

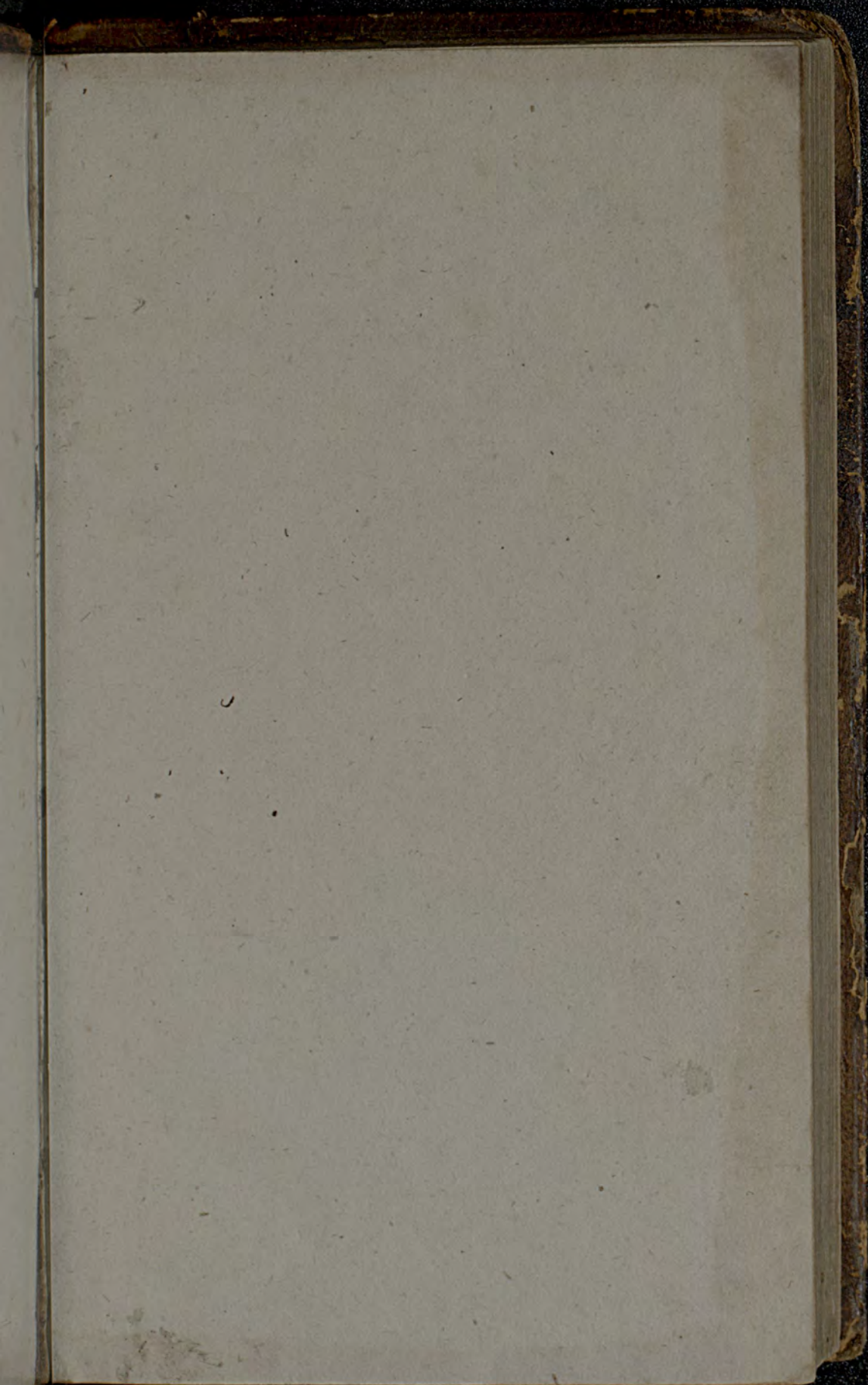


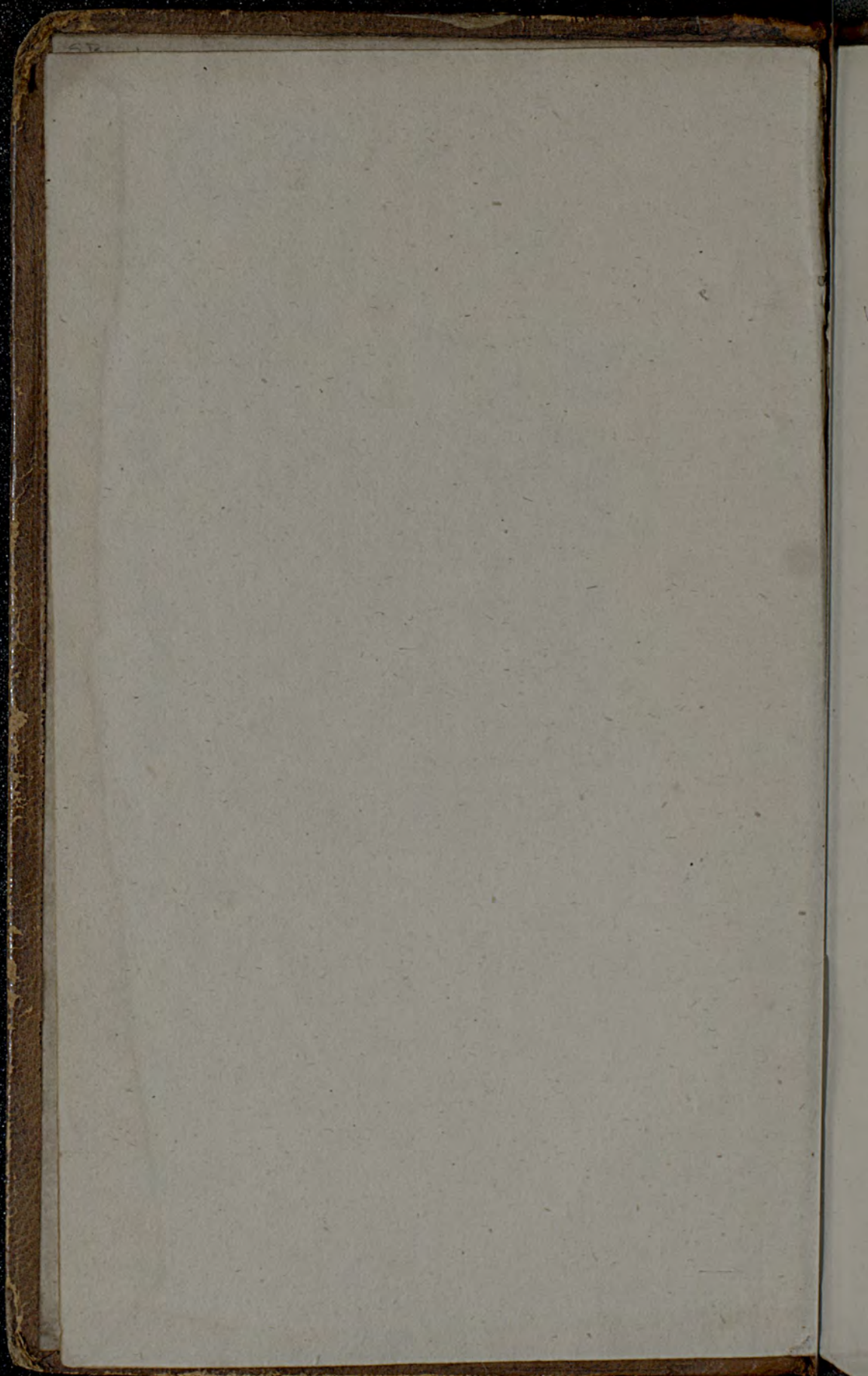
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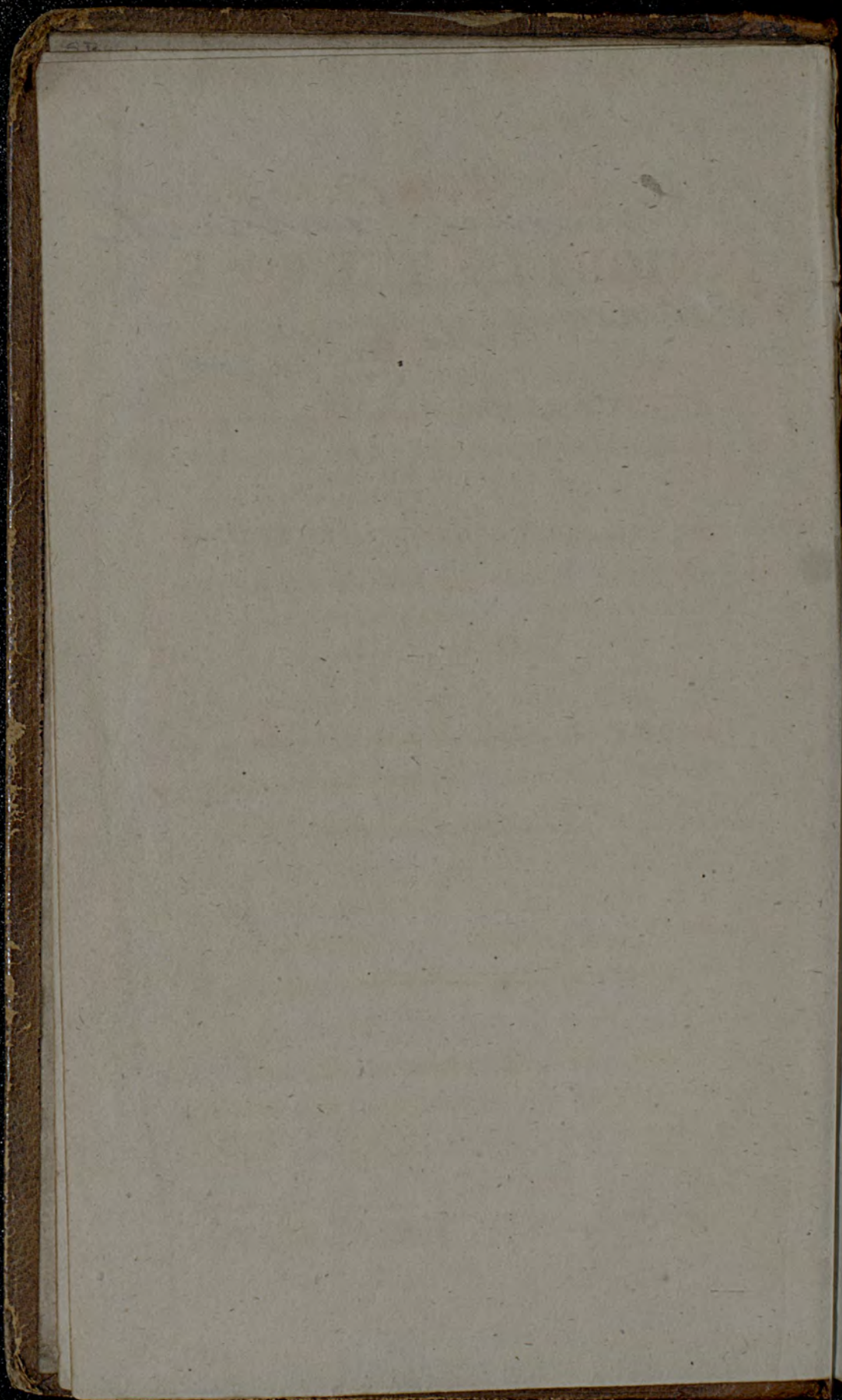




Emme Parbrick

To her niece Catherine.

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THE  
KNIGHT OF THE ROSE:

AN  
ALLEGORICAL TALE,

DESIGNED FOR  
THE AMUSEMENT AND MORAL INSTRUCTION  
OF  
YOUTH.

BY LUCY PEACOCK.

THE SECOND EDITION,  
IMPROVED AND ENLARGED.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, AND J. HARRIS, IN ST. PAUL'S  
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B. TABART, NEW BOND STREET,

1807.

THE  
KNIGHT OF THE ROSE

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DESIGNED FOR

THE AMERICAN AND MORAL INSTRUCTION

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YOUTH

BY BECK WATSON

THE SECOND EDITION

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Printed by B. M'Millan, }  
Bow Street, Covent Garden. }



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE approbation with which the Author was honoured some years ago on a former work of this kind, viz. "The Adventures of the Six Princesses of Babylon," though she is sensible it must, in a great measure, be attributed to the generous allowance made for her youth at the time it was written, encouraged her a few years after to make this second attempt. Excess being the cause of many vices, as without it perhaps few would exist; she chose the destruction of that, as the principal work of her hero; borrowing the idea from the Second Book of Spenser's Faëry Queen, to which also she is indebted for the allegory of Wrath and Provocation.

Allegory is by many considered as an unfavourable vehicle to convey instruction: to children it undoubtedly is, but the following pages are designed for the perusal of youth; and for that class of readers, moral truths will not, perhaps, make the less impression for being addressed strongly to the imagination. As the Author flatters herself the moral of the work is unexceptionable, she trusts it with more satisfaction to the youthful reader, and with more confidence to the candid parent.

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THE  
**KNIGHT OF THE ROSE.**

**I**N those remote ages when fairies and genii visited the abodes of men, beneath the thatched roof of a cottage embosomed in the recesses of a thick forest, lived a youth called Dorilas. He had from infancy been nurtured by an old shepherd, who, uncorrupted by greatness, had himself no superfluous wants, and taught Dorilas to be content with the simple blessings of nature. The person of the youth was noble and commanding; but, ignorant of so casual an advantage, he knew only that he possessed health and strength, and was thankful to Heaven for gifts so invaluable. He was generous also, and brave; but he thought that all men must be liberal when their

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brethren were in want ; and for courage, he had never had occasion to exert it but in defence of his sheep, against the wild beasts that prowled through the forest.

One morning, incensed against a wolf that had slain one of his flock, he insensibly pursued the depredator till, bewildered in the intricacies of the wood, he in vain attempted to retrace his steps homeward. At length an opening, which he perceived at a distance, flattered him that he had reached the extent of the labyrinth, and he pressed forward with redoubled speed ; but he found that the avenue terminated only in a pyramid of black marble, beyond which, the wood was impenetrable.

The edifice was, on the four sides, curiously wrought with hieroglyphics, which he in vain attempted to decipher. But his attention was soon attracted by an astonishing phenomenon: an iron door,

door, which he perceived on one side of the pyramid, at his touch flew open, and discovered a flight of winding steps. Dorilas was virtuous, and therefore a stranger to fear: he descended without hesitation, and soon found himself in a spacious vault. At the extremity was a coffin of black marble, and over it an altar of exquisite workmanship, upon which was suspended a shield of adamant, which emitted a mild radiance that illumined the whole vault. Its device was an opening rose, over which was engraven in shining characters, "*The Shield of Temperance.*"

The youth gazed in silent astonishment, till, urged by a sudden impulse, he sprang forward to seize the object of his admiration; but had no sooner set his foot upon the first of three steps that led to the altar, than a sudden clap of thunder made him start back: the whole vault trembled, the shield disappeared, and a venerable sage stood before him.

“ Youth,” said he, addressing Dorilas with a serene countenance, “ the sacred shield, which has excited thy ambition, is not to be attained thus lightly. Wouldst thou possess it, swear to revenge the wrongs, and obliterate the memory of that weakness, which, in the bloom of youth, consigned the royal Arseleo to this dreary mansion.”

“ Sire,” said the undaunted youth, “ I have never been accustomed to shrink from danger : if justice inspire thy words, point out the path thou wouldst have me pursue, and I will not be slow to follow it.”

A glow of satisfaction animated the features of the old man, as Dorilas pronounced these words. “ Noble youth,” said he, “ the time is now come that the veil of secrecy, which has hitherto concealed thee from thy enemies and from thyself, shall be withdrawn. Know, then, that

that in this tomb rests all that was mortal of thy father, the royal Arseleo."

Lost in astonishment, Dorilas in vain endeavoured to articulate—words died upon his tongue, and the sage continued:

"Thy age and duty now demand that thou revenge his wrongs, and redeem thine own rights; listen, therefore, attentively, while I unfold events which will at once melt thy heart to pity, and inspire thee with ardour for the great enterprise marked out for thee by destiny." Thus saying, he began the following narrative,

THE  
**REIGN OF ARSELEO**

IN THE  
*ISLAND OF PLEASURE.*

AFTER what you have seen, young prince, it is unnecessary to inform you, that I am skilled in the most occult secrets of nature: I am called Brandezar, the magician; but my true name is *Reason*. I was the friend, the faithful counsellor, of the wise Almanzor, who swayed the sceptre in the Island of Pleasure, and during whose reign, the inhabitants sacrificed to virtue. To my care was consigned his son, the young prince Arseleo, who, in an island sacred to study and retirement, at some leagues from the capital, with me passed his early years, and imbibed lessons of wisdom and moderation.

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Upon the death of Almanzor, I accompanied the young prince into his native isle, and saw him universally acknowledged worthy to hold the sceptre death had wrested from his father; but, alas! that felicity, which his virtues seemed to promise his subjects, was of short continuance.

*Excess*, one of the most malignant of the fairy race, had long sought to establish her abode in the island. Upon the death of Almanzor, she renewed her efforts: but such were the occult secrets by which I had taught Arseleo to counteract her art, and prevent her approaches, that for a time, as in the days of his father, they proved ineffectual, and an uninterrupted course of happiness seemed to attend the prince; who, to render it the more complete, concluded a marriage with a young princess, celebrated for her virtue and beauty. You, Artimer, were the fruit of that union;

but the day which gave you birth deprived your father of a wife whom he tenderly, nay, extravagantly, loved. His grief hurried him to such extremes, that he shut himself up whole days in his apartment, wholly regardless of his kingdom, or even of his own existence. I was unfortunately at this time absent, or the fatal consequences that quickly followed might have been prevented; for the king, wholly given up to grief during this fatal period, neglected to employ against *Excess* the powers he had derived from my instruction; and the fairy, whose art is rendered the more dangerous by her subtilty, availing herself of so favourable an opportunity, entered the island, in one part of which she raised a bower, adorned with all the beauties nature and art were capable of bestowing.

In the mean while, time softened the affliction of the king, who, to divert his  
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melancholy, had recourse to the chase, for which he contracted an uncommon fondness. One day, while engaged in his favourite diversion, a white stag, with horns and hoofs of gold, rushed from a thicket, and fled before him. The king, struck with its beauty, pursued it with such avidity, that, before he was aware, he was in the bower of *Excess*. The subtle fairy, who had taken this shape to allure him to her abode, now assumed the form of a young nymph, whose beauty gained such an ascendancy over the deluded Arseleo, that he saw not, beneath the specious charms she had assumed, the enemy who was plotting to undermine his peace, and involve his kingdom in ruin.

At the command of the fairy, a banquet of the choicest viands was served by a crowd of young nymphs, loosely attired, from whose hands he received the most delicious wines in spacious goblets of gold. During the repast, his ears were ravished

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with delightful music; and afterward, the nymphs arranged themselves for the mazy dance, in which they were joined by the fairy herself, whose charms, and the pleasures of her abode, so intoxicated the king, that he lost all thoughts of returning to his palace. Day succeeded day, and Arseleo still lingered in the bower of *Excess*; but an accident, of which he was little aware, destroyed the illusion, and awakened him to a sense of his wretchedness.

As he reposed one day within the precincts of the fairy's bower, an involuntary impulse made him pluck the fruit of a tree that overshadowed the flowery couch where he lay: the taste being unpleasant, he threw it from him with disgust; but on rising to seek the fairy, how was he astonished, no longer to find her adorned with those charms which had intoxicated his senses; he beheld only a wrinkled hag, whom, by her deformity, he instantly  
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knew to be his enemy *Excess*. The fruit he had plucked was from the *Tree of Satiety*, and had the power of discovering to him who tasted it the deformity of the fairy through all the specious disguises she assumed. You, without doubt, said the magician, wonder that *Excess* should permit a tree possessing such a quality to spring near her bower; but Heaven, young prince, never suffers the poison to exist without its antidote: in the *Chronicles of Fate* it is written, that while *Excess* exists, the *Tree of Satiety* shall flourish in her bower. But to resume: the king, your father, incensed at having been thus duped by his inveterate foe, turned with disgust from her abode, and took his way toward the palace; but what must have been his consternation and anguish, on entering the city, to behold his subjects *monsters* instead of men! He was at no loss to conceive whence this horrid transformation proceeded: *Excess* had for this cause detained him in

her bower, sensible that her dominion once established, Arseleo would in vain exert against her sorceries those powers which had hitherto circumscribed them.

The unhappy king felt the full extent of his misfortune ; torn with anguish and remorse, for the last time he entered the palace ; and taking you, Artimer, then an infant, in his arms, fled to the sea-coast, where he entered a small bark, designing to seek, in my counsel, a remedy to his misfortunes.

I was acquainted by my art with the fatal events that had taken place during my absence, and hastened to the assistance of the unfortunate king ; but, alas ! I arrived too late : he had perished in the *Current of Decay*, a dangerous and rapid stream, into which *Excess* had driven his little bark. The first exertions of my art were to recover his remains, which I bedewed with the tears of affection, and deposited

posited in this tomb. I then endeavoured to penetrate the mystery in which your fate, young prince, I perceived was involved. I discovered that Heaven had preserved you; but to this day I have remained ignorant by what means your preservation was effected, and in what part of the globe it has been your fate to wander.

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Here Dorilas interrupted the sage, and informed him, that he had been preserved by the shepherd Menalcas, who, at the retiring tide, had discovered him exhausted on the shore of a river some leagues distant.

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The magician then continued.

*Excess* having effectually established her dominion in the Island of Pleasure, next resolved to rid her bower of the fatal tree, that contained an antidote to her power. Finding this beyond the compass of her art,

art, she applied to the fairy *Inconstancy*, who, at her request, endued one of her nymphs, named *Variety*, with the power of changing herself at will into different forms. This nymph is deputed by *Excess* to prevent all approaches to the *Tree of Satiety*. When any one, whom it is the pleasure of the fairy to delude, approaches to taste the fatal fruit, her art is exerted to allure them from the tree into a different path, and thus, by means of *Variety*, the votaries of *Excess* are drawn from the *Tree of Satiety*. But the power of the nymph is limited: time and practice exhaust her art; and the *Tree of Satiety*, as decreed by fate, destroys the illusions of *Excess*. They who at first view her beauty with transport flee with disgust from her deformity; yet such is her power, that few, even among those who taste the fruit of the *Tree of Satiety*, have resolution to abandon the island, which, though since her abode in it become fatal to all who land upon it, is constantly supplied



supplied with fresh votaries from the surrounding coasts, who sacrifice to *Excess*, as the genius of the island.

It was impossible to behold so lamentable a change unmoved. Attached to a spot which I had once beheld the seat of peace and virtue, I was desirous of knowing whether it was irrevocably doomed to continue subject to the dominion of *Excess*. I applied for information to a celebrated oracle, and learnt from the response, that, *whenever the Shield of Temperance should be brought into the bower of Excess by a descendant of Almanzor, the power of the fairy would be destroyed, and the people released from her enchantments.* Whether this happy period was at hand, or reserved to some remote age, I could not discover. I was sensible that you, young prince, were the only one of Almanzor's line that survived; and this inspired me with a design of making you  
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the instrument at once to revenge the untimely end of your father upon the author of his wrongs, and to effect the deliverance of your country. The difficulty was, to discover the place where you existed: this, as I before observed, baffled my utmost skill; but I discovered that you still survived, and would one day visit the tomb of your father. Finding that every thing farther concerning you was involved in mystery, I gave over my researches, and to effect my purpose conveyed the *Shield of Temperance* from the temple in which it was kept, and suspended it, as you have seen, in this tomb, which I foresaw by my art you would one day visit. The iron door at which you entered was closed by an enchantment which your touch alone was able to dissolve; and upon the first step that led to the altar, on which the shield was, by my art, suspended, was placed a talisman to give me notice of your arrival. You know what followed.

followed. I instantly appeared ; and was inexpressibly rejoiced to observe the success which thus far has attended my designs.

Here the magician ceased ; and prince Artimer (for we must no longer consider him as Dorilas the shepherd) expressed the gratitude with which his heart overflowed toward Brandezar, by throwing himself at his feet, and declaring, that from that moment he resigned himself wholly to his direction. He desired only to return once more to the lowly cot which had hitherto sheltered his youth, and, by a hasty explanation, soften the pangs he well knew the good old shepherd Menalcas would feel for his absence ; but Brandezar, fearful lest the ardour his recital had kindled in the breast of Artimer should cool by delay, took this upon himself, and conjured him not to retard the important enterprise in which he was  
about

about to engage. Then having affectionately raised him, and made him swear to destroy the power of *Excess*, by bearing the *Shield of Temperance* to her bower, he delivered to him the precious trust; and leading him from the tomb into an adjacent cave, equipped him in a suit of armour nowise inferior to the *Shield*, and presented him with a beautiful steed: then pointing out the way he was to take to accomplish the great work he had begun, he added, "I am permitted, young prince, at present to assist you no farther; but, secure in the possession of the *Shield*, which will defend you from the powers of enchantment, fear not to enter the abode of *Excess*, whose arts, while you wear it, can have no power to annoy you; but beware of unguarding yourself for an instant by laying it aside, lest instead of destroying the power of your enemy, you increase her dominion, by adding one more victim to those she has already enthralled." After these and  
some

some farther admonitions, Brandezar embraced the young prince, who, having renewed his former acknowledgments, set forward according to his directions. As he proceeded on his journey for some time unimpeded, I shall pass over his adventures till, faint and weary, at the close of a very hot day, he was attracted out of his road by the distant view of a superb palace; only observing, that as the lustre of his *Shield* excited universal admiration, the device procured him, wherever he went, the title of *Knight of the Rose*, which he retained throughout his succeeding adventures. Artimer approached the mountain upon which the palace was situate, with the view of soliciting a night's lodging; but as he was seeking a path to ascend, his ear was assailed by a hoarse voice, which called upon him to desist: the Knight of the Rose, for so I shall occasionally call my hero, looked round to see whence the voice proceeded, and beheld a figure hastening toward

toward him, which he at first took to be human; but as he advanced, he found that his face and whole body was covered with hair, and that his hands and feet resembled the talons of a bird of prey: the skin of a tiger was thrown loosely round him, and his mouth was distorted by two enormous tusks, which rendered his voice scarcely articulate.

“Stop!” cried this monster, as he approached Artimer, “nor tempt the dangers of that fatal mountain.”

The prince, astonished to hear such significant sounds from a form so nearly approaching the brute, thanked the monster for his caution, but requested to know upon what account it was needful?

“Alas!” returned he, “the palace on the brow of the mountain glitters but to allure you to certain ruin.”

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“It has, indeed,” said Artimer, “diverted me from my path; and the evening shades advance so fast, that I know not, without a guide, how I shall be able to regain it.”

“My habitation,” said the monster, “which is hard by, though rude, will afford you a safe retreat, till to morrow’s sun enables you to regain the path you have lost.”

The prince readily accepted the invitation; and followed the monster to his abode, which was a cave hewn out of a rock in an adjacent wood: there he sat before his guest a variety of roots, of which he pressed him to partake, as the best fare his rude dwelling, he observed, with a sigh, would afford. The simple repast being ended, the Knight of the Rose could not forbear discovering his astonishment, to observe in his host a gentleness of manners so ill agreeing with his

his rude exterior ; and expressed a desire of being acquainted with the mystery, that appeared to be couched beneath the words he addressed to him at the foot of the mountain.

“ As I have raised,” said the monster, “ it is but just that I satisfy, your curiosity ; it is true, it will cost me dear, by awakening the remembrance of misfortunes, which are the more bitter, as they are caused by my own folly, and are probably without remedy.”

Having said thus, he related his history in the following words.



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
PRINCE AGIB,  
IN HIS SEARCH AFTER  
*THE LAUREL OF RENOWN.*

THOUGH I at present, said the monster, bear a nearer resemblance to the brute than to the human species, I was indebted to nature for a person formed, at least, to inspire neither terrour nor disgust. My father reigns over an extensive kingdom, some leagues hence: he had been united in marriage many years, but had no child to succeed to his throne; my birth, therefore, was celebrated by my parents and the whole nation as a signal blessing from Heaven: but instead of resting satisfied there, my father was desirous

sirous of penetrating into futurity, to learn the particulars of my fate; and for this purpose assembled the wise men of his realm, who with one consent declared, that an early period was threatened to complete my existence. This was, as you may suppose, a cruel damp to the hopes of my father, who was inconsolable in the thought, as the sole surviving branch of an illustrious race, of leaving no posterity to transmit his name to future ages. In the hope of counteracting my fate during my infancy, every possible precaution was taken to prevent the approaches of disease. The air was scarcely permitted to blow upon me; and as I grew up, lest my constitution should be impaired by any mental vexation, a constant succession of amusements was devised, to prevent the intrusion of all but the most pleasing ideas: an excess of care which defeated, rather than furthered, the design of my parents, by debilitating both my body and mind. Lest any unforeseen

foreseen accident should befall me, and accomplish the fatal prediction, I was never suffered to leave my apartment unattended by a numerous guard; and lest I should contract a desire for arms, and by that means be exposed to the dangers of war, I was carefully debarred the sight of all warlike weapons. In short, I should weary you were I to relate half the absurdities, to which the anxiety of my parents gave birth. As I grew to years of inaturity, the restraint I suffered became insupportable; and I frequently retired to my chamber full of gloomy discontent, to ruminate upon the singularity of my destiny.

One day as I was thus employed, a beautiful female on a sudden stood before me. "Agib," said she, "I am the genius that presided at thy birth; wherefore art thou dismayed at the prediction of the sages? Knowest thou not, that the *Laurel of Renown* will confer a degree

of immortality? Wherefore then languish  
in inactivity? Seek it, my son, and be the  
arbiter of thine own fate."

I replied, that I had never heard of the  
Laurel, nor did I know in what part of the  
globe it was to be found.

"In the first ages of the world," replied  
the genius, "the laurel of which I speak  
was planted by *Virtue*, in the *Garden  
of Peace*, and by her endued with many  
rare qualities; it has since been trans-  
planted by *Fame* into the temple of *True  
Glory*, where *only* it is to be found."  
Having said this, without giving me time  
to reply, she disappeared. The words of  
the bright genius kindled in my breast an  
ardour, to which I was before a stranger;  
I spurned the inglorious life I had hitherto  
led, and resolved to obtain the *Laurel of  
Renown*, or perish in the attempt; but  
when I communicated my resolution to  
my father, I found it difficult to gain  
his

his consent to my departure. He was no stranger to the qualities of the *Laurel*; but, I know not for what reason, his heart foreboded I should never return possessed of it: he was inflexible, and I left his presence overwhelmed with disappointment and chagrin. My hopes thus blasted, I no longer enjoyed the amusements of the palace; the *Laurel of Renown*, to which I was forbidden to aspire, seemed only worthy of my regard, and I fell into a deep melancholy. My father in vain attempted to divert my attention from the wild project I had formed, and entreated me to rest contented beneath his paternal care, till seeing my health become daily a prey to the anxiety of my mind, he at length gave a reluctant consent, and with a joy that banished every gloomy reflection, I set out on my favourite expedition, having taken an affectionate leave of my parents and of my sister the princess Adelin: for I should before

have observed, that, two years after I was born, the grief which my parents experienced from the prediction concerning me was softened by the birth of a daughter, whose beauty and worth rendered her universally admired. But to proceed with my unhappy story. Soon after my departure I was accosted by the genius, at whose command I set out for the Temple of *True Glory*: “Prince,” said she with a benign smile, “I am pleased with the attention you have paid to my advice; as an earnest of my favour take this,” and she presented me with a sword of curious workmanship, “it is the *Sword of Valour*, and, if rightly used, may be of service to you in acquiring the object of your pursuit; you see before you two paths, keep that to the right, and it will lead you to the Temple of *True Glory*, in which you will find the laurel you seek.” Having said this she disappeared, and I pursued my way along the path she had pointed out,

out, till a glittering pavilion, which appeared at the end of a walk, on each side shaded with lofty trees, excited my curiosity, and induced me to turn aside: I approached, and perceived at the end of it a young beauty, whose charms seemed to surpass all I had ever seen in the court of my father. Not knowing in what manner to apologize for my intrusion, I requested to be informed whether I were in the right way to the Temple of *True Glory*. The fair stranger replied, that I was, and inquired whether I sought the celebrated Laurel, that had been transplanted thither, by *Fame*?

Ravished with her charms I had scarcely power to reply, that I did, when she rejoined, it is not now the hour for travel, repose yourself in my pavilion till the sun declines, and we will speak more at large upon the subject of your journey. Enchanted with the invitation I entered the pavilion, and partook of some fruits and

delicious wines, which seemed to acquire additional sweetness from the fair hands by which they were offered. During this repast, my fair hostess inquired what were my motives for undertaking the conquest of the *Laurel of Renown*? I was too much enamoured to conceal anything, and readily communicated the particulars of my story. “Fortune,” replied the fair seducer, who to my cost I have since learnt was the fairy *Ambition*, “I perceive favours your undertaking. I am the fairy from whom the *Temple of True Glory* derives its name, without my assistance you might have toiled your whole life, and never have obtained the *Laurel* you seek. I frankly own,” continued she, “that I am interested in your behalf.”

I would not suffer her to proceed; but fool that I was, threw myself at her feet to express my gratitude.

“It is time enough,” said the fairy, “to  
acknow-



acknowledge my favours when you have an earnest of them."

I have since recollected, that *Ambition* said this with a smile, somewhat satirical; but at that time I fancied it full of sweetness and dignity, and replied, that the interest she expressed in my behalf was alone sufficient, to bind me eternally to her service.

"It will be your own fault," said *Ambition*, "if you do not possess the *Laurel of Renown*; but the object of your pursuit must be *Power*, the magic wand which lies concealed in the Brazen Rock."

"How!" interrupted I, "must I forego the *Laurel of Renown*?"

"By no means," replied the fairy, "the magic wand can alone give you entrance to the *Temple of True Glory*, in which the *Laurel* is to be found; when you have

obtained it, the laurel is your own; it is indeed surrounded by obstacles, but by my art they may be surmounted. To-morrow," continued she, "if you be willing to be guided by me, we will set out together for the Brazen Rock."

Dazzled by the charms of the fairy, I was so infatuated as to be influenced by her specious arguments; and though sensible I was not pursuing the path pointed out by my tutelar genius, I was weak enough to consent to her proposal; and early the next morning we set out together for the rock, in which, she said, the magic wand was concealed.

Our first route was to a cave hidden amid the intricacies of a gloomy wood, at the entrance of which we were welcomed by an old fairy, whose deformity was such, that an involuntary impulse made me turn from her with disgust. "Fraud," said my conductor, "we need thy assistance."

ance."—"Enough, daughter," said the hag, interrupting her, "I am no stranger to the cause of thy visit; thou wouldst that I assist the youth whom thou art leading to the Brazen Rock." "True," said *Ambition*; "thy art has not deceived thee."—The old fairy then disappeared, and in a few minutes returning, presented me with a belt of various hues. "This, young prince," said she, "is the *Girdle of Guile*; when need requires, let it encircle you." Having said this, she darted into the recesses of her den, and left us to pursue our way to the Brazen Rock.

"I perceive," said *Ambition*, when we were alone, "that the deformity of the fairy has not impressed you with a favourable opinion of her gift, which will, nevertheless, be useful to accomplish the business we have in view. *Fraud* is ill favoured I confess, nor is her abode in-

viting; I seldom visit it but when urged by necessity."

We pursued our way over extended plains, desert wilds, and rugged mountains, encountering difficulties which were constantly surmounted by the power of *Ambition*, till we arrived in sight of a stupendous rock, the summit of which seemed to pierce the clouds. "Now, my prince," said the subtle fairy, exerting all the influence she too well perceived she had over me, "now, call forth all your courage; be but stedfast to your purpose, and undismayed with the dangers you are about to encounter, and you will soon be possessed of the greatest treasure, that ever excited the ardour of youth."

As *Ambition* pronounced these last words, we drew near the rock, and entered an arched avenue, which, contracting by degrees, became scarcely wide enough

to

to admit one person; however, we proceeded till we were stopped by an armed knight, holding a bow ready bent to oppose our farther progress. I was preparing to rush to the encounter, armed with the Sword of *Valour*, but I was withheld by my companion. "Here, young prince," said she, "your sword and shield will not avail; both the archer and the bow he bends are the work of enchantment."

"How then," replied I, dismayed, "shall we pass?"

"Nothing," replied *Ambition*, "is more easy."

"Now, Agib," said she, "that necessity urges, have recourse to the gift of the fairy, *Fraud*."

I obeyed, and encircling myself with the *Girdle of Guile*, in the same instant sunk to the earth an ugly reptile. "Proceed,"

ceed," said *Ambition*, "and fear not the dart of the archer."—I obeyed, and the arrow passed harmless over me. The danger being passed, the fairy, by pronouncing certain words, caused me to rise again in my natural form, and I followed her through the rock into a spacious meadow: here, allured by the beauty of the place, I was inclined to loiter, but *Ambition* pressed me to seize the present moment, and we proceeded. The meadow was on three sides bounded by steep and craggy rocks, and before us lay a gloomy morass. "We can proceed no farther," said the fairy, "without auxiliaries; we must seek the abode of a giant, who lives near this spot; it is by his aid alone that we shall be able to pass the morass." As she pronounced these words, at the summit of an adjacent rock I perceived a gigantic figure of such deformity, that upon seeing him descend, mounted on a monster more hideous than himself, I uttered an involuntary cry of horror,

and

and would have fled, had not *Ambition* withheld me. "Fear nothing," said she, "it is the giant *Oppression*, by whose aid alone we can pass the morass." Having said this, she made a signal for the giant to approach; and he, well knowing, as it appeared, the business upon which he was summoned, advanced with a ghastly smile, and waving an iron wand that he grasped, a *causeway* was to our wish raised across the morass, and we passed attended by the giant, who, at the request of *Ambition*, consented to accompany us to the Brazen Rock, that he might be at hand, in case his assistance should be again requisite.

I shall not, said the savage prince, trouble you with a farther detail of the various difficulties and dangers I encountered in my way. I shall only observe, as we drew toward the Brazen Rock, my impatience to possess the magic wand was so great, that, to expedite my progress, I

was

was prevailed upon by *Ambition* to have recourse to *Cruelty*, the monster upon which the giant rode, though the very appearance of it had at first inspired me with horror: however, my impatience to possess *Power*, the magic wand of which I was in pursuit, prevailed, and *Oppression* dismounting, I ascended the monster in his room; and thus by the assistance of *Fraud*, *Cruelty*, and *Oppression*, to which *Ambition* had introduced me, I at length arrived at the Brazen Rock. It was of stupendous height and magnitude; we entered at an obscure door, which opened at the command of the fairy, but, immediately closing, left us involved in total darkness; at the same moment a tremendous clap of thunder, which was quickly succeeded by others, *seemed* to shake the rock, in which we were entombed, to its very base. "Let us return," said I, alarmed at the horrors that surrounded us, "nor tempt the dangers of this fearful gloom." "Fear nothing,"



nothing," said *Ambition*, "trust to me, and all will be well." Saying this, she drew from beneath her garment a torch, and having kindled it by the force of some mystic words, "This," said she, "will light us to the object of our pursuit; it is the *Torch of Treason*"—I started at the sound, but it was too late to retreat. By its light I ascended through a winding path into the heart of the rock, whence, at the command of my conductor, I with inexpressible joy drew the magic wand. The fairy appeared to be no less transported than myself, and we left the rock together, rejoicing in our prize; but the joy I experienced was of short duration: we had not proceeded many furlongs before I was attacked by a *winged monster*, whose appearance struck terror to my heart; it darted upon me from an adjacent precipice, and piercing me with its horrid fangs, already began to prey upon my vitals. I attempted to defend myself with my *sword*, but alas!

it was no longer in my possession : I then turned to ask counsel of *Ambition*, but judge my astonishment, when, instead of seeing her adorned with that beauty which had hitherto intoxicated my senses, I beheld her more deformed than imagination can paint; and in the same instant perceived that I was myself no longer human ! My only resource now was in the magic wand, which *Ambition* had told me would fulfil every desire I could form ; but finding that it neither possessed power to release me from the gripe of the monster, nor to restore me to the form I had lost, I threw it from me with anguish and disgust. *Ambition* seized it with transport, and fled, leaving me in the relentless grasp of the monster. The torture I endured was insupportable : I struggled in vain to get free, till *Despair* at length giving me additional strength, by a sudden effort I sprung forward, and fled with incredible swiftness to the brink of a precipice, whence I threw myself.

myself headlong, hoping by death to put an end to my miseries. But here I was disappointed; preserved by a superior power, I found myself at the foot of the precipice, but awake to the keenest sense of anguish. At my side I observed a female of great beauty and gravity of aspect: "Agib," said she, addressing me, "I am the fairy *Reflexion*; at the command of the genius whose precepts you have rejected, I am at length come to your assistance. *Ambition*, the fairy by whose arts you have been enthralled, has long sought to possess the magic wand: she has made you the instrument to accomplish her designs, and you now see the fatal consequence of committing yourself implicitly to her guidance. From the moment you accepted the aid of *Fraud*, *Cruelty*, and *Oppression*, your present deformity commenced; but such was the power *Ambition* had usurped over you, that she rendered you insensible of the change, till the moment you  
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were

were attacked by the winged monster. Its name is *Remorse*, the peculiar pest of the mountain from which you have happily escaped. *Ambition*, that this monster might not impede your progress to the *Brazen Rock*, by a powerful spell, confined it in a cave, at the top of the precipice from which it darted upon you.

“Would to Heaven,” said I, groaning with anguish, “that it had remained there.”

“Happily for you,” replied the fairy, “it was released, as the same spell, by which *Ambition* prevented the approach of *Remorse*, adorned her with those charms that first seduced you, and rendered you at the same time blind to your own deformity. I,” said *Reflexion*, “freed you from the delusion by dissolving the *spell* which confined the monster. You cannot return to your natural form, till the power of ambition is destroyed.”

“Oh

—“ Oh Heavens!” interrupted I, “ is there no remedy?”

“ None,” said the fairy; “ your present sufferings are a just punishment for having subjected yourself to the power of *Ambition*. I perceive, that by the power of the magic wand she will erect a palace upon the brow of the mountain: but beware of approaching it; her abode, like the beauty she assumes, dazzles but to delude. To heal the wounds you have received from *Remorse* is beyond my power, but the anguish of them may be mitigated by bathing in the *Well of Penitence*, to which I will conduct you.” Having said this, she led me to a spring hard by, and disappeared. I found, as *Reflexion* had informed me, that the waters mitigated the anguish of my wounds, but they were too deep to be suddenly healed.

I will not trouble you, continued the savage prince, by a vain attempt to describe

scribe what I felt upon reflecting on the state, to which I was reduced by following the counsels of *Ambition*. The first transports of my grief having somewhat subsided, curiosity led me to travel round the mountain. I soon perceived, as the fairy had foretold, that *Ambition* had fixed her abode upon the summit; nor need I add, that it is the palace to which you were on the point of ascending. I took up my residence in this cave, and constantly warn the unwary, whom I see daily allured by *The Palace of Ambition*. Thus have I related the whole of my miserable story: Far from seeking *The Laurel of Renown*, I wait with impatience till the prediction concerning me is accomplished, though it is from death only I can hope for an end to my misfortunes.

Artimer listened with astonishment to prince Agib's relation. He thanked him  
for

for having satisfied his curiosity so much at his own expense, and seeing him overwhelmed with affliction, "time," said he, thinking to console him, "may bring relief to your misfortunes; remember, my friend, the words of the *Fairy Reflexion*; if I mistake not, she told you, your deformity would continue till the power of *Ambition* should be destroyed, which certainly did not imply, that they were without remedy."

"Alas!" replied the savage prince, "you know not *Ambition*; she has now firmly established her dominion, and is prepared for every attack that may be made to shake her; but the night is far spent," said he, recollecting himself, "it is time that you repose yourself." Saying this, he conducted his guest into an inner cell, which was spread with the soft skin of a leopard, and left him to enjoy the refreshments of sleep.

The

The next morning our hero arose with the dawn, and having gratefully acknowledged the kindness of prince Agib, set forward upon his journey. As he passed the foot of the mountain upon which *Ambition* had erected her palace, instead of seeking the path from which he had wandered the evening before, an idle curiosity induced him to take a nearer view of it : relying therefore on the power of the *Shield*, which the magician Brandezar had assured him would preserve him from all evil enchantment, he boldly ascended the mountain, and as he proceeded, felt his confidence increase so much, that he resolved to gratify his curiosity still farther, and view the Fairy whose power had wrought such fatal effects upon the unhappy prince he had just left. With this imprudent design he continued to ascend, till the heat of the sun became so intense, that he turned aside for shelter into a gloomy cave, which, to his wish, appeared at hand ; he did not, however, remain



remain here undisturbed; his entrance had roused an enormous tiger, which with glaring eye-balls advanced toward him from a dark recess in the farther part of the cave. The Knight of the Rose, covering himself with his shield, drew his sword, and stood prepared to defend himself; but at the same instant the animal vanished, and an old fairy of the most hideous deformity stood before him. "Sir Knight," said she, "I am the fairy *Wrath*: you have the good fortune to please me; return my affection, and share with me a power, that will render you superior to mortals."

"With thee!" returned the astonished Artimer, "rather let me die ten thousand deaths."

"Since it is so," said the fairy, convulsed with rage and disappointment, "tremble at the power you reject." Saying which, she darted into the recesses  
of

of her den, and Artimer with all speed hastened from the cave, and continued his way up the mountain. As he drew near the *Palace of Ambition*, he could not forbear admiring its magnificence, and was so deeply engaged in the contemplation, that he did not observe a knight who approached mounted upon a dappled steed; he grasped a fiery lance, and appeared completely armed, excepting that he had no shield. He advanced with an air of insolent defiance, and couching his lance, rushed upon Artimer with such fury, that had he not been prepared, he had certainly unhorsed him. "For thy safety," said the stranger, with an air of haughty derision, "thank the *Shield*, that defends thy coward heart." "Enough," said Artimer, throwing it aside, "let us meet on equal terms;" but e'er he could address himself to the combat, he received a wound from the lance of his adversary. In an instant he was seized with the most excruciating tortures; his  
entrails

entrails were on fire; and inward heat seemed to consume his vitals. Mad with anguish, he rushed with fury to the attack; but, alas! he had thrown aside the *Shield of Temperance*, which had alone power to defend him from the lance of his enemy: his sword he perceived had no power to prevail against him, and flight being the only means to escape from the fatal lance, he gave the reins to his courser.

Parched with the cruel flames that raged within his breast, he at length stopped at the entrance of a wood; and alighting from his horse, made toward an old man, whom he discerned through the trees, at some distance, to inquire whether he could direct him to a spring at which he might slake his thirst; but what various emotions crowded upon his mind, when, upon a nearer view, in the sage, he discovered the magician Brandezar! Till this instant the loss he had sustained in his *Shield* had never once occurred to his

remembrance; but he now felt the full force of his imprudence, and the thought of meeting the magician dispossessed of the *Shield* overwhelmed him with shame and confusion.

Brandezar, who by his art knew all that had happened, approached the young prince, and addressed him with a countenance in which severity and compassion were blended. "Unhappy son of an unhappy sire!" said he, "is it thus thou destroyest the power of *Excess*?" "Alas!" said Artimer, prostrating himself at the feet of the magician, "I deserve thy reproaches—I am unworthy to live.—I have lost the sacred shield." Grief and shame would not suffer him to proceed. Brandezar, touched with the anguish and deep despair he discovered in the countenance and actions of the repentant Artimer, led him into a cell hard by, where, having examined his wounds, he poured into them a balm, that instantly extinguished

tinguished the internal flames with which he had been tortured, since pierced by the burning lance. This was too great an obligation to remain unacknowledged: Artimer, though from a consciousness of his errors scarcely able to lift his eyes to the magician, thanked him for a kindness so unmerited. “Your first error,” said Brandezar, “whence all the others have arisen, has been too firm a reliance on your own strength; to indulge an idle curiosity, you exposed yourself to dangers and temptations, which you had neither prudence to prevent, nor strength to resist. Had you kept the path prescribed by me upon your first setting out; or, from the fate of prince Agib, learnt to distrust your own powers; you had avoided the *Den of Discord*, in which you were exposed to the attacks of the fairy *Wrath*. She found you defended from her power by the *Shield of Temperance*; but *Provocation*, another fairy, as malicious as herself, undertook to make you  
relinquish

relinquish it. It was she who attacked you under the form of a knight; and having artfully induced you to throw it aside, pierced you with a lance, to which *Wrath* had communicated her own fire.”

“I see,” said the young prince, “the full extent of my error; but, alas! will that restore to me the treasure I have lost? will it restore to me the *Shield of Temperance*, or the esteem of Brandezar?”

“The *Shield of Temperance*, though lost by your imprudence,” replied the magician, “may be regained; it is indeed easier to keep possession of it when once attained, than to recover it when lost; but be not, my son, discouraged, it may still be yours.”

“But where,” said Artimer, “shall I seek it? should I return to the spot where I so imprudently threw it from me?”

“Be assured,” interrupted Brandezar, “that

“that you will not find it there: it is neither in the *Palace of Ambition*, the *Den of Discord*, or with *Provocation*, that you must seek the *Shield of Temperance*; your road must be directly opposite.” Having said this, the magician conducted the young prince, who followed, leading his horse, by a gentle descent, to the foot of the mountain; and having pointed out to him those places, in which he might with the greatest probability of success seek the precious shield he had lost, he left him to continue his way.

Artimer, though encouraged by Branderzar, was too deeply impressed with the sense of his former errors, to pursue his journey unembittered by those painful reflections, which will ever be the consequence of guilt or folly; distrustful of himself, he dreaded danger in every shade, and for a long time ventured not to deviate, in the most trifling degree, from the path marked out by the sage Bran-

dezar. During this time, the fatigue of a long road was one day lightened by the agreeable society of a knight, with whom, as they were travelling the same way, he insensibly fell into discourse: as they became more familiar, the stranger expressed his surprise, that his companion, though in other respects completely armed, should be destitute of a *Shield*. Artimer, whose temper was naturally open, not only acquainted him with the manner in which he lost it, but related the whole of his adventure in the tomb of his father. This exciting the same confidence in the stranger, he, in turn, related his adventures, which, as they may afford equal entertainment to the reader as they did to prince Artimer, I shall recount in the words of the knight.

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THE  
 ADVENTURES  
 OF THE  
 KNIGHT OF THE CRESCENT.

I AM descended from illustrious ancestors, said the stranger: I am called the Knight of the Crescent, from the device upon my shield, which you may observe is a half-moon. I was born in a distant country, to which fame has of late brought tidings of the *Enchanted Tower*: it is reported to contain great treasures, which induces numbers daily to flock thither in the hope of forcing an entrance; but whether it be from want of skill, or that the tower is really impregnable, I know not, but they are as frequently said to return disappointed from

the enterprise. I was no sooner acquainted with these particulars, than I was inflamed with the desire of a conquest which had baffled the attempts of so many; and, having obtained what information I thought necessary on the subject, set forward without making my design known to any one. I shall pass over the trifling occurrences of my journey, and inform you, that I arrived at length on the confines of an extensive plain, defended on one side by a range of mountains, on the other by a gloomy wood. As it was the close of day, and two paths were presented to my choice, one through the wood, and the other round the mountains, I was divided which to pursue, and for information made toward a cave, to which I was directed by a light that glimmered through the wood. On my entrance I found an old man reading by the light of a lamp that stood beside him: I addressed him with that diffidence and respect his venerable appear-

appearance inspired, though, upon a close observation, he appeared to be more worn by study than by age, and requested him to inform me, if he were able, which of the two paths I should take to arrive at the *Enchanted Tower*?

At the name of the *Enchanted Tower*, the sage, for the first time, raised his eyes from the page, which he perused with such attention, that he was not sensible of my entrance. I repeated my question, and he replied, "the tower you seek is many hundred leagues hence."

"Is it so far?" said I.

"May I ask," replied the sage, "your design concerning that celebrated tower?—Is the object of your journey merely to admire the structure at a distance, or to possess the treasure it contains?"

"To possess the treasure, undoubtedly,"

edly," replied I; "and to develop the mystery in which it is said to be involved."

"Have you reflected," said the old man, "upon the dangers and fatigue you may have to encounter? On the many who have returned disgusted and disappointed?"

"The fruitless attempts of others," returned I, "far from discouraging, inspire me with ardour to proceed; small glory can be acquired from the conquest which is won without peril. But I pray thee, sire," said I, beginning to grow impatient at his importunity, "if thou be able, reply to the question I have asked."

The sage did not appear displeased with my solicitude. "The path you must take," said he, "is by the mountains: but this information, unless I assist you farther,

farther, will be useless. My name is *Application*; you are perhaps no stranger to my fame?"

I no longer marvelled at his words: in my native land, and in the course of my journey, I had heard him extolled for his skill in the most occult sciences. I assured him therefore that I had heard of his fame, and entreated him to assist me in my design. "There are few difficulties," said the sage, "that my art is not capable of surmounting: would time permit, I could recount wonders that have been effected by it; but though I am willing to assist you, I can only ensure the success of your present undertaking, upon condition that you consent to submit implicitly to the rules I shall lay down." I eagerly interrupted him with assurances of entire submission, which he received with a smile of doubtful joy, from the fear, as he afterward told me, that my ardour would be cooled

by the fatigues of the way, and at length terminate in disgust. "Since you are willing," said the sage, "to listen to my advice, I will begin by describing the situation of the tower: on one side it is defended by rocks, the height and steepness of which utterly frustrate every attempt to gain admittance by them: yet, notwithstanding the impossibility, many, thinking, by a desperate effort, at once to seize upon the tower and the treasures, attempt to ascend; but at a certain height, their strength being exhausted, they fall from the rocks, and become victims of their temerity. On the other side the tower is defended by an enchanted wood, formed with so many windings, and of such extent, that few have resolution to pursue this route, though it is the only certain way of succeeding." "It is by the wood then," said I, "that I must take my course?"

"Yes," replied the sage; "but the intricacies

intricacies of it are such, that the assistance of *Method*, the Nymph of the Grot, will be necessary to explore it; without her aid my power will be ineffectual; to morrow, if you expect to accomplish your design, you must set out for her abode."

This part of the sage's discourse pleased me less than the former; the natural impetuosity of my temper made me desirous of proceeding to the tower without farther delay, for I foolishly imagined, that while I was taking these necessary steps, I might be in possession of the treasure it contained. I expostulated with *Application* to this purpose; but finding by his discourse, that the labyrinth could not be explored without the aid of the nymph, I obtained the necessary instructions for my journey, and the next morning, at daybreak, set forward for her abode. Upon an extensive lake, in the midst of which her grot was situate, I observed  
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a small boat: at the helm sat a fairy of extreme beauty and benignity of aspect, who, perceiving by the signs I made, that I requested her assistance, steered directly towards me. "Do you," said she, "seek the Nymph of the Grot?" I replied that I did. "I will convey you to her abode," said she; "step into my bark." I readily obeyed, and my fair pilot, whose name I understood to be *Instruction*, spread the sails, which were presently filled with a gentle breeze, and landed me at the entrance of the grotto. The Nymph, who knew by her art the purport of my visit, led me through the grot into the gardens by which it was surrounded. I should have observed, that on our voyage my pilot had told me they were the work of enchantment, and deservedly excited universal admiration. After such an account, continued the Knight of the Crescent, you will easily believe, that I was surprised to find these celebrated gardens consist chiefly of long dreary



dreary walks, which fatigued rather than delighted the eye. I saw nothing methought to excite delight or admiration; but I soon changed my opinion: every avenue which seemed to fatigue by its uniform regularity, led insensibly to some wonder, the produce of nature or art; sometimes at the end of one of these walks, the hand was invited to pluck resplendent gems from trees of immortal verdure; sometimes a winding path, which at the entrance seemed to promise little, led to a temple, concealed by the thick branches of a wood, in which were treasured the various wonders of the fairy art; and sometimes insensibly led by a gentle ascent to an eminence, whence the eye was delighted by the most beautiful prospect of the surrounding country. At the end of a narrow path, bordered on each side with yew, on a pedestal of white marble, was a small vase of jasper; here the nymph stopped; and taking from it a *clew of golden twine*, "this," said

said she, putting it into my hand, "will conduct you through the intricacies of the *Enchanted Wood*, which you must pass ere you can arrive at the tower you seek. Fear not," continued she, "oh, highly-favoured youth! but that, with the aid of *Application*, the sage who befriends thee, this clew will in time bring thee to the summit of thy wishes."

I need not tell you, said the knight, that the Nymph of the Grot, as well as *Instruction*, the fairy by whom I had gained her abode, had my warmest acknowledgments. I then once more crossed the lake, and returned with all speed to *Application*, who, as we had appointed, I found waiting for me at the foot of a certain mountain, not far from the *Enchanted Wood*, for I should have observed, that we were to proceed together to the tower. He appeared to be rejoiced at my return, and the success of my expedition. A short time brought

us

us to the *Enchanted Wood*, and I had immediate recourse to the golden clew I had received from *Method*. I was delighted to see it, when placed before me, gradually unravel, and point out the path we were to take: by its assistance, said the knight, we travelled many days through the labyrinth without interruption; but yet methought we were little nearer to the tower than when we first set out: the fatigues of the way, and the dreary prospect which on every side appeared to my view, by degrees exhausted my patience. The few flowers, which now and then rose in my path, did not in my opinion compensate the fatigues of the way, nor could the treasure of the *Enchanted Tower*, which *Application* assured me would crown all my toils, induce me any longer to pursue the path which *Method*, the Nymph of the Grot, had, by means of the golden clew, pointed out. I began to repent the time I had lost, and resolved, at length, either to  
discover

discover a nearer way to the tower, or entirely to forego the undertaking. My sage companion, seeing it in vain, no farther opposed my design: "Though, I too plainly," said he, "see the fallacy of your attempts, till urged by necessity I will not abandon you. Lead on, I will attend you; but first take up the *golden clew*, that when sensible of your imprudence, you may, though late, regain the path which can alone lead you to the tower." Thus far I followed the advice of my venerable friend: I took up the clew, and was preparing to turn into another path, when the gentle murmur of a water-fall struck my ear. The sun, which in spite of the trees, darted its beams upon us, had for some time rendered me thirsty, and I hastily turned aside to drink. *Application*, suspecting my design, alarmed, caught me by the arm—"Alas! unhappy youth," said he, "whither art thou going? Turn not to seek the waters of that fatal fount."—

Displeas'd

Displeas'd at the restraint which he put upon my inclination, in a matter that to me appeared of such small moment, I violently disengaged myself, and with a countenance, in which, I doubt not, was strongly pictured the disgust I felt at his importunity, hastened to allay my thirst at a fountain which appeared at hand. "You rush to your destruction," said *Application*; you are at the *Fountain of Lassitude*;—I can follow you no farther."

The desire I felt to slake my thirst was too strong to be resisted; I regarded his cautions merely as arising from the peevishness of age, or rather indeed I did not regard them at all; for, stooping to the brim of the fountain, I inhaled a copious draught, and from that moment saw no more of my sage companion.

The beverage was so grateful to my palate,

late, that I more than once repeated my draught; but alas! how dear did this folly cost me! As I inhaled the waters of this fatal spring, my strength insensibly decayed; a sudden faintness seized me, and I sunk supine beside the fountain, from which I had neither power nor inclination to flee. A few trees which fertilized the spot afforded me fruits for subsistence, and I constantly drank at the fatal fount, the waters of which, instead of slaking, increased my thirst. The powers of my mind decayed in proportion to those of my body; that noble ardour, which had once roused me to attempt the conquest of the *Enchanted Tower*, was no more: death alone seemed capable of dissolving the fatal charm by which I was bound to the *Fountain of Lassitude*. I cannot at this moment recollect the melancholy state to which I was reduced without the most painful sensations.

“ I am.

“I am impatient,” said the young prince, “to know by what means your deliverance was effected.”

Alas! said the Knight of the Crescent, many long months elapsed, and I still languished at the *Fountain of Lassitude*.—Time, however, at length brought relief to my malady. One day as I slumbered on the margin of the spring, I was awakened by a bright female form: “Rise,” said she, striking me with a golden wand, “flee from this fatal fount, and return to *Application*, by whose aid alone thou canst possess the treasure of the *Enchanted Tower*.”

As she spoke I perceived that my strength returned, my nerves seemed new strung, and I sprung upon my feet to obey the commands of the Genius, who disappeared, telling me she was called *Desire of Praise*.

My

My limbs no longer refused to bear me from the *Fountain of Lassitude*; once more fired with the desire of entering the *Enchanted Tower*, I turned with disgust from the fatal waters, and resolved to repair to the abode of *Application*; who, I doubted not, disgusted with my obstinacy, had returned to his hermitage. I cannot, said the knight, describe to you the disagreeable sensations I experienced on my way; I reflected that while I languished at the *Fountain of Lassitude*, I might nearly have completed my journey, and possessed the treasures of the tower; however, as the best means of repairing my error, I hastened my return to *Application*, and was already in sight of the trees which shaded his habitation, when recollecting, that the clew of golden twine I had received from *Method* would be necessary to guide us through the labyrinth, I searched in my bosom for a small box in which it was contained. Judge my consternation, upon finding  
that



that it was no longer in my possession ! This was a perplexity for which I was totally unprepared. I was sensible that my progress to the abode of *Application* without the clew would be of no avail; yet I knew not by what means to regain, or how I had been so unfortunate as to lose it. Not knowing how to proceed, and giving way to the natural impatience of my temper, I was on the point of throwing myself at the foot of a tree in a fit of despair, when I was prevented by the approach of a fairy of composed mien and sedate aspect : “ My name,” said she addressing me, “ is *Reflexion*; my power can alone extricate you from your present embarrassment : the golden clew you received from *Method*, the Nymph of the Grot, was stolen from you by the fairy *Neglect*, at the *Fountain of Lassitude* : — it is her interest, as you will one day be sensible, to impede your progress to the *Enchanted Tower*. In the dominions of the fairy *Memory*, to which I will transport

port you, you must seek the treasure you have lost." As the fairy said this, she touched me with her wand, and I instantly found myself in the dominions of *Memory*, on the banks of a spacious river that flowed before her palace: but alas! I soon found that a dire revolution had taken place! The sceptre of *Memory* had been seized by a satyr of the most hideous form, named *Disorder*, by whose baneful influence anarchy and confusion reigned throughout her dominions. However, I advanced toward a bridge that was thrown over the stream, and observed seated at the foot of it a young nymph. It is perhaps, said the Knight of the Crescent, unnecessary to inform you, that the riches of the fairy *Memory* are rendered inexhaustible by a constant influx from all parts of the world. To this Nymph, whose name was *Inattention*, were now consigned the various treasures, which arrived to be deposited in the palace; but, whether through simplicity or design, I know not, the

the stream which flowed beneath received by far the greater part of the treasures committed to her charge! some were indeed caught in nets, which were, I observed, thrown out for the purpose by those who inhabited the banks of the river; but the construction of the nets I remarked was such as to retain things of small value, while treasures of greater magnitude floated to the *Stream of Oblivion*, the waters of which at a certain point mingled with these.

I passed over the bridge, and entered the *Palace of Memory*; but, alas! the baneful influence of the wretch who now swayed her sceptre was but too visible in every part. The structure alone was exempt from his power; within all was anarchy and confusion: I, in vain, sought the treasure I had lost; the clew of *Method* was no where to be found. *Disorder* assured me, with a malignant smile, that my search would be fruitless, but gave me

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permission to continue it throughout the dominions.—Encouraged by the fairy *Reflection*, who had bidden me seek the clew I had lost in the dominions of *Memory*, I prosecuted my search with such vigour, that I at length discovered it in an obscure corner, hidden under a heap of ruins. Believe me, sir knight, my joy on regaining it was not equalled by that I felt, on the moment I received it from the Nymph of the Grot; so seldom do we know the value of a treasure till the loss is experienced. You will, doubtless, wonder by what chance the golden clew was thus concealed; the fairy *Neglect*, as I afterward learnt, had no sooner, by rendering herself invisible, stolen it from me at the *Fountain of Lassi-tude*, than she committed it to *Disorder*, the satyr who had seized the sceptre of *Memory*, judging that he would either annihilate the properties with which *Method* had endowed it, or so entirely conceal it, that a passage to the magic tower should never be explored; for this it seems it is  
her

her interest to prevent. *Neglect* committed this charge to the satyr for two reasons; first, because, in this respect, she thought his power superior to her own; and, secondly, because she was convinced he would fully enter into her views, on account of the hatred he bore to the Nymph of the Grot, who had formerly held the post at the bridge, which was now consigned to *Inattention*.—Thus far the fairy was not mistaken; *Disorder* fully entered into her views, and to accomplish them thought to consign the *golden clew* to the *Stream of Oblivion*, whence it could never be recovered; but luckily for me he committed this important charge to *Inattention*, the Nymph who kept the bridge, and she attended so little to his command, that she deposited it with other things that had by chance escaped the *Stream of Oblivion*, beneath the ruins from which I drew it. Rejoiced, said the knight, at finding my efforts at length crowned with success, a short time ago I left the dominions of

*Memory*, and am now hastening to the abode of my sage friend *Application*, by whose assistance, being now rendered wise by experience and misfortune, I hope in time to arrive at the *Enchanted Tower*: but I already see the trees that shade his habitation.—Adieu, sir knight, may the same power which has hitherto protected you guide you to the sacred shield, the object of your pursuit; may you by its influence destroy the power of *Excess*, and, under the auspices of the sage *Bran-dezar*, sway the sceptre of your ancestors in the *Island of Pleasure*.

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HAVING completed his narrative, and said thus, the Knight of the Crescent, impatient to make his peace with *Application*, set spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in an instant.

*Artimer*, intent upon regaining the *Shield of Temperance*, continued his way, diligently

diligently seeking tidings of it, till faint and weary he one day arrived on the confines of an extensive lawn. The sky had for some time been obscured with heavy clouds, and some drops of rain now giving notice of a sudden storm, the young prince looked round to discover a house or friendly cave to afford him shelter. While he was thus employed, he observed a lady mounted upon a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned, issue from a grove at the farther extremity of the lawn! She advanced towards Artimer, and addressing him with an inexpressible grace, "Sir knight," said she, "you appear to be a stranger in this part of the country; in my palace, which is hard by, you may find shelter from the storm, which is certainly at hand."

The prince, charmed with the courtesy and surprising beauty of the lady, readily accepted her invitation, and crossing the lawn, they entered the grove, and in a

few minutes were at the entrance of a splendid palace. Artimer readily resigned his horse, and at the request of his fair guide, who insisted upon detaining him that day as her guest, suffered himself to be conducted to a superb bath by several handsome slaves, who attended clothed in rich habits. There, having refreshed himself, he exchanged his armour for a rich vest and purple robe, which he received in the name of the fair Queen of the Mansion, and was hurrying from the bath, when his own name, in shining characters upon a tablet of white marble caught his eye. He stopped, and with surprise read these words: "*Artimer, thou art in the palace of the fairy Prosperity,—distrust her smiles.—Remember the Shield of Temperance.—Taste not.*"

He would have proceeded, but was, in spite of himself, hurried from the bath by a hasty summons from his fair hostess, who awaited his return with impatience.

She



She was seated in a magnificent salon, surrounded by a crowd of knights and ladies, whose appearance corresponded with the splendour which shone throughout the palace: but the beauty of the fairy herself alone attracted the attention of the enraptured Artimer; he was lost in admiration; and while he gazed upon her seducing charms, no longer recollected the mysterious lines upon the tablet. To distrust her smiles, seemed injurious to truth itself, and, in a transport, seizing a golden cup, in which she pledged him, he drank deeply in honour of her invitation.

Alas! had he finished reading the lines upon the tablet, he had known, that the fatal cup contained death to his enterprise. The fairy *Excess*, alarmed lest the son of Arseleo should regain the *Shield of Temperance*, which she perceived he had once possessed, and lost through the machinations of *Wrath* and *Provocation*, suborned *Prosperity* to present him with the fatal

cup which she had filled from the river of *Oblivion*, and so effectually charmed, that it instantly caused him to forget the object of his pursuit. He had no sooner drunk, than the oath he had taken to destroy the power of *Excess* was obliterated from his remembrance; he forgot the admonitions of Brandezar, and the *Shield of Temperance*: in a word, the designs of his enemy were fully accomplished, when he was allured by *Prosperity* to drink of the pernicious cup, and *Excess* no longer dreaded the *Shield of Temperance*, which she well knew, when borne to her bower by the son of Arseleo, was destined by the fates to put an end to her power. The object of his pursuit thus banished from his mind, so was all thought of pursuing his journey; months rolled away, and he still remained a favoured guest in the palace of *Prosperity*: still he wasted the precious moments, forgetful of the great design upon which he had been dispatched by the sage Brandezar, who had  
in

in vain, by the tablet in the bath, attempted to warn him of the fatal snare.

At length one day as Artimer, in company with a youth, who like himself was detained a willing guest in the *Palace of Prosperity*, took the air upon the banks of a stream that flowed through the plantations of the fairy, they were induced to enter a little bark that lay near the shore; a gentle breeze filled the sails, and they glided down the stream, surveying the various beauties that on each side diversified the banks, till they were insensibly beyond the fairy's territories. Alarmed, they attempted to return, but perceived they were drawn by a strong current, which as they proceeded became more rapid, and soon hurried their little bark into a tempestuous ocean.

To add to their distress, the clouds, which had for some time threatened a storm, now big with horror burst over

their heads, and flashes of blue lightning were followed in quick succession by dreadful peals of thunder. The bark, which had been constructed to glide only on the smooth stream that flowed through the domains of *Prosperity*, where constant sunshine brightened the scene, was ill formed to endure the strife of contending elements; nothing therefore but death presented itself to the wretched Artimer and his companion. Night commencing increased the horrors of the scene; and the bark, having been long the sport of the waves, at length split against a rock. Artimer and his companion with difficulty gained the shore; but daylight no sooner discovered the face of the surrounding country, than the latter uttered a cry of despair and ran toward the sea. Artimer, surprised, inquired the cause: "Alas!" said the youth, "we are wrecked on the *Coast of Calamity*: here the stern genius *Adversity* has fixed her abode; her malignancy  
to

to the human race is well known ; let us rather seek an end to our miseries in the waves, than linger out a wretched existence in her chains." Thus saying, urged by a sudden transport of despair, he sprang headlong from the rock, and Artimer, who strove in vain to prevent the fatal catastrophe, saw him rise no more.

Our hero, far from being inspired with the same desperate resolution, began to reflect upon the means to effect his deliverance, or at least to mitigate the severity of his destiny : with this design he ascended the highest part of the rock, to see whether he could not from afar discover any vessel to convey him to a more hospitable shore ; but not perceiving any, he descended, and beginning to reconnoitre the coast, observed a stone pillar which directed him to travel eastward. He immediately bent his course according to the direction, and notwithstanding the difficulty of the way, persevered till he arrived at a rock of adamant, from the top

of which, by a chain of gold, hung a small hammer of the same metal. The young prince, who judged it led to some mystery, seized it and struck the rock, which immediately opened, and with astonishment he at the same instant found himself enclosed in a spacious dome, supported by twelve pillars of adamant, and enlightened by a diamond of surprising magnitude and lustre, which hung from the centre. He had scarcely time to contemplate the splendour that surrounded him, before he was addressed by a beautiful female figure: "You are welcome," said she, with a sedate, but benign aspect, "to the abode of *Fortitude*, the fairy of the Adamantine Rock, for so am I called; the pillar which has directed you, too often escapes the observation of the wretched mariners wrecked upon this coast, who, for want of my assistance, fall victims to the fatigues and perils they must encounter on this inhospitable shore: your prudence and resolution, young prince, shall not go unrewarded." Having said this, she

she caused Artimer to exchange the splendid habit he had received in the *Palace of Prosperity* for a suit of bright armour, and presenting him with a corselet curiously embossed, "This," said she, "is the *corselet of true courage*, a gift of greater value than any I can in your present situation bestow; by it you will be rendered invulnerable, and surmount the various perils of this hostile land: defended by the *corselet of true courage*, fear not to enter the abode of *Adversity*; it is in the midst of the continent, and through it you must pass to the *Temple of Wisdom*, the point to which you must bend your course." Having said this, she covered his bosom with the *corselet*, and without giving him time to reply, transported him to the spot where he first struck the rock with the golden hammer.

Obedient to the advice of the fairy, Artimer bent his course toward the centre

tre of the continent. The soil, as he had been taught to expect, afforded few succulent plants, or crystal springs for nourishment; but such was the power of the corselet he had received from *Fortitude*, the fairy of the Adamantine Rock, that it endued him with strength to traverse barren rocks, burning deserts, and mountains of snow. At length, in a gloomy wilderness through which he was passing, his ear was assailed by the most dreadful howling: a sudden impulse of horror made him start back, but recollecting the gift of the fairy, he advanced undismayed, and was presently surrounded by wild beasts of various forms, the inhabitants of the wilderness: they approached him with extended jaws: but defended by the *corselet of true courage*, he passed undaunted through the midst, and entered the abode of *Adversity*, the stern genius who ruled with despotic sway throughout this unkindly clime. She was seated upon a throne of ebony, beneath a canopy, upon which



which was pictured the various ills of life; it was woven by *Care*, a nymph who attended at her right hand. Around her stood *Pain*, *Want*, *Famine*, and *Disease*, the various ministers of her wrath. The young prince, though strengthened by the gift of *Fortitude*, could not behold the deformity of these without horror; but seeing no alternative, he advanced boldly towards the throne, and prostrating himself before the stern genius, requested that she would instruct him in the way to the *Temple of Wisdom*, to which the reader may recollect the fairy of the Adamantine Rock had told him to direct his course. "Prince," said *Adversity*, softening the severity of her aspect, "I perceive by the precious corselet you wear, that you are worthy the favour you ask; I will conduct you to the *Temple of Wisdom*, and will convince you, that stern and malignant as I am reported to the human race, I refuse not treasures to such as wisely resolve to profit by my counsels: from me, Artimer,

mer, receive the *Shield of Temperance*, the object of your pursuit, till the fatal draught you accepted from the hand of *Prosperity* obliterated it from your remembrance." Thus saying, she presented him with the resplendent shield he had received from Brandezar. Immediately the oath he had taken to destroy the power of *Excess* returned to his remembrance: and with grief he learnt from *Adversity* all the circumstances of the fatal delusion, that had so long detained him from pursuing an enterprise, in which his honour and his interest were so materially concerned. He no longer beheld his shipwreck upon the *Coast of Calamity* but as a signal interposition of Heaven in his favour, and seizing the precious shield with transport, thanked the genius in the warmest terms for the treasure she had restored to him. *Adversity* descended from her throne with a smile of approbation, and taking the young prince by the hand, conducted him to the  
Temple

*Temple of Wisdom*, where she disappeared, having on their way given him much useful instruction.

Artimer now entered the temple, and was proceeding to admire the various beauties with which it was adorned, when he perceived a lady advance from the interior: her air was graceful and majestic, but her face was covered with a veil. "Sir knight," said she, "permit a stranger to greet your arrival, since it is from that only she is taught to expect an end to her misfortunes."

"Madam," said the young prince, charmed with her courtesy and graceful address, "if the misfortunes at which you hint be within the compass of my abilities to remove, command my best services."

"Generous stranger," said the lady, "the service I require, and which you  
alone

alone are able to perform, is the freedom of a knight who is detained captive a few days journey hence."

"If my sword," said Artimer, "can avail in his behalf, consider him already free."

"Your sword," said the lady, "cannot; he is held by the fatal enchantments of the monster *Chimæra*: this," continued she, drawing from her bosom a pearl of surprising lustre, attached to a chain of gold, is the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, that can alone destroy the illusion by which he is detained; protected by the *Shield of Temperance*, you alone, sir knight, may venture to enter the abode of *Chimæra*, and bear it to the knight whose freedom I solicit."

Artimer having declared his readiness to undertake the commission, inquired the way to the abode of *Chimæra*, by what  
marks

marks it was to be known, with other particulars necessary to ensure the success of his undertaking; all which being answered by the fair stranger, he carefully secured the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, and set forward.

This new expedition, though for a time it retarded, did not divert his attention from his grand object, the destruction of *Excess*, whose power seemed the more formidable, since he had felt the fatal effects of the cup she had put into the hands of *Prosperity*; he resolved therefore to proceed with all speed on his present expedition, that he might the sooner resume one in which he was more immediately interested. An unexpected adventure, however, retarded his progress: as he continued his journey ruminating on the singular events that had befallen him, since he was accosted by Brandezar in the tomb of his father, his meditations were interrupted by a young knight,

knight, who accosted him in these words: "Sir knight, when I behold the lustre of that resplendent shield, need I ask if you possess the *Pearl of perfect Judgment?*"

"I am at present," said the young prince, astonished at this singular address, "intrusted with that precious pearl." The stranger seemed transported. "Can I, at last," said he, "anticipate an end to my miseries! am I at last permitted to hope!" Then again addressing the young prince, "Sir knight," said he, "pardon the effusions of my joy: and if pity ever touched your noble heart, withhold not from my miseries the remedy you only have power to bestow." "Acquaint me," said Artimer, "with the nature of your misfortunes."

"Permit me," said the stranger, "to lead you to yon shady bank, and I will at leisure unfold them."—"The expedition  
upon

upon which I am at present bound," said Artimer, "requires speed; suffer me to accomplish it, and at my return I am wholly yours."

"Alas!" said the stranger, in an accent of despair, "the relief you offer will then come too late; every moment of delay threatens to leave my misfortunes without remedy."

"Since it is so," said Artimer, alighting from his horse, "I yield to necessity: lead on, and command my best services in all that is consistent with honour and virtue." As he said this, he followed the stranger to the shady bank he had at first pointed out, and both being seated, the latter, apparently in great perturbation of mind, began thus:

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
PRINCE PHARAMOND  
AND THE  
PRINCESS ARIANTE.

A FEW years ago, said the stranger, this kingdom was governed by a monarch, whose virtues rendered him the delight of his subjects, and gained him the esteem of surrounding nations. I am descended from a branch of his illustrious house, and, losing my parents at an early age, was bred immediately under the eye of the good king, who conceived for me an affection so truly paternal, that he beheld with pleasure the attachment, which, even from infancy, existed between me and his only daughter and heiress the princess Ariante. As I grew towards maturity,  
his



his designs in my favour were the more confirmed, and I looked forward to the happy moment in which I should call the charming princess mine, as registered in the chronicles of Heaven: but alas! how cruelly were my hopes blasted!

A pilgrim arrived from a distant country, who soon became so famed for his piety, that miracles were said to be wrought by his prayers. Unfortunately the king was seized with a curiosity to see this pretended saint, who was in reality no other than a celebrated enchanter, named *Superstition*: he was conducted to the palace, and managed the interview with such address, as entirely to render himself master of the affections of the king, who soon made him priest of one of the principal temples in his dominions. Here, by carefully concealing his real name and character, he became the idol of the people, whom he daily duped by his delusive magic. I  
alone

alone preserved from his delusions by the *Talisman of True Piety*, a sacred amulet I had received from my mother, beheld him in his true character; but I strove in vain to open the eyes of the king to his artifices; he, as well as the princess, and the whole court, beheld him as a miracle of purity and devotion. For my part, detesting the illusions to which I saw him daily subject his votaries, I disdained to pay him that homage which could alone satisfy his pride, and I severely felt the effects of his resentment. Enraged not only at finding me exempted from his power, but, at the pains I took to unmask his impostures, he so well used his influence with the king, as to make him condemn me to perpetual banishment.

This was an unexpected blow to my hopes: what did I not feel on the fatal sentence! I in vain sought an interview with the king, to expostulate with him  
upon

upon the injustice of my doom ; *Superstition* had closed every avenue to the palace, and I was constrained to depart, without taking a last farewell, either of the princess or of her royal father ; my only consolation was, that I bore with me the *Talisman of True Piety*, of which *Superstition* had in vain by every art essayed to deprive me. I embarked in a vessel that was bound to a distant country, hoping that time and absence would soften the pangs I felt ; but I was mistaken : my affection for the princess, and my native land, was stamped in indelible characters upon my heart, and at the end of four years, becoming weary of an existence, which I found it impossible to enjoy, removed from objects so dear, I formed the desperate resolution of returning, notwithstanding the severe prohibition of the king. I accordingly embarked ; favourable winds filled our sails, and I once more beheld the verdant hills of my native land. My heart beat with

exulta-

exultation in the hope of once more, by some happy chance, beholding my beloved Ariante, and I counted every moment of delay with impatience; but alas! this fond triumph was of short duration: my hopes were cruelly blasted, and my miseries increased. Upon landing, I understood that the king had been dead for some time, and learnt, with distraction, that Ariante was on the point of giving her hand to a monster of the most hideous form, named *Persecution*. He was said to be the son of *Superstition*, by whose baleful enchantments the unhappy princess had been rendered blind, that she might not discover his deformity.

“I will not,” said Pharamond, for that was the name of the prince who spoke, “attempt to describe my rage and despair at these fatal tidings; they were too great for language to express. In the first transports of my grief, I resolved to rush into the temple which was the sanctuary

sanctuary of his crimes, and gratify my revenge upon the magician; but this, upon cool deliberation, I considered would not deliver the princess from the enchantment by which he had deprived her of sight. Then I thought of entering the palace, and by force bearing her from amidst the enemies that beset her; but as she had been long accustomed to behold *Superstition* as her best friend, and been taught by him to consider the monster his son, who was presented to her under the name of *Holy Zeal*, as adorned with every desirable perfection; thus infatuated, I foresaw it would be difficult to undeceive her, and in that case, by such a measure I might incur her resentment. In short, I knew not how to proceed; a thousand different stratagems were at the same instant presented to my imagination, and at the same instant rejected; I wandered distracted from place to place, unknowing by what means to remove the fatal blindness which concealed

cealed from Ariante the deformity of *Persecution*, and rendered the detested and unnatural union inevitable.

While I was in this perturbation of mind, a sudden drowsiness one day seized me, and in spite of my miseries, I sunk into a slumber: while it continued, methought a clear distinct voice called me three times by my name, and told me, that if the eyes of the princess Ariante were touched with the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, she would be restored to sight. I started with the words full on my ear, but thought little of my dream, attributing it to a disturbed imagination; I was however surprised, when, the same drowsiness seizing me a few hours after, it was repeated: still I viewed it as the consequence of an uneasy mind, rather than as any supernatural interference in my behalf; but when this morning at daybreak I was addressed by the same voice, and when to the former words

were

were added, that *The Pearl of perfect Judgment was in the possession of the knight who bore the Shield of Temperance, and who bent his course to the Forest of Pine Trees*, I could no longer distrust a vision so often repeated, and in itself so singular. I instantly rose and set out with all speed for this forest, which I had no sooner entered than I beheld you approach. The shield you bore convinced me you were the knight, to whom I was directed by the vision. *Hope*, to which I had long been a stranger, at the same moment revived in my bosom: I hastened to address you, and was transported with joy to learn from your own mouth, that you possessed the precious pearl. I no longer doubt, that it will restore sight to the princess Ariante; to whom the deformity of *Persecution* will then be discovered, and consequently the arts of his detested sire, by whose fatal enchantments it has been so long concealed. It rests with you, said the young prince,

prince, to accomplish what the benign vision has predicted; nor will you, I feel assured, from the generous and ready attention you have given to my story, suffer me in vain to solicit your aid.

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Here prince Pharamond ceased: and Artimer having assured him, that no exertions should be wanting on his part to effect the deliverance of the princess, bade him without loss of time conduct him to her. Pharamond cheerfully obeyed, and they left the *Forest of Pine Trees*, consulting upon the most eligible means of gaining access to the princess, who was constantly attended by *Superstition*, or the monster his son. They had not travelled far before they entered a gloomy wood, through which it was necessary they should pass in their way to the palace of the princess. As they advanced a stately temple, though almost concealed



cealed by the thick branches of the intervening trees, attracted the attention of Artimer, which being observed by his companion, "You now behold," said he, "the temple of which *Superstition* is the priest; the dark gloom, with which you see it enveloped, is never penetrated by the refulgent rays of the sun; it is the fit sanctuary for the mysterious rites performed in it by the odious magician."

As they approached, they observed that it was illuminated by a few dim lamps; and distinguished a confused sound of voices, which they soon found to proceed from a numerous crowd, assembled at the entrance, as they judged, to celebrate some festival. Curiosity induced them to hasten their steps, but what horror seized the heart of prince Pharamond, when arriving at the fatal spot, he learned that the princess Ariante, conducted by *Superstition*, had the mo-

ment before entered the temple to plight  
her faith to the monster his son!

Words cannot describe what he felt at  
this dreadful moment. He had scarcely  
power to fly to the rescue of his beloved  
Ariante, so much did his fears in this  
moment of danger overpower the hopes  
he had before conceived from the *Pearl  
of perfect Judgment*; but Artimer, per-  
ceiving that no time was to be lost, hastily  
entered the temple, and pressed forward  
without interruption; for such was the  
power of the precious pearl he bore, that  
upon his entrance the fabric trembled,  
and the mild lustre of his shield at the  
same time dispersing the surrounding  
gloom, universal consternation prevailed,  
and the votaries of *Superstition* and  
*Persecution* fled in disorder from the  
temple.

Artimer, followed by Pharamond, ap-  
proached the altar, and touching the eyes  
of

the princess with the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, the scales immediately fell off, and she, with horreur, beheld the deformity of the monster to whom she was on the point of giving her hand. Artimer, in the mean while, covering himself with the *Shield of Temperance*, escaped a stroke aimed at his breast by *Persecution*, and at the same instant pierced the monster to the heart; while Pharamond, defended by the *Talisman of True Piety*, destroyed *Superstition* at the altar he had so often defiled with his sorceries: but alas! thus employed, they observed not that the princess, in whose defence their swords had been raised, was not present to greet their victory: struck with horreur and consternation at the deformity of *Persecution*, and the treachery of the magician who had sought to unite her with such a monster, Ariante had fled, during the confusion, from the temple; and thus Pharamond, at the moment in which he thought to reap the

reward of his constancy and sufferings, found himself involved in fresh grief and perplexity.

He in vain strove to account for the absence of Ariante, and assisted by the generous Artimer, who was not less surprised than himself at an event so unexpected, sought her throughout the temple, and in the adjacent wood. The princess was not to be found; and the anxiety of Pharamond was still more increased when he could gain no tidings of her at the palace, to which he flattered himself she might have returned. Artimer used every effort to console him, but finding all ineffectual, and being anxious to accomplish the adventure he had undertaken in behalf of the captive knight, he left him overwhelmed with affliction, but penetrated with the most lively gratitude, for the service he had rendered the princess.

Our

Our Knight of the Rose now proceeded with all speed to the abode of *Chimæra*, and in a short time arrived at the foot of the mountain upon which it was situate. The top of the mountain was enveloped in clouds, which prevented discovering any thing distinctly, till having ascended half-way he perceived a knight approach, whom he judged by the description to be the same who was held by *Chimæra*; but how was he surprised upon a near view, in the stranger to behold the Knight of the Crescent, whom he had formerly left at the abode of *Application*, on his way to the *Enchanted Tower*.

The knights expressed equal joy at a meeting so unexpected. "You see me now," said the Knight of the Crescent, after the first salutation, "at the summit of my wishes! come, be witness of my happiness, and partake it." Saying this, he took the hand of Artimer, and would have led him to the summit of the mountain,

tain, had not this obliging eagerness been checked by the reluctance he observed in his friend: "You are miserably deceived," said Artimer, disengaging himself; "you are deluded by the sorceries of the monster *Chimæra*: let this prove the truth or falshood of what I assert."

As the young prince said this, obedient to the command of the lady by whom he was commissioned, he threw the golden chain, from which the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* depended, round the neck of the knight, who at the same instant turned his eye towards the summit of the mountain, with a countenance expressive of doubt and surprise. For a moment he seemed immovable; but Artimer, who awaited the event in silence, presently lost him amidst the vapour that encompassed the top of the mountain: in a short time he again appeared, and hastily advancing, "Let us flee this fatal spot," said he, with evident marks of consternation

tion and horreur; "it is replete with danger." Artimer readily consented, and they speedily descended the mountain.

The Knight of the Crescent spoke little till they had wholly lost sight of it, when he addressed his companion in these words: "It is time to express my sense of an obligation, which the services of my whole life cannot repay; generous Artimer, what do I not owe you for the precious gift, which has freed me from the most fatal delusion!"

"It is not to me," said the prince, "that your thanks are wholly due: rejoice with me nevertheless, that I have regained the *Shield of Temperance*, without which you could not have received the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*." He then related his interview with the lady in the *Temple of Wisdom*, adding what she had told him, viz. "That the *Pearl*, which would destroy the delusions of *Chimæra*, could only be

be borne to him by the knight who possessed the *Shield of Temperance.*"

During this time the countenance of the Knight of the Crescent expressed different emotions: he fully comprehended by whom the precious pearl had been committed to Artimer, and a thousand painful and pleasing ideas returned to his remembrance: "O Heaven," said he, as the prince ceased speaking, "may I then hope to possess the treasure I have lost!" Artimer, who judged he spoke of the lady, assured him that she waited his return in the *Temple of Wisdom.*

The Knight was transported; "Let me fly," said he, "and expiate my errors at her feet."

Artimer reminded him, that they were some days journey from the *Temple of Wisdom*, and that his present transports would



would rather retard than forward their progress thither.

The Knight of the Crescent acknowledged the justness of this remark, and becoming more calm, as they proceeded on their journey, at the request of his companion related the adventures, that had befallen him since their last meeting, in the following words.

THE  
 ADVENTURES  
 OF THE  
 KNIGHT OF THE CRESCENT,  
 CONTINUED.

You may remember, said the knight, that you left me hastening to the abode of *Application*, by whose assistance I hoped to obtain the treasures of the *Enchanted Tower*. I found the good old sire, as I expected, in his cell; rejoiced at my return, he embraced me with affection, and after a few gentle chidings, set out with me once more for the tower. Whether it were from the shame of having deserted so valuable a friend, by drinking contrary to his advice at the *Fountain of Lassitude*, or from the mortifying reflection, that through  
 my

my imprudence I had the same ground to traverse again, I know not, but I certainly did not renew my journey with the same alacrity as I first entered upon it: however I was resolved to persevere, and as we passed through the labyrinth by the help of the clew I had received from *Method*, I found the difficulties which at first disgusted me decreased, and the prospect as we proceeded brightened in proportion.

The clew gradually unravelled, and brought us at length to a cave, the entrance of which was guarded by two fierce serpents; which instead of springing forward, as I expected, on the approach of my sage friend, retreated, and we passed unmolested into the cave. On one side of it was a small door of adamant, which, being touched by *Application*, flew open, and discovered a flight of stone steps. We lost no time in descending, but at the bottom our progress seemed to be

inter-

interrupted by two fierce lions: these, however, subdued by the power of *Application*, crouched at our feet, and like the serpents at the entrance of the cave suffered us to pass.

I had no time to express my astonishment at the wonders effected by my companion; we pressed forward into a small square court, the pavement of which was of porphyry, engraven with a variety of hieroglyphic characters, which *Application*, as we crossed it, explained. From this court we ascended by several steps into a beautiful temple. At the extremity I discovered a white cloud, which upon the approach of my sage friend dispersed, and a beautiful youth, whom I understood to be *Mathematics*, the genius of the place, stood exposed to our view. Encouraged by *Application*, I advanced to receive a golden wand, which the beneficent genius resigned with a smile of approbation, telling me it would give me admit-

admittance to the *Enchanted Tower*. Attended by my sage friend, I bent my course thither without interruption, and striking the portal with the golden wand I had received from *Mathematics*, it instantly flew open, and we entered a hall of white marble. Thence we advanced up a flight of winding stairs, and entered a magnificent chamber, in which were assembled a crowd of young virgins, each covered with a thin veil. I advanced towards one of them, whose name I understood to be *Astronomy*, and touching her, as I had been taught, with the golden wand, she threw off her veil, and with an air of majestic sweetness, bestowed upon me a compass, which she said would direct me to the abode of the fairy *Navigation*, from whom I should receive the casket of *Commerce*.

The next that attracted my attention, was named *Logic*: she, like the former, threw off her veil, and with a gracious smile,

smile, presented me with a stone, which, being unpolished, I considered of small value, till she informed me it would enable me to prevail against one of the most subtil enchanters.

The next who threw off her veil was named *Metaphysics*, whose gift was a golden key, which she said would unlock the secrets of nature. But I shall tire you, said the Knight of the Crescent, with a detail so minute; suffice it to say, that each of the virgins being touched with the golden wand, threw off her veil, and bestowed upon me some inestimable gift: *Geography, Arithmetic, Geometry, Perspective*, and others, each in turn unveiled, and delivered up the treasure committed to her charge. I was dazzled with the lustre and variety of their charms: my eye wandered enraptured over all, unwilling to give the preference to one. In this pleasing disorder, I was hurried into an apartment superior in richness to the

the former; at the upper end of which, upon a throne of pure gold, sat a lady of such surprising beauty, that my eye could scarcely endure the lustre of her charms; every perfection, which had singly attracted my admiration in the virgins, who on entering, arranged themselves round the throne, was centred in her. She beamed a smile on *Application*, who led me to the foot of her throne, where I prostrated myself with an air of diffidence and awful admiration. She raised me with a smile of dignity and sweetness. "Prince," said she, "the protection of the venerable sage, by whom I see you accompanied, convinces me, that you are not unworthy the treasures you have received from my virgins, who are skilled in the most occult secrets of nature. They were destined to reward the labours of the knight who should obtain the golden wand from *Mathematics*, and break the bonds which have so long confined me to this solitude."

"Madam,

“Madam,” I replied, “I should be but too happy in an opportunity to prove myself worthy the sentiments you entertain, and at the same time to convince you at what a high price I value your esteem; but is it possible, said I, alluding to the words she had last addressed to me, that necessity rather than choice has deprived the world of perfections, which to be acknowledged need but to be seen? is it possible that this tower, replete with so much splendour, should be to you an irksome prison rather than a chosen retirement?”

“I have been long,” said the lady, “by the powers of enchantment, confined to this tower; but my captivity, though strict and unmerited, has not, as you suppose, been irksome. Virtue and knowledge, young prince, are able, not only to render solitude delightful, but to soften the horrors of captivity itself. From what you have already said, you  
are



are I judge a stranger to my story ; I will acquaint you with it in a few words.— My name is *Science* ; I am of illustrious descent, and was once the acknowledged heir of a mighty kingdom ; but who can trust to the deceitful smiles of fortune ! The sceptre of my ancestors unfortunately devolved on me during my infancy ; it was therefore, with universal consent, transferred to the wise men of the realm, who were deputed to govern till I should attain a proper age to resume it. In the mean time I was committed to the care of *Application*, and in compliance with the laws of my country in such cases, sent to a castle some leagues from the city to prosecute my studies. By my venerable friend *Application*, I was instructed in such things as were deemed necessary to render me a blessing to the people I was expected one day to govern, and from him also attained a complete knowledge of the magic arts ; but the power I had acquired, though great, could  
not

not counteract the malice of my enemies. *Prejudice*, one of the most powerful magicians, united his art with that of the fairy *Neglect*, to seat *Ignorance* the son of *Idleness*, who had been destroyed by the distaff of *Industry*, upon the throne. The time of my minority at length expired; my studies were completed, and the moment approached in which I was to receive the crown of my ancestors from the elders of the city. My heart beat with confidence and exultation; I already in idea heard the plaudits of an affectionate people, whose zeal I resolved to reward by the sacrifice of my whole life to their felicity; but alas! this pleasing dream was chased by a painful reality. My presence, instead of producing joy, excited universal disgust; and notwithstanding the justice of my claim, and the veneration in which my name was still held, the crown was with one consent placed upon the head of *Ignorance*, who had been led into the temple by the magician *Prejudice*, a  
few

few minutes before my arrival. My indignation could only be surpassed by my astonishment, which was so great, that I could not at first collect the powers of my mind sufficiently, to examine into the cause of the indignity I suffered: but this was not long concealed from me. *Prejudice*, whose machinations during my retirement had been but too successful, had by a potent spell, wrought so powerfully on the whole nation that to the dis-tempered imagination of all present, I resembled *Chimera*, a monster of the most hideous deformity, whom they were persuaded *Application* had produced in my room. I in vain called forth my powers to defeat the malice of my enemies; I found, with inexpressible grief, that I was unable to destroy the fatal delusion, which *Prejudice* had caused for my undoing, or to counteract the art of the fairy *Neglect*, who by powerful spells at length enclosed me in this tower, to which with my virgins, I had fled for refuge.

“*Mathematics* alone possessed the wand, that could give access to my retreat; and his abode was encompassed with difficulties, that could only be overcome by the power of the sage *Application*, to counteract which, *Neglect* raised the *Fountain of Lassitude* in the way to it: this, added to the intricacies of the *Enchanted Wood*, would have afforded me small hopes of deliverance, had I not had recourse to my art, by which I discovered, that in spite of the obstacles raised by my enemies, the golden wand would one day be possessed by a knight, who was destined to reign with me in my native dominions. Though the pains of a tedious captivity were softened by the society of my virgins, and the consciousness that my misfortunes were unmerited, yet at times I could not forbear looking back with regret upon the crown my enemies had usurped, and lamenting, even with tears, the fatal delusion which had perverted the better judgment of my

my subjects; I will confess, therefore, that my heart dilated in the prospect of being one day restored to the throne I had lost; but, however great the satisfaction I felt upon the occasion, it did not surpass that of my faithful virgins, whose joy was such, that they made a solemn vow, each to bestow upon the knight who should obtain the golden wand, which was to effect my deliverance, a gift of such magnitude, that it should at once recompense his labours; and testify the high price at which they set my freedom.

“Fame, notwithstanding the obscurity of my retreat, got intelligence of these particulars, and published to the world, that treasures of inestimable value awaited the knight who should have constancy to pass the *Fountain of Lassitude*, and obtain the golden wand from *Mathematics*. This, as I discovered by my art, daily excited numbers to set out for my retreat;

but experience, young prince, has taught us, that you were the happy favourite of Heaven, to whom the treasures, which have excited the vain attempts of so many, were destined: may you long enjoy them with honour and security!"

You will not be surprised, said the knight of the Crescent, that, captivated as I was with the beauties of *Science*, her words made a deep impression on my heart, and animated me with hope and joy. In myself, I thought I saw the knight, for whom the happiness of restoring to *Science* the sceptre she had lost was reserved: transported with this idea, when she ceased speaking, I could not forbear throwing myself at her feet, and expressing all that my transports prompted on the occasion; but *Science*, who, perhaps, thought I presumed too much, in so readily interpreting what she had said to my own advantage, beheld me, methought, with less complacency,  
and

and turning with an air of serene dignity to my sage companion, requested that he would acquaint her with what had befallen him since they parted. The good old sire readily obeyed, and satisfied her curiosity, according to his usual custom, in a few words,

“On that memorable day,” said he, “when *Ignorance*, by the power of *Prejudice*, obtained the crown, to which you, charming *Science*, were alone entitled, I fled, as you well know, to escape the fury of an infatuated populace. I transported myself many leagues from the city, but soon discovered all that had befallen you: I saw that the tower to which you had fled for refuge was become your prison; and was no stranger to the obstacles which your enemies, and especially *Neglect*, to secure the sceptre to the prince she favours, had raised in the way to it. I was too much interested in your fate, to hesitate what course I

G 3

should

should pursue ; I resolved to give you freedom ; but to effect this, I found that an agent was necessary. I repaired, therefore, to the *Enchanted Wood*, near which I fixed my abode, and daily accosted all those who, excited either by curiosity, or desirous of possessing the treasures justly reported to be concealed in the tower, attempted to explore a path to it ; but I was long unsuccessful ; those whom I addressed, disgusted, perhaps, at the simplicity of my appearance, or relying little upon the assurance I gave them of success, if they did not wholly reject me as a companion, constantly drank at the *Fountain of Lassitude*, and proceeded no farther. In short, I was so often repulsed, and my counsels rejected, that I began to despair of being able to surmount the enchantment by which *Neglect* had secluded you from the world. My hopes revived when I was accosted by the Knight of the Crescent, who I soon discovered was destined to reign with you  
in



in your native dominions. After a variety of adventures, of which he can himself best inform you, I conducted him to the abode of *Mathematics*, from whom he received the wand, which has given us admittance to your retreat."

*Science*, with a grace peculiar to herself, thanked *Application* for the interest he had ever taken in all that concerned her; and improving the hint he had given her, requested that I would relate my adventures. I obeyed; and gave a true recital of all that had befallen me; not concealing the errors which had so long retarded my progress to the tower, or forgetting to give full weight to the obligations I owed to my sage friend *Application*, to whose aid alone I was indebted for my present happiness. Then touching upon the theme nearest my heart, "Madam," said I, "since I am the happy possessor of the golden wand, suffer me to aspire still higher: suffer me to approve myself

G 4

worthy

worthy of it, by revenging you upon your enemies, and restoring to you the diadem they have so unjustly usurped : arduous as the design may appear, I despair not of success if my venerable friend *Application*—”

I would have proceeded, but was interrupted by the sage. “ Prince,” said he, “ my power extends no farther—I have exerted it to the utmost in your behalf ; rest satisfied in the possession of *Science* ; you are worthy of her esteem, nor will she withhold it ; but tempt not dangers, against which it requires a superior force to prevail : *Neglect* and *Lassitude* are more easy to combat than *Prejudice*. You are one day destined to lead *Science* to the throne she has lost through the machinations of her enemies, but the time of her exile is not accomplished.”

I will not trouble you with what passed farther upon the subject, but hasten to  
inform

inform you, that I plighted my vows to *Science*, in the presence of *Application*, who having received our united thanks for his services, a few days after left the tower and set out for his hermitage.

You will judge that I was now at the summit of my wishes; but alas! how seldom do we know how to estimate the joys we possess! Blest as I was in the smiles of *Science*, something was still wanting to complete my felicity. I longed to see those perfections, which fettered me eternally in her chains, acknowledged by the whole world; and felt that my happiness was imperfect, till *Science* possessed the sceptre she alone seemed worthy to sway. *Application* had told me, that I was in due time destined to lead her to the throne of her ancestors; but this did not satisfy my impatience; I wished to accelerate the event, and believed it possible, notwithstanding the insurmountable obstacles that venerable sage had assured me must

frustrate the attempt. I was persuaded, that among the treasures I had received from the virgins, I should find the secret to overrule the power of *Prejudice*, and resolved to hazard the attempt. I communicated this resolution to *Science*, who, at my earnest solicitations, consented to set out with me for her kingdom. I was charmed with her compliance, and felt confident that our expedition would be crowned with success: but *Science*, who better knew the power of her enemy, seemed rather to have yielded to my persuasions, than to have been convinced by my arguments. However, in a short time we left the tower laden with the treasures it contained, and began our journey.

Having travelled some days, about noon we made towards a wood that appeared on one side of the road, resolving to repose till the sun declined: but how fatal was this resolution! We had not long

long enjoyed the cool breeze, before my evil genius prompted me, while *Science* and her virgins reposed upon a grassy bank, to penetrate farther into the wood, and I insensibly wandered into a flowery path, which brought me to the foot of a beautiful mountain, at some distance. It rose with a gradual ascent, and was covered with trees, laden with blossoms of great beauty and variety, which scented the air with the richest perfumes, and presented the most enchanting prospect to the eye. I was inclined to ascend, but reflecting that I had already wandered farther from *Science* than I at first designed, I was on the point of returning, when my ear was struck with the most melodious sounds. As they appeared at hand, I could not resist the inclination I felt to discover the charming musician, whom I judged to be concealed from my view by the intervening trees of the mountain. As I advanced, the melody appeared to go before me, though it seemed still

so near, that I was every instant in expectation of discovering the object of my pursuit: sometimes the breeze seemed to bear the sounds to a greater distance, then again they were at hand: now I pursued them on one side, now on the other; in short, I had engaged so far in the pursuit, that upon looking toward the west, I beheld with astonishment, that the sun began to decline. At this instant the melody ceased, and a few paces from me I perceived a youth of the most engaging figure; over his shoulders was thrown a mantle of party-coloured silk; upon his head he wore a chaplet of various flowers, and in his hand held a golden harp, from which the enchanting sounds had proceeded. On seeing me advance, he stopped and received the praises I bestowed on his skill with an air of satisfaction: "You are not," he replied, "the first whom the melody of my harp has induced to ascend this mountain. On the contrary, few who have approached within

within the sound of it have been able to resist the attraction ; on this account I am called the Harper of the Mountain, but my true name is *Imagination*. My abode is at hand ; suffer me to conduct you to it, for be assured you cannot gain the foot of the mountain before the sun be set, and after that you will incur danger from the serpents, which infest the mountain by night."

"Is it possible," replied I, "that I have wandered so far up the mountain, as to be unable to descend before the sun be set?"

"It is even so," replied the harper ; "the melody which induced you to ascend rendered you insensible of the ground you passed over ; but be not alarmed, you can spend the night in safety with me."

"I cannot," I replied, "accept your offer, however salutary or inviting ; I have left  
a lady

a lady in the plain beneath, who already I fear through my imprudence suffers the utmost anxiety; my absence from her may be productive of the most fatal consequences."

"Be advised," said the harper, renewing his invitation; "the distance precludes all idea of a safe return."

"No matter," said I, "I will return or perish in the attempt; oblige me, therefore, by showing me the nearest path by which I can descend."

"Since you are resolved to return," said the subtle harper, "and I have, in some measure, been the cause of your present dilemma, I will exert my power in your behalf."

Saying this, without explaining himself farther, he produced a small berry, which at his request, I was so indiscreet  
as



as to swallow, and from that instant remembered no more, till awaking from a deep sleep, I perceived through the windows of a spacious apartment, that the sun was fully risen. At first I imagined I was in a dream; but having called to mind the events of the preceding evening, and convinced myself, that if it were a dream it was a waking one, I began to gaze with astonishment upon the splendour that appeared to surround me. The couch upon which I was laid seemed to be of rose-coloured satin, embroidered with gold, and the walls of the apartment of crystal, ornamented with a profusion of gems.

While I contemplated these wonders, two nymphs entered, and without staying to reply to several questions I put to them, hurried me into a magnificent hall, at the upper end of which, seated upon a throne of jewels, methought I beheld *Science*. Delighted and surprised at this  
unex-

unexpected meeting, I threw myself at her feet, and entreated her pardon for my absence, acquainting her with the circumstances that had occasioned it. She observed, in her turn, that we were indebted for our reunion to the friendly offices of the Harper of the Mountain, who had conveyed me, in the sleep he had produced by the berry he had given me, to her palace: "Be not surprised," continued she, "this happy region owns my sway; here, my dear prince, we will together reign supreme: the dangers I taught you to expect ere you could restore to me the sceptre of my ancestors were ideal, invented merely to heighten your happiness, by rendering it the less expected."

I was enchanted with this discourse, and fancied I beheld *Science* adorned with a thousand graces and charms, to which I had till now been a stranger. I will not tell you how long I gave myself up to  
 this

this fatal delusion; I blush at the recollection; suffice it to say, that one day as I took the air before the palace, I saw a knight ascend the mountain upon the summit of which it was situate.—Need I add that it was my friend: I advanced to invite you, as a stranger, to take refreshment:—you know what followed. The *Pearl of perfect Judgment* was no sooner mine, than instead of a palace blazing with gold and jewels, I beheld a confused heap of vapours. I doubt not that my countenance expressed my consternation: curiosity led me to the summit of the mountain, and for the last time I entered the air blown palace of *Chimæra*. Words cannot describe the deformity of the monster herself; she had the face of a cockatrice, the body of a vulture, the paws of a tiger; in short, her form represented a heterogeneous mass of all things; yet this monster, so much was I intoxicated by *Enthusiasm*, the berry I had received from *Imagination*,

to

to whose conduct I had too implicitly delivered myself, I had mistaken for *Science*, the charming queen to whom I had plighted my vows in the *Enchanted Tower!* Her attendants, whom I had once thought virgins of exquisite beauty, were hideous as herself; in short, were I to describe all the monstrous forms, which struck my eye in the palace of *Chimæra*, I should equally tire your patience and excite your disgust. *Chimæra* finding that I was no longer the dupe of her delusions, as a last effort to detain me, waved her wand, but thanks to your kindness, the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* defended me from her enchantment, and I fled, as you well know, with horreur from her abode."

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As the Knight of the Crescent concluded his narrative, they saw a lady mounted upon a white steed, and attended by a train of young virgins, advance towards

wards them. Artimer soon knew her to be the same who had accosted him in the *Temple of Wisdom*; and the Knight of the Crescent with inexpressible rapture flew to meet *Science*, the charming mistress of his affections! Alarmed at seeing the time elapsed in which Artimer had pledged himself to return with her knight, to relieve her anxiety, she had advanced thus far on the way to meet them. Artimer excused his delay by relating the adventure in which he had engaged in behalf of Pharamond and the princess Ariante; and the Knight of the Crescent having acknowledged his errors, requested *Science* to acquaint him by what happy means she had obtained the pearl, which had freed him from the delusion of *Chimæra*. She complied in these words: “It is difficult to determine whether grief or consternation prevailed most when I found myself deserted: the pangs I felt when driven from my native land by *Prejudice* and *Neglect* were light in comparison to those I suffered  
from

from your absence: I strove in vain to discover the cause of it, and awaited your return with the most cruel anxiety. At length finding all hope of it vain, I began to distrust the art which had formerly assured me I should one day share the throne of my ancestors, with the knight who possessed the golden wand. This plunged me in despair, and I was on the point of secluding myself for ever from the world in the tower I had at your solicitation left, when unexpectedly a venerable sage stood before me. ‘*Science,*’ said he, addressing me with a sedate countenance, ‘Fate, at length weary of persecuting thee, sends me to thy relief: my name is *Time*: I am the great magician to whom all Nature is subservient. From me receive the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, which can alone destroy the enchantment, by which *Prejudice* has so long deprived thee of thy native inheritance, and restore to thee the Knight of the Crescent: he is detained by the monster  
*Chimera,*

*Chimera*, who, excited by thy enemy *Prejudice*, has seduced him by taking thy resemblance. In the *Temple of Wisdom* wait the arrival of prince Artimer, and solicit his aid; for the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* must be borne to the Knight of the Crescent by him who is possessed of the *Shield of Temperance.* Having said this, he expanded his wings, which grief had at first prevented my observing, and fled; leaving me possessed of the precious pearl, and animated with the most lively joy.

“ I repaired without loss of time to the *Temple of Wisdom*, where I had soon the happiness of meeting prince Artimer, who, by bearing to you the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, has conferred on us a lasting obligation. The days of my exile,” continued *Science*, directing her discourse to the Knight of the Crescent, “ are accomplished; the happy period is arrived, when you shall lead me in triumph to the throne

throne *Ignorance* has so long usurped: yes, my dear knight, the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* will be equally effectual to destroy the power of *Prejudice* as that of *Chimæra*: we may now, free from impediment or danger, proceed on our journey."

Impatient as our hero was to accomplish the great design upon which he had been dispatched by Brandezar, such was the affection he had conceived for *Science* and the Knight of the Crescent, that he was unable to resist the inclination he felt to see them peaceably settled in their dominions; at their request, therefore, he consented to attend them, and they accordingly set forward together.

One day in the course of their journey, they passed a noble mansion, before which a number of peasants were assembled on an extensive lawn, engaged in different rural diversions; dancing, shooting with  
the



the bow, wrestling, running, &c. Curiosity induced our travellers to stop; which being observed by the lord of the mansion, he courteously advanced, and pressed them to enter and take refreshment. The knights and their companions readily consented, and followed him into the mansion, where plenty and hospitality seemed to reside. Their host, whose name was Cleander, and whose age did not appear to exceed twenty-five, was perfectly engaging in his person and manners; but they were particularly charmed with the noble simplicity of *Independence*, a young beauty, to whom he introduced them upon their entrance. An elegant collation was presently served, after which our knights diverted themselves with the rural games that were exhibited upon the lawn: Artimer, to whom it recalled the happy life he had led among the shepherds, was particularly interested in this rural scene; he viewed with pleasure the harmless mirth of the honest

honest rustics, and, turning to Cleander, asked whether they were assembled to celebrate any particular festival?

“To answer your question fully,” said Cleander, who was so prepossessed in favour of the noble strangers, that he wished for a pretence to detain them longer his guests, “I should give you some particulars of my own life; as they are rather singular, the recital may not be unworthy your attention; be my guests this night, and I will recount them.” Our travellers, who observed that the sun declined fast toward the west, accepted the invitation, and at their request their courteous host began the promised narrative as follows.

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
CLEANDER,  
INCLUDING THOSE OF  
INDEPENDENCE,  
A NYMPH OF THE MOUNTAIN.

I AM a native, said he, of this fertile region. From my youth I was attached to the chase; I was dexterous in throwing the javelin and bending the bow; but though I delighted in these ruder sports, my breast was not steeled against a gentler passion: I was early fired by the charms of *Independence*; a native of the steep mountain that bounds our horizon; there I saw, nor will you be surprised, that from the first moment I loved her. Our affection soon became mutual, and I with

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transport

transport anticipated the happy period, that was to make her mine by indissoluble ties; but alas! in the moment of security she was cruelly snatched from my hopes. —The opposite coast was inhabited by a powerful giant, named *Oppression*, the terrour of surrounding nations. Hideous and deformed beyond what imagination can paint, this monster demanded *Independence*, all lovely as you now behold her, in marriage. The fame of her beauty had fired his brutal desires, and unless they were satisfied, he threatened to lay waste the whole mountain. This dreadful mandate struck terrour through every heart. The natives loved *Independence*, whom they well knew to be descended from *Liberty*, the genius of their mountain; but they felt, that they were unable to resist the force of *Oppression*, whose power was the more formidable, as he was known to be invested with a portion of the magic art. You who now view the charms of *Independence* must judge what I felt in  
the

the thought of foregoing them : I in vain with tears and threats opposed her departure ; the fatal sentence was pronounced ; the bark that was to convey her to the hated monster already waited ; and with anguish too great for words to utter, I beheld her exiled, as I then thought, for ever, from her native land, and offered up a victim to the remorseless tyrant.

Grief at this dreadful moment overpowered me : I fell senseless on the earth, and was conveyed by my too officious friends from the fatal spot : but when I revived, and found *Independence* irrecoverably lost, I began to upbraid myself as the cause of my miseries. Why did I not, I exclaimed, sacrifice my life in her defence ? I should have died rather than have been witness to her departure. These self reproaches were insupportable : I resolved to follow, and deliver her from the monster, or perish in the attempt ; but adverse winds detained me, and for several

H 2

days

days I endured a suspense more intolerable than despair itself. At length however I crossed the cruel seas which divided us, but alas! I in vain sought *Independence* throughout the extensive domains of *Oppression*. A storm had wrecked the bark in which she sailed, and it was no longer doubted, but that she had perished in the waves.

Hope was now no more, and joy seemed eternally banished from my heart: the thought of returning to my native land was irksome to me, and I resolved to abandon for ever a spot, where every object, by reminding me of the happiness I had once enjoyed, must increase my misery. With this view I travelled through different countries, and hoped that time and change would banish the remembrance of my woes: but the image of *Independence* was indelibly stamped upon my heart; still I looked back on the happy moments I had spent in her society, and

and sighed for joys which I thought could never return. I will not trouble you with a recital of my adventures, till one day in passing the foot of a certain mountain, my eye was caught by a small box of ebony. I took it up, and found it to contain a sort of talisman, as I judged by the hieroglyphic characters that surrounded it; but as I could not comprehend the use of it, I shut the box, and putting it into my bosom, was continuing my way, when an old woman of the most hideous appearance stood before me.—“Wherefore, unthinking youth,” said she, with a frown that rendered her aspect still more disgusting, “wherefore dost thou delay to improve the treasure committed to thee by fortune? Art thou not sensible, that the golden compass, which was given by *Astronomy* to the Knight of the Crescent, is in thy possession? Or art thou ignorant that it will lead thee to the abode of *Navigation*, the fairy who will deliver to thee the *Casket of Commerce*.”

“Alas! my good mother,” said I, “if the fairy to whom you say the golden compass, by which I judge you mean the talisman contained in the box of ebony I have just found, could give me back the charming nymph I have lost, with what joy should I seek her abode; but alas—

“He,” interrupted the stern hag, “who neglects to improve the good which fortune offers, is unworthy of that she withholds.”

“I am ignorant,” I replied, “of the advantage I should gain by possessing the casket of which you speak.”

“Fool!” resumed she, “in the *Casket of Commerce* thou wilt possess a never failing source of wealth; it is always full; the riches it contains can never be exhausted.”

This account appeared to me so miraculous,



culous, that I treated it as a mere fable, and rejected the counsel of the old woman in a manner that too plainly marked the contempt I entertained for it.

“Is it thus,” said she, “that my friendly counsels are rejected! Wretch,” continued she, knitting her angry brows, “tremble at the power thou hast offended; my name is *Necessity*: henceforth, ingrate, as a punishment for thy insolence and obstinacy, till thou hast obtained the precious casket, of which, nevertheless, thou art unworthy, my curse shall attend thee: thorns shall spring beneath thy feet, and thy path be intercepted by the loathsome toad, and poisonous scorpion.” Having said this, she struck me with her crutch, and I instantly found myself in a dreary desert, far from the habitations of men. The soil produced only thistles, and nourished reptiles of the most noisome and venomous quality: my feet were often wounded by the sharp thorn,

and the dreadful hissing of serpents, which I expected every instant to spring upon me, chilled my blood with inconceivable horror; in a word, the curse which the fairy had denounced against me was fully accomplished. I strove in vain to escape from the unkindly region, into which *Necessity* had transported me; at every step the dangers and difficulties seemed to increase; hills rose on hills before me: I was bewildered in a waste whence I believed death alone could deliver me. I was on the point of giving myself up to despair, when suddenly the *Casket of Commerce*, of which I had never once thought since the fairy disappeared, recurred to my remembrance, and animated my bosom with hope. I recollected, that *Necessity* had doomed me to her wrath no longer than till I should obtain the casket, and resolved to have immediate recourse to the compass: I had so, and by bending my course invariably to that part of the Heavens, to which, by consulting the hieroglyphics,

glyphics, I found it directed me, I arrived at the foot of a stupendous rock. Upon the summit, which commanded an unbounded prospect of the ocean, *Navigation* had fixed her abode: I ascended to it by a winding path, cut, or more properly formed, by the art of the fairy, out of the rock, and demanded the precious casket: which she, observing the talisman that had directed me to her habitation, immediately delivered to me enclosed in an ark of gold. I received it with gratitude and joy, not doubting but that the wrath of the vindictive fairy, who had first urged me to seek it, would now subside. I was not mistaken; I left the abode of *Navigation*, and travelled through meads enamelled with flowers, and watered by crystal brooks; at length being anxious to examine the contents of my casket, I retired to a shady bank, and took it from the golden ark. I found, indeed, as I had been told, that the wealth it contained was inexhaustible;

if one moment it appeared to diminish, it was the next more abundantly offered to my hand. I gazed upon the sparkling ore with astonishment and delight, as I poured it forth on the bank, and rejoiced a thousand times in the resolution I had taken of setting out in pursuit of such a treasure. It was some time before I could persuade myself to rise and continue my journey, and when I did, the pleasing image I had been contemplating was still present to my imagination; in idea the glittering treasure still danced before my eyes, and every instant made a deep impression on my heart. It soon became the reigning object of my affections: that noble passion I had once entertained for *Independence*, which had survived, even though I believed her lost to me for ever, was no more: *Avarice!* I blush at the recollection, supplied the place which she was wont to occupy. Though *Necessity*, when she first urged me to seek the *Casket of Commerce*, had assured

assured me its treasures were inexhaustible, and though daily experience might have convinced me they were, I began to fear, that the charm which occasioned the phenomenon of its being always full might in time be dissolved, and the casket remain empty. I resolved therefore, to be doubly diligent in heaping together and securing the wealth, that at present flowed from it. This became the sole delight and employment of my life; to it I sacrificed every other, and I found, that however great the quantity of wealth I amassed, my desire of it increased in proportion: in short, I began to consider the dimensions of the casket as too confined, and invented a thousand stratagems to enlarge it, that it might pour forth more abundantly that wealth, which already flowed from it in a profusion capable of satisfying all but the insatiable avarice with which I was tormented. Among other expedients I had recourse to a skillful dwarf, named *Cunning*, who, having

made various essays on it without success, mentioned a fairy whose power, he assured me, would accomplish what I desired, and offered to conduct me to her abode.

I did not at first much relish this proposal: the name of the fairy to whom the dwarf proposed to conduct me was *Fraud*, and she was well known to be one of the most vile and treacherous of her race: I therefore dreaded the consequences, that might ensue from the visit, and made my objections accordingly; but *Cunning*, with whom I was become very familiar, soon overcame my scruples, and reconciled me to *Fraud*, to whose abode in a short time he conducted me.

The fairy received us very graciously, and was no sooner made acquainted with the cause of my visit, than she promised to exert her power to accomplish my wish. "You could not," said she, "have

“ have applied to one more capable of effecting your desire, than myself. The wealth you have hitherto drawn from the casket is nothing in comparison to that you shall henceforth by my power derive from it.” Having said thus, she commanded me to produce the casket. I joyfully obeyed, and having set it before her, awaited the result in silent expectation. In idea I already saw the casket expand in proportion to my desires, and my eyes were anxiously fixed on it, ready greedily to devour the profusion I every instant expected to flow from it: but no sooner had *Fraud* struck it with her fatal wand, than I beheld it instantly close; and turning to express my surprise, observed the countenance of the fairy herself covered with shame and confusion. Alarmed at what I saw, I seized the precious casket, and attempted to open it; but oh Heavens! I found with distraction that my efforts were ineffectual. Is this, said I, in a transport of grief, the end of all

all my hopes? In striving to increase my treasures, am I for ever deprived of them? Then I made fresh efforts to open the casket, and cursed the avarice which had seduced me to the abode of *Fraud*, whose fatal wand I doubted not had closed it for ever.

The fairy, to whom this effect was equally unexpected as to myself, exerted all the art she was mistress of, to put me in possession of the treasures that were withheld; but her efforts I had the mortification to see, instead of opening, closed the casket still more firmly; *Cunning* also, who had first introduced me to *Fraud*, exerted his skill to counteract the effect her fatal wand had produced, and, at first, I was not without hopes that he might have succeeded, but in the end, his efforts were equally ineffectual.

The fairy seeing it in vain to make any  
farther



farther essays upon the casket, now applied herself to the task of consoling me. "Be not dismayed," said she, "though my art has failed in one instance, it is nevertheless great, and if you will follow my counsels, shall be cheerfully exerted to gratify your wishes. Do not therefore afflict yourself; though the *Casket of Commerce* is unluckily closed, trust to me, and I will furnish you with the means of adding still more abundantly to your stores." I had too fatally experienced the effects of the power *Fraud* offered to exert in my behalf, to be moved by her promises: my thoughts were wholly bent on the casket her wand had so unexpectedly closed, and without staying to reply, or to hear more, I left her abode with indignation. I could not, however, for some time rid myself of *Cunning*, who followed me, and was very assiduous to reinstate himself in my esteem; but as I attributed my misfortunes in a great measure to my intimacy  
with

with him, I took the first opportunity to rid myself of his company.

When I was alone I began to consider what course I had best pursue; for, upon reflexion, *Hope* did not quite forsake me. I thought it possible, that some expedient might yet be found to unclosethe casket; and, after much deliberation, resolved to apply to a fairy named *Assiduity*, whose power I flattered myself might counteract the effect produced by the wand of *Fraud*. I accordingly set out for her abode, and entertained sanguine hopes, that my expedition would be crowned with success; hopes, that upon my arrival I considered changed into certainty; for *Assiduity*, understanding that I came to solicit her aid to unclosethe *Casket of Commerce*, assured me, as *Fraud* had upon another occasion, that I could not have applied to one more capable than herself of assisting me. It soon however proved, that she estimated her power too highly: for  
 having

having made various essays on the casket, she returned it to me, as firmly closed as ever. "The casket, has I judge," said she, somewhat disconcerted, "been closed by *Fraud*, since it baffles all the exertions of my art, to which every other obstacle must have yielded. Tell me," continued she, "by what strange chance did it become subject to a power so malignant?"

I blushed at the question, and with some hesitation acknowledged, that *Avarice* had induced me to seek the assistance of *Fraud*, whose fatal wand had unexpectedly to us both closed it.

"It is not uncommon," said the fairy, "for *Fraud* and her associate *Cunning* to defeat their own purposes; it is the natural punishment of their crimes: but why did you not," continued *Assiduity*, "when you wished the *Casket of Commerce* to pour forth its treasures more abundantly, apply to me? my power it, is possible,

possible, might have effected your wish ; at least you would not have risked any thing by making a trial of it : but it is now too late ; the casket is, I fear, eternally closed by your imprudence."

These last words pierced me to the heart, and I departed overwhelmed with chagrin. I sat down at the foot of the first tree I came to, and fixing my eyes mournfully on the casket, which I now despaired ever to unclose, I lamented my folly with bitterness : " Had I moderated my desires," said I, " I had been happy : I had still possessed the treasures, which the precious casket poured abundantly into my lap, and enjoyed them with honour and security ; but I am justly punished for having suffered so vile a passion as Avarice to take possession of my heart, and seduce me to seek the aid of two powers, to whose depravity I was no stranger."

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These self reproaches aggravated my grief, and I remained for some time plunged in a deep melancholy. Hope, however, at length revived in my bosom, and I insensibly began to form a variety of projects, by some of which I flattered myself with a possibility of unclosing it. As I was thus employed, a venerable female stood before me. She looked upon me a moment in silence, and then addressing me in an accent that commanded attention; "Cease to perplex thyself," said she, "with projects which are no less vain, than they are extravagant. *Probity*, from whose abode thou art at present far distant, can alone unclothe the *Casket of Commerce*, and give thee possession of those treasures, which have been justly withheld from thy avarice."

I replied, that though I might be far from the abode of *Probity*, I should not consider any toils or dangers worth regarding, could I attain it.

"Your

“Your difficulties,” said she, “will be less, provided you keep the opposite path to that which led you formerly to the habitations of *Fraud*, and her associate *Cunning*: they are the avowed enemies of *Probity*, the fairy whose assistance you must seek, and will exert their art to seduce you; but persevere, and you cannot fail of arriving at her abode.”—Having said this the venerable monitress disappeared, telling me her name was *Experience*. Her words remained deeply impressed upon my heart, and fully resolved to solicit the aid of *Probity*, I set out without loss of time for her abode, carefully observing to keep the path *Experience* had pointed out to me. *Fraud* and *Cunning* nevertheless in the course of my journey made several efforts to regain the influence they had formerly over me, and especially *Cunning*, who approached me under so many different forms, and had recourse to arguments so specious to allure me from my path, that had I not been warned  
by

by my sage friend *Experience*, I should certainly have been seduced by his artifices: however, happily I discovered them in time, and persevered till I reached the abode of *Probity*. Upon my entrance, the beauty of this charming fairy, who was arrayed in garments of the purest white, struck me with admiration: nor was I less attracted by the charms of two fair nymphs who attended her, the one named *Confidence*, and the other *Honour*. I approached with timidity, conscious of my past errors, and laying the *Casket of Commerce* at her feet, would have made my request, had she not prevented me. "I am no stranger," said she, "to your story; your errors have been many; but since you have profited by the counsels of *Experience*, and notwithstanding the attempts of my enemies, *Fraud* and *Cunning*, have nobly persevered till you reached my abode, I will grant the request I perceive you are come to make:" saying this, with  
her

her powerful wand *Probity* struck the casket, and at the same instant it flew open.

The joy I felt, was so great, that I could not forbear expressing myself with a warmth, that occasioned the noble fairy to address me in these words: “the *Casket of Commerce* is an invaluable treasure; cherish it; but beware of estimating the wealth that flows from it too highly; beware of avarice, which seduced you to the abode of *Fraud* and *Cunning*, the fatal effects of which you would have felt still more severely, had you not been preserved by a retreat next to miraculous.”

“I am sensible,” I replied, “of my errors, and sincerely repent of them; but is it possible, that consequences more fatal than those I have already experienced could have resulted from my imprudence? Was not the precious casket, for which I toiled amidst innumerable dangers to the  
abode



abode of *Navigation*, closed by the fatal wand of *Fraud*?"

"True," said the fairy, "but had you accepted the offer she made you of farther assistance, her dominion over you had been complete; and you had inevitably been exposed to the wrath of *Justice*, the most potent of the celestial deities, and condemned eternally to the *Den of Disgrace*, from which no power, however great, could have delivered you: no, though mine had been exerted in your behalf, it had then proved ineffectual. Rejoice, therefore, that you were inspired with resolution to retreat before it was too late. Go," continued the fairy, seeing that I was deeply affected by her words, "draw instruction from thy past errors—moderate thy desires—and be happy." With these words she dismissed me.

When I reflected on the danger I had incurred

incurred by connecting myself with *Fraud* and *Cunning*, I resolved for ever to banish from my heart that avarice, which had led me to their habitations. I still prized the wealth of my casket, but I prized it in proportion to the happiness it enabled me to confer, not only on myself, but on others. I relieved the indigent, I redressed the injured, I rewarded merit in whatever station I found it; and thus employed, often exclaimed with transport, wealth, it is true, is in itself no blessing, but I am now sensible, that it is in our power to render it so.

In this manner I continued my journey, my heart dilating with the most grateful sensations, when one day entering a city situate on the seacoast, I observed a crowd assembled round several captives, exposed to sale by a pirate, who had just entered the port. Curiosity, or rather a happy impulse led me to approach; for  
how

how shall I describe my joy and surprise, when in one of them I discovered my long regretted lost *Independence!*

I had instant recourse to my casket, which, had it been possible, I would have exhausted to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the pirate, by whom she was thus indignantly exposed, and led her in triumph from the spot. Words cannot express our transports at this happy reunion after a separation which we believed had been for ever: it was some time before I was sufficiently calm to inquire by what miracle she had been preserved, and thus unexpectedly restored to my hopes; but our transports having somewhat subsided, she informed me, that the bark in which she was exiled from her native land had not, as we supposed, been wrecked on its way to the land of *Oppression*, but seized by *Rapine*, the pirate from whom I had happily redeemed her. To render my happiness complete, she

she informed me, that we had nothing more to fear from *Oppression*, whose power, she said, was reported to have been destroyed, at the time he was exerting it to regain her from *Rapine*, by whom he had discovered she was detained. Mutually agreeing in the wish of returning to our native land, we immediately embarked, and a few days since arrived, amidst the joyful acclamations of our honest neighbours, who are this day assembled to celebrate at once our return and our nuptials.

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The reader will conclude, that the noble guests of Cleander were more than commonly interested in his narrative, from the time the compass, by which the *Casket of Commerce* had been obtained, was mentioned. The Knight of the Crescent, especially, discovered visible marks of surprise and curiosity: the compass  
he

he well knew to be the same he had received from *Astronomy*, one of the virgins in the *Enchanted Tower*, and he recollected that he had lost it, when he was conveyed by the Harper of the Mountain to the palace of *Chimæra*.

Cleander, having completed his narrative, was acquainted with these particulars; when rising from his seat, he retired for a few minutes, and returned, bearing the *Casket of Commerce*. Accept, said he, laying it at the feet of the Knight of the Crescent, the precious casket by which I have regained *Independence*: in her my wishes are complete; I restore the *Casket of Commerce* with gratitude and pleasure.

All present were charmed with the noble conduct of Cleander, and a silence of some moments ensued; it was at length broken by the Knight of the Crescent. "Generous Cleander," said he, "the justice and moderation you  
 1 2 discover

discover prove, that you are worthy to possess the *Casket of Commerce*. Far be it from the Knight of the Crescent to deprive you of that you so well deserve: keep the rich Casket, and enjoy in peace that wealth which it contains." But though the generous knight refused the *Casket of Commerce*, he accepted the compass, by which it had been obtained. Science testified her approbation of his conduct, by a smile which heightened her beauty, and joy seemed equally diffused throughout the whole assembly.

Mutually pleased with each other, Cleander and his noble guests did not without regret see the time of separation draw nigh; submitting however to necessity, they took a friendly farewell, and the next morning the knights and their companions proceeded on their journey. The generous conduct of Cleander, his adventures, and the noble simplicity of his fair bride, who had from the first moment engaged their  
their

their esteem, occupied the minds of our travellers, and was the subject of their discourse, till on the summit of an adjacent hill they observed an old man, who made signs to them to stop, and descending hastily, advanced towards them. His hair was white as snow; his beard reached to his girdle, and he bore so strong a resemblance to the magician Brandezar, that had not Artimer worn the *Shield of Temperance*, which preserved him from the powers of enchantment, he had certainly mistaken him for his venerable friend. He accosted the Knight of the Crescent, and congratulated him in the most friendly terms, upon the acquisition of the precious *Pearl* which he saw in his possession; and turning to *Science* with an air of familiarity that made Artimer judge he was no stranger to her perfections, "Charming *Science*," said he, "with what joy do I see the happy period at hand, that will restore to you the sceptre *Ignorance* has so long usurped! Suffer me," said he, again,

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address-

addressing the Knight of the Crescent, “to employ my power in your service; *Science* has yet many enemies to encounter, and prince Artimer,” continued he, turning with an insinuating smile, to our Knight of the Rose, “is no stranger to the wonders the art of Brandezar is capable of effecting.” He would have proceeded farther, had he not been interrupted by the Knight of the Crescent, who, possessed of the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, under the specious form of Brandezar discerned *Sophistry*, one of the most subtle and dangerous enemies of *Science*.

*Prejudice*, who still supported the cause of *Ignorance*, sensible that the Knight of the Crescent possessed the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, and was hastening to dissolve by its influence at once his enchantments and his power, applied to *Sophistry*, who undertook to insinuate himself under the form of the sage Brandezar into the society of the knight, and obtain



obtain from him the precious pearl, which filled the breast of *Prejudice* with alarm: but in doing this *Sophistry* forgot, or perhaps knew not, that the Knight of the Crescent had received from one of the virgins in the train of *Science* a gift that was destructive to his power; for no sooner had the knight struck him with the precious gem bestowed on him by *Logic*, in the *Enchanted Tower*, than his features took a new turn; a garment, the specious folds of which had hitherto concealed his deformity, fell off, and Artimer, instead of the venerable form of Brandezar, beheld a hideous satyr. *Sophistry* finding himself thus foiled by *Logic*, confessed his treacherous design, and, divested of his power, fled covered with shame and ignominy.

The Knight of the Crescent continued his way rejoicing in the possession of the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, which had discovered to him the hideous form of

*Sophistry*, under the specious disguise he had assumed; nor did he forget to express his warmest acknowledgments to *Logic*, for the precious gem which had enabled him to destroy the power of so subtle an enemy; but they now drew nigh the dominions of *Science*, and in a few days the Knight of the Crescent bore into the city the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*. In the same instant the enchantment, by which *Prejudice* had seated *Ignorance* on the throne, was dissolved: *Science*, no longer mistaken for *Chimæra*, shone forth in all her native beauty, and was universally acknowledged Queen, and with the Knight of the Crescent crowned in the *Temple of Genius*.

*Prejudice*, in the mean while, sensible that his power was no more, attempted by flight to escape the punishment of his crimes; but the people, to whom the arts by which he had caused them to exile *Science* were now fully made known,

held

held him in such universal abhorrence, that it was with difficulty they were prevented from tearing him in pieces: however, being assured that the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* had wholly destroyed his power, they contented themselves with banishing him eternally to the Cave of Obscurity, there to spend his days with *Ignorance* and *Neglect*: the power of that malicious fairy had been declining from the time the Knight of the Crescent, by the assistance of *Application*, had surmounted the enchantments by which she hoped to have exiled *Science* eternally from her dominions, and it was now wholly destroyed.

Scarcely was sentence denounced against *Prejudice*, when the attention of the spectators was attracted by a young man, who made his way through the crowd, and advanced to the foot of the throne: his mien was graceful and majestic, but, though in the flower of his age, he was

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pale,

pale, meagre, and his countenance seemed impressed with an habitual melancholy. He addressed the Knight of the Crescent in a modest, but confirmed accent, and presenting to him an ebon staff on which he rested: "Accept, illustrious knight," said he, "that which is alone wanting to complete thy felicity; accept the *Staff of Stability*, which, though endued with inestimable virtues, can only be possessed with security by the happy, thrice happy favourite of Heaven, to whom *Time* has committed the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*." Having said this, he was modestly withdrawing to mix again with the crowd, when the Knight of the Crescent prevented him: "Generous stranger," said he, "though you confer on me an obligation too great for me ever to return, do not deny me the satisfaction of expressing to you, that I am sensible of it."

"Though you, illustrious knight,"  
replied

replied the stranger, “ from the *Staff of Stability* will derive happiness and glory, to me it has proved a source of misfortune: the sacrifice I make therefore, in resigning it, is unworthy the acknowledgments with which you would generously repay it.”

“ I am no stranger,” said the Knight of the Crescent, “ to the qualities of the *Staff of Stability*, which I have more than once heard spoken of and extolled by the sage *Application*. I receive it as a gift which will complete my felicity, by ensuring to me the possession of it. How is it possible, that a treasure so inestimable can have proved to you a source of misfortune ?” — “ Through my imprudence,” said the stranger, “ it has; but the pains of a tedious captivity are overpaid by the pleasure I at this moment feel in contributing to the happiness of the knight, by whom the power of *Prejudice* has been  
 16 destroyed.

destroyed, and *Science* restored to her native inheritance."

There was something so singular in the words of the young stranger, that they excited the curiosity of all present, but especially of the Knight of the Crescent, who took the first opportunity, when the crowd was dispersed, of requesting him, if the recital of his misfortunes would not be painful, and he had no particular reason for concealing them, that he would satisfy it. The stranger readily consented, and began his story in the following words.

THE  
ADVENTURES

OF

## PRINCE CADMUS.

I AM the younger son of a monarch, whose dominions lie far to the west of this city. My name is Cadmus. A few years ago my father, who is famed for his warlike achievements, conferred upon me the government of a small island, for which at the conclusion of a long war he had capitulated with a neighbouring potentate. I endeavoured to compensate for my youth and inexperience by a close application to the cares of government, and succeeded so well, that I quickly ingratiated myself with the natives, the purity of whose morals and manners was such, that they required  
little

little restriction from the laws: but why should I trouble you with these particulars; the tranquillity I enjoyed was of short duration. As the woods of the island afforded plenty of game, and I was naturally fond of the chase, my hours of relaxation were chiefly spent in this diversion. One day, in the heat of the sport, an old man in my train observed to me, with a look that seemed to forbid my farther progress, that the path, which the animal I was pursuing had taken, led directly to the grotto of Zorandis. The momentary resentment I felt at the interruption was overbalanced by the curiosity the words of my attendant, or at least, the mysterious manner in which they were spoken, excited: I stopped short, and requested an explanation. "Sir," said my attendant, "the grotto of Zorandis is held in such veneration by the natives of this island, that it is universally believed no one can enter it, or indeed approach it within a certain distance,



distance, unvisited by some signal misfortune."

"On what account," said I, "is it held in such veneration? Satisfy my curiosity, by telling me all you know concerning it."

"Sir," said Archus, for that was the name of my attendant, "before the conquest of this island, lived the sage from whom the grotto takes it's name: you cannot be a stranger to the fame of the wise Zorandis: his power, which gave him absolute dominion over all sublunary objects, was said to be delegated to him by *Virtue*, one of the celestial deities, who at the same time put into his hands the *Staff of Stability*. Beloved and revered by the whole island, throughout which his words were considered as a sacred law, Zorandis would have enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, had not domestic disquiets poisoned his repose. He had three sons, to whom he was attached  
by

by the tenderest ties of parental affection ; but, wholly unlike himself, they were obstinate, envious, and vain: they beheld his power with a jealous eye, and aspired to the sacred staff, whence he derived it. ‘ While our father,’ said they, ‘ is adored little short of idolatry, and his name borne by fame to the most distant parts of the earth, we are unknown, and even in this our native island scarcely noticed but as we are the sons of Zorandis. Our father is now old ; it is time that he resign the *Staff of Stability* to us, and with it the cares of government.’

“ Such was the discourse held by the ungrateful sons of Zorandis ; nor did they stop here : they exerted that influence, which they well knew they possessed over the affectionate heart of the good sage, to accomplish their purpose ; but Zorandis, notwithstanding the affection he bore his sons, was unmoved by their arguments

or solicitations. "My sons," said he, "though I should resign to you the *Staff of Stability*, unless you possessed that power, which was delegated to me by the benign deity from whom I received it, you would find it incapable of effecting those wonders, which have excited your ambition, and bestowed on me the renown you unjustly envy." This reply did not satisfy the sons of Zorandis; on every occasion they renewed their solicitations, but always with the same ill success: days and years revolved; still they intreated, and still Zorandis, though wearied with their importunity, refused to relinquish the staff. Finding all their efforts thus ineffectual, they began to despair of possessing the precious treasure they sought, during the life of their father, when one day he unexpectedly addressed them, it is said, to this purport: "My sons, sensible that I have now numbered many days, and that in a few years I shall re-  
turn

turn to my native dust, I have consulted the dark volume of futurity concerning the precious staff, from which I have derived my happiness and glory: I see with grief, that it must prove a source of misfortunes to the possessor, unless he obtain from *Time*, a magician whose power is well known, the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*: have you courage, my sons, to set out in pursuit of this treasure? if you have not, neither seek the *Staff of Stability*, for be assured without the pearl you cannot possess it with safety.'

“The sons of Zorandis, it is said, looked upon each other with doubt and surprise, but were silent, which being observed by the sage, he proceeded: ‘Though I have hitherto, my sons, withheld from you the *Staff of Stability*, knowing you unqualified to hold it, I will cheerfully bestow it on him who obtains the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*: I will yield that to  
reason.’

reason, which I refused to your extravagant desires.

“The young men, who till now despaired of possessing the staff during the life of their father, were rejoiced at his last words, and exclaimed with one voice, that they would instantly set out in pursuit of the precious pearl, and obtain it, or perish in the attempt.

“The good old sage embraced them with tears of joy; ‘the resolution, my children,’ said he, ‘is worthy the sons of Zorandis: Heaven, which inspires it, will, I doubt not, consign to one of you the pearl, which can alone entitle you to the *Staff of Stability*, and authorize me to resign it.’

“A short time after this, the sons of Zorandis departed: I cannot tell you the instructions they received from the sage concerning their voyage, but they embarked

embarked fully persuaded that they should return possessed of the *Pearl* they sought. They were however deceived. Zorandis in vain expected their return, and at length with inexpressible grief discovered, that, forgetful of his cautions, they had been allured on quicksands by false lights held out by *Opinion*, a sorceress whose malignancy has, it is said, been fatal to many who have set out in pursuit of the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, and had perished.

“From this moment a deep melancholy took possession of Zorandis, and grief in a short time put an end to his existence. Finding his dissolution at hand, he deposited the *Staff of Stability* in the grotto whence I warned you; leaving it as his last command, that it should not be removed thence, unless by him who possessed the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*: a command, which is so religiously observed by the natives of this island,

island, that they never approach but within a certain distance of the grotto, which they hold sacred to the memory of Zorandis."

While Archus related these particulars, I felt the same ambition kindled in my breast, as had formerly animated the sons of Zorandis; I wished to possess a staff, which was capable of effecting wonders that had rendered the sage so renowned, and in my heart laughed at those scruples, which had induced the natives of the island to suffer a treasure of such magnitude to remain so long in obscurity. Thinking it, however, for the present, necessary to conceal these sentiments, I made a few slight observations upon what Archus had told me, and returned to the chace. Resolved to possess the *Staff of Stability*, early the next day I took an opportunity of disengaging myself from my retinue, and entered the path, from which Archus had the day before diverted me. I pursued it some  
time,

time, and at last arrived at a grotto, over the entrance of which was written these words: "Reader, if thou hast obtained from *Time* the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, enter and bear hence the *Staff of Stability*, otherwise let not thy unhal- lowed foot pollute this sacred grot." I regarded this inscription no otherwise, than as it served to convince me I was at the grotto of Zorandis, in which the precious staff was deposited. I entered without hesitation, and descending into a recess at the farther part of it, took possession of the treasure I sought.

I left the grotto of Zorandis, rejoicing in the prize I had obtained, and bent my way towards my palace, resolving to embrace the first opportunity of calling forth the powers, which I doubted not lay concealed in the staff: but I had not proceeded many paces, before I was accosted by an old man, whose dress did not bespeak him  
to



to be a native of this island, neither did I remember ever before to have seen his features: "My son," said he, "I perceive that you have entered the grotto of Zorandis, and borne thence the *Staff of Stability*: I congratulate you upon an acquisition of such importance: Zorandis, as you have without doubt heard, predicted that the possession of it would be fatal, unless accompanied by the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*: that precious pearl, for which the sons of Zorandis in vain left their parent and their country, is mine; but it is due to him, whose intrepidity has rescued the *Staff of Stability* from the obscurity in which the superstition of these islanders have suffered it so long to remain: I will not withhold it from a claim so just; the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, my son, shall be yours." Saying this, he struck the ground with a small wand he held, and to my astonishment it opened, and a chariot drawn by griffins instantly appeared and conveyed us with  
astonishing

astonishing rapidity through the air, till it descended at the entrance of a superb palace. Here we alighted, and having entered, *Prejudice* (for my conductor was no other than that artful magician) introduced me to an old woman of the most disgusting appearance, to whom he committed the sole care of his household: her name I have since learnt was *Obstinacy*.

*Prejudice*, during the whole day, omitted nothing to ingratiate himself into my esteem, and obtain my confidence. A task he found by no means difficult, for I was so charmed with the idea of possessing the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, which I considered already within my grasp, that I thought myself fortunate beyond measure in meeting with a friend so disinterested as to resign it to me. I grew every instant more and more attached to my subtle host, and readily put into his hands the *Staff of Stability* upon the first pretence

he

he made to obtain it; but dearly did I repent this fatal confidence. It was no sooner in his possession, than the artful wretch, under pretence of delivering to me the promised pearl, made signs to *Obstinacy*, who conducted us by a flight of winding steps, to a frightful dungeon underneath the palace. I entered unsuspecting of danger; but what consternation, what horror seized me, when *Prejudice*, having fixed his eyes stedfastly upon me, and pronounced certain mystic words, the force of which I did not till too late comprehend, I found myself drawn irresistibly to a brazen pillar, that rose from the base to the top of the dungeon, and, oh inexpressible misery! bound to it by fetters, which I could neither discern nor shake off.

I upbraided the vile enchanter with his treachery, and when the first transports of my rage subsided, endeavoured to soften his hard heart by tears and supplications; but he treated me with

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scorn

scorn, and even insulted me with derision: "how can you suppose," said he, when I entreated him to release me, "that I can suffer the departure of a guest to whom I am indebted for the *Staff of Stability*? To the temerity of prince Cadmus," continued he, with a sarcastic smile, "I owe that, which the power of the sage Zorandis so long withheld from me." By these last words I judged, that while the staff remained in the grotto of Zorandis, it was exempted from the power of *Prejudice*, and that the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* was necessary to preserve me from the fatal effects of it. This reflexion aggravated my grief; I renewed my tears and supplications, but all in vain: *Prejudice*, rejoicing in the possession of the staff which he had obtained from my folly, left me to lament it at leisure, and shutting the door of my prison, delivered the keys of it, as I afterward found, to *Obstinacy*.

When alone, I gave myself up to the  
most

most bitter grief; and sincerely repented having rejected the counsel, which the wise Zorandis had impressed at the entrance of the grotto. He, said I, no doubt knew, that the *Staff of Stability* would expose those who possessed it, to the attacks of *Prejudice* and *Obstinacy*, the fatal effects of whose power could alone be averted by the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*; would to Heaven that I had sought it! though, like the sons of Zorandis, I had perished; death itself had been preferable to this shameful captivity. Such were my sentiments while I remained subjected to the power of *Prejudice*. That artful magician, I have since learnt, in the mean while rendered his power formidable by the *Staff of Stability*; but as he exercised it in the support of *Ignorance*, and neither possessed the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, nor that power which was delegated by *Virtue* to the sage Zorandis, it rendered him still more odious, except to those

who were intoxicated by his sorceries, and it is said hastened on his destruction. But to return to myself: the flower of my days was consumed in a tedious captivity; my health, my strength, daily wasted; months and even years rolled away, and at length hope itself quite forsook me. I despaired of seeing an end to the bondage, I had through my imprudence incurred, and waited patiently for death to put a period to my miseries. I was buried in these reflexions, when a sudden clap of thunder roused me. The earth trembled beneath my feet, the brazen pillar rocked to its very base, and, oh inconceivable miracle! the fetters by which I was bound to it fell off, and at the same instant the door of my prison flew open. My joy and consternation were such, that I could scarcely believe I was awake! I ascended the winding steps by which I had formerly been conducted to my prison, and found that the palace was throughout agitated with strange commotions: I  
passed

passed through several apartments, but I saw neither *Prejudice* nor *Obstinacy*, who I rightly judged had fled from the palace in alarm. I was the more confirmed in this opinion, when in my progress I discovered, that the *Staff of Stability* remained. I immediately took possession of it, resolving, if the fates should permit me to return to the island whence I had been so strangely transported, to deposit the staff once more in the grotto of Zorandis, nor to bear it thence till I had obtained from *Time* the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*. With these sentiments I left the *Palace of Prejudice*, but I was no sooner without the walls, than with astonishment I beheld it reduced to atoms! At the same instant the air was rent with acclamations of joy, and afar off I discerned a numerous crowd. Curiosity led me to the spot, and I soon learnt, that the Knight of the Crescent had borne into the city the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, by which the power of

*Prejudice*

*Prejudice* and his enchantments had been destroyed; *Ignorance* deposed; and *Science*, to whose story I was no stranger, restored to the throne he had so unjustly usurped. I now discovered the true cause of my deliverance, and looked up with gratitude, first toward Heaven, and next to the Knight of the Crescent, as the author of it. I resolved to expiate in some measure my former errors; and since *Time* had not bestowed on me the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, no longer to withhold from my generous liberator the staff, which was alone wanting to complete his felicity.

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The Knight of the Crescent, whose generous heart glowed with the warmest gratitude, perceiving that prince Cadmus ceased speaking, expressed his acknowledgments in the strongest terms for the inestimable treasure he had bestowed on him; he congratulated him on his de-  
liverance



liverance from the power of *Prejudice*, and formed with him and Artimer a league of friendship, which lasted to the end of their lives.

The two princes staid some days to share in the festivity, which reigned throughout the dominions of *Science* upon her happy restoration ; and then, having bidden an affectionate farewell to the Knight of the Crescent and his fair queen, they departed. Prince Cadmus travelled without interruption to his father's dominions, and shortly after returned to his government, where his arrival was celebrated with the highest demonstrations of joy.

Artimer, in the mean while, proceeded to the *Island of Pleasure*, into which he hoped soon to bear the *Shield of Temperance* ; but he had not proceeded far, when he was interrupted by an unexpected adventure. One day seeing a knight

cross hastily into a path, which he knew to be often fatal to travellers, he advanced to warn him of the danger; but the stranger was so intent upon pursuing a savage who fled before him, that he disregarded the friendly caution, and still kept the path. Artimer observing, that the savage bore a sword of curious workmanship, which the knight, sometimes by threats and sometimes by entreaties, endeavoured to make him relinquish, doubted not but that it belonged to him; he clapped spurs therefore to his horse, and covering himself with the *Shield of Temperance*, soon overtook and forced the savage to relinquish the sword, which he restored to the knight, who received it with transport, and exclaimed, "Generous Artimer, what thanks do I not owe thee for this timely interference!" The reader will conclude, that our hero was surprised at an address so familiar from one whom he could not remember ever before to have seen; but he was  
inex.

inexpressibly rejoiced, when the stranger acquainted him that he was prince Agib, whom he had formerly known under the form of a monster. He congratulated him upon the happy change, and, as he soon discovered they were travelling the same way, entreated that he would inform him by what means it had been effected. Agib readily complied, and satisfied his curiosity in the following words.

It was my custom, said Agib, to  
 like every man and being in the  
 of Venice. One day at my return  
 performing this ceremony which was  
 requisite to mitigate the anguish of the  
 wounds you may recollect I received  
 from a vessel at the entrance of my  
 dwelling I was received by a lady  
 named Agib, said she, I am  
 one of the superior doctors, your  
 ing, and the necessity of our  
 have at length expected your  
 follow me, the hour of your  
 return.

inexpressibly rejoiced, when the stranger  
notified him that he was prince Agib,  
whom he had formerly known under the  
name of a merchant. He congratulated

THE

SEQUEL

OF

PRINCE AGIB'S

ADVENTURES.

It was my custom, said Agib, to bathe every morn and evening in the *Well of Penitence*. One day at my return from performing this ceremony, which was still requisite to mitigate the anguish of the wounds you may recollect I received from *Remorse*, at the entrance of my dwelling I was accosted by a bright female form. "Agib," said she, "I am *Virtue*, one of the superior deities: your sufferings, and the sincerity of your repentance, have at length expiated your crimes: follow me: the hour of your deliverance

is

is at hand." I obeyed in silence, and we ascended the mountain, upon the summit of which *Ambition* had raised her palace. My celestial guide observing, as we approached the palace, that I was seized with involuntary horror, covered me with the *Shield of Temperance*. I knew it to be the same you wore; you, sir knight, best know by what means you lost, and how you have recovered it." Artimer sighed at the recollection of his past follies, and judged, that the events which prince Agib was relating must have occurred while he remained intoxicated by the fatal draught prepared by *Excess*, in the palace of the fairy *Prosperity*.

"*Virtue*," said prince Agib, pursuing his narrative, "covering me with the *Shield of Temperance*, bid me not fear the power of my enemy." As we entered the palace of *Ambition*, the whole mountain trembled, and the fairy herself, dropping the magic wand, fell prostrate from  
 K O her

her throne. "Wretch!" said the deity, beholding her at once with compassion and indignation, "how hast thou abused thy power! the laurel planted by me, and conveyed by *Fame* to the *Temple of true Glory*, should have been the limit of thy desires; not *Power*, the magic wand which thou hast obtained by the aid of *Fraud*, *Cruelty*, *Oppression*, and *Treason*.—Thou wast designed to be the friend of man, to assist him in the noblest pursuits: receive then at once the punishment of thy crimes, and accomplish the design of thy being." Saying thus, she suspended the *Shield of Temperance* over *Ambition*, who at the same instant lost the form in which I had hitherto beheld her, and appeared to my astonished sight a flying horse: henceforth, said the beautiful celestial, putting upon her a magic bridle, "subservient to my power alone, thou shalt be called *Emulation*." Scarcely had she pronounced these words, when *Fraud* and *Oppression*,

*Oppression*, who, upon our entrance stood near the throne of *Ambition*, wholly divested of their power, disappeared, and with them the palace, which had been raised by the magic wand.

I was so struck with the wonders I beheld, I did not immediately observe, that at the instant *Ambition* lost the power she had so ill employed, and was changed to *Emulation*, the enchantment by which she had transformed me dissolved, and that I was, as you see, restored to my natural form. Judge my transports at this happy event! I threw myself at the feet of the beautiful celestial to whom I owed my deliverance, but I was too much awed by her presence to express my gratitude by words. She raised me with majestic sweetness, and pointing to *Emulation*, “Behold, Agib,” said she, “the steed which must assist you in the obtaining of the *Laurel of Renown*: fear not to mount; *Ambition*,  
subser-

subservient to my power, and restrained by this magic bridle, the work of the sage Brandezar, will bear you in safety to the object of your pursuit."

Obedient to the command of *Virtue*, I mounted, and rising upon my winged steed into the air, was in a short time conveyed to the *Temple of true Glory*, from which, with inexpressible delight, I bore the *Laurel of Renown*.

I immediately set out for my native land, and after a journey, the fatigues of which were lightened by the agreeable reflexions that occurred in the course of it, I entered my father's dominions in triumph, bearing on my brows the *Laurel of Renown*: but alas! the joy with which I was inspired on this occasion was cruelly damped, when I observed on every brow a cloud of sorrow, which my arrival could scarcely dissipate. My father, though transported with joy to see me return



return in possession of the *Laurel of Renown*, when I inquired the cause of this general dejection, melted into tears; and it was some time before I learned, that my sister Adeline, admired and beloved by the whole nation, had suddenly disappeared, as it was judged by the powers of enchantment. I was deeply affected by these unhappy tidings, which surprised me the more, as I knew Adeline, when I left the court of my father, possessed a precious ring, which had power to defend her. I loved her too well to remain long inactive. I set out in pursuit of her; but hitherto I have in vain sought tidings of my unhappy sister.

Disappointment, however, has not abated the ardour of my pursuit, which I will continue till I have discovered her retreat, and revenged myself on the author of her wrongs.

I should

I should have told you, that when I lost my monstrous form, the *Sword of Valour* was restored to me: you may recollect that I lost it, when, urged by *Ambition*, I made use of *Cruelty*, the monster upon which *Oppression* rode, to facilitate my progress to the Brazen Rock. In the course of my travels many adventures have occurred, in which I have proved it of ethereal temper: I hold it therefore, as an inestimable treasure, which I value at no less a price than the *Laurel of Renown*. The savage from whom you rescued it last night civilly entertained me in his hut; but this morning when I arose to continue my journey, I found that my host had taken possession of my sword. I demanded it of him, but instead of restoring it he fled with it out of the hut, and continued his flight with such swiftness, that I despaired of regaining it, when you, generous Artimer, unexpectedly arrived to my assistance.

“ I no longer doubt,” said Artimer, observing that prince Agib had finished his relation, “ that the savage, in whose hut you passed the night, is *Rashness*: I was this day accosted by a beautiful fairy, who warned me from his abode. He is in league with a hideous giant, named *Danger*, to whose den it is his practice to allure travellers upon various pretences: sometimes by promising to deliver to them the very sword of which he actually deprived you; and it seems he has more than once had the confidence to assert, that he is in possession of the *Corselet of Courage*, though you see I at this moment bear it. Under these and various other pretences, he allures the unwary into the *Den of Danger*, which, be assured, was his design with respect to yourself, when he stole from you the *Sword of Valour*, and so artfully engaged you to follow him in the pursuit of it.”

Prince Agib readily agreed with our  
hero

hero in his opinion, and again thanked him in the warmest terms for the service he had rendered him. He then added, "from what dangers have I not been rescued by the *Shield of Temperance!* by its benign influence was the power of *Ambition* subdued; nor has it been less fatal to *Rashness*, who, but for your generous interference, had undoubtedly deprived me of the *Sword of Valour*, and offered me up as a victim to the giant *Danger*. Happy are you, noble Artimer, in the possession of such a treasure, and doubly happy in so well deserving it!"

As the two princes discoursed thus, they approached a clear rivulet, at which they stopped to drink. A knight, who had arrived just before, observing their design, filled his buckler, and courteously presented it to them: but how did the noble heart of Agib swell with indignation, when, in returning the buckler, he observed on the finger of the stranger  
the

the precious ring, from the loss of which he was sensible the misfortunes of Adeline must have arisen. He was immediately possessed with the idea, that he now beheld the enemy by whose arts she had been conveyed from the palace of her father; and these suspicions were confirmed, when, upon being interrogated, the stranger betrayed evident marks of confusion, and instead of staying to clear himself of the charge, attempted to seek safety in flight. Agib, to whom rage lent wings, pursued and speedily overtook him, when the stranger finding it impossible to escape, turned with evident marks of fear and dismay to defend himself. He was soon, however, forced to yield, and a curious vizor he wore at the same instant falling off, the two princes discovered, that he was disfigured with the most singular deformity; they beheld with astonishment, that the upper part of his face resembled a weasel.

The

The wounded stranger implored mercy in the most abject terms, which Agib granted, only on condition that he disclosed the whole of his villany, and informed him by what arts he had obtained the precious ring, which once belonged to Adeline. The stranger, finding there was no other alternative, consented; and the two princes, having supported him to a bank at the distance of a few paces, he began as follows.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE FORESTER'S SON.

My name, said the stranger, who was by this time sensible he address'd the brother of Adeline, is Timon; my birth is not, as you perhaps judge, by the magnificent armour I bear, noble: it is obscure. I am the son of a forester, who resides on the confines of your father's dominions. It was my misfortune one day to behold the princess Adeline, as she returned from accompanying the king to the chace; and from that time her beauty made an impression on my heart, which neither time nor reason could efface. I forgot that my humble lot

lot forbade me to hope, and gave myself up to the pleasing illusion, that the fair Adeline might one day be mine. To recommend myself to the notice of the king, I thought no means could be more effectual, than to possess myself of the *Sword of Valour*, which it was reported that you, young prince, had lost in your way to the Brazen Rock. No stranger to its qualities, I was persuaded, that, could I obtain it, I should soon render myself acceptable to the king, and ingratiate myself with the fair princess his daughter. These ideas operated so forcibly upon my mind, that the next day I abandon'd my usual occupations, and set out for the cave, in which the *Sword of Valour* was said to be concealed, from the time you lost it, resolving to encounter every peril and fatigue rather than return unpossessed of it. I travelled unmolested till I arrived within sight of the cave, which is situate in a wood half a day's journey hence, when with inexpressible terrour I saw an enormous  
giant



giant advance towards me, bearing an iron mace, which he raised, as I judged, to dash me in pieces. His name I have heard is *Danger*. At this instant I forgot the *Sword of Valour*, and the resolutions I had formed concerning it: I fled with precipitation from the wood, and happily, as I then thought, sheltered myself in a cave at a considerable distance.

It was some time before I had courage to leave my retreat, but, at length seeing the coast clear, I ventured forth, and began to reflect upon what course I had best pursue. I wished to possess the *Sword of Valour*, but I dreaded the giant at the entrance of the wood. What, said I, will the *Sword of Valour* avail, should I sacrifice my life in attaining it? No, no, since I cannot possess it without encountering the giant, the very remembrance of whom chills my blood with horreur, I will think of some other means to introduce myself

myself to the king, and obtain the heart of the fair Adeline.

Saying this, I abandoned all thoughts of the enterprise, and turning from the wood, bent my way towards the next village: but imagine my surprise, to observe without distinction, in all who looked upon me, signs of contempt and derision. At first I was at a loss to divine the cause; but I soon found, with inexpressible vexation, that my face resembled a weasel's more than a man's. I had sheltered myself from the giant *Danger* in the *Cave of Cowardice*, whence I have been informed no one ever returned without this mark of deformity.

I now repented, that I had not pressed forward, and possessed myself of the *Sword of Valour*: for, said I, it had been better to have fallen beneath the mace of the giant, than to have acquired a deformity, which

which exposes me to universal contempt. With these reflexions, I turned into a remote path, and continued my way overwhelmed with chagrin. I had not gone far before a dwarf, who appeared to be travelling the same road, insinuated himself into my company, and observing that I was melancholy, inquired the cause.

I replied, that I could not but lament that deformity, which exposed me to the contempt and derision of all I met.

“If that be all,” said the dwarf, “set your heart at rest: I perceive you have been in the *Cave of Cowardice*; but no matter; I will exert my skill in your behalf. Nay,” said he, “do not smile; it is greater than you may imagine: my name is *Cunning*; I derive my power from *Dis-simulation*, one of the greatest enchanters of our day.”

“In pity then,” said I, “exert it in my behalf; destroy this fatal deformity, which is the source of my misery.”

“You ask,” said my companion, “an impossibility: *Time*, whose power is superior to mine, cannot efface the mark, impressed without distinction on all who enter the *Cave of Cowardice*: but, though I cannot destroy your deformity, I can furnish you with the means of concealing it. This,” said he, “giving me the mask, which, by falling, has exposed me to you, is the *Vizor of Vain Glory*, beneath which you may conceal your deformity.”

I accepted the vizor with gratitude, as also the suit of armour I wear, with which the kind dwarf provided me, and having equipped myself, proceeded, mounted upon a stately steed, to the court of the king your father, where, by the advice of my friend and counsellor, *Cunning*, I introduced

duced myself as a valiant knight, arrived from a distant country. My object was to ingratiate myself with the princess Adeline, and I despaired not of success: for since I had received the *Vizor of Vain Glory* from *Cunning*, I had acquired consequence with myself: I forgot the obscurity of my birth, and the deformity which I concealed by the vizor. No one suspected, that I had entered the *Cave of Cowardice*, and I was, myself, willing to forget so humiliating a circumstance; but one day, in the midst of my security, my vizor accidentally fell off, and I was exposed to the ridicule of the whole court. Still, however, I hoped to obtain the heart of the princess, by the assistance of my friend *Cunning*, to whom I had recourse upon every occasion; but his power could not influence the fair Adeline in my behalf. She repulsed me with contempt, and treated my assiduities with derision. This wounded the pride I had assumed with the *Vizor of Vain Glory*, and by degrees

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changed

changed the love I entertained for the princess into the deepest hatred. I thought the insults I had sustained from her called for revenge, and I consulted with *Cunning* upon the means I should take to accomplish it. His opinion was, that I could not more effectually, and with less hazard, execute my design, than by applying to *Calumny*, an old fairy, to whom he immediately carried me. *Calumny* readily undertook to gratify my revenge, provided I could deprive the princess of a precious ring she had received from the fairy *Discretion*. The ring, she said, was called *Caution*, and had the power of counteracting her art. Though I had depended much upon the power of *Calumny*, my expectations were cooled when she acquainted me with the terms, upon which she was alone capable of exercising it. It appeared to me a very difficult matter, to deprive Adeline of a ring, which I had observed she constantly wore, and I doubted not highly prized; but *Cunning*,  
ever

ever fruitful in expedients, undertook the business, and introducing himself under the form of a page to a young maid, named *Credulity*, who attended upon the princess, so far wrought upon her by his arts, that she consented to steal from her mistress the precious ring, by which she was protected from the power of *Calumny*. This treacherous act she performed one night while the princess slept, and resigning the ring to the dwarf, the beauteous Adeline was conveyed by his power, before she awaked, to the abode of *Calumny*, who amply gratified my revenge, and her own malignity, by transforming her to a toad.

“O heavens!” exclaimed the brother of Adeline, “what do I hear! could nothing less satisfy thy barbarous malice!”

Adeline is fully revenged, said the forester’s son, uttering a deep groan; the

pains of death, sharpened by remorse, hasten upon me. As he said this, the two princes, who, though sensible he was wounded, did not imagine his end so nigh, observed that he was convulsed, and in a few minutes, with surprise, beheld him sink down and expire.

The resentment of the noble Agib subsided, when he saw his enemy dead at his feet. He took the precious ring, of which *Credulity* had deprived Adeline, from his finger, and, with the assistance of Artimer, buried him at the foot of a tree. Then, without knowing what course he designed to pursue, he took an abrupt farewell of his companion, who had in vain endeavoured to moderate his grief, which was increased to the highest pitch, since the fatal tidings of Adeline's transformation.

Our Knight of the Rose continued his journey, till, being benighted, he made up  
to



to a castle, which appeared at some distance. The reader will not be surprised that he was a welcome guest, when informed, that it was the residence of Pharamond and the princess Ariante, whom he had delivered by the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* from the enchantment of *Superstition*. The noble pair expressed the highest satisfaction at the presence of one to whom they owed such signal obligations; nor was our knight less rejoiced at finding them happily united. The whole court shared in the joy occasioned by this happy meeting. In the course of the evening, the princess Ariante, at the request of Pharamond, acquainted their guest with the events that befel her after she left the *Temple of Superstition*: her words were as follow.

THE  
 SEQUEL OF THE ADVENTURES  
 OF  
 PRINCE PHARAMOND  
 AND THE  
 PRINCESS ARIANTE.

WHEN you reflect upon the hideous form of *Persecution*, said the princess, addressing Artimer, and consider what I must have felt, when restored to sight by the *Pearl of perfect Judgment*, to find myself upon the point of being united to such a monster, you will no longer be surprised, that, yielding to a sudden impulse of horror, I fled from the *Temple of Superstition*: alas! I knew not that I fled from Pharamond, and the knight who possessed the precious pearl, which had

disco-

discovered to me the deformity of *Persecution*. I fled without knowing whither; till I found myself at the entrance of a stupendous castle. A brazen gate stood open: I entered, intent only upon escaping from *Superstition* and the monster his son; but I was soon sensible of my imprudence; the gate closed upon me, and I was seized by a giant, more hideous, if it be possible, than the monster from whom I had escaped. In spite of my cries and struggles he bore me to a dungeon, where, without a ray of light to illumine it, I endured a tedious captivity, while Pharamond, as he has since told me, sought me in vain, and incessantly bewailed my loss.

At length, one day as I was stretched upon the floor of my dungeon, an old man on a sudden stood before me. "Rise, unhappy princess," said he, "and shake off the bonds that hold thee." I rose at his command, and the fetters with  
 L 5 which

which the giant had bound me fell off. “The *Pearl of perfect Judgment*,” said he, “has removed the blindness inflicted upon you by *Superstition*, but your precipitation has exposed you to dangers still more alarming : in fleeing from *Superstition* and the monster his son, you have imprudently entered the abode of *Impiety* ! whose yoke you have long borne.” The venerable sage then put into my hand a taper, which he held, and led me through a small door in an obscure corner of the dungeon, to a subterraneous path. “By the light of the taper I have given you,” said he, “explore this path, which leads from the castle, and pursue your way to the *Temple of Wisdom*, where the knight who possesses the *Talisman of true Piety* waits for you ; he is destined to be your husband, and to put an end to your misfortunes.” Having said this he disappeared, telling me, that he was *Reason*, otherwise called the sage *Brandezar*.

By

By the light of the taper I pursued the subterraneous path, till it brought me out at a considerable distance from the abode of my enemy: but the joy I felt at my deliverance was lessened, when I found myself at the dead of night in a wilderness, whence I, in vain, strove to discover a path.

The light of the taper I had received from *Reason* dazzled rather than assisted me: at every step I was farther entangled: sometimes I pursued one path, sometimes another, till finding it impossible to extricate myself, I was on the point of yielding to despair, when a beautiful celestial stood before me. His garments were white, and the brightness of his countenance dispelled the fearful gloom, by which I was surrounded. "In compassion," said he, "unhappy Ariante, to your weakness and misfortunes, Heaven has sent me to your relief: my name is *Revelation*, The Pearl of perfect Judg-

*ment* delivered you from the power of *Superstition*, and by the assistance of the sage Brandezar, you have escaped from the *Castle of Impiety*; but I alone, through the intricacies of this wilderness, can point out to you the path that leads to the *Temple of Wisdom*. Rise," said he (for on his first appearance I had prostrated myself on the earth), "and follow me." I obeyed, and presently gained the path which led directly to the temple. Pharamond, who had been conducted thither by the same bright guide, upon my arrival received me with transport, and as a guard from all future dangers, generously resigned to me the *Talisman of true Piety*. He acquainted me with all the circumstances of my deliverance from the enchantment of *Superstition*, and need I add, that I was penetrated with the warmest gratitude towards him, and toward yourself, for the active part you had taken in it. Having mutually related our adventures, we set out together  
for

for my dominions. The people, freed by the destruction of *Superstition* from his enchantments, received us with the highest demonstrations of joy; and cheerfully consented, that I should give to Pharamond the hand, you will, I doubt not, think with me, he justly merited by his constancy and services.

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Here the princess ceased, and the hour of repose being come, Artimer was conducted to the chamber allotted for him; where amidst a train of the most agreeable reflexions that arose from the contemplation of his friend's happiness, he fell into a peaceful slumber. At the return of light he arose, and having the preceding night taken a friendly farewell of his noble hosts, renewed his journey. As he drew nigh the port, whence he was to sail for the *Island of Pleasure*, he could not forbear entertaining a thousand painful apprehensions: he had already  
 expe-

experienced the power of *Excess*, in the fatal draught he had accepted in the *Palace of Prosperity*; and he dreaded lest by some artifice equally subtle, she might deprive him of the precious shield which he was sensible could alone preserve him, and destroy her power: how then was his anxiety relieved, when he found his venerable friend Brandezar waiting to embark with him. His apprehensions were no more; conducted by the sage, he feared not the power of the subtle fairy, and proceeded undismayed to the island, in which she had erected her bower. Upon their arrival, he could not without grief and indignation behold the miserable state, to which the inhabitants were reduced by the power of *Excess*. He found, as Brandezar had before told him, that they resembled the brute more than the human species. Some had the faces of swine, others of vultures, others of wolves, and some from the waist downward



ward resembled serpents: in short, all the monstrous forms, which the *Pearl of perfect Judgment* discovered to the Knight of the Crescent in the palace of *Chimæra*, could not for deformity and variety equal these produced by *Excess*.

Defended by the *Shield of Temperance*, and accompanied by Brandezar, Artimer passed on to the bower of the fairy, whose power he was the more impatient to destroy, since an eye-witness to the fatal effects produced by it. They found her surrounded by a numerous train, in which *Gluttony* and *Riot* were conspicuous: upon the entrance of the young prince, she attempted to assume all those seductive charms, which had proved so fatal to his father, and established her dominion in the island; but finding the oracle, which had declared that her power should cease when the *Shield of Temperance* was brought to her bower by a descendant of Almanzor, fully accomplished,

plished, in despair she tore the diadem from her brow, and attempted to escape: but Brandezar, aware of her subtlety, bound her in chains of adamant. The power of *Excess* was no sooner destroyed, than the curious bower she had raised disappeared, and with it the *Tree of Satiety*: the inhabitants lost their monstrous forms, and returning thanks to the prince, whose arrival had been announced by Brandezar for their deliverance, saluted him with one consent as sovereign of the island, and conducted him amidst their joyful acclamations to the palace of his ancestors. At the entrance he was met and congratulated by *Discretion*, the beautiful fairy who had warned him from the abode of *Rashness*. She was accompanied by prince Agib, and in her hand led his sister, the charming Adeline, between whom and Artimer the sage Brandezar and herself had projected a union.

The first salutations being over, Artimer,

mer, who was enamoured with the beauty of the young princess, could not forbear expressing his curiosity to know by what means she had been restored to her present form.

Adeline blushed at the recollection of the humiliating state, to which she had been reduced by *Calumny*; but at the request of her brother, gave the following account of what had befallen her from the time she was conveyed by the dwarf *Cunning* from the palace of her father.

THE  
S E Q U E L

OF

THE PRINCESS ADELINÉ'S  
ADVENTURES.

It is not easy, said the young princess, to describe my consternation on that fatal morn from which I may date my misfortunes, at finding myself, upon awaking, in the midst of a dreary desert, after having the night before composed myself as usual in my chamber. Before I could reflect upon the cause of so strange an event, I was accosted by a fairy of the most hideous form, who told me her name was *Calumny*. I started with horror, and looking down, perceived that I had lost the *Ring of Caution*.

For

For some minutes the hideous wretch with a savage delight seemed to enjoy the terrour, with which she saw her appearance impressed me ; but what words can paint my despair, when having struck me with her fatal wand, I perceived that my natural form was lost in that of an enormous and loathsome toad ! What anguish did I not feel at this moment ! What indignation against the inhuman author of my misery ! For some time my grief was so violent, that it deprived me of recollection, but when the first transports of it subsided, I began to think, that my situation was not so desperate as I had at first imagined it. My hope was in the fairy *Discretion*, from whom I had received the precious ring, to the loss of which I was sensible I must attribute my misfortune. Her power, I flattered myself, might counteract the malignity of my enemy, and restore me to the form I had lost: but  
how

how was my misery increased, when, having crawled to her abode, she told me that she could not redress the injury I had sustained. “You have suffered *Credulity*,” said she, “to deprive you of *Caution*, the precious ring you received from me: had you preserved it, *Calumny* had in vain exerted her power to gratify the malice of your enemies, but now, my power can effect little in your behalf.”

“The ring,” said I, wishing to excuse myself to *Discretion*, “must have been taken from my finger while I slept.”

“It was,” said the fairy; “but alone through your imprudence; you should not have given to *Credulity*, whose faith you had not proved, so large a share of your confidence: had you not admitted her so near your person, you had still possessed the ring of *Caution*, and been preserved from the power of *Calumny*.”

“Alas!

“Alas!” said I, “and is my misfortune past remedy?”

“Time only,” said the fairy, “in whose power it rests to bring the *Spear of Truth* from the *Temple of Virtue*, can restore you to the beautiful form you have lost, through the power of *Calumny*. Abide with me, and I will endeavour to interest him in your behalf; in the mean while, patience is all you can oppose to the malice of your persecutors.”

I accepted, with gratitude, the invitation of *Discretion*, and remained with her, while my kind brother, as he has since told me, in vain sought to discover my retreat, and to avenge the wrongs I had sustained. Days and months elapsed, and I began to think that I was for ever doomed to bear the loathsome form entailed on me by *Calumny*, when at the moment I least expected it, *Time*, the magician whom *Discretion* had promised

to

to interest in my behalf, brought the *Spear of Truth* to my aid. You have perhaps heard, that it has the power to dissolve every evil enchantment: the touch destroyed that by which *Calumny* had transformed me, and I was at the instant restored to my natural shape. My happiness was rendered complete by the arrival of my brother, whom the kind fairy, soon after he left you, accosted and led to my retreat. Sensible of the pain my father must have suffered from my absence, I anxiously longed to dissipate his sadness by my presence. The fairy, indulgent to my wishes, accomplished them, by conveying me to this palace, where, said the princess, addressing Artimer, a few minutes before your arrival, I had the happiness of throwing myself at his feet.

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Here the fair princess ceased; her union with Artimer, sanctioned by the presence



presence of her father, who had been drawn hither by Brandezar, was in a few days celebrated to their mutual satisfaction; nor was the shepherd Menalcas forgotten; he had been transported to the island by the sage Brandezar, and had the joy of beholding the triumph of Artimer, and of perceiving that neither absence, nor the elevated station to which he was advanced, had weakened those sentiments of respect and affection, which he had ever entertained for the guardian of his early years: relaxing from the fatigues of government, he frequently, in the society of the good old shepherd, recalled the happy days he had passed beneath his humble roof, and remembered with gratitude the principles of rectitude he had imbibed from his instruction.

Universal joy reigned throughout the *Island of Pleasure*; *Virtue* once more became

became its guardian, and Artimer and the charming Adeline, protected by the sage Brandezar, and the fairy *Discretion*, during a long and happy reign, secured to the inhabitants the tranquillity they enjoyed in the days of the wise Almanzor.

THE END.

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