

# TALES OF ENCHANTMENT;

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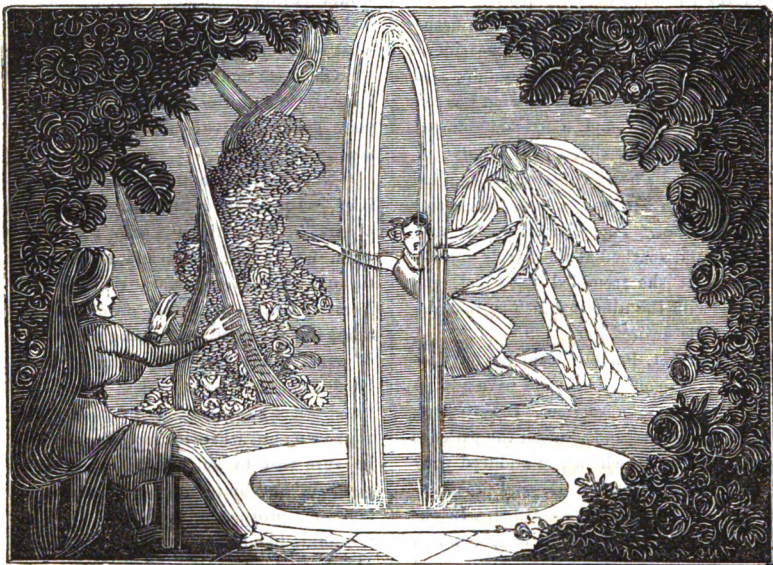
## The Book of Fairies.

No. 6.]

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[1d.]

### THE FAIRY OF THE SILVER FOUNTAIN.



THE FAIRY OF THE SILVER FOUNTAIN APPEARING TO PERSELI.

There lived many years ago, in Persia, a very poor woman, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was not more than sixteen, and being very handsome, was called Fair Adelma, while her sister, being very ugly was called frightful Perseli. As they grew up in years, Adelma displayed a most cruel and wicked heart. But Perseli, on the contrary, was adorned with every virtue, and was greatly esteemed by the people around, while her sister was as much disliked. The mother of these two girls detested the younger one and lavished all her affections on Adelma, who was allowed to treat her

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poor sister with every indignity, making her do all the drudgery of the house,—and afterwards to wait upon her, and attend her bidding like a slave. Sometimes, too, the mother and Adelma would beat the poor girl severely, and for doing no fault whatever; but yet did Perseli bear it all with patience, never complaining, but, by attention to the wishes of her cruel oppressors, endeavoured to conciliate their favour. It was usual for the mother and Adelma to send Perseli about twenty times a day to a fountain about two miles from their residence, to fetch them water in an immense pitcher,—and

sometimes she was so tired that she was scarcely able to walk back again,—and at such times the two tyrants never failed to beat her severely.

One day, when Perseli had been, as usual, to the fountain, she felt so completely exhausted that she was compelled to sit down by a bank adjacent to it, and where, being overcome by her emotions, she, for the first time in her life, expressed a regret at her hard fate, and wept bitterly. While she was thus occupied, she was surprised by hearing a noise, proceeding from the fountain, and casting her eyes towards it, what was her astonishment to find it metamorphosed into a torrent of silver, in the midst of which stood a beautiful fairy, who smiled kindly upon her, and bade her arise and listen to her. Poor Perseli was so surprised and abashed at the fairy's appearance, that she trembled like a leaf, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she did as she desired her.

"Fear not, Perseli," said the fairy,— "for I am your friend, and have a wish to render you a service. I have long pitied your fate, and admired the patience and virtue with which you endured your numerous troubles. Depend upon it, you shall be properly rewarded. In the first place, your frightful visage, which has caused you much uneasiness from the sport and ridicule of the wicked and the cruel, I will alter, that immediately and henceforward your beauty shall not be surpassed by any female in all Persia.—Kneel down."

Perseli would have expressed her gratitude to the fairy, but she found herself unequal to the task, and immediately obeyed her in silence. The fairy then sprinkled some of the water of the silver fountain over Perseli's head, and having pronounced some mystic words, concluded the ceremony by waving her wand three times over her head, and then bade her arise. Perseli did so, and beheld her whole person reflected in the fountain as if in a mirror. What was her delight to behold she was now one of the pretti-

est girl she had ever before seen,—and that she was attired in a dress so fine that she looked more like a princess than a poor girl. The fairy suffered her for a few minutes to contemplate herself in silence; and then again spoke to her the following words:

"Such, Perseli, is the reward of your virtue, and fortitude under affliction; but this is not all I would do for you;—I would bestow on you a gift which shall make you happy for the future. Say,—what would you have?

"Oh, great and good fairy," exclaimed Perseli, "you quite overwhelm me with your generosity;—I am unworthy so much kindness!"

"Nay, nay, say not so," returned the fairy, "I insist upon bestowing upon you a gift!" With these words the fairy again waved her wand, and there rose through the earth before the eyes of Perseli, a small gold table on which was a large silver bowl, containing a number of small paper parcels. "Thrust your hand into that bowl," said the fairy, "and select any one of those parcels for your own; but whatever the gift may be, be sure that by putting it to a proper purpose, and by industry you can alone hope to prosper with it!" With a trembling hand Perseli did as the fairy commanded her, and taking out one of the parcels was about to open it when the fairy perceiving her intention, prevented her, and commanding her to make haste home, and not to open it till she had arrived there, she vanished from her sight. With a light heart Perseli hurried towards her home, and at every stream she arrived she could not help stopping to contemplate the wonderful change in her appearance. When she reached her mother's house, and entered the room, both her mother and sister started back in confusion and amazement, not knowing her, and taking her indeed for some great lady or princess; but when Perseli spoke to them, and assured her who she was, and all that had happened to her at the fountain, their wonder increas-

ed, and they were all impatient to see the contents of the parcel which the fairy had given to Perseli. With a trembling hand the damsel proceeded to open it, when to her disappointment and the chagrin of her mother and sister, she found in it nothing more than "*A Recipe how to make Sherbet!*"—

Adelma laughed and called her a fool, and the mother was so vexed that she again beat poor Perseli, made her take off all the fine clothes that the fairy had given to her, and set her about all the dirty and laborious work of the house.

The next morning Adelma was resolved to visit the magic fountain, to see if the fairy would again appear to her, and she resolved if she did, that she would not make such a fool of herself as her sister had done. She therefore dressed herself very humbly the next morning, and by break of day started like Perseli had hitherto done, with the pitcher in her hand to the silver fountain.

In a short time afterwards, Perseli, and her mother were attracted to the door of their house by a great shouting and strains of music, when to their infinite astonishment they beheld Adelma approaching them, drawn in a splendid car of ivory drawn by six cream coloured Elephants, and escorted by thousands of beautiful male and female attendants, all clad in gorgeous habiliments. She was now, too, so altered, that it required a strong mind to dare to contemplate her beauty without being fascinated by it. The slaves bore vases and chests of gold and wealth, which they deposited in the cottage, and Adelma having alighted from the car, was hailed with delight by the enraptured parent. Poor Perseli was so completely overcome by her sister's splendour, that she prostrated herself at her feet and offered her homage; but the haughty Adelma spurned her with contempt.

"Fool, beggar, slave!" she cried, "I cast thee from me; I spurn thee for ever! Hadst thou possessed my dignified mind thou wouldst like me have asked for

wealth, but as it is, thy madness be upon thine own head; from this moment thou art an outcast, and must e'er live as thou canst by thine enviable gift, "*A Recipe for making Sherbet.*"

Having said this, Adelma kicked her broken-hearted sister from her, and handing her mother into the car, the gorgeous cavalcade moved from the cottage, and was soon out of sight. When they had departed, poor Perseli wrung her hands in despair, for she was now left alone, and without a friend in the world to assist her.

For three days she indulged her grief, but at the end of that time, hope and courage began once more to spring up in her bosom; she remembered the words of the good fairy of the silver fountain, and determined to travel to see if she could not obtain a situation, and turn her *Recipe* to account. Packing up the few articles of property which she possessed, she took her departure.

For many days she travelled with a melancholy heart through dreary forests, and over barren heaths; often nearly fainting with fatigue and famine, as she could obtain nothing but what the charity of strangers bestowed upon her. At length she arrived at a great city, where her strength completely failed her, and she sunk insensible on the earth. In this situation she was found by an old woman, whose husband kept a small shop for the sale of Sherbet in the city. This woman possessed a charitable and a feeling heart, and being struck with the melancholy situation of our heroine, and her extreme beauty, had her conveyed home, attended to her wants, and finally restored her to health. This good woman's husband was not very prosperous in his business, but having occasion for one female servant, offered it to Perseli, who accepted it with gratitude. She now bethought her of the fairy's gift, and determined to try its effects. She told her master of the *Recipe* she possessed, who was anxious to try it. Upon Perseli making the sherbet, it was found

to be of that extraordinary quality that the like had never before been tasted. Its fame soon spread, and people flocked from all parts to obtain it, paying an immense price for it. Perseli's benefactors grew immensely rich, retired from business, and shortly after died. Perseli was then united to their son to whom she was very much attached, and they took a most splendid palace, in which they lived in great pomp, and this they all obtained through the simple "*Recipe for making Sherbet!*"

In the meantime Adelma and her mother travelled to a distant part of the country, where they took a gorgeous palace, and lived in all the luxury that wealth could purchase. The great beauty of Adelma, was the universal theme of admiration, and hundreds of the richest noblemen of the place sought favour in her eyes. But Adelma treated all overtures with the utmost haughtiness and contempt. At length the king's eldest son beheld her, and fell deeply in love with her. He was a fine handsome young man, and Adelma was no less charmed with him than he was with her. When he confessed his passion, she acknowledged a reciprocal attachment, and he hastened to throw himself at the feet of his parents, to ask their consent to his union. After some hesitation, they granted it, and the next day the nuptials of Adelma, the Fair, and the Prince of Persia were celebrated with indescribable splendour.

Adelma's happiness, however, did not last long; she began to hate her mother and to wish to get rid of her, because she was continually reminding her of the lowness of her origin; she, therefore, had been accused of treason, and the wretched woman was put to a most horrid death.

Adelma now passed three years of great pleasure, when she began to get tired of the prince, her husband, having fallen in love with one of his courtiers, whom she had admitted to her chamber privately. This intrigue was discovered.

Adelma was stripped of all her fine clothes, and being thrown into a dungeon, was shortly after brought to trial with her guilty paramour, and condemned to a frightful death before sunrise the next morning. In the night, however, she effected her escape, and fled the city.—For weeks did she wander in a most dreadful condition, being ragged and half-starved, as she could only subsist by begging. A thousand times she repented of her pride and covetousness,—which had brought her to so much misery. Then she thought of her cruel treatment of her sister, and thought this was meant as a punishment for it. At last, nearly dying with hunger and fatigue, she arrived at the gates of a magnificent palace, from whence the sounds of mirth were proceeding; she tottered up to one of the servants and begged for a morsel of food. The servant, pitying her condition, took her into the palace, being resolved to introduce her to her mistress, who was famed for her charity all over the country. After she had refreshed herself, the servant took her to the apartment of her mistress, who was anxious to see her,—but what was the astonishment and shame of Adelma when she discovered in the fair hostess her own and much-wronged sister, Perseli.

Perseli was heart-broken at her appearance, pressed her to her bosom,—desired her to forget the past, and for the future to reside with her.

Adelma appeared overwhelmed with gratitude and remorse, and accepted of Perseli's kind offer. For many months she appeared very happy, but then her hatred for her sister revived; she envied her her happiness and her wealth, and formed the wicked resolution of murdering her and her husband in the night.

When midnight arrived, she entered the chamber of her sister, while she was wrapt in sleep, and raising her arm, was about to strike the fatal blow, when a peal of thunder reverberated above. Perseli awoke; the flooring parted, and the Fairy of the Silver Fountain appeared.

Darting an angry look upon Adelma, the fairy said :

"Guilty woman, thy career of triumph is now at an end : thou shalt, for the rest of thy days be immured in a dreadful dungeon far below the surface of the earth, where by repentance thou can alone hope for mercy."

Waving her wand, the wretched Adelma was immediately carried away by a whirlwind.

The fairy then turned to Perseli, and said :—"Thus Perseli, thou perceivest that permanent happiness can only be obtained by virtue, fortitude in adversity, charitableness to our fellow creatures, perseverance, and industry. These maxims hast thou adhered to;—live, therefore, to enjoy their reward, and to bless the time when you chose the humble "*Recipe for making Sherbet,*"

## THE FAIRY OF THE FOREST.

IN ancient times, when the famous kingdom of Arcadia was in the height of its glory, there resided in one of its forests a fairy, called Benigna, and her two daughters, Volatile and Discretion.—Their palace, from its size, might almost be called a miniature one, yet its construction was elegant, and the furniture of the most costly description that money could purchase, or art invent. The plantations, gardens, and hot-houses were luxuriant. The whole domain was enclosed by a wall of almost impenetrable strength, and guarded by a band, who— from their size and uniform, were called the Regiment of Yellow Dwarfs.

It may appear singular that the lady of the forest should trust herself and treasures to the care of these little men, but she knew them to be discreet, vigilant, and faithful, and she placed her confidence in reality, while she mistrusted appearances.

Benigna was a fairy of superior intellect ; she wasted not her days like some

of her race in roving from clime to clime, or dispersing good and evil, according to the caprice of the hour. She contented herself in her own palace, and in overlooking the circle of people immediately around it, the chief part of whom were peasants subsisting on the produce of their daily toil.

Amongst the others was a poor widow, who had recently buried her husband,— and was herself ill in health. Benigna took a fancy to the woman for her pleasing manners and industrious habits, and never placing herself forward to court favours from her superiors. This woman, whose name was Clara, became the mother of two infants, a boy and a girl, about six months after the death of her husband. Alas ! she herself was ill— and looked forward for speedy dissolution. The purity of her conduct through life was such that she feared not to die, yet she wished to live for the sake of her helpless babes, who had no earthly protector except herself on whom they had a claim ; she grew worse daily, and at length the fatal hour approached that was to sever the maternal tie. She gazed on the sleeping infant with all a mother's fondness. "I will not despair," said she ; " heaven that befriends the orphan will send you a parent when I am gone !" and she prayed fervently in their behalf. Her faith and piety met their reward.— The fairy Benigna entered the cottage and took the innocents under her care, the nurse being ordered to send them to the palace in the forest as soon as their mother expired ; judging it cruel to the sufferers to remove them till that event had taken place.

This was indeed an act of mercy, and the widow expired full of hope, gratitude, and resignation.

When the twins were brought to the fairy palace, Volatile took Alberti under her immediate care and discretion, and became foster-mother to the infant Geraldine. Benigna presented each of her daughters with rules as to the right method of rearing and educating children,

and above all the necessity of governing their passions. Discretion honoured them with daily attention and practice, while her sister seldom perused them—and when she did, neglected their dictates.

Volatile soon doated on Alberti, whom she called the son of her adoption. She humoured his every whim, and no one was to oppose his will; so that before he had quite attained the third year of his age, he gained the appellation of “The Little Tyrant,” from the attending fairies and yellow dwarfs.

Geraldine, under the fostering wing of Discretion, was like a beauteous Spring flower, pleasing to the eye and grateful to the sense, and gave the highest satisfaction to her guardian and Benigna, who anticipated the delight they should experience in her society as she increased in years.

Volatile and Alberti soon became so unpleasing in their manners towards Benigna and Discretion, and so many disputes arose as to the difference in which they brought up the brother and sister, that a separation was determined on, till the children should reach the years of maturity: till then they were only to meet at stated periods of the year, or in case of any unforeseen event.

Geraldine remained with Discretion and the Fairy of the Forest at the palace, Volatile and her darling removed to a pavilion within the domain, which was fitted up with every comfort and elegance for their reception, and surrounded with a flower garden, that displayed the choicest beauties of nature.

Nothing could be more happy than Volatile and Alberti in their new abode, while novelty held its charm over their weak minds, they were freed from the restraint of Benigna’s authority, and no longer forced to listen to the prudent maxims of Discretion. At length solitude grew irksome, and the Lady of the pavilion, as she was now called, sent to invite several of the fairies to see her at her new residence; but, to her surprise,

they refused the invitation, as they preferred the society of Benigna and Discretion to the frivolous converse of Volatile, and the impertinent tricks of the spoiled boy.

It was a favourite adage with Discretion, that solitude was preferable to bad company; but this good fairy had so many resources to employ her time, that to be alone was never disagreeable to her, on the contrary, vanity was everything to Volatile, and she preferred any company to none at all; so she sent cards to Flattery, Hypocrita, and Zamora, three sisters of the class called by fairies, evil genii, who resided in a subterranean dwelling close to the sea-side.

Benigna and Discretion had ever kept them at a distance, and refused the various advances they had made towards an intimacy, so that they were now delighted at the condescension of Volatile, and dressed themselves with great splendour on the occasion: but an interruption happened to retard their progress, which they did not expect; the yellow dwarfs, aware of their true character, would not allow them to pass the gates for they were what all guards ought to be, faithful to their employer.

Flattery and Hypocrita essayed their arts, and offered bribes in vain;—the dwarfs loved their mistress and Discretion too well to be dupes of deceit.—Flattery and Hypocrita’s resolve to enter was not conquered; they crept around the enclosures, till they discovered a gap, through which they crept on their hands and knees, for they would stoop to any meanness to serve a present purpose. Zamora, who was a rude romp and loved defiance, boldly climbed a distant gate; and hand in hand they all three entered the pavilion, where the reception they met with amply compensated for the pains they had taken to procure admission.

Volatile was charmed with the compliments payed to her by Flattery, and the conversation of Hypocrita; while Zamora by her gambols with Alberti,

made the hours flee swiftly away, Indeed, the thoughtless fairy was so well pleased with her guests, that she resolved to retain them with her and become one family, a proposition gladly acceded to by the three sisters, who could thus be supported in elegance without any expence to themselves but fulsome adulation from Flattery and Hypocrita, and the display of her noisy talents and misguided amusements from Zamora.

Benigna and Discretion soon became acquainted with what was passing in the pavilion; and out of love to Volatile, paid her a visit, to warn her of the probable consequences of entertaining such guests and intreat her to dismiss them. But their kindness was returned with coolness, and even contempt, and they withdrew; Benigna saying, "You will be glad at some future period to seek real instead of false friendship!" while Discretion added, "You will repent not taking my advice."

"Go," said Volatile, in rude accents, "do not disturb the enjoyments I possess by your unsolicited approach!" and the fairies withdrew with tearful eyes, as they had a sincere love for Volatile, and a wish to save her from destruction; but they were now obliged to leave her to her own guidance, or, more properly, to those new friends who had gained an ascendancy over the fair one.

The pavilion now became the abode of mismanagement, and the consequences were not only fatal to Volatile, but her young charge, to whom the sisters became tutors. Thus, at ten years old he was artful; not a word he said could be relied on! all his passions were truly violent, and his wishes not only extravagant, but unbounded. The beautiful gardens no longer pleased him:—the flowers perished, the leaves withered;—he had no patience to wait their renovation, and enjoy the beauties of Spring; no, he was foolish enough to desire an un fading garden.

Volatile, instead of reasoning with him and pointing out the unerring order of nature, and its advantages, was weak

enough to grant his request of having Gold leaves and silver flowers by a touch of her fairy wand; while Discretion, who beheld the same from the top of a turret, could not avoid a laugh at the folly thus committed. Flattery extolled it as a glorious wonder; and Hypocrita praised it, though both secretly condemned it as an absurd project.

Alberti's delight was transient;—the glare of the gold and silver under the sun's rays was insupportable to his eyes; he missed the varied tints of the flowers, the cool contrast of the green leaves, and the grateful odour to which his smell had been accustomed. Alas!—in the height of all their ungrateful projects, like most persons who are discontented, they had forgot a chief point; they had gold leaves and silver flowers, but the roots and stones remaining in their natural state, could not support the burthen of useless wealth, and the whole was soon prostrated on the earth.

Alberti darted at them with the rage of a little fury, to tear them to pieces, as he had formerly done beds of real tulips and other choice flowers; here he failed in his purpose, and quitted the field not only vanquished, but severely wounded; the points of the leaves were as sharp as pen-knives: he cut his hands severely, and chancing to stumble, was lacerated from head to foot in such a manner that it confined him to his bed for several days. As soon as he could walk, he requested Volatile to accompany him to the garden, wherein nothing presented itself but a mass of melted ore, and he desired her to restore it to its former state; she raised her wand to oblige her pet, but its power was gone; the gold and silver mouldered into dust.

"Now," said the urchin, "the flowers are coming!" But he was deceived. Again the fury tried her art, but with no success.

Make another effort, said the incensed and unchecked Alberti. I fear to do it, said the dismayed fairy, lest I provoke those who gave me the power; and she felt at that moment a praiseworthy com-

punction at having deserted the protection of Benigna, and the sisterly aid of Discretion.

Give me the wand then, said the young tyrant, rudely snatching it from the fairy, and raising it as he had seen her do on previous occasions; I will not be disappointed; I will have what I fix my mind on.

Immediately a tall mis-shapen figure stood before them, and with a countenance full of anger, seized the wand and shivered it to pieces. You have abused the trust reposed in you, said the terrific being, to Volatile; power was given you to do good not evil; you have been guilty of ingratitude and presumption; you have sullied your brightness by associating with base companions; and have reared this child not in the way he ought to go, but in that way he ought not to go, thus rendering him a blemish to society instead of a useful member; his faults are great, but you are the author of them. Mark your punishment—you are no longer a fairy, and must quit this once happy spot. And with these words he dissappeared. Volatile returned with Alberti to the pavilion with slow and tottering steps.

She had scarce entered, when a band of yellow dwarfs entered, headed by virtuous Resolution, and drove all the party out of the domain.

Volatile and her charge found shelter in the subterranean abode of Penitence, Probation and Patience, three sisters of very different characters from their former deluders; their appearance at first was not inviting, but they conferred solid benefits on the fugitives, who were soon led to love and esteem them; and having resided with them three years, pardon was obtained for Volatile, her wand restored under the new name of Prudentia. Benigna and Discretion received them into the palace with joy; a splendid entertainment was provided on the occasion, to which all the virtues and graces were invited. Flattery and her sisters would have fain renewed their intimacy, and excused their former ungrateful behaviour, but they could not succeed; they

even tried to make a friend of the young Geraldine, but she kept firm to the dictates of Discretion, to whom she imparted their visits, and means were effectually resorted to so as to prevent a repetition.

We can scarce sufficiently commend this conduct in Geraldine; it is an example worthy to be followed; give your confidence to those who protect you, and you will avoid many snares and their attendant dangers.

The garden was restored to its primitive beauty; Alberti delighted in its natural sweets, and no longer had any desire for flowers of silver and leaves of gold; indeed he now checked every presumptuous idea that arose, and dreaded the incurring vice and its sure punishment. He had the good sense to discover, by the lessons of the generous Benigna, and her amiable daughter, (for one such had Volatile become since she had been blessed with the name of Prudentia), that the worst characters often wear the most deceitful appearances and insinuating manner.

Hypocrita and Flattery wore fine dresses; Virtue, Benigna, Discretion,—and other simple good fairies, loved neatness and elegant simplicity. Geraldine became a virtuous wife, an excellent mother, and a valuable friend, though married to a nobleman, she never forgot or deserted her former patronesses. Benigna and her daughters were not only made welcome when they appeared, but frequently courted to honour her with their presence, and on all important occasions she consulted them.

Alberti entered the army under the same auspices. Courage was softened with Benignity, and enterprize by Discretion; and he gained "Flowers of Silver and Leaves of Gold," for as such he reckoned the esteem of his sovereign, the laurels of renown that decked his brow, and the rewards bestowed on him by a grateful country.

Discretion is a potent friend,  
Who will not fail you in the end,  
If you to her advice attend;  
But should you from her shelter flee,  
You'll wander forth in misery.