the banks, I descried several parties of young men and women, agreeably amusing themselves; some dancing, others singing, or angling in the rivers that flowed through the island.

This gave me such an unusual flow of spirits, that I thought every minute an hour, till I could join this happy society. At length, to my inexpressible joy, the boat drew to the shore, and my conductor landed me on the island, where he had told me the *Wand of Contentment* was to be found; but what was my astonishment, to observe the delights I had awaited, with so much eagerness, entirely vanished! The company, the music, the diversions, were no more; nothing but a

large tract of desert land now saluted my eye.

I turned to express my consternation to my little guide, but, alas! he also had deserted me. Left, as I imagined, in an uninhabited island, I was on the point of giving myself up to grief, when my ear was again struck with the sound of several musical instruments, blended with human voices, which appeared to proceed from a superb palace, in the midst of a wood. Delighted, I set out with a light heart to gain admittance, but after deluding me some time, now seeming near, and then at an immense distance, it wholly disappeared.

Stung to the soul with vexation, and almost expiring with hunger and thirst, I wandered, lamenting my unhappy fate, till at a little distance I perceived a company of ladies and gentlemen sitting very joyously at a splendid repast.

I made

I made all possible speed towards them, being determined these should not escape me; but, alas! I had no sooner approached, as I thought, within reach, than, like the rest, they entirely vanished.

Exhausted with disappointment, I cast myself on the ground, in the utmost despair, when near me I perceived a beautiful female. Her countenance was sedate, and her mien composed: she advanced, with a slow pace, and till she spoke, her eyes were bent downward.

You have done wrong, young maiden, said she, bidding me rise, to trust yourself to the conduct of a stranger. That little man, who steered you hither, is *False Hope*, the genius of this island, which is called the *Floating Island of Disappointment*. He allures as many into his boat as will trust themselves to his guidance, which too many unfortunate sufferers do, seduced by his specious pretences; but he has no

sooner landed, than he deserts them, leaving the unhappy victims to wander in pursuit of the shadows that inhabit the island, till; worn out with the delusion, they pine away and become shadows themselves, serving to delude others into the same situation.

She then told me that she was the fairy *Reflection*; and, striking me with her wand, instantly transported me back to the place where I was first accosted by the little man.

Rejoiced, as you may imagine, to be once more in a land of realities, I continued my journey in good spirits, and met with no particular impediment till one evening, in passing over a chain of sandy mountains, I lost my way, and suddenly felt myself transfixed to the ground on which I stood. You will easily imagine my terror, when I found the impossibility of extricating myself; I passed the night in the utmost anxiety and dismay; my mind was already soured by the disappointments I had experienced in the float-
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ing island, where I hoped to find the *Wand of Contentment*; and this new misfortune rendered me quite frantic. I a thousand times accused Benigna as the author of all my misery; how readily, said I, has she doomed me to encounter perils, from which she herself is exempt; how easily set rules to avoid the danger from which she is far removed; happy in her grotto, she regards not, or at least calmly views the dangers, the calamities which at this moment assail me.

Thus I passed the night in murmur and disquiet, for which I had soon greater cause; for it was scarcely day-light, when I observed the mountains covered by a troop of fairies, the terror of whose appearance it is impossible to describe; believe me, when I assure you, that imagination cannot render justice to their deformity. They advanced directly towards me, when one of them, who appeared to be the chief, uttering some words which I could not understand, released me from

my confinement, and, immediately seizing me by the hair, dragged me, amidst the shouts and acclamations of her numerous companions, to a den, in the most gloomy part of those dreadful mountains. Here they crouded round a large caldron, and fell to performing some diabolical rites: which done, they produced a cup of the poisonous mixture, and compelled me, half dead with affright, to drink.

I had no sooner tasted, than I felt the venom, quick as thought, circulate through every vein, and rushing from the den with agony, to the infinite diversion of the whole assembly, proceeded to allay the raging thirst and heat I felt in a fountain; but how shall I express my horror, when I perceived, by the reflection of the water, that I was no longer human, but transformed to an enormous serpent! Words cannot paint what I felt at this moment; I was totally wild with grief; and, darting into a neighbouring wood, stung every living creature
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in my way, and at last cast my sting into the foot of a female who sat reclined beneath a tree. She started: I looked up; but superior misery crowded on me, when I perceived it to be our dear friend the fairy Benigna. I stopped short, and became fixed in a state of stupefaction to the place; but Benigna, looking down with that sweetness natural to her, touched me with her wand, and I instantly returned to my former shape. I threw myself at her feet, overwhelmed with grief and remorse; my former sufferings appeared light in comparison to those I felt, in the thought of having wounded my benefactress.

Benigna, ever full of kindness and compassion, saw the anguish of my mind, forgot my guilty murmurings and tenderly embraced me.

It was *Envy*, said she, whose poisonous mixture transformed you to a serpent; such is her malignancy, that she constantly sets those spells abroad, to frustrate the attempts

of those who are in pursuit of the *Wand of Contentment*; and so vigilant is she in placing her snares, that they too often prove fatal.

Benigna, again embracing me, took my hand, and accompanied me till we came in view of the plains, where she informed me the *Wand* was to be found, and then left me to continue my way. I presently arrived at this delightful region, where, suffice it to say, every charm I had imagined in my voyage to the *Floating Island of Disappointment*, was here surpassed in reality, and I received the *Wand of Contentment* from two beautiful infants, one named *Innocence*, and the other *Cheerfulness*. From hence I turned to pursue my way to the grotto of our dear Benigna, but, towards evening, was overtaken by a violent storm, and again bewildered in a tract of barren land.

At length I was accosted by a tall meagre woman, with every wretchedness stamped on her countenance, and scarcely covered from
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the inclemency of the weather, by an old ragged garment. There was something extremely disgusting in her whole appearance; but she invited me to take shelter from the storm in her dwelling, which was hard by, and seeing no other remedy, I followed her into the most miserable shed ever seen. I had not been long there, before I recollected the qualities of the *Wand* I had just acquired, and which was endowed with the power of rendering the most disagreeable objects in nature pleasing.

I determined now to make a trial of its virtues, and immediately waved it: in an instant the shattered hovel was changed to a neat little thatched cottage; a comfortable fire blazed on the hearth; the tractless desert was converted to a small spot of cultivated land surrounding it, and the countenance of my hostess, whose name was *Poverty*, no longer appeared wan and disgusting: health bloomed on her cheek, and cheerfulness sparkled in her eye: this wonderful

derful change was wrought by the powerful white *Wand of Contentment*.

I passed the night here very comfortably; and, after taking a friendly leave of my hostess, in the morning again set forward, and travelled till noon without meeting with any adventure; when coming to a shady thicket, I laid myself on a bank and fell asleep. How long I slept I am uncertain; but when I awoke I perceived, standing by me, *Avarice*, the magician, who had taken possession of my wand. I entreated him to restore it; but, instead of complying, he ran with all speed, and descended the subterraneous passage: I followed, in the hope of regaining it; but had no sooner entered the golden grove, than he struck me with his wand, and I instantly became fixed to the place where you found me, a mass of gold: there I must, without doubt, for ever have remained, had not the *Magnet of Generosity* released me.

As

As the young princess finished her relation, they arrived at a pleasant little cottage, at the entrance of which they were met by a beautiful young lady, who, with great tenderness, embraced the two princesses. They could not recollect that they had ever before seen her, till, to their great joy and amazement, she informed them that she was their sister Bonnetta, whom the *Mantle of Meekness* had rendered so completely lovely.

This cottage belonged to an hospitable, agreeable old man, named *Peace*, who kindly received and entertained them, after which they renewed their journey, accompanied by Bonnetta, who was likewise on her way to the grotto of Benigna. In a short time they gained that happy retreat, at which the princesses Miranda and Florissa, with their knights, had arrived a few minutes before them.

When the first transports of joy on meeting

ing were over, the fairy, who knew by her art all that had happened, took the princess Bonnetta by the hand, and introduced her to the strange knight, in company with Florissa and *Gentle Reproof*; no other than her favourite knight of the silver shield; who was so struck with her beauty, that he thought it eclipsed that of the whole assembly.

Benigna then sent intelligence to the royal parents of the return of the princesses, and of their several adventures, setting forth the merits of the knights by whom they were accompanied, and whose virtues rendered them worthy of an union with the princesses they sought.

Benigna then addressed herself to *Gentle Reproof*: The *Cestus*, said she, of which you are in pursuit, is now in possession of the princess Florissa; who, on looking down, perceived her waist to be encircled by the girdle which had transformed her from a bear to a white pigeon, and which Benigna informed

formed her was the *Cestus of Civility*. She then united their hands, as also those of prince Osymandyas and the princess Miranda, and Manfred and Orinda. The princess Bonnetta in the mean while discovered to her knight the share she had in his adventures ; after which, all being silent, he related the sequel of them as follows.

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THE SEQUEL
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Knight
OF
THE SILVER SHIELD.

AFTER I had left the castle of *Pride*, I continued my way, ruminating on the strange adventures which had befallen me there, till I insensibly found myself benighted in an extensive forest. I wandered, uncertain which path

path to take, when at a distance I perceived the faint glimmer of a taper. I made what speed I could towards it, and entering a cavern, by the reflection of a lamp that hung on the wall, discovered an aged hermit, apparently at the point of death. He cast his languid eyes on me, and making signs that I should approach, addressed me in these words.

Stranger, on what adventure soever you are bent, it is by the power of *Mercy*, that beneficent being under whose guidance I have acted, that you are doubtless sent hither. I am Alubeca, the hermit of the white rock, whose fame may possibly have reached your ear: I have run my course, and my hour is at hand; listen, therefore, attentively to my last words. To the east of this cavern, you will find a tomb; when my spirit, which is even now upon the wing, be departed, deposit my body there, and as you hope for the protection of heaven, fail not to entomb with me this rod, putting one at the same time into my hand. As a recompence for this service,
I will

I will put into your possession one of the most valuable treasures.

I assured him that I would execute what he desired, and swore to keep my promise inviolate: he then presented me with a wand, which he informed me would instantly gratify every wish I could form that tended to the advantage of myself or others, and without a groan expired.

At this part of the narrative, the face of the princess Bonnetta was bedewed with tears, and the knight ceased, whilst she paid this tribute to the memory of her kind protector, the hermit of the white rock. After this he continued.

The hermit was no sooner dead, than I proceeded to prove the power of the wand he had put into my hands, and found it to possess the virtues he had asserted. Elated with my good fortune, I determined to make trial of the *Rod* also; being fully persuaded, from his

his earnest desire to have it entombed with him, that it must inherit superior qualities. I accordingly waved it, and found that it gratified my wishes, but with this difference, that as the wand fulfilled the good only, so the rod solely possessed me of the *evil*.

Having proved its qualities, I resolved rather to break the faith I had pledged to Albubeca, than forgo a treasure which I considered would render my power unlimited. In the morning therefore I deposited the body of the hermit, as he had directed, and set forward without the least remorse, in possession, not only of the wand he had generously given me, but of the rod which he had strictly enjoined me to bury in his tomb.

Nothing particular occurred till I was one morning overtaken by an old pilgrim, who professed himself travelling the same way, and pleasantly for society, offered to accompany me.

We

We accordingly fell into discourse, and journied together till my companion, appearing to grow weary, proposed, that during the heat of the day, we should repose ourselves in a little thicket, [and in order to pass the time, relate to each other our adventures.

I readily consented, and being seated, began first; recounting what happened to me in the *Castle of Pride*, not forgetting the circumstance of the ring, which still remained on my finger, and concluding with my remarkable adventure in the cave of the hermit of the white rock.

My companion expressed great surprise at the singular events that had befallen me, and when I ceased speaking, requested that I would permit him to examine the *Ring* I brought from the giant's castle.

Suspecting no guile, I took it from my finger and put it on that of the pilgrim; but what was my surprise, when he refused to
return

return it. At first I imagined he jested, but was soon fatally undeceived, for struggling with him to regain my ring, I unfortunately let fall the wand, which he instantly seized, and fled from me with incredible swiftness.

I pursued in order to overtake him, but finding it in vain, I grew frantic with rage, and suspending my *Rod*, perceived a huge monster rise out of the earth, vomiting a flood of liquid matter, which set on fire forests, cities, and villages, without number: it was with difficulty I saved myself from the general conflagration; but on a sudden the monster disappeared, and a beautiful woman, who told me her name was *Justice*, stood before me.

You are deservedly punished, said she; you have grasped at power you were unable to command, and thus have lost that you might have possessed with honour and security. By violating the faith you pledged to
Al-

Alubeca, you have forfeited the wand put by *Mercy* into the hands of that sage. Ill, said she, looking towards heaven, is the *Rod of Retribution* fitted to the hand of a mortal; it is appropriate alone to that of unerring wisdom.—Saying this, she vanished in a radiant cloud, and conveyed the fatal rod for ever from my sight.

I strolled along reflecting on my folly, when perceiving a boat belonging to some fisherman, I embarked, with an intent to abandon a land, the sight of which filled my soul with remorse; but a storm arising, the boat struck upon a rock, and I was on the point of perishing, when I was rescued by an old fairy, the horror of whose countenance it surpasses my abilities to describe.

She told me her name was *Revenge*; that she was the fairy to whom the rod, of which I had been deprived, belonged; and that if I would return her affection, and submit to her

her guidance, she would amply compensate the loss I had sustained, by bestowing on me equal power with herself.

The impression her deformity had made, was too strong to be effaced by the seeming kindness of her propositions: I turned from her with disgust; when enraged at what she termed my ingratitude, she drew me by her art to an enchanted torrent, in which she plunged me: I have since heard it was the torrent of *Fury*.

I was hurried along by the force of the current, till *Gentle Reproof*, who was riding at some distance, saw me struggling in the waves, and came to my assistance; but my brain was so greatly enflamed by the waters of *Fury*, which communicate instant madness, that I dared him to combat, and it is probable should have furnished myself for ever with a load of guilt and misery, by destroying my preserver, had not the amiable princess Florissa interposed, and, by a draught

draught from the river of *Good-nature*, restored to me the use of my reason.

Here the knight ceased, and Florissa was preparing to express her gratitude to Benigna, for sending her in pursuit of so valuable a treasure, when a messenger arrived from the king, her father, to inform the princesses that his subjects, wearied with the sanguinary cruelties of the conquering prince, had affectionately petitioned his return to the government of his kingdom.

Benigna, then looking with a smile of affection and pleasure on all present, waved her wand, and instantly transported them to a temple that totally eclipsed every thing the princesses had before seen in their travels; over the entrance was written, on a white scroll, in letters of gold, ‘The Temple of Virtue.’

You

You are now, my children, said Benigna, going to receive the reward due to your toils and virtue.

She had scarcely pronounced these words, when a beautiful female descended, whom the princess Bonnetta, and the knight of the *Silver Shield*, knew to be *Justice*.

She was encircled with a radiance that illumined the whole temple, and, advancing to Benigna, thus addressed her :

You are on the point of rewarding virtue ; but shall vice, therefore, remain unpunished ? No ; Heaven will not permit it ; the arrow of vengeance is only slow to render the stroke more sure. Take, said she, presenting it to Benigna, the *Rod of Retribution* ; thou art worthy to hold it. It is endowed with an attractive power no evil can withstand ; the vicious will impulsively obey its influence, and attend at this tribunal : try them
by

by the never-erring touch of the *Spear of Truth*, and doom them to undergo that punishment the nature of their crimes require. After this she disappeared, and returned to her eternal abode, the celestial island.

Benigna then waved her wand, and the good king and queen appeared, whose joy, when they beheld their long absent children, cannot be described.

The respective parents of the knights were next summoned by the guardian fairy, that they might partake of the pleasure of seeing their children receive the reward acquired by their virtues.

Benigna then seating herself on a throne of ivory, and placing the princess Clementina, who was in possession of the *Spear of Truth*, on her right hand, suspended the *Rod of Retribution*, when the temple was presently

sently filled with all ranks and degrees of fairies, good and bad, for the good were drawn hither to see justice executed on the bad.

Benigna now proceeded to examine the several culprits.

The first that appeared struck terror through the whole assembly, and was immediately recognized by the princess Clementina, to be the spectre *Evil Conscience*, her constant tormentor in the mansion of *Falsehood*.

This hedious phantom advanced, leading an old female equally deformed, whom the princess Florissa remembered to be *Ill-fame*, who had transformed her to a black bear.

Most high and mighty, said the spectre, addressing Benigna, we are drawn to thy awful tribunal, by the irresistible power of the *Rod of Retribution*, to receive sentence for ill deeds.

deeds. It is true, we owe our origin to sin, yet, if you listen attentively to our history, you will find that we have at least not been detrimental to the cause of virtue.

This speech raised the curiosity of the whole assembly; and with the permission of Benigna, *Evil Conscience* began as follows.

THE
HISTORY
OF
EVIL CONSCIENCE
AND
ILL-FAME.

IT may be necessary to observe said the spectre, that this female, pointing to *Ill fame*, and myself, are the offspring of an enchantress, named *Sin*, who has, for many ages, resided in the vale of Mortality, where she has erected a large mansion, and

practised many alluring devices to attract the unwary traveller.

Our mother is, I must confess, by nature ugly ; and, did she not by her magic art assume a false appearance, every one would fly with horror and disgust from her ; but such is her power, that she generally conceals her deformity, and by that means allures many to subject themselves to her dominion.

Sin lived many years triumphant in her habitation, to which crouds continually resorted, and found her interest daily encrease, till, unfortunately, she got acquainted with *Shame*, who, after much importunity, persuaded her to marry him.

From that time she perceived her empire gradually decrease, and observed that company did not flock so much to her habitation as formerly ; for my father had something so forbidding in his countenance and manners,

as by no means to ingratiate him with the guests of my mother.

Nothing material happened till the year after their marriage; when my mother was delivered of twins; myself, whom she called *Evil Conscience*, and my sister, who was named *Ill-Fame*: but this event, instead of causing joy, produced the opposite effect, for we were both so extremely deformed, as to terrify even our natural parents. My mother endeavoured by her skill in magic, to conceal our deformity; but alas! to no purpose, it became every day more conspicuous, and we grew so mischievous, that many were fearful of approaching us, when mere infants.

My sister, who was much bolder, and possessed more strength of body than myself, would fall upon our guests, and disfigure them horribly with her nails; but though I did not proceed to such open violence, I was not less watchful to exercise the malignity of my disposition. It was my constant delight

and employment to steal, unperceived behind our guests, and divert myself by piercing the most susceptible parts of their bodies with thorns, when I would burst into a fit of laughter at the agonies I had occasioned.

As we grew in years, we continued to grow in iniquity, and, by degrees, drove many, who had not been long used to our tyranny, from the mansion, to the great dissatisfaction of my mother, whose study it was to increase her connexions as much as possible; but, though this sport gave offence to her, it was matter of high entertainment to two hags, who were constant visitors at our mansion, viz. *Envy*, and her bosom friend the black fairy, *Malice*. They were both extravagantly fond of my sister *Ill-Fame*; and now that she was grown to maturity, determined to endow her with a gift by which she might indulge the natural rancour of her disposition, which they had always been studious to encourage. This was the power of transforming whatever she should think proper,

per, into the most hedious forms,—bears, wolves, tygers, &c.

She did not fail to make such constant use of this gift, that in a short time our mansion was so thinned of its guests, that my mother, finding no remonstrances would prevail, at length, quite enraged, turned us both out of doors.

We were now left to provide for ourselves; and were ascending the vale where my mother's abode stood, when we were stopped by *Justice*, who, well knowing the miseries we should occasion, were we left unrestrained to torment the world at large, compelled us to practise our diabolical arts on the wicked only, and ever to remain the constant attendants on ill deeds.

She then disappeared, after granting me the power of assuming any shape I pleased to chastise vice.

Numberless adventures have I met with, too tedious to relate. I once got into the house of the magician *Avarice*, whom I tormented in various forms, generally in that of the injured party; he frequently shut himself up, and endeavoured to barricade me out with bars of iron, but to no purpose; I was his tormentor, till the *Magnet of True Generosity* was found, which entirely destroyed him and his brother *Extravagance*, who was also frequently under my chastisement. In short, there is not any of the vicious train to whom I am not perfectly well known; *Pride*, *Malice*, *Envy*, and others too numerous to mention. I have been familiar with them all; and though reluctantly, as old and constant associates, am ready to accuse them at this tribunal.

My last residence was with *Falsehood*, where I continued till drawn, with my sister, hither, by the *Rod of Retribution*.

Thus you see, Madam, though the offspring

spring of *Sin*, heaven has ordained us to be the scourge of our parents, with whom only our being can end.

Here the spectre ceased; and Benigna commanded *Ill-Fame* to relate her adventures, but she excused herself, saying, that they bore such a similitude to those of her brother, that it would be merely repetition. She owned, however, that she was not always confined to attend on ill-deeds, as her friends *Envy* and *Malice* could, by their power, sometimes counteract the decree of *Justice*, by which means, she not unfrequently exercised her art on the guiltless for a certain time; but, she added, that *Justice* never failed in the end, to over-rule the magic of *Envy* and *Malice*.

Ill-Fame ended with assuring Benigna, that although she sometimes chastised the innocent in lieu of the guilty, yet she had been
more

more instrumental in suppressing vice than her brother, as her art stamped deformity on the outward form, (to the truth of which the princess Florissa could witness) by which the world became acquainted with the nature of their crimes, while *Evil Conscience* seldom made use of his power but to chastise in private, which could not be near so effectual.

Here the spectre, with great vehemence, interrupted her.

You mistake, said he, solitude adds double stings to the torments I inflict; the preference must certainly be given to me.

'Tis false, replied *Ill-Fame*, with a shrill voice, and if you utter another syllable, I will give you a convincing and severe proof of the superiority of my power.

Evil Conscience was going to reply, not in the most gentle strain, and a violent fray would certainly have ensued, had not Benigna
com-

commanded decency and silence, and after touching them with the *Spear of Truth*, to prove their assertions just, set them on one side, and ordered *Treachery*, the old man, whose seducing softness of address enticed the princess Bonnetta into his dungeon, to appear.

He came forward with a crafty and affected smile of complacency; but casting his eyes round, he observed an attendant in *Bennigna's* train that struck him with consternation and terror; this was the fairy *Sincerity*, whose province he had often attempted to invade.

She was dressed in an azure robe, and her shoulders were covered with a mantle of bright *Aurora*.

Treachery no sooner perceived that her eye was directed towards him, than he turned to the black fairies in an abject supplicating posture, as if hoping, by their assistance, to be

be protected from the annihilation his guilty mind forboded; but even *Malice* and *Envy* inclined their faces from him, and the whole of Benigna's associates viewed him with abhorrence.

Benigna touched him with the *Spear of Truth*; when the noble fairy, *Sincerity*, advanced with a serene and steadfast dignity in her countenance, and placing her foot upon his neck, as he fell trembling to the earth, full of guilt and dismay, he totally disappeared.

Benigna's face shone with a peculiar brightness on this occasion. She gave *Sincerity* a salute of congratulation, in which she was reciprocally joined by all present, and particularly by the princess Bonnetta, to whom the fairy *Sincerity* was well known, and who embraced her with the cordiality of a bosom friend.

The next was a beautiful female, who advanced with a young damsel bearing her
train,

train,—no other than *Falsehood*, and her hand-maid *Flattery*.

Falsehood, in a very florid speech, declared, that she was summoned wrongfully to the bar; that she kept open house to all travellers, and could not recollect any crime of which she had ever been guilty.

She concluded, by requesting *Benigna* to release her and her damsel.

Ay, do, dear lady, said *Flattery*, it is beneath you, whose name is blazed so far abroad for virtue, beauty, mercy, justice,

She was proceeding in the same strain, when *Benigna* interrupted her.

Your very speech, young woman, said she, betrays you to be *Flattery*, who has deluded so many into the mansion of your mistress *Falsehood*; but, however, every one here
will

will be tried by the *Spear of Truth*; if you are able to bear its touch, you will instantly be released; if not, you must await the punishment I shall find it necessary to inflict.

She then commanded Clementina to strike *Falsehood* with the *Spear*; when, astonishing to behold! her beauty, which was but a mask to hide her deformity, disappeared; her beautiful jetty ringlets became horrid snakes; her complexion grew wrinkled; her body deformed; and her eyes, before soft and languishing, were starting like two fiery meteors from their sockets with fury, while shame and confusion darkened her countenance.

Hypocrisy, the hermit who so artfully deluded the princess Clementina to the mansion of *Falsehood*, was now called; and the knight of the silver shield immediately knew him to be the treacherous pilgrim who had de-

defrauded him of the *Ring of Humility*, and the *Wand* given him by Albubeca.

He, with many specious pretences, endeavoured to elude the much-dreaded spear: Alas! said he, why am I drawn from my peaceful hermitage? I have never been conversant in the scenes of busy life; why then cannot I glide in peace to my native dust? No crime has stained my guiltless years.

It is false, said *Evil Conscience*, stepping forward, and the *Spear of Truth* will prove it.

Clementina then touched him with the spear; when instantly the *Wand* and the *Ring*, which still remained in his possession, dropped from his hand, and he fell grovelling down to an enormous crocodile.

Clementina was so terrified, that she would have

have fled, but Benigna prevented her, and thus addressed the knight of the silver shield.

This *Wand*, said she, which by your imprudence fell into the possession of *Hypocrisy*, was, at my request, put by *Mercy* into the hands of the good Albubeca, as a check to the power of *Revenge*; had you kept your faith inviolate, and inclosed her fatal *Rod* in the hermit's tomb, you had escaped those evils which have almost proved your destruction; but as it is, let the past remain a warning for the future.

You see, said she, turning towards the assembly, that *Hypocrisy* and *Falsehood* can, by their art, gloss over and hide the greatest deformity; but when once the *Spear of Truth* has discovered it, no other persuasions are requisite to induce every one to flee the paths that lead to their habitations. She then returned the *Ring of Humility* to the knight, and was silent.

The

The next that appeared was a beautiful fairy, whom the dwarf *Diligence*, still in company with the prince Osymandyas and the princess Miranda, knew to be his old friend the fairy *Perseverance*.

She advanced, leading the giant *Impatience*, and the wicked fairy *Delay*, both bound in chains.

Behold, my sister, said she to Benigna, *Impatience* and *Delay*—their power is now at an end, and they wait to undergo that punishment you shall think due to their crimes.

Benigna demanded what they could say in vindication of their actions.

Delay, yawning and hesitating, declared she was unprepared, and begged to have time allowed her for recollection; while *Impatience*, on the contrary, entreated that his fate
might

might be speedily determined, as he mortally hated suspense.

Envy and *Revenge*, with *Malice*, the black fairy, in spite of the resistance they opposed, were drawn hither by the *Rod of Retribution*, and next appeared. Instead of palliating their crimes, they approached venting the most bitter curses on the whole assembly, and endeavoured, by diabolical arts, to work them mischief; but virtue now triumphed over vice. The *Spear of Truth* touched these, but their outward deformity was so great, that it could not be encreased.

The giant *Pride*, with his beautiful wife *Vanity*, next approached.

He was habited in a costly manner, and walked up the hall full of his own importance, not deigning to speak to, or to answer any one. The *Spear of Truth* had no sooner touched him, than his gaudy trappings vanished, and his odious deformity was exposed,

posed, heightened by the mild lustre that beamed through the temple of virtue.

Vanity, encouraged by *False Hope*, who among the rest was arrived, buoyed herself with the idea of gaining, by her beauty and address, the whole company, and even *Bennigna* herself, to her interest; with great composure, therefore, she drew nigh the throne, and turning to the assembly,

You at present view me, said she, destitute of friends or protection, but those I still hope to find in you, for few have been capable of resisting my attractions. Look upon me I beseech you, and confess that youth, beauty, and wit, plead powerfully in my behalf. Were these eyes, think you, formed for weeping, or these lips for fruitless solicitation? no, my friends, ask your hearts, and they will tell you, Nature designed me for universal empire; say then, does this abject state, suit my person, rank, and accomplishments?

ments? Granting I have been imprudent, am I not the wife of *Pride*, to whose will I am necessarily subservient?

The insinuating address of *Vanity* captivated the whole assembly, who could not forbear viewing her with a kind of partiality, and thinking her crimes might be paliated, which Benigna perceiving. Your sophistry, said she, however seducing, cannot overcome truth and reason; no, continued she, *Pride* is the slave to *Vanity*, nor would either exist but by the assistance of the other.

The little man, *False Hope*, came last, who allured the princess Matilda to the floating Island of Disappointment. He made many specious pretences to vindicate his conduct, but in vain, and Benigna passed sentence on the several culprits as follows:

She sentenced *Impatience* and *Delay*, well knowing the inveterate hatred they bore each other,

other, to be constant associates, and delivered them to the care of the hermit *Repentance*.

It is necessary, said she to *Pride* and *Vanity*, that you should be parted, since each feeds the follies of the other. *Pride*, she added, shall be humbled; accordingly, having divested him of his power, she set marks in his forehead to this effect—*The Slave to Vanity!* and commanded *Vanity* to cast a chain round his neck, and lead him throughout the assembly, in token of his abject state.

Envy was presented with a looking-glass, which she was ever obliged to hold before her eyes; it reflected all the riches, honour, prosperity, and virtue of this world.

Thou wretch, said *Benigna*, as she gave it, who lookest with a malignant eye on the happiness of thy fellow-creatures, continue to draw venom to thine own heart, from the picture of that peace thou canst never enjoy.

Malice was rendered deaf and dumb, that she might no longer enjoy senses she rendered so dangerous and noxious to society. She was then, with *Envy*, *Falsehood*, *Pride*, and *Hypocrisy*, sentenced to the Den of Despair, to be eternally guarded by *Ill-Fame* and *Evil Conscience*.

Luxury, who in general was treated with contempt after the destruction of *Extravagance*, was condemned to spend his days among swine, as best suited to his nature.

Flattery, *Vanity*, and *False Hope*, remained still to be disposed of. Their crimes did not seem of that magnitude to merit the Den of Despair, but they were too dangerous to be set at large amongst mortals.

The fairy was therefore at first perplexed, but after a short pause, waving her wand, a number of little sylphs appeared fluttering round her, who presently, at her command, formed a machine, of such a delicate texture, that

that it would float with the greatest ease on the clouds, and at the same time, bouy up a considerable weight.

The astonishment of the assembly is not to be imagined, when they perceived *Benigna*, by the help of this wonderful contrivance, launch *Flattery*, *Vanity*, and *False Hope*, into the air, to be for ever the sport of that capricious element.

I have endeavoured, with the utmost diligence to discover the name given to this surprising machine, but have hitherto proved unsuccessful in my researches. Authors give various accounts; but for my own part, I am confidently of opinion, that it must have been constructed nearly on the same principles with the famous air balloon, which has afforded matter for such vast astonishment in these latter ages.

Thus Virtue triumphed, and Vice was punished.

The

The nuptials of the princesses were celebrated with the greatest magnificence, all the good fairies assisting at the ceremonies.

Several days were spent in rejoicing, during which time the most elegant entertainments and diversions were displayed, to solace the guests of the temple of virtue; after which the princesses, replete with gratitude towards the fairy Benigna, retired with their princely knights to their respective governments.

The good king and queen, preferring retirement to the fatigue of government; and delighted with the serenity they felt in Benigna's society, resolved to spend their days in peace with their daughters Clementina and Matilda, in the temple of virtue.

They deputed the scepter of Babylon to their eldest daughter Miranda and prince Osymandyas, who recommended the dwarf *Diligence* to the notice of their people: by his exer-

exertions, and the power of the *Distaff of Industry*, they soon repaired the damages of war, and established peace and happiness throughout their dominions.

The king and queen lived to a great length of days, supremely happy in seeing their children the glory and admiration of the several kingdoms over which they reigned.

THE END.

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