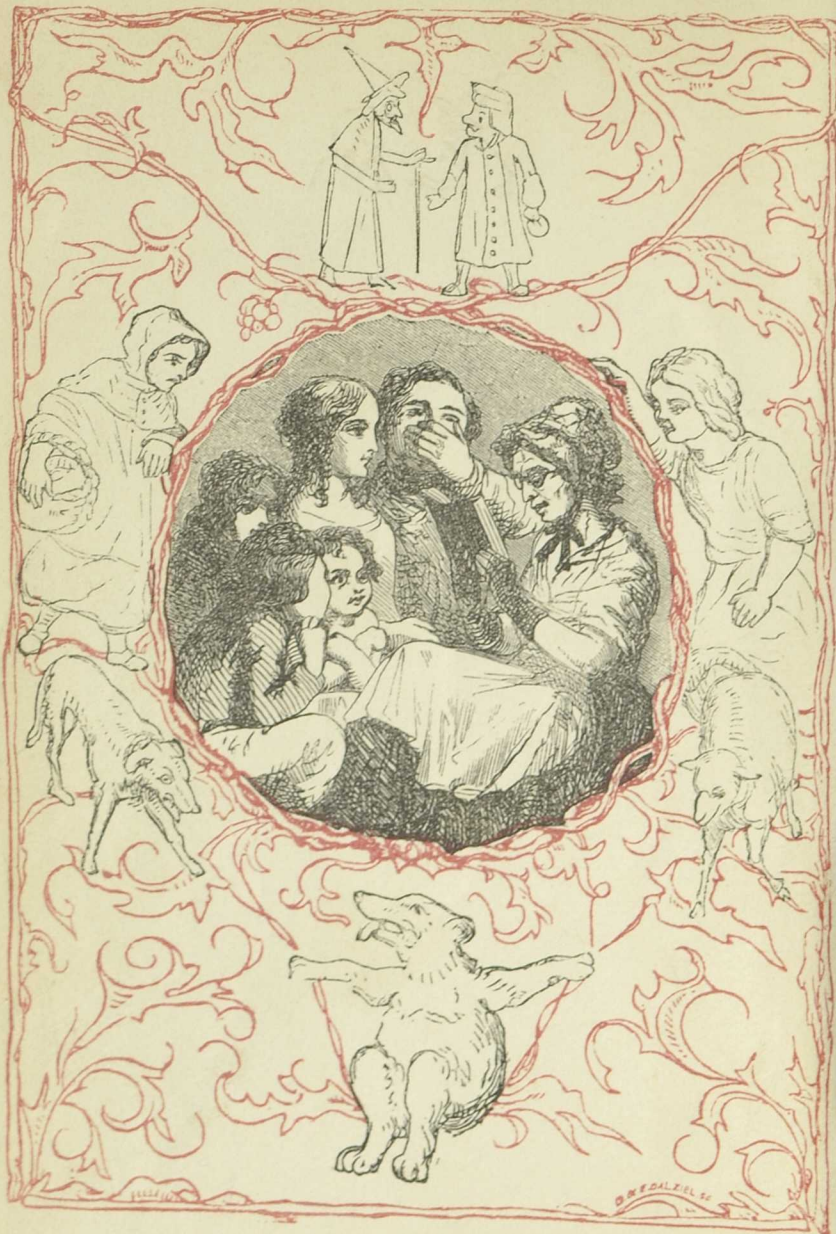




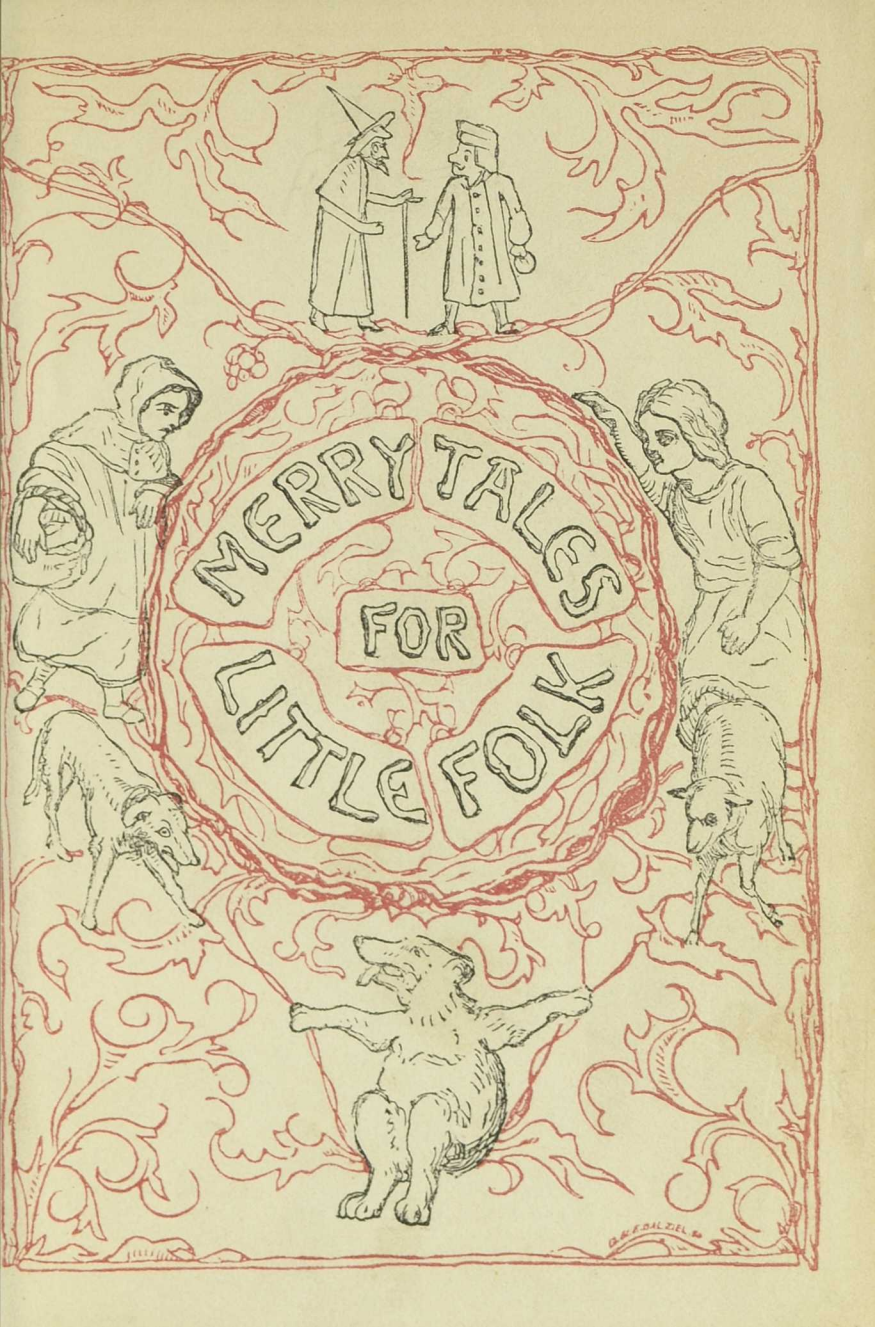


Robert Washington Gates

E and C Buckton 1865.



DRYDALS FILS



MERRY TALES
FOR
LITTLE FOLK

G. F. DALDEL & Co.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



1877

MERRY TALES

FOR

LITTLE FOLK.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED PICTURES.

Edited by Madame de Chatelain.



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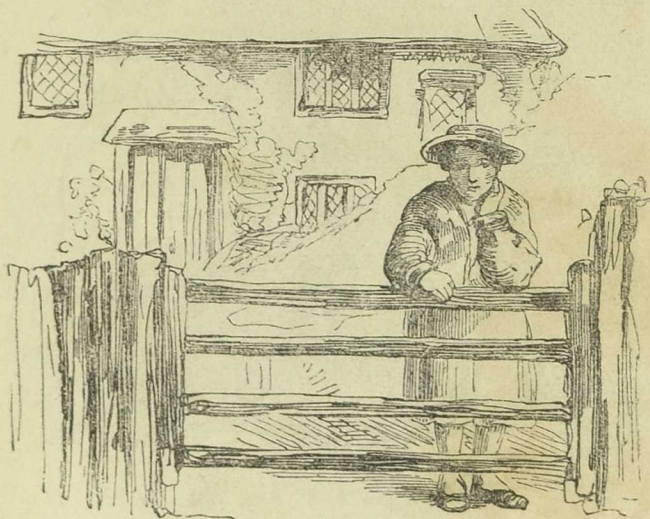
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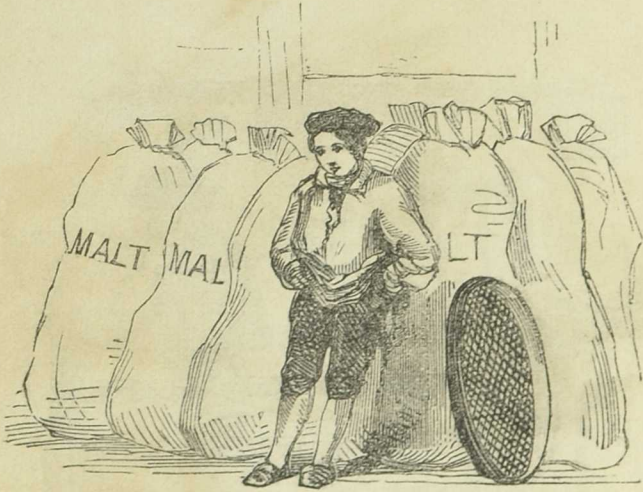
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THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



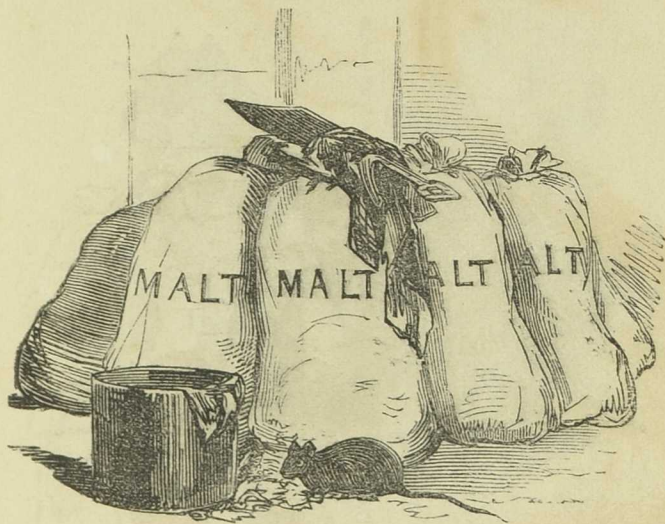
THIS is the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



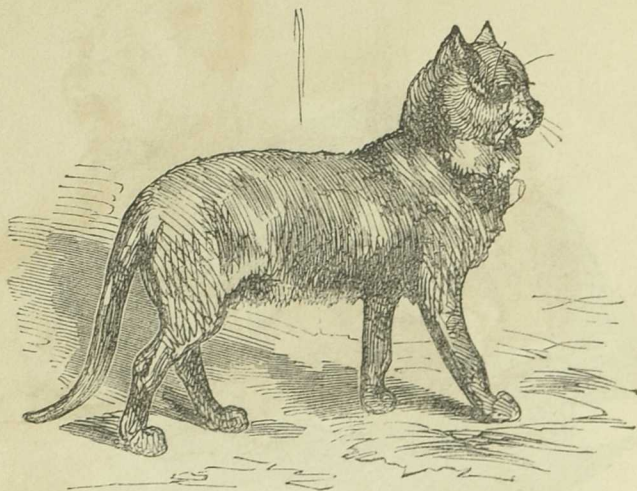
This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

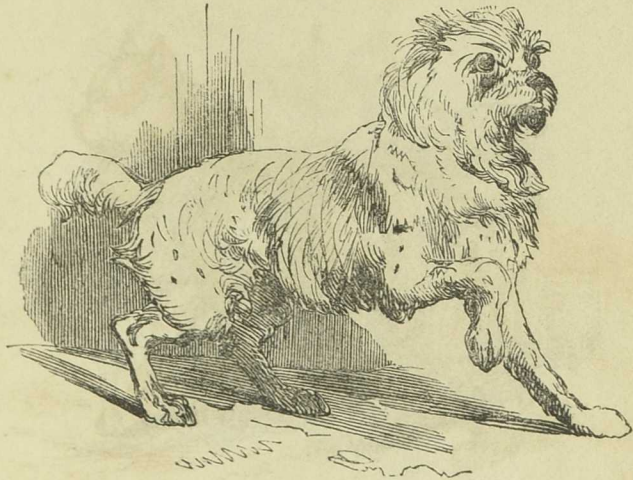


This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

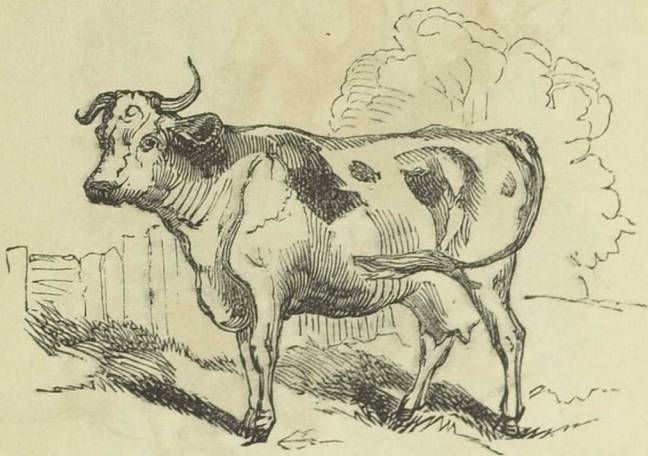


This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.



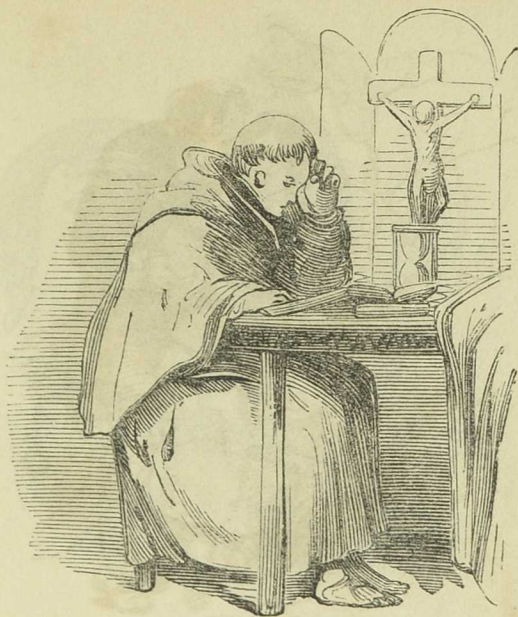
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



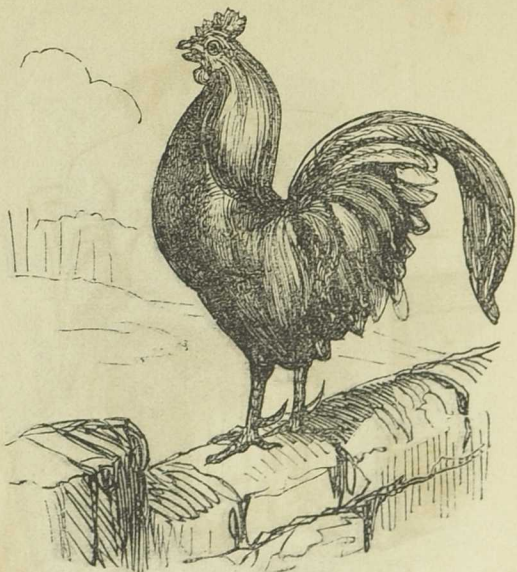
This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



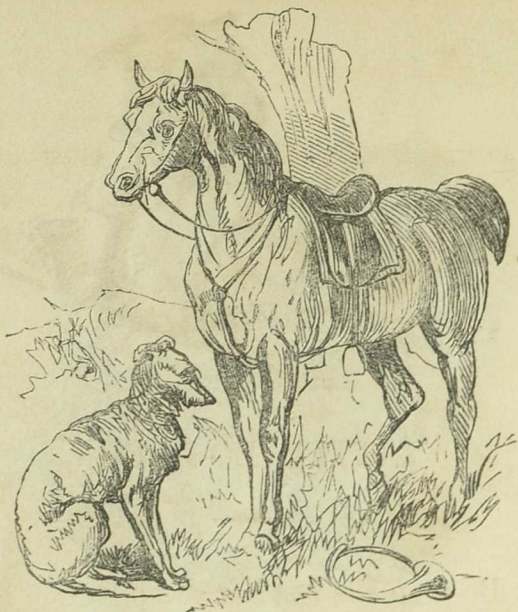
This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That toss'd the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That kill'd the rat,
 That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That toss'd the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That kill'd the rat,
 That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the horse, and the hound, and the horn,
That belong'd to the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
When she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by;
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.





THE
OLD WOMAN AND HER EGGS.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell,
She went to the market, all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

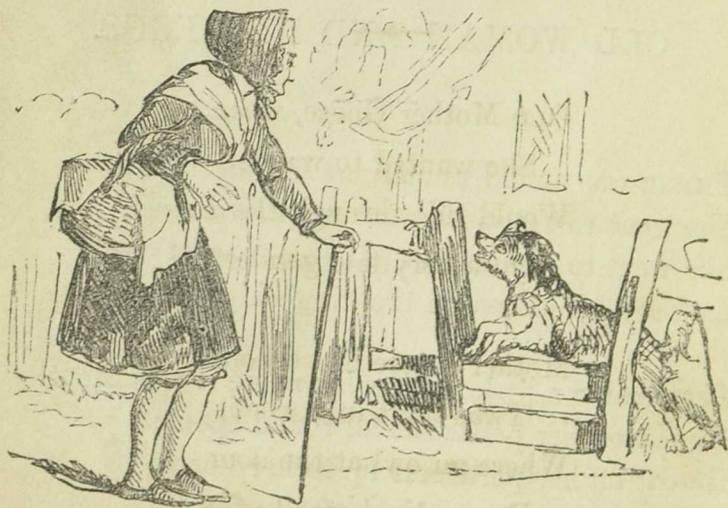
There came a little pedlar, his name it was Stout,
He cut off her petticoats all round about;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
Until her poor knees began for to freeze.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER EGGS.

When the little old woman began to awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
Her knees began to freeze, and she began to cry,
“Oh lawk! oh mercy on me! this surely can't be I.

“If it be not I, as I suppose it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he knows me;
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll bark and he'll rail.”

Up jump'd the little woman, all in the dark,
Up jump'd the little dog, and he began to bark;
The dog began to bark, and she began to cry,
“O lawk! oh mercy on me! I see it is not I.”





OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

She had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought;
“ Here, Mother,” says he,
“ It will not go for nought.”

Jack's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell;
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the Lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came close at his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

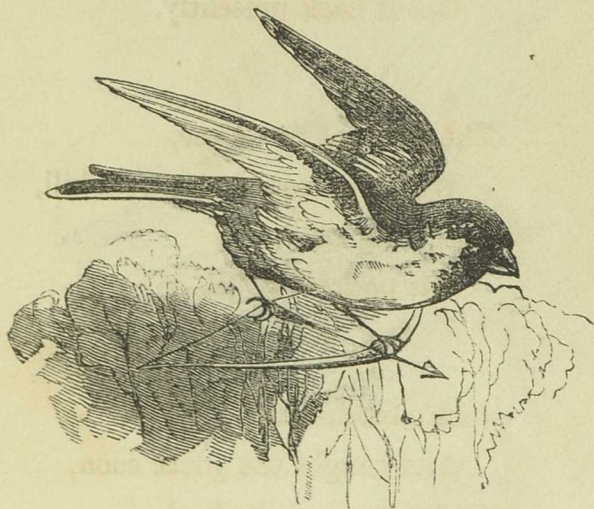
OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

They threw the gold egg
In the midst of the sea;
But Jack, jumping in,
Got it back presently.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And, mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?

I, said the Sparrow,

With my bow and arrow,

I kill'd Cock Robin.

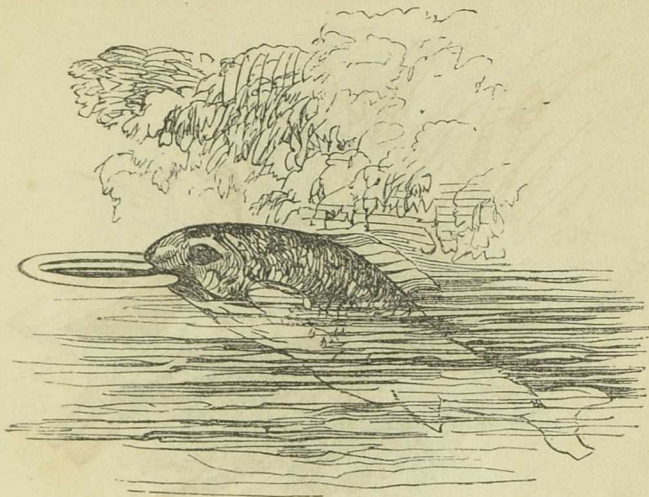


Who saw him die?

I, said the Fly,

With my little eye,

I saw him die.



Who caught his blood?

I, said the Fish,

With my little dish,

I caught his blood.



Who'll make his shroud?

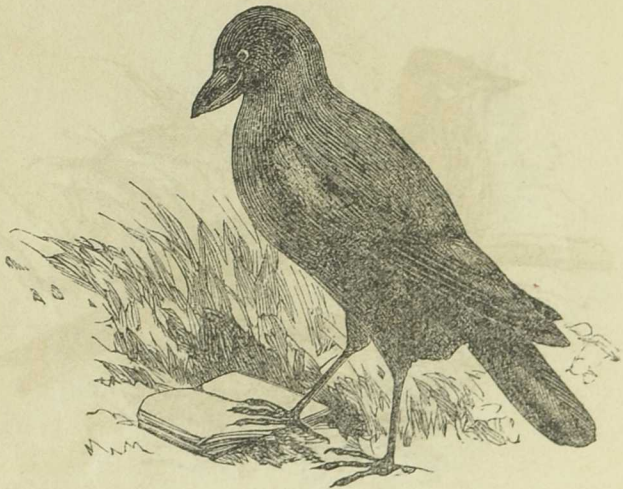
I, said the Beetle,

With my little needle,

I'll make his shroud.

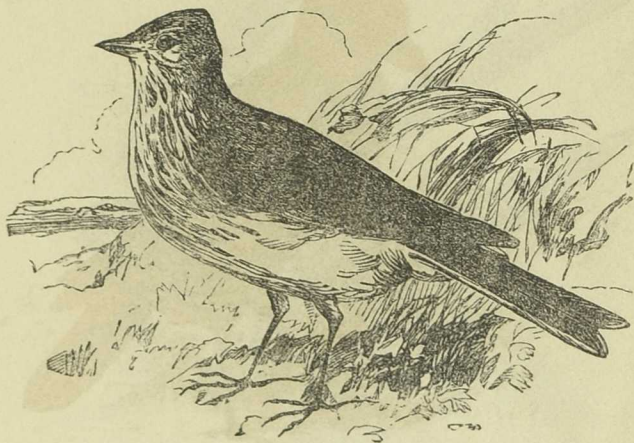


Who'll dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and showl,
I'll dig his grave.



Who'll be the parson?

I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

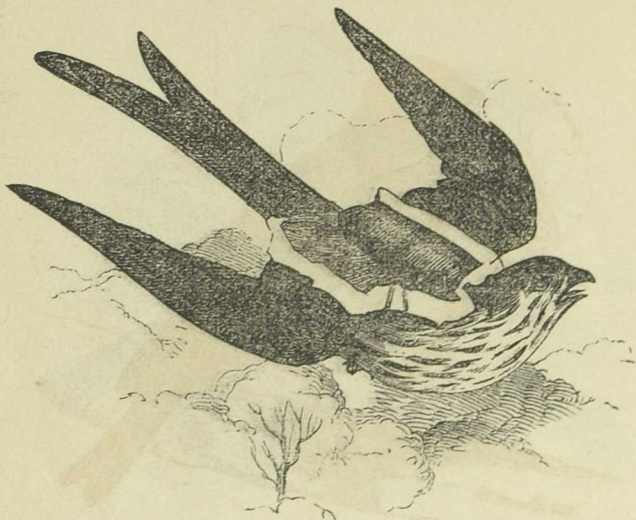


Who'll be the clerk?

I, said the Lark,

If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the clerk.



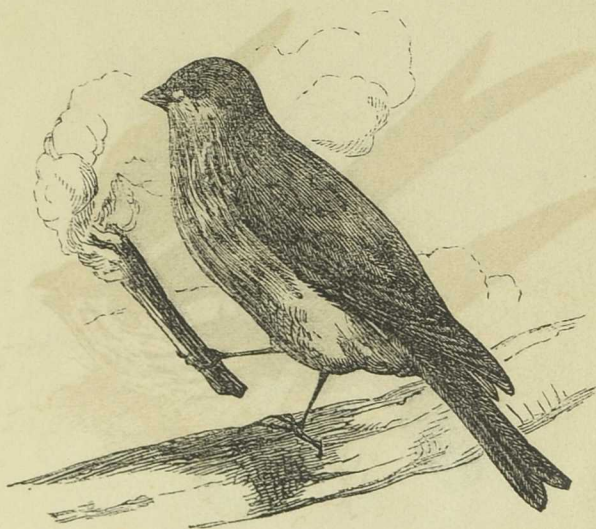
Who'll carry him to the grave?

I, said the Kite,

If it's not in the night,

I'll carry him to the grave.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

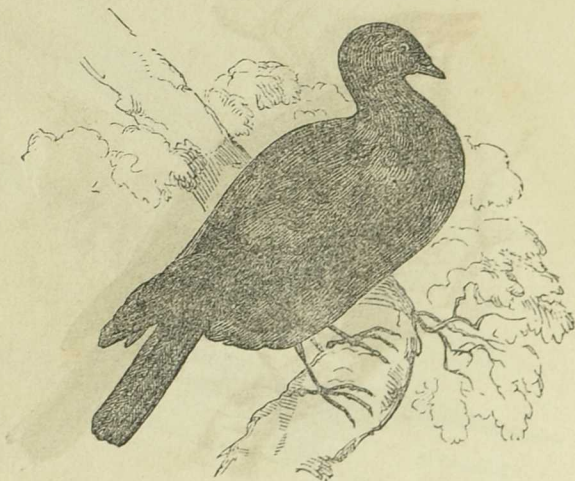


Who'll carry the link?

I, said the Linnet,

I'll fetch it in a minute,

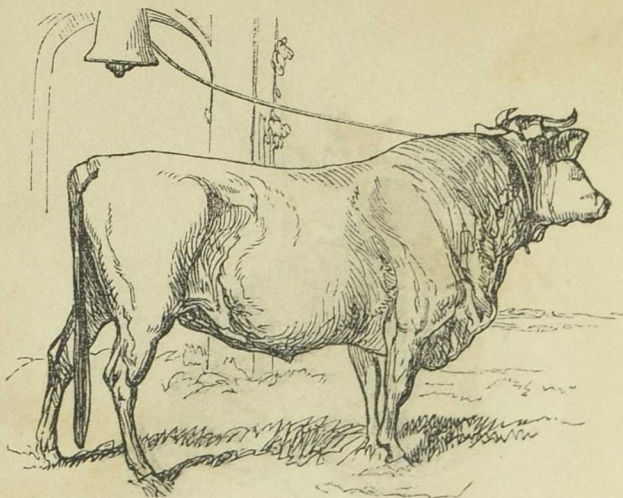
I'll carry the link.



Who'll be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove,
For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner.



Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As I sit in a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.



Who'll toll the bell?

I, said the Bull,

Because I can pull.

So, Cock Robin, farewell.

All the birds of the air

Fell a-sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
 To give her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.



She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back
Poor doggy was dead.



She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The dog was a-laughing.



She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.



She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
And when she came back
Doggy sat in a chair.



She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.



She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.



She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.



She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.



She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.



She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.



She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.



She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
And when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.



The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow;
The dame said: "Your servant,"
The dog said: "Bow, wow!"



THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear; and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

THE THREE BEARS.

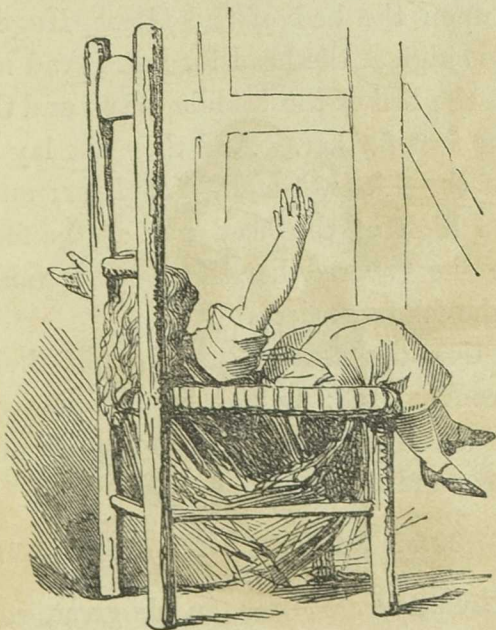
One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little girl named Silver-hair came to the house. First she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never



suspected that anybody would harm them. So little Silver-hair opened the door, and went in; and well pleas-

ed she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little girl, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears,—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that, very good-natured and hospitable.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither



too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well, that she ate it all up.

Then little Silver-hair sate down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sate down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sate till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came plump upon the ground.

Then little Silver-hair went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now little Silver-hair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!”

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff, voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

THE THREE BEARS.

“Somebody has been at my porridge!”

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.



Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

“*Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!*” said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now little

THE THREE BEARS.

Silver-hair had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!” said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff, voice.

And little Silver-hair had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair!” said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what little Silver-hair had done to the third chair.

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out!”

said the Little, Small, Wee, Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make further search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now little Silver-hair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!” said the Great, Huge, Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And little Silver-hair had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

“Somebody has been lying in my bed!” said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

THE THREE BEARS.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was little Silver-hair's pretty head,—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.



“Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!” said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Little Silver-hair had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as

if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled



out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out little Silver-hair jumped; and away she ran into the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.



LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

ALL the world must know that Goody Two-Shoes was not a little girl's real name. No; her father's name was Meanwell, and he was for many years a large farmer in the parish where Margery was born; but by the misfortunes he met with in business, and the wickedness of Sir Timothy Gripe, and a farmer named Graspall, he was quite ruined.

Care and discontent shortened the life of little Mar-

gery's father. Her poor mother survived the loss of her husband but a few days, and died of a broken heart, leaving Margery and her little brother to the wide world.

It would both have excited your pity and have done your heart good, to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other. They were both very ragged, and Tommy had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They had nothing to support them but what they picked from the hedges, or got from the poor people, and they slept every night in a barn. Their relations took no notice of them; no, they were rich, and ashamed to own such a poor ragged girl as Margery, and such a dirty curly-pated boy as Tommy.

Mr. Smith was a very worthy clergyman, who lived in the parish where little Margery and Tommy were born; and having a relation come to see him, who was a charitable, good man, he sent for these children to him. The gentleman ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, and said he would take Tommy, and make him a little sailor; and, accordingly, had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days, the gentleman intended to go to London, and take little Tommy with him. The parting between these two little children was very affecting. They both cried, and they kissed each other a hundred times. At last Tommy wiped off her tears with the end

of his jacket, and bid her cry no more, for that he would come to her again when he returned from sea.

Nothing could have supported little Margery under the affliction she was in for the loss of her brother, but the pleasure she took in her two shoes. She ran to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and stroking down her ragged apron, cried out: "Two Shoes, Ma'am! see Two Shoes!" And so she behaved to all the people she met, and by that means obtained the name of Little Goody Two-Shoes.

Little Margery saw how good and how wise Mr. Smith was, and concluded that this was owing to his great learning; therefore she wanted of all things to learn to read. For this purpose, she used to meet the little boys and girls as they came from school, borrow their books, and sit down and read till they returned. By this means she soon got more learning than any of her playmates, and laid the following plan for instructing those who were more ignorant than herself. She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words; but as some of these letters are large, and some small, she with her knife cut out of several pieces of wood ten sets of each. And having got an old spelling-book, she made her companions set up the words they wanted to spell.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, as they called it, was this: Suppose the word to be spelt was plum-pudding (and who can suppose a better?), the

children were placed in a circle, and the first brought the letter p, the next l, the next u, the next m, and so



on till the whole was spelt; and if any one brought a wrong letter, he was to pay a fine, or play no more. This was their play: and every morning she used to go round to teach the children. I once went her rounds with her, and was highly diverted.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning, when we set out on this important business, and the first house we came to was Farmer Wilson's. Here Margery stopped, and ran up to the door,—tap, tap, tap! “Who's there?” “Only little Goody Two-Shoes,” answered Margery, “come to teach Billy.” “Oh, little Goody,” says Mrs. Wilson, with pleasure in her face, “I am glad

to see you! Billy wants you sadly, for he has learned his lesson." Then out came the little boy. "How do, Doody Two-Shoes?" says he, not able to speak plain. Yet this little boy had learned all his letters; for she threw down the small alphabet mixed together, and he picked them up, called them by their right names, and put them all in order. She then threw down the alphabet of capital letters, and he picked them all up, and having told their names, placed them rightly.

The next place we came to was Farmer Simpson's. 'Bow, wow, wow!' says the dog at the door. "Sirrah!" says his mistress, why do you bark at little Two-Shoes? Come in, Madge; here's Sally wants you sadly, she has learned all her lesson." "Yes, that's what I have," replied the little one, in the country manner; and immediately taking the letters, she set up these syllables:—

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	ma	me	mi	mo	mu
da	de	di	do	du	sa	se	si	so	su

and gave them their exact sounds as she composed them; after which she set up many more, and pronounced them likewise.

After this, little Two-Shoes taught Sally to spell words of one syllable, and she soon set up pear, plum, top, ball, pin, puss, dog, hog, doe, lamb, sheep, ram, cow, bull, cock, hen, and many more.

The next place we came to was Gaffer Cook's cottage. Here a number of poor children were met to learn, and

all came round little Margery at once; who having pulled out her letters, asked the little boy next her what he



had for dinner. He answered "Bread." "Well, then," says she, "set up the first letter." He put up the B, to which the next added r, and the next e, the next a, the next d, and it stood thus, Bread.

"And what had you, Polly Comb, for your dinner?" "Apple-Pie," answered the little girl. Upon which the next in turn set up a great A, the two next a p each, and so on till the two words Apple and Pie were united, and stood thus, Apple-Pie. The next had potatoes, the

next beef and turnips, which were spelt, with many others, till the game was finished. She then set them another task, and after the lessons were done we returned home.

Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or that she was buried in this parish? All the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before it was over; after which, in the night, or rather very early in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously.

They flocked to Will Dobbins, the clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but William would not open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go into the church, and see who was there. "I go, sir!" says William; "why, I would be frightened out of my wits." "Give me the key of the church," says Mr. Long. Then he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the door, who do you think appeared? Why, little Two-Shoes, who, being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service, and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Boulton's man go whistling by, she was in hopes he would have gone for the key to let her out.

The people were ashamed to ask little Madge any questions before Mr. Long, but as soon as he was gone, they



desired she would give them an account of all that she had heard or seen.

“I went to the church,” said Goody Two-Shoes, “as most of you did last night, to see the funeral, and being very weary, I sat down in Mr. Jones’s pew, and fell fast asleep. At eleven o’clock I awoke; I started up, and soon found that I was shut up in the church. It was dimly dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the pew something jumped upon me behind, and laid, as I

thought, its hands over my shoulders. Then I walked down the church aisle, when I heard something pit pat, pit pat, pit pat, come after me, and something touched my hand that seemed as cold as a marble monument. I could not think what it was, yet I knew it could not hurt me, and therefore I made myself easy; but being very cold, and the church being paved with stones, which were very damp, I felt my way as well as I could to the pulpit, in doing which something rushed by me, and almost threw me down. At last I found out the pulpit, and having shut the door, I laid down on the mat and cushion to sleep, when something pulled the door, as I thought, for admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cried: 'Bow, wow, wow!' and I knew it must be Mr. Sanderson's dog, which had followed me from their house to the church; so I opened the door and called, 'Snip! Snip!' and the dog jumped upon me immediately. After this, Snip and I lay down together, and had a comfortable nap; for when I awoke it was almost light. I then walked up and down all the aisles of the church to keep myself warm; and then I went to Lord Ducklington's tomb, and I stood looking at his cold marble face and his hands clasped together, till, hearing Farmer Boulton's man go by, I went to the bells and rung them."

There was in the same parish a Mrs. Williams, who kept a college for instructing little gentlemen and ladies

in the science of A B C, who was at this time very old and infirm, and wanted to decline this important trust. This being told to Sir William Dove, he sent for Mrs. Williams, and desired she would examine little Two-Shoes, and see whether she was qualified for the office. This was done, and Mrs. Williams made the following report in her favour: namely, that little Margery was the best scholar, and had the best head and the best heart of any one she had examined. All the country had a great opinion of Mrs. Williams, and this character gave them also a great opinion of Mrs. Margery, for so we must now call her.

The room in which Mrs. Margery taught her scholars was very large and spacious; and as she knew that nature intended children should be always in action, she placed her different letters or alphabets all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up and fetch a letter, or to spell a word, when it came to their turn; which not only kept them in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

One day as Mrs. Margery was going through the next village, she met with some wicked boys who had taken a young raven, which they were going to throw at. She wanted to get the poor creature out of their cruel hands, and therefore gave them a penny for him, and brought him home. She called him by the name of Ralph; and a fine bird he was.

Now this bird she taught to speak, to spell, and to read; and as he was fond of playing with the large letters, the children used to call them Ralph's Alphabet.



Some days after she had met with the raven, as she was walking in the fields she saw some naughty boys who had taken a pigeon and tied a string to its legs, in order to let it fly and draw it back again when they pleased; and by this means they tortured the poor bird with the hopes of liberty and repeated disappointment. This pigeon she also bought, and taught him how to spell and read, though not to talk. He was a very pretty fellow, and she called him Tom. And as the raven Ralph was fond of the large letters, Tom the pigeon took care of the small ones.

The neighbours knowing that Mrs. Two-Shoes was very good, as, to be sure, nobody was better, made her a present of a little sky-lark. She thought the lark might be of use to her and her pupils, and tell them when it was time to get up. "For he that is fond of his bed, and lies till noon, lives but half his days, the rest being lost in sleep, which is a kind of death."

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought him home with her to play with the children, and teach them when to go to bed; for it was a rule with the wise men of that age to "Rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb." This lamb she called Will.

No sooner was Tippy, the lark, and Will, the ba-lamb, brought into the school, than that sensible rogue Ralph, the raven, composed the following verse, which every good little boy and girl should get by heart:—

*"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise."*

Soon after this, a present was made to Mrs. Margery of a little dog, whom she called Jumper. The place assigned for Jumper was that of keeping the door; so that he might have been called the porter of a college, for he would let nobody go out nor any one come in, without leave of his mistress.

Billy, the ba-lamb, was a cheerful fellow, and all the

children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Two-Shoes made it a rule that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night, to carry their satchel on his back, and bring it in the morning.

Mrs. Margery, as we have frequently observed, was always doing good, and thought she could never sufficiently gratify those who had done anything to serve her. These generous sentiments naturally led her to consult the interest of her neighbours; and as most of their lands were meadow, and they depended much on their hay, which had been for many years greatly damaged by the wet weather, she contrived an instrument to direct them when to mow their grass with safety, and prevent their hay being spoiled. They all came to her for advice, and by that means got in their hay without damage, while most of that in the neighbouring village was spoiled. This occasioned a very great noise in the country; and, so greatly provoked were the people who resided in the other parishes, that they absolutely accused her of being a witch, and sent old Gaffer Goosecap, a busy fellow in other people's concerns, to find out evidence against her. The wiseacre happened to come to her school when she was walking about with the raven on one shoulder, the pigeon on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and the dog by her side; which indeed made a droll figure, and so surprised the man, that he cried out: "A witch! a witch! a witch!"

Upon this, she laughingly answered: "A conjuror! a conjuror!" and so they parted. But it did not end thus, for a warrant was issued out against Mrs. Margery, and she was carried to a meeting of the justices, whither all the neighbours followed her.

At the meeting, one of the justices, who knew little of life and less of the law, behaved very badly, and though nobody was able to prove anything against her, asked who she could bring to her character. "Who can you bring *against* my character, Sir?" says she. "There are people enough who would appear in my defence, were it necessary; but I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe there was any such thing as a witch. If I am a witch, this is my charm, and (laying a barometer upon the table) it is with this," says she, "that I have taught my neighbours to know the state of the weather."

All the company laughed; and Sir William Dove, who was on the bench, asked her accusers how they could be such fools as to think there was any such thing as a witch. And then he gave such an account of Mrs. Margery and her virtue, good sense, and prudent behaviour, that the gentlemen present returned her public thanks for the great service she had done the country. One gentleman in particular, Sir Charles Jones, had conceived such a high opinion of her, that he offered her a considerable sum to take the care of his family, and the education of

his daughter, which, however, she refused; but this gentleman sending for her afterwards, when he had a danger-



ous fit of illness, she went, and behaved so prudently in the family and so tenderly to him and his daughter, that he would not permit her to leave his house, but soon after made her proposals of marriage. She was truly sensible of the honour he intended her, but would not consent to be made a lady till he had provided for his daughter.

All things being settled, and the day fixed, the neighbours came in crowds to see the wedding. But just as the clergyman had opened his book, a gentleman richly

dressed ran into the church, and cried: "Stop! stop!" This greatly alarmed the congregation, and particularly the intended bride and bridegroom, whom he first accosted, desiring to speak with them apart. Presently the people were greatly surprised to see Sir Charles stand motionless, and his bride cry and faint away in the stranger's arms; for you must know that this gentleman so richly dressed was little Tommy Meanwell, Mrs. Margery's brother, who was just come from sea, where he had made a large fortune, and hearing, as soon as he landed, of his sister's intended wedding, had ridden post to see that a proper settlement was made on her, which he thought she was now entitled to, as he himself was able to give her an ample fortune. They soon returned to the communion-table, and were married in tears, but they were tears of joy.

Sir Charles and Lady Jones lived happily for many years. Her ladyship continued to visit the school in which she had passed so many happy days, and always gave the prizes to the best scholars with her own hands. She also gave to the parish several acres of land to be planted yearly with potatoes, for all the poor who would come and fetch them for the use of their families; but if any took them to sell, they were deprived of that privilege ever after. In short, she was a mother to the poor, a physician to the sick, and a friend to those in distress. Her life was the greatest blessing, and her death the greatest calamity that ever was felt in the neighbourhood.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

IN a retired and pleasant village there once lived a little girl, who was one of the prettiest children ever seen. Her mother loved her to excess, and as to her grandmother, she was doatingly fond of her, and looked upon her as the delight of her eyes, and the comfort of her declining years. The good old dame had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling, which became her so daintily, that for miles round she had been nicknamed Little Red Riding Hood.

One day, when her mother had baked a batch of cakes

she said to Little Red Riding Hood: "I hear your poor grandam has been ailing, so, prithee, go and see if she be any better, and take her this cake and a little pot of butter." Little Red Riding Hood, who was a willing child, and always ready to be useful, put the things into a basket, and immediately set off for the village where her grandmother lived, which lay on the other side of a thick wood. As she reached the outskirts of the forest, she met a wolf, who would have liked vastly to have devoured her at once, had there not been some woodcutters near at hand, whom he feared might kill him in turn. So he sidled up to the little girl, and said, in as winning a tone as he could assume: "Good morning, Little Red



Riding Hood." "Good morning, Master Wolf," answered she, who had no idea of being afraid of so civil

spoken an animal. "And pray where may you be going so early?" quoth the wolf. "I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red Riding Hood, who thought there could be no harm in telling him. "And what are you carrying in your basket, my pretty little maid?" continued the wolf, sniffing its contents. "Why, a cake and a pot of butter," answered simple Little Red Riding Hood, "because grandmother has been ill." "And where does poor grandmamma live?" inquired the wolf, in a tone of great interest. "Down beyond the mill, on the other side of the wood," said she. "Well," cried the wolf, "I don't mind if I go and see her too. So I'll take this road, and do you go through the wood, and we'll see which of us shall be there first."

Now, the wily wolf knew well enough that he would be the winner in such a race. For, letting alone his four feet against poor Little Red Riding Hood's two, he could dash through the underwood, and swim across a pond, that would bring him by a very short cut to the old grandam's cottage, while he shrewdly guessed that the little girl would stop to gather strawberries, or to make up a posy, as she loitered along the pleasanter but more roundabout path through the wood. And sure enough the wolf, who cared neither for strawberries nor for flowers, made such good speed that he had presently reached the grandmother's cottage. Thump, thump, went the wolf against the door. "Who is there?" cried the grandam from

within. "Only your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," cried the wolf, imitating the little girl's shrill infantine voice as best he might. "I have come to bring you a cake and a pot of butter that mother sends you." The grandmother, being ill, was in bed, so she called out: "Lift the latch, and the bolt will fall." The wolf did so, and in he went, and, without saying a word more, he fell upon the poor old creature, and ate her up in no time, for he had not tasted food for the last three days. He next shut the door, and, putting on the grandam's nightcap and nightgown, he got into bed, drew the curtain, and buried his head in the pillow, and kept laughing in his sleeve at the trick he meant to put upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, and wondering how long it would be before she came.

Meanwhile Little Red Riding Hood rambled through the wood with child-like glee, stopping every now and then to listen to the birds that were singing so sweetly on the green boughs, and picking strawberries, which she knew her grandam loved to eat with cream, till she had nearly filled her basket; nor had she neglected to gather all the pretty flowers, red, blue, white, or yellow, that hid their sweet little heads amidst the moss; and of these her apron was at last so full, that she sat down under a tree to sort them and wind them into a wreath.

While she was thus occupied, a wasp came buzzing along, and, delighted at finding so many flowers without

the trouble of searching for them, he began to drink up their honey very voraciously. Little Red Riding Hood



knew well the difference of a wasp and a bee—how lazy the one, and how industrious the other—yet, as they are all God's creatures, she wouldn't kill it, and only said: "Take as much honey as you like, poor wasp, only do not sting me." The wasp buzzed louder, as if to thank her for her kindness, and, when he had sipped his fill, flew away. Presently, a little tom-tit, who had been hopping about on a bough opposite, darted down on the basket, and pecked at one of the strawberries. "Eat as much as you like, pretty tom-tit," said Little Red Riding Hood: "there will still be plenty left for grandam and for me." The tom-tit replied, "Tweat—tweat," in his

own eloquent language; and, after gobbling up at least three strawberries, flew away, and was soon out of sight. Little Red Riding Hood now bethought her it was time to go on; so putting her wreath into her basket, she tripped along demurely enough till she came to a brook, where she saw an aged crone, almost bent double, seeking for something along the bank. "What are you looking for, Goody?" said the little girl. "For water-cresses, my pretty maid," mumbled the poor old woman; "and a sorry trade it is, that does not earn me half enough bread to eat." Little Red Riding Hood thought it very hard the poor old creature should work and be hungry too, so she drew from her pocket a large piece of bread, which her mother had given her to eat by the way, and said: "Sit down, Goody, and eat this, and I will gather your water-cresses for you." The old woman willingly accepted the offer, and sat down on a knoll, while Little Red Riding Hood set to work in good earnest, and had presently filled her basket with water-cresses. When her task was finished, the old crone rose up briskly, and, patting the little maid's head, said, in quite a different voice: "Thank you, my pretty Little Red Riding Hood; and now, if you happen to meet the green huntsman as you go along, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind." Little Red Riding Hood promised to do so, and walked on; but presently she looked back to see how the old woman was getting along,

but, look as sharp as she might, she could see no trace of her, nor of her water-cresses. She seemed to have vanished clean out of sight. "It is very odd," thought Little Red Riding Hood, to herself, "for surely I can walk faster than she." Then she kept looking about her, and prying into all the bushes, to see for the green huntsman, whom she had never heard of before, and wondered why the old woman had given her such a message. At last, just as she was passing by a pool of stagnant water, so green that you would have taken it for grass, and have walked into it, as Little Red Riding Hood, who had never seen it before, though she had gone that same way often enough, had nearly done, she perceived a huntsman clad in green from top to toe, standing on the bank, apparently watching the flight of some birds that were wheeling above his head. "Good morning, Master Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the old water-cress woman sends her service to you, and says there is game in the wind." The huntsman nodded assent, and bent his ear to the ground to listen, and then drew out an arrow tipped with a green feather, and strung his bow, without taking any further notice of Little Red Riding Hood, who trudged onwards, wondering what it all meant.

Presently the little girl reached her grandmother's well-known cottage, and knocked at the door. "Who is there?" cried the wolf, forgetting to disguise his voice.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Little Red Riding Hood was somewhat startled at first; then thinking her grandam had a bad cold that



made her very hoarse, she answered: "It is your grand-child, Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter, which mother sends you." The wolf then softened his voice a little, as he replied: "Lift the latch, and the bolt will fall." Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told, and entered the cottage. The wolf then hid his head under the bed-clothes, and said: "Put the cake and the pot of butter on the shelf, my dear, and come and help me to rise." Little Red Riding Hood set down her basket, and then went and drew back the curtain, when she was much surprised to see how oddly her grandmother looked in her night-clothes.

“ Dear me! grandmamma,” said the little girl, “ what long arms you have got!” “ The better to hug you, my child,” answered the wolf.



“ But, grandmamma, what long ears you have got!” persisted little Red Riding Hood.

“ The better to listen to you, my child,” replied the wolf.

“ But, grandmamma, what large eyes you have got!” continued the little girl.

“ The better to see you, my child,” said the wolf.

“ But, grandmamma, what terrible large teeth you have got!” cried Little Red Riding Hood, who now began to be frightened.

“ The better to eat you up,” exclaimed the wolf, who

was just about to make a spring at the poor little girl, when a wasp, who had followed her into the cottage, stung the wolf in his nostril, and made him sneeze aloud, which gave the signal to a tom-tit perched on a branch near the open casement, who called out "Tweat—tweat," which warned the green huntsman, who accordingly let fly his arrow, that struck the wolf right through the ear and killed him on the spot.

Little Red Riding Hood was so frightened, even after the wolf had fallen back dead, that she bounced out of the cottage, and, shutting the door, darted into the forest like a frightened hare, and ran till she was out of breath, when she dropped down quite exhausted under a tree. Here she discovered that she had mistaken the road, when, to her great relief, she espied her old friend the water-cress woman, at some distance; and, feeling sure she could soon overtake the aged dame, she again set off, calling out to her every now and then to stop. The old crone, however, seemed too deaf to hear; and it was not till they had reached the skirts of the forest that she turned round, when, to Little Red Riding Hood's surprise, she perceived a young and beautiful being in place of the decrepit creature she thought she was following. "Little Red Riding Hood," said the fairy, for such she was, "your goodness of heart has saved you from a great danger. Had you not helped the poor old water-cress woman, she would not have sent word to the green hunts-

man, who is generally invisible to mortal eyes, to save you. Had you killed the wasp, or driven away the tomtit, the former could not have stung the wolf's nostril and made him sneeze, nor the latter have given the huntsman the signal to let fly his shaft. In future, no wild beast shall ever harm you, and the fairy folks will always be your friends." So saying the fairy vanished, and Little Red Riding Hood hastened home to tell her mother all that had befallen her; nor did she forget that night to thank Heaven fervently for having delivered her from the jaws of the wolf.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.



My dears, do you know
That a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, so I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
How sad was their plight!
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song,
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
Ah! don't you remember the babes in the wood?"



THE

SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.



THERE once lived a king and queen, who had been married many years without having any children, which was a subject of great sorrow to them. So when at length it pleased Heaven to send them a daughter, there was no end to the rejoicings that were made all over the kingdom, nor was there ever so grand a christening seen before. All the fairies in the land were invited to stand godmothers to the little princess, in the hope that each would endow her with some gift, as was customary in those days; by which means she would be adorned with

every perfection and accomplishment that could be devised.

When the christening was over, the company returned to the king's palace, where a banquet was prepared for the fairies, seven in number, who had graced the ceremony with their presence. Before each fairy was laid a splendid cover, with a case of massive gold containing a knife, a fork, and a spoon of the purest gold, ornamented with diamonds and rubies. Just as they were going to sit down, in came an aged fairy who had not been invited, because, having remained shut up in a tower for more than fifty years, she was supposed to be either dead or under the influence of some spell. The king immediately ordered a cover to be laid for her, but he could not give her a golden case like the others, as only seven had been made, for the seven fairies. The old crone consequently thought herself treated with disrespect, and muttered sundry threats betwixt her teeth, which happened to be overheard by one of the young fairies, who, fearing she might bestow some fatal gift on the baby princess, had no sooner risen from table than she went and concealed herself behind the tapestry-hangings, in order that she might speak the last, and be able to neutralise, if possible, any mischief the ill-natured hag might intend doing.

The fairies now began to bestow their gifts. The youngest endowed her with surpassing beauty; another

gave her wit; a third imparted grace; a fourth promised that she should dance to perfection; a fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play on all sorts of instruments in the most exquisite manner. It was now the old fairy's turn to speak; when, coming forward, with her head shaking from spite still more than from age, she declared the princess would prick her hand with a spindle, and die of the wound.

This terrible sentence fell like a damp upon all the company, and there was no one present who did not shed tears. But just then the young fairy came out from be-



hind the tapestry-hangings, and said aloud: "Be comforted, O king and queen: your daughter shall not die of the wound. For although I have not the power to undo completely the mischief worked by an older fairy,

and though I cannot prevent the princess from pricking her hand with a spindle, yet, instead of dying, she shall only fall into a sleep, that will last a hundred years, at the end of which a king's son will come and wake her."

Notwithstanding the fairy's words, the king, in hopes of averting such a misfortune altogether, published an edict forbidding any person to make use of spindles, or even to keep them in their house, under pain of death.

Some fifteen or sixteen years afterwards, it happened that the king and queen went to visit one of their summer palaces; when the young princess, running one morning all over the rooms, in the frolicsome spirits of youth, at length climbed up one of the turrets, and reached a little garret, where she found an old woman busy spinning with a distaff. The poor soul had never even heard of the king's edict, and did not dream that she was committing high treason by using a spindle.

"What are you doing, goody?" cried the princess. "I am spinning, my pretty dear," replied the old woman, little thinking she was speaking to a princess. "Oh! how amusing it must be," cried the princess; "I should so like to try! Pray shew me how to set about it." But no sooner had she taken hold of the spindle, than, being somewhat hasty and careless, and likewise because the fairies had ordered it to come to pass, she pricked her hand, and fell down in a dead faint.

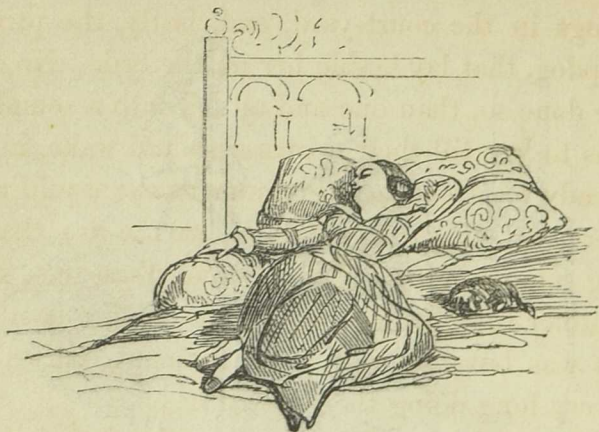
The good old woman becoming alarmed, called aloud

for help, and a number of attendants flocked round the princess, bathed her temples with water, unlaced her



stays, and rubbed the palms of her hands, but all to no purpose. The king, who had come up stairs on hearing the noise they made, now recollected what the fairies had foretold, and seeing there was no help for it, ordered the princess to be laid on a bed, embroidered in gold and silver, in the most magnificent room in the palace. She looked as lovely as an angel, while thus lying in state, though not dead, for the roses of her complexion and the coral of her lips were unimpaired; and though her eyes remained closed, her gentle breathing shewed she was only slumbering. The king ordered her to be left quite quiet, until the time should come when she was to awake.

The good fairy who had saved her life, by condemning her to sleep for a hundred years, was in the kingdom of



Mataquin, some twelve thousand miles off, when the accident occurred; but, having quickly heard the news through a little dwarf, who possessed a pair of seven-league boots, she lost no time in coming to see her royal friends, and presently arrived at the palace in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons. The king went to hand her out of the carriage. She approved of all he had done; but, being extremely prudent, she foresaw that when the princess would come to wake she would be puzzled what to do on finding herself all alone in a large palace, and therefore adopted the following expedient. She touched with her wand all the ladies in waiting, maids of honour, ladies' maids, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, running footmen, guards, porters,

pages, valets, in short, every human being in the palace, except their two majesties; she next went into the stables, and touched all the horses, with their grooms, the large dogs in the court-yard, and, lastly, the princess's little lapdog, that lay beside her on the bed. No sooner had she done so, than one and all fell into a sound sleep that was to last till their mistress should wake, in order to be ready to attend her the moment she would require their services. Even the spits before the fire, that were roasting some savoury partridges and pheasants, seemed in a manner to fall asleep, as well as the fire itself. And all this was but the work of a moment, fairies being never very long doing their spiriting.

The king and queen, after having kissed their beloved child, without waking her, left the palace, and published a decree forbidding any one to approach the spot. But this proved quite a needless precaution, for in a quarter of an hour's time there sprung up all around the park such a quantity of trees, both great and small, and so thick a tangle of briars and brambles, that neither man nor beast could have found means to pass through them; in short, nothing but the topmost turrets of the castle could be seen, and these were only discernible at a distance. So that it seemed the fairy was determined the princess's slumber should not be disturbed by idle curiosity.

At the end of one hundred years, the son of the king

who then reigned over the land, and who did not belong to the same family as the sleeping princess, happened to go a hunting one day in that neighbourhood, and catching a glimpse of the turrets peeping above a thick wood, inquired what building it was that he saw. Every one answered according to what they had heard. Some said it was an old castle, that was haunted; others, that it was a place of meeting for all the witches in the land; while the most prevailing opinion was, that it belonged to an ogre, who was in the habit of stealing little children, and carrying them home to eat them unmolested, as nobody could follow him, since he alone had the power of penetrating through the thicket. The prince did not know what to make of all these different accounts, when an old peasant said to him: "Please your royal highness, it is now above fifty years since I heard my father tell that the most beautiful princess ever seen was concealed in this palace, where she was condemned to sleep for a hundred years, at the end of which she was to be awakened by a king's son, whose bride she was destined to become."

On hearing this, the young prince's fancy was so inflamed with the hope of being himself the hero destined to end the enchantment, that he immediately determined to ascertain how far the legend might prove true. No sooner did he reach the wood, than the large trees, as well as the briars and brambles, opened a passage for him of their own accord. He now advanced towards

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

the castle, which he could perceive at the end of a long avenue, but, to his surprise, he found that none of his attendants had been able to follow him, the trees having closed upon them the moment he had passed through. Nevertheless, he proceeded on his way without the least concern, for a young prince who begins to feel himself in love must needs be brave. So he entered the outer courtyard, where he witnessed a sight that might have appalled one less resolute than himself. The image of death was everywhere present. The bodies of men and animals lay strewn about, apparently lifeless, and the silence was truly awful. Still, he soon perceived, by the



rubicund noses and jolly faces of the porters, that they were only asleep; while their goblets, still retaining a

few drops of wine, proved beyond a doubt that sleep had surprised them in the midst of a drunken bout. He then passed through a large court, paved with marble, and entered the guard-room, where he found a double row of soldiers shouldering their carabines, and snoring loudly. He next crossed through several rooms, full of ladies and gentlemen in waiting, some standing and some sitting, but all fast asleep; and at length entered a gilt chamber, where, upon a magnificent bed, the curtains of which were drawn back, he saw reclining a princess, apparently about sixteen, and of the most resplendent beauty that had ever met his sight. He felt impressed with such admiration for her loveliness that he could not refrain from bending his knee before her.

Just at that moment the period of the enchantment came to a close, the princess awoke, and, looking at him with more fondness than a first interview would seem to warrant, she exclaimed: "Is it you, dear prince? How long I've been waiting for you!" The prince was so charmed by these words, and the manner in which they were uttered, that, feeling quite at a loss how to express his gratitude and delight, he could only assure the fair sleeper that he loved her far better than he did himself. But though he did not make any set speeches, his conversation was only the more acceptable to the princess, who, on her part, was much less timid and awkward than her lover, which is not to be wondered at, as we may

fairly conclude that she had had ample time—namely, a century—to consider what she should say to him; for it is not to be supposed but what the good fairy gave her agreeable dreams during her long slumber. However that may be, they now talked for about four hours, without having said half of what they had to say to each other.

All the inmates of the palace having awoke at the same time as the princess, each began to discharge the duties of his or her office; and, as they were not all in love, like their mistress, they felt very hungry. The lady in waiting, out of all patience, at length told the princess that supper was ready. The prince then gave her his hand to help her to rise, for she was ready dressed in the most magnificent clothes, though he took care not to observe that they were cut on the pattern of those of his grandmother, and that she wore a ruff, which was not now in fashion; but she looked quite as beautiful as if her dress had been more modern.

They then went into the hall of looking-glasses, where they supped to the sound of music, which was well executed by an orchestra of violins and hautboys, although the tunes they played were at least a century out of date. After supper, the chaplain united the happy pair, and the next day they left the old castle and returned to court, where the king was delighted to welcome back the prince

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

and his lovely bride, who was thenceforward nicknamed, both by her contemporaries and by the chroniclers who



handed down the legend, the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.



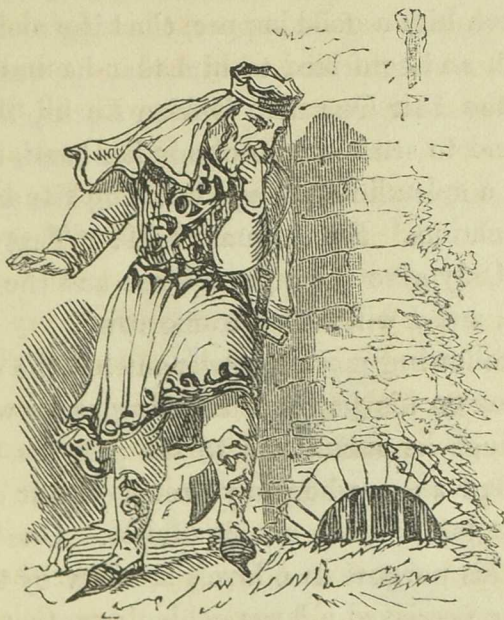
THE
FAIR ONE WITH GOLDEN LOCKS.

THERE was once a princess who had such a beautiful head of hair, streaming down in curls to her feet, and brilliant as a sunbeam, that she was universally called the Fair One with Golden Locks. A neighbouring king, having heard a great deal of her beauty, fell in love with her upon hearsay, and sent an ambassador with a magnificent suite to ask her in marriage, bidding him be sure and not fail to bring the princess home with him.

The ambassador did his best to fulfil the king's commands, and made as fair a speech as he could to persuade the lady; but, either she was not in a good temper that day, or his eloquence failed to move her, for she answered, that she thanked the king, but had no mind to marry. So the ambassador returned home with all the presents he had brought, as the princess would not accept anything of a suitor whom she refused, much to the grief of the king, who had made the most splendid preparations to receive her, never doubting but what she would come.

Now there happened to be at court a very handsome young man, named Avenant, who observed, that had he been sent to the Fair One with Golden Locks, he would certainly have persuaded her to come; whereupon some ill-natured persons, who were jealous of the favour he enjoyed, repeated his words to the king, as though he had meant to boast that, being handsomer than his majesty, the princess would certainly have followed him. This threw the king into such a rage, that he ordered poor Avenant to be thrown into a dungeon, where he had nothing but straw to lie upon, and where he would have died of exhaustion had it not been for a little spring that welled forth at the foot of the tower in which he was confined. One day, when he felt as if he were near his end, he could not help exclaiming: "What have I done? and what can have hardened the king's heart against the most faithful of all his subjects?" It chanced that the

king passed by just as he uttered these words, and, being melted by his former favourite's grief, he ordered



the prison door to be opened, and bid him come forth. Avenant fell at his feet, entreating to know the cause of his disgrace. "Did you not make game both of myself and my ambassador?" said the king; "and did you not boast, that had I sent you to the Fair One with Golden Locks, you would have prevailed on her to return with you?" "True, Sire," replied Avenant; "for I should have set forth all your great qualities so irresistibly, that I am certain she could not have said nay. Methinks

there is no treason in that." The king was so convinced of his innocence, that he straightway released Avenant from prison and brought him back to the palace. After having given him a good supper, the king took him into his cabinet, and confessed to him that he was still so in love with the Fair One with Golden Locks, that he had a great mind to send him to obtain her hand, and meant to prepare a splendid equipage befitting the ambassador of a great nation. But Avenant said: "That is not necessary. Only give me a good horse and the necessary credentials, and I will set off to-morrow."

On the following morning Avenant left the court, and set out alone on his journey, thinking as he went of all the fine things he should say to the princess, and stopping ever and anon, when any pretty conceit came into his head, to jot it down on his tablets. One day as he halted for this purpose in a lovely meadow by the side of a rivulet, he perceived a large golden carp that lay gasping upon the grass, having jumped so high to snap at the flies, that she had overreached herself, and was unable to get back into the water. Avenant took pity on her, and, gently lifting her up, restored her to her native element. The carp took a plunge to refresh herself, then reappearing on the surface she said: "Thanks, Avenant, for having saved my life. I will do you a good turn if ever I can." So saying she dived back into the water, leaving Avenant greatly surprised ta her civility.

Another time, he saw a crow closely pursued by a large eagle, when, thinking it would be a shame not to defend the weak against the strong, he let fly an arrow that brought the cruel bird of prey to the ground, while the crow perched upon a tree in great delight, crying: "It was very generous of you, Avenant, to help a poor crow like me. But I will prove grateful, and do you a good turn whenever I can."

Avenant was pleased with the crow's good feelings,



and continued his journey; when, some days after, as he crossed a thick wood, he heard an owl hooting, as if in

great distress. After looking about him on all sides, Avenant found the poor owl had got entangled in a net. He soon cut the meshes, and set him free. The owl soared aloft, then, wheeling back, cried: "Avenant, I was caught, and should have been killed without your help. But I am grateful, and will do you a good turn when I can."

Such were the principal adventures that befel Avenant on his journey. When, at last, he reached the capital, where resided the Fair One with Golden Locks, it appeared so magnificent that he thought he should be lucky indeed if he could persuade her to leave such wonders, to come and marry the king, his master. He, however, determined to do his best; so, having put on a brocaded dress, with a richly-embroidered scarf, and hung round his neck a small basket, containing a beautiful little dog he had bought on the road, he asked for admittance at the palace gate with such graceful dignity that the guards all bowed respectfully, and the attendants ran to announce the arrival of another ambassador, named Avenant, from the king, her neighbour.

The princess bid her women fetch her blue brocaded satin gown, and dress her hair with fresh wreaths of flowers; and, when her toilet was completed, she entered her audience chamber, where Avenant was waiting for her. Though dazzled at the sight of her rare beauty, he nevertheless delivered an eloquent harangue, which he

wound up by entreating the princess not to give him the pain of returning without her. "Gentle Avenant," replied she, "your speech is fair; but you must know, that, a month ago, I let fall into the river a ring that I value above my kingdom, and I made a vow at the time, that I would never listen to a marriage proposal from anybody unless his ambassador recovered my lost treasure. So you see, were you to talk till doomsday, you could not shake my determination."

Avenant, though surprised and vexed at such an answer, made a low bow, and requested the princess's acceptance of the dog, the basket, and the scarf he wore; but she refused his proffered gifts, and bid him consider of what she had said.

Avenant went to bed supperless that night; nor could he close his eyes for a long while, but kept lamenting that the princess required impossible things to put him off the suit he had undertaken. But his little dog Cabriole bid him be of good cheer, as fortune would no doubt favour him; and though Avenant did not much rely on his good luck, he at length fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

The next morning Cabriole woke up his master, who dressed himself and went to take a walk. His feet insensibly carried him to the river side, when he heard a voice calling out: "Avenant! Avenant!" He looked about him, but seeing no one, was proceeding on his

way, when Cabriole, who was looking at the water, cried :
 “ Why, master, as I ’m alive, it is a golden carp that is



hailing you.” Upon which the carp approached, saying :
 “ You saved my life in the meadow, and I promised to
 be grateful. So here is the ring you are seeking for,
 gentle Avenant.”

He then hastened to the palace, and requesting an
 audience of the princess, he presented her the ring, and
 asked whether she had any objection now to marry his
 master? On seeing her ring she was greatly amazed ;
 but, being intent on putting him off once more, she re-
 plied : “ Since you are so ready to fulfil my behests, most

gracious Avenant, I pray you do me another service, without which I cannot marry. There lives not far from hence a giant named Galifron, who has threatened to ravage my kingdom unless I granted him my hand. But I could not resolve to marry a monster who is as tall as a tower, who carries cannons in his pocket to serve for pistols, and whose voice is so loud that people grow deaf if they approach too near him. He is daily killing and eating my subjects; and if you want to win my good graces on your master's behalf, you must bring me the giant's head."

Avenant was taken somewhat aback at this proposal; yet, after a few moments' reflection, he said: "Well, madam, I am ready to fight Galifron; and, though I may not conquer, I can, at least, die the death of a hero." The princess, who had never expected Avenant would consent, now sought to dissuade him from so rash an attempt; but all she could say proved vain; and, having equipped himself for the fight, he mounted his horse and departed.

As he approached Galifron's castle, he found the road strewn with the bones and carcasses of those whom he had devoured or torn to pieces; and presently the giant emerged from a wood, when, seeing Avenant with his sword drawn, he ran at him with his iron club, and would have killed him on the spot, had not a crow come and pecked at his eyes, and made the blood stream down

his face; so that, while he aimed his blows at random, Avenant plunged his sword up to the hilt into his heart. Avenant then cut off his head, and the crow perched on a tree, saying: "I have not forgotten how you saved my life by killing the eagle. I promised to do you a good turn, and I have kept my word." "In truth I am greatly beholden to you, master crow," quoth Avenant, as he mounted his horse, and rode off with Galifron's head.



When he reached the city, the inhabitants gathered round him, and accompanied him with loud cheers to the palace. The princess, who had trembled for his safety, was delighted to see him return. "Now, madam," said Avenant, "I think you have no excuse left for not marrying my liege lord." "Yes, indeed I have," an-

swered she; "and I shall still refuse him unless you procure me some water from the Fountain of Beauty. This water lies in a grotto, guarded by two dragons. Inside the grotto is a large hole full of toads and serpents, by which you descend to a small cellar containing the spring. Whoever washes her face with this water retains her beauty, if already beautiful, or becomes beautiful, though ever so ugly. It makes the young remain young, and the old become young again. So you see, Avenant, I cannot leave my kingdom without carrying some of this water away with me." "Methinks, madam," observed Avenant, "you are far too beautiful to need any such water; but, as you seek the death of your humble servant, I must go and die."

Accordingly, Avenant set out with his faithful little dog, and at last reached a high mountain, from the top of which he perceived a rock as black as ink, whence issued clouds of smoke. Presently out came a green and yellow dragon, whose eyes and nostrils were pouring forth fire, and whose tail had at least a hundred coils. Avenant drew his sword, and taking out a phial given him by the Fair One with Golden Locks, said to Cabriole "I shall never be able to reach the water; so, when I am killed, fill this phial with my blood, and take it to the princess, that she may see what she has cost me, and then go and inform the king, my master, of the fate that has befallen me." While he was speaking, a voice called

out: "Avenant! Avenant!" and he perceived an owl in the hollow of a tree, who said: "You freed me from the bird-catcher's net, and I promised to do you a good turn. So give me your phial, and I will go and fetch the water of beauty." And away flew the owl, who, knowing all the turnings and windings of the grotto, soon returned, bearing back his prize. After thanking the owl most heartily, Avenant lost no time in going back to the palace, where he presented the bottle to the princess, who now agreed to set out with him for his master's kingdom.

On reaching the capital, the king came forth to meet the Fair One with Golden Locks, and made her the most sumptuous presents. They were then married, amid great festivities and rejoicings; but the queen, who loved Avenant in her heart, could not forbear incessantly reminding the king, that had it not been for Avenant she would never have come, and that it was he alone who had procured her the water of beauty that was to preserve her ever youthful and beautiful. So it happened that some meddling bodies went and told the king that she preferred Avenant to himself, when he became so jealous that he ordered his faithful subject to be thrown into prison, and fed upon nothing but bread and water. When the Fair One with Golden Locks heard of his disgrace, she implored the king to release him, but the more she entreated, the more obstinately his majesty refused. The king now imagined that his wife perhaps did not

think him handsome enough, so he had a mind to try the effects of washing his face with the water of beauty.



Accordingly, one night he took the phial from off the mantel-piece in the queen's bed-chamber, and rubbed his face well before he went to bed. But, unfortunately, a short time previous the phial had been broken by one of the maids, as she was dusting, and, to avoid a scolding, she had replaced it by a phial which she found in the king's cabinet, containing a wash similar in appearance, but deadly in its effects. The king went to sleep, and died. Cabriole ran to his master to tell him the news,

when Avenant bid him go and remind the queen of the poor prisoner. So Cabriole slipped in amongst the crowd of courtiers who had assembled on the king's death, and whispered to her majesty: "Do not forget poor Avenant." The queen then called to mind all he had suffered on her account, and, hastening to the tower, she took off his chains with her own white hands, and throwing the royal mantle over his shoulders, and placing a gold crown on his head, she said: "I choose you for my husband, Avenant, and you shall be king." Everybody was delighted at her choice, the wedding was the grandest ever seen, and the Fair One with Golden Locks, and her faithful Avenant, lived happily to a good old age.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

THERE was once a wealthy merchant who had three sons and three daughters. The latter were extremely pretty, especially the youngest, who, indeed, was called in childhood the little Beauty,—a name that clung to her ever after, much to the jealous annoyance of her sisters. Nor did she excel them more in beauty than in goodness. The two eldest sisters were so proud of their father's fortune that they would not condescend to mix with other merchants' daughters, but were always dangling after persons of quality, and frequenting balls and plays, and laughed at their youngest sister for spending her time in reading instructive books. As they were known to be

rich, many wealthy merchants offered to marry them; but the two eldest replied, that they could not think of anybody below a Duke, or at least an Earl, while Beauty answered, that she thanked them for their good opinion, but that, being still very young, she wished to remain a few years longer with her father.

It happened that the merchant was suddenly ruined, and nothing was left of all his vast property but a small house in the country, whither, he informed his children,



they must now remove. The two eldest replied, that for their parts they need not leave town, as they had plenty of lovers who would be too happy to marry them even without a fortune. But here they were strangely mistaken. Their lovers would not even look upon them now; and, as they had made themselves odious by their pride, no-

body pitied them for their fall, though every one felt sorry for Beauty. Indeed, several gentlemen offered to marry her, portionless as she was; but she told them she could not resolve to abandon her father in his misfortunes. The family now removed into the country, where the father and his sons tilled the ground, while Beauty rose daily at four o'clock, and did all the work in the house. At first this drudgery seemed very hard, but after a time she grew stronger, and her health improved. When her work was over she read, played on the harpsichord, or sang as she sat at her spinning-wheel. As to her two sisters, they were perfectly helpless, and a burden to themselves. They would rise at ten, and spend the live-long day fretting for the loss of their fine clothes and gay parties, and sneer at their sister for her low-born tastes, because she put up with their unfortunate position so cheerfully.

The family had spent about a year in their retreat, when the merchant received a letter, informing him that a ship freighted with goods belonging to him, that was thought to be lost, had just come into port. At this unexpected news the two eldest sisters were half wild for joy, as they now hoped they would soon leave the cottage; and when their father was about to go and settle his business, they begged him to bring them back all sorts of dresses and trinkets. When the father perceived that Beauty did not ask for anything, he inquired what he

should bring her. "Why, since you ask me, dear father," said she, "I should like you to bring me a rose, as none grow in these parts." Now, it was not that Beauty particularly cared about his bringing a rose, only she would not appear to blame her sisters, or to seem superior to them, by saying she did not wish for anything. The good man set off, but when he reached the port, he was obliged to go to law about the cargo, and it ended in his returning as poor as he came. He was within thirty miles of home, when, on passing by night through a large forest, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, and, having completely lost his way, he began to be afraid he should die of hunger and cold, when of a sudden he perceived a light at the end of a long avenue of trees, and, on making for that direction, he reached a splendid palace, where, to his surprise, not a human being was stirring in any of the court-yards. His horse followed him, and, seeing a stable-door open, walked in, and here the poor jaded beast fed heartily on the hay and oats that filled the crib. The merchant then entered the house, where he still saw nobody, but found a good fire, and a table ready laid for one person, with the choicest viands. Being completely drenched, he drew near the fire to dry his clothes, saying to himself: "I hope the master of the house or his servants will excuse the liberty I am taking, for no doubt it will not be long before they make their appearance." He then waited a considerable while; still

no one came, and by the time the clock struck eleven, he was so exhausted with hunger that he took up a chicken, which he devoured in two mouthfuls, and in a perfect tremor. He next drank several glasses of wine, when, taking courage, he left the hall, and crossed several suites of rooms most magnificently furnished. At last he found a very nice chamber, and, as it was now past midnight, and he was excessively tired, he closed the door and went to bed.

The merchant did not wake till ten o'clock on the following morning, when he was surprised to find a new suit of clothes instead of his own, which were spoiled. He now concluded that the palace belonged to some beneficent fairy; a notion which was completely confirmed on his looking out of window, and seeing that the snow had given place to flowery arbours and the most enchanting gardens. Having returned to the great hall, where he had supped on the previous night, he saw a small table, on which stood some chocolate ready for his breakfast. When his meal was finished, he went to look after his horse, and, as he happened to pass under a bower of roses, he bethought him of Beauty's request, and plucked a bunch to take home. No sooner had he done so than he heard a frightful roar, and saw such a horrible beast stalking up to him that he was ready to faint with alarm. "You are most ungrateful," cried the Beast in a terrific voice. "I saved your life by admitting you into my

palace, and you reward me by stealing my roses, which I love beyond everything else! You shall pay the forfeit



with your life's blood." The poor merchant threw himself on his knees before the Beast, saying: "Forgive me, my Lord, I did not know I should offend you by plucking a rose for one of my daughters, in compliance with her wishes." "I am not a lord, but a beast," answered the monster; "I hate flattery, and you will not come over me with any fine speeches; but, as you say you have daughters, I will forgive you, provided one of them comes willingly to die in your stead; but swear that, should they refuse, you will return in three months." The merchant had not the most distant intention of sacrificing one of his daughters; but, wishing to see his children once more before he died, he swore to return, and the

Beast dismissed him, telling him he need not go empty-handed, but that, if he returned to his bedchamber, he would find a large trunk, which he was at liberty to fill with anything he fancied in the palace, and that it would be sent after him. Somewhat comforted at the idea of leaving his children provided for, the merchant returned to his room, where he found a quantity of gold pieces; and having filled the trunk, he left the palace in a far sadder mood than he had entered it. On reaching home he gave the roses to his daughter, saying: "Take them, Beauty: you little think how dear they have cost your poor father." And thereupon he related all that had befallen him. The two eldest sisters then began to rend the air with their lamentations, and to upbraid Beauty for being the cause of their father's death, because, forsooth, she didn't ask for dresses, as they did, in order to seem wiser than they; and now she had not even a tear for the mischief she had done. But Beauty replied, it were of little use to weep, for that she was quite resolved to go and die in her father's stead. "No," cried the three brothers, "we will go and seek this monster, and either he or we shall perish." But the merchant assured them it was vain to attempt resisting the Beast's all-powerful will, and that it was their duty to live to protect their sisters, as it was his to sacrifice the few remaining years he could expect to enjoy. Meanwhile, the merchant, having forgotten all about the trunk, was much surprised to find it

on retiring to his chamber; but he said nothing about it for the present to his eldest daughters, as he knew they would pester him to return to town.



When the day came that Beauty was to set out with her father, the two heartless sisters rubbed their eyes with an onion to appear as if they had cried a great deal, while her brothers shed real tears, as well as the father himself. The horse took the right road of his own accord, and, on reaching the palace, which was illuminated as before, he went at once into the stable, while the father and daughter entered the great hall, where two covers were laid on a table loaded with the most dainty fare. After supper they heard a tremendous noise. Beauty shuddered on seeing the Beast enter, and when he inquired whether

she had come willingly, she could not help trembling as she faltered out "Yes." "Then I am obliged for your kindness," growled the Beast; and, turning to the father, he added: "As for you—get you gone to-morrow, and never let me see you here again. Good night, Beauty." "Good night, Beast," answered she, and then the monster retired. The merchant again fell to entreating his daughter to leave him, but the next morning she prevailed on him to set out; which he, perhaps, would not have done, had he not felt a faint hope that the Beast might, after all, relent. When he was gone, Beauty could not help shedding some tears; after which she proceeded to examine the various rooms of the palace, when she was surprised to find written upon one of the doors, "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." She opened it in haste, and found a magnificently furnished room, and was much struck on seeing an extensive library, a harpsichord, and music books; for she concluded that, if she had only a day to live, such amusements would not have been provided for her. Her surprise increased, on opening one of the books and seeing written in golden letters, "*Your wishes and commands shall be obeyed: you are here the queen over everything.*" "Alas!" thought she, "my wish would be to see what my poor father is now about." No sooner had she expressed this desire in her own mind, than she saw depicted in a large looking-glass her father's arrival at home. Her sisters came out to meet him,

and, in spite of their affected sorrow, it was plain enough that they rejoiced in their hearts at his returning alone. This vision disappeared a moment afterwards, and Beauty felt grateful to the Beast for complying with her wishes. At noon she found dinner ready for her; and she was treated all the while to an excellent concert, though she saw nobody. At night the Beast came, and asked leave to sup with her, which of course she could not refuse, though she trembled from head to foot. Presently he inquired whether she did not think him very ugly. "Yes," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie; but I think you very good." The supper passed off pleasantly enough, and Beauty had half recovered from her alarm, when he suddenly asked her whether she would marry him. Though afraid of irritating him, she faltered out: "No, Beast," when he sighed so as to shake the whole house, and saying: "Good night, Beauty," in a sorrowful tone, left the room, much to her relief, though she could not help pitying him from her soul.

Beauty lived in this manner for three months. The Beast came to supper every night; and, by degrees, as she grew accustomed to his ugliness, she esteemed him for his many amiable qualities. The only thing that pained her was, that he never failed to ask her whether she would marry him; and when, at last, she told him that she had the greatest friendship though no love for him, he begged her at least to promise never to leave

him. Now Beauty had seen in her glass, that very morning, that her father lay sick with grief at her supposed death; and, as her sisters were married, and her brothers gone for soldiers, she had so great a wish to go and see him, that she told the Beast she should die if he refused her leave. "No," said the Beast, "I would much rather your poor Beast should die of grief for your absence. So you may go." But Beauty promised to return in a week; and the Beast having informed her that she need only lay her ring on her toilet table before she went to bed, when she meant to return, he wished her good night, and retired.



On awaking next morning, Beauty found herself in her father's cottage, and his delight on seeing her alive soon

restored his health. He sent for her sisters, who presently came accompanied by their husbands, with whom they lived very unhappily, as one was so vain of his person that he thought nothing of his wife, and the other so sarcastic that he was playing off his wit all day long on everybody around him, and most of all on his lady. The sisters were so jealous on finding Beauty magnificently dressed, and hearing how kind the Beast was to her, that they laid a plan for detaining her beyond the time allowed her to stay, in hopes he would be so angry as to devour her. Accordingly, when the week was over, they affected such grief at her departure, that Beauty agreed to stay another week, though she could not help reproaching herself for so doing. But on the night of the tenth day, she dreamt she saw the Beast lying half dead on the grass in the palace garden, and waking all in tears, she got out of bed, laid her ring on the table, and then went to bed again, where she soon fell asleep. She was quite relieved, on waking, to find herself back in the palace, and waited impatiently till supper time; but nine o'clock struck, and no Beast appeared. Beauty then seriously feared she had caused his death, and running into the garden towards the spot she had dreamt of, she saw the poor Beast lying senseless on the grass. She threw herself upon his body in despair, when feeling that his heart still beat, she ran to fetch some water from a neighbouring stream, and threw it into his

face. The Beast opened his eyes, saying in a faint voice: "You forgot your promise, and I determined to starve



myself to death; but since you are come, I shall, at least, die happy." "No! you shall not die, dear Beast," cried Beauty, "you shall live to be my husband, for I now feel I really love you." No sooner had she spoken these words, than the palace was brilliantly illuminated, fireworks were displayed, and a band of music struck up. The Beast had disappeared, and in his place, a very handsome prince was at her feet, thanking her for having broken his enchantment. "But where is my poor Beast?" said Beauty, anxiously. "He is now before you," said the prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to retain that uncouth form till some beautiful maid had sufficient

goodness to love me in spite of my ugliness." Beauty, most agreeably surprised, now helped the prince to rise, and they returned to the palace, where she found her father. The young pair were then married, and the prince and his beautiful bride were heartily welcomed by his subjects, who had long mourned his absence, and over whom they reigned happily for many, many long years.



CINDERELLA; OR, THE GLASS SLIPPER.

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THERE once lived a gentleman, who, on becoming a widower, married a most haughty woman for his second wife. The lady had two daughters by a former marriage, equally proud and disagreeable as herself, while the husband had one daughter, of the sweetest temper and most angelic disposition, who was the complete counterpart of her late mother. No sooner was the wedding over, than the step-mother began to shew her bad temper. She could not bear her step-daughter's good qualities, that only showed up her daughters' unamiable ones still more obviously, and she accordingly compelled the poor girl

to do all the drudgery of the household. It was she who washed the dishes, and scrubbed down the stairs, and polished the floors in my lady's chamber, and in those of the two pert misses, her daughters; and while the latter slept on good featherbeds in elegant rooms, furnished with full-length looking-glasses, their sister lay in a wretched garret on an old straw mattress. Yet the poor thing bore this ill treatment very meekly, and did not dare complain to her father, who thought so much of his wife that he would only have scolded her.

When her work was done, she used to sit in the chimney corner amongst the cinders, which had caused the nickname of *Cinderella* to be given her by the family; yet, for all her shabby clothes, Cinderella was a hundred times prettier than her sisters, let them be drest ever so magnificently.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the nobility; and, as our two young ladies made a great figure in the world, they were included in the list of invitations. So they began to be very busy choosing what head-dress and which gown would be the most becoming. Here was fresh work for poor Cinderella; for it was she, forsooth, who was to starch and get up their ruffles, and iron all their fine linen; and nothing but dress was talked about for days together. "I," said the eldest, "shall put on my red velvet dress, with my point-lace trimmings." "And I," said the younger sis-

ter, "shall wear my usual petticoat, but shall set it off with my gold brocaded train and my circlet of diamonds." They sent for a clever tire-woman to prepare the double rows of quilling for their caps, and they purchased a quantity of fashionably cut patches. They called in Cinderella to take her advice, as she had such good taste, and Cinderella not only advised them well, but offered to dress their hair, which they were pleased to accept.



While she was thus busied, the sisters said to her: "And pray, Cinderella, would you like to go to the ball?" "Nay, you are mocking me," replied the poor girl; "it is not for such as I to go to balls." "True enough," rejoined they; "folks would laugh to see a Cinderella at a court ball."

Any other but Cinderella would have drest their hair awry to punish them for their impertinence, but she was so good-natured that she dressed them most becomingly. The two sisters were so delighted, that they scarcely ate a morsel for a couple of days. They spent their whole time before a looking-glass, and they would be laced so tight, to make their waists as slender as possible, that more than a dozen stay-laces were broken in the attempt.

The long-wished-for evening came at last, and off they set. Cinderella's eyes followed them as long as she could, and then she was fain to weep. Her godmother now ap-



peared, and seeing her in tears inquired what was the matter. "I wish—I wish," began the poor girl, but tears choked her utterance. "You wish that you could go to

the ball," interrupted her godmother, who was a fairy. "Indeed I do!" said Cinderella, with a sigh. "Well, then, if you will be a good girl, you shall go," said her godmother. "Now fetch me a pumpkin from the garden," added she. Cinderella flew to gather the finest pumpkin she could find, though she could not understand how it was to help her to go to the ball. But, her godmother having scooped it quite hollow, touched it with her wand, when it was immediately changed into a gilt coach. She then went to the mousetrap, where she found six live mice, and bidding Cinderella let them out one by one, she changed each mouse into a fine dapple-grey horse by a stroke of her wand. She next considered what she should do for a coachman, when Cinderella proposed to look for a rat in the rat-trap. "That's a good thought," quoth her godmother, "so go and see." Sure enough, Cinderella returned with the rat-trap, in which were three large rats. The fairy chose one who had a tremendous pair of whiskers, and forthwith changed him into a coachman, with the finest moustachios ever seen. She then said: "Now go into the garden, and bring me six lizards, which you will find behind the watering-pot." These were no sooner brought, than they were turned into six footmen, with laced liveries, who got up behind the coach just as naturally as if they had done nothing else all their lives. The fairy then said to Cinderella: "Now here are all the means for going to the ball; are you not pleased?"

“But must I go in these dirty clothes?” said Cinderella, timidly. Her godmother merely touched her with her wand, and her shabby clothes were changed to a dress of gold and silver tissue, all ornamented with precious stones. She next gave her the prettiest pair of glass slippers ever seen. She now got into the carriage, after having been warned by her godmother upon no account to prolong her stay beyond midnight, as, should she remain a moment longer at the ball, her coach would again become a pumpkin, her horses mice, her footmen lizards, while her clothes would return to their former shabby condition. Cinderella promised she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and set off in an ecstasy of delight. The king’s son, on being informed that some great princess, unknown at court, had just arrived, went to hand her out of her carriage, and brought her into the hall where the company was assembled. The moment she appeared, all conversation was hushed, the violins ceased playing, and the dancing stopped short, so great was the sensation produced by the stranger’s beauty. A confused murmur of admiration fluttered through the crowd, and each was fain to exclaim, “How surpassingly lovely she is!” Even the king, old as he was, could not forbear admiring her like the rest, and whispered to the queen, that she was certainly the fairest and comeliest woman he had seen for many a long day. The ladies were all busy examining her head-dress and her clothes, in order to get

similar ones the very next day, if, indeed, they could meet with stuffs of such rich patterns, and find work-women clever enough to make them up.



After leading her to the place to which her rank seemed to entitle her, the king's son requested her hand for the next dance, when she displayed so much grace as to increase the admiration her beauty had raised in the first instance. An elegant supper was next brought in ; but the young prince was so taken up with gazing at the fair stranger, that he did not partake of a morsel. Cinderella went and sat by her sisters, sharing with them the oranges and citrons the prince had offered her, much to their surprise, as they did not recognise her in the least.

When Cinderella heard the clock strike three-quarters

past eleven, she made a low curtsy to the whole assembly and retired in haste. On reaching home, she found her godmother, and after thanking her for the treat she had enjoyed, she ventured to express a wish to return to the ball on the following evening, as the prince had requested her to do. She was still relating to her godmother all that had happened at court, when her two sisters knocked at the door. Cinderella went and let them in, pretending to yawn and stretch herself, and rub her eyes, and saying: "How late you are!" just as if she was woke up out of a nap, though, truth to say, she had never felt less disposed to sleep in her life. "If you had been to the ball," said one of the sisters, "you would not have thought it late. There came the most beautiful princess ever seen, who loaded us with polite attentions, and gave us oranges and citrons."

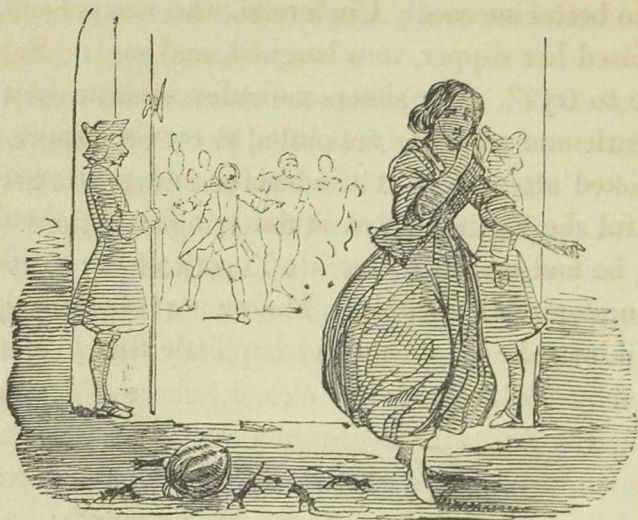
Cinderella could scarcely contain her delight, and inquired the name of the princess. But they replied that nobody knew her name, and that the king's son was in great trouble about her, and would give the world to know who she could be. "Is she, then, so very beautiful?" said Cinderella, smiling. "Lord! how I should like to see her! Oh, do, my Lady Javotte, lend me the yellow dress you wear every day, that I may go to the ball and have a peep at this wonderful princess." "A likely story, indeed!" cried Javotte, tossing her head disdainfully, "that I should lend my clothes to a dirty Cinderella

like you!" Cinderella expected to be refused, and was not sorry for it, as she would have been puzzled what to do, had her sister really lent her the dress she begged to have.

On the following evening, the sisters again went to the court ball, and so did Cinderella, drest even more magnificently than before. The king's son never left her side, and kept paying her the most flattering attentions. The young lady was nothing loth to listen to him; so it came to pass that she forgot her godmother's injunctions, and, indeed, lost her reckoning so completely, that, before she deemed it could be eleven o'clock, she was startled at hearing the first stroke of midnight. She rose hastily, and flew away like a startled fawn. The prince attempted to follow her, but she was too swift for him; only, as she flew she dropped one of her glass slippers, which he picked up very eagerly. Cinderella reached home quite out of breath, without either coach or footmen, and with only her shabby clothes on her back; nothing, in short, remained of her recent magnificence, save a little glass slipper, the fellow to the one she had lost. The sentinels at the palace gate were closely questioned as to whether they had not seen a princess coming out; but they answered they had seen no one except a shabbily drest girl, who appeared to be a peasant rather than a young lady.

When the two sisters returned from the ball, Cinderella asked them whether they had been well entertained; and

whether the beautiful lady was there? They replied, that she was; but that she had run away as soon as midnight



had struck, and so quickly as to drop one of her dainty glass slippers, which the king's son had picked up, and was looking at most fondly during the remainder of the ball; indeed, it seemed beyond a doubt that he was deeply enamoured of the beautiful creature to whom it belonged.

They spoke truly enough; for, a few days afterwards, the king's son caused a proclamation to be made, by sound of trumpet, all over the kingdom, to the effect that he would marry her whose foot should be found to fit the slipper exactly. So the slipper was first tried on by all the princesses; then by all the duchesses; and next by all the persons belonging to the court: but in vain. It was

then carried to the two sisters, who tried with all their might to force their feet into its delicate proportions, but with no better success. Cinderella, who was present, and recognised her slipper, now laughed, and said: "Suppose I were to try?" Her sisters ridiculed such an idea; but the gentleman who was appointed to try the slipper, having looked attentively at Cinderella, and perceived how beautiful she was, said that it was but fair she should do so, as he had orders to try it on every young maiden in the kingdom. Accordingly, having requested Cinderella to sit down, she no sooner put her little foot to the slip-



per, than she drew it on, and it fitted like wax. The sisters were quite amazed; but their astonishment increased ten fold, when Cinderella drew the fellow slipper out of

her pocket, and put it on. Her godmother then made her appearance; and, having touched Cinderella's clothes with her wand, made them still more magnificent than those she had previously worn.

Her two sisters now recognised her for the beautiful stranger they had seen at the ball; and, falling at her feet, implored her forgiveness for their unworthy treatment, and all the insults they had heaped upon her head. Cinderella raised them, saying, as she embraced them, that she not only forgave them with all her heart, but wished for their affection. She was then taken to the palace of the young prince, in whose eyes she appeared yet more lovely than before, and who married her shortly after.

Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, allowed her sisters to lodge in the palace, and gave them in marriage, that same day, to two lords belonging to the court.



PRINCESS ROSETTA.

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THERE once lived a king and a queen who had two very fine boys. The queen always invited the fairies, on the birth of her children, to foretel their fortunes; so when, some years after, a daughter was born, she again applied to her old friends. The little girl was so beautiful that the fairies were struck with admiration; but when questioned by the mother as to the future fate of Princess Rosetta (for such was her name), they one and all pretended to have left their conjuring-book at home, and said they would come another time. “Alas!” cried the

queen, "this bodes no good. Yet I do entreat you to tell me the worst." The more unwilling the fairies seemed to speak, the greater desire the queen felt to know what was the matter; so at length the principal fairy said: "We are afraid, Madam, that Rosetta will prove unlucky to her brothers, and that they will die in some adventure on her account. That is all that we are able to foresee about your pretty little girl." They then departed, and left the queen very sad.



Some time after, the queen was told that there was an old hermit, who lived in the trunk of a tree in a neigh-

bouring wood, whom everybody went to consult. So she went and asked the hermit's advice, and he answered, that the best thing would be to shut the princess up in a tower, and never allow her to go abroad. The queen thanked him, and having made him a handsome present, came back and told the king what he had said. The king immediately ordered a high tower to be built, and when it was finished, he shut the princess up in it, though he went daily to see his daughter, accompanied by the queen and the two princes, who were devotedly attached to their sister. By the time the princess was fifteen years of age the king and queen fell ill and died the same day, to the great grief of Rosetta and her brothers. The eldest son was now raised to the throne, when he said to his brother: "It is time we should let our sister out of the tower in which she has been so long shut up." Accordingly they crossed the garden, and having entered the tower, Rosetta came to meet them, and said: "I hope, Sire, now that you are king, you will let me out of this tower, where I am so tired of being shut up." And so saying she burst into tears. But the king told her not to cry, and that she should not only leave the tower, but soon be married. When Rosetta came down into the garden, she was delighted with all she saw, and ran about like a child to gather flowers and fruit, followed by her little dog Fretillon, who was as green as a parrot, and had long ears, and who danced most admirably. But

when the princess caught sight of a peacock, she thought it the most beautiful creature in the world, and asked her brothers what it was. On being told that it was a bird that was occasionally eaten, she replied that it was



a sin and a shame to eat such a beautiful bird, and added, that she would never marry any one but the king of the peacocks, and then such a sacrilege should be forbidden. "But, sister," said the king, greatly astonished, "where on earth can we find the king of the peacocks?" "That is your look-out," said the young princess; "all I can say is, that no one else shall become my husband."

The two brothers then led her to the palace, whither

she insisted on having the peacock removed, and put into her chamber. All the ladies of the court, who had not seen Rosetta, then came to pay their respects to her, and brought her a variety of presents, which she received with such infantine grace and pretty gratitude, as to delight everybody. The king and his brother were thinking, meanwhile, how they should contrive to find the king of the peacocks. At length they had Rosetta's picture taken, and a speaking likeness it was, and with this they set off on their difficult errand, leaving the princess to govern the kingdom during their absence.

They at last reached the kingdom of the Cockchafer, and such a buzzing there was in it, that the king thought he should go deaf or mad. At length he asked the one who appeared the most rational of the set, where he could find the king of the peacocks. "Please your majesty," replied the cockchafer, "his kingdom is thirty thousand miles from hence, and you have taken the longest road to reach it." "And pray, how can you know that?" said the king. "Because," rejoined the cockchafer, "you and we are old acquaintances, for we spend two or three months in your gardens every year." The king and his brother embraced the cockchafer for joy, and then they dined together; and after admiring all the curiosities of the kingdom, where every leaf was worth a guinea, they continued their journey, till they reached a country where they saw all the trees were filled with peacocks, who made

such a screeching that they were to be heard at least two leagues off. The king now said to his brother: "Should the king of the peacocks be himself a peacock, he will be an odd husband for our sister. What a pity it is she ever imagined that there existed such a king!" On reaching the capital, however, they found it inhabited by men and women, who wore dresses made of peacocks' feathers; and presently they saw the king coming out of his palace, in a beautiful little golden carriage studded with diamonds, and drawn by twelve peacocks. He was extremely handsome, and wore his fine, long, curly flaxen hair flowing on his shoulders, surmounted by a crown of peacocks' feathers. On perceiving the two strangers he stopped the carriage, and inquired what had brought them to his kingdom. The king and prince then said they came from afar to shew him a beautiful portrait, and accordingly drew forth Rosetta's likeness. The king of the peacocks, after having attentively examined it, declared he could not believe there really existed so beautiful a maiden in the world. Upon which the prince informed him that his brother was a king, and that the original of the portrait was their sister, the princess Rosetta, who was a hundred times more beautiful than here represented, and that they came to offer her to him in marriage, with a bushel of golden crowns for her portion. "I should willingly marry her," replied the king of the peacocks, "but I must insist upon her being quite as

beautiful as the picture; and, should I find her inferior in the slightest respect, I will put you both to death." "Agreed!" cried the brothers. "Well, then," said the king, "you must go to prison till the princess arrives." This they willingly did, and then wrote off to their sister to come immediately to marry the king of the peacocks, who was dying of love for her; but they said nothing about their being shut up, for fear of alarming her.

The princess was half wild with joy when she heard the king of the peacocks was really found, and she lost no time in setting off with her nurse, her foster-sister, and her little green dog Fretillon, who were the only companions she chose to take with her. They put to sea in a vessel loaded with a bushel of golden crowns, and with clothes enough for ten years, supposing the princess put on two new dresses every day.

During the passage, the nurse kept asking the pilot how near they were to the kingdom of peacocks; and when at last he told her they would soon reach its shores, the wicked creature said, that if he would help her to throw the princess into the sea, as soon as she should be asleep that night, she could then dress up her daughter in her fine clothes, and present her to the king of the peacocks for his bride, and that she would give him gold and diamonds so as to make his fortune. The pilot thought it a pity to drown such a fair princess; but the nurse having given him wine until he was quite

tipsy, he gave his consent, and when night came, he helped her and her daughter to take up Rosetta, when she was fast asleep, mattress, feather-bed and all, and flung her into the sea. Fortunately the bed was stuffed



with phoenix's feathers, which possess the virtue of not sinking, so that it kept floating like a barge. Still, the waves wetted it by degrees, and Rosetta, feeling uncomfortable, kept turning about in her sleep, till she woke her little dog, who lay at the foot of her bed. Fretillon had a very fine scent, and, as he smelt the soles and the cod, he barked aloud, which in turn woke the fish, who began to swim about and run foul of the princess's light craft, that kept twisting about like a whirlpool.

Meanwhile the wicked nurse had reached the shore,

where she and her daughter found a hundred carriages waiting for them, drawn by a variety of animals, such as lions, stags, bears, wolves, horses, oxen, eagles, and peacocks. The coach intended for Princess Rosetta was drawn by six blue monkeys, caparisoned with crimson velvet. The nurse had dressed up her daughter in the finest gown she could find, and loaded her head with diamonds; in spite of which, she appeared so frightful, with her squinting eyes, oily black hair, crooked legs, and humped shoulder, that the persons sent by the king of the peacocks to receive her were struck with amazement at the sight of her. Being as cross as she was ill-favoured, she asked them tartly whether they were all asleep, and why they did not bring her something to eat; and then, distributing her blows pretty freely, she threatened to have them all hung if they did not shew a little more alacrity in doing her bidding. As she passed along in state, the peacocks perched on the trees cried out: "Fie! what an ugly creature!" which enraged her so that she ordered her guards to go and kill all the peacocks; but they flew away and only laughed at her the more. When the pilot heard and saw all this, he whispered to the nurse: "We are in the wrong box, mistress;" but she bid him hold his peace.

When the king came forth to meet her, accompanied by all his nobles, his peacocks, and the foreign ambassadors staying at his court, preceded by Rosetta's portrait at

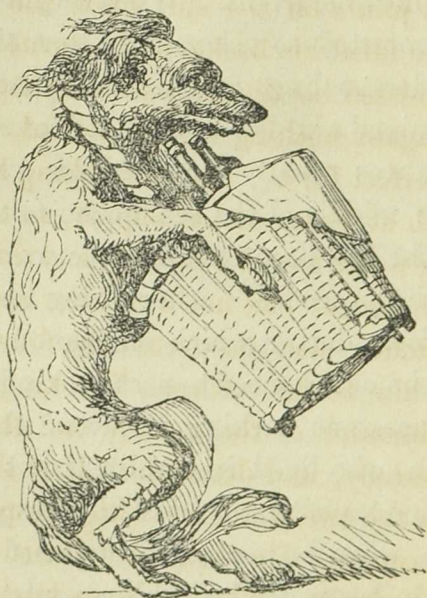
the end of a long pole, he was ready to die with rage and vexation on seeing such a fright, and, without more ado,



he ordered her to be shut up, together with the nurse and the pilot, in the tower prison. His rage next fell upon the two princes, whom he accused of making game of him; and they were much surprised when, instead of being released on their sister's arrival, they were transferred to a horrible dungeon, where they remained up to their necks in water for three days. At the end of that time, the king of the peacocks came and insulted them through a loop-hole, and told them they were a couple of adven-

turers, whom he would have hung; upon which, the elder prisoner replied indignantly, that he was as good a king as himself, and that he might some day repent his insolent behaviour. Seeing him so firm, the king of the peacocks had almost a mind to release them at once, and send them away with their sister, but one of his courtiers persuaded him that his dignity required he should punish the strangers; so he had them tried, and they were condemned to be executed for having told a falsehood, and promising the king a beautiful bride, who had turned out a horrible fright. When they heard this sentence, they protested so vehemently that there must be some misunderstanding, which time would clear up, that they obtained a week's respite. Meanwhile, the poor princess, who was greatly surprised on waking to find herself in the middle of the sea, began to weep bitterly, and fancied she had been cast into the waves by order of the king of the peacocks. After being tossed about for a couple of days, during which she would have died of hunger had she not chanced to pass near a bed of oysters, Fretillon's incessant barking attracted the notice of a good old man, who lived in a solitary hut on the shore. Thinking some travellers had lost their way, he came out to help them, when he was much surprised on beholding the princess in her water bed, calling out to him to save her life. The old man ran back to fetch a grapple, and towed the bed ashore with some difficulty, and the prin-

cess having wrapped herself in the counterpane, followed him to his cottage, where he lit a fire, and gave her some clothes that once belonged to his late wife. Seeing that she must be a lady of high degree, by the richness of the bed-clothes, which were of satin, embroidered with gold and silver, the old man questioned her, and having learnt her story, he offered to go and inform the king of her arrival, reminding her that she would not have proper fare in his poor house. But Rosetta would not hear of such a thing, and preferred borrowing a basket, which



she fastened to Fretillon's neck, saying: "Go and fetch me food from the best kitchen in the town." Fre-

tillon set off; and, as there was no better than the king's, he stole all that was in the pot, and came back to his mistress. She then sent him back to the pantry to fetch bread, wine, and fruit. Now, when the king of the peacocks wanted to dine, there was nothing left, either in the pot or the pantry, so he was in a great rage, and he ordered some joints to be roasted, that he might at least make a good supper. But when evening came, the princess sent Fretillon to fetch some joints from the best kitchen, and the little dog again went to the palace, and, whipping the joints off the spit while the cook's back was turned, he filled his basket and returned home. The king having missed his dinner, wished to sup earlier than usual, when again nothing was to be had, and he went to bed in a perfect fury. The same thing happened the next day, both at dinner and at supper, so that for three days the king never tasted a morsel; and this might have gone on much longer had not a courtier concealed himself in the kitchen, and discovered the four-footed thief, and followed him to the cottage. The king immediately ordered the inmates of the cottage and the dog to be taken into custody, and determined they should be put to death with the two strangers, whose respite was to expire on the morrow. He then entered the hall of justice to judge the culprits. The old man knelt before him, and told him Rosetta's whole story; and when the king cast his eyes upon her, and saw how beautiful she was,

PRINCESS ROSETTA.

he jumped for joy, and untied the cords that bound her. Meantime the two princes were sent for, together with the nurse and her daughter; and when they had all met, Rosetta fell on her brothers' necks, while the guilty nurse and her daughter, and the pilot, knelt down to implore forgiveness. The king was so delighted that he pardoned them, and rewarded the old man handsomely, and insisted on his remaining in his palace. The king of the peacocks next did all he could to make up for the ill-usage the king and the prince had suffered. The nurse returned the bushel of golden crowns and Rosetta's fine clothes; and the wedding rejoicings lasted a whole fortnight. So everybody was satisfied, not forgetting Fretillon, who was fed with all sorts of dainties for the rest of his life.



JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

IN the reign of King Arthur, there lived near the Land's End, in the county of Cornwall, an honest farmer, whose son Jack was a bold boy, who delighted in reading stories about wizards, giants, and fairies, and listened eagerly whenever anybody related the brave deeds of the knights of the Round Table. Jack did not care much for play like other children, but he was fond of planning sieges and battles, and raising mimic ramparts, while tending

the cattle in the fields; and as to wrestling, there were few or none equal to him, even amongst boys older than himself. So Jack thought he was a match for a giant, who dwelt in a cavern on the top of St. Michael's Mount, and who for years had ravaged the coast, carrying off half a dozen oxen at a time on his back, and three times as many sheep and hogs round his waist. Still, little as Jack was, compared to such an adversary, he was so brave a fellow that he determined the monster should not go on frightening the neighbourhood in this way; and having resolved to rid the country of such a nuisance, he set off one evening, with a horn, a pick-axe, and a dark lantern, and swam to the mount, at the foot of which, by dint of hard work, he dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and nearly as many broad, before morning; this he covered with sticks and straw, and having strewed it with earth, so as to look like solid ground, he blew a loud blast on his horn which awoke the giant out of his sleep. "You saucy villain!" roared the monster, "you shall pay dearly for disturbing my rest; I will broil you for my breakfast."

So saying, out came the giant with tremendous strides, when lo! he tumbled right into the pit, and shook the whole mountain as he fell.

"O ho, mister giant!" quoth Jack, "what say you now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this cold morning but broiling poor Jack?"

The giant now tried to rise, but Jack clove his skull with his pick-axe, and then ran back with the news of the giant's death. The justices of Cornwall, on hearing of so bold a deed, sent for Jack, and telling him he should henceforth be called JACK THE GIANT-KILLER, presented him with a sword and belt, on which was engraved in golden letters:—

“This is the valiant Cornish man
That slew the giant Cormoran.”

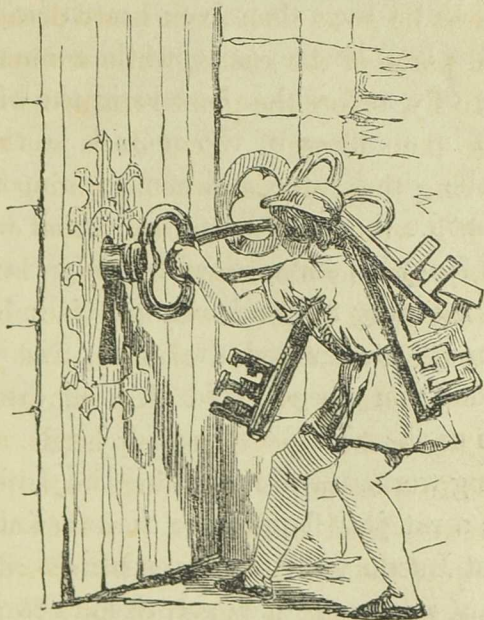
The fame of Jack's exploits soon spread throughout the west of England, when another giant, called old Blunderbore, who inhabited an enchanted castle in the midst of a wood, vowed he would revenge his brother giant, if ever he should get the audacious stripling in his power. Now, it so happened that four months after Cormoran's death, Jack took a journey into Wales, and passed through this very wood; when, having fallen asleep by the side of a fountain, the giant found him on coming to draw water, and seeing who he was from the lines on his belt, he laid him gently on his shoulder and carried him off to his castle. The rustling of the leaves soon woke Jack as they went along, and he was terribly frightened on finding himself in Blunderbore's clutches.

Yet this was nothing to the horror he felt when, on reaching the castle, he found the floor covered with the skulls and bones of human beings, and the giant told him

with a horrid grin that men's hearts eaten with pepper and vinegar were his tit-bits, and that he hoped to make a dainty meal on his heart. So saying, he locked Jack up, and went to invite another giant to dine with him. No sooner was he gone than Jack heard dreadful shrieks from several parts of the castle, while a mournful voice urged him to fly, before the giant returned with another more savage than himself. Poor Jack was ready to go mad on hearing these words; when, running to the window to see if it were possible to escape that way, he saw the two giants coming along arm in arm. Luckily there were two stout cords in the room, and Jack lost no time in making a noose at the end of each, and just as the two giants entered the gates, which were right under the window, he threw the ropes over their heads, and, fastening the ends to a beam in the ceiling, he pulled and pulled, till both were black in the face, and then sliding down with the help of the cords, he drew his sword and killed them. Jack next took a bunch of keys from Blunderbore's pocket, and on searching the castle, found three poor ladies tied up by their hair, and nearly starved to death. So Jack kindly gave them the castle and all it contained, to make amends for their sufferings, and then proceeded on his journey to Wales.

By the time night had come on, Jack had reached a lonely valley between two high mountains, where after looking about for a good while, he at length discovered

a large and handsome house. Having knocked at the gate to request admittance for the night, Jack was rather alarmed at being answered by a monstrous giant with



two heads, but with only one eye to each head; however, he spoke very civilly, and no sooner had Jack told him he had lost his way, than he welcomed him to his house, and showed him into a room, where he found a very good bed. Jack undressed himself, but somehow could not get a wink of sleep, and presently he heard the giant pacing up and down in the next room, muttering to himself—

“Tho’ you lodge with me this night,
 You shall not see the morning light;
 My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

“So, so!” thought Jack, “are these your tricks upon travellers? But I hope to prove a match for you.” Then getting out of bed, he groped about the room till he found a thick log of wood, which he laid in the bed, while he hid himself in a corner of the room. In the middle of the night the giant came and struck so many blows on the bed, that he thought he had broken all Jack’s bones. So we may fancy his surprise, when his guest entered his room next morning to thank him for his lodging.

“Dear me!” stammered the giant, “is it you? and pray how did you sleep? Did nothing disturb you in the middle of the night?”

“Nothing worth mentioning,” replied Jack carelessly; “I believe a rat just flapped me three or four times with his tail, but I soon went to sleep again.”

The giant was very much surprised, but he said nothing, and went to fetch two large bowls of hasty pudding for breakfast. Jack now thought it would be a good joke to make the giant believe he could eat as much as himself, so he slipped the hasty pudding into a leathern bag inside his coat, while he made believe to put it into his mouth. When breakfast was over, he said, “Now I will show you a trick or two; I can cut off my head, and put it back again on my shoulders, and do a host of strange

things. Here is an example." So saying, he took a knife and ripped up the bag, when all the hasty pudding



fell out upon the floor. "Ods splutter hur nails!" cried the Welsh giant, "hur can do that hursel." Then, determined not to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, he plunged the knife into his stomach, and dropped down dead.

Having thus outwitted the Welsh monster, Jack continued his journey, and a few days after happened to fall in with King Arthur's only son, who had travelled to Wales to deliver a beautiful lady from the power of a wicked magician. When Jack found that the Prince had

no attendants with him, he offered his services, which were thankfully accepted. The Prince was not only brave and handsome, but so kind-hearted that he gave away his money to everybody he met; and having parted with his last penny, he asked Jack what they should do to get food and lodging for that night. Jack begged the prince to leave that to him, for that two miles further there lived a giant with three heads, who could fight five hundred men. Then seeing the Prince uneasy at the idea of claiming the hospitality of such a monster, Jack told him to stay behind, and he would manage him. Accordingly, on Jack rode and knocked at the castle gate. "Who is there?" thundered out the giant. "Only your poor cousin Jack," said our hero. "Well, what news, cousin Jack?" asked the giant. "Bad news, dear uncle," quoth Jack. "Pooh," answered the giant, "what can be bad news for me, who have three heads and can fight five hundred men?" "Alas!" said Jack, "the king's son is coming with two thousand men to kill you and destroy your castle." "This is bad news indeed, Cousin Jack," cried the giant; "but I will hide myself in the cellar, and you shall lock me in, and keep the key till the king's son is gone."

As soon as Jack had secured the giant in the cellar, he went back to fetch the Prince, and they feasted on all the dainties, and rested comfortably all night, while the poor giant was quaking with fear under ground. Next morn-

ing, Jack helped the king's son to gold and silver out of the giant's treasure, and sent him three miles forward on his journey. He then went and let out his uncle, who asked him what reward he would have for saving his castle. "Good uncle," said Jack, "all I ask for is the old coat and cap, with the rusty sword and slippers, which are hanging at your bed's head." "Take them," said the giant, "and very useful you will find them. The coat will make you invisible, the cap will give you knowledge, the sword will cut through everything, and the slippers will give you swiftmess; you are welcome to them all."

Jack thanked the giant many times, and then joined the Prince. They soon reached the castle where the beautiful lady was kept in thralldom by the wicked magician, and here Jack learned, by putting on his cap of knowledge, that the wizard went every night into the forest to conjure up spirits; so he dressed himself in the coat of darkness, and, drawing on his shoes of swiftmess, ran after him and cut off his head at a blow, which ended the enchantment, and set the lady free. The Prince married her the next day, and the royal pair proceeded with their valiant deliverer to the court of King Arthur, who was so pleased with his prowess that he made him one of the knights of the Round Table.

Jack, however, would not remain in idleness, and therefore begged the king to equip him, that he might return

to Wales, and rid his Majesty's subjects of all the remaining giants. To this King Arthur very willingly consented; and accordingly Jack took his leave of the court, and after travelling for three days reached a forest, which he had no sooner entered than he heard most dreadful shrieks, and on peeping through the trees, he perceived a monstrous giant dragging along by their hair a handsome knight and his beautiful lady. Jack was so moved by this dreadful sight, that he immediately alighted from



his horse, and put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness, and, approaching the giant,

who was so tall that he could not reach his body, he wounded him so severely on his knee, that the huge monster fell to the ground, when Jack at once cut off his head. The knight and his lady now approached, and, thanking him most heartily, entreated him to come and rest himself at their house. "No," said Jack, "I cannot rest till I find out the den the monster inhabited."

On hearing this the knight grew very sorrowful, and told him that it was too much to risk his life a second time, for that the giant lived in a den under a neighbouring mountain, with a brother yet fiercer and more cruel than himself. But our valiant Giant-killer was not to be put off his purpose so easily; and, promising to return when he had finished his task, he straightway mounted his horse and rode off.

After riding a mile and a half, he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern, and saw the giant seated on a block of timber with a club by his side. Jack got down from his horse, and putting on his coat of darkness, said: "So, here is the other monster: I'll soon pluck him by the beard." He then struck a blow at his head, but missed his aim, and the giant feeling wounded, yet seeing no one near, began to lay about him with his club. Jack, however, slipped nimbly behind him, and, jumping upon the block of timber, quickly cut off his head, and sent it, together with that of his brother, to King Arthur by a wagon, which he hired on purpose.

Next day Jack set out for the knight's house, where he was welcomed with great joy and feasting. When the company were assembled, the knight related to them the Giant-killer's exploits, and then presented Jack with a handsome ring, on which was engraved the picture of the giant dragging along the hapless couple.

The bowl now went gaily round, and all was mirth and joy, when suddenly a pale and breathless messenger



rushed in with the news that Thundel, a giant with two heads, had come to revenge on Jack the death of his

kinsmen. He was now within a mile of the house, and people were all flying before him. At this news the very stoutest hearts began to quail; but Jack begged them to walk into the garden, promising them they should soon behold the giant's defeat. Jack then set some men to cut the drawbridge, that lay across the moat, almost to the middle, and having put on his coat of darkness, he sallied forth to meet the giant.

Though the giant could not see him, he sniffed his presence and cried out—

“ Fie! foh! fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman;

Be he alive, or be he dead,

I'll grind his bones to make me bread.”

“ You must catch me first,” said Jack; and, flinging off his coat and putting on his shoes, he began to run, the giant following him like a walking castle. Jack led him round and round the moat, that the company might see him, and then ran over the drawbridge; but when the giant, still pursuing him, came to the middle, where the bridge had been cut on each side, his weight snapped it at once, and he fell into the water, floundering about like a whale. Jack then called for a rope, and, throwing a noose over his double neck, he drew him to the edge of the moat, and cut off his heads, which he likewise des-

patched to King Arthur. After spending some time very pleasantly with the knight and his lady, Jack set out in search of new adventures, and at last reached the foot of a high mountain. Here he lodged for the night at the house of a good old hermit, who, recognising him as the famous Giant-killer, told him, that, at the top of the mountain, there was an enchanted castle, kept by the giant Golligantus, who, by the help of a wicked magician, detained a number of knights and ladies, whom he had changed into beasts; and amongst the rest a duke's daughter, whom they had seized in her father's garden, and brought through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and then turned into a deer. "Many knights have tried to destroy the enchantment," added the hermit, "but none have succeeded, on account of two fiery griffins; but you, my son, have an invisible coat, and may therefore pass them without being seen."

Jack promised he would do all that lay in his power to break the enchantment, and, rising early next morning, he put on his invisible coat, and, climbing to the top of the mountain, passed safely between the fiery griffins, when he found a golden trumpet on the castle gate, under which was written:

"Whoever can this trumpet blow
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER.

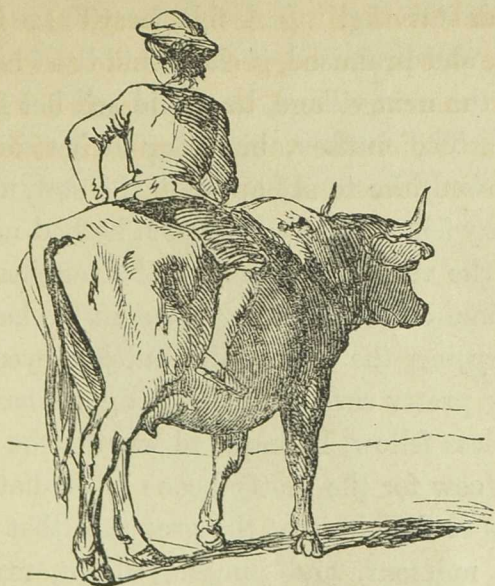
Jack then seized the trumpet, and blew a shrill blast, which made the gates fly open and the very castle tremble; while the giant and conjuror, knowing their wicked course was at an end, stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack killed the giant with his sword of sharpness; the magician was carried off by a whirlwind; and the duke's daughter and all the knights and



ladies returned to their proper shapes, and the castle vanished like smoke. The whole party then set out for

JACK, THE GIANT KILLER.

the court, and when King Arthur heard the account of Jack's noble deeds, he begged the duke to give him his daughter in marriage, and then presented him with a fine estate, on which the young couple lived for the rest of their days in peace and happiness.



JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

IN the days of King Alfred there lived, in a remote village in England, a poor widow, whose son was so spoiled by over indulgence, that he was the idlest and most careless boy in the whole parish. These two faults, together with his reckless extravagance, had brought his mother to the very brink of ruin ; so that at length, when there was not a crust of bread left in the house, she told Jack, with tears in her eyes, that her cow must now be sold to

prevent their starving. Jack felt sorry to see his mother so dejected, and promised, if she would trust him to drive the cow to the next village, he would sell her to the best advantage. The mother, believing in her son's sudden reform, allowed him to set out with the cow, upon whose back the lazy fellow rode astride; but he had not reached halfway to the village, before he met a butcher, who was carrying some curious-looking beans in his hat. While Jack was eyeing the beans, the butcher eyed the cow, and feeling pretty sure of making a good bargain with such a careless fellow, he inquired whether he would exchange the cow for the pretty beans in his hat?

Jack was so delighted at the proposal, that he agreed to it in a moment, and jumping down, ran back in breathless haste to tell his mother what he had done, expecting that she would be as much pleased as himself. When the poor widow heard of this crowning piece of folly and carelessness, her despair and exasperation were such, that she flung the beans about in all directions, and both mother and son went supperless to bed.

Jack woke early next morning, when, perceiving his window darkened by a foliage he had never seen before, he ran down into the garden, and found that the beans had taken root during the night, and sprung up to such an amazing height, as to form a kind of natural ladder, the top of which was lost in the clouds. He immediate-

ly formed the determination of climbing up it, and this, in spite of all his mother's remonstrances, he speedily proceeded to do.

Jack climbed and climbed for several hours, and was beginning to get quite exhausted, when at length he



reached the top of the bean-stalk, and found himself in a strange land, where not a tree or a shrub, and still less a house or a living creature were to be seen. He now bitterly repented his disobedience, and began to fear he should die of hunger before he could get down again,

when he suddenly perceived a young and beautiful woman hovering over him. While he was wondering at this apparition, the fair stranger inquired how he came there?

Jack told the story of the bean-stalk, and then she asked him whether he recollected his father,—to which the little fellow replied, that he did not, and that whenever he asked his mother about him, she would burst into



tears, and he dared not question her any further. The lady then said: "You shall hear the whole story; but first

promise me solemnly to do what I command—for I am a fairy, and, should you fail to keep your word, you will be punished by death.”

Jack, somewhat alarmed, promised to fulfil her injunctions faithfully, when she proceeded thus:—

“Your father, as wealthy as he was benevolent, not only made it a rule never to let a day pass by without doing good to some one, but once a week kept open house, and invited to his table all those who had been reduced from better circumstances to a state of penury. Of course he was known and beloved for miles around, when the fame of his good deeds reached the ears of a giant, who, being both envious and wicked, determined to enrich himself by effecting your father’s ruin. The giant came with his wife into your father’s neighbourhood, and, pretending to have lost all his property by an earthquake, was kindly received by your parents. One day that there blew a tremendous gale along the sea-shore, not far from which stood your father’s house, the giant, on looking through a telescope, discovered some ships in distress, when he hastened to your father, and entreated him to send all the servants he could spare to assist the sufferers, well knowing that such an appeal would be quickly responded to. Sure enough, all the servants were despatched in a moment, with the exception of your nurse and the porter, when the giant fell upon your unfortunate

parent, and stabbed him to the heart. He next murdered the two servants, and was going to sacrifice your mother and yourself, then an infant three months old, when the unhappy lady fell at his feet, entreating him to spare your life and her's, a boon she at last obtained, by taking a solemn oath never to reveal your father's story to you. She then fled with frantic haste, while the giant, repenting of his mercy, would have pursued her, had he not been anxious to gather up your father's treasures, set fire to the house, and escape with his wife before the return of the servants. Your poor mother wandered for miles, till at last she settled in the cottage where you were brought up; and it is to make good her wrongs that I caused you to be tempted to purchase the beans, and the bean-stalk to shoot up so wonderfully, to give you an opportunity of punishing the giant; for unless you persist in revenging your father's death, you will never know happiness. Remember you have full liberty to seize on the giant's possessions, for they are your's by right; but mind you do not betray to your mother that you are acquainted with the secret of your birth till we meet again. Now go—keep in the road straight before you—you will soon reach your enemy's residence; and bear in mind, that, so long as you obey my orders, my vigilance will guard you."

The fairy then vanished, and Jack pursued his journey

till sunset, when he reached a large mansion, and, seeing a woman at the door, he requested her to give him a crust of bread and a night's lodging.

“Alas!” said she, “I dare not! for my husband is a mighty giant, who delights in eating human flesh, and is now gone out in search of some; so you would not be safe for a moment in our house.”

Terrified as Jack was, still he begged the good woman just to take him in for that night only, and hide him as best she could, which, being naturally compassionate, she consented to do. They then entered a fine large hall, magnificently decorated, and went through a suite of rooms all equally splendid, though desolate-looking enough, till they reached a long gallery, dimly lighted, but where Jack could just manage to see an iron grating that ran along one whole side, forming a dungeon, from whence proceeded the lamentations of the unhappy victims designed to appease the giant's voracious hunger. Jack's blood half curdled at the sound, and he began to doubt whether the good woman had not caught him in a trap. They emerged, however, into a spacious kitchen, where she laid a plentiful supper before him, so he forgot his fears and was beginning to eat heartily, when a thundering rap at the door made the very house shake. The giant's wife had only time to hide Jack in the oven, and flew to let her husband in. “I smell fresh meat!” said he on entering.

“Oh!” replied she, “it is only the inmates of the dungeon.” So he walked in grumbling, while Jack, more dead than alive, lay trembling from head to foot in his hiding place. At length the giant sat down quietly, while his wife served up his supper, and, on peeping through a crack in the oven-door, Jack was amazed at the quantities he devoured. When his meal was over, the giant called for his hen, which was accordingly brought and placed on the table, and every time he said: “Lay!” behold the hen laid an egg of solid gold. Meanwhile his wife went to bed, and the giant, after amusing himself in this manner for a long while, grew drowsy by degrees, and at length fell asleep at the table and snored like the roaring of a cannon. At day-break, Jack seeing him still asleep, crept out of his hiding place, and ran off with the hen, and finding his way to the bean-stalk, got down much better than he had expected. His mother was overjoyed at seeing him, for she had given him up as lost; nor was she less surprised when Jack told her he had brought home something which he hoped would make amends for his former follies, and produced the hen.

Both mother and son were now rich and happy, and lived for several months most comfortably, when Jack, recollecting the fairy’s injunctions, determined to climb the bean-stalk again, to which his mother strongly ob-

jected, assuring him that the giant's wife would know better than to let him in, and that the giant would cer-



tainly kill him for stealing his hen. But Jack was so set upon going, that, after secretly procuring a disguise, and staining his skin with walnut-juice, he went forth one morning, and, climbing the bean-stalk, again made his way to the giant's house, which he reached towards evening, and again found the wife at the door. Jack made up a pitiful story to induce her to take him in for

the night. The woman answered with the same objections as before, adding, that she had taken in an ungrateful little vagabond some months back, who had stolen one of her husband's treasures, ever since which he was fiercer than ever, and continually reproaching her. Jack, however, teased and teased till the good woman led him into the kitchen, and, after giving him a supper, hid him in a lumber-closet just as the giant walked in, and, after sniffing about, exclaimed, as before, "I smell fresh meat!" "Oh!" said the wife, "it is only the crows who have left a piece of raw meat on the roof of the house." So the giant grumbled awhile till his mouth was stopped by a supper fit for twenty aldermen, which his wife made haste to serve up, and when he had eaten his fill, he desired to have his money bags brought. Jack now peeped out of his hiding place, and presently saw the wife return dragging two heavy bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings, and on her complaining of the weight, the giant grew so exasperated that he would have struck her had she not hastily retreated. After counting up his treasure over and over again, the giant at length dropped off to sleep, and snored as loud as the rushing of the sea on a stormy night. Hereupon, Jack put out first one foot and then another, and approaching the table on tip-toe, seized the bags, and slinging them over his shoulder, made his way to the bean-stalk, and, though

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

almost bending beneath his burden, succeeded in climbing down safely. But how grieved was he on reaching the cottage-door, to find his mother so ill from over anx-



ety on his account, as to be almost dying! On seeing him safe, however, she gradually recovered. Jack presented her the bags, their cottage was rebuilt and well furnished, and they lived very comfortably for about three years, during which the bean-stalk was not even mentioned by either of them.

But, at the end of that time, Jack, who had been

thinking of it, and looking at it stealthily for many a month past, felt so irresistibly impelled to try his luck once more, that one morning up he climbed, and, following the same road as on the two former occasions, he again found the giant's wife at the door, only this time he had much more trouble to persuade her to let him in. Having succeeded at last, he was concealed in the copper by the time the giant returned with his usual alarming exclamation of "I smell fresh meat!" which Jack did not much mind at first, though he began to quail when the giant followed up his assertion by ferretting about in every corner of the kitchen, and even laying his little finger on the copper lid, which sounded like the fall of a heavy beam. At length supper drew off the giant's attention, and when this was over, he told his wife to bring him his harp. When the instrument was placed on the table, the giant said: "Play!" and it immediately struck up the most exquisite music imaginable, to which the giant, who was in a good humour, began to dance. Jack was so delighted, that he longed more for the harp than he had done for the other treasures, and as the giant, not having much relish for sweet sounds, was quickly lulled to sleep, he lifted the lid, got out of the copper, and seized the instrument. But the harp, being an enchanted one, called out: "Master! Master!" which woke the giant, who started up, and endeavoured to pursue

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

Jack; but, having drunk a few tuns more than even his strong head could bear, he was only able to reel along,



while Jack flew like the wind, and, clambering down the bean-stalk, called aloud for a hatchet, which was brought to him immediately; and just as the giant reached the top of the bean-stalk, Jack cut it close at the root, causing his foe to pitch headlong into the garden—a fall that killed him on the spot.

Jack's mother was well pleased when she saw the bean-stalk cut down; and the fairy, having appeared, ex-

JACK AND THE BEAN STALK.

plained to her how she had bid her son undertake these journeys, and then addressing Jack in turn, told him to be dutiful in future to his mother, and to follow his father's example by living to do good. She then vanished, but Jack never forgot her advice, and, begging his mother to forgive him all his past transgressions, he became a good son, and grew up to be a worthy man.



SIR GUY OF WARWICK.

IN the happy days when Athelstan wore the crown of England, Sir Guy was the most valiant knight of the age, and the world rang so loudly with his praises, that Jews, Turks, and Infidels all heard of his fame.

But though a conqueror on the battle-field, our hero had been conquered in turn by a lovely maiden, called Felice the Fair, the daughter and heiress to Roland Earl of Warwick; and, being resolved not to die of love without

at least making an effort to win her, he set out for Warwick Castle. The Earl bade Guy welcome, and proposed



a hunting match for his entertainment; but he cared not for any such sport, and feigned sickness to avoid going. The Earl feeling uneasy for his friend sent his physician to him, who advised Guy to be bled. But Guy replied: "Alas! I fear you lack the skill to cure the inflammation of my heart. Galen's herbal does not contain the flower that would prove my remedy: its name sounds something like Phœlix." "Truly," said the physician, "there is no such flower in the herbal, to my knowledge." So saying

he departed, leaving Guy to cast his eyes on the heavenly face of Felice as she walked in the garden.

But Sir Guy could not rest long with looking: he descended into the garden where the beautiful Felice was sitting in an arbour, and bending his knee before her: "Lovely Felice," said he, "though your matchless beauty would entitle you to a monarch's love, and though many of the noblest seek to win your hand, yet none perhaps will ever love you with so sincere an affection as poor Guy; therefore disdain me not for being the son of one of your father's stewards." But Felice interrupted him saying: "Cease, bold youth, to address me in this manner. Your mean birth renders you unfit to be my suitor, and I would not have my father know of your presumption." So saying, she left him.

Guy, thus discomfited, was in a state bordering on distraction for a length of time, little dreaming that Felice had soon repented of her harshness, and that her pity had fast melted into love; for Cupid had shot from his bow a golden-headed shaft and wounded Felice to the heart; so that when Sir Guy came to ask her once more to pronounce his final sentence, he was no less surprised than delighted at her replying: "Gentle Guy, I am not at my own disposal. My father holds a high rank in the land, and I dare not match without his consent." "Sweet lady," said Guy, "let me but gain your love, and I'll make sure to obtain your father's favour." "Sir Guy," resumed

Felice, "let your bold achievements be such as to silence all your rivals, and then your suit cannot be denied."



"Fair Felice," cried Guy, "I ask no more, I would now enter the lists against Hercules himself."

So Guy put on his armour, and left his native land, and, crossing the ocean, arrived at the court of Thrace, where he heard that the Emperor of Almain's fair daughter, Blanch, was to be the bride of him who should win her by his valiant deeds in the field. Kings and princes had come to enter the lists, and the bravest and handsomest were ready to risk their lives for so fair a prize. Our noble Guy merely fought for glory; but he proved a

lion in the fight, and slew a German prince. Duke Otto rode up to the English champion to revenge his death, but he was soon forced to give way. Duke Rayner then came to the rescue, but with no better success, and at length, as no man would encounter Guy any more, he was proclaimed the victor.

The Emperor now sent for our English knight, and giving him his hand to kiss as a token of his affection, he at once resigned to him his daughter, a falcon, and a hound. But Guy, after thanking the emperor for so great a favour, refused the lady's hand for fair Felice's sake, and retired from court, taking with him only the two other gifts. He then set out for England, for it seemed to him an age since he had seen his Felice, and he always feared she would forget him; and when he came into her sweet presence he said to her: "Fair foe, I come to remind you of your promise, which was, that if I gained renown, my suit should not be denied."

And he showed her the falcon and the hound.

"Worthy knight," quoth Felice, "I had already heard of your winning the lady Blanch, and I am glad to find that Guy is as faithful as he is victorious. But you must seek more adventures, and earn a nobler name before I wed you."

Though sadly disappointed at this unlooked-for answer, Guy again set forth on his travels. While waiting for a fair wind to sail for France, he heard of a monstrous and

gigantic cow, four yards in height, and six in length, that was making dreadful devastations in the woods, not many miles from Warwick. The cow was of a dun colour, and generally called the Dun Cow, and thence the place where she lay, being on the borders of a heath, received the name of Dunsmore Heath, which it retains to this day. Guy armed himself with his sword and battle-axe, besides his bow and quiver, and rode to a thicket on the side of the heath near a pool of stagnant water, where the monster generally used to lurk; and no sooner did he appear in sight, than the cow bellowed loud enough to have struck terror into a less dauntless heart. Guy pulled his bow, but the arrow rebounded as from an adamantine wall, and the beast rushed at him like a whirlwind. Guy then lifted his battle-axe, and aimed a blow that made her recoil for a moment, till recovering herself, she attacked him with fresh fury, and butting him with her horns, dented his breast-plate of finely tempered steel. Guy now wheeled his charger round, and again rushing upon the cow, gave her a desperate wound under the ear, which he followed up by so many heavy strokes, that at last he brought her to the ground, when, alighting from his horse, he dealt her a final blow that made her resign her breath with a horrid roar.

The whole county no sooner heard of the monster's death, than they came to look at the dead carcass, and loaded Guy with thanks and presents, and the king in-

vited him to a splendid entertainment, after which he conferred upon him the order of knighthood.

Our brave Guy now went forth in search of further adventures, and performed many a valiant deed. On one occasion as he sat by a cool spring to refresh himself, he heard a hideous noise, when, looking about him, he perceived a lion and a dragon, biting and tearing each other to pieces. Seeing that the lion was ready to faint in the struggle, the generous knight daringly attacked the



dragon, and presently brought him roaring and yelling to the ground. The lion, in gratitude to his deliverer,

ran by his horse's side like a spaniel, till want of food obliged him to retreat to his woody haunts. Soon after Guy fell in with the Earl of Terry, whose father was confined in Duke Otto's castle, and having offered his assistance to that nobleman, he went with him and freed the castle, and slew Duke Otto, whose dying words of repentance moved our brave Guy to pity and remorse.

Another time, on crossing a desert he met a furious boar that had slain many Christians. Guy drew his sword, and, just as the boar opened his tremendous jaws to swallow our champion at a gulp, Guy boldly thrust the sword down his throat, and rided the world of the largest boar ever seen.

On returning, at length, to England, Guy repaired to the court of King Athelstan, at York, where he heard that monarch complain that a mighty dragon was ravaging Northumberland, and destroying men, women, and children. Guy immediately requested to have a guide, and repaired to the dragon's cave, when out came the monster with eyes flaming like fire. Guy charged him with reckless courage, but the monster bit his lance in twain like a reed. He then drew his sword, and inflicted such gashes on the dragon's sides, that his blood and life poured out of his venomous carcase. Guy now cut off his head, and presented it to the king, who, in gratitude for the knight's services, caused the picture of

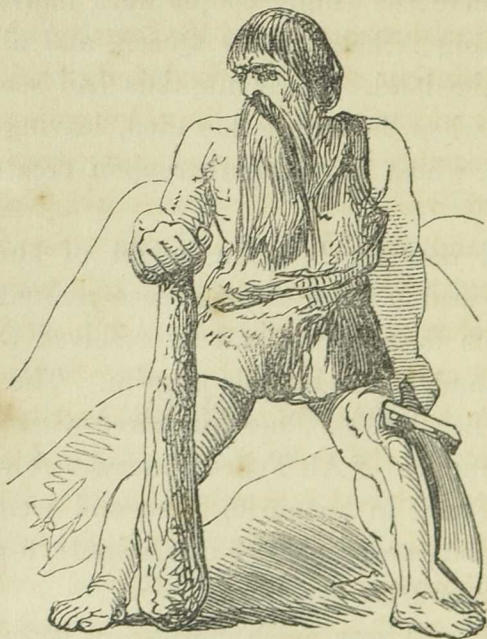
the dragon, thirty feet in length, to be worked in arras tapestry, and hung up in Warwick Castle, as a lasting memorial of his prowess. Felice, hearing of Guy's return and achievements, came as far as Lincoln to meet him, and there the young couple were married in presence of King Athelstan, his Queen, and all the chief nobles of the land. Their nuptials had scarcely been celebrated, when Felice's father died, leaving his estate to Sir Guy, whom the king thereupon created Earl of Warwick.

Guy had now reached the height of human glory, when the warning voice of conscience reminded him to repent of his former sins, and he resolved to travel to the Holy Land, like a humble pilgrim. The fair Felice perceiving her lord's sadness, inquired what was weighing on his mind? "Ah Felice!" answered he, "I have spent much time in honouring thee, and seeking to win thy favour, but never spared one minute for my soul's health, in honouring the Lord."

Felice, though very much grieved on learning his determination, did not endeavour to oppose his will. So, after an exchange of rings, and many fond kisses, he left his home, taking with him neither money nor scrip, as he determined his diet should be formed of such herbs and roots as the fields might afford; and, moreover, he vowed never more to fight but in a just cause.

After travelling many tedious miles, Guy met an aged

man, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of fifteen sons whom Armarant, a mighty giant, detained in captivity. Guy borrowed his sword, and went and knocked at the gates of the castle where the giant lived, which soon



brought him to the door, with a fierce inquiry how he dared to knock so boldly? But Guy only laughed at him, saying: "Nay, Sir Giant, if you be quarrelsome, I have here a sword that has often brought such as you to their senses." And with this he made a thrust at the giant's shoulder, causing him to bleed profusely. The enraged giant hurled his club at Guy and threw him

down, and before he could get on his legs again, Armarant had already picked up his club. In the end, however, Guy killed this monster, and released a number of captives, and after receiving their thanks and blessings, gave up the keys of the castle to the old man and his fifteen sons, and then pursued his journey.

In the meantime, fair Felice had clothed herself in sable attire like a widow, and led a life of mourning, taking no delight in earthly joys, and constantly praying for her beloved lord, whom she feared some savage monster had devoured; and, in order to propitiate Heaven in his favour, and to show her humility, she sold her jewels, and the costly robes in which she used to shine at King Athelstan's court, and gave away the money to the poor. She relieved the lame, the blind, the widowed, and the fatherless, and all who came to ask alms, and built a large hospital for aged and infirm persons, thus laying up a treasure for herself in heaven, that would be repaid with everlasting happiness.

While his good lady was leading so exemplary a life at home, Guy, on the same holy thoughts intent, having travelled through many lands, at last met again with the Earl of Terry, who had been dispossessed of his territories by a traitor, and sent into exile. Guy bade him be of good cheer, and promised to venture his life to see him righted, and the Earl, though he did not recognise him, having gratefully accepted his assistance, they went

together to seek his enemy. Guy challenged him into the field, and having slain him, restored the earl's lands to his possession. The earl, full of gratitude for his generous deeds, requested to know the name of his champion, but Guy persisted in remaining unknown: as he no longer drew any vanity from his prowess, neither would he accept of any reward for his services. After travelling about for many years more, and performing many other successful actions, Guy found his head covered with silver hairs, and being desirous of ending his days in his native country, he left the Holy Land and returned to England.

On his arrival, he found the nation in great distress. The Danes, having invaded the land, were burning and plundering its cities, and slaughtering men, women, and children; and King Athelstan had been obliged to take refuge in his invincible city of Winchester. Thither the Danes now sent all their forces, but seeing there was no chance of carrying the town by storm, they sent a messenger to King Athelstan proposing that an Englishman should fight in single combat with a Dane, and that the victory should be awarded to that side whose champion proved successful. Upon this Colbran, a Dane of gigantic stature, singled himself from the rest, and went to Morn Hill, near Winchester, breathing slanderous words against the English, whom he styled a set of cowardly dogs, fit only to serve as food for the ravens.

On hearing proud Colbran's taunts, Guy could for-

bear no longer, but went to the king, and on his knees begged to be allowed to take down his pride. The king liked the pilgrim's spirit, and bid him go and prosper. Guy immediately sallied forth from the North Gate to Morn Hill, where he found the Danish champion.

When Colbran perceived him, he treated him with disdain, saying: "Are you the best champion England can afford?" Quoth Guy: "My sword shall answer that question befittingly."

Then, without further parleying, each rushed to the onslaught, and fought most manfully; but Guy was so alert, that Colbran's blows continually missed their aim and fell harmless. This sight raised the drooping spirits of the English, and Guy kept laying about him like a lion, till Colbran fell exhausted to the ground. The English then raised a shout that made the welkin ring again, while the Danes withdrew their forces, and retreated to their own country.

King Athelstan now sent for the brave champion to reward him, but Guy refused all honours, saying: "My liege, I am a mortal man, and have given up all the vanities of the world." Nevertheless, at the king's earnest request, and on a promise of secrecy, Guy discovered his name to him, when Athelstan, rejoiced to find him still living, embraced his noble champion, and wished more than ever to detain him at his court. But Guy took his leave of his sovereign, and sought a solitary cave

where he spent the remainder of his life, repairing from time to time to Warwick Castle, to receive alms at the hands of his dear wife, who bestowed more bounty on pilgrims than any other lady in the land.



When he found his last hour drawing near, he sent a messenger to Felice, with a gold ring, at the sight of which token she hastened to her lord. Guy soon after expired in the arms of his beloved Felice, who survived him but fifteen days, and was laid in the same grave.



TOM HICKATHRIFT, THE CONQUEROR.



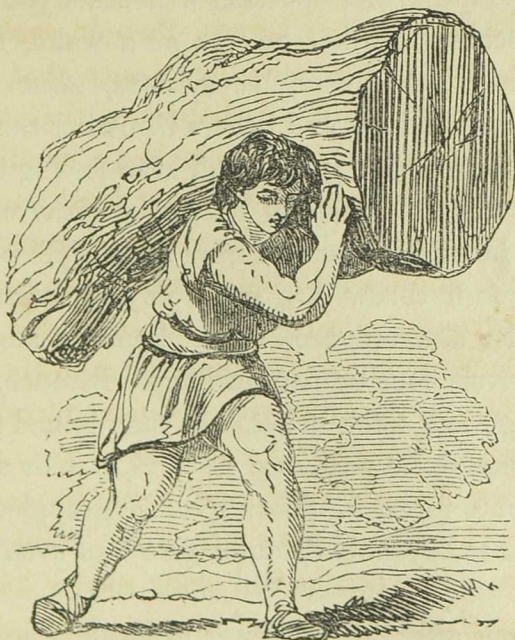
IN the reign of William the Conqueror, there lived in the Isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, a poor labourer, named Thomas Hickathrift, so strong that he was able to do the work of two ordinary men; and who had an only son, whom he called Thomas, after his own name. Strong as he was, however, it pleased God to take the good man away while the boy was still of tender years, so his widow was obliged to maintain him by her labour as well as she was able. Young Tom grew so amazingly that, at the age of ten, he was six feet high, and three in girth; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and the rest of his

limbs were in proportion, and he eat as much at once as would serve six men. But, notwithstanding his precocious growth, Tom was so lazy that he took more delight in sitting in the chimney corner, than in making himself useful, and it was only by chance that his great strength became known. It happened that the widow went one day to a rich farmer's, to beg a bundle of straw to renew their beds, when the farmer kindly told her to take what she wanted. So she returned home and told her son to go and fetch it, but he refused to comply, unless she borrowed a cart rope, which at last she did, merely to humour him. Tom then went to the farmer's, and found him in the barn with two men, thrashing; and having obtained leave to take as much as he could carry, he laid down his cart rope, and began to make up his bundle. "Thy rope is too short, Tom," said the men, jeering him; and when he had made up his load, which was near a thousand pounds' weight, they cried out: "What a fool you are! why, you can't carry the tenth part of that!" Still Tom took up his burden, without more ado than another would to carry a hundred pounds, to the great astonishment of both master and men.

As Tom's great strength was now talked of far and near, people made him so ashamed of his laziness, that at last he hired himself out to work.

One day a man gave him the job of helping to bring a tree home. So Tom went to the wood with him and

four others, and they set the cart near the tree, and began drawing it in by pulleys. But they could not even



move it, when Tom said: "Get away, fools," and set the trunk up on one end, and put it into the cart. As they came back, they met the woodman, and Tom asked him for a stick to make up his mother's fire, and being told he was welcome to take one, he fixed on a log bigger than the tree in the cart, and, shouldering it with ease, got home much faster than the six horses could carry their load.

This was the second time Tom had displayed his won-

derful strength, which exceeded that of twenty men, and he now began to take great delight in going to fairs, and running, jumping, and sporting with other young people. On one occasion, when he was at a wake, where the young men were amusing themselves, some wrestling, some cudgel-playing, and others throwing the hammer, Tom joined the latter party, and, after feeling the weight of the hammer, told them to stand out of the way, for he would try how far he could throw it. "Ay," said an old smith, "you'll throw it a great way, I warrant you." Tom, nowise daunted, took up the hammer and threw it into the river, four or five furlongs' distance, and bid the smith go and fetch it out. He then joined the wrestlers, and though he possessed no skill, yet he succeeded, by mere brute force, in flooring all he grappled with, so that from that day, nobody durst give him even an angry word.

Some time after this, a brewer of Lynn, who wanted a stout man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, happened to hear of Tom, and came to hire him, but it was only by dint of a promise from his master that he should have a new suit of clothes, and eat and drink of the best, that Tom could be prevailed upon to enter his service. Tom proved a great acquisition to his employer, for he did more work in one day than the rest of the men in three, and the brewer was so well pleased with his services, that he made him his head man, and trusted him

to carry beer by himself, daily to Wisbeach, a journey of nearly twenty miles. The road Tom took on these occasions was rather a roundabout, for his master had told him to avoid going through one part of the Marsh, which was infested by a monstrous giant, who killed everybody that ventured near him; but, after a time, Tom's strength and courage had so increased, by good living, and the strong ale he drank, that he fully resolved one day as he was going to Wisbeach, to take the shortest cut at all risks.

On flinging open the gates to go through with his cart, the giant came up to him like a roaring lion, saying: "Sirrah! who gave you leave to come this way? And how did you dare open my gates?"

"None of your prating," said Tom, "or I'll let you know that I am your master."

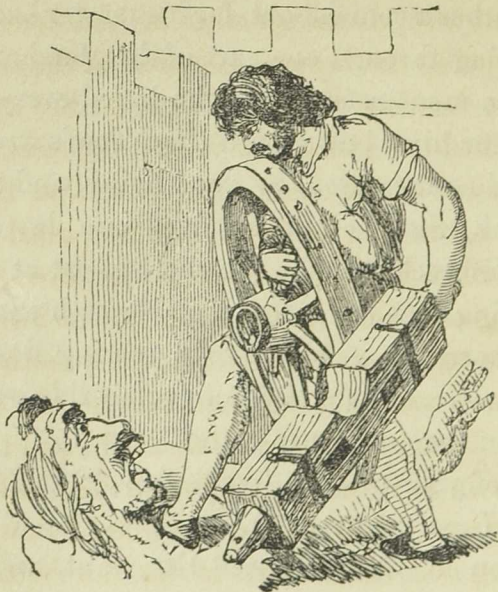
"Say you so, sirrah?" cried the giant, and away he went to his cave to fetch his club, thinking to dash out his brains at a blow.

Meanwhile, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axletree and wheel for his sword and buckler.

"I've a twig here that will soon crush you, and your axletree, and your wheel to powder," quoth the giant on returning.

Now, what the giant called a twig was as thick as a mill post, and he gave such a thwack with it that he nearly cracked the wheel in twain. But Tom returned him a blow on the side of his head, that made him reel

again, upon which he said jeeringly: "So, master, you are drunk with my small beer already?"



But the giant rallied presently, and aimed a volley of blows at Tom, which he managed to ward off with the wheel, and to repay with such interest, that the blood and sweat streamed down the giant's face, and he begged Tom to let him drink before they went on fighting. But Tom had no more mercy on him than he would on a savage beast, on account of the numbers the giant had slain, so he kept plying him with blows, till he gave him a last tremendous thrust, that effectually killed him. He next went and rummaged his cave, where he found a great store of gold and silver; and after restoring the

wheel and axletree to their places, he placed his beer in the cart, went to Wisbeach to deliver it, and then returned home and told his master what he had done.

Next morning the brewer, and most of the inhabitants of Lynn, on hearing the news went to the spot where Tom had killed the giant, and visited the cave. By the general consent of the county, the cave and the giant's riches were made over to Tom. So he pulled down the cave, and built a handsome house in its stead, and gave part of the giant's lands to the poor, and inclosed the rest for an estate to maintain himself and his mother.

He was now such a great man that he was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift, and the people stood nearly in as much awe of him as they had done before of the giant. But Tom was a good fellow at heart, and, wishing his neighbours to be the better for his wealth, he inclosed a park and kept deer, and built a church, which he dedicated to St. James, because it was on that Saint's day that he had slain the giant.

One day as Tom was walking about his estate to see how his workmen got on, he met a sturdy tinker with a good staff on his shoulders, and a large dog carrying his budget of tools. Tom asked him whence he came, and whither he was going, as that was no highway; to which the tinker, being a stalwart fellow, answered, he might go and look, and what was that to him, besides muttering a remark to the effect that fools were always meddling with other people's business. o 193

“ Stop,” said Tom; “ before you and I part, I’ll teach you better manners, or my name is not Thomas Hickathrift.”

“ Why! you are the very man I wished to meet,” cried the tinker; “ for the folks are all such cowards in these parts, that it is three years since I’ve had a bout with any one. So if you be Tom Hickathrift, as you say, you’re a proper match for me.”

“ Are you in joke or in earnest?” asked Tom.

“ Marry, but I’m in right good earnest,” said the tinker.

So Tom went to the gate, and took a rail for a staff, and they fell to like a couple of giants. The tinker wore a leather coat, so that every blow of Tom’s made it twang again, yet he did not yield an inch till Tom gave him a bang on the head that felled him to the ground. But the tinker soon bounded up again, and retaliated by a thwack that made Tom reel, and then dealt such a number of blows in succession, that Tom threw down his weapon, and fairly yielded the mastery to the sturdy tinker, whom he took home to his house, where they improved their acquaintance as they got cured of the bruises they had given each other.

Towards this time, it happened that some ten thousand rebels had assembled in and about the Isle of Ely, and were creating disturbances, on the plea that their rights and privileges had been infringed upon, so that the magistrates thought themselves in danger of their lives.

In this emergency, the sheriff came by night to request Mr. Thomas Hickathrift's protection and assistance. Tom promised that he and his brother (meaning the tinker) would give all the help in their power; and next



morning they sallied forth with their trusty clubs, desiring the sheriff to guide them to the place where the rebels were to be found. On reaching the spot, Tom and the tinker marched boldly up to the head of them, and inquired why they disturbed the laws of the kingdom; to which they replied, that their will was law. "Nay, then," said Tom, "you shall be chastised."

And with these words, both he and the tinker threw

themselves into the thickest of the crowd, beating down all before them with their clubs. The tinker struck the chief leader with such violence that he was killed on the spot; and Tom, after making great havoc, broke his club,, but, nothing daunted, seized a stout raw-boned miller and made use of him as a battering-ram, till the field was cleared.

The king, on hearing of their valuable services, sent for Tom Hickathrift and the tinker, to partake of a royal banquet, in the presence of all the nobility; after which he bid Mr. Hickathrift kneel down to receive the order of knighthood, while, at the same time, he promised to settle 40*l.* a-year on Henry Nonsuch, during his life.

The king then withdrew, and Sir Thomas Hickathrift and Henry Nonsuch, the tinker, returned home, where, to the new made knight's great grief, he found his mother dead and buried.

Tom now felt very lonely in his spacious house, so he began to think of seeking for 'a wife; and hearing of a young and rich widow in Cambridge, he went to pay his addresses to her. The widow deeming it a prudent step to marry a man brave enough to defend her against the whole world, received his suit with much satisfaction, and the wedding day was soon appointed, on which occasion Tom gave a plentiful feast to their friends and relations, inviting besides all the poor widows in the parish, out of respect to his mother's memory.

The news of Tom's marriage soon reached the court, and the king invited the bride and bridegroom, that he



might see Sir Thomas's choice. They were received in right royal style, but in the midst of the merry-making a message was brought to the king by the Commons of Kent that a tremendous giant had landed on one of the islands with a dreadful dragon, on which he always rode, together with a number of bears and young lions.

The king was somewhat startled at the news, and, having prevailed on the deputation to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, he call-

ed his council to deliberate upon what was to be done. At length, by general consent, Tom Hickathrift was selected as the best man for the occasion, and, as it was thought advisable to make him governor of the island of East Anglia, he set off with his wife and suite, attended by upwards of a hundred knights and gentlemen.

Sir Thomas had not been many days in his new residence, when, on looking out of a window, he caught sight of the giant mounted on his dragon, and carrying an iron



club on his shoulder. The giant had but one eye in the middle of his forehead, but it was as large as a barber's

basin, and sparkled like fire, while his hair hung down like so many snakes, and his beard bristled like rusty wire.

On perceiving Sir Thomas, the giant alighted from his dragon, and bound him to a tree, and marching towards the castle, put his shoulder to the wall, as if he meant to overthrow the whole building.

“Is this the game you would be at?” cried Tom; “faith, then, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate toothpick ready for you.” Then, taking the two handed sword the king had given him, he opened the gate so abruptly that the giant fell sprawling on the ground, and he wounded him between the shoulders, which made him roar as loud as thunder. After six or seven more blows, Sir Thomas succeeded in striking off his head, after which he went and despatched the dragon, and then calling for a wagon, he sent both the heads to the king, attended by all the constables of the country.

Sir Thomas's fame now rang through the land, and reached the ears of his old crony, the tinker, who resolved to go and visit him in his government; whither he accordingly repaired, and was most kindly welcomed by his former friend. After several days' feasting and entertainment, the governor told his guest that he must go in search of some bears and lions that infested the island, when the tinker offered to join him, and they set forth, Tom carrying the giant's iron club, and the tinker shouldering his pikestaff. After journeying some four

or five hours, they found all the wild beasts together, amounting to fourteen, six of which were bears, and the rest lions. On seeing the two strangers, the animals ran at them most furiously, while Tom and the tinker stood side by side, with their backs against an oak, awaiting their approach. Tom belaboured their heads with his club, till they were all destroyed, except one young lion, who was making his escape, when the tinker ran after him rather imprudently, and gave him a blow. The beast turned round upon him, and seized him by the throat with such violence, that he completely strangled him. So Tom's joy was mingled with sorrow, and he felt his triumph was purchased dearly by the loss of his friend.

He then returned home to Lady Hickathrift, who, in commemoration of his victory, gave a splendid feast to their friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following memorable promise:—

“ My friends, while I have strength to stand,
 Most manfully I will pursue
 All dangers, till I clear the land
 Of lions, bears, and tigers, too.”



BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

THE famous Robin Hood, whose real name was Robert Fitzooth, and who flourished during the reigns of Henry the Second and Richard Cœur de Lion, was born in the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1160. He was a handsome youth, and the best archer in the county, and regularly bore away the prizes at all the archery meetings, being able to strike a deer five hundred yards off. In truth, he was just fit to be one of the royal archers, and would no doubt have turned out better, had not his uncle been persuaded by the

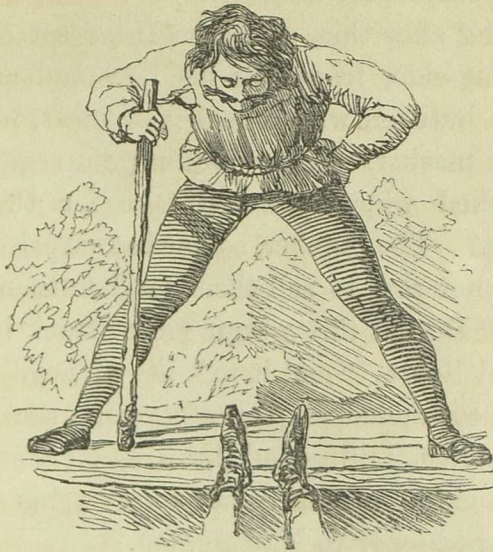
monks of Fountain Abbey to leave all his property to the church, and thus poor Robin being sent adrift into the world, took refuge in Sherwood Forest, where he met with several other youths, who soon formed themselves into a band under his leadership, and commenced leading the life of outlaws. Robin Hood and his men adopted a uniform of Lincoln green, with a scarlet cap, and each man was armed with a dagger and a basket-hilted sword, and a bow in his hand and a quiver slung on his back, while the captain always had a bugle horn with him to summon his followers about him.

One day, when Robin Hood set out alone, in hopes of meeting with some adventure, he reached a brook over which a narrow plank was laid to serve for a bridge, and, just as he was going to cross it, a tall and handsome stranger appeared on the other side, and as neither seemed disposed to give way, they met in the middle of the bridge.

“Go back,” cried the stranger to Robin Hood, “or it will be the worse for you.”

But Robin Hood laughed at the idea of his giving way to anybody, and proposed they should each take an oak branch, and fight it out, and that, whoever could manage to throw the other into the brook should win the day. Accordingly they set to in right earnest, and after thrashing each other well, the stranger gave Robin Hood a blow on his head, which effectually pitched him into the water.

When Robin Hood had waded back to the bank, he put his bugle to his lips and blew several blasts, till the fo-



rest rang again, and his followers came leaping from all directions to see what their captain wanted. When he had told them how he had been served by the stranger, they would fain have ducked him, but Robin Hood, who admired his bravery, proposed to him to join their band.

“Here’s my hand on it,” cried the stranger, delighted at the proposal; “though my name is John Little, you shall find I can do great things.”

But Will Stutely, one of Robin’s merry men, insisted upon it that he must be re-christened, so a feast was held, a barrel of ale broached, and the new comer’s name was

changed from John Little to Little John, which nickname, seeing that he was near seven feet high, was a perpetual subject for laughter.

Not long after this, as Robin Hood sat one morning by the way-side, trimming his bow and arrows, there rode by a butcher, with a basket of meat, who was hastening to market. After bidding him good morrow, Robin asked what he would take for the horse and the basket? The butcher, somewhat surprised, answered he would not care to sell them for less than four silver marks. "Do but throw your greasy frock into the bargain," said Robin, "and here's the money." Delighted at having concluded so good a bargain, the butcher lost no time in dismounting and throwing off his smock frock, which the outlaw instantly put on over his clothes, and then galloped away to Nottingham.

On reaching the town, Robin Hood put up his horse at an inn, and then went into the market, and, uncovering his basket, began to sell its contents about five times cheaper than all the other butchers; for Robin Hood neither knew nor cared about the price usually paid for meat, and it amused him vastly to see his stall surrounded by customers. The other butchers could not at first understand why everybody flocked to purchase his goods in preference to their's; but when they heard that he had sold a leg of pork for a shilling, they consulted together, and agreed that he must be some rich man's son who was

after a frolic, or else a downright madman, and that they had better try and learn something more about him,

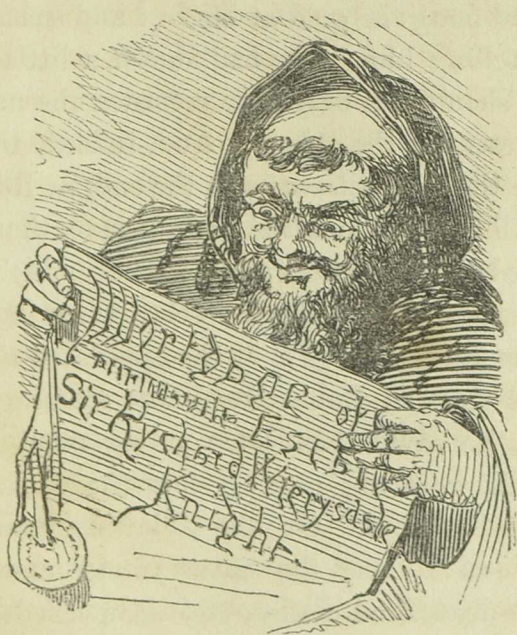


or else he would ruin their business. So when the market was over, one of them invited Robin Hood to dine with their company. The Sheriff of Nottingham presided at the head of the table, while at the other end sat the innkeeper. The outlaw played his part as well as the rest of them, and, when the dishes were removed, he called for more wine, telling them all to drink as much as they could carry, and he would pay the reckoning.

The sheriff then turned to Robin Hood, and asked

him whether he had any horned beasts to sell; for he was a miser, and hoped to profit by the new butcher's want of experience, and drive a good bargain with him. Robin Hood replied he had some two or three hundreds; whereupon the sheriff said, that, as he wanted a few heads of cattle, he would like to ride over and look at them that same day. So Robin Hood flung down a handful of silver on the table, by way of farewell to his astonished companions, and set out for Sherwood Forest with the sheriff, who had mounted his palfrey, and provided himself with a bag of gold for his purchase. The outlaw was so full of jokes and merriment as they went along, that the sheriff thought he had never fallen in with a pleasanter fellow. On a sudden, however, the sheriff recollected that the woods were infested by Robin Hood and his band, and he said to his companion he hoped they would not meet with any of them; to which he only answered by a loud laugh. Presently they reached the forest, when a herd of deer crossed their path. "How do you like my horned beasts, Master Sheriff?" inquired Robin. "To tell you the truth," replied the sheriff, "I only half like your company, and wish myself away from hence." Then Robin Hood put his bugle to his mouth and blew three blasts, when about a hundred men, with Little John at their head, immediately surrounded them, and the latter inquired what his master wanted. "I have brought the Sheriff of Not-

tingham to dine with us," said Robin Hood. "He is welcome," quoth Little John, "and I hope he will pay well for his dinner." They then took the bag of gold from the luckless sheriff, and, spreading a cloak on the grass, they counted out three hundred pounds; after which Robin asked him if he would like some venison for dinner. But the sheriff told him to let him go, or he would rue the day; so the outlaw desired his best compliments to his good dame, and wished him a pleasant journey home. But if Robin loved a joke, he often did a good



turn to those who needed his assistance. Thus, he lent four hundred golden pounds to Sir Rychard o' the Lee,

who had mortgaged his lands of Wierysdale for that sum to St. Mary's Abbey, and who happened to pass through Sherwood Forest on his way to York, to beg the abbot to grant him another year. Robin Hood, moreover, bid Little John accompany him as his squire. When they reached the city, the superior was seated in his hall, and declared to the brethren, that if Sir Rychard did not appear before sunset his lands would be forfeited. Presently the knight of Wierysdale came in, and pretended to beg for mercy; but the proud abbot spurned him, when Sir Rychard flung the gold at his feet and snatched away the deed, telling him, if he had shewn a little christian mercy, he should not only have returned the money, but made a present to the abbey. And, indeed, the monks had to rue their mercilessness in the end, as Robin Hood levied a toll of eight hundred pounds upon them as they once passed through Sherwood Forest, which enabled him to forgive Sir Rychard's debt, when that trusty knight came to discharge it at the appointed time.

Another time as Robin Hood was roaming through the forest, he saw a handsome young man, in a very elegant suit, who was passing over the plain, singing blithely as he went. On the following morning, he was surprised to see the same young man coming along with disordered clothes and dishevelled hair, and sighing deeply at every step, and saying: "Alack! and well-a-day!" Robin Hood having sent one of his men

to fetch him, inquired what lay so heavy on his heart, and why he was so gladsome yesterday and so sorry today. The young man pulled out his purse, and shewed him a ring, saying: "I bought this yesterday to marry a maiden I have courted these seven long years, and this morning she is gone to church to wed another." "Does she love you?" said Robin. "She has told me so a hundred times," answered Allen-a-Dale, for such was the youth's name. "Tut man! then she is not worth caring for, if she be so fickle!" cried Robin Hood. "But she does not love him," interrupted Allen-a-Dale; "he is an old cripple quite unfit for such a lovely lass." "Then, why does she marry him?" inquired Robin Hood. "Because the old knight is rich, and her parents insist upon it, and have scolded and raved at her till she is as meek as a lamb." "And where is the wedding to take place?" said Robin. "At our parish, five miles from hence," said Allen, "and the Bishop of Hereford, who is the bridegroom's brother, is to perform the ceremony."

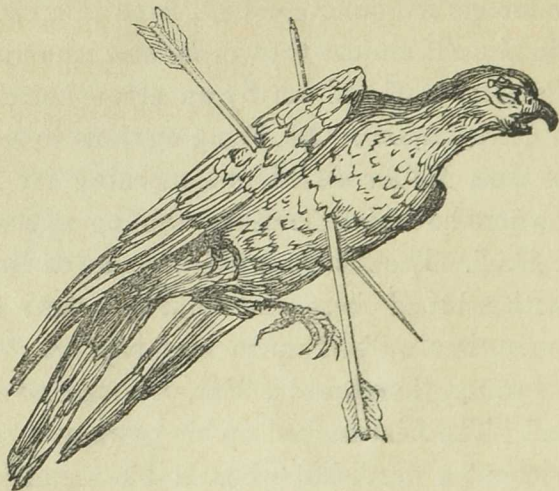
Then without more ado, Robin Hood dressed himself up as a harper with a flowing white beard, and a dark coloured mantle, and bidding twenty-four of his men follow at a distance, he entered the church and took his place near the altar. Presently the old knight made his appearance, hobbling along, and handing in a maiden as fair as day, all tears and blushes, accompanied by her young companions strewing flowers. "This is not a fit

match," said Robin Hood aloud, "and I forbid the marriage." And then, to the astonishment of the Bishop and of all present, he blew a blast on his horn, when four-and-twenty archers came leaping into the churchyard and entered the building. Foremost amongst these was Allen-a-Dale, who presented his bow to Robin Hood. The outlaw by this time had cast off his cloak and false beard, and turning to the bride, said: "Now, pretty one, tell me freely whom you prefer for a husband—this gouty old knight, or one of these bold young fellows?" "Alas!" said the young maid, casting down her eyes, "Allen-a-Dale has courted me for seven long years, and he is the man I would choose." "Then, now my good lord bishop," said Robin, "prithee unite this loving pair before we leave the church." "That cannot be," said the bishop; "the law requires they should be asked three times in the church." "If that is all," quoth Robin Hood, "we'll soon settle that matter." Then, taking the bishop's gown, he dressed Little John up in it, and gave him the book and bid him ask them seven times in the church, lest three should not be enough. The people could not help laughing, but none attempted to forbid the bans, for the bishop and his brother walked indignantly out of the church. Robin Hood gave away the maiden, and the whole company had a vension dinner in Sherwood forest; and from that day Allen-a-Dale was a staunch friend to Robin Hood as long as he lived.

Robin Hood had often heard tell of the prowess of a certain Friar Tuck, who, having been expelled from Fountain Abbey for his irregular conduct, lived in a rude hut he had built himself amidst the woods, and who was said to wield a quarter-staff and let fly an arrow better than any man in Christendom. So, being anxious to see how far this was true, Robin set off one morning for Fountain's Dale, where he found the friar rambling on the bank of the river Skell. The friar was a burly man at least six feet high, with a broad chest, and an arm fit for a blacksmith. The outlaw walked up to him, saying: "Carry me over this water, thou brawny friar, or thou hast not an hour to live." The friar tucked up his gown and carried him over without a word, but when Robin seemed to be going, he cried out: "Stop, my fine fellow, and carry me over this water, or it shall breed you pain." Robin did so, and then said: "As you are double my weight, it is fair I should have two rides to your one, so carry me back again." The friar again took Robin on his back, but on reaching the middle of the stream he pitched him into the water, saying: "Now, my fine fellow, let's see whether you'll sink or swim." Robin swam to the bank, and said: "I see you are worthy to be my match;" and then summoning his foresters by a blast of his bugle, he told the friar he was Robin Hood, and asked him to join his band.

If there's an archer amongst you that can beat me at the long bow, then I'll be your man," quoth Friar Tuck.

Then pointing to a hawk on the wing, he added: "I'll kill it, and he who can strike it again before it falls, will



be the better man of the two." Little John accepted the challenge. The shafts flew off, and when the dead bird was picked up, it was found that the friar's arrow had pinioned the hawk's wings to his sides, and that Little John's had transfixed it from breast to back. So Friar Tuck owned himself outdone, and joined Robin's merry men.

The whole country now rang with Robin Hood's lawless pranks, when one morning six priests passed through Sherwood Forest, on richly caparisoned horses, and thinking a good prize was in the wind, the outlaws bid them halt, and Friar Tuck seized the bridle of the one whom he judged to be the abbot, and bid him pay the toll. The abbot got down and gave him a cuff that made his

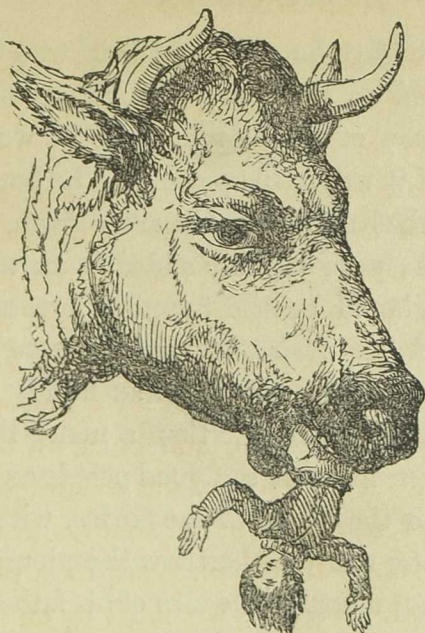
ears tingle; and flinging him on his knees plucked him by the beard. Quoth Friar Tuck: "We don't take that sort of coin." "But we are going on a message from King Richard," said the abbot. Then Robin bid the friar desist, saying: "God save the King, and con-



found all his foes!" "You are a noble fellow," quoth the abbot, "and if you and your men will give up this lawless life and become my archers, you shall have the King's pardon." He then opened his gown, and Robin Hood and his archers, guessing at once that Richard himself stood before them, bent their knees to their liege lord, crying: "Long live King Richard!"

So Robin Hood accompanied the King to London, followed by fifty of his most faithful adherents, and here he assumed the title of Earl of Huntingdon; but he soon grew tired of the confinement of court, and asked permission to revisit the woods. The King granted him seven days, but when once he breathed the pure air of Sherwood again, he could not tear himself away; and when from old habit he sounded his bugle, he was surprised to see the signal answered by fourscore youths. Little John soon joined him, and he again became the leader of a band. King Richard was so enraged on hearing this, that he sent two hundred soldiers to reduce the rebel, and a desperate fight took place on a plain in the forest, when Robin Hood was wounded by an arrow, and removed to Kirkley's Nunnery, where the treacherous prioress suffered him to bleed to death. Seeing his end fast approaching, he called to Little John, and begged him to remove him to the woods, and there poor Robin Hood died as he had lived, beneath the green trees, and was buried according to his wish. The stone that marked the spot bore the following inscription:—

“Here, underneath this little stone,
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.
Ne'er archer was as he so good;
And people called him 'Robin Hood.'
Such outlaws as he and his men
Will England never see again.”



TOM THUMB.

IN the days of King Arthur, the celebrated enchanter Merlin was once upon a long journey, when, feeling weary, he stopped for rest and refreshment at an honest ploughman's humble cottage. The ploughman's wife, though little suspecting the rank of her guest, brought him some milk and some brown bread with great alacrity, and set it before him with as much civility as if she had been serving a prince. Merlin was so pleased with his reception that he fell into conversation with his worthy hosts, and, after admiring how neat and clean everything

was in their dwelling, he could not help wondering why they both seemed so sorrowful, and requested them to tell him the reason of their sadness, as he would gladly comfort them, if it was in his power. The honest couple then told him that their trouble arose from having no children, and the poor woman added, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world if she had but a son, though he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was highly amused at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and after having taken leave of the good people and returned home, he sent for the queen of the fairies, with whom he was very intimate, and told her how the ploughman and his wife wished for a son of the size of his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies thought that such a little manikin would be a pretty plaything indeed, and she promised Merlin that their wish should be granted. Accordingly, the ploughman's wife had a son, who, in the space of a few minutes, grew to the height of his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies came in at the window to see the new-born infant, and, after kissing it, gave it the name of Tom Thumb, and summoned several fairies to dress her little favourite.

An oak leaf hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun ;
With doublet wove of thistle down,
His trowsers up with points were done.

His stockings, of apple rind, they tie
With eye-lash plucked from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned, with hair within.

Tom never grew larger than his father's thumb, which was not a large thumb either; but what he lacked in size he made up in cunning, and as his mother could not bear to thwart him, and never corrected him, he occasionally got into scrapes when he tried to cheat his play-mates. Thus, when he was old enough to play with other boys for cherrystones, and had lost his own, he took advantage of his small stature to creep into his comrades' bags, fill his pockets, and then come out again to begin another game. But one day, just as he was coming stealthily out of a bag, the owner happened to see him. "Aha, aha! my little Tom Thumb!" cried the boy, "so I have caught you at your tricks at last! Now I will reward you for thieving!" So saying, he tightened the string round his neck, and giving the bag a sound shaking, he bruised Tom's legs and body most sadly, until the crest-fallen little fellow begged for mercy, and promised he would never do such things any more.

Not long after, as Tom's mother was one day making a batter pudding, he had the curiosity to see how she mixed it, and climbed to the edge of the bowl, when his foot slipped and he fell over head and ears into the batter. Being so very small, his mother did not perceive

him, but stirred him into the pudding, which she next put into the pot to boil. When the water began to grow hot, Tom kicked and plunged with all his might, and his mother seeing the pudding jump up and down in so unusual a fashion, concluded it was bewitched, and as a tinker happened to pass by at that moment, she was glad to get rid of the pudding by giving it to him, and accordingly he put it into his wallet, and trudged onwards. As soon as Tom could clear the batter from his mouth he began to cry aloud, when the poor tinker grew so alarmed that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. The pudding was broken by the fall, and set Tom free; so he walked home to his mother, who kissed him and put him to bed.

Another time Tom Thumb accompanied his mother when she went to milk the cow, and as it was a very windy day, she tied him to a thistle with a needleful of thread, lest he should be blown away. But the cow taking a fancy to his oak leaf hat, picked him and the thistle up at one mouthful. When she began to chew the thistle, Tom was dreadfully frightened at her huge teeth, and roared out: "Mother! mother!" as loud as ever he could bawl.

"Where are you, my dear Tommy?" cried the mother, in great alarm.

"Here, mother," replied he, "here, in the red cow's mouth."

The mother fell to weeping and wringing her hands in despair, but the cow, hearing such strange noises in her throat, opened her mouth and dropped him on to the grass, when the mother hastily clapped him into her apron, and ran home with her darling.

In order to indulge Tom in the idea that he was now big enough to make himself useful, his father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and one day, on following them to the field, he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven, who chanced to be hovering just overhead, picked up the barley, with poor little Tom into the bargain, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, and there left him. Shortly after old Grumbo, the giant, coming to take a walk on his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. But if he had stuck in the cow's throat, we may imagine how uncomfortable he made the giant feel in his inside; accordingly, it was not long before he threw him up into the waves of the sea, where he was swallowed in turn by a large fish, so that for poor little Tom Thumb, it was very much like falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. Luckily for him, however, the fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur, and when it was cut open everybody was delighted at the sight of Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf, and he soon gained the favour of the whole court, and amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table with his

merry pranks. When the king rode out on horseback, he frequently took little Tom in his hand, and if a shower of rain came on, he used to creep into the king's pocket, and take a snug nap till the weather grew fine again. As the king was very affable, he occasionally questioned Tom about his family, and when he learned that his little dwarf's parents were very poor people, he took Tom into his treasury, and told him he might pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry. So Tom procured a little purse, and, filling it with a threepenny piece, he hoisted it on to his back with considerable labour, and, after travelling two days and nights, reached his father's cottage, almost fainting with fatigue from having walked half a mile in forty-eight hours! His parents were overjoyed to see him, especially as he was the bearer of so large a sum of money. They placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and he feasted for three days on a hazel nut, which made him ill, for a whole nut usually lasted him for a month. When he had recovered his health, Tom Thumb thought it was time to return to court, but as it had rained he could not travel, so his mother took him up and with one puff blew him into King Arthur's palace. Tom now again became the delight of the king, queen, and nobility, but he exerted himself so much at tilts and tournaments for their diversion, that he fell sick, and his life was despaired of. But his kind friend the Queen of the Fairies had not for-

gotten him. She came to fetch him in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and having placed the little invalid by her side, they drove through the air without stopping, till they reached her palace. The change of air completely restored Tom Thumb to health, and after allowing him to partake for awhile of all the gaieties and amusements of Fairy Land, the Queen ordered a fair wind, and blew him back to the court of King Arthur. Unfortunately, instead of alighting in the palace yard, as the fairy queen had calculated he would do, poor Tom



Thumb was pitched right into the king's bowl of fermenty (a dish King Arthur dearly loved), which the cook hap-

pened to be carrying across the court at that very moment, and not only splashed the hot liquor into the cook's eyes, but made him let fall the vessel.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom.

"Murder! murder!" shouted the cook, as the king's dainty fermenty ran away into the kennel.

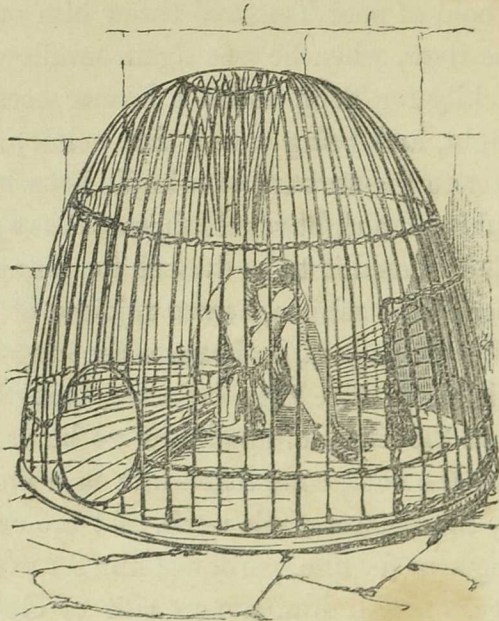
The cook, a red-faced, cross fellow, complained bitterly of Tom to the king, and swore he had played this prank out of mischief, and in short convinced his Majesty that his little favourite was guilty of high treason. So poor Tom Thumb was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Just as this dreadful sentence was pronounced, Tom seeing a miller standing by with his mouth wide open, took a desperate spring, and jumped down his throat unperceived by any one present, even including the miller himself. The culprit being now lost, the court broke up, and the miller went back to his mill. But the miller did not long remain quiet, for Tom kicked up such a riot in his inside that he thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing, which so alarmed the grave physician that he sent for five other doctors, and twenty learned men, who began to discuss the matter at such length, each insisting upon it, that his explanation of the symptoms was the only true one, that the miller could not refrain from a hearty yawn, when Tom Thumb made another somerset, and fairly ended the discussion by

alighting in the middle of the table. The miller, exasperated at having been tormented by so small a creature, now seized hold of poor Tom and threw him out of window into the river, when he was again swallowed up by a fish. Luckily for Tom, as on a former occasion, the fish was caught, and being a very fine salmon, was sold in the market to the steward of a lord's household. But the lord thinking it a right royal fish, sent it as a present to the king, who ordered it to be dressed for dinner. When the cook opened the salmon, he was rejoiced at pouncing upon his old enemy again, and ran to the king with Tom Thumb in his hand. The king, however, being busy with state affairs at the time, ordered him to be brought another day; so the cook committed him to a mouse-trap, where he lay in prison a whole week. At the end of that time the king sent for him, pardoned him for overturning the fermenty, ordered him a new suit of clothes, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
 His boots were made of chicken-skins;
 His coat and breeches were made with pride,
 A tailor's needle hung by his side;
 A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus accoutred he used to go a-hunting with the king and nobility. But one day, when passing by a farmhouse, a cat jumped out and seized both Tom and his steed, and began to devour the poor mouse. Tom drew his

sword, and boldly attacked the cat, who let fall her prey, and flew at Tom instead, and Lord knows how he would



have fared had not the king and his nobles come to the rescue; but even so, poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes nearly torn off his back by the cat's claws. He was then carried home, and laid on a bed of down in a little ivory cabinet. The Queen of the Fairies then again came, and fetched him away to Fairy Land, where she kept him for some years; at the end of which she dressed him in bright green, and sent him once more flying through the air till he reached the earth. People flocked far and near to look at him, and he was taken before King

Thunstone, who had succeeded to the throne. The monarch asked him who he was, whence he came, and where



he lived? To which questions the little manikin answered very pithily:

“ My name is Tom Thumb,
From the Fairies I come ;
When King Arthur shone
This court was my home.

“ In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted,
Did you never hear of
Sir Thomas Thumb ?”

The king was so pleased with this speech that he ordered a little chair to be made for Tom Thumb to sit at his table, and also a palace of gold a span high, with a

door an inch wide, for his little favourite to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice. But this offended the queen, because she had not a new coach too; so, being determined to ruin Tom, she complained to the king that he had been very insolent to her, when his Majesty sent for him in a great rage. Tom was so frightened, that, to escape his fury, he crept into an empty snail shell, where he lay till he was nearly starved. At last he ventured to peep out, and seeing a butterfly settle on the ground, he mounted it, and when it took



wing it fluttered through the air, bearing its little rider from field to field, and from flower to flower, till it flew into the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but in vain; only, at length,

poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, slipped from his seat, and fell into a white pot, where he was nearly drowned. The queen was bent on having him guillotined, and while the preparations were being made, he was once more secured in a mouse trap. Here the cat happened to see him, and mistaking him for a mouse, she knocked the trap about till it broke, and Tom was restored to liberty. But Tom's days were numbered, for,



not long after, a spider, taking him for a fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword and made a valiant

TOM THUMB.

resistance, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him.

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

He was buried under a rose, and a marble monument was raised over his grave, bearing the following epitaph:—

“ Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport ;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a hunting went ;
Alive he filled the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry : ‘ Alas ! Tom Thumb is dead.’ ”

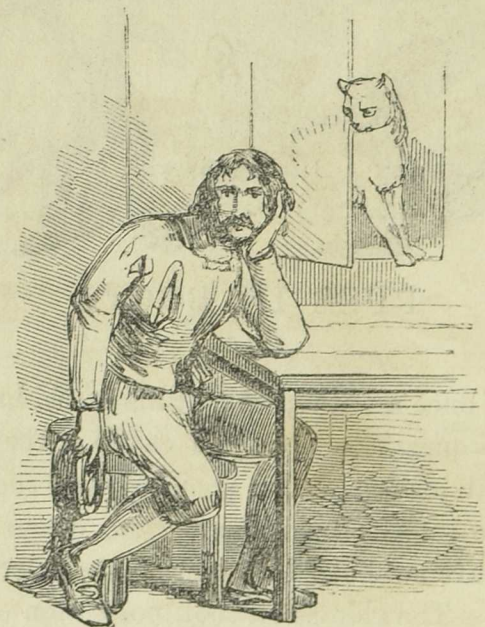


PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was once a miller, who, at his death, had no other legacy to bequeath to his three children than his mill, his ass, and his cat. The property was soon divided, without the interference of a lawyer, whose bill would presently have swallowed up more than the scanty estate was worth. The eldest son took possession of the mill; the second brother considered himself entitled to the ass, while the share allotted to the youngest consisted of nothing but the cat, who seemed more likely to prove a burden than a boon to his new master. The latter could not, therefore, refrain from thinking himself rather unfairly treated, and he said, naturally enough: "My brothers will be able to earn an honest livelihood by going

into partnership, but as for myself, when I shall have eaten my cat, and sold his skin, I must inevitably be reduced to die of hunger."

The cat, who had overheard these words, without seeming to do so, now came up to his master, and said to him,



with a very serious, sober air: "Nay, dear master, do not be downcast at your future prospects. Only give me a bag, and get me a pair of boots made, so that I may stride through the brambles, and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for."

Although the cat's new master did not put much faith in these promises, yet he had seen him perform so many

clever tricks in catching rats and mice, such as hanging by his hind legs, and concealing himself in the meal tub, to make believe he was dead, that he did not quite despair of his helping him to better his fortunes.

As soon as the cat was provided with what he asked



for, he drew on his boots, and, slinging the bag round his neck, he took hold of the two strings with his forepaws, and set off for a warren plentifully stocked with rabbits. Having filled his bag with bran and sowthistles, he stretched himself out as stiff as though he had been dead, and waited patiently till some young rabbit, unused to worldly snares and wiles, should be lured into the bag

by the prospect of a feast. He had scarcely lain a few moments in ambush before a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait, and went headlong into the bag, whereupon the cat drew the strings, and immediately strangled the imprudent creature. The cat was vastly proud of his victory, and immediately went to the palace and asked to speak to the king. He was shewn into the king's cabinet, when he bowed respectfully to his majesty, and said: "Sire, this is a rabbit from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas (such was the title the cat took it into his head to bestow on his master), which he desired me to present to your majesty."

"Tell your master that I am obliged by his attention, and that I accept his present with much pleasure," replied the king.

Another time the cat went and concealed himself in a cornfield, and held his bag open as before, and, very shortly after, two partridges were lured into the trap, when he drew the strings and made them both prisoners. He then went and presented them to the king, as he had done the rabbit. The king received the partridges very graciously, and ordered the messenger to be rewarded for his trouble.

During two or three months, the cat continued to carry game every now and then to the king, which was supposed to be the produce of his master's sport. One day, when he happened to hear the king was going to take a

drive on the banks of the river, in company with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master: "If you will but follow my advice, your fortune is as good as made. You need only go and bathe in the river at the spot that I shall point out, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did as his cat advised him, though without understanding of what use it was likely to prove. Just as he was bathing, the king came past, when the cat began to bawl out as loud as he could: "Help! help! or the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned!"

On hearing this the king looked out of the carriage window, and, recognising the cat who had so frequently brought him game, ordered his body-guards to fly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While the poor Marquis was being fished out of the river, the cat stepped up to the royal carriage, and informed his majesty, that during the time his master was bathing, some robbers had stolen his clothes, although he had cried out "Stop thief!" with all his might. The rogue had in reality only hid them under a large stone. The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his most sumptuous dresses for the Marquis of Carabas. No sooner had this order been executed, and the marquis suitably attired, than he looked to such advantage, being naturally a well-grown, handsome young man, that the king took him

for a very fine gentleman, and said the politest things in the world to him, while the princess was so struck with his appearance, that she became over head and ears in love with him.

The king insisted on his getting into the carriage and taking a drive with them. The cat, highly delighted at the turn things were taking now, ran on, and having reached a meadow where some peasants were mowing the grass, he thus accosted them: "I say, good folks, if you do not tell the king, when he comes this way, that the field you are mowing belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, you shall all be chopped as fine as mincemeat."

The king did not fail to inquire of the mowers to whom the meadow belonged. "To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty," said they in a breath, for the cat's threats had frightened them mightily.

"Upon my word, marquis," observed the king, "that is a fine estate of yours."

"Yes, Sire," replied the Marquis, with an easy air, "it yields me a tolerable income every year."

The cat, who continued to run on before the carriage, presently came up to some reapers. "I say, you reapers," cried he, "mind you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas, or else you shall, every one of you, be chopped into mincemeat."

The king passed by a moment after, and inquired to whom those cornfields belonged.

“To the Marquis of Carabas, please your majesty,” replied the reapers.

“Faith, it pleases our majesty right well to see our beloved marquis is so wealthy!” quoth the king.

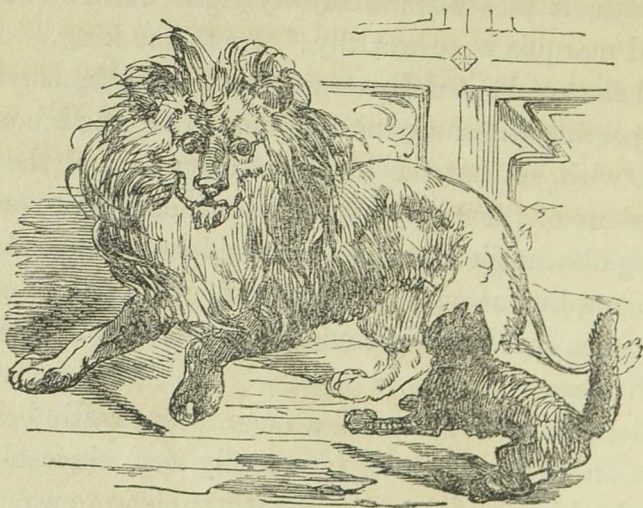
And the cat kept still running on before the carriage, and repeating the same instructions to all the labourers he met with, so that the king was astounded at the vast possessions of the Marquis of Carabas, and kept congratulating him, while the new made nobleman received each fresh compliment with so great a degree of fashionable indifference that nobody could have believed his title was of such recent creation.

At length the cat reached a magnificent castle belonging to an ogre, who was immensely rich, since all the lands the king had been riding through were a portion of his estate; when he sent in a message to request leave to pay his respects to him.

The ogre received him as civilly as it is in the nature of an ogre to do, and bid him rest himself. “I have been told,” said the cat, “that you have the power of transforming yourself into all sorts of animals, such, for instance, as a lion, or an elephant.” “So I have,” replied the ogre rather abruptly, “and to prove the truth of what I say, you shall see me become a lion.”

When the cat beheld a lion standing before him, he was seized with such a panic that he clambered up to

the root, although it was no easy job, owing to his boots, which were little calculated for walking over pantiles.



After a time, the cat perceiving that the ogre had returned to his natural shape, came down again, and confessed he had been very much frightened.

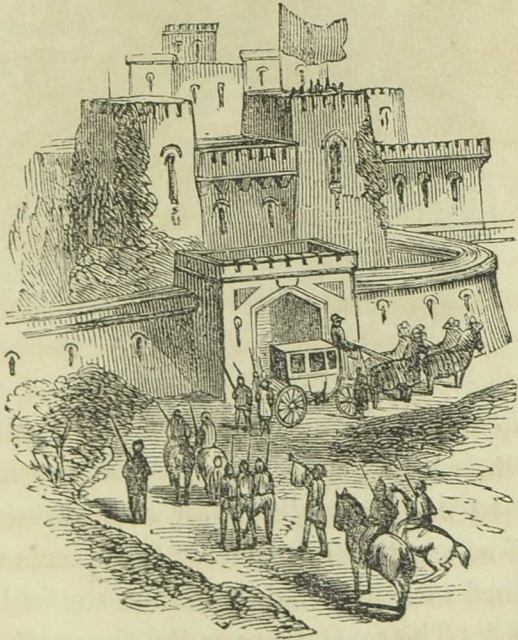
“I have also been told,” said the cat, “only I really cannot believe it, that you likewise possess the power of assuming the shape of the smallest animals, and that, for instance, you could change yourself into a rat or a mouse; but this I take to be quite impossible.”

“Impossible, indeed!” quoth the ogre, now put upon his mettle, “you shall see!”

So saying, he immediately assumed the shape of a

mouse, and began frisking about on the floor, when the cat pounced upon him, and eat him up in a moment.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the ogre's magnificent castle, and expressed a wish to enter so splendid a building. The cat hearing the rumbling of the carriage across the drawbridge, now ran out to meet the king, saying: "Your majesty is welcome to the Marquis of Carabas's castle."

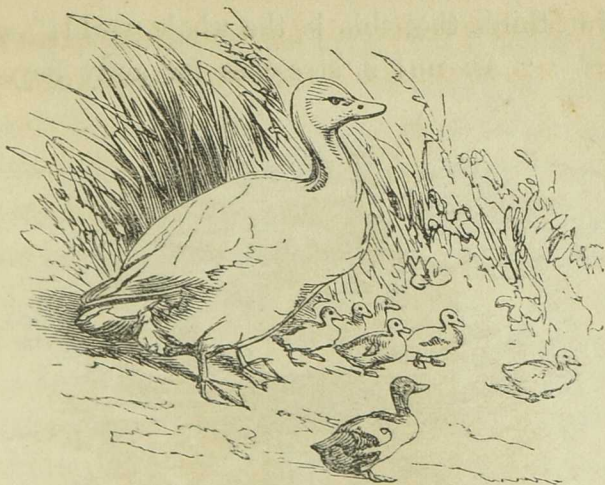


The marquis then handed out the princess, and, following the king, who mounted a flight of steps, they entered a vast hall, where they found an elegant colla-

tion, which was spread ready for some of the ogre's friends. The king was so delighted with the Marquis of Carabas's



amiable qualities, that, seeing how in love his daughter already was with him, and how satisfactory his rent-roll appeared to be, his majesty, after drinking five or six glasses of wine, at length said: "It depends upon yourself, my lord marquis, to become the son-in-law of your sovereign." The marquis accepted the proffered honour with many a low bow; and that very same day he was married to the princess. The cat became a great lord, an ever after, only hunted mice for his own amusement.



THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

ON a fine summer's day in the country, a duck was once sitting in her nest hatching her eggs, but of this important task she was almost tired, for scarcely any one had visited her, as the other ducks were swimming about in the pond, and did not stay to gossip with her. At last, one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, to a sixth.—“Piep! piep!” went one, “piep! piep!” went another, until a dozen had cracked, and the little half-naked brood thrust their heads out of their narrow, fragile dwelling, as if out of a window. “Quack! quack!” said the mother, as the little ducklings hastened out as fast as they could, looking about them in great amazement. “How big the world is!” said the little ones.

“Do you think that this is the whole world?” said the mother? “Ah no! it stretches far away beyond the



garden. But are you all here?” continued she, with true motherly care. “No, they are not all hatched yet,” added she; the “biggest egg lies there still! How long will it last? I begin really to be quite tired.” However, she sat down on the nest again.

“Well! how are you to-day!” exclaimed an old duck, who came bustling to pay her friend a visit.

“Oh there is no end to hatching this one egg,” complained the mother; “the shell must be too hard for the duckling to break. But now you shall see the others. There is my pretty little family.”

“Show me the egg that will not break,” interrupted the old duck. “Believe me it is a turkey’s egg. The

same thing happened to me once, and I had a precious trouble with the brood; for, let me entice, or even peck them as I might, into the water they would not go. Yes, I am quite right, it is a turkey's egg! So, get off your nest, and teach the other ones to swim."

"I can but sit a little while longer," replied the mother.

"Oh! very well, if you are contented," said the old duck, taking her leave; "but trust me, the changeling will be a fine trouble to you."

At last the great egg cracked. "Piep! piep!" cried the little terrified new comer, as he broke through the shell. Oh, how big, and how ugly he was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last, she exclaimed, involuntarily: "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a turkey, but we will soon see. Into the water he must go, even should I be obliged to push him in."

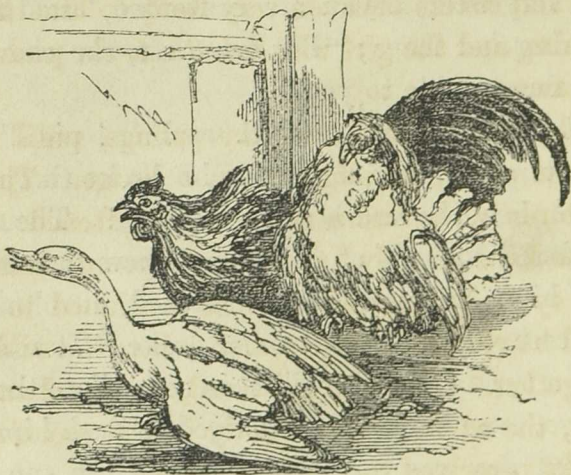
The next day was very beautiful, and the sun shone delightfully on the green burdock. The mother duck left home, with her whole family waddling about her. Splash! she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" she exclaimed, and one duck after the other followed her example: not one remained behind: even the ugly gray last comer swam merrily about with the rest.

"He is no turkey after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Really, if one examines him closely, he is rather pretty. Quack, quack! now

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

come with me, and I will shew you the world, and introduce you to the farm-yard."

They soon reached the yard, but the other ducks viewed them with a contemptuous air, and said aloud: "Here comes another brood; as if we were not numerous enough already. But see, what an ugly thing that duckling is;



he is not to be suffered among us." At these words, an insolent drake bit the poor duckling in the neck.

"Leave him alone," exclaimed his mother; "he doesn't harm any one."

"Perhaps not," answered the offending drake, "but he is much too big for his age, and a beating will do him good."

The mother smoothed his ruffled feathers, but the poor ugly looking duckling was pecked at, pushed, and ridiculed by both ducks and chickens. So the poor perse-

cuted creature knew not where he might stand, or where he might go, and was quite cast down by the insults which he suffered on account of his unfortunate ugliness.

Thus the first day passed, but every succeeding one was more and more full of trouble and vexation. The duckling was hunted by all like a wild animal; even his brothers and sisters behaved very badly to him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, until at last, by a great effort, he alighted on a hedge. The little singing-birds in the bushes flew away frightened. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the young duck, shutting his eyes; but nevertheless he continued to fly onwards till he reached a large marsh, where the wild ducks flock together. There he remained, sorrowful and tired to death, the whole night. Early in the morning, the wild ducks perceived their new comrade.

"You are ugly, indeed," said they; "but that is no consequence, if you do not marry into our family."

The poor exile was safe enough on that point,—he only wanted leave to remain quietly lying amongst the reeds, and drinking a little marsh water. Here he lay two whole days. Then came two wild geese, who by chance were ganders, and, having just broken out of the egg-shell, were very pert on that account.

"Listen, comrade," said they; "you are so ugly that

we shall not object to you for a companion. Fly with us to another marsh hard by, wherein some exceedingly pretty wild geese have dwelt since last autumn. You may perhaps obtain one of them, in the dearth of beaux, ugly as you are."

"Bang, bang," sounded at this moment over them, and both wild geese sank down dead, while the water around them was dyed red. "Bang, bang," it went again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose up out of the reeds. The sportsman beat about the marsh on all sides, and the pointer dashed through the thick morass. It was a terrible fright for the poor ugly duckling, when the fearful dog opened his jaws and showed his teeth; but,



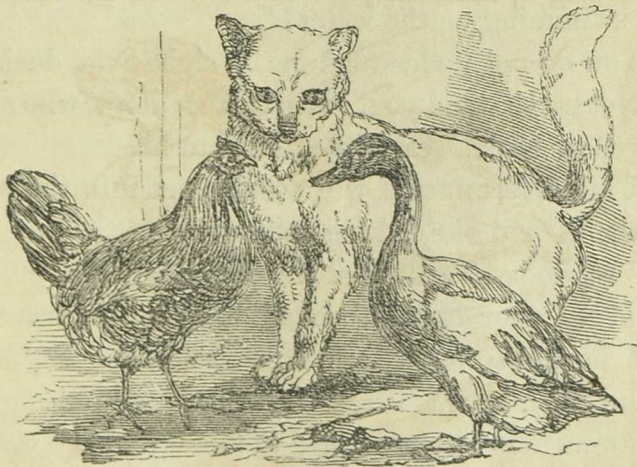
splash, splash, the hound ran off, without troubling himself about this easy booty.

“God be praised!” sighed the little duck, “I am so ugly, that even the hound will not touch me.” And so he remained quite still, while the shots rattled briskly over his head among the rushes.

It was tolerably late in the afternoon before the noise had ceased, and the poor duckling dared to come out of his hiding-place, and then ran away from the terrible marsh.

Towards evening our fugitive reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which had fallen from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room.

An old woman with her cat and hen were the only in-



habitants; and they next morning discovered their strange unbidden guest.

“What is that?” said the dame, who, not seeing well,

took the poor lean bird for a fat duck who had mistaken his way in the dark. "Here is indeed a piece of good luck!" exclaimed she, overjoyed. "Now I can have duck's eggs; provided the stupid thing be not a drake after all!" added she. "But we will let it remain on trial." And so the youngster remained three weeks, but without laying any eggs, when one morning, after a sleepless night, he felt himself seized with an unconquerable longing to swim once more in the clear water. At last he could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen.

"A mighty pleasure, truly!" scolded she. "You are certainly crazy; ask the cat, who is wiser than I, if he likes swimming on the water?"

"You do not understand me!" sighed the duck.

"Not understand you, indeed! if *we* don't, who should, you yellow beak?" exclaimed madam hen.

"I am determined I will wander out into the world," said the little drake, taking courage.

"Yes, do so!" answered the hen, uncivilly.

And the poor duckling set off again on his travels, for which he had so longed; but no sooner did any animal see him, than he was sure to be twitted with his ugliness.

Autumn was now waning; the leaves in the wood became yellow and brown, and being driven by the wind, danced about in mournful eddies; the air was quite biting, and on the hedge the crow sat and cried "Caw, caw," from

sheer cold. The poor persecuted duckling was even worse off than he.

One evening when the sun was going down so red that it looked like a fiery wheel, a flock of large birds rose from the bushes, sprinkled by the foam of the waves; the duckling had never seen any creatures so beautiful as they appeared, with their spotless feathers as white as new-fallen snow, and their long graceful necks. The swans, for such they were, after uttering their peculiar cry, extended their beautiful wings and flew away from this cold land to a warmer latitude beyond the sea. As they rose up high into the air, the young duckling stretched his neck after them, and uttered a cry so shrill, that he himself was frightened. He knew not what the birds were called, nor whither they flew; but still he loved them as he had never loved any one before.

Now the winter became so cold, so piercing cold, that our duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen. But every night, the space wherein he swam became smaller and smaller; the surface of the ice kept increasing in thickness. At last he became so weary, that he was forced to remain fast frozen in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came past, and seeing the unhappy bird, ventured on the ice, which he broke with his wooden shoe, and rescued the half-dead captive, and carried him home, where he quickly recovered.

The children wished to play with him, but the young duckling thought they would do him some harm, and in his terror he flew into an earthen milk-pan, and splashed the milk all over the room. The housewife shrieked and wrung her hands, so that our bird became more and more confused, and flew into the churn, and from thence into the meal barrel. The housewife tried to hit him with the tongs, while the children tumbled over one another in their haste to catch him.

Happily for our duckling the door stood open, and he escaped into the open air, and flying with difficulty to the nearest bushes, he sank down on the snow, where he lay quite exhausted.

It would indeed be very mournful to describe all the misery that the poor duckling felt, until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than formerly, and carried him far away to a large garden, where the apple-trees were in full flower, while the long green twigs of the elder-tree hung down almost into the water, which meandered picturesquely through the soft grass. And now there came from out of the thicket three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The poor duckling knew the stately birds, and a feeling of melancholy came over him.

“ I will fly towards these royal birds, and they shall kill

me for my presumption in daring to go near them, I, who am so ugly. But it matters not: better is it to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the hens, and pushed about by the peasant girls, and to want for food in the winter." With these thoughts the duckling flew into the middle of the water, and swam towards the three beautiful swans, who, as they perceived the little stranger, came to welcome him.

"Do but kill me," said the poor bird, bending its head towards the water, and awaiting death in quiet submission; when lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and instead of an ugly dark-green duckling, beheld a stately *swan*.

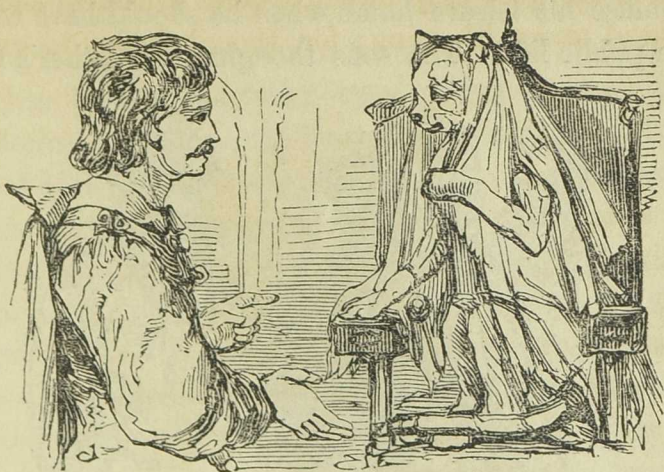
It matters little being born in a duck-yard, provided one is hatched from a swan's egg! He now blessed his former trials, which had taught him to appreciate the delights that surrounded him; while the larger swans gathered about him, and stroked him lovingly with their beaks. Just then two little children came into the garden and ran towards the canal. They threw corn and bread down to the swans.

"Oh! there is a new one," exclaimed the youngest child, and both clapped their hands for joy; then they ran away to call papa and mamma. So more bread and cake were thrown into the water, and all said: "The new one is the most beautiful,—so young, and so graceful!" and the old swans bowed down to their new companion.

Then the once-ugly bird felt quite ashamed, and put his head under his wing; for, though happy to excess,



still he was none the prouder, for a good heart is never proud. But when he compared the persecution and scorn he had endured from everybody, with the flattering epithets now bestowed upon him, as the most beautiful of these beautiful birds, he stretched his graceful neck upwards, and exclaimed, in the fulness of his heart: "I never dreamt of such happiness when I used to be called an ugly duckling!"



THE WHITE CAT.



THERE was once a king, who fancying, as he grew old, that his three sons, who were all brave and handsome young princes, wished to deprive him of his throne, thought it prudent to employ them in such a manner as should at once flatter their hopes of obtaining his crown, and yet defer the realization of their supposed wishes. He therefore summoned them one day to his cabinet, and after observing that his great age prevented his attending to state affairs as assiduously as formerly, declared, that he wished to place the crown on the head of whichever of his sons should bring him the prettiest little dog,

to amuse his leisure hours when he should have retired from public life. The sons thought their father's fancy



rather a strange one; still, they took leave of the king, who gave them plenty of money for their journey, and bid them not fail to return at the end of a twelvemonth.

The three princes, on leaving the capital, each took a different road, after agreeing to meet on a particular spot a year hence. We shall now leave the eldest to follow their adventures, and only chronicle those of the youngest brother, who was by far the most amiable of the three. For the first few days he kept buying all the pretty dogs he saw, and the moment he found a smaller or a prettier one than his last purchase, he gave it away; for, being unattended by a single page or squire, he could not travel

with a whole pack of dogs at his heels. At length, after journeying on, he reached a forest as night was setting in, when he was overtaken by a violent storm. After wandering about for some hours he perceived a light, that guided him to a most splendid palace. The door was of massive gold studded with carbuncles. The walls were of transparent china, delicately painted, and representing the history of all the fairies, from the creation down to the period at which the prince lived. A deer's foot, fastened to a diamond chain, served for a bell-rope, which the prince immediately pulled. In a few moments the door flew open, and he perceived a dozen hands, each bearing a taper. So strange a sight made him half hesitate to enter, and he laid his hand on his sword as he crossed the hall, which was inlaid with porphyry and lapis lazuli, when he heard some sweet voices singing welcome to him in such pleasing strains, that all his fears were dispelled; and, feeling himself gently pushed towards a coral door, that opened at his approach, he passed through a mother of pearl chamber, and then through a suite of about sixty rooms, all curiously ornamented with precious stones and paintings. The hands now stopped him; an arm-chair placed itself near the chimney, the fire lit itself, while the hands, which were extremely white and delicate, took off his wet clothes, and replaced them by rich garments of cloth of gold embroidered with emeralds. They next led him into a splendid dining room, where a

table was laid for two persons. The prince was wondering who was to sup with him, when in walked a little figure about a foot and a half high, covered with a black crape veil, supported by two cats in deep mourning, and followed by others carrying mousetraps full of mice, and cages full of rats. On removing her veil, the little figure turned out to be a very fine white cat, who, to the prince's astonishment, bid him welcome in the choicest language and most gracious manner. Supper was then served up, during which the prince observed that the white cat wore a miniature fastened to one of her paws, and having requested permission to look at it, was not a little amazed to see the portrait of a handsome young man exactly resembling himself. He would fain have questioned the white cat on this strange circumstance, but she appeared so sad when the subject was adverted to, that he dared not press her any further. She then wished him good-night, and the hands conducted him to an elegant bed-chamber hung with butterflies' wings.

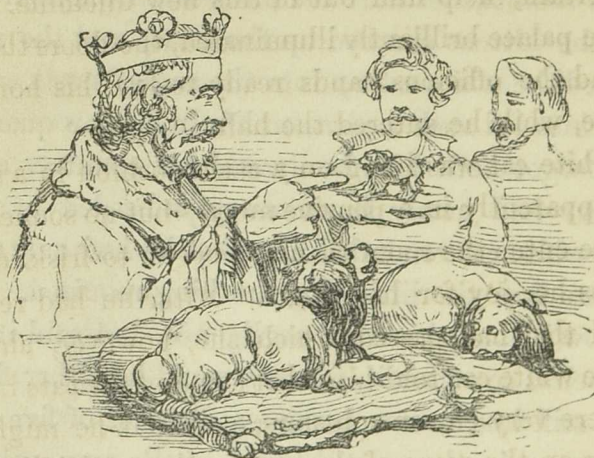
The prince went to bed, but did not get much sleep, and was awoke early in the morning by a confused noise. The hands came and attired him in a hunting dress; and on looking out of window he saw about five hundred cats, some winding the horn, others leading out the hounds ready for the chase. On coming down into the courtyard, the hands presented him with a richly caparisoned wooden horse, that galloped to perfection, while

the white cat mounted a very fine monkey. Never was such a curious hunt seen. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits, nor were the birds safe from their pursuit, for the kittens climbed up the trees, and the monkey carried the white cat up into the eagles' nests.

The prince led such a pleasant life in his new quarters, that he forgot both his family and his country, and a whole year had nearly flown away unheeded by him, when the white cat reminded him that he had only three days left to find the little dog the king required. The prince now blamed his own negligence, but said it was quite hopeless to repair it, for how could he either find a dog, and still less, return home—a distance of five hundred leagues—in three days' time? "Be easy, prince," said the white cat; "the wooden horse will carry you thither in less than twelve hours; and as to the dog, this acorn contains one more beautiful than any you have ever seen." The prince thought at first the white cat must be jesting, but on holding the acorn to his ear he heard a little faint "bow-wow," that convinced him of the truth of her assertion; and after thanking her a thousand times, he set off for his father's kingdom.

On reaching the place of meeting, the prince was soon joined by his two brothers, to whom he shewed a shabby turnspit, which he declared could not fail to please his majesty; while he said not a word of his adventures in the forest. The two eldest, therefore, each felt quite cer-

tain of success as they entered the king's apartment. Their dogs were so equally beautiful that the king was



quite at a loss to decide between them, when the youngest opened his acorn, and displayed the most exquisite little dog imaginable, which could easily go through a ring without even touching it. The king was now sorely puzzled; but as, in truth, he preferred his crown to all the dogs in the world, he told his sons he was so pleased with the pains they had taken to meet his wishes, that he could not resist putting them to one more trial before he fulfilled his promise, and therefore gave them another year to meet with a piece of linen sufficiently fine to be drawn through the eye of the smallest needle. The three brothers, though rather disappointed at being sent upon a second expedition, were nevertheless obliged to comply.

As for our hero, he merely mounted his wooden horse and returned to the palace of the white cat, who would, he felt certain, help him out of this new dilemma. He found the palace brilliantly illuminated, the doors thrown open, and the officious hands ready to lead his horse to the stable, while he entered the hall.

The white cat was lying on a satin cushion in a small basket, apparently in a pensive mood; but no sooner did the prince enter the room than she began to frisk about, to express her joy for his return. After he had related to her all that had passed, which she, however, already knew, the white cat told him that some of the cats in her palace were very clever spinsters, and that he might be quite easy on the score of the piece of linen the king required.

This second year flew away as swiftly as the first, and when it was time for the prince to depart, the white cat gave him a walnut, which she told him not to crack till he was in the king's presence. On reaching his father's palace, he found his two brothers exhibiting their pieces of linen, which were fine enough to go through the eye of a large needle, but which the king contended would not go through the eye of the especial needle which had been preserved in the treasury for this purpose. Just as some murmurs were arising on the subject, the youngest son entered, and, taking out a box inlaid with rubies, he drew forth a walnut, which he cracked, expecting to see

the piece of linen, instead of which he found a nut. This he broke, and was disappointed on finding it contained a cherrystone. The king chuckled secretly, while the courtiers looked at each other with a smile. The prince, however, broke the cherrystone, which was filled by its kernel: in the kernel was a grain of wheat, which in turn contained a millet seed. The prince could not help now muttering to himself: "White cat! white cat! thou hast deceived me!" At this moment he felt a scratch upon his hand, when, taking courage, he opened the millet seed and drew forth a piece of linen four hundred yards long, which could be drawn through the smallest needle with as much ease as the finest thread. The king grew pale with vexation, and at length said with a sigh: "My children, nothing can give me greater satisfaction than the deference you pay to my wishes; do not, therefore, be surprised if I require one more proof of your obedience. Whichever of you shall bring back the most beautiful princess at the end of another twelvemonth, shall marry her, and obtain my crown, which I swear I will no longer withhold."

None of the brothers had so good a right to complain as our favourite prince, but he said nothing, and returned to the palace of his beloved white cat, who promised to use all her endeavours to satisfy the king's new request. Accordingly, when the year was nearly out, she informed him that it depended solely on himself to bring

back the most beautiful princess in the world; but that, to obtain such an end, it would be necessary to cut off her head and tail, and throw them into the fire. "Alas!" cried the prince, shocked at the bare idea of such a thing, "how could I be so barbarous as to kill one to whom I owe so much gratitude?" But the white cat assured him so many times that he could do her no greater service, that at length the prince drew his sword with a trembling hand and performed his ungracious task, when, to his great joy and surprise, she was chang-



ed into the most beautiful woman his eyes had ever beheld. While he was gazing upon her with intense astonishment, a whole retinue of ladies and gentlemen, with their catskins thrown over their shoulders, walked in to congratulate the queen, who, after receiving them kindly,

desired to be left alone with the prince, whom she addressed as follows: "Do not imagine, prince, that I was



always a cat. My father reigned over six kingdoms, and I was his only daughter. But having been promised to some fairies by the queen my mother, in exchange for several thousand mules, loaded with fruit from their garden, which she took it into her head to wish for, merely because it was a rarity, I was taken when an infant to a tower without any doors, and only accessible through the windows, which were at an amazing height from the ground. Here the fairies brought me up with the great-

est care, and used to come on a dragon's back to visit me, and see that I wanted for nothing, my only com-



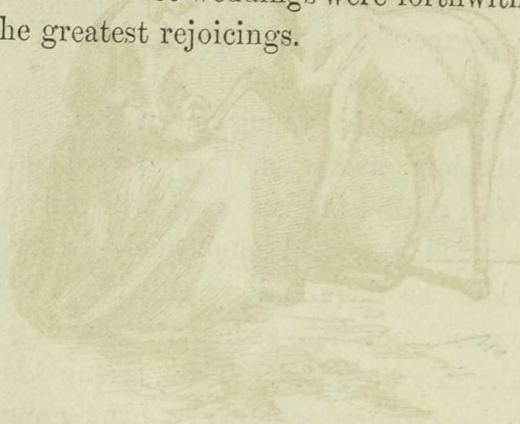
panions in the tower being a little dog and a parrot, both endowed with speech. Thus I lived happily for many years, as I knew of no better state, till one day I saw a young man near the foot of the tower, who was an object of curiosity to me, as I had never seen a male countenance except in pictures. I seemed to be an equally curious object in his eyes, for he gazed at me till the shades of evening intercepted me from his sight. The next day, the first thing I did was to hasten to my window, when I again saw the same young man, who spoke to me through a speaking trumpet, and said the tenderest things imaginable. But I had only time to fling him my ring, as the fairy Violent came on the dragon's back to bring me

my breakfast. She seemed to guess something agitated me, for she looked about suspiciously; but at length she took her departure, when I despatched my parrot to beg the handsome prince, for such he was, not to endanger his life by returning near the tower. He sent me back his portrait and a ring, but declared he could not live without me, and would risk everything to obtain my hand, and entreated me to devise some means of escaping from the tower. So when the fairy Violent came next, and found me very sad, I pretended it was because I wanted some cord to make nets to catch birds at my window. She brought me what I asked for, and then told me to cheer up, as I should soon have a husband to keep me company. When she was gone, the parrot told me the husband the fairies intended for me was a horrible dwarf, with eagle's feet, and a head larger than that of a bull. You may think how eagerly I worked at making a rope-ladder long enough to reach the ground, and when it was completed, I sent my trusty feathered messenger to tell the prince he might come. He now mounted the ladder, and entered my room, but alas! just at that moment the fairies came in by the window on the dragon's back, followed by the horrible dwarf in a fiery chariot; and though my lover drew his sword to defend me, he was overpowered by their supernatural agency, and fell a prey to the dragon, who devoured him. I would fain have thrown myself into the monster's jaws, but the fairies

changed me to a cat, declaring that the enchantment should never be broken till I met with a prince exactly resembling my lost lover. They then brought me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and changed the lords and ladies of his court into so many cats, whom you, dear prince, have now restored to their original shapes."

The prince and the young queen then set off for his father's kingdom, and when they arrived at court, she hid herself in a kind of glass case, with curtains inside, that was carried by several handsomely-drest attendants. The two eldest brothers had presented their brides to the king, who could not help reluctantly owning that they were wonderfully beautiful. Then, seeing his youngest son enter, he inquired whether he came alone? "O!" cried the prince, "I have only brought a little white cat with me in this glass case, and as she mews very prettily, I hope she may please your majesty." The king smiled, and was going up to look at puss, when the queen touched a spring, and the glass case flew open, and she was discovered in all her beauty. The king was so struck with admiration that he could not help exclaiming that she deserved his crown. "No, sire," cried she, "far from wishing to deprive you of a throne you fill so ably, as I have six kingdoms of my own, I beg to offer another for your acceptance, and to present one to each of

your sons, while, with your good leave, I will reign over the remaining three in company with your youngest son, whom I choose for my husband." The king was delighted, and the whole assembly rent the air with their acclamations, and the three weddings were forthwith celebrated with the greatest rejoicings.



THE CHARMED FAWN.

There was once a little brother who took the youngest sister by the hand, and said to her: "We have never known a happy hour since we lost our mother. Our stepmother does nothing but beat or kick us all day long. She gives us dry crusts for our dinner, and treats us much worse than the dog under the table; for he often gets a nice bit. What would our poor mother say if she knew how ill we are treated? So come, let us go forth into the wide world." And away they wandered over moun-



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dows, fields, and stones, and whenever it rained the sister would say: "The sky is crying like our poor hearts." Towards evening, they reached a large wood, and what with grief, hunger, and fatigue, they were so exhausted that they took refuge in a hollow tree, where they fell fast asleep.



When they woke next morning, the sun was already high in the heavens, and its warm beams were falling right upon the tree. The brother then said: "Sister, I am very thirsty, and if I could but find a spring, I should be so glad to drink. I almost think I hear the sound of water bubbling just by."

And he took his sister by the hand, and they went to look for a stream. But their wicked stepmother, who

was a witch, and was well aware that the children had run away, had slunk after them, and bewitched all the springs in the forest. So, when they reached a stream that ran sparkling over the pebbles, and the brother was going to drink of its water, the sister heard it murmur as it rushed along: "Whoever drinks out of me will become a tiger."

The sister then cried out: "I beseech you, brother, do not drink, or else you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces."

So the brother refrained from drinking, though he wanted sadly to quench his thirst, and said: "I will wait till the next stream."

And when they reached another spring, the sister heard it murmur: "Whoever drinks out of me will become a wolf."

Then the sister exclaimed, "I beseech you, brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and eat me up." So the brother did not drink, but answered: "I will wait till the next stream, but then I must drink, say what you will."

And when they reached the third spring, the sister heard it say, as it ran along: "Whoever drinks out of me will become a fawn."

Then the sister said: "Oh, brother, I beseech you not to drink, or you will become a fawn, and run away from me." But the brother had already knelt beside the

THE CHARMED FAWN.

stream, and stooped down and drunk of its waters; and the first drop had no sooner moistened his lips than he



was changed to a young fawn. The sister wept over her poor transformed brother, and the fawn wept likewise as he sat mournfully by her side. At length the little girl said: "Be easy, dear fawn, I will never leave you." She then took off her golden garter and put it round the fawn's neck, and gathered some rushes, and made a flexible rope, which she fastened to the collar, and thus led the little animal along, and went deeper into the forest. And after going a long, long way, she at last found an empty hut, where she thought they might live. She then went and fetched leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn, and every morning she gathered roots, berries,

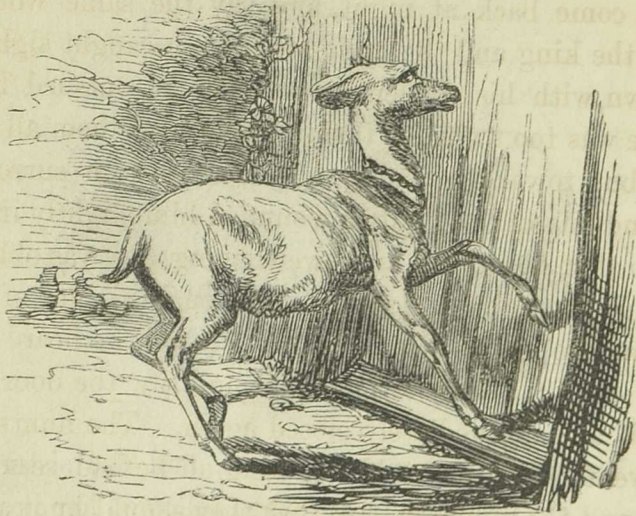
or nuts for her own nourishment, and fresh grass for the fawn, who eat out of her hand, and frisked about as if he



were pleased. When evening came, and the sister felt tired, she said her prayers, and then pillowed her head on the little fawn's back, and went to sleep. In short, they might have been very happy, if the brother had but retained his natural shape.

They had lived a long while in the wilderness when it happened one day that the king went a hunting in the forest. When the fawn heard the sound of the horn, the yelping of the hounds, and the halloeing of the huntsmen, he longed to be present, and said to his sister: "Let me join the hunt, for I can keep away no longer." And he begged and begged till at last she consented. "Only

pray come back again to-night," said she, "and as I shall shut my door against the huntsmen, mind you knock and say: 'Sister, let me in;' for if you do not say so, I shall not open the door."



The fawn now darted away, and was delighted to scent the fresh air as he bounded along.

The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal, and pursued it, but were unable to overtake it, and when they thought themselves certain to catch it, on a sudden it disappeared within the thicket. As it was now dark, it ran home, and knocked at the door, saying: "Sister, let me in." The little door was immediately opened, and in it jumped, and rested all night on its soft couch.

The next day the hunt was again abroad, and no

sooner did the fawn hear the horn and the huntsmen's halloo, than he could not rest, but said to his sister: "Pray, sister, open the door, for I must be off." The sister accordingly opened the door, saying: "But remember to come back at night, and say the same words." When the king and the huntsmen again caught sight of the fawn with his golden collar, they all pursued him, only he was too swift for them, and evaded them all day long; but towards evening they managed to surround him, and one of the hunters wounded him slightly in the foot, so that he limped as he went along, and was obliged to return home very slowly. This enabled one of the huntsmen to watch him to the hut, when he heard him crying out: "Sister, let me in," and saw the door was opened, and immediately closed again. The huntsman then went back, and told the king all he had seen and heard, and the monarch said that they should hunt again on the following day.

The sister was very much alarmed when the fawn came back wounded; but she washed off the blood, and bound some simples on the wound, and said: "Go and lie down, dear fawn, that you may get cured." The wound was so slight that it had healed by the next morning; and when the fawn again heard the huntsmen in the forest, he said: "I can't keep away, I must be after them; and they shall not catch me so easily again." The sister shed tears, and said: "They will certainly kill you, so I will not let you

go." "Then I shall die of grief here instead, if you prevent my going," answered the fawn; "for when I hear the sound of the horn, I feel as if I wanted to jump out of my shoes." So the sister could not help opening the door, though she did it with a heavy heart, and the fawn bounded gaily across the forest. When the king saw him, he said to his huntsman: "Now we must hunt him till evening, only mind nobody hurts him." Towards sunset the king said to the huntsman who had followed the fawn the day before: "Come now, and shew me the hut where he dwells." On reaching the door, he knocked,



and said: "Dear sister, let me come in." The door flew open, and the king walked in, and beheld the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. But the poor girl was

very much frightened when she beheld the king with his golden crown on his head instead of her beloved fawn. Then the king looked at her in a kindly manner, and held out his hand to her, saying: "Will you accompany me to my palace, and become my queen?" "Yes," replied the maiden, "provided I may take my fawn with me, for I cannot abandon him." "The fawn shall remain with you as long as you live," rejoined the king, "and he shall want for nothing." Meantime the fawn came bounding home, when his sister fastened the rope to his collar, and led him away with her.

The king took the beautiful girl to his palace, where their marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and he lived very happily with his new queen, while the fawn was fondled and pampered, and had the run of the palace gardens. Meantime the wicked stepmother, whose cruelty had obliged the children to go forth into the wide world, had hoped all along that the little girl had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts in the forest, and that the little boy had been shot dead by some huntsmen, mistaking him for a real fawn. So when she heard how happy they were, envy and malice were continually gnawing at her heart, and she thought of nothing else but how she should bring them into trouble again. Her own daughter, too, who was one-eyed and very ugly, kept kindling her bad passions by incessant reproaches, and saying, that it was she who ought to have been a

queen. "Be easy," said the old beldame; "when a good opportunity offers, I will not let it slip."

Accordingly, as soon as she heard that the queen had become the mother of a fine little boy, the old witch went to the palace while the king was out hunting, and having assumed the shape of one of the queen's maids, she went into her bedchamber, and said: "The bath is now ready, and if it pleases your majesty to get up before it grows cold, no doubt it will do you good." The witch's daughter, who was likewise at hand, then helped to lift the sick queen into the bath. No sooner had they done this, than they closed the door of the bath-room, where they had made such a fire, that they felt certain the beautiful young queen would be stifled instantaneously.

The old crone then put a cap on her daughter's head, and laid her in the queen's bed, and tried to make her look as like her majesty as possible; only, not being able to give her back the eye that was missing, she bid her lie on that side so as to conceal the defect. Towards evening the king came home, and hearing that a son was born to him, was delighted at the news, and immediately went to see his beloved wife. As he approached the bed, the old crone cried out to him: "For goodness sake, do not draw the curtain, for the queen wants rest, and the light would hurt her." So the king retired, without imagining that a false queen was lying in the bed.

Towards midnight, when every one was asleep except

the nurse who sat watching beside the cradle in the nursery, the door opened, and the real queen came in. She took the baby out of the cradle, and gave it some drink. She then shook up its little pillow, and put it back into the cradle, and covered it up with the counterpane. Nor did she forget the fawn, but went into the corner where it lay, and stroked its back. She then retired as silently as she had come, and the nurse inquired next morning of the sentinels whether any one had entered the palace during the night? But they all answered that they had seen nobody. She came in this manner for several nights running, but never spoke a word, and the nurse always saw her, but did not dare mention anything about it.

After a time, the queen began to speak in the night, and her words ran as follows:—

“ Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn ?

Twice more will I come, and then vanish at dawn.”

The nurse made no answer, but when she had disappeared, she went and told the king what she had heard. “ Gracious heavens !” exclaimed the king, “ what can all this mean ? To-morrow night I will keep watch myself by the baby’s cradle.” And accordingly, when evening came, the king went into the nursery, and towards midnight the queen appeared again, and murmured :

“ Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn ?

Once more will I come, and then vanish at dawn.”

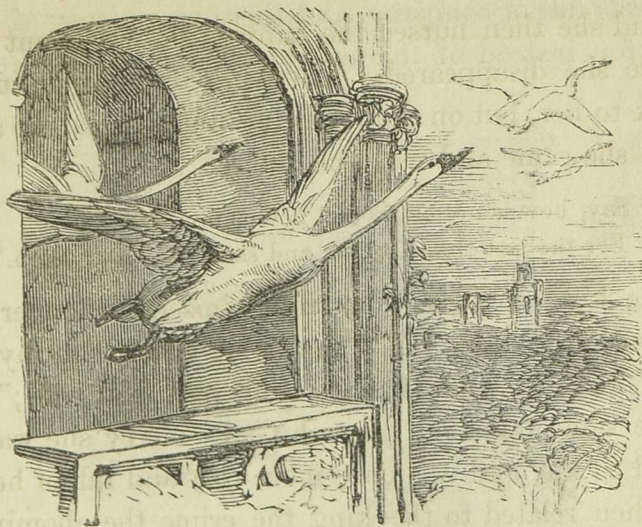
THE CHARMED FAWN.

And she then nursed the baby as she was wont to do before she disappeared. The king did not venture to speak to her, but on the following night he sat up again, when she came and said once more :

“ Say, how is my baby, and how is my fawn ?

For the last time I come, and shall vanish at dawn.”

The king could now restrain himself no longer, and jumped up crying : “ You can be no other than my dear wife.” “ Yes,” replied she, “ I am your dear wife ;” and at the same moment, through God’s mercy she was restored to life, and was once more rosy and full of health. She then related to the king the crime the abominable witch and her daughter had committed. The king caused them both to be delivered up to justice, and the daughter was condemned to be carried into the forest, where the wild beasts tore her to pieces the moment they saw her, while the wicked old hag was burnt for a witch. And no sooner had the flames consumed her, than the fawn recovered his human shape, and the brother and sister were happy ever after to the end of their days.



THE ELEVEN WILD SWANS.



IN the land whither the swallows fly to seek a home in winter, there once lived a king who had eleven sons and one daughter, named Elisa. The eleven young princes used to go to school, and write on golden slates with diamond pencils; while their sister Elisa sat upon a crystal stool, and had a book full of pretty pictures that was worth half a kingdom. O, what happy children they were! but, unfortunately, they were not destined to continue so much longer; for their father married again, and the new queen was very unkind to them. And this they perceived in the very first few days, when the pa-

lace was full of company, and there was plenty of feasting; for instead of the cakes and roasted apples that



used to fall to their share on such occasions, their stepmother gave them some sand in a tea-cup, and told them they might play at eating and drinking.

On the following week, the queen sent little Elisa away into the country to be brought up in a cottage by a homely couple, and she spoke so ill of the poor princes to their father, that he ceased to care anything about them. The wicked creature then said to them: "Fly away into the wide world; you shall become large birds

without any voices." But she could not completely accomplish her malicious intentions, and the young princes were changed into eleven beautiful wild swans, who immediately flew out of the palace windows, with a peculiar cry, far over the garden and the wood beyond.

It was early in the morning as they passed by the cottage where their sister lay asleep. Here they hovered over the roof, and flapped their wings, but all to no purpose, as nobody saw or heard them; so they were obliged to take their flight onwards, till they reached a thick forest that stretched away to the sea shore.

Poor little Elisa meantime remained secluded in the peasant's cottage till she was fifteen, when the queen was obliged to fetch her home; but, when she saw how pretty she was grown, she hated her in her heart, and would gladly have changed her likewise into a swan, had not the king insisted on seeing his daughter. Not daring to do this, she stained her skin with walnut juice, rubbed her lovely face with rancid ointment, and rumbled her hair, so that it was impossible to recognise her, and when her father saw her, he was quite shocked, and exclaimed that she was not his daughter. Poor Elisa then wept bitterly, and slunk out of the palace, and wandered till she reached a large forest. She knew not whither she was going, only concluding that her brothers had been turned out into the wide world, she was determined to seek till she found them.

She had not been long in the forest before night came on, and she lay down on the moss and went to sleep, and dreamt of her brothers. When she awoke the sun was already high in the heavens, the birds were singing blithely, and a number of rivulets ran babbling along till they all fell into a small lake, so transparent that every leaf could be seen reflected on its pure surface. When



our little wanderer looked into this natural mirror, she was frightened to see how brown and ugly she had become; but no sooner had she washed her face in its waters than her skin resumed all its whiteness, and, after braiding her long tresses of hair, she appeared lovelier than ever. On pursuing her journey, she met an old

woman, of whom she inquired whether she had seen eleven princes riding through the forest.

“No,” replied the old woman; “but yesterday I saw eleven wild swans, with gold crowns on their heads, swimming near the banks of the stream close by here.”

She then led Elisa to the brow of a hill, at the foot of which ran a stream overshadowed by trees, whose drooping branches hung into the water. Elisa took leave of her aged companion, and walked along till the stream flowed towards a wide, open shore. The ocean now lay before the young princess; but not a sail was to be seen, nor was a human voice to be heard; only amongst the seaweeds she perceived eleven swans' feathers, which gave her hopes she should find her brothers at last. Sure enough, just at sunset Elisa perceived eleven wild swans, with gold crowns on their heads, flying towards the land, one behind another, like a long white ribbon. They alighted on the hill, and no sooner had the sun sunk to rest in the ocean, than their swan's skins fell off, and they appeared as so many young men. The princess shrieked with joy, for she recognised her brothers, notwithstanding they had now grown to manhood's estate, and she ran to embrace them, calling them by their names. The brothers were no less delighted to see their sister, and they had soon mutually related how ill their stepmother had behaved to them. The eldest brother then said: “We fly about as wild swans so long as the sun remains on the horizon.

but we recover our human shape the instant it has set. We are, therefore, always obliged to look out for a resting-place towards sunset, for should night surprise us up in the clouds, we should fall down into the sea on becoming human beings. We live in a lovely land beyond the sea, but it is a long way thither, and we have to cross the ocean, where the only footing we can find for the night is on a little rock, just large enough to allow us to sit side by side, and where the waves wash over us in rough weather. Yet, we perform this troublesome voyage once a year, for the sake of visiting our native land. Here we are allowed to remain but eleven days, during which we fly over the forest, so as to behold the palace where our father dwells, and where we spent our happy childhood in our mother's lifetime. We have now only two days left to tarry in these climes; but what shall we do to take you with us, dear little sister, when we have neither ship nor boat?"

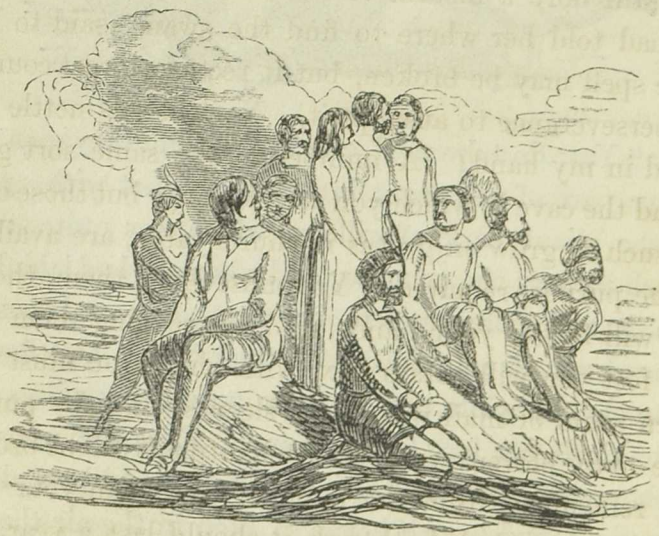
They continued talking together nearly half the night, until the princess fell asleep from sheer fatigue. She was awoke in the morning by the rustling of her brothers' wings above her head, as they flew away, all except the youngest, who came and nestled in Elisa's lap. She stroked his wings and caressed him, and they remained together the whole day. Towards evening the others returned, and, when they had recovered their natural form, they told their sister they would be obliged to fly away

on the morrow, but that, if she were not afraid, they felt their wings were strong enough to carry her across the



sea. "Yes; do take me," cried Elisa; and they spent the greater part of the night in making a net with rushes and the pliant bark of willows, which was quite strong enough to bear the princess; and when she had laid down upon it and fallen asleep, her brothers, on becoming swans at sun-rise, lifted it with their beaks, and flew up to the clouds, while one of them spread his wings over her to shade her face from the sun. Elisa did not wake till they were far out at sea, and it seemed like a dream when she found herself borne so high in the air that the ships below looked no larger than sea-gulls; and fearful, indeed, it was, to be flying betwixt air and water for the

live-long day! Nor could the swans fly so fast as when unclogged by their precious burden! And this Elisa felt, and, when the sun was fast disappearing, and no rock appeared in sight, her heart misgave her, and she reproached herself bitterly for having exposed them to the danger of resuming their shape too soon, and falling into the sea and getting drowned for her sake. But, lo and behold! when the sun was nearly hid in the waves, she perceived a rock that looked no bigger than a sea-dog's head peeping above the waves, and, just as the parting rays of daylight seemed to go out suddenly, like the sparks of a piece of burnt paper, they alighted safe and sound on their



narrow footing, where there was barely room for one more than their usual number.

At the dawn of day, the swans flew onwards with their sister, and, before the sun had sunk to rest, they had reached the shores of a beautiful land. She then went to sleep in a pretty grotto hung with elegant creeping plants that looked like richly embroidered tapestry; and, as her waking and sleeping thoughts were always running on the same subject, namely, how her brothers were to be delivered from the spell that bound them, it was no wonder that she dreamed she was flying up in the air to Fata Morgana's castle, which she had seen as they came along, and that the fairy, who, though young and beautiful, still bore a distant resemblance to the old woman who had told her where to find the swans, said to her: "The spell may be broken, but it requires great courage and perseverance to attempt it. You see this nettle that I hold in my hand? A number of the same sort grow around the cave in which you are sleeping, but those only, and such as grow on graves in churchyards, are available for the purpose required. You must pluck them, though they will blister your hands, and by treading them with your feet you will obtain flax, with which you must plait eleven coats of mail with long sleeves, and, by putting these on the eleven swans, the enchantment will be broken. But, remember, from the moment you begin your work until it is concluded, though it should last a year, you must not utter a syllable, or the first word you speak would pierce your brothers' hearts like a dagger."

THE ELEVEN WILD SWANS.

So saying, the fairy touched Elisa's hand with the nettle, which stung her so sharply that she immediately awoke,



and by her side she saw a nettle exactly similar to the one in her dream. She now felt thankful to Providence for granting her wishes, and immediately went out and gathered a number of nettles. They blistered her hands most dreadfully, but she heeded not the pain, and only thought of saving her brothers. After treading out the nettles with her bare feet, she began to plait a coat of mail with the green flax thus obtained. When the brothers came back in the evening, they were frightened at finding their sister dumb, but on looking at her hands they guessed what she was enduring for their sakes, and the youngest brother wept

from mingled pity and gratitude, and where his tears fell the blisters disappeared. She continued working all night, and during the following day, while the swans were absent. One coat of mail was now finished, and she began a second. As she was busy gathering more nettles, she heard the sound of a hunting horn, and flew back in alarm to her grotto, where she was presently followed by a pack of hounds and huntsmen, the handsomest among whom was king of the land. "Where do you come from, my beautiful maid?" said the king, who had never beheld any face so lovely before. Elisa only shook her head, for she dared not speak. "Come with me," said the king, "and you shall be drest in silk and velvet, and wear a gold crown, and live in my palace." So saying, he lifted her on to his horse and carried her away, though she wept and wrung her hands. At sunset they reached the royal residence, and she was taken through a splendid suite of rooms, to a chamber where a number of ladies' maids dressed her in the most sumptuous clothes, and drew gloves over her poor sore fingers; and when she appeared again amidst the courtiers, she looked so beautiful that they all bowed down to her, and the king chose her for his bride, though the archbishop muttered something about witchcraft, and did not half like the notion of such a marriage. But the king did not attend to him, and ordered the music to strike up, while a costly

supper was brought in, and the loveliest girls began to dance round the princess. But nothing could win a smile from her. Then the king led her to a little cabinet next to her sleeping chamber, which was carpeted with a rich green carpet, and where lay the bundle of flax which she had made out of the nettles, and the coat of mail, which one of the huntsmen had brought away as a curiosity, and said to her: "You can here fancy yourself in your early home, and compare your former rough work with your present queenly state." When Elisa heard this, she looked pleased for the first time, and kissed the king's hand, and he was so delighted that he caused all the bells in the kingdom to be rung, and he raised the dumb girl to the throne. The new queen loved the king for his kindness, and was sorry she could not tell him what lay so heavy on her heart, and she often got up at night and slipped away to advance her work; but when she began the seventh coat of mail, she was short of flax. She therefore went out one night to the churchyard to gather more nettles, and passed by a set of hideous witches, who feed there, when she happened to be seen by the archbishop, who informed the king next day of what he had witnessed. The king, though loth to believe anything against his wife, watched her closely the following night, while pretending to be asleep, and saw her get up and disappear. The same oc-

currence took place night after night, till she had completed all but one coat of mail, when, requiring some more flax, she stole out to the churchyard, followed by the king and the archbishop. When the king saw her pass by the horrid witches, he believed her guilty, and said with a sigh: "The people must judge her;" and the people condemned her to be burnt as a witch. She was then thrown into a dungeon, with nothing to lie upon but the nettles and the rough coats of mail; but for this she thanked Heaven, as it enabled her to continue her work. Towards evening her youngest brother came and flapped his wings against her prison bars, as if to bid her take heart; and before sunrise the eleven princes repaired to the palace, and requested an audience of the king; but he was asleep, and nobody dared to disturb him, and by dawn of day they were fain to fly over the roof as so many swans. The poor queen was now led forth in sackcloth, on a miserable cart, still working at the eleventh coat of mail, while the ten others lay around her. The populace taunted her, and would have torn her work to pieces, when eleven swans flew down, and, settling on the cart, kept flapping their wings. The mob then cried: "A miracle! she is innocent!" and just as the executioner was about to seize her, she hastily slipped the eleven coats over the swans, who instantly became eleven handsome princes—only the youngest had a wing instead

of an arm, as she had not had time to finish the sleeve. "Yes, I am innocent!" cried she, "for now I may speak." And the populace knelt before her as to a saint, while she fainted away from exhaustion. The eldest brother then related all that had happened, and while he spoke every fagot on the pile had taken root, and became a beautiful rose, and at the top of all bloomed a white rose, which the king gathered, and laid on Elisa's bosom, when she returned to life and happiness. And then the bells pealed merrily, and a feast was held, the like of which had never been seen before.

THE BLUE BIRD.

THREE once lived a king who was so afflicted at the loss of his wife, that his subjects feared he would die of grief, when a very artful, good-looking widow undertook to console him, and succeeded so well, that in a few months' time she was raised to the throne, and the deceased queen was quite forgotten. The king had a daughter by his first marriage, whose name was Florine, and who, in point of beauty and accomplishments, was



THE BLUE BIRD.



THERE once lived a king who was so afflicted at the loss of his wife, that his subjects feared he would die of grief, when a very artful, good-looking widow undertook to console him, and succeeded so well, that in a few months' time she was raised to the throne, and the deceased queen was quite forgotten. The king had a daughter by his first marriage, whose name was Florine, and who, in point of beauty and accomplishments, was

justly looked upon as the eighth wonder of the world. The new queen had likewise a daughter, who had been



brought up by her godmother the fairy Soussio, but was the very reverse of the princess as regards both personal and mental charms. She was called Troutilla, for she had as many freckles as a trout; moreover, her hair was black and greasy, and her yellow skin as oily as that of a fish. Still the queen fancied her a most attractive young lady, and told the king that she expected her to be provided with a husband before Florine, to which the weak monarch consented.

Just at this time it was rumoured that King Charmer was about to visit their court, so the queen ordered the most splendid dresses to be made for Troutilla, while she persuaded the king not to allow Florine to have any new clothes; and when the day came, she bribed the princess's women to steal all her jewels and gala dresses, so that she had nothing but a dirty gown to put on, which made her feel so ashamed that she hid herself in a corner of the room as the foreign king entered. The queen received King Charmer with all due honours, and introduced her daughter to him, but he could scarcely bear to look at her, and inquired whether there was not another princess, named Florine. "Yes," said Troutilla, "there she is, but she is such a dirty slut that she is glad to hide herself." A deep blush overspread Florine's cheeks at these words, and made her look so lovely, that King Charmer was quite dazzled, and, bowing respectfully to the beautiful princess, he said: "Your beauty, madam, is such as to require no aid from foreign ornament." And, from that moment, all his attentions were paid exclusively to Florine.

The queen and Troutilla were so enraged at the turn matters had taken, that they persuaded the king to order Florine to be shut up in a tower, as long as King Charmer should remain at court, and gave directions to all who were about his person to speak ill of the princess. But King Charmer did not believe a word they said, and bid

a young prince, who followed him on his travels, try and bribe one of the princess's women to obtain an audience of the beautiful Florine. The chambermaid promised compliance, and told him Florine would be sure to be that evening at a window on the ground-floor, overlooking the garden; but instead of apprising her mistress, she went and revealed King Charmer's intentions to the queen, who immediately determined to send Troutilla to the rendezvous. The night happened to be so dark that the king, wholly unaware of the trick played off upon him, said the most tender things imaginable to Troutilla, mistaking her for Florine, and, putting his ring on her finger, begged her to fix the day when he might take her away to his own kingdom. Accordingly, the next evening was appointed, when he came to fetch her in a flying chariot drawn by winged frogs; and scarcely had they set off, than he asked Troutilla where she chose their wedding to take place. She replied, that they had better repair to the palace of her godmother, the fairy Soussio, which they reached in a very short time. The palace was so brilliantly illuminated that the king would have perceived his error on their alighting, had not Troutilla been huddled up in a thick veil. She then ran to inform her godmother what she had done; but the walls of the room where she left the king being of transparent diamond, he perceived Troutilla and the fairy in earnest conversation, and wondered how she came there, when presently they

entered the room where he was waiting, and Soussio told him it was now time he should marry the princess Troutilla, to whom he had given his ring as a token of his love. The king, perceiving that he had been basely deceived, declared nothing should move him to marry such a monster of ugliness, and of so wayward a disposition. Finding threats and entreaties alike unavailing, Soussio at length said: "Well, then! Choose between doing penance for seven years, and marrying my god-daughter." "Anything you like," said the king, "so that I be delivered from this uncouth creature." "Then you may fly out of that window, if you please," said Soussio, "for you shall be a Blue Bird for seven years." These words were no sooner uttered than the king was transformed into a bird, and flew away with a dismal screech. The fairy then sent the disappointed Troutilla home.

Meanwhile the Blue Bird was fluttering about the palace, and peeping in at all the windows in the hopes of seeing his beloved princess. At length he happened to perch on a tall cypress just opposite Florine's tower, and hearing the sound of lamentations, and recognising the princess's voice, he flew on to the window sill, and quickly made himself known. Florine could scarcely recover from her surprise. The king then explained all that had taken place; and, if anything could console Florine for seeing him reduced to this sad condition, it was to find how much he must love her to have preferred becoming a bird to marrying her odious rival.

The lovers now met every evening, after which the Blue Bird concealed himself in the hollow trunk of a tree. And as it would have been imprudent to risk his being seen during the day, he generally employed the time in flying to his capital, and bringing back the most costly presents for his dear princess, all of which Florine hid in her mattress during the day, and only wore them at night to please her feathered admirer.

Two years flew away in this manner, during which the queen had vainly sent ambassadors to all the neighbouring courts to offer Troutilla in marriage. These repeated refusals so enraged both mother and daughter that the former declared Florine must keep up a correspondence with different foreign powers, and ought to be accused of treason; and, though it was late at night, they determined to go up into her tower and try and elicit something by questioning her.

It happened, just as they opened the door, that Florine was talking to the royal bird at the window, which she had only just time to close before the two furies approached her. But she could not prevent their seeing her decked out in valuable jewels, while the whole room was strewed with fresh gathered flowers. "Your intrigues against the state have been found out," cried the queen, in a paroxysm of rage, "and no doubt these jewels are the price for which you have sold your father's kingdom." Then, after searching everywhere, and find-

ing a quantity of precious stones in the mattress, the queen was so puzzled, that she retired with the determin-



ation of having the princess narrowly watched. So she sent her a chambermaid, who pretended to be a simpleton, and said she had come to wait upon her. But Florine, who at once concluded she was a spy, did not dare appear at her window for a whole month, when, at last, the girl having dropped asleep from exhaustion, she ventured to look out and say—

“ Bird as blue as th’ azure sky,
Quickly to me hither fly.”

The bird was not long in obeying the summons, and for that night and the two following, all went very smoothly; but unfortunately on the fourth night, the spy

was woke by their conversation, and, though she pretended to be asleep all the while, she contrived to see the bird, and to hear most of what the lovers said, which she went and repeated to the queen on the following day. The queen bid her go back, and pretend to be asleep as usual that night, when the poor princess, thinking all was safe, opened the window and called to the bird. But no bird came; for the wicked queen had ordered a quantity of knives and daggers to be fastened to the branches of the cypress, so that when the Blue Bird (whom she knew to be King Charmer) flew down upon the tree, he cut his wings, and was so dreadfully wounded that he left a long track of blood as he crawled back to his hollow trunk. Here he was found by his friend the enchanter, who had given him the flying chariot, and who, on seeing the equipage return home empty, guessed something was the matter, and went eight times round the earth in search of him.

The enchanter had only to mutter a few words to restore the poor bird completely, and then he inquired how he came to be transformed, and how this accident had happened? The Blue Bird related his sad story, and, feeling convinced that Florine had connived at his intended destruction, in order to make her peace with the queen, he begged the enchanter to take him home with him, and keep him in a cage out of harm's way.

Meanwhile poor Florine kept calling to her bird in

THE BLUE BIRD.

vain, and was half distracted at the thought that he had perhaps fallen a victim to some snare laid by the queen.



But the day of retribution had now come for her unworthy stepmother. The old king died suddenly, and the people rose and rushed to the palace, demanding to have their rightful sovereign, Princess Florine, restored to them. The queen treated the matter so haughtily, that a violent sedition ensued; the palace was forcibly entered, her apartment was pillaged, and she herself was stoned by the infuriated mob. Troutilla managed to escape, and reached her godmother's palace.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Florine was now raised to the throne; but, being intent on finding the Blue Bird, she named a council to govern in her absence, and, taking a quantity of jewels with her, she set off alone upon her travels, in the disguise of a peasant. After wandering a long way, both by sea and by land, she stopped one day to rest herself by the side of a spring, and could not refrain from weeping at the hopelessness of her search, when an old woman who passed by, besought her to tell the cause of her tears.

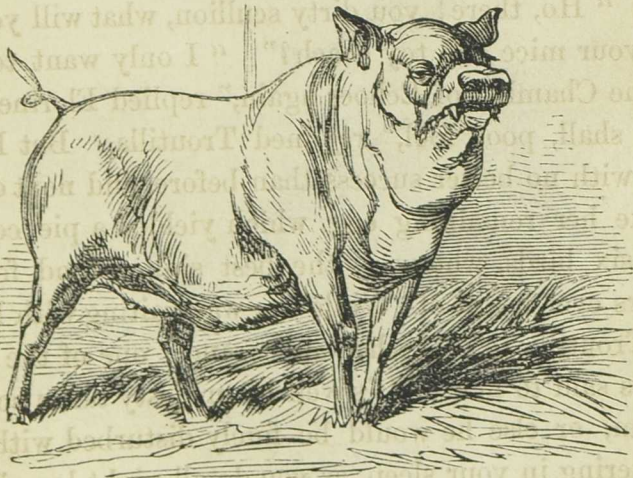


The queen having related her story, the old woman suddenly changed to a young and beautiful fairy, and said: "Peerless queen, the bird you seek is a bird no longer.

My sister fairy, Soussio, has restored him to his shape, and he is now in his kingdom. Take these two eggs, and should you stand in need of help, break one of them. Now, farewell, and speed on your journey." The fairy would not afflict Florine by telling her that Soussio had only granted a temporary respite to King Charmer, at the enchanter's request, on condition that he should either make up his mind to marry Troutilla, or resume his plumage at the end of a few months, for which purpose she had brought her god-daughter to his palace. So poor Florine, on arriving in his capital, was shocked to hear that the king was going to be married in a day or two to Troutilla. The queen then besmeared her face with mould, so as not to be recognisable, and went to the palace to crave an audience of the king. "A likely story, indeed!" cried the guards, "that he would look upon such a dirty slut as you!" Just at this moment, however, Troutilla came out in regal pomp to get into her carriage, when Florine held up a pair of emerald bracelets the king had formerly given her, and asked whether her highness would purchase them. "And what may you ask for you glass baubles?" cried Troutilla. "Leave to sleep in the Chamber of Echoes," replied the queen, who had formerly been told by the Blue Bird that there existed in his palace a chamber so contrived, that everything said there in a low voice could be distinctly heard

in his bed-room. Florine was therefore taken into this chamber, where she reproached the king for his inconstancy all night long. But it was only wasting her breath, for King Charmer, since his misfortunes, regularly took opium to lull him to sleep, and had therefore not heard a syllable. The queen, finding he took no notice of her remonstrances, and wanting to obtain the means of again spending the night in the same place, now broke one of the eggs, and out came a tiny steel coach drawn by six green mice, and containing four puppets, who played the most surprising antics. When Troutilla sallied forth to take an airing, the queen set the little carriage a running, which so delighted the princess that she cried out: "Ho, there! you dirty scullion, what will you take for your mice and toy coach?" "I only want to sleep in the Chamber of Echoes again," replied Florine. "So you shall, poor fool," rejoined Troutilla. But Florine met with no better success than before, and next day she broke her remaining egg, which yielded a pie containing six birds, who were the best singers and fortunetellers ever heard of. While she was waiting with her pie for Troutilla to make her appearance, one of the king's valets said to her: "It's well his majesty takes so much opium, or else he would be finely disturbed with your chattering in your sleep, as you do all night long." The queen took a handful of diamonds from her bag, and

said: "I care so little about disturbing him, that if you will give him no opium to-night, you shall have these." The valet of course promised compliance; and, having sold her pie on the usual terms, the queen was allowed to spend the night in the Chamber of Echoes. This time the king heard all she said, and, recognising Florine's voice, he immediately went down by a back staircase into the cabinet, where he found the queen, who had thrown off her rags, beneath which she wore a dress of white taffeta. The lovers were so delighted to see each other, that they found little room for mutual reproaches about their supposed grievances, but all was quickly explained,



when it turned out that Troutilla and her godmother were the only obstacles to their happiness. At this mo-

ment the enchanter appeared, together with the fairy who had given the queen the eggs, and declared that their united power would have sufficient strength to destroy Soussio's enchantment, and that nothing now prevented the marriage of King Charmer and his beautiful Florine. The news flew speedily over the palace, and Troutilla came in a great rage to abuse her rival, when the enchanter and the fairy changed her to a sow, that she might grunt and grumble to the end of her days; and probably she proved as great a shrew in her sty as she had hitherto shewn herself in a palace.

LITTLE MAIA



LITTLE MAIA.

THERE once lived a woman, who so regretted not having any children, that she at last applied to an old witch, telling her she would be reduced to beg, borrow, or even steal an infant, unless she could assist her to find one. "There is no need to do that," said the witch; "only take this barleycorn, which is of quite a different kind to what ploughmen sow in the fields, and plant it in a flower pot, and you will see what a rare blossom it will bring you."

The woman thanked her, and gave her twelve shillings; and the moment she reached home she planted the barleycorn, that soon grew up into a beautiful large flower,

that seemed to promise to be something like a tulip, as far as could be judged from the bud. The woman was delighted at the sight of it, but her raptures were unbounded when the leaves unfolded and discovered the most exquisite and delicately-formed little girl, not above an inch high, to whom she gave the name of Maia.

A neatly varnished walnut shell made a cradle for the diminutive creature; her mattress was of violets, and a rose leaf served as her counterpane. During the day-time she played on the table, where her foster-mother had placed a plate, encircled by a wreath of flowers, with their stems in water. A large tulip leaf served as a boat, in which Maia rowed about on this miniature lake, with a couple of oars, each consisting of a single white horse-hair. She would sing, too, with a tiny voice of the most delicious quality.

One night, as she lay in her pretty bed, a nasty ugly wet toad jumped into the room, through a broken pane in the window, and alighted on the table, while she slept beneath her rosy counterpane. "She would make a charming wife for my son," thought the toad; and, taking up the walnut shell, Maia and all, she hopped back into the garden. It was here she lived, on the marshy bank of a broad stream, together with her son, who was as frightful as herself, and said nothing but "Croak! croak!" when he saw the beautiful little creature in her walnut shell.

“Not so loud,” quoth the mother toad, “or you will wake her, and she might escape from us. We will lay her on the acanthus leaves in the middle of the stream, which will serve as an island for so small and light a being, and then she will not be able to run away, while we prepare the state apartment under the swamp.”

Accordingly, the old toad placed her on the broadest acanthus leaf, that spread its green surface on the water.



When the little creature woke in the morning, and found herself surrounded by water, she began to cry bitterly; but her fright greatly increased when the toad, after decking her chamber with reeds and flowers for the reception of her intended daughter-in-law, swam up to the acanthus leaf, in company with her son, and presented him to Maia, saying: “This is your future husband, and you shall presently see what an elegant residence has

been prepared for you in the swamp." "Croak! croak!" was all the son could say in confirmation of his mother's assertion.

They then swam away with the pretty cradle, to place it in the bride's future abode, while Maia remained alone on the acanthus, and wept at the very thought of marrying a hideous toad. The little fishes, who had heard all that had passed, now popped their heads out of the water to see the tiny maiden, and when they found how pretty she was, they declared it would be a shame to let her be sacrificed to a loathsome toad; and, accordingly, they all assembled round the stem of the leaf she sat upon, and nibbled and nibbled till they set it free, and it floated down the stream, carrying little Maia far beyond the reach of her uncouth bridegroom.

Away she sailed past a number of cities, till she was fairly out of the land, and reached a beautiful country where the sun was shining like gold upon the water. Here she was seen by a cockchafer, who pounced down on the fragile equipage, and, encircling her in his claws, bore her off to a tree. Oh! how frightened was poor little Maia! But she soon saw the cockchafer meant no harm, for he placed her on the greenest leaf that grew upon the tree, and gave her some honey from its blossoms to eat, and told her she was a sweet little creature, though so unlike a cockchafer. Presently, some female cockchafers, who lived in the same tree, came to see her,

but they turned up their feelers very disdainfully, as they observed that the pitiful thing had only two legs! and they all, with one voice, declared her to be extremely ugly.

The cockchafer, seeing that his female friends held her so cheap, finished by thinking that he was mistaken about her beauty, and declared he no longer cared about her, and that she might go away wherever she liked. They then flew down with little Maia, and placed her on a daisy, where she sat and wept to think that she was so ugly that even the cockchafers would not let her remain amongst them.

Poor little Maia lived all alone in the forest the whole summer through. She made herself a hammock of plaited grass blades, which she hung under a burdock leaf, to be safe from showers; the honey drawn from flowers served for her food, and dewdrops for her drink; and all this was vastly pleasant so long as summer, or even autumn lasted. But when winter came, and the birds had ceased to sing, and the trees and flowers had withered, and the large burdock leaf that served for her shelter was completely shrivelled up, leaving nothing but a bare stem, then it was quite a different story, and poor little Maia was nearly frozen to death, especially when the snow began to fall, for every flake was to her like what a shovelful would be to ordinary human beings. So she sallied forth from the wood into a corn field that lay close by, where there was nothing but the dry, hard stubble

left, which, proportionately to her, seemed an immense forest. After wandering a long while, she reached a nar-



row opening that led to the dwelling of a field-mouse, who had burrowed a safe retreat under the stubble, where she lived very snugly, and had a chamber full of corn, and an excellent kitchen and dining-room. Poor Maia just ventured into the passage, like a beggar, and requested a little bit of a barleycorn, as she had not tasted food for nearly a couple of days.

“Why, you diminutive creature!” cried the field-mouse, who was a good-hearted old body in the main, “come into my warm room, and dine with me.”

And Maia pleased her so well that she told her she might stay with her all the winter, provided she would

keep the rooms clean and tidy, and tell her amusing stories. Maia did as the old field mouse required of her, and they lived very comfortably together.

“We shall soon have a visit from a neighbour of mine, who comes to see me once a week,” said the field-mouse. “He is much better off than I am, and has a fine large house, and wears a beautiful black velvet tippet. You would be a lucky girl, indeed, if you got him for a husband! So, as he can’t see at all, you must mind and tell him all your best stories, to try and please him.”

But Maia had no notion of marrying a mole; and, when he came in his fine black velvet tippet, to visit his neighbour, she made little account either of his boasted learning or of his fine house, which the field-mouse frequently said was at least twenty times larger than her own, for he professed to dislike both flowers and sunshine, and that, simply because he had never seen them! However, Maia was obliged to sing, and her voice was so sweet that the mole fell at once in love with her, though, being a prudent character, he said nothing of the kind till he had taken time for reflection.

As the mole had lately burrowed a long passage leading from his house to his neighbour’s, he gave the field-mouse and Maia leave to walk there whenever they liked, but warned them not to be afraid of the dead bird that was lying on the ground, and which he had found by accident on turning up the earth, as he hollowed out the

passage. The mole then shewed them the way through the long dark winding, and when they came near the



spot where lay the bird, he bored a hole through the roof with his broad nose, so as to let in light, and they perceived a dead swallow, with its beautiful wings closely pressed to its sides, and its feet and head drawn up under its feathers. It was evident he had been frozen to death. Maia felt pained for the poor little thing, for she was very fond of birds; but the unfeeling mole only pushed him out of the way, observing: "He will not pipe any more! Thank God I was not born a bird, who can say nothing but 'twit! twit!' and is obliged to die of hunger when winter sets in."

"That is a sensible remark of yours, neighbour," quoth

clame field-mouse; for, as you say, 'twit! twit!' won't earn him a livelihood and prevent his starving."

But when these two worthies had turned their backs, little Maia returned and kissed the bird's closed eyes. "For who knows," said she, "but it may be one of those who sang to me so sweetly during the summer!"

The mole now stopped up the hole again, and the ladies returned home. But Maia could not sleep that night, so she got out of bed, and plaited a hay coverlet, which she went and spread over the dead swallow, and then laid some soft wool, which she had found in her mistress's chamber, on each side of the bird, to keep him warm as he lay on the cold earth. When she had concluded her pious offices, just as she stooped down to give the bird a parting kiss, she was half frightened at feeling something within his breast; for he was not dead, but only benumbed by cold, and the warm covering had brought him back to life. Maia trembled with fear, because the bird was so large, compared to herself, yet she took courage, and ran to fetch a mint leaf, which served her for a counterpane, and laid it over his head.

On the following night, she went to see how he was; but though alive, she found him so weak that he could only thank her in a faint voice, and express a wish to get back into the sunshine, to be restored to strength. But Maia told him that the snow lay on the ground, and that he must remain for a while in his warm bed, and she

would take care of him. She then brought him a draught of water in a leaf, and he related to her how his wing had been torn by a bramble, which prevented his joining his fellow swallows in their flight, and how, at last, he had fallen exhausted on the ground, and been so benumbed by the cold that he knew not what became of him afterwards.



So the swallow spent the winter under ground, and was kindly attended upon by Maia, unknown to either the field-mouse or the mole, both of whom hated birds; and when spring came round again, she opened the hole for the bird to depart. As he was about to sally forth into the sunny atmosphere, the swallow told Maia, that, if she would come with him, he could easily carry her on his back. But Maia refused, for she knew the old field-mouse would be sorry to part with her. "Then farewell, thou

sweet, kind girl," cried the swallow, as he flew away; and poor Maia watched him with tearful eyes.

The corn which had been sown about the field-mouse's dwelling had now sprung up, and formed rows of lofty trees, according to Maia's estimate, and she would fain have rambled beneath their shade, but dame field-mouse would not let her go a-gadding. "You must make your wedding outfit during the summer," said the thrifty mouse, "against you become the mole's wife." For that tiresome personage had asked her in marriage of the field mouse. So Maia was set to spin, and four spiders were employed day and night, to forward the preparations; and the mole came to court her every evening. But Maia could not abide the stupid creature, and when she stole up every morning and evening to peep at the blue sky, between the ears of corn, she wished the swallow back again, though she had little hope of his ever returning.

When autumn came, her wedding clothes were all ready, and the field-mouse told her that in another month the marriage should take place; but Maia wept, and said she would not marry the nasty mole. "Nonsense!" cried the mouse; "don't talk such stuff, or I shall bite you. You ought to be thankful for such a husband." Then Maia was very sad to think she would have to live under ground, and never see the earth's fair face,

even as much as she had done at the field-mouse's, and she went to take a last leave of the sun. The harvest was now over, and, as she leant upon a little red flower that still remained, and looked mournfully up at the sky, she heard "twit! twit!" above her head, and in another moment her friend the swallow was by her side. She then related her troubles to him, when he told her to mount upon his back, and fasten herself securely with her girdle, and he would bear her far beyond the mole's reach, to a beautiful warm land, where the summer was perpetual. This time Maia willingly consented, and away the swallow flew with her over the woods, and the sea beyond, and across snow-capped mountains, till they reached a lovely climate, where grapes and citrons were growing, and butterflies disporting. But the swallow did not stop here, but flew to a more distant and delicious country, where, on the shores of the blue ocean, stood the ruins of a white marble palace, at the top of whose vine-wreathed columns a number of his fellow birds had built their nests. "This is my home," said the swallow; "but I will set you down amongst those pretty white flowers that grow between the broken fragments of yon fallen pillar." So saying, he placed her on one of the broad leaves, when she was surprised to see a little manikin, as white and transparent as glass, with wings on his shoulders and a gold crown on his head, standing in the midst of the flower.

LITTLE MAIA.

Every flower contains a male or a female spirit of the same kind, but this was the king of them all. "O! how



handsome he is!" cried Maia to the swallow. And, when the prince had recovered from his fright at the giant bird, he was in turn so delighted at Maia's beauty that he took off his crown and placed it on her brow, and asked her to become his wife, and the queen over all the flowers. This was rather a different match from the toad or the mole! So little Maia soon said "Yes," and there stepped forth from each flower a little lady, or a manikin, who brought her presents, the best among which was a pair of wings about the size of those of a large fly, which they fastened to her shoulders, and which enabled

her to flutter from flower to flower; and then great rejoicings were held, and the swallow sang his sweetest songs to the newly wedded pair, and brought back the story of little Maia, when the season once again recalled him to Denmark.

THE ELVES OF THE FAIRY FOREST.

Now read, and be good children, said Mrs. Bridg,
to little Maia, who was always the queer with her
neighbour's son Andrew, and I was to be taken into the
wood while Andrew and I were to look after the
markers.
Father Martin then took us to the woods, which stood
on a pretty green hill, and the forest was dark and
adjoining the banks below that tree and extending down
much better of they had been ever since they had re-
moved to this village, and the children were manning themselves with
The children meanwhile were manning themselves with



THE ELVES OF THE FAIRY FOREST.

“Now mind, and be good children,” said Dame Bridget, to little Marie, who was playing on the green with their neighbour’s son Andrew, “and don’t be running into the wood while father and I are gone to look after the hay-makers.”

Farmer Martin then locked up the cottage, which stood on a pretty green hillock, and the parents went their way admiring the heavily laden fruit trees, and remarking how much better off they had been ever since they had removed to this village.

The children meanwhile were amusing themselves with

running for a wager, a game at which the active little Marie constantly outstripped her slower companion. "But this is nothing of a race," cried Andrew, "and I doubt if you would win in a longer run. Now let's make for the great pear tree on the hill, which is a quarter of an hour's distance from hence, and I'll go to the left, by the fir trees, and you to the right, across the field, and then we shall have a fair trial." Marie had often heard her father say the distance was just the same by either road, so she agreed to the proposal, and off Andrew set, and was out of sight in a moment. "Now, how foolish he is," thought Marie; "for if I could only take courage, and cross the stream,



and pass by the gypsies' hut, I might reach the goal long before he can."

But it would have required some nerve on the part of older persons than Marie to venture upon a spot that was deemed accursed by all the surrounding inhabitants, and which formed the only dark speck in the smiling landscape. It was a hollow glen surrounded by fir-trees, and containing some ruined dwellings, from which smoke was rarely seen to ascend; nor had the most curious ever dared to approach nearer than just to perceive some frightful women in rags, nursing ugly, dirty children, while a number of black dogs were playing around them. Others, too, had seen at nightfall a man of gigantic stature crossing the plank that lay over the stream, and entering the cottage, and strange figures had been observed through the darkness, like shadows round a rural fire. "O dear!" thought Marie, "if I stand shilly-shallying here, Andrew will certainly win the race." So she dashed onwards at all risks, and, in another moment, the dark fir trees completely screened her parents' house and the whole landscape from her sight.

What was her surprise on finding herself suddenly in the midst of a lovely flower-garden, filled with the gayest birds and butterflies, where a number of pretty children were frolicking about, some playing with little lambs, others gathering flowers, or feeding birds, and others eating the most delicious fruit! Not being shy, she went up to one of the children, and held out her hand, saying: "Good morning." The little girl welcomed her kindly,

and then Marie observed: "So you are not gypsies, as Andrew always said you were?" "Andrew talks a deal of nonsense," replied the child; "but if you will stay with us, you will like the life we lead." "Oh, but we are running for a race," objected Marie. "Eat some of this fruit," said the little girl; and, as soon as Marie had tasted it, she forgot all about the race with Andrew, and her parents' having forbidden her to stray so far.

A tall and beautiful lady now came forth, and Marie told her that her little companions wanted to detain her. The lady said: "You know, Zerina, that she has only a short time allowed her, and, besides, you ought to have consulted me." "I thought," replied the radiant child, "that, since she had come over the bridge, we might keep her. She will not be long with us, any way." "I will stay here," cried the little stranger; "there are no such playthings, or such strawberries or cherries to be found anywhere else."

The lady smiled, and then retired. The children now surrounded Marie, and some brought her lambs and playthings, while others sang to a variety of musical instruments, to entertain their new playmate. "Now I'll shew you a pretty game," said Zerina, and away she ran into the palace close by, and came back with a small golden box full of gold seeds, a few of which she sowed in the grass. The grass presently heaved like the billows of the sea, and in a few moments there shot up several rose trees,

that immediately bloomed, and filled the air with their perfume. She next buried two fir apples in the earth,



and stamped upon them violently, when two green shrubs started into existence. "Now take hold of me," said Zerina. Marie put her arm round her waist, and felt herself lifted up into the air, as the fir trees kept growing rapidly under them. Then the other children came to join the sport, and climbed up the trees, and pushed each other, but, as often as one happened to be thrown down by its playfellows, it floated through the air, and reached the ground slowly and in safety.

They next went into the palace, where they found a number of beautiful women of different ages sitting eating fruit, and listening to the most delightful music, in a

THE ELVES OF THE FAIRY FOREST.

round room, with a painted ceiling representing palm trees and flowers, and the figures of little children.

From thence they went down a flight of bronze steps that led to an underground vault, where lay piles of gold, silver, and precious stones, while the vessels standing round the walls were filled with the same valuable materials. A number of dwarfs were busy sorting the metal, while others, that were humped-back and crooked-legged, brought sacks on their shoulders as millers carry corn, and then shook out the shining grain



upon the floor. A little shrivelled old man, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, sat in one corner, to watch the labours of the dwarfs, who obeyed his slightest sign. "Who is he?" inquired the little

stranger. "He is our metal prince," replied her companion, as they walked on.

They then seemed to be in the open air, although there was no sky or sun above them; and, on coming to a large pond, they stepped into a little boat, which Zerina rowed very fast. When they had reached the middle of the pond, Marie saw thousands of pipes leading the water off into so many canals and rivulets, one of which, as her radiant playmate informed her, went to fertilise the meadows of her own village. By the time they returned to the garden, they found the other children asleep under the arbours, but the two little girls felt so little inclined to rest, that they rambled about till morning. When all the children, or rather the elves, for such Marie had now learnt them to be, were once more astir, they heard a great tumult in the meadow, and cries of: "The Beautiful Bird is come!" at which signal they all flocked to the palace. A bird, about the size of an eagle, whose plumage was scarlet and green striped with gold, after flying round and round the painted cupola of the circular hall, began to sing so exquisitely that even the youngest amongst the children were melted to tears. When he had finished, they all bowed down before him, and after again describing a number of circles, he flew out at the door. "Why are you all so pleased?" inquired Marie of the beautiful child, who somehow appeared to her smaller to-day than yesterday. "Because," said the little girl,

“the King of the Elves is coming. He has sent the phoenix as his messenger; but we must now part, my sweet friend, for you may not look upon the king.”



The beautiful lady now came, and gave Marie a ring, and bid her never divulge anything about the elfin race, or they would be obliged to flee the neighbourhood, and all the fruitfulness they had brought upon the land would be forfeited for ever. Zerina then took leave of her with many tears, and Marie stooped down to embrace her, and then she found herself on the narrow bridge. “How anxious my parents must have been all night,” thought she; “and yet I must not tell them what has happened, to me. She then hastened home, but was astonished to see the trees, that were loaded with fruit the day before

now leafless; and, odder still, a new barn beside the cottage. She opened the door with strange feelings, when she saw her father sitting at table between an unknown



woman and a young man. "Why, father," cried she, "where is mother?" "Mother!" exclaimed the woman, starting up, "it cannot be—and yet—yes, it is my long lost, own dearly beloved Marie." After mutual embraces, Marie asked the name of the youth. They told her it was her old playfellow Andrew; and he inquired, in turn, how she had been lost for seven years. "Seven years!" cried Marie, "is it possible?" "Yes," said Andrew, laughing, and heartily shaking her hand; "I reached the pear-tree seven years ago, and you have taken all

this time to reach the goal!" Marie was puzzled how to answer without betraying her friends; but she let her parents believe she had lost her way, and that some kind people had taken her to a distant town, and brought her up, and that, her benefactors being now dead, she had tried to find her way back to her native village.

The next day all the neighbours came to see her, and even the lord of the manor and his wife sent for her, to question her about her travels; and she answered so politely, and in such good language, that all the company at the castle were delighted with her. But Andrew was more struck than any one else with the charms of his former playmate, and he courted her so assiduously throughout the summer and autumn, that, by the time winter came, she consented to marry him.

Marie could not help often thinking with regret of the time she had spent amongst the elves, and she remained serious. The earth could not seem beautiful to her after fairyland; and she used, too, to be vexed when she heard her husband or her father railing at what they called the gypsies who dwelt in the Fir-tree Glen, and on those occasions she could hardly forbear betraying herself. In the following year, her melancholy thoughts were happily relieved by the birth of a little girl, whom she named Elfrida, to remind her of the word elf.

The child was scarcely a year old before she could

speak, and showed such remarkable capacities, combined with such beauty, as she grew older, that her mother could not help comparing her to the lovely little beings behind the fir-trees. Elfrida did not mix in the sports of other children, but liked to read or to sew in a quiet corner of the garden, and occasionally she would walk about, as if in deep thought, or talking to herself. The parents let her have her way, but grandam Bridget (for the young couple lived with the parents) shook her head, and used to say that over wise children are not long for this world.

At a little distance from the farm-house were some detached buildings, for keeping fruit and agricultural instruments, and behind these was a grass plot where stood an old arbour, which nobody ever went into, as the new arrangement of the buildings had quite separated it from the garden. This was a favourite retreat of Elfrida's, as nobody thought of disturbing her here. But one day, when her mother was looking for something, she happened to perceive a chink in the wall, and took a fancy to remove a loose stone, to see what her child was after, when, on looking into the arbour, she saw her old friend Zerina playing with Elfrida. "It was thus I used to play with your mother when she was a little thing like you," said the elf. "What a pity you mortals grow up so soon!" "I wish I could remain little," said Elfrida,

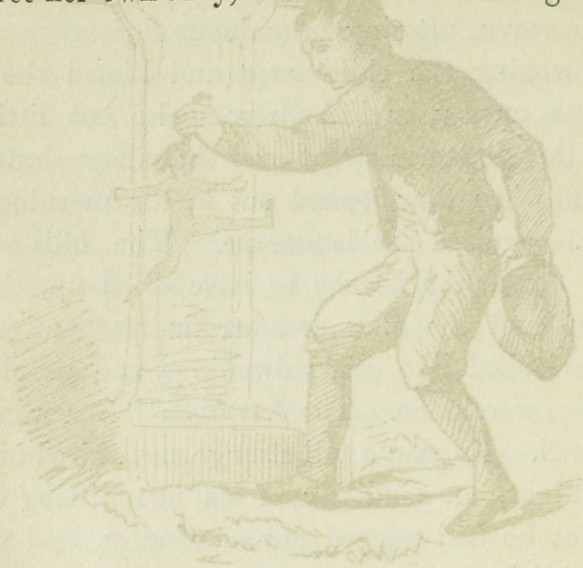
“that I might visit you!” “That is impossible, since our king is with us,” replied Zerina; “but I’ll come to you often, so long as you remain a child. And now we’ll make another rose.”

So saying, Zerina took up the well-known golden box, and a rose tree appeared, and she plucked one of its flowers, and breathed upon it thrice, and kissed it three times, and then gave it to Elfrida, telling her it would last till winter. They then parted, and Zerina returned home. Marie embraced her child that evening with feelings of anxiety, and almost of awe, and left her more liberty than before, though she often watched her through the chink. But one day, when the elf flew up into the air with Elfrida, she forgot her caution, and put her head through the hole in her alarm, and then Zerina saw her, and shook her head at her, yet in a friendly manner withal. The quarrel about the gypsies had meanwhile been frequently renewed between Marie and her husband, and one day, when he called them vagabonds, her passion got the better of her discretion, and she cried out: “Hold your tongue: they are the benefactors of the whole village.” Then, unable any longer to refrain from justifying them, she told him her whole story, under the seal of secrecy, and took him to the chink in the wall, whence he could see the elf. An exclamation of astonishment involuntarily escaped him, when Zerina

looked up, then grew pale and trembled, and, with a countenance full of anger against the intruder, she embraced Elfrida, saying: " 'Tis not your fault, dear soul; but mortals will never learn wisdom." She then flew away as a raven, uttering an ominous shriek.

That evening the child wept and kissed the rose; Marie was uneasy, and Andrew spoke but little. A dreadful thunderstorm swept over the village during the night, and when they looked out in the morning, they scarcely recognised the landscape. The hills seemed to have sunk, the brooks to have dried up, the sky was grey, and the once dreaded fir-trees and ruined buildings looked like other dwellings, and people said the gypsies were gone. The ferryman had a wonderful story to tell. He said a tall strange man hired his boat for the night, on condition of his not stirring out of doors; but he had peeped out of window, and seen a stream of light, as if thousands of stars had fallen between the fir-trees and the banks of the stream; and there were innumerable little figures that got into the ferry-boat, and were rowed away by the strange man, who came back many times, till all were shipped away; and they kept up such a tramping, and chattering, and moaning, as never was heard. By daylight all was again quiet, but there was now scarcely water enough to float his boat. Everything went wrong that year. The fruit

was blighted, the harvest failed, and the place grew dismal and fell to ruin. Poor little Elfrida withered and died with her own rose; and Marie, after living awhile to regret her own folly, was laid in the same grave.



THE ELFIN PLOUGH.

There once lived a peasant in Roderbichen, who was extremely poor, but an honest, pious man; and every morning, as he went to his work, he would kneel down before a stone cross that stood on his road, and say his prayers. One day, while performing his usual devotions, he perceived a very brilliant worm, such as he had never



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seen before, running up and down the cross, as if he wanted to get away, or was frightened. The peasant took no further notice of him the first time, but when, on the two following mornings, he saw him wriggling about after the same fashion, he began to be half uneasy, and said to himself: "Can this be a little elf? He runs about, for all the world, as though he had a bad conscience, and would fain get away yet could not." For he had heard his father tell, that whenever one of the little under-ground people touch any consecrated object, they are held fast and cannot escape from it. So he seized the worm between his fingers, and, in spite of its resistance, he pulled it away, when he found he was holding by one lock an ugly little black fellow, scarcely six times the height of one's thumb, who screamed and struggled as hard as he could. The peasant, though horrified at this sudden transformation, had sufficient presence of mind to keep a firm hold of his prize, and said: "Wait a bit, my little man, I'll teach you better manners." And with this he gave him a thrashing, when the little fellow began to whimper and to beg the peasant to let him go. "No, no, my little master," quoth the peasant, "you shall not stir till you have told me who you are, and how you came here, and what you can do to earn an honest penny." The manikin grinned, and shook his head, but would not speak a word. "Hoho!" cried the peasant, "I see I must dust your jacket a little more."

And thereupon he beat him till his arm ached, but all to no purpose; the little black elf remained as mute as the grave, for this species is the most mischievous and obstinate of all the under-ground spirits. Seeing there was no getting a word out of him, the peasant took him home, and put him into an iron trap, which he placed in a cold, dark chamber, and, laying a heavy stone on the top of the lid, so that he should not get out, he said: "There, my little man, there shall you remain and freeze till you are black in the face, unless you learn better manners."

And the peasant went into the chamber twice a week, to see if his prisoner had come to his senses; but the little fellow remained dumb. This lasted for about six weeks, when the black elf grew tame, and at last cried out to the peasant, that if he would but let him out of his nasty prison, he would do whatever he wished. The peasant bid him first tell him how he had come into his power. "That you know as well as I do," replied the black elf, "or you would not have caught me as you did. You see I came too near the cross, which we little people are not allowed to do, under pain of being held fast and becoming visible. Therefore I changed myself into a worm, in the hopes of not being recognised by any mortal man. Still, we never can get away unless a human being takes us off; therefore we must choose between two evils; for if it is disagreeable to be detained, it is scarcely less so to be handled by mortals, of whom we

have a natural abhorrence." "Nay, then," exclaimed the peasant, "there is not much love lost between us; and if you come to that, I am sure I have as great a horror of you, my black friend, as you can possibly entertain for me. So let us make our bargain at once, and have done."

"Say what you require," returned the elf; "gold, or silver, or precious stones shall be yours in a moment."

"No," replied the peasant, "these things only turn people's heads, and make them grow idle and fretful, so I'll have none of them. But as you are such clever smiths, you must swear you will make me an iron plough that the smallest colt will be able to draw without ever getting tired, and then you may take to your heels as fast as you like."

The black elf took the oath that was required of him, and the peasant immediately set him free.

On the following morning, before dawn, there stood an iron plough in the peasant's farm yard. It looked the same size as an ordinary plough, but when he put his dog to it, the animal drew it with the utmost ease through the most clayey soil, and the furrows it traced were very deep ones. The peasant used this plough for many years, and the smallest colt or the sorriest donkey could draw it without turning a hair, to the surprise of all his neighbours. In time the plough enriched the peasant, as it cost him scarcely anything in horse flesh, and he married and lived very comfortably, and brought up

his sons in habits of industry, often repeating to them his favourite maxim, that those who are moderate in their wishes, are sure to grow rich enough to be happy.



On his death-bed the peasant revealed the secret of the plough to his children; but it served them nothing, for the breath was no sooner out of their father's body than it lost all its virtues, and became just the same as an ordinary plough. The elder son, Kanz, murmured very much at this, and often observed to his brother, that he wished their father had been a little less moderate in his wishes, and had asked for gold or precious stones, as something would then have remained for them; and he

generally concluded by observing, that if he ever met with a similar piece of luck, he should know how to turn it to far greater advantage. And from that time nothing ran in Kanz's head but the wish to get either a black or a brown elf into his power, and become a wealthy man. So while his younger brother Fritz was toiling from morning till night to improve his share of the estate their father had left them, Kanz was generally asleep all day under a hay-stack, the natural consequence of spending his nights in searching for some token belonging to the little under-ground people, or such a worm as his father had met with. Kanz never found a worm, but he managed at length to pick up a glass shoe belonging to a brown elf, which was every bit as good. No sooner had he secured this prize, than he went towards midnight to the nine mountains near Ramin, and called out lustily: "Kanz of Rodenkirchen has found a glass shoe. Who'll buy? who'll buy?"

Accordingly, as soon as the time came round when the owner of the shoe was allowed to come out of the ground by daylight, he came in the disguise of a merchant, and knocked at Kanz's door, and inquired whether he had glass shoes to sell, as there was just now a great demand for them? Kanz answered, that he had a glass shoe, but so small and so elegant that it was not everybody's money. The merchant, having asked to see it, observed, that there was nothing very particular about the shoe,

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yet he was willing to give a thousand dollars for it. But Kanz laughed contemptuously, and informed the merchant, that, unless he could manage so that he should find a ducat in every furrow he turned up, he might e'en



go and seek another market for glass shoes. So, when the merchant found that all his twisting and turning was of no avail, he at length gave way, the bargain was effected, and Kanz gave up the shoe on his swearing to do his bidding. The moment the merchant was gone, Kanz ran

to the stable, and putting his horses to the plough, went to the nearest piece of land, and no sooner had he broken the ground, than out jumped a ducat; and this was repeated every time he traced a fresh furrow. From that day there was no end to Kanz's ploughing. He bought eight new horses, besides the eight he already possessed, and their mangers were always full of oats, in order that two fresh horses might be in readiness every two hours. Thus would he plough from dawn till past midnight, both summer and winter, except, indeed, when the earth was quite frozen. And as, in order to keep his own secret, he had never allowed anybody to help him, he was much more jaded than his horses, who had plenty of rest and fodder; and he grew pale and morose, and scarcely took any notice of either his wife or his children; for instead of leading a pleasant life with his newly acquired wealth, he only thought of obtaining more, and of counting over what he already possessed. His wife and his neighbours pitied him for having become so silent and so sad, and thought he must be half out of his wits, and that he would ruin himself with keeping so many horses; but his brother Fritz suspected what had happened, and sometimes he could not refrain from observing to him: "Moderate wishes make a man prosper," as our father used to say." But all advice was lost upon him, and the ill-fated Kanz, after leading this strange life for a couple of years, withered and died of his thirst for gold, in the prime of man-

hood. After his death, his wife searched the cellar, at her brother-in-law's suggestion, and found two large

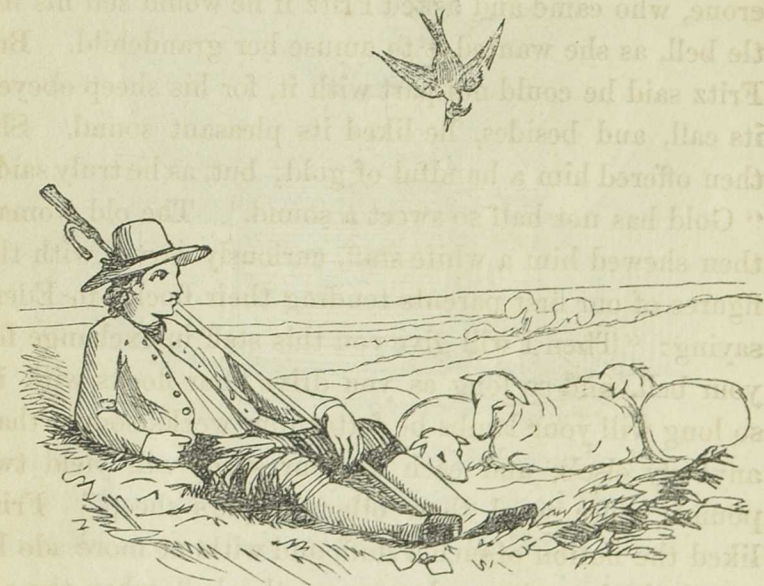


chests full of new ducats; so the children were well provided for, and became rich landed proprietors; but what gratification did Master Kanz ever derive from his hard-earned wealth?

Fritz, though a much younger, was a far wiser man. He did not lose his time in seeking for bright worms nor glass shoes, and this was, perhaps, just the reason why Fortune, of her own accord, threw in his way a minute silver bell, belonging to the cap of a brown elf, one day as he was pasturing his flock at Patzig, half a mile distant from the mountains. The elf took successively the

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shape of different birds and beasts to look for his bell; but as it happened that Fritz had taken his herd away the very next day to another district, his search proved vain. At last, however, after ransacking all the magpies' nests, the elf flew as a bird over the water near Un-



ruh, where Fritz's flock was grazing, and where he heard the tinkling of a number of bells round the sheep's necks; and as he soared in the air he sang:

Ding, ding, ding,
Can ye tell
Where's my bell?
Rich are you,
Ram or ewe,
Whosoe'er that bell may ring.

On hearing these strange words, Fritz said to himself: "If he likes the music of the sheep's bells, I wonder what he would say to my silver bell?" And hereupon he made it tinkle its pretty little music. The bird immediately disappeared behind a bush, and stepped forth as an aged crone, who came and asked Fritz if he would sell his little bell, as she wanted it to amuse her grandchild. But Fritz said he could not part with it, for his sheep obeyed its call, and besides, he liked its pleasant sound. She then offered him a handful of gold; but, as he truly said: "Gold has not half so sweet a sound." The old woman then shewed him a white staff, curiously carved with the figures of our first parents tending their flocks in Eden, saying: "Then I will give you this staff in exchange for your bell, and so long as you drive your flocks with it, so long will your lambs be fatter four weeks sooner than anybody else's, and each of your sheep will yield two pounds more wool than other people's sheep." Fritz liked the notion of such a staff, and without more ado he struck the bargain, and gave up the bell, when the old dame melted away like a cloud of mist.

And a good bargain indeed it proved. Every season added to Fritz's wealth, and in a few years he became the richest farmer in Rügen, and purchased the manor at Grabitz, which conferred nobility upon him, and he brought up his sons and daughters as young gentlemen and ladies. And better still, he was looked up to as the

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best and wisest man throughout the land. So that he had good reason to congratulate himself on not having



grasped at too much, like his brother, but rather chosen the prudent example set him by his father.



THE NINE MOUNTAINS.

THERE once lived in the village of Rambin an honest hardworking peasant, named Jacob Dietrich, who supported his wife and family on the labour of his hands. Of all their children, none, perhaps, was so dear to the parents as Johnny, the youngest, who was the prettiest and liveliest little fellow ever seen, and was always perfect in his tasks at school, and well-behaved at home. When Johnny was eight years old, he spent the summer at his uncle's, who was a farmer in Rodenkirchen, and here he used to be sent, together with the other boys, to drive the cows into the meadows near the nine mountains, where

they sat and watched them all day long. It happened that an old cowherd, called Klas Starkwolt, used to bring his cattle the same way, and frequently joined the boys, and told them amusing stories. Now Johnny delighted



in these tales beyond anything, so he and the old cowherd soon became sworn friends. Amongst other things, Klas told them many wonderful particulars about the dwarfs, or little under-ground people, that dwelt within the nine mountains. Of these dwarfs there are different kinds—the white and the brown—so called from the colour of their clothes; the former of which are charming little elves, that are always friendly to the human race, but only two of the mountains are inhabited by these: the brown ones, that fill the remaining mountains, are

not exactly bad, but wanton and tricky. There were also black dwarfs, who were wonderfully clever in all sorts of arts, and excellent smiths, but deceitful and mischievous, and not to be trusted; but none of these lived in that neighbourhood. The dwarfs were fond of dancing in the moonshine on a fine summer's night, and formerly many a child was enticed by the sweet sound of their music, which they mistook for birds, and were carried away under ground by the little people, whom they were condemned to serve for fifty years. At the end of their time, the elves are obliged to give back all their captives; and it is well for the latter that they never become older than the age of twenty, even though they had completed their half century's durance. All come back young and beautiful, and generally meet with great luck in the world. But now-a-days, said Klas, it only seldom happened that children were stolen. And in process of time, too, as the old cowherd remarked, it had been found out that, if any mortal was lucky enough to find or steal a cap belonging to one of the under-ground folk, he might go down in safety, and could not be detained against his will; and, so far from becoming their servant, the owner of the cap was obliged to do his bidding in everything.

These wonderful tales had so fired little Johnny's imagination, that he thought of nothing but gold and silver cups, and glass shoes, and pockets full of ducats, and all the rest of the fine things described by the old cow-

herd ; and when midsummer came, and the nights were the shortest, he could resist no longer, but away he slunk after dark, and went and laid down on the top of the



highest of the nine mountains, which Klas had informed him was their principal dancing place. It must be confessed the little fellow felt some strange misgivings, and his heart thumped against his breast like a sledge-hammer ; yet there he remained in breathless expectation from ten till twelve o'clock, at which hour he began to hear a rustling all around him, and the laughing, singing, and piping, of innumerable little people, some of whom were dancing, and others playing a thousand merry antics. Johnny half shuddered as he heard them swarming about (for he could not see them, as their caps made them in-

visible), but he had sufficient presence of mind to lie perfectly quiet, and to pretend to be fast asleep. Before long three of the dwarfs approached the spot where he lay, though without perceiving him, and began to play at tossing their caps up into the air, when one snatched his playmate's cap out of his hand in frolic sport, and flung it away. The cap flew right over Johnny's face, when he caught it softly, and ringing the little silver bell affixed to it in high glee, he put it on his head, when he suddenly beheld the little subterranean people in countless thousands, they being now no longer invisible to his sight. The three dwarfs now came slyly up to him to endeavour to snatch back the cap, but the little boy held it fast, and they saw that they should not succeed in that way, for Johnny was a giant to them, as they only reached to his knees. So the owner of the cap humbled himself before the finder, and begged him to restore his property, but Johnny said: "You shall not get it, you cunning little rogue; I should have fared badly amongst you, if I had not obtained some token of yours, but as it happens, you must do my bidding. I have a fancy to go under ground, and see what the place is like, and you must be my servant, as you well know." The little being pretended not to understand, and continued whining piteously, till Johnny ordered him very imperiously to bring him supper. Away the dwarf was obliged to scamper, and brought back bread, fruit, and wine, in a trice. And Johnny supped like a

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king, while he watched the games and the dancing of the little subterranean people.



When the cock had crowed three times, all was hushed in an instant, and nothing more was heard but hundreds of tiny feet tripping away to their respective mountains, which opened to receive them. On the top of the mountain, which, but a moment before, was covered with grass and flowers, there now rose a glass peak, which opened as each elf stepped upon it, and then closed again after they had slid down. As soon as all the inhabitants had entered, the peak disappeared entirely; while those who had fallen through the tube sank softly into a broad silver barrel, capable of holding a thousand such little folk as these, and which was fastened to silver chains that were drawn

downwards and secured below. Johnny and his bondsman fell down with many others, and they all cried out to him to entreat him not to tread upon them, as his weight would kill them. He, however, took great care not to hurt any one. Several barrels were thus successively filled, till all had reached home.

Johnny was much surprised, on being let down, at the brightness of the walls, which seemed to be made of diamond; and when he was once below he heard such lovely music that he was soon lulled into a deep slumber.

When he woke, he felt as if he had slept a long while, and



he found himself in the softest, neatest bed, in the nicest chamber; while by his side stood his little brown elf (for

it was amongst the brown jackets that Johnny had fallen) chasing away the flies with a feather fan. Scarcely had Johnny opened his eyes, when his little valet brought him a basin and a towel, and then an elegant suit of clothes, made of brown silk, and a pair of black shoes with red ties, far smarter than any Johnny had ever seen in Ramin or Rodenkirchen. Besides these, several pairs of the most beautiful glass shoes were laid by ready to be worn on holidays. No sooner was his toilet completed, than the elf went, and returned, on the wings of the wind, with a golden tray bearing a bottle of sweet wine, a bowl of milk, fruit, bread, and a number of nice dishes, such as children are fond of.

After breakfast, the dwarf opened a closet, in which were stowed away a number of bowls, chests, and vases containing gold and precious stones, while on another shelf stood a whole library of story books filled with pretty pictures. Johnny was so well amused with looking at these, and admiring everything around him, that he did not care to go out that morning. Besides the snow-white bed with its satin pillows, there were curiously carved chairs, inlaid with precious stones. Near the walls stood white marble tables, and a couple of smaller ones made of emerald; and at one end of the chamber were hung two looking-glasses set in jewelled frames. The walls of the chamber were wainscoted with table emeralds, and a large diamond ball was suspended from the ceiling, and shed

so bright a light that no other lamp was necessary. For it must be observed, that neither sun, moon, nor stars



are to be seen under ground; nor is there any distinction between the seasons, which seems at first rather a drawback, but the temperature is always as mild as our spring, and the lustre of the precious stones supplies the place of daylight. Yet it is to be remarked, that their days are never so bright, nor their nights so dark as upon earth. So that all things have their compensation.

At noon a bell rang, when the serf cried: "Master, will you dine alone, or with the rest of the company?" "With the company," replied Johnny. The elf then led him forth, when Johnny, seeing nothing but a number of passages brilliantly lit up with precious stones,

and little men and women, who popped out one by one, apparently from clefts in the rock, inquired where the company was. He had scarcely spoken, before the passage through which they were passing widened and became an immense hall, with a large dome inlaid with diamonds, and Johnny perceived a countless throng of elegantly dressed little men and women entering by a number of open doors, while tables loaded with delicious viands came up through the floor, and chairs arranged themselves ready for the guests. The principal personages now came to welcome Johnny. The dinner was very gay, for the under-ground folks are remarkably cheerful and frolicsome, and there was the sweetest music all the time, proceeding from a number of artificial birds. The elves were waited upon by the boys and girls who had fallen into their power, and it was they who sprinkled the floor with perfumes, who handed about the golden goblets, and presented silver and crystal baskets full of fruits to the guests. These youths and maidens were drest in white, with blue caps, silver girdles, and delicate glass shoes, so that their steps could always be heard. Johnny pitied them at first, till he saw how cheerful and how rosy they looked, and then he reflected, that they were much better off than he used to be when he drove the cows.

After the party had sat at the social board for a couple of hours, the principal elf rang a bell, and the tables

and chairs disappeared, and laurels, palm-trees, and orange-trees, grew up in their stead, and the little people fell to dancing, till about what we should call four o'clock in the afternoon, when they slipped away one by one, and went either to their work or to amuse themselves in some other manner. At night, supper was held just as merrily, after which the elves went up out of their mountain, while Johnny laid himself quietly in bed, after saying his prayers as usual.

Johnny led this life for many months, during which he saw but little of the elves, except at dinner and at supper, as each lived in his own little crystal house, deep in the bosom of the mountain, which was transparent from one end to the other, though not to the eyes of a mere child of earth; but he had found out there were lakes, and fields, and trees here below, just as on the earth above; only there was a crystal vault that invariably led from one meadow or one lake, into another district. It was during a walk with his little serf, that Johnny once perceived a snow-white figure, with long white locks, vanish through a crystal wall in the rock, when he asked whether any of the elves were dressed in white, like the youths and maids in waiting? The elf told him there were a few such, who were the oldest and most learned amongst them; that they were several thousand years old, and never appeared at table except once a year, on the birthday of the mountain king, nor left

their chambers except to teach the children of the dwarfs, and those of mortal birth, for whom there was a separate school. When Johnny heard this, he scolded his serving manikin for not having told him sooner that there was a school, and he ordered him to conduct him thither the next day, as he had a great wish to acquire some learning. So, on the morrow, Johnny went to school, where the children received excellent instruction in arts and sciences, besides being taught poetry and literature, and different kinds of handicraft. Johnny soon grew to like his book better than any idle amusement; and acquired besides the art of drawing and painting, and grew so clever a goldsmith that he could imitate fruit and flowers in precious stones to admiration. And here Johnny found many playmates, both amongst the boys and the girls, and spent several years very contentedly, until his education was quite completed.



JOHNNY AND LISBETH.

JOHNNY DIETRICH had lived amongst the under-ground people till the age of eighteen, and his time had passed so happily that he would have forgotten all about the earth and its inhabitants, had it not been for a pretty little schoolfellow of his, whom he loved better than all his other playmates. Little Lisbeth was the daughter of the clergyman in Rambin, and, having gone to play with other children, when she was four years old, near the nine mountains, had fallen asleep in the grass, and been forgotten by her companions, when she fell into the power of the brown dwarfs, who carried her below. The pretty

fair-haired child interested Johnny, not only because she belonged to the same village as himself, but because she was so gentle and sweet-tempered; and they grew up side by side, and by the time Lisbeth was sixteen, their childish affection had ripened into love. Now, Lisbeth was often sad when she thought of the earth above them, where the sun and the moon are to be seen, and where her parents lived; and she frequently talked to Johnny on this subject, though he always tried to put it away. But one evening, when the two young lovers had walked about longer than usual, and had not perceived the flight of



time, it happened, just as the crystal peak of the mountain was opening to let the little people out, that the

crowing of a cock reached their ears from the earth above. This sound, which Lisbeth had not heard for a dozen long years, now struck her so forcibly that she burst into tears, and, throwing her arms round Johnny's neck, besought him to deliver her from this under-ground prison. "For though everything is very beautiful here," said Lisbeth, "yet I never can feel at home; but I am always dreaming of my dear parents, and thinking of the church where all our villagers go to pray. This is no place for Christians, and, besides, dear Johnny, you know we can never be married here, as there is no priest to unite us."

Johnny too, had felt strangely moved by the cock's crowing, and he now, for the first time, felt a longing to return to the land of the sun. So he promised Lisbeth to make immediate preparations to depart, when suddenly the dreadful thought struck her that she, being subject to the elves, would be obliged to stay out her fifty years, and would not be allowed to go away with her lover.

"And of what use," cried she, while fresh tears streamed down her cheeks, "will it be to me to return to earth fifty years hence, when my parents will be no more, and you have become an old, grey-headed man?"

These words sounded like so many claps of thunder in poor Johnny's ears, and he became as sorrowful as she; but he promised her, as he bid her good night, that he would never go away without her, which proved a great comfort to Lisbeth.

Johnny tossed about all night, without being able to get a wink of sleep, and the moment dawn appeared he rang for his serf, and bid him bring six of the principal elves to his chamber; and no sooner had they come, as in duty bound, than he told them that he felt obliged for the hospitality he had received for the last ten years, but that he now wished to go; and that, as he, on his part, had always behaved well to them, he hoped they would shew their gratitude by allowing him to take away his beloved Lisbeth with him, especially as he asked for nothing else, except the furniture in his chamber, and the contents of the closet.

The six elves cast their eyes on the ground, and seemed mightily puzzled what to reply. At length one of them lisped out that they were very sorry to disoblige him, but that it was an inviolable law with them never to part with their serving youths or maidens before the stated time. "But you shall part with Lisbeth, though," quoth Johnny, in a rage. "I'll give you till this time to-morrow to consider about the matter, when, I trust, you will have thought better of it." The six elves then retired, but they were punctual to the appointment on the following morning, and being now prepared with what to say, they tried hard to outwit Johnny; but this was not so easy, and he finished by telling them flatly that he allowed them one more day to see whether they would give up Lisbeth with a good grace; but, if not, he would let them

know who was master. On the third morning, the deputation waited upon him as before; but this time Johnny merely asked whether it was "ay" or "nay?" And being answered by a decided negative, he bid his servant go and fetch four-and-forty of the principal elves, besides their wives and daughters, and likewise bring the wives and daughters of the six dwarfs then present. His commands were executed in a few seconds, and about five hundred men, women, and children, stood before him. These he now ordered to fetch pickaxes, hoes, and poles, and to return immediately. He then led them forth to a cluster of rocks that lay in one of the meadows, and there he set



these delicate beings, who are wholly unaccustomed to hard work, to raise, hew, and drag along large stones,

till they were so exhausted they could hardly breathe. Yet they bore it all very patiently, for they felt certain he would take pity on their wives and children. And, sure enough, Johnny had not a hard heart; for, after plaguing them for a few weeks, he gave over, as they had expected. But the little folk were not a bit the more inclined to do his wishes, as a more obstinate race never lived; and Johnny now felt such a dislike to them that he never joined them at dinner, and spoke to no one but to Lisbeth and to his serf.

One evening, as he was walking alone, and in a very dejected mood, he kicked about the stones under his feet, as a man sometimes does when he is in a passion, when it came to pass that out of one of the broken stones jumped forth Johnny's best friend, in the shape of a live toad, that had probably been inclosed for centuries within the narrow walls of his rocky prison. For it must be observed that Klas Starkwolt had formerly told Johnny that the subterranean people have so unconquereable an aversion to the sight, or even the smell of a toad, that they fall into fits, faint, or suffer the acutest pain, if ever they come near these loathsome creatures; for nothing that has a disagreeable smell, or is unsightly, can be found in the crystal kingdom of the little people, and it was only by a miracle that this toad had been so long an inhabitant of his stone house, as though Providence had meant to furnish Johnny and Lisbeth with the means of leaving

the mountain, and becoming husband and wife; for with a toad you may so completely cow the little brown-jackets.



that you can force them to do anything. And this Johnny knew, which may account for his pouncing on the toad as the most valuable treasure he could have met with, and running home to secure it in a silver vase. Then out he rushed again, and having espied a couple of dwarfs walking in a retired spot, he went up to them, with the vase under his arm, when they dropped down on the earth, as if struck dead, and began to howl and whine most piteously. Away Johnny flew in high spirits, and, ringing for his servant, bid him fetch Lisbeth immediately. She was not a little surprised, when she found him half mad with joy, and heard him repeat over and over again:

“Lisbeth—dear Lisbeth! you can now be mine, and we shall go from hence, and our wedding shall take place in a week!”

“Alas! Johnny,” cried she, “are you going mad?”
 “No,” said Johnny smiling; “but here is what will make those rascally elves go mad, if they thwart us any longer.”
 So saying he shewed her the toad, which had nearly fright-



ened her to death with its ugliness; but when she heard how it was to accomplish their deliverance, she fell on her knees to thank God, who has created nothing in vain, that this seemingly hideous creature should be the means of rescuing her from the little heathenish people, and bringing her back amongst Christians.

On the morrow, Johnny rang for his serf at break of day, and bid him bring fifty of the principal elves, with

their wives and daughters; and, as soon as they had obeyed the summons, he informed them, that, as nothing he had hitherto done could overcome their obstinacy, and as he felt certain they only laughed at him for a fool because he did not get the better of them, he was now resolved to proceed to extremities, unless they at once agreed to give up Lisbeth. But this they one and all refused, and smiled maliciously, as much as to say, they did not fear anything he could do. Johnny was more exasperated by this show of contempt than by any words they could have uttered, and he ran and fetched the silver vase containing the toad; and no sooner had he come within a hundred steps of the little folk, than they fell down as if struck by a thunderbolt, and began howling;



whining, and writhing about, as though they were suffering the most excruciating agonies. Then they stretched

forth their hands, exclaiming "Have done, master; be merciful. We now know you have got a toad. Take the scourge away, and we will do your bidding." Johnny then took the vase away, and the dwarfs rose up again, and their features resumed their usual serenity. Johnny then dismissed all but six of the elves, and to these he spoke as follows: "To-night, between twelve and one o'clock, I shall take Lisbeth away, and you shall prepare me three wagons, loaded with gold and precious stones. You shall likewise pack up all the furniture, books, and costly utensils belonging to my chamber, and load two other wagons with them, making five wagons in all. But, for my betrothed and myself, you shall fit up the prettiest travelling carriage you can devise, drawn by six coal-black horses. I likewise command, that all the serving youths and maidens who have remained here long enough to be above twenty years of age shall be free to accompany us, and that you shall give them sufficient gold to enrich them for life. And it shall henceforth become a law, which you must swear to observe faithfully, that no child of earth shall ever be detained here beyond his or her twentieth year."

The six elves took the oath he required, and retired with a very crest-fallen air, and Johnny then buried the toad deep in the earth. The day was spent in making preparations for the departure, all of which were accomplished by the little people with the greatest exactitude,

but in utter silence. Just an hour after midnight, at the very same time of year when Johnny had first come down into the mountain, some twelve years ago, he was now about to leave it, he being in his twenty-first and Lisbeth in her eighteenth year. The young pair placed themselves in the silver barrel, surrounded by the joyous troop of youths and maidens who owed their deliverance to Johnny's firmness; the crystal mountain opened amidst the sound of music, and, for the first time for many years, they were blest with the sight of the sky and the dawn of morning. Johnny bid a last farewell to the elves, who swarmed round his carriage, and, after tossing up his brown cap three times in the air, he threw it down amongst them. At that moment he ceased to see them, and beheld nothing but a green hill, and the well-known woods and fields, and heard the church clock of Ramin strike two. They now proceeded homewards. First went two wagons, drawn by bay horses, loaded with gold and ducats; next came a wagon, drawn by six snow-white steeds, containing all the silver and crystal utensils; and behind these a couple more wagons, drawn by dapple-grey mares, filled with Johnny's furniture and library. Last of all, our hero and his betrothed followed, in an open carriage, made of emerald inlaid with diamonds. On either side walked the youths and maidens, clad in white, with glass shoes, and mustering a goodly throng. This gay retinue proceeded by Rodenkirchen, and reached

Rambin towards four in the morning, where they found the whole village astir, as the news of so extraordinary a sight had already reached the ears of its inhabitants. Great was the astonishment of all present; but who can describe the joy of Johnny's and of Lisbeth's parents, on discovering these magnificent strangers to be their own long-lost children! Such a day had never been seen in Rambin before, nor was it ever surpassed, except, perhaps, by the wedding, which took place a week after, on which occasion Johnny sent for whole butts full of wine, sugar, and coffee, and a whole herd of sheep and oxen, so as to feast some five thousand guests. The youths and maidens he had rescued, forming above forty couples, were of course invited, and they danced in their glass shoes, to the wonder of all beholders. Nor did he forget his old friend Klas, whom he looked upon as the maker of his fortune, but provided him with a comfortable home for the rest of his days. And when the wedding feastings were over, Johnny purchased large estates and became a Count, and possessed the greater part of Rügen, and all his family were ennobled. But Johnny and Lisbeth never ceased to be humble-minded, and shewed themselves deserving of their extraordinary prosperity by doing good to all around them.



THE LITTLE FISHER BOY.

UPON a small and lonely island in the wide ocean there once lived a poor old fisherman, who supported his family by his honest industry. As he was a very quiet, contented man, he lived on the very best terms with the numerous nixes, who often resorted to this solitary spot, in preference to the more frequented lands on the sea shore. They would even occasionally help him at his work, and shew him where the best fishes were to be found, and sometimes would fling a rare one into his boat, as he was going home. They warned him, too, of coming storms, and pointed out shoals and quicksands, and, in short, lightened his toils so effectually, that, in spite of his ad-

vanced age, he performed his daily labours with very little fatigue. In return for all this kindness, the fisherman, on his part, never intruded on their favourite haunts; and when he sailed to the nearest city to dispose of the rich produce of his day's fishing, he frequently brought them back presents of chains or rings, or little silver bells, in all of which trinkets the nixes take great delight. As the parents were on such a friendly footing with the inhabitants of the deep, the children on both sides were mutually allowed to grow intimate with each other; and it was a pretty sight to see the fisherman's little boys and girls frolicking with the agile nixes along the shore, or playing a thousand tricks with their watery playmates when they put out to sea in their skiff. But the fisherman's eldest son, Haldan, had more especially formed a closer friendship with one little nix, who had once saved him from drowning when his fragile boat had been upset by a gale of wind. And these two would often leave their noisier companions, and retire into a lonely little creek, where they could play and talk quietly together, half concealed by the sea-weeds, and beneath the shade of overhanging rocks. Haldan used to bring his dear little Goldtail—as his brothers and sisters nicknamed her, on account of her beautiful golden scales—the pretty flowers he had gathered in the meadows or on the mountains; while Goldtail, in return, would present him with a large shell containing costly pearls and sprigs of coral.

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Each was so delighted with the other's gifts, that they would adorn themselves with their mutual presents, and



play like two happy children. Sometimes, however, they were more thoughtful and serious; and when Haldan told Goldtail all about the cottage where they lived, and the little garden with its trim flowers, and the games he played with other children, or described the grand, large city, whither his father had often taken him, with its many, many inhabitants, its majestic buildings, and glittering shops, the little nix would sigh and grow sad, and

scarcely be able to repress a bitter tear, as she exclaimed: "Oh! how I wish I might go and live with you! It must be so fair to dwell on the green, sunny earth!"

And then she looked down sorrowfully on her glittering tail, which all her sisters so greatly envied. Haldan, too, would sigh, and embrace his little playmate, saying: "Aye, if that could but be, how we would love one another."

Then Goldtail would repeat to him what she had heard from her good old aunt Graytail, namely, that she might be changed to a human shape, provided any kindhearted mortal would shed his blood to save her from death. After that, her scales would fall, and she would become like any other human being; only, she must never so much as touch sea-water, or she would instantly be changed back again to her pristine form. But these conversations only made the poor children grow still sadder, as they saw no possibility of fulfilling such conditions; for though Haldan pricked his arm, and let the blood drop upon Goldtail, it proved of no avail, and she remained just the same as before.

One day, as they sat talking of their favourite topic, and were very much out of heart, they suddenly heard the rustling of a pair of mighty wings above their heads, and before they could collect their thoughts, a formidable eagle had pounced upon Goldtail, and was about to carry her off in his claws, when Haldan suddenly seized a stick

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that had been cast upon the shore by chance, and, attacking the eagle with a kind of desperate courage, forced him to relinquish his hold. The infuriated bird now turned round upon the little boy, and struck the club out of his hands with a flap of his strong wings, and tore his flesh with his sharp beak, and seized him in his claws to fly away with him, in spite of Goldtail's cries for help. The poor little nix could only wring her hands in helpless despair, as the eagle slowly soared upwards with his prize. But, luckily, Haldan's arms had remained free, and no



sooner did the smarting of his wounds arouse him from his stupor, than he seized convulsively upon the eagle's

throat and strangled him, before he had flown very high, so that both fell down together into the sea.

When Haldan had recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, he found himself on the shore in the arms of Goldtail, who was tenderly washing and binding up his wounds. And oh, wonder of wonders!—a second glance at his playmate shewed him that she had lost her golden tail, and was now like one of his own little sisters. In the fulness of their joy, they fell upon each other's neck, as though they had met again after a long separation, and Haldan forgot his wounds, and rose up to take his little friend home, and tell his family what a piece of good luck had befallen him. But, first of all, they fastened the eagle's feet to the stick, and carried it on their shoulders, as they gaily went along to the fisherman's cottage. They had not proceeded far before they were met by Haldan's youngest sister, who came running towards them as fast as she could, and told them how the old nixes, having watched them, had complained violently to their father about the loss of their child, and how the latter had been compelled, on their repeated demands, to promise to bind Goldtail and fling her into the sea. The children looked mournfully at each other, to think that their dream of happiness should have vanished so soon; and neither of them knew what to do or to advise. At length, they both exclaimed in a breath: "No, we will not part from one another;" and, taking leave of Haldan's kind little

sister, they turned back, and went to seek a safe retreat in a wild and distant part of the island, where they hoped to escape from their parents' pursuit.



After wandering for several days, they reached a thick forest, in which they found a grotto that seemed to offer a safe and agreeable abode. Near it ran a babbling stream full of fish, while berries grew in countless thousands on the ground, and the flocks of wild pigeons that had built their nests among the rocks would furnish them plenty of eggs for their nourishment. Here the children lived for a long time undiscovered, and played and were as happy as the day was long, and used often to talk of future plans against they should be grown up. But their happiness was not to last. A fish that happened to es-

caped from Haldan's net swam towards the sea, and betrayed the secret of their retreat, out of revenge, to one of the nixes. She immediately swam softly to the spot pointed out by the fish, and overheard the little hermits, as they sat unconsciously on the banks of the stream, warming themselves in the bright sunshine, and planning what they would do on the morrow, and where they had better fish, and how they should lay in a stock of provisions for the coming winter. After listening to their conversation, the nix swam back as noiselessly as she had come, and, calling her parents and brothers and sisters together, they all agreed to carry off Haldan when he would be fishing early next morning, as they had not the power to take their dear Goldtail by mere force. They, therefore, cautiously followed up the stream that same night, in the moonshine, and the treacherous nix posted the strongest of the band in a hiding-place near the spot where she had heard Haldan would come to fish. Scarcely had dawn appeared in the horizon, and the birds awoke from their slumbers, when Haldan came along, singing as he went, in company with his Goldhair—as he now called her; and while he took out his fishing tackle to set to work, she turned into a neighbouring path to gather berries. But no sooner had he set his foot in the water, in order to throw his net more conveniently, than the stalwart male nix stepped forth from behind the tump of a tree where he lay hid, and seizing hold of the

boy, whom he flung across his shoulder, hastily swam down the stream, while the other nixes followed close upon him, so as to hinder the little captive from catching hold of a branch to save himself. His screams for help quickly brought Goldhair to the bank of the stream; but, alas! only to see her friend's danger, and to feel how



powerless she was to assist him! In vain did she weep and implore, in language that would have moved a stone—the nixes remained inexorable, and bore their struggling prey to the ocean. Breathless and half distracted, Goldhair ran after them till she reached the sea shore, when she started back in alarm, as a rising wave had nearly besprinkled her foot; for she recollected with horror that she would again become a nix should she touch

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the waters of the sea. So she shuddered, and dared not advance a step further, just as a piercing cry met her ears, and, on looking round, she perceived her faithful Haldan being dragged down into the deep; when, losing sight of everything but his safety, she recklessly plunged into the flood. Scarcely had she touched the water, when she felt herself transformed; yet on she went with the



speed of lightning, and, tearing Haldan from the arms of these cruel robbers, she bore him to their favourite spot, which was close at hand. But it was too late, for before she had laid her dear burthen on the sea shore, life was already extinct!



HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven long years, when he said to him: "Master, my time is now up, so please to give me my wages, as I wish to return home to my mother." The master answered: "You have served me like a trusty, honest fellow, as you are, and such as your services have been, so shall be your hire."

And thereupon he gave him a piece of gold as large as Hans' head. Hans took a cloth and rolled up the lump

of gold, and slung it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home. As he went along, and kept setting one foot before the other, he happened to come up with a traveller, who was riding at a brisk pace on a lively horse.

“Oh! what a delightful thing it is to ride!” cried Hans aloud: “it is every bit as good as sitting on a chair; one doesn’t knock one’s toes against a stone, and one saves one’s shoes, and yet one gets on, one hardly knows how.”

The man on horseback having heard these wise reflections, cried out to him: “Nay then, Hans, why do you go on foot?”

“Why, you see, I am obliged to carry this lump home,” replied Hans, “and, gold though it be, it bothers me sadly, as I am obliged to hold my head on one side, and it weighs so heavily on my shoulder.”

“I’ll tell you what,” said the rider, stopping his horse, “we can make a bargain. Suppose I were to give you my horse, and you were to let me have your lump in exchange?”

“That I will, and thank you too,” said Hans; “but I remind you that you will have to drag it along as best you may.”

The traveller got down from his horse, and took the lump of gold, and then helped Hans to mount, and having placed the bridle in his hands, said to him: “When

you want to go very fast, you have only to smack your tongue and cry: 'Hop! hop.'"

Hans was in great delight, as he sat on the horse, and found he rode along so easily and so pleasantly. After awhile, however, he fancied he should like to go a little quicker, so he began to smack his tongue and to shout: "Hop! hop!"

The horse set off at a brisk trot, and before Hans had time to collect his thoughts, he was pitched into a ditch that divided the main road from the adjoining fields.



The horse would have cleared the ditch at a bound, had he not been stopped by a peasant, who was driving a cow along the same road, and happened to come up with

the luckless rider just at this moment. Hans crawled out of the ditch as best he might, and got upon his legs again. But he was sorely vexed, and observed to the peasant, that riding was no joke, especially when one had to do with a troublesome beast that thought nothing of kicking and plunging, and breaking a man's neck, and that nobody should ever catch him again attempting to mount such a dangerous animal. Then he concluded by saying: "How far preferable a creature is your cow! One can walk quietly behind her, let alone her furnishing you with milk, butter, and cheese for certain, every day. What would I not give to have such a cow for my own!"

"Well," said the peasant, "if that's all, I should not mind changing my cow for your horse."

Hans agreed most joyfully to such a proposal, and the peasant leaped into the saddle, and was presently out of sight.

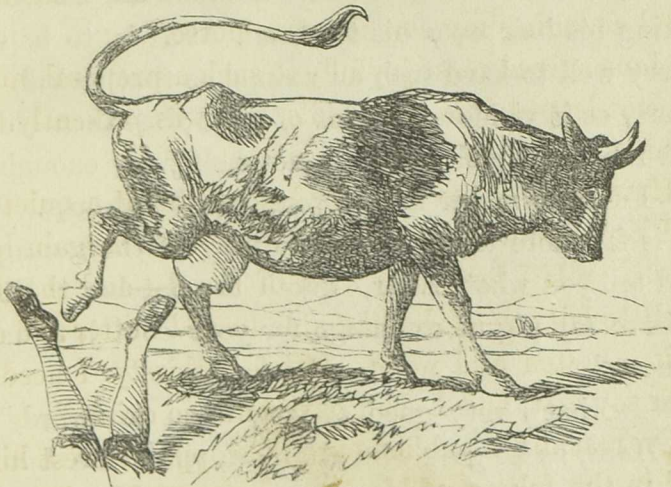
Hans now drove the cow before him at a quiet pace, and kept ruminating upon the excellent bargain he had made. "If I have only a bit of bread—and that is not likely to fail me—I shall be able to add butter and cheese to it as often as I wish. If I feel thirsty, I need only milk my cow, and I shall have milk to drink."

On reaching a public house he stopped to rest himself and in the fulness of his joy he ate up his dinner and supper all at one meal, and spent his two remaining farthings to purchase half a glass of beer. He then went

his way, and continued driving his cow towards his mother's village.

Towards noon, the heat grew more and more oppressive, particularly as Hans was crossing a moor during a full hour's time. At length his thirst became so intolerable that his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. "The remedy is simple enough," thought Hans, "and now is the time to milk my cow, and refresh myself with a good draught of milk."

He then tied his cow to the stump of a tree, and used his leather cap for a pail; but do what he would not a drop of milk could he obtain; and as he set about attempting



to milk the cow in the most awkward manner imaginable, the enraged animal gave him a hearty kick with her hind

leg, that laid him sprawling on the ground, where he remained half stunned for a long time, and scarcely able to recollect where he was.

Fortunately there just came by a butcher trundling a wheelbarrow, in which lay a young pig.

“What on earth is the matter?” asked he, as he helped the worthy Hans to rise.

Hans related what had happened, when the butcher handed him his flask, saying: “There, man, take a draught and it will soon bring you round again. The cow has no milk to give, for she is an old animal only fit for the yoke, or to be killed and eaten.”

“There now! who would have thought it?” said Hans, stroking his hair over his forehead. “It is, to be sure, all very well to have such an animal as that to kill, particularly as it yields such a lot of meat; but then I don’t much relish cow’s flesh: it is not half juicy enough for me. I’d much rather have a young pig like yours. The flesh is far more tasty, to say nothing of the sausages.”

“I’ll tell you what, Hans,” quoth the butcher, “I’ll let you have my pig in exchange for your cow, just out of kindness.”

“Now that’s very good of you, upon my word,” replied Hans, as he gave him the cow, while the butcher took the pig out of the wheelbarrow, and put the string that was tied round the animal’s leg into his new master’s hand.

As Hans went along he could not help marvelling at his constant run of luck, which had regularly turned



every little disappointment to the very best account. After a time he was overtaken by a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They had no sooner bid one another good morrow, than Hans related how lucky he had been, and what advantageous bargains he had struck. The lad told him, in turn, that he was carrying the goose to a christening dinner. "Only just feel how heavy it is," continued he, taking the goose up by the wings; "it has been fattening these eight weeks. I'll be bold to say that whoever tastes a slice of it when it comes

to be roasted, will have to wipe away the fat from each corner of his mouth."

"Ay," said Hans, as he weighed it in one hand, "it is heavy enough to be sure, but my pig is not to be sneezed at either."

Meanwhile the lad was looking all round him with an anxious air, and then shook his head as he observed: "It's my mind your pig will get you into trouble. I have just come through a village where the mayor's pig was stolen out of its sty, and I'm mightily afraid it's the very pig you are now driving. It would be a bad job for you if you were caught with it, and the least that could happen to you would be a lodging in the black hole."

Poor Hans now began to be frightened. "For goodness sake," cried he, "do help me out of this scrape; and, as you know this neighbourhood better than I do, pray take my pig in exchange for your goose."

"I know I shall run some risk," replied the lad, "yet haven't the heart to leave you in the lurch, either."

And so saying he took hold of the rope, and drove away the pig as fast as he could into a by way, while honest Hans pursued his road with the goose under his arm.

"When I come to think of it," said he to himself, "I have gained by the exchange. In the first place, a nice roast goose is a delicious morsel; then there will be the

fat and the dripping to spread upon our bread for months to come; and last of all, the beautiful white feathers will



serve to fill my pillow, and I'll warrant I shall not want rocking to sleep. How pleased my mother will be!"

As he passed through the last village on his way home, he saw a knife-grinder busily turning his wheel, while he kept singing:

“ Old knives and old scissors to make new I grind,
And round turns my wheel e'en as swift as the wind.”

Hans stopped to look at him, and at last he said: “ Your

trade must be a good one, since you sing so merrily over your work."

"Yes," replied the knife-grinder, "it is a golden business. Your true knife-grinder is a man who finds money as often as he puts his hand into his pocket. But where did you buy that fine goose?" "I did not buy it, but exchanged it for my pig." "And where did you get piggy from?" "I changed my cow for it." "And how did you come by your cow?" "O! I gave a horse for it." "And how might you have obtained the horse?" "Why, I got it in exchange for a lump of gold as big as my head." "And how did you come by the gold?" "It was my wages for seven years' service." "Nay, then," said the knife-grinder, "since you have been so clever each time, you need only manage so as to hear the money jingle in your pocket every time you move, and then you will be a made man." "But how shall I set about that?" inquired Hans. "You must turn knife-grinder like myself; and nothing is wanting to set you up in the trade but a grindstone: the rest will come of itself. I have one here that is a trifle worn, but I won't ask for anything more than your goose in exchange for it. Shall it be a bargain?" "How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "I shall be the happiest man on earth. Why, if I find money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what more need I care for?" And he handed him the goose, and took the grindstone. "Now," said the knife-grinder, pick-

ing up a tolerably heavy stone that lay on the ground by him, "here's a good solid stone into the bargain, on which you can hammer away, and straighten all your old crooked nails. You had better lay it on the top of the other."

Hans did so, and went away quite delighted. "I was surely born with a golden spoon in my mouth," cried he, while his eyes sparkled with joy, "for everything falls out just as pat as if I were a Sunday child." In the mean time, however, having walked since day-break, he now began to feel tired and very hungry, as he had eaten up all his provisions in his joy at the bargain he had made for the cow. By degrees he could scarcely drag his weary limbs any farther, and was obliged to stop every minute to rest, from the fatigue of carrying the two heavy stones. At length he could not help thinking how much better it would be if he had not to carry them at all. He had now crawled like a snail up to a spring, where he meant to rest, and refresh himself with a cool draught; and for this purpose he placed the stones very carefully on the brink of the well. He then sat down, and was stooping over the well to drink, when he happened to push the stones inadvertently, and plump into the water they fell! Hans no sooner saw them sink to the bottom of the well, than he got up joyfully, and then knelt down to thank Heaven for having thus mercifully ridded him of his heavy burden, without the slightest reproach on his own conscience. For these stones were the only things that stood

in his way. "There is not a luckier fellow than I beneath the sun!" exclaimed Hans; and with a light heart



and empty hands he now bounded along till he reached his mother's home.



THE
GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

ONE summer's morning, as a diminutive tailor was sitting on his table near the window, and plying his needle cheerfully, there came by a woman, crying "Good jam, very cheap!" The tailor liked the notion of this, so he popped his little head out of window, and, calling to the woman, he told her, if she would come up she would find a customer for her wares. The woman carried her heavy basket up three pair of stairs to the tailor, when he made her unpack all the pots, and, after examining and smelling them all, he said: "The jam seems good, so you may

weigh me two ounces of it, my good woman—indeed, I don't mind if you make it a quarter of a pound."

The woman, who had expected a much larger purchase, served him as he desired, but went away grumbling. The tailor then went to a cupboard, and cut a slice of bread, and spread the jam upon it, and laid it beside him, as he thought he had better finish the doublet he was working at before he ate this dainty morsel. While he was stitching away as fast as he could, to get at it the sooner, the flies on the wall were attracted by the smell of the jam, and down they came in flocks to partake of its sweets. "Nobody invited you," said the little tailor, as he brushed them away. Only, as the unbidden guests did not understand what he said, they were not to be put off, but returned in greater numbers than before, till the tailor was so exasperated that he snatched up a strip of cloth off his board, and flapped away till seven flies lay dead on the spot. "Am I such a desperado as all that comes to?" quoth he, as he counted the slain, and admired his own bravery; "nay, then, the whole town shall hear of it." And the little tailor forthwith cut himself out a belt, on which he worked, in large letters, the words: "Seven at a blow." "The town, quotha!" continued he, "the whole world shall hear of it."

So he put on the belt, and sallied forth into the wide world, as his workshop was too narrow for his bravery. Before he went, he looked about him to see what he could

carry away with him, but he found nothing better than an old cheese, which he put into his pocket. After passing through the gates of the town, he perceived a bird that had got entangled in a bush, and this he caught and put into his pocket, in addition to the cheese; after which he pursued his way rapidly enough, for he was so light and nimble that he scarcely felt the least fatigue. The road he followed happened to lead to a mountain, and, on reaching its highest summit, he found a powerful giant sitting looking about him, at the landscape around. The little tailor made up to him very boldly, saying: "Good morning, comrade; and so you are looking at the wide world, are you? I am just going into it. Now, what say you to accompanying me?"

The giant looked at the tailor with the utmost contempt, and muttered: "You miserable wretch!" "Miserable wretch, indeed!" rejoined the little tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and pointing to his belt; "only read, and see what sort of a man I am." The giant read "Seven at a blow," and, concluding it meant seven men the tailor had killed, began to entertain a greater degree of respect for the little fellow; but being, nevertheless, desirous of putting him to the proof, he picked up a stone, and squeezed it till the water dropped out of it. "Now, do the same," said the giant, "if you have strength enough." "Is that all?" cried the little tailor, "that's a mere joke for me." And, putting his hand into his

pocket, he drew out the cheese, and squeezed it till the whey oozed out. "This is better still, I trow," observed



he. The giant did not well know what to think or to say; so he picked up another stone, and threw it upwards to such a height that no eye could follow it. "There!" cried he, "do as much, if you can, my little fellow." "It's a good throw," returned the tailor, "but the stone must needs fall down again; now, I'll throw something that shan't come back." And, drawing forth the bird from his pocket, he cast it into the air. Delighted at regaining his liberty, the bird of course never returned. "What say you to that?" asked the tailor. "It's a good throw," replied the giant; "but now let's see whether

you are able to carry a tolerable weight." He then led the little tailor to a spot where lay a felled oak of considerable size, and bid him help him to carry it out of the forest, provided he had sufficient strength to do so. "Willingly," said the little man: "and if you do but place the trunk on your shoulder, I will lift up the branches, which are the heaviest of the two." The giant accordingly shouldered the trunk of the tree, while the tailor sat down snugly on one of the branches, and, as his huge companion could not very well look round, he was tricked into carrying not only the whole tree, but little snip into the bargain, who whistled merrily as they went along, as though the burden were light as a feather. After they had gone a few steps, the giant could bear the weight no longer, and let fall the tree, while the tailor jumped nimbly down and pretended to be holding the branches, and laughed at the giant for being unable to carry a tree, though he was such a big fellow.

On going further, they came to a cherry-tree, when the giant bent down the top, and, placing it in the tailor's hands, bid him eat of the fruit. Now the tailor was much too weak to hold the branches, and when the giant let them go, they whisked the tailor up into the air as they rebounded. "So!" cried the giant, "it seems you have not strength to hold even such a switch as that?" "O," returned the tailor, "it is not the strength that fails me, but there is a sportsman shooting in yonder

bush, and I had a mind to get out of his way. Jump after me, if you can." The giant tried, but he could not manage to clear the tree, and remained hanging midway on one of the branches; so that the little tailor had the upper hand even this time.



"Since you are such a brave fellow," said the giant, "come and spend the night in our cavern." The little tailor made no objection to follow him, and they reached the cavern, where they found several other giants sitting by the fire, each eating a whole roast lamb for his supper.

The giant then pointed to a bed, and told the tailor he might turn in, and sleep there to his heart's content. But the bed was so large that the little man preferred creeping into a corner of the cavern. Towards midnight, when the giant thought he must be fast asleep, he took an iron club and shivered the bed at a single blow, making sure the little grasshopper that lay in it must be as dead as a door nail. The next morning, when the giants sallied forth into the forest, and had forgotten all about the little tailor, behold! he came up with them, looking as spruce and as bold as ever. The giants were frightened, and, thinking he was about to strike them all dead, they took to their heels as fast as they could.

As to our little snip, he kept following his nose, and, after wandering a considerable way, he reached the courtyard of a royal palace, when, feeling tired, he stretched himself on the grass, and fell asleep. Some persons who happened to see him, and read "Seven at a blow" on his belt, immediately concluded he was a mighty warrior, and they hastened to inform the king of his arrival, observing, that it would be well to secure the services of such a man, in case war were to break out again. The king thought this advice was wise enough, and therefore sent one of his courtiers to be ready to offer the stranger to enter the army, as soon as he should awake. The courtier having delivered his message, the tailor said: "I came with the express intention of offering my services

to his majesty." And he was accordingly received with all due honours, and placed in a residence by himself.

But the soldiers took umbrage at the little tailor's promotion, and wished him a thousand miles away. "For," said they, "suppose we should quarrel with him, he will kill seven of us at a blow, which is not to be borne." So they went to the king, and begged to be dismissed. Now, the king could not bear the idea of losing all his faithful adherents, yet he did not dare to send away the new comer, lest he should kill both himself and his people, and take possession of the throne. So, after a good deal of reflection, he sent to the little tailor, to say, that, as he was such a hero, he proposed to him to rid the land of a couple of giants who lived in a neighbouring forest, promising, that, if he succeeded, he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and half his kingdom. He added, that a hundred horse soldiers should lend him their assistance. The little tailor thought it would be a fine thing to marry a beautiful princess, so he sent back word that he would soon tame the giants, and that he wanted no help, for he who could hit seven at a blow was not to be cowed by two.

The little tailor then sallied forth, followed by a hundred horse soldiers; but, on reaching the forest, he told them to wait till he returned, as he meant to settle the giants' business alone. He then entered the thicket, and soon found the two giants snoring under a tree. The

little tailor lost no time in filling his pockets with stones, and then climbed up the tree, and, ensconcing himself in its branches, let fall several stones, one after another, right on the breast of one of the giants, who at length awoke, and, nudging his companion, inquired why he beat him? "You are dreaming," said the other: "I didn't touch you." They then went to sleep again, when the



tailor threw down a stone that hit the other giant. "What are you flinging stones at me for?" said the latter. "Nay, man, you are dreaming," said the other. But, after quarrelling awhile, as they were both tired, they presently fell asleep again. The tailor then chose a very thick stone, and hurled it with all his might at the first giant. "This is too bad!" cried he rising in

a fury and assailing his companion. The latter paid him in the same coin, and such was their mutual rage that they tore up whole trees, and never ceased belabouring each other till they both lay dead on the ground. The tailor now came down, and, drawing his sword, plunged it alternately into the breast of each of the slain giants and then returned to the horse soldiers, and told them he had overcome the giants. "It was hard work," added he, "for they tore up trees to defend themselves; but what could they do against a man who is used to kill seven at a blow?" The soldiers, however, would not believe him, till they had ridden into the forest, and seen the uprooted trees and the giants swimming in their blood.

The king, after he had got rid of his enemies, was not much pleased at the thoughts of giving up half his kingdom to the stranger; so he said: "You have not yet done: in the palace court lies a bear, with whom you must pass the night, and if, when I rise in the morning, I find you still living, you shall then have your reward." "Very well," said the tailor, "I am willing."

So when evening came, our little tailor was led out and shut up in the court with the bear, who rose at once to give him a friendly welcome with his paw. "Softly, softly, my friend," said he; "I know a way to please you." Then, pulling out of his pocket some fine walnuts, he cracked them, and ate the kernels. When the bear saw

this, he longed for some too; so the tailor felt in his pocket and gave him a handful, not of walnuts, but nice



round pebbles. The bear snapt them up, but could not crack one of them, do what he would. Then said he to the tailor: "Friend, pray crack me the nuts." "Why, what a booby you are," said the tailor, "to have such a jaw as that, and not to be able to crack a little nut!" So he took the stones, and, sliely changing them for nuts, put them into his mouth, and crack! they went. "Oh!" said the bear, "now I see how you go to work, I am sure I can do it myself." Then the tailor gave him the pebbles again, and the bear worked away as hard as he could, till he broke all his teeth, and lay down quite exhausted.

But the tailor began to think this would not last long;

so he pulled a fiddle out from under his coat, and played him a tune. As soon as the bear heard it, he could not help jumping up and beginning to dance; and when he had jigged away for awhile, he said: "Hark ye, friend! is the fiddle hard to play upon?" "No! not at all!" said the other. "Will you teach me to fiddle," said the bear, "so that I may have music whenever I want to



dance?" "With all my heart; but let me look at your claws: they are so very long that I must first clip your nails a little bit." Then the bear lifted up his paws one

after another, and the tailor tied them down tight, and said: "Now, wait till I come with my scissors." So he left the bear to growl as loud as he liked, and laid himself down on a heap of straw in the corner, and slept soundly. In the morning when the king came, he found the tailor sitting comfortably at breakfast, and could no longer help keeping his word, but was obliged, willy nilly, to give him his daughter and half his kingdom. So the wedding was celebrated with much pomp, though with little joy, and the tailor became a king.

Some time after, the young queen heard her husband talk in his sleep, and say: "Now, make haste, boy, and sew that waistcoat, and mend that coat, or I'll lay the yard measure about your shoulders." She then guessed at the low origin of her spouse, and the next day she went and begged her father to get her rid of a husband who was nothing better than a tailor. The king bid her be of good cheer, and promised, if she left her chamber door open on the following night, he would send his servants to bind him in his sleep, and take him on board a ship, which should carry him away for ever. But it happened their conversation was overheard by one of the king's squires, who liked the young stranger, and went and told him of the danger that threatened him. So, when the tailor had gone to bed, he pretended to fall asleep, and, as soon as his wife had opened the door, he

THE GIANT AND THE BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR.

spoke as if he were talking in his sleep, and said: "Make haste, boy, and sew that waistcoat, and mend that coat, or I'll lay the yard measure about your shoulders. I have hit seven at a stroke, killed two giants, and tamed a bear, so I need not fear those who stand without." On hearing this, the folk outside were so frightened that they ran away like chaff before the wind, and no one ever dared to lay a finger on him. So a king he was, and a king little snip remained all the days of his life.

PETER THE GOATHERD

A Goatherd, named Peter Klaus, was used to taking his flock on the Kitzbühel, a high mountainous region, the village of Scharndorf, was in the heart of a valley, but his goats together with a spot of meadow by old wells, near the edge of the valley, were his only pasture. During the last few days, he had observed that one of his best goats displayed a disposition to dig about his flock within the mountains, and found the grass a much better food. One watching her closely, he found that Nancy made her way through a crack in the wall,



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A GOATHERD, named Peter Klaus, who used to pasture his flock on the Kyffhauser, a high mountain that overlooks the village of Sittendorf, was in the habit of gathering his goats together at eventide, within a spot encircled by old walls, near the ruins of the castle, where he could easily muster them all.

During the last fews days, he had remarked that one of his finest goats disappeared the moment he had driven his flock within the inclosure, and only joined the rest at a much later hour. On watching her closely, he found that Nanny made her way through a crack in the wall ;

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and, having managed to wriggle through the aperture after her, he followed her into a kind of vault, where she was greedily picking up the oats that kept dropping down from the roof. He now raised his eyes upwards, to try and discover what occasioned this plentiful rain of oats, but was none the wiser for a long while, till at last he heard the neighing and trampling of several spirited horses, when he came to the conclusion that the oats must fall from their crib.

As the goatherd stood marvelling how these horses came to be shut up in an uninhabited mountain, there



came a page, who silently motioned him to follow him. Peter went up several steps, when he found himself in a court-yard walled in by high rocks, and overshadowed

by thick trees, through which a faint twilight was barely struggling. Here he found twelve grave knights playing at nine-pins on a smooth, cool bowling-green, without exchanging a single word. Peter was silently enjoined to lift up the ball.

At first his knees knocked against each other with fright, as he obeyed the injunction, and cast a stolen glance at the long beards and time-worn garments of the noble knights; but by degrees he grew bolder, and looked about him with a more confident air, and at length ventured to drink out of a can that was set down beside him, containing the most fragrant wine. He now felt quite revived, and, as often as he grew tired again, he sought fresh strength from the never-failing contents of the can. At last, however, he was overpowered by sleep.

On waking, he found himself in the green inclosure where he used to fold his goats at nightfall. He rubbed his eyes, but neither dog nor goats could he perceive and he was somewhat surprised at seeing the grass had shot up to an amazing height, as well as at the sight of sundry trees and bushes, which he had never remarked before. He shook his head as he wended his way through the paths and uplands which he was in the daily habit of crossing with his flock; yet nowhere could he discern any traces of his goats. Below him lay the village of Sittendorf as usual, and he hastened down, to make inquiries after his lost flock.

The people he met on his way to the village were all unknown to him, and were differently dressed, and spoke



differently from his acquaintance; and they all stared at him, too, when he inquired after his goats, and took hold of their chins. At last he involuntarily did the same, when he found, to his astonishment, that his beard had grown at least a foot longer than it used to be. He began to think that both himself and the whole world around him must be bewitched; yet he knew that the mountain he just came from was the Kyffhauser, and he likewise recognised the houses, with their gardens, and the village green, and he heard several boys say, in an-

swer to the question of a wayfarer, that the place was named Sittendorf.

His mind half misgave him, as he entered the village and made his way to his cottage, which he found almost fallen to ruins. A shepherd-boy in tattered garments lay in front of it, and an ill-conditioned dog beside him growled and showed his teeth when Peter called to him.



He went through the opening that was once closed by a door, and found all within so desolate and empty that he staggered like a drunken man, as he went out by the hind door, calling on his wife and children by their

names; but no one heard him, still less did any of the familiar voices answer him.

Presently a crowd of women and children gathered round the strange man with a grey beard, and all inquired what he was seeking for. It seemed so monstrous to ask after his own house, and what had become of his wife and children, that, in order to rid himself of their importunity, he named Kurt Steffen, which was the first name that happened to occur to him. The bystanders looked at each other in silence, till at length a woman, well-stricken in years, said:

“It is now twelve years since he has gone to live in Sachsenburg, which you won't be able to reach to-day.”

“And where's Velten Meier?” inquired Peter.

“Lord help him!” answered an old crone, who was leaning on her crutch, “he has been bedridden for the last fifteen years.”

The bewildered Peter shuddered as he now recollected his former neighbours, thus suddenly transformed into so many old women; but he felt no inclination to ask any more questions. At this moment, a spruce young woman, carrying an infant on one arm, and leading a little girl four years of age with the other hand, made her way through the crowd of gaping idlers. They were all three as like his wife as two peas.

“What is your name?” cried he, in great astonishment.

“Marie,” replied the young woman.

“And what was your father’s name?”

“Mercy on him! his name was Peter Klaus. It is now twenty years since we sought him, day and night, on the Kyffhauser, because his flock came home without him. I was then seven years old.”

The goatherd could restrain his feelings no longer.

“I am Peter Klaus,” cried he, “and none other.” And he took his daughter’s baby-boy in his arms.



All present stood as if petrified, till at length one voice and then another called out: “Yes: that is Peter Klaus!”

Welcome, neighbour—welcome home, after your twenty years' absence."

Peter Klaus now lived very happily in his native village. The only drawback to his complete satisfaction was that he missed the good wine he used to drink while he was with the solemn nine-pin players. At times, too, he declared everything seemed so dreamy, that he was not sure whether he were awake or not—and the short and the long of it was, that Peter Klaus felt a great longing to make another expedition to the Kyffhauser. So, in spite of all his friends and neighbours could urge, he sallied forth one Easter Tuesday towards his old quarters, where he found a monk, with a long white beard, seated near one of the ruined turrets, reading from a book, which he closed at Peter's approach, saying: "Come with me to the Emperor Barbarossa, who has been waiting an hour for us." Peter, expecting some such adventure as before, did not object to follow him, and the monk led the way to a spot surrounded by walls, where he drew a large circle with his crooked stick, and wrote curious signs in the sand. He then read some prayers, which Peter could not understand, out of his book, and wound up the ceremony by striking the earth three times with his staff, saying: "Open!"

They now heard a noise like distant thunder, the earth trembled beneath their feet, and the ground within the magic circle sank gently down, with Peter and the monk,

and, after depositing them in the vault below, slowly rose to its former level.

The monk now led Peter through a number of passages, till they came to a kind of cloister, where a lamp was burning eternally, and here he lighted a couple of torches for himself and his companion. They then went onwards till they reached a large iron door. The monk said a prayer, and then touched the door with his staff, saying: "Open!" And behold! the bolts were withdrawn, and the locks opened of themselves, and discovered a round chapel. The floor was as smooth as ice, and the walls and ceiling, that were richly fretted with gold and diamonds, shone like flames by the light of the torches. In one corner stood an altar of massive gold, and in another a golden font on a silver pedestal.

The monk told his companion to follow him, and then bid him stand in the middle of the chapel, while he advanced towards a silver door, at which he knocked three times, when it flew open. Opposite the door sat the Emperor Barbarossa, on a golden throne;—we do not mean his marble image, but the Emperor just as he lived and breathed, with his crown on his head, which he kept nodding every now and then, while he knit his bushy eyebrows. His long red beard had grown through the stone table before him, and reached to his feet.

The monk now returned, and drew the astonished Pe-

ter away. The silver door closed of itself, and the iron door slammed after them with a terrific noise. On reaching the vault they had at first entered, the ground within the magic circle was again lowered to receive them, and brought them back to the light of day, when the monk



gave his companion two small ingots of an unknown metal, that he had brought from the crypt, and which were ever after carefully preserved in Peter Klaus's family, so that his grandchildren and great-grandchildren could prove that the founder of their house had really seen the Emperor face to face.

This adventure served to shorten many an evening throughout the following winter, for Peter's neighbours and grandchildren were never tired of hearing him tell of the wonderful things he had seen in the chapel. But when spring came round again, Peter's love of the marvellous, which had now become a habit with him, would not allow him to rest with merely talking of past events, and he was frequently heard to observe, that the Emperor Barbarossa had not treated him half so well as the knights had done, and that he had a mind to try his luck another time. His daughter, who never liked to hear him talk of going to the Kyffhauser, used to shake her head on these occasions, and say: "Father, it is better to stay at home and drink water in the company of the living, than to drink wine in the company of phantoms." Now this was very sensible, and shewed that Marie just hit the right nail on the head, and knew why her father regretted the bowling-green and the silent knights; and, as often as she spoke thus, Peter would laugh, and take one of his grandchildren on his knee, and pretend to think no more about seeking new adventures. It came to pass, however, that there was a christening in the family some time after, on the birth of his daughter's third child, and so Peter Klaus could remain still no longer, but took a pail and resolved to fetch wine from the cellar of the old castle on the Kyffhauser.

Away he went, and, when he had reached half way up the mountain, he perceived an underground passage, nearly choked up with rubbish, on removing which he found his way into a vault. Here he was met by a grey-headed butler, who motioned him to follow. "Now," thought Peter Klaus, "the Saints forbid that I should be in for another twenty years." And a cold shudder ran over him, as he wished himself back in Sittendorf. He dared not, however, refuse to follow his silent conductor, who led him to a roomy cellar, where stood a row of casks on each side. The butler then tapped one of the casks, and, taking hold of Peter's pail, he filled it to the brim, and said: "As often as there is a merry-making in your house you may come and fetch wine. But you must never say where you get it, neither may you attempt to barter or sell that which is freely given. Woe to the man who should fetch wine for such a purpose."

Peter Klaus returned home much delighted, and the guests thought the wine delicious, and wondered where it came from, for none like it had ever been tasted in that part of the country. But Peter took care not to let out his secret, and every now and then he returned to the cellar with the same success. It happened, however, that a vintner, who lived opposite, once tasted some of Klaus's wine, and thinking what a fine thing it would be if he could obtain even a small quantity of the same, as

it was so strong that he considered he might dilute it with ten times as much water, and yet sell it very dear, he determined to find out how his neighbour came by it. Full of this honest purpose, which could only originate in a vintner's head, he dodged Peter's steps one night as he sallied forth with his pail, and found out the way to the Kyffhauser cellar. On the following evening he selected the largest empty cask he could find, and, placing it on a wheelbarrow, he trundled it up the mountain. It was his intention to fill the cask, and then let it roll down, after which he meant to return every evening in the same manner, until the cellar should be emptied. But, just as he reached the opening that led to the cellar, it suddenly became pitch dark, and a violent gust of wind sent him and his empty cask and his wheelbarrow rolling down from rock to rock. Deeper and deeper did the vintner fall, till he found himself in a burial vault. Here he saw a funeral pass before him, attended by his wife and four neighbours, and he fell senseless with horror. On awaking from his trance, he found himself still in the vault, and he heard the church clock strike twelve. Its well-known tones made him recognise, with a shudder, that he was standing beneath the burial-place of his own village. A stalwart monk now appeared, and carried him up a long flight of steps, and, having placed some money in his hand, without speaking a word laid him at the foot of the mountain. The vintner slunk

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home without either wine or cask, and it was one o'clock before he reached his house. He was so ill that he went to bed immediately, and three days after he was dead. The money the monk had given him was just enough to pay for his burial. After this nobody ever attempted to follow Peter Klaus, who enjoyed the use of the knights' cellar to the end of his days.



RED JACKET; OR, THE NOSE TREE.

—◆—

THERE were once three poor soldiers, who, on being disbanded after the war, journeyed home together, begging their bread as they went along. It was hard to be thus turned adrift without any provision for their old age and our wanderers were dejected enough at the weary prospect that lay before them; but as there was no help for it, they struggled on as best they might, and trusted to Providence for their daily support. One evening they reached a thick, gloomy wood, and night having present-

ly surprised them, they had no other alternative than to lie down and go to sleep, without having tasted a morsel of anything like supper. For fear of being torn to pieces by wild beasts, they agreed that one should keep sentry in true military style, while the other two slept; and as soon as the one that watched grew tired, he was to wake another, who would relieve guard.

Two of the soldiers were presently fast asleep, while the other kindled a fire beneath the trees, and sat down to warm himself. He had not been there long, before a



diminutive being in a red jacket suddenly appeared before him, saying: "Who is there?" "A poor soldier, who will not harm you," replied our friend; "so you had better come and sit down and warm yourself." "And

how fares it with you, my brave fellow?" said the little being. "But poorly," replied the soldier, "for my comrades and I possess nothing in the world beyond the clothes we stand in." "Well, then, my good fellow," said little Red Jacket, "take this cloak, and whenever you put it on and wish for anything, it shall be granted directly."

So saying, he disappeared as he had come.

When it became the second soldier's turn to keep watch, little Red Jacket appeared again, and handed him a purse, which he told him should be always full of gold, let him draw upon it as often as he pleased.

It was now the third soldier's turn to keep sentry; and little Red Jacket did not forget him, but presented him with a magic horn, that possessed the property of summoning crowds at a blast, and of making people forget their cares and dance to its sound.

When morning dawned, the three friends had each a wonderful tale to tell, and they presently agreed, that, as they had shared each other's adversity, so would they now enjoy together the prosperity that had so unexpectedly befallen them, and resolved to travel for their amusement, and make use of the inexhaustible purse. They now spent their time very pleasantly, till at last they grew tired of roaming about, when two of the comrades requested their companion to wish for a beautiful castle to serve as their home. This was accordingly set before

them with, as little fuss as a waiter brings a glass of beer. The castle was, moreover, surrounded by delightful gardens and luxuriant pastures, where countless flocks were seen grazing; and the gates flew open to give passage to a stately carriage drawn by three dapple grey horses, that soon fetched them home.

After enjoying a very quiet life for a time, they began to be as much cloyed by continued rest as they had been heretofore by their unsettled mode of existence; so they thought they would make a change, and accordingly they ordered the carriage, and, taking with them a quantity of fine clothes and costly jewels, they proceeded on a visit to a neighbouring monarch.

The king, who had an only daughter, seeing such magnificent strangers, concluded they must be princes in disguise, and welcomed them accordingly. It happened one day that the second soldier was walking with the princess, when she remarked the purse in his hand, and asked what it was. The soldier was weak enough to tell her, which, to be sure, though very foolish in him, did not make much difference, as she was a fairy, and already knew what wonderful gifts the three comrades held in their keeping. So she set to work to make a purse exactly similar to the stranger's, and, when it was completed, she took an opportunity of offering him some wine that she had drugged for the purpose, which made him

fall into a dead sleep, when she gently drew his purse from his pocket, and substituted her own in its stead.



On the following day, the soldiers returned homewards; and, not long after they had reached their stately castle, they happened to want some money, and applied to the purse, whose contents, indeed, they emptied; but oh, disaster of disasters! no fresh gold came to supply the deficiency! The owner of the purse then speedily perceived that the princess had played him false, and began to lament over his lost riches. "Nay," said the first soldier, "be not downcast: I shall soon be able to get your property back again." So he put on his cloak, and wished he were in the princess's chamber.

No sooner was he transported thither, than he found

her busy drawing gold from the purse, till it lay in heaps about her. Instead of at once securing the prize, the soldier was imprudent enough to stand watching her, till she happened to turn round, and, on perceiving him, began to call out: "A thief! a thief!" as loud as she could, till all the courtiers and household rushed in to assist her. The soldier was so taken aback, that, in his alarm and confusion, he never thought of wishing himself a hundred miles off, but ran to the window and jumped



out, in such haste that he left his cloak dangling to the balcony, much to the delight of the cunning princess, who thus secured another gift.

The poor soldier returned home on foot in the most dejected mood imaginable, and informed his comrades what a heavy misfortune had befallen him. "Never mind," said the third soldier: "keep up your spirits, for we have still a remedy left." And, taking up his horn, he blew a loud blast, which brought countless troops of infantry and cavalry, with which they set forth to besiege the king's palace. Before they drew their swords, however, they informed the king, that, if he gave up the purse and the cloak, they would withdraw their army; but, should he persist in keeping them, they would demolish the palace to its very foundations. The king therefore went and tried to persuade his daughter to avert such a misfortune; but, as she was very unwilling to part with her newly acquired valuables, she replied: "Cunning may overcome force," and bid her father wait for the result of a scheme she had laid, which should drive away the whole army like chaff before the wind. Accordingly, she dressed herself up as a fruit-girl, and, taking a basket on her arm, went out, accompanied by her maid, at night-fall, and took a roundabout way to reach the enemy's camp. When morning came, she rambled about amongst the tents, offering her wares for sale, and singing with so exquisite a voice that the soldiers crowded round her, to listen to her songs. Presently she perceived the owner of the horn amongst the throng, and made a sign to her maid, who stole away to his tent, while he was engrossed

with listening to the music, and took possession of the magic horn. No sooner was this accomplished, than the princess returned to the palace; and sure enough the army vanished, as she had told her father it would, while she retained all the fairy gifts; and the three luckless soldiers found themselves once more as desolate and as poor as when little Red Jacket had been the maker of their fortunes.

They now held council as to what they should do next, when the second soldier, namely, he who had once owned the purse, proposed they should each seek their bread separately. He then turned to the right, while the other two, who preferred keeping together, went to the left. The second soldier wandered on till he came to the self-same wood where they had met with such unexpected luck; and when night came he felt so tired, that he fell asleep beneath a tree. On awaking next morning, he was not a little delighted to perceive that the tree was laden with the most enticing apples he had ever seen; and, having gathered some, he began eating first one, then another, and then a third. He now began to feel a queer sensation in his nose, and, on attempting to put another apple into his mouth, there appeared to be some impediment in the way, when he found, to his horror, that it proceeded from his nose, which had grown to such an immense length that it reached to his waist. "Where will this end?" cried he, in alarm. And well might he

say so, for the thought was no sooner uttered, than his nose had grown down to the ground, and kept stretching



onwards like a stream, till it meandered through the wood, and progressed over hill and dale beyond. Meanwhile, his comrades, who had journeyed onwards since the morning, now stumbled over something that they at first mistook for a kind of bridge; then they thought it looked like a nose, especially as it felt like flesh; and lastly, determined to follow it up, to find who could be the owner of such a protuberance. They were much shocked, on reaching the tree, to find that the unsightly appurtenance belonged to their unhappy comrade, who was lying quite exhausted on the ground. The two soldiers tried to raise him, but this they found quite impos-

sible; and they were all three giving way to despair, when, to their great relief, their little friend Red Jacket once more popped in upon them. "You are in a sad plight indeed, my good friend," cried he, laughing; "but luckily there is a cure near at hand." He then told the two others to gather a pear from a neighbouring tree; and no sooner had the poor soldier partaken of this, than his nose was at once restored to its natural proportions.

"Now," said little Red Jacket, "I'll give you a piece of advice. Gather some of these pears and apples, and go to the princess, and offer her some of the latter, when her nose will grow twenty times longer than yours did; then make the best bargain you can before you let her have the remedy."

The three friends thanked Red Jacket with heartfelt gratitude, and left the wood. They then agreed that Nosey, as his comrades now nicknamed him, should disguise himself as a gardener, and go to the king's palace, and offer the apples for sale. Accordingly, Nosey made his way thither, and he had no sooner displayed his tempting wares than everybody wished to buy some of his fruit. But he declared that these apples were so rare as to be fit only for the princess; and the moment she heard this she sent to purchase his whole stock. The flavour proved so delicious that the princess ate at least a dozen in rapid succession, when suddenly the same alarming symptoms the soldier had experienced declared

themselves with frightful rapidity. Her nose soon reached the window, and from thence the garden, and then began its vagrant course into the wide world.

The king, greatly terrified, offered a large reward to whoever should cure her of this strange disorder. So our hero dressed himself up as a physician, and volunteered his services. In order, however, to take a slight revenge on her for past misdeeds, he began by giving her a dose containing some more apple chopped up very small, which, of course, increased the mischief. It was



only after leaving her a whole day in this state that he administered a little of the pear, which caused a very

slight decrease of her infirmity. As, however, he considered that he must frighten her well before he should obtain all he wanted, he kept angling with her fears by alternately causing the nose to grow smaller and larger, till at last he said: "Princess, my science tells me there is something that works a spell against all my medicines, and, to speak plainly, I am convinced it must be the stolen goods about you that cause the mischief, and, till they are returned, my art is powerless." The princess at first indignantly denied any such thing, but when the king heard what the physician had said, he went to his daughter, and entreated her to restore the cloak, the purse, and the horn to their lawful owners.

So, as there was no help for it, she returned them all to the physician, to give to the soldiers, when he, in exchange, gave her a whole pear, which effectually restored her nose to its former pretty little shape. And then the soldier wished himself back to his comrades, and from thenceforward all three lived happily together in undisturbed possession of their matchless gifts.



THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

THERE once lived a poor woman, whose son, being born with a caul, she consulted a soothsayer, who foretold that he was destined to marry the king's daughter as soon as he should have attained the age of fourteen. It happened that, shortly after, the king came to the village, and, on asking what was the news, the gossips, not knowing who he was, answered, that a child had just been born with a caul, and that he was sure to be lucky in everything he did. And they added, that it had been foretold he was to marry the king's daughter in his fourteenth year. The king was mightily displeased at this prediction, and, be-

ing a bad-hearted man, he went straight to the parents, and pretending to be very friendly, he offered to provide for their infant if they would give it up to him. At first they were unwilling to part with it; but as the stranger offered them a large sum of money, and they considered that, being born lucky, all would turn out for the child's advantage, they at length consented.

The king laid it in a box, and rode away till he reached a deep stream, when he threw it in, saying: "There! now I have rid my daughter of so unexpected a suitor." But the box, instead of sinking, floated like a little ship until it came to a mill, some two miles beyond the king's



capital, where it stuck in the embankment. Luckily the old miller perceived it, and drew it out with a hook,

thinking he had got hold of a treasure, when, on opening the box, he saw to his surprise a fine, healthy infant, whom he immediately carried home to his wife. The good people, having no children of their own, considered the little foundling quite a godsend, and immediately adopted him, and brought him up with the greatest care.

Many years after, it chanced that the king took refuge from a storm in this very mill, and inquired of the miller whether that tall youth was his son? The foster parents hereupon told him how he had come to them, when the king, perceiving at once that this must be the same child whom he had flung into the water, merely observed, ho lucky it was he had not been drowned, and then said, that if the youth would take a letter to the queen, he would give him two pieces of gold for his trouble. "As your majesty pleases," replied the good folks, telling the youth to get ready. The king then wrote to the queen: "Let the youth who bears this letter be immediately killed and buried; and mind it be done before I return."

The youth took the letter and set out, but he lost himself, and reached a large forest at nightfall. A faint light that glimmered through the darkness guided him to a small house, which he entered. Here he found a woman sitting by the fire, and, after explaining that he was taking a message to the queen, and had lost himself, he begged her to allow him a night's rest in her house.

“Poor youth!” said the woman, “you have fallen into a den of robbers, and when they come home they will surely kill you!” But the youth was so tired that he said he could go no further, let what would happen; and, stretching himself on a bench, he fell fast asleep. Soon after, the robbers came back, and inquired angrily who



the strange youth was? But when the woman had explained his errand, and the robbers had broken open the letter to see what it contained, these hard-hearted men were moved to pity, and the chieftain tore it up, and wrote another letter, in which it said that the youth was to be married to the princess immediately. So they let him sleep quietly till the morning, when they gave him back the letter, and shewed him the right way to the palace. The queen had no sooner read the letter, than she

gave orders for a sumptuous wedding, and the child of luck was married to the princess; and, as the youth was both handsome and amiable, the young pair were mutually pleased with each other.

After a time the king returned to his castle, and found, to his amazement, that the prophecy had been fulfilled. "How comes this?" said he; "I gave very different orders in my letter." The queen then shewed him the letter she had received, and he went and asked the youth why he had not delivered the one that was intrusted to him? "I know nothing about it," replied he, "unless, indeed, it was changed while I lay asleep in the forest." But the king was very angry, and said: "You must not think to have won my daughter so easily; and unless you bring me three golden hairs from the head of a gnome who lives in a mine at the other end of my kingdom, she shall not remain your wife." The king secretly hoped to be rid of him by this means. But the lucky youth answered: "I will fetch the golden hairs, and shall not be afraid of the gnome." And, having inquired the way to the mine, he set off without delay.

On reaching a large city, the sentinels at the gate asked him whether he understood any handicraft, and what he knew. "I know everything," replied the child of luck. "Then," resumed the sentinels, "pray be so kind as to inform us why the spring in our market place, that used to run with wine, does not now even yield wa-

ter." "Wait till I return, and then you shall know," answered he. On going a little further he came to another town, when the sentinels again inquired what handicraft he understood, and what he knew, when he replied, as before: "I know everything." "Then be so kind," said they, "as to inform us why a tree in our town that used to bear golden apples, does not now put forth so much as a leaf." "Wait till I return, and you shall know," replied he. On proceeding further he reached a large river, and as the ferryman took him over, he asked him the same question as the sentinels, to which our hero made the same reply. "Then oblige me," said the ferryman, "by telling me why I am obliged to go to and fro continually, and am never set free?" "Wait till I return, and you shall know," said the youth.

On the other side of the water he found the entrance to the gnome's residence. After passing through a very dark, black vault, he reached the mine, when he found the gnome was out, though his grandmother was at home, and sitting in a large easy chair. "What do you want?" said she, without seeming very angry. "I wish for three hairs out of the gnome's head," answered he, "or else I shall not be allowed to keep my wife." "That's a bold request," said she, "for if the gnome comes home and finds you here, he would strangle you on the spot. But I can't help pitying you, so I'll see what I can do for you." She then changed him into an ant, and told him

to creep into the folds of her gown. "This is all very well," said he; "but there are three things besides that I want to know, and they are, why a well that used to run with wine does not even yield water now; why a tree that used to bear golden apples does not now put forth so much as a leaf; and why a ferryman must go to and fro continually without ever being released."

"Those are difficult questions," said she; "but only keep quiet, and mind what the gnome says, while I shall pull out the three golden hairs."

At nightfall the gnome came back, and said: "I smell man's flesh; all is not as it should be here." And he peeped into all the corners, but could find nothing. His grandmother then scolded him for turning everything topsy turvy, and bid him be quiet and eat his supper, instead of fancying such nonsense. After he had eaten and drunk, his grandmother laid his head in her lap, and said she would comb his hair a bit. Presently he fell fast asleep, and began to snore aloud. The old dame then pulled out one of his golden hairs. "O-oh!" screeched the gnome, "what are you after?" "I have had a bad dream," answered his grandmother, "so I pulled you by the hair." "And what was your dream about?" said the gnome. "Why, I dreamt that a spring in a market-place that used to run with wine, had dried up, and didn't even yield water. What can be the cause of it?" "If they did but know," said the gnome, "that there sits a

toad under a stone at the bottom of the spring, and that they need only kill it, for wine to flow again!" His



grandmother than began to comb him again, and he soon fell asleep, and snored till he shook the very earth. She then pulled out the second hair. "Holloa! what are you about?" said the gnome in a passion. "Don't take it ill," answered she: "I did it while I was dreaming." "And what have you dreamt this time?" asked he. "Why, I dreamt that there was a fruit tree that used to bear golden apples, and that now does not put forth so much as a leaf. What can be the cause?" "If the folks did but know," replied the gnome, "that a mouse keeps

gnawing at the root, and that, if they killed it, the tree would bear golden apples again! Instead of which it will completely wither, if the mouse goes on. But enough of your dreams, and, if you disturb me again, you shall have a box on your ears." His grandmother soothed him, and began combing his hair gently till he fell asleep. She then pulled out the third hair. Hereupon the gnome jumped up in a rage, and it would have gone ill with her, had she not softened him by saying it was all the fault of her disagreeable dreams. "What have you dreamt again?" said he with evident curiosity. "I dreamt of a ferryman who complains of going to and fro, and not being released. Whose fault is it?" "Why, his own, to be sure," answered the gnome; "if the block-head only knew that he need but place the oar into the hands of whoever wants to go over, he would be set free, and the other obliged to take his place." Having now obtained the three golden hairs, and the answers to the three questions, the grandmother let the gnome sleep in peace, and he snored till the morning.

As soon as the gnome had gone out, the old crone took the ant out of the folds of her gown, and restored the fortunate youth to his human shape. She then gave him the three hairs, and bid him go his ways. The youth thanked her, and went away highly pleased at the success of his adventure. On coming back to the ferryman, who reminded him he was to give him an answer, he said,

“Take me across the water first, and then I will tell you how to break the spell.” This he accordingly did, and then went further till he reached the town that contained the unfruitful tree, where the sentinels likewise summoned him to give an answer. He informed them that the mouse must be killed to restore the tree to its former fruitfulness, when the sentinels gave him a couple of asses laden with gold as a reward. Lastly, he came to the city where the well was dried up, and told the sentinels they must kill the toad if they wanted wine to flow



again. The sentinels thanked him, and likewise gave him two asses laden with gold.

At length the lucky youth reached home, when his

wife was overjoyed to see him, and to hear how well he had succeeded. The king, too, was quite pleased on receiving the three golden hairs; and, seeing the four asses laden with gold, he said: "The conditions are now fulfilled, so you may keep my daughter for your wife. But tell me, my dear son-in-law, how did you come by all these treasures?"

"I went across a river," answered he, "and I found gold instead of sand on its banks." "Can't I go and fetch some likewise?" said the king eagerly.

"As much as you like," said the youth; "if you get



the ferryman to take you over, you can fill your sacks at your leisure."

The covetous monarch lost no time in setting out on

this expedition, and, on reaching the river, he made a sign to the ferryman to take him across it. The ferryman came, and told him to get into his boat, and, on reaching the opposite bank, he laid the oar in his hand, and jumped ashore. The king was therefore obliged, from thenceforward, to ferry to and fro, as a punishment for his sins. And, should our little readers inquire whether he is still at it, we may safely say we think he is, for nobody would have troubled himself to take the oar out of his hands.

THE KING IN THE BRAMBLE BUSH.

There once lived a rich man who had a very honest and industrious son in his service, who was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, and who, whenever there was any hard work that nobody else would begin, was always foremost to put his hand to it. Nor did he ever grumble, but was constantly cheerful and good-tempered. When his year was up, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself, "It is what



THE JEW IN THE BRAMBLE BUSH.

THERE once lived a rich man, who had a very honest, industrious lad in his service, who was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, and who, whenever there was any hard work that nobody else would begin, was always foremost to put his hand to it. Nor did he ever grumble, but was constantly cheerful and good-tempered. When his year was up, his master gave him no wages, for he said to himself: "It is wisest

to save the money, and, besides, then he won't be able to leave my service." Sure enough, the lad said nothing, and worked away during the second year as he had done the first, and when he again found he received no wage at the end he still said nothing, and went on as before. When the third year came round, his master considered a bit, and then put his hand into his pocket, but he brought nothing out of it. Seeing this, the lad at length said to him: "Master, I have served you faithfully for three years, so please to be so good as to give me what



is fairly due to me, for I wish to go forth and look about me in the world." The miser answered: "Yes, my dear

boy, you have served me zealously, and you shall be liberally rewarded." And he once more fumbled in his pocket, and counted out three farthings, saying to the lad: "There—there's a farthing for every year, and that's what I call very handsome wages, and such as few masters would give."

The good lad, who knew little about the value of money, pocketed his capital, and said to himself: "Where's the good of doing any more hard work, now that I have plenty in my pocket?"

And away he went, up hill and down dale, singing merrily as he trudged along, till he came to a bush, when out popped a little man, who called to him, saying: "Whither are you going, you merry spark? I see your cares don't weigh heavily on your heart, anyhow."

"Why should I be sad?" answered the lad, "when I have plenty of money! for I have three years' wages now chinking in my pocket." "And what may be the amount of your treasure?" inquired the little man. "Why, three whole farthings?" "Hark ye," said the dwarf, "I am a poor man, who is in want; so do give me your three farthings, for I am no longer able to work, while you are young and strong, and can easily earn your bread." The lad had a good heart, and took pity on the little man, and so he handed him the three farthings, saying: "Take them, and God will not let me want." The little man then said: "Now that I see what a good heart you have,

I will grant you three wishes—one for every farthing, and they shall be immediately accomplished.” “Nay,



then,” said the lad, “if you are such a clever conjuror as all that comes to, why, I should wish first for a fowling-piece that will bring down anything that I may aim at; next, for a fiddle that everybody will be obliged to dance to, as often as I strike up a tune; and, lastly, that when I make a request of any one, they shall not be able to refuse me.” “Your wishes shall be granted,” said the little man, as he put his hand into the bush, where, only think! there lay the fiddle and the fowling-piece already, as if they had been ordered beforehand! As he gave them to the lad, he said: “Whatever you ask, no man on earth shall be able to refuse you.”

“What more can heart desire?” said the lad to himself, as he went his way in high glee. Soon after, he met a Jew, with a long beard like a goat, who stood listening to

a bird that was warbling its little song on the top of a tree. "Dear me!" cried he, "to think that so small a creature should have such a powerful voice! I wish I could catch it, and that somebody would help me to put some salt on its tail!" "If that's all," said the lad, "I can soon bring down the bird." And accordingly he took aim, and hit the bird, who fell into a bramble bush. "There, you scapegrace," said he to the Jew, "go and fetch the bird out of the bush." "Nay," said the Jew, "some dog will get hold of it if it is left there, so I'll e'en go and pick it up, since you have killed it." And he laid himself flat on the ground, and began to creep into the bush. Just as he had reached the midst of the brambles, the spirit of mischief moved the lad to take up his fiddle and to strike up a tune. The Jew immediately began to lift first one foot and then another, and then to caper with all his might, and the more the lad fiddled the more violently he danced. Meanwhile the thorns tore his shabby garment, and combed his goat's beard rather roughly, besides pricking his body from top to toe.

"Hold there, for goodness sake!" said the Jew. "Leave off fiddling, for I don't want to dance." But the lad did not leave off, and bethought himself: "You have fleeced others often enough, and now the thorns shall serve you the same." So away he fiddled, while the Jew was forced to jump higher and higher, till the tatters of his garment hung on all the brambles that surrounded

him. "Murder! murder!" cried the Jew, "I'll give you anything you ask for, if your worship will only leave off fiddling. I'll give you this purse full of gold." Since you are so generous as all that comes to," said the lad, "I'll leave off my music; but I must say that you trip it most daintily." And thereupon he took the purse and went his way.



The Jew stood looking after him, and said nothing till the lad was quite out of sight; and then he bawled as loud as he could: "You wretched scraper! You ale-house fiddler! Only let me catch you alone, and I'll

give you such a chase that you shall lose shoe-leather by the means! You vagabond, that were not worth a farthing a minute ago!" And thus he went on, heaping all the abuse he could think of upon him. When he had somewhat relieved himself by this means, he ran off to seek the judge in the nearest town. "Woe is me, my lord judge!" cried he; "I have been robbed on the highway, and so ill used by a reckless fellow, that it would have moved a stone to pity. He has torn my clothes to tatters, scratched my body all over, and taken away my purse, that was full of the most beautiful ducats you ever set eyes on. Let the scamp be thrown into prison."

The judge then said: "Was it a soldier, who made use of his sword to put you into such a state as this?" "Thank Heaven! he bore no sword with him," said the Jew; "but he had a gun on his shoulder, and a fiddle round his neck, so that he may be easily recognised."

The judge sent his people after him, and they soon overtook the worthy lad, who had walked along slowly a little way further; and, sure enough, they found the purse full of gold in his pocket. On being brought into court, he said: "I did not touch the Jew, neither did I rob him of his money, but he gave it me freely to induce me to leave off fiddling, as he couldn't bear my music."

"My lord," exclaimed the Jew, "he has told as many lies as there are flies upon the wall!" Neither did the judge believe his story, for he said: "This is a paltry de-

fence, for no Jew would give away his money so easily." And thereupon he condemned the poor lad to be hung for having committed a robbery on the highway. As they led him off to execution, the Jew called out after



him: "You good-for-nothing ragamuffin! You fiddler fit only to play to dancing dogs! Now you are going to be served out as you deserve!" The lad went up the ladder very quietly together with the hangman; but when he had reached the last step, he turned round, and said to the judge: "Grant me one request before I die."

"Yes," said the judge, "if you do not sue for mercy."

“I do not ask you to spare my life,” said the lad; “I only beg you to let me play a tune on my fiddle.”

Hereupon the Jew set up a great outcry, and exclaimed: “Pray don’t let him do any such thing.”

But the judge said: “Why should I not allow him this poor satisfaction? Besides, I have granted his request, and therefore I shall not gainsay my own words.” And indeed he could not have refused him, on account of the gift the lad possessed. But the Jew kept calling out: “Help me! help me! bind me fast! bind me tight!”

The good lad then took his fiddle off his neck, and set it on his shoulder, and no sooner had he drawn his bow across it, than everybody present began to wave to and fro, judge, clerk, officers of justice, and all, while the rope fell from the hands of the man who was attempting to bind the Jew, according to his request. At the second stroke, every toe was pointed, and the hangman left hold of the poor lad, and made ready to dance; and by the third stroke, every man jack of them began to cut capers, and to dance away, the judge and the Jew leading the brawls, and jumping higher than anybody else. The dance was soon joined by the crowd, whom curiosity had attracted to the market-place; and old and young, fat and lean, footed it away as if for a wager, while the very dogs stood on their hind legs, and hopped about. The more he played, the higher the dancers jumped, till they began to scream out most piteously. At length the judge,

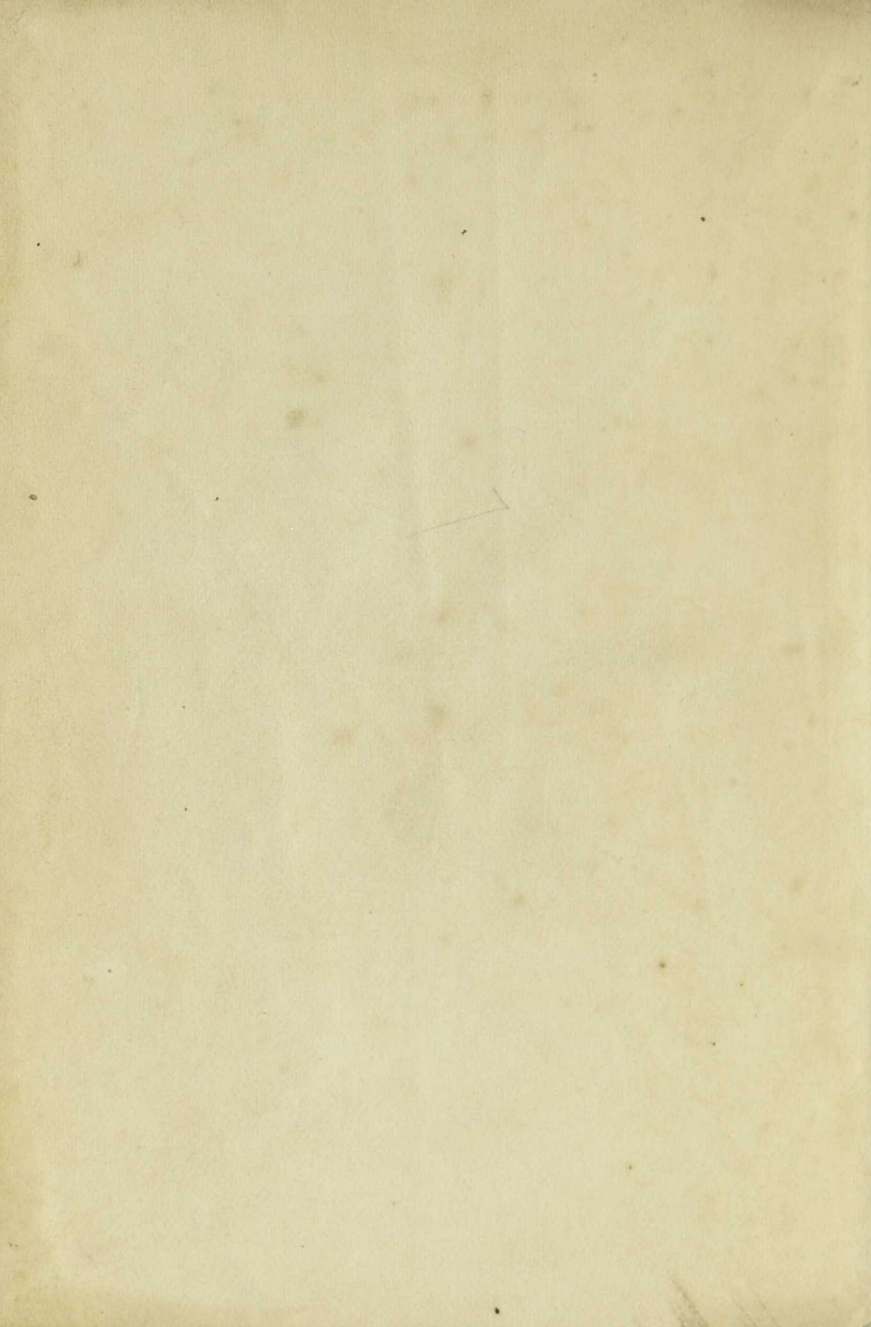
quite out of breath, exclaimed: "I will grant you a free pardon, if you only leave off fiddling."



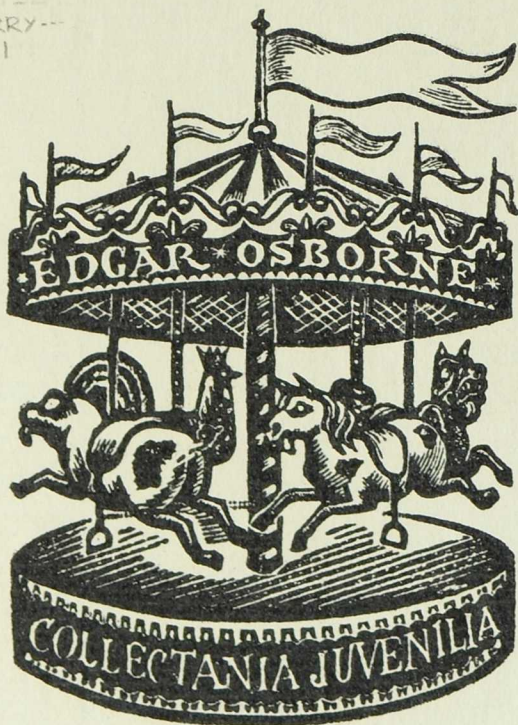
The good lad listened to his entreaty, and left off, and, hanging the fiddle round his neck, came down the ladder. He then walked up to the Jew, as he lay gasping on the ground, and said: "You rascal! confess how you came by that money, or I'll begin playing again."

"I have stolen it—yea, I have stolen it!" cried he; "but you came by it honestly."

And then the judge ordered the Jew to be led to the gallows, and hung for a thief.



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