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and nonsense in works of every kind and denomination, and was near seeing myself in the necessity of embracing reason, if I would stick to singularity; so that I do not despair of living to see Truth come at, from every error being licked up, in the way to it.

It was once in my thoughts to write a dissertation against Learning, to give myself the air of a genius, free, independent, self-teeming, and that scorns to owe any thing to foreign helps; but I observ'd, that this was mere common-place too trite, invented by idleness, adopted by ignorance, and which surely does not tend much to improve the understanding.

Mathematics, which succeeded Learning, have had their turn, and are going out of fashion. It is no longer now a secret, that dulness may consist as well with solving a problem, as with restoring a reading. Every thing is compatible with wit, and nothing can confer it.

As for the talent of wit, so envy'd, so decry'd, and so much in request, it is almost as ridiculous in the world to lay claim to it, as it is difficult to attain to it.

The

vi E P I S T L E.

comprehend every stage of life, by your espousing every folly that distinguishes each: you are a mere child in running after trifles; young, the passions govern you; as you advance in years, you think you grow wise, because your folly grows grave and sadly sober, and when you have crept on to old-age, you do nothing but doat; you speak without thinking; you act constantly in opposition to your principles, and presume you judge when you only pronounce.

I respect you much; I esteem you very little, and on your conscience, do you think you deserve to be either lov'd or serv'd? Such are my sentiments in regard to you, would you require any other,

I am,

Your most humble,

and most obedient Servant, * * *

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There was formerly, in a country situate between the kingdom of *Acajous* and that of *Minutia*, a race of Genii, who delighted in mischief; they were the scandal of their own species, and a plague to mankind. Heaven was mov'd at the prayers sent (up) against this curst race, and almost all perish'd away in tragical ends: there remain'd no more of them on the face of the earth, but the genius *Podagrambo*, and his sister, the fairy *Harpicla*; but then it would seem that these two had inherited the whole stock of wickedness of their ancestors.

They had both but little wit: the quality of Genius, or Fairy, confers only power, and ill-nature is yet oftner seen join'd with dulness than with wit. *Podagrambo*, tho' a most noble, most high, and most puissant prince or lord, which you will, was yet a great dunce. (Alas! there is no such character now.) *Harpicla* pass'd for having more wit, only because she was rather more ill-natur'd; two qualities that to this day are so confounded, as to be us'd often for convertible terms: but what proves that she really had but little, was, that her conversation was tiresome, even tho' the matter of it was always scandal. As for the
the

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their posterity with much tenderness, without ever doing any thing material for or even shewing a natural affection for their children, to whom they often bequeath a broken fortune; or if a good one, then pinn'd to some infamous title to be cursed by, and rather a visitation upon, than an honour to their progeneration. His proposal was then received by the public as a declaration of war.

The Genii, and the Fairies, treated this affair as important enough, to have their senate summon'd upon it: the matter was laid before them, consider'd and debated upon; speeches were made, and deliberation *really* had on a matter of which the public good was *not* the *pretext*; and yet they came to a resolution, which had that for its object.

It was enacted, that neither *Podambo*, nor *Harpicha*, should ever be married, unless they could make themselves be belov'd. This clause seem'd to condemn them both to a state of celibacy: if they could become amiable, it must be by a change of character, and that was that was desired.

They turn'd directly to their ephemeris, to see what house they should honour with their choice; but their greatest difficulty was, the condition, *sine qua non*, of making themselves

poor Prince durst not refuse a compliance with.

Harpicla, charm'd with having at her disposal the little Prince *Acajou*, took him away with her, and now thought of nothing more than executing her project. With one whisk of her wand, she built him an enchanted palace, which the reader may please to fancy after his own taste, as it would be, after all, abusing the liberty of trifling with him, to amuse him here with a description; but what I am oblig'd to inform him of, because he is not oblig'd to guess it, is, that *Harpicla*, in framing the gardens to the palace, which she design'd for the little Prince to walk in, annexed a talisman to them, which was to hinder him from going beyond them, unless he should break the charm by becoming in love; and as she was to be the only woman he could see, she did not doubt but her sex alone would stand her in the stead of beauty; and that the desires of youth, when it begins to feel itself, would create a passion for her in *Acajou's* body at least. However, an untoward accident, which *Harpicla* had not very well foreseen, thwarted at first her designs, and obliged her to correct her plan. *Acajou* had receiv'd at his birth the gift of beauty; he was to be the handsomest

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down, he would feel a passion for her, by so much the more violent, as it would be the more extravagant and unjustifiable. She accordingly came with them directly to the child; but as she went to flatter, and engage him by her careffes to take them, with a laugh she intended for pleasant, on her usually grim phiz, it unhappily screw'd it into so horrible a grin, that the child was frighted at it, and sputter'd them out in her face. A man of those who are called reasonable, would have been easier gained upon to swallow them; but clear-sighted Nature gives to those she has not yet deliver'd up to reason, an instinct more sure, which guards them against what is hurtful. The Fairy did not indeed much regret the sugar-plumb of presumption or conceit; she did not doubt, but his birth would give him enough of that; but she never could, with all her art, prevail upon him to swallow either one or the other: but that these precious things might not be lost, she gave them to a traveller, (she never made presents of another nature) as a most valuable curiosity, superadding to them the virtue of multiplying. He who receiv'd them, brought them into *Europe*, where they had a wonderful circulation; they were the first sugar-plumbs ever seen there. Every body would

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but an extreme vivacity. It would seem that her spirit, too confined in so little a body, was ever restless, and endeavouring to break prison: always thinking, always in action; her penetration often carried her beyond her objects, and hindered her from discerning them so exactly as those who could not reach to them. Her quick-piercing sight, and her lively motions were the image of the qualities of her mind. For a remedy to this excess of vivacity, (which fools with all their might attempt, and then mis-call it giddiness, to comfort themselves for their miscarrying,) the council of *Fairy-hood* had made *Ninetta* a present of a pair of spectacles and a crutch, both enchanted. The virtue of the spectacles consisted in, that by somewhat dimming the sight, it tempered the vivacity of the mental rays, and kept up a juster relation between spirit and matter. Here you have the original invention of spectacles: they have been since indeed employed on a use quite opposite, but it is thus that every thing is perverted. What proves however how much the latter are disserviceable to the understanding, is to see old guardians every day cheated by young lovers without experience; and no doubt it can be the spectacles only that are in fault. As to the crutch,

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remove, that the imbecillity of the Princess, should cease from the moment she should feel what it was to love. A woman who is in need of no other remedy but that, is not in a very desperate way. *Ninetta* having taken *Zirphile* in her arms, brought her away safe to her own palace, in spite of all the art and devices of the wicked Fairy.

On the other hand, *Harpicla* now made it her whole concern to give her pupil the very worst education she could imagine, in order to stifle the growth of his understanding by a perverse culture; as she hoped that *Zirphile's* stupidity would disappoint all the pains that should be taken on her education. She ordered the Prince's governours to talk to him of nothing but apparitions, spectres, hob-goblins, and to read fairy-tales to him to fill his head full of a thousand silly whims, visions, and trifles. The futility of our days has preserved a practice which the Fairy invented out of pure malice.

When the Prince grew up a little, the Fairy sent for masters from all quarters, and, as in the contrivance of any mischief she never could justly be accused of mediocrity, she transpos'd all the objects of these masters. She sent for a famous mathematician, the Newton of those times, to teach the
Prince

all in vain. The court of the little Fairy, assembled all the people of wit and taste, that were in the kingdom of *Minutia*. The days she kept her drawing room, nothing could be more shining than the conversation. It was not a dialogue where common sense only could be remarked; but a torrent of fallies of wit. Every body asked questions, no body gave answers to the purpose, and yet they understood one another to a miracle; or if they did not sometimes, it was the same thing, in point of satisfaction, amongst wits so quick as to out-run the memory of their own question. Exaggeration was their most favourite figure, and the most constantly employed: without having sentiments very lively, or being taken up with objects very important, they constantly talked a language in that strain: they were sure *to die, yes, to die*, whenever the wind came east: such a ribband, or such a fan, was *the only thing in the universe that they could like or admire*: a King trumped the first time of leading, made them *quite furious*: betwixt the shades of the same colour, they could find *an immensity of differences*: in short, they exhausted the most emphatic expressions upon mere trifles; so that if by chance any of them came under the tryal of a violent passion, they could not make themselves

be

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dear pupil. She placed her, with her maids of honour, amongst whom there were frequent vacancies; and most of them quitted before their time was up; there was not at court any corps that required such constant recruiting. *Zirphile* had not observation enough to be spoil'd by example; and it was in vain that the young courtiers fluttered round her, and played all the glitter of dress in her eyes. Too forward, too glaring a design of pleasing, generally disappoints its own end. *Zirphile* was little touched at their homage, and all their rote of gallantry, and coxcombray, made not the least impression on her heart; one would not from this indeed have concluded her such a simpleton as she really was, but as men are first led to pleasure by their senses, and initiated before they know any thing of their hearts; so most women must begin by the heart, and by loving, and would be rarely seduc'd by the instinct of pleasure alone, without example or instruction: However no accident happen'd to *Zirphile*; because, for her greater security, *Ninetta* suffer'd no man to approach her within a proper distance, for the sake of her honour; nor certain women, for the sake of her innocence.

Whilst

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ly engage, and it is yet rarer that they are offer'd, when they are worth being fought for.

Harpicla was out of her wits at this contrariety; the council of the Fairies had decreed, that the Prince should not remain longer in her hands than to the age of seventeen, after which she should have no power over him.

The Kings of *Acajou* and *Mimutia*, expected that happy instant with impatience, to unite their Kingdoms by the marriage of their children.

The Genius had no sooner knowledge of the project, but he swore, that things should not pass so. He prepar'd a sumptuous equipage, and repair'd to *Ninetta's* court, where he was received with that sort of politeness and deference, in use amongst all the Great, and which does not engage to esteem, nor indeed exclude the strongest inward contempt.

Not to lose time in superfluous compliments, he made an immediate declaration to *Zirphile* of the sentiments, that is to say, the desires, she inspir'd him with. The little Princess, who had not learnt to dissemble, did not suffer him to languish an instant, and assured him all-naturally, of the most perfect horror she had for him: He was extremely surprized at the
the

out one of the curses common enough to a fool, is to think entirely well of himself, and to believe that others speak ill of him. In his rage he returned home to meditate a revenge worthy his character, and to concert with *Harpicla* the means of carrying off the Princess; but *Ninetta*, having foreseen the attempts that might be made against her dear *Zirphile*, had given her a scarf, the charm of which was such, that the wearer was out of all danger from any violence.

In the mean time, the innocent *Acajou* could not shake off the melancholy that consumed him, and *Zirphile*, on her part, began to be touched with a malady of the same nature. They often took solitary walks, and when chance or destiny working from on high, conducted them each to the palisade which separated the two gardens, they found themselves attracted that way by a power unknown to them, and then fix'd there by a secret charm: each reflected separately and alone, on the unaccountable pleasure they relish'd in a place the most unfrequented, and unnoted of their enclosure: they resorted there constantly every day, and the night could hardly draw them away from it.

One day that the Prince was plung'd in his reflections, near this palisade, a sigh
 escaped

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nerve, which a pleasure so new impressed on their unexperienc'd senses. They venture to touch; but yet they keep silence: at length some words, hardly articulated, find a vent; and now they talk with vivacity, they exchange a thousand questions, whilst neither, amidst the trance and confusion of their spirits, could answer to the purpose; and yet they are satisfied with one another's replies; they have no doubts left, or at least, it is enough for them to conceive that they had desired, without knowing one another; that they had found all they looked for, and were now sufficient to themselves, whilst each was all the world to the other. *Acajou*, who had never seen but *Harpicla*, thought himself transported into a new creation, and *Zirphile*, who had never taken the least notice of the men at court, imagined she now saw one for the first time. *Acajou* kissed *Zirphile's* hand; the simple innocent, who did not know she was granting a favour, and much less committing a fault, took it kindly. *Acajou*, who had too good intentions to think his careffes could offend any one, redoubled them: *Zirphile* very naturally returned them; not having the least idea of vice, she could possibly have no shame. They sat down together on the grass; there they embrac'd

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Love is confident and bold in its desires,
and timid for its pleasures.

The image of *Zirphile*, now strongly engraven on *Acajou's* heart, let him see *Harpicla* yet more horrible than ever. As to *Zirphile*, tho' she was thus obliged to suspend the pleasure of seeing *Acajou*, that which she had just tasted, gave a new lustre to her beauty, and diffused an air of satisfaction over her person. Pleasure adds to beauty, and love alone refines the understanding; but the charm was now broke and dispelled, and nothing could equal the surprize which *Zirphile's* wit occasion'd the whole court. It was that very evening drawing-room night at *Ninetta's*, where on certain flings and fleers passing, so familiar to half-wits, who think they have some superiority over others, perhaps one degree sillier than themselves, of which poor *Zirphile* had been often the object, from that instant she answer'd those ladies, or such they were, with so much justness, so much wit, and so little acrimony, that the laugh went clearly over to her side, and left the whole knot of insipids disconcerted and surpriz'd at the smartness of her repartees, and mortified too, even by the attention she showed to give what he said as inoffending a turn as possible. The men were all charm'd, and extolled
her

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he resolv'd to consult *Harpicla*. The wicked Fairy receiv'd this news with the most violent resentment: the Genius told her, there was nothing left for it, but to carry off the Princess.

Though the Fairy was in as great a fury as himself, she did not much care to have the Princess brought home to the same place where her young lover was; she would rather have had her removed further off: but she knew the intractability of the Genius, and kept her fears to her self; nay she told him, that he ought to take upon himself this enterprize, flattering herself that he would never have the wit to carry it through.

Podagrambo, from early in the morning, hid himself behind a tree, near the palisade, where our lovers used to meet. *Acajou's* masters had orders to prolong his lessons, that he might not get to the rendezvous before the Princess.

Acajou's sweetness of temper was now ruffled for the first time: but evenness does not subsist with a passion like his; whilst he was fretting, and champing with impatience, the tender *Zirphile*, came to the palisade, and was extremely uneasy not to find her lover, who used always to be the first there. She looked every where round her for him; at length she ventures
to

The Genius sweeten'd and relaxed a little upon this flattering discourse; but though the Princess advised him to hope every thing from his merit, and that he was perfectly persuaded of it, he did not yet care to quit his hold of her. If your heart, said he, is indeed so favourably disposed for me, you ought to make no difficulty to come with me to my palace. All the courtship and monkey-tricks of vulgar lovers are but frivolous formalities, which serve only to put off the joy, without adding to its poignancy. Well then, reply'd *Zirphile*, I am ready to follow you, and to prove my sincerity to you; only be so good to reach me my scarf, that I may not leave behind me any token of my escape, or of your violence. The Genius was ready to die with pleasure and admiration, at *Zirphile's* presence of mind.

Oh! said he, for this bout I must own that love is the devil for furnishing women with wit at a pinch; for my part, I should not of myself have thought of that, and was going like a fool—Here he disentangled the scarf, and presented it to the Princess, offering withal to kiss her hand; but she, who had now nothing to fear, repulsed him with scorn. Hence, perfidious, said she, or dread the anger of the Fairies; this scarf is to me the badge of their protection.

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farther into *Ninetta's* garden, until divided betwixt fear and desire, he was insensibly got as far as her palace itself.

The news of his arrival soon reach'd *Ninetta*, who came out to welcome him, attended by all her Court. *Acajou* advanc'd very respectfully towards the little Fairy, and with a bow that amounted to a prostration, kissed the hem of her garment. As soon as *Zirphile* and he perceiv'd one another, they ran to embrace, and the presence of the whole court did not hinder them from giving the most lively marks of the pleasure they had at their re-meeting. *Zirphile* very naturally related the danger she had run; the Prince was yet more endear'd to her by it. Women, the more they have hazarded for their pretty fellow, the more they are still ready to sacrifice. *Ninetta*, naturally indulgent, never thought of examining whether every thing had been strictly regular in the conduct of our young lovers; it was sufficient for her, that Providence had done every thing for the best.

Harpicla, when acquainted with *Acajou's* escape, flew into a most horrible rage, and came to reclaim him; but luckily for the Prince, he was that day enter'd on his seventeenth year, and the decree of Fairies set him free at this age, from any sub-
jection

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vel at that Court; and that society itself was hurt by it.

Nobody then troubled their heads any longer about either, and they were so sufficient to one another, that they took as little notice of the desertion, as they had of the assiduities, of the court.

Ninetta, who had before watch'd so carefully over *Zirphile's* conduct, and guarded her against the petulance of the young sparks about the Court, left her at any time with *Acajou*, without scruple, persuaded that true love is ever respectful, and that the more a lover desires, the less he dares attempt. The maxim is delicate: for my part I do not think it entirely a safe one; however, in this instance, at least, it was not contradicted by the event.

They only waited now for the Kings of *Acajou* and *Minutia* to celebrate the marriage: their ambassadors were arrived before, and had almost regulated every thing: the new liveries were made; the cloaths were ready for trying on; there was not a single ribbon in fault: they had sent for the newest fashions from *Paris* (for it seems *London* never produced any thing of that sort worth a farthing) which were carefully negotiated by the means of drest puppets of *Ninetta's* size. In a word, all the essentials were ready; there remained now
nothing

Harpicla that instant touch'd *Zirphile* with her wand, and carried her off in a cloud, in the very moment that the tender *Acajou* was kissing her hand. This unhappy Prince prostrated himself before the Fairy, and in a supplicant tone begg'd of her to let the weight of her resentment fall upon him, and to spare the Princess: in vain did he say all that love and generosity could inspire. The cruel Fairy looking at him with eyes blood-shot with rage and venom; "Darest thou, said she, hope for any
 "favour from me? My heart is no longer
 "sensible to any thing but hatred. I will,
 "at one stroke, exercise my revenge on
 "thee and thy mistress: she is designed
 "for the arms of thy rival, who, to com-
 "pleat my satisfaction, is as odious as thou
 "art dear to her."

At these words the chariot cuts the wind, and leaves *Acajou* plung'd in the last despair.

Ninetta was soon informed by her fairy-art of what had happened: but the misfortune of these people, who know every thing, is to foresee nothing. She came to look for the Prince: he was stretch'd on the ground, holding the Princess's scarf, which he bathed with his tears. The little Fairy left nothing unsaid that might comfort him, without being able to get herself heard.

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“ perilous or mighty efforts to lay hold of
“ it ; nothing more is required, than that
“ the adventure should be undertaken by
“ a woman of unspotted virtue, which is
“ surely no such rare qualification ! She
“ will encounter no obstacle ; but any o-
“ ther person would all in vain attempt to
“ atchieve it.”

‘ By Heavens ! says a *petit-maitre*, a most
‘ fortunate discovery ! I shall break my
‘ neck, I am afraid, with hurry to pay my
‘ compliment on it to Prince *Acajou*.’
“ Hold your tongue, says the Fairy, and
“ do not play the fool : if we wanted a
“ reasonable man, the choice would not
“ certainly fall upon you.” ‘ I do not jest
‘ indeed, reply’d the young coxcomb in a
‘ strain of irony, but I am really afraid
‘ this will breed such an emulation of vir-
‘ tue, such a contest, as may degenerate
‘ into a civil war.’ “ I have foreseen that
“ inconvenience, says *Ninetta* ; therefore
“ I propose having it decided by lots, to
“ take away all room of complaint.” The
Tickets were instantly prepared, and the
name that came up was that of *Amina*.

This was a young creature, rather very
pretty and agreeable than a beauty ; lively,
giddy, coquet to excess ; very free in her
talk, little circumspect in her conduct ;
ogling

They would never have imagined that this was the treasure they were sent in quest of, if the Fairy had not particularly pointed it out to them.

If the form of the vase was vile, the virtue of it was admirable: no tripod sent forth certainer oracles. In short, it was the most famous conjuring pot in the world.

Amina and *Zobeide* likewise found the cat that was mentioned in their instructions: they went to flatter and caress it, but it spit and scratch'd at *Zobeide*, whilst it suffered *Amina* to stroke him at pleasure, purr'd, drew in its claws, arch'd its back, and gallantly erected its tail, in high good humour.

Amina, charmed with so auspicious a beginning, laid hold of the vase, and was bringing it clean off, when *Zobeide* officiously put her hand to it. Of a sudden issued from it a thick smoak, which filled the room. A dreadful noise was immediately heard. *Amina*, in a fright, lets fall the vase again on the table she had taken it from; and the Genius appeared with *Harpicla*. They seized on our adventurers, and only spared their lives to shut them up in a dark dungeon.

Ninetta was soon informed, according to her custom, after the event, of the illiuc-
cess

Something weakened, he should not be able to keep the whole person of *Zirphile*, but that without losing her life, her head should sunder from her body, and be transported to the country of Ideas, where it was to remain until it should be re-united to it by him who could get to that country and disenchant her. *Ninetta* represented, that of the two it would be better to leave the head than the body of the Princess in the power of the Genius, for fear of ill consequences. The Fairies paid a regard to this objection, and order'd, that the body should be surrounded with a burning flame, which should suffer no one to approach it, but him that should be in possession of the head. The decree of the Fairies was executed as soon as pronounced. The Genius would forthwith attempt the adventure, but was never able even to reach the country of Ideas. A madman may easily arrive thither, a fool never. As for *Acajou*, who was in love up to madness, he found no difficulty to come at it.

The country of Ideas is extremely singular, and its form of government holds no resemblance with any other : there are no subjects in it ; every one is King, and reigns alone over the whole state, without usurping a foot on the jurisdiction of others,
whole

which tho' it stunk enough to poison a nation, was greedily licked up by a number of subaltern heads in waiting. He laugh'd heartily at the swell of the muscles in some *Quixot*-heads, who had dashed their brains out against political windmills, in sheer knight-errantry for the sake of a State-*Dulcinea*, and very much pitied and despised the heads of some noted speech-makers, whose only merit was *Words*, who did not feel that they are pure utility, when unsustain'd by conduct and activity, and who yet thought they had *acted* wonders for the Public, when they had evaporated their patriot fervour in a fine speech to be talked of: not so— He hardly deign'd to take notice of some worthless heads of fellows worth immense sums of money; some he saw, that by the dropping of a mask they had always worn, appear'd now so perfectly *incognito*, that even their best friends did not, or would not know them. Some excited *Acajou's* compassion, others his horror; such as the gorgon hoary heads of old rogues of three-core and ten, many, again, his mirth, amongst which was a string of insignificant heads betawder'd with ribbands, and serv'd as pretty little engines cheaply work'd by moak; but he trampled over all those miserable heads whom envy had reduc'd to that condition.

self easy, and give ear to me: all the efforts you would make to lay hold of me would be fruitless; I would of my own accord throw myself into your arms if fate would permit it; but as I am enchanted, I can only be taken by hands which are so too. Alas! I sigh after my body, and do not know whether by this time it is not unworthy of my owning; it has remain'd in the Genius's hands, I dare not think of it without shuddering; this head of mine swims at it. Tranquilize yourself on that score, interrupted *Acajou*, the Fairies moved at your misfortunes, have taken your body under their protection. You give me new life, reply'd *Zirphile*, however in all events dear Prince, you know all my tenderness is for you, and you would be too generous to reproach me with a misfortune of which I should be innocent. You do me justice, said the delicate *Acajou*, but instruct me quickly where I may find these enchanted hands you mention. You will find them, reply'd *Zirphile*, in the next park you come too, where they flit about, they once belong'd to the Fairy *Saunter*, who was deprived of them, because she did not know what to do with them, I will give you her history. There was once upon a time—Oh, 'sdeath, interrupted *Acajou* impatiently, I have no time to hear stories,
let

with giving him a box on the ear, or throwing his hat on the ground. The more warmly he chafed them, the more they fled before him. This pursuit lasted so long, that the poor *Acajou* was quite run out of breath. He stoped a moment, and finding himself near a vine, he reach'd a cluster of grapes to refresh himself; but he had hardly tasted them, before he felt within himself an extraordinary revolution; his head grew lighter, by a flood of spirits, and an encreased vivacity; his heart became tranquil, and unconcern'd; his imagination inflamed itself more and more; all objects painted themselves there with fire, pass'd thro' with rapidity, and effaced one another in swift succession; so that not having the time to arrange and compare them, he was entirely incapable of judging of them; in a word, he grew distracted. The fruits of that country, by their intimate and congenial relation to the heads that inhabit it, had the vertue of taking away reason, and unhappily had no effect over wit. *Acajou* then in an instant found himself the most witty, and the most crack-brain'd Prince in the world.

The first effect of so sudden a change, was a coolness of heart. *Acajou* lost all his love; the true never subsists but with reason. Instead of that tender and respect-
ful

changed, but that he had still an infinite deal of wit. At first she was somewhat displeas'd that he had not brought back the Princess: however, as the present object ever carries it from the absent one with those lively tempers, she comforted herself for the loss of *Zirphile* by the pleasure of seeing *Acajou* again.

The whole Court now crouded to pay their respects to him, more out of curiosity and form, than from any interest they took in his return. They expected to find him only a plain, modest, discreet Prince, on whom they would consequently, as before, fasten all imaginable ridicules; but they soon saw reason to take up a more advantageous opinion of him. The conversation, frothed up, grew animated, lively, and sparkling. The reader may please to recollect that the Fairy's spectacles served to shorten the sight; she had pull'd them off to see the Prince arrive from the farther off; and as she had not put them on again, she talked away without end or measure. *Acajou* kept pace with her, with equal volubility. Silence was utterly put to flight. He pour'd out in a breath a thousand sprightly extravagancies, that set the whole Court upon a stare of admiration and rapture, and made the women distracted for him: they devoured all he said, and cry'd out, *Ah!*
what

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now the whole employment of his trifling life to enlarge his list: all the ladies were fond of getting enroll'd on it, and never found him so worthy of being loved, as since he was grown incapable of loving.

After having *had* a number of celebrated women, sufficient to establish his credit, he took it in his head to seduce some, for no other view in life, than to spoil them of the reputation they had of virtue. If he got notice of a woman tenderly beloved by a husband, and whom she equally loved, she became immediately the object of his pursuit; and such is the unaccountable caprice of women, that he generally succeeded by every thing that ought to have given him the exclusion.

The intrigues he had amongst the ladies at Court, did not hinder him from descending amongst the cits, where his successes were so much the more rapid, as that those whom he gave an account of, thought it was ranking in some measure with the women of the first distinction, when they were guilty of the same follies and extravagancies with them. The men, instead of hating only envied him; and made their court to him, all the while admiring, without esteeming him.

Though those who spend their time the worst have the least to spare, the Prince had

ings, which every body made their favourite reading of; it was entitled, *The perfect Nofegay*, a work extremely useful at Court, and very proper to form a young man, and render him shining and insupportable.

Acajou found himself at length really fatigued with all his successes: he had never put any thing in the place of love, but pleasure; his airs of wit had succeeded those of coquetry, and now his disgust of both operated almost the effect of reason, and made his life insupportable to him; a man of worth would be too miserable were he condemn'd in earnest to such a one, without being more reasonable, he became pensive and listless. Besides, it is the nature of wit, to create at first admiration, and then soon after to weary even its admirers. Most of the women that had had an ambition to please him, began to blush, for finding themselves enrolled on too numerous a list, and disown'd him. He was even accus'd of ill nature, under colour that he made songs and mischief, that his jests did not even except his best friends, and that in short, he pinn'd ridicules upon every body. He had, however, certainly no ill intention, he only aimed at diverting himself with amusing others, but the world is ever unjust.

Ninetta, who could not conceive how her dear *Acajou* could ever go out of fashion,

tremely, but I solemnly swear to you, I am not in the least tempted to make trial of them: observe but the notable secret, to become reasonable by the loss of one's wit! There is not a surer method, interrupted the Fairy, and you are in pass to sacrifice more of it than any one I know. *Ninetta* said upon that point, a great many flattering things to the Prince; she knew that wit sooner suffers itself to be seduced by self-love, than persuaded by reason. However, *Acajou*, notwithstanding all the eloquence of *Ninetta*, was still mad enough not to care to be rid of his wit: this was sav'd for Love alone to accomplish.

This young Prince had never enjoy'd the taste of true pleasures; because his desires had been always prevented, or met half way. His fancies held him but by the novelty of objects, and vivacity wears them out so fast! He was fallen into a state of languor, which some momentary caprice would draw him out of; by intervals, to replunge him the surer into it again. Love, the first sensations of which *Zirphile* had made him feel, now rekindled in his heart, as soon as the intoxication of the senses was dissipated, and that vanity no longer found its account. He felt a void in his heart, which was made for love alone to fill. It is the misfortune of those who have truly lov'd, to find nothing that they can worthily substitute in the place of love.

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the whole work : if the reader regrets it, he may supplement it in some sort, by beginning with himself.]

Ninetta having made *Acajou* draw near to the vine, the grapes of which were sovereign cures for the spirit of presumption, airs, and coxcombry, order'd him to gather a cluster, then, having put her spectacles on, and presented him with *Zirphile's* scarf: Prince, said she, when you get into the country of Ideas, you need only let it fly in the air, keeping it fast at one end, and the enchanted hands which you fruitlessly gave chase to, will come to seize it; it is then you may take them: after which it will be easy for you with them to get the Princess's head into your own hands. Whenever you feel occasion to eat or drink, swallow a few of these grapes, they will suffice you: you may give some to *Zirphile*, she will stand in need of them to calm the vapours which must have somewhat affected her head: without this precaution, you will find her so different from herself, that after having been already inconstant thro' the loss of your reason, you may re-become so thro' the return of it. When you have once got the head, we shall be soon in possession of the body by the attraction, which makes that in women, the head runs away the body. However, before you set out, it is proper
you

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thence he proceeded directly in search of *Zirphile's* head, and to that effect, he open'd a prodigious quantity of pears, without finding her : from them he passed on to peaches and melons, and was making terrible havoc of the fruit, when he heard a loud giggling laugh ; he turn'd to see whence it came, and perceiv'd the head of the Princess, who instead of making towards him, kept mocking and jesting at his eagerness and research.

As love weakens by absence, and there is a catching contagion amongst wrong-heads, *Zirphile* had lost a great deal of the vivacity of her passion, and began to naturalize herself to the country she liv'd in : *Acajou* sigh'd for regret at it ; but recalling to mind the vertue of the wonderful grapes, of which he had a cluster with him, he threw a few at the Princess's head, who swallow'd them all in jesting and play. Her giddiness was instantly dissipated ; she flew to the enchanted hands, with which the Prince receiv'd her. Nothing could equal the transports he was seized with ; he let the hands go wherever they pleased, and gave no attention to any thing, but the precious head of his dear Princess. He smother'd it with kisses she could not well avoid, and made her cheeks all roseate with the blushes called up to them by her modesty, tho' in the
condition

his head full of the principle of his misfortunes, and of all the pottery he had lately demolished, he answer'd, without well knowing what he said, that he was a poor lad that went about mending earthen ware for a livelihood, and wanted a lodging for that night. At these words, the old woman's face unwrinkled a little: You are come in good time, said she, you may do a job for me, I have by me a crack'd chamber-pot, which I will give you to mend. The old woman went directly to look for this precious utensil, and put it into his hands, that he might set to work. The Prince as ashamed of the calling he had just professed, as of the first use he was set to make of it, took the old woman's pot; when recollecting the terrible oath he had bound himself by, never to spare any chamber-pot that fell in his way, until he should have disenchant'd the Princess, he balanc'd sometime between the fear of perjury, and that of violating hospitality, when the scruple at length carried it, and setting the pot drive against the wall, batter'd it into a thousand pieces. I do not know whether the reader is shocked at his impoliteness of *Acajou*, whether he will be surpriz'd at the event, or if by his singular sagacity, he has not already foreseen it. However that may be, those who have not so much penetration, will
be

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pleas'd, without any one's presuming to censure her conduct; it is likely that she had sense enough to make a proper use of it. As for *Zobeide*, she continued no doubt her usual course of life, but she left off scandal.

Nimetta, after these first offices of good nature were over, employ'd herself solely in accomplishing the marriage of the two lovers: it was celebrated with all possible magnificence. They lived ever after in an uninterrupted felicity, and had a great number of children, who had all extreme happy dispositions, since they were all born with a strong natural propensity to love,

E N D.

