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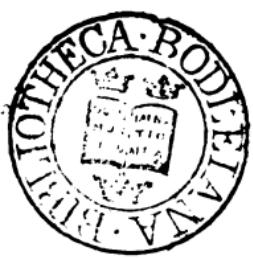
Grimm's
Home
Stories.



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Front.

THE GOOD BARGAIN.

P. 33.

HOME STORIES,

BY MARY E. STEPHENS.

THE PROTEUS GROUP.

NOW IN PRINT AGAIN, BY

MARY LOUISA DAVIS

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN LTD., LONDON.

LONDON

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HOME STORIES,

COLLECTED

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

NEWLY TRANSLATED BY

MATILDA LOUISA DAVIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

LONDON:

G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET;
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1855.

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

Most persons in this country have already learnt to connect Germany with some of their enjoyments at this season, for the German or Christmas-tree has become so popular, that it promises to be a permanent source of delight among us. Our present offering is likewise of Teutonic origin, being drawn from a collection made by the Brothers GRIMM, of the traditional tales existing in various German states, especially in the Rhine provinces. Many of these districts are yet rich in songs and old customs, which have been regularly handed down, and in some of the villages the saga or tale is the usual enjoyment reserved for holidays, which among these people are not few in number. Many of the tales, therefore, had not hitherto been committed to writing, into the cause of which we shall not now stay to inquire ; but it is a remarkable fact, that the Gauls (as we learn from Julius Cæsar) were not allowed to commit their traditional songs to writing, although they did not hesitate to employ written characters upon other occasions. Cæsar considers the prohibition to have taken its rise from the desire to create a necessity for learning and guarding these songs, which might otherwise not exist if they were entrusted to other keeping ; and as we have not to learn how intimately the nationality of a people is connected with their songs, we can approve the wisdom of their rulers.

The chief portion of these stories was, therefore,

communicated to the Messrs. GRIMM by the peasantry, who were the depositaries of them, and many of the best were derived from a poor peasant woman belonging to a village near Cassel. She was upwards of fifty years of age, and gifted with singular intelligence, her powers of memory also being remarkable ; this was shown by her never varying the stories she repeated, and instantly correcting the slightest deviation or oversight, if it occurred. She was by no means indifferent to her own value as a narrator, but was always ready to exercise her talent, and often remarked that "few were so gifted as herself in this respect."

The attractive nature of tales of imagination is proved by their cherished existence among every nation. They may even be discovered among tribes and races of men we deem uncivilized, and if the brilliancy of thought is less in such instances, they are by no means deficient in a kind of poetry and pathos which inspires interest. The people of Northern Europe are distinguished for their "National Tales," the heroic spirit of which has often awakened our admiration ; but the Bosjeman of Southern Africa, and the American Indian, possesses no less his store of traditional tale which appeals to individual and national feeling.

In presenting our young readers, therefore, with a new translation of a selection of "GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES," we feel assured, that they will welcome as an amusing and acceptable visitor, this contribution to the pleasures of their Christmas fireside.

14, CORNWALL TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,
6th December, 1854.

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FAIRY TALES.

The Frog King, or the Faithful Henrik.

IN the olden time, when wishing produced its effect, there lived a king, whose daughters were all beautiful but the youngest so pre-eminently fair that even the sun, which beheld so much, was astonished at her loveliness whenever he shone in her face. Near this king's castle was a wood, amid the shades of which, beneath an old linden-tree, was a spring ; around this cool spring the royal children were frequently to be found in the hot days of summer, and here, if they felt inclined to amuse themselves, their favourite pastime was throwing up a golden ball, and catching it again as it fell.

Upon one of these occasions it chanced that the king's youngest daughter's golden ball fell, not into the fair hand extended to receive it, but striking the earth, rebounded thence into the water. The lady followed it with her eyes, but the spring being too deep for her to see the bottom, the ball, of course, vanished from her sight, and she began to weep bitterly, and was inconsolable for its loss. While thus distressed, she heard a voice which said, "What troubles thee, royal maiden—thy complaints would move a stone to pity ?" She looked around, to discover whence the voice came, but perceived only a frog, which raised his thick ugly head out of the water. "Ah ! is it you ?" exclaimed the princess ; "I am bewailing the loss of my golden ball, which has fallen into the water." "Be comforted, and do not weep," replied the frog ; "I can help thee, but what wilt thou give me

if I fetch thee up thy plaything again?" "Whatever you will, dear frog!" said the princess—"my clothes, my pearls, and jewels—even the golden crown which I wear." To this the frog replied, "Thy clothes, pearls, and jewels, and thy golden crown, I do not like; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy companion and playfellow, sit near thee at table, eat from thy golden plate, drink from thy golden cup, and also sleep in thy bed—if thou wilt promise me all this, I will go down and fetch up thy golden ball." "Ah, yes!" hastily replied the young princess; "I promise all, whatever thou wilt—only let me have my golden ball again." She thought, however, to herself, "The silly frog!—it can only croak, and live in the water with its fellows—it cannot be a companion for a human being." The frog having received the promise, dipped its head down, then dived, and in a short time re-appeared on the surface, holding the ball in its mouth, which it threw on the grass. The king's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful toy, and picking it up, sprang delighted away. "Stop, stop!" cried the frog, "take me with thee—I cannot run as thou dost." But what availed its croaking after her, as loud as it would?—she listened not, but hastened home, and had soon forgotten the poor frog, who was obliged again to descend into the water.

The next day, as she sat at table with the king and all the court, eating from her golden plate, something was heard, "plitch-platch, plitch-platch," ascending the marble staircase, and when it had reached the top, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice, which exclaimed, "Princess, open the door." The youngest was anxious to know who it was, and ran to open the door; but having done so, was astonished to behold only the frog. Hastily closing it again, she returned to her place, and felt much alarmed, which the king observing, said, "My child, what is the matter—is there a giant outside the door, who has come to fetch you?" "Ah, no!" answered the princess, "not a giant, but a nasty frog!" "What does the frog

want?" "Ah, dear father! as I sat by the spring in the wood yesterday, and played, my golden ball fell into the water, and while I was weeping for it, the frog fetched it up again; and as he required it, I promised that he should be my companion; but I had not the least idea he could leave his abode. However, he is now outside, and wishes to come in to me." The knocking was now repeated, and a voice heard, saying—

"King's daughter, king's daughter, open to me;
Know'st thou what yesterday thou saidst to me?
King's daughter, king's daughter, open to me."

Then said the king, "What thou hast promised that thou must certainly perform—go and open to him." Having done so, the frog hopped in, keeping close to the princess, until she reached her chair; then it stopped, and said, "Lift me up by thee." The king's daughter hesitated, until commanded by her father; but having obeyed, and placed it on the chair by her, the frog showed that his object was to reach the table; and being placed upon it, "Now push thy golden plate nearer me," said he, "that we may eat together." This she accordingly did, though evidently very unwillingly, and the frog ate heartily, but nearly every morsel stuck in the princess's throat. The former then said, "I have eaten sufficiently, and am very tired—carry me up into thy little chamber, and prepare thy silken bed, that I may sleep with thee." The king's daughter now began to weep heartily, for she was afraid of the cold frog, that she hardly dared touch, and which was now to sleep in her beautiful bed; but the king was much displeased, and said, "My daughter, thou must not despise afterwards those who have helped thee in thy need." She was therefore obliged, most unwillingly, to take it up, which she did with two fingers, carried it upstairs, and put it in a corner. But when she was in bed, it hopped towards her, saying, "I am tired, and wish to sleep as well as thou—take me up, or I will tell thy father." This greatly enraged the

princess, but she took it up, and threw it with all her force against the wall, saying, "Now, wilt thou let me be in peace, nasty frog ?" To her great astonishment, upon falling to the ground, there was no longer a frog visible, but a handsome prince, of most amiable appearance, who, with the king's approbation, became her beloved companion and husband. He related to the princess that he had been enchanted by a wicked fairy, and that she alone was appointed to deliver him from her power. It was arranged that the next day they should take leave of the king, and travel together to the prince's dominions. When the morning came, a carriage drawn by eight white horses drew up before the palace ; the horses were harnessed with golden trappings, and had white ostrich plumes on their heads, and behind the carriage was the young prince's faithful servant Henrik, who had so deeply felt his master's misfortune when he was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron bands to be fastened around his body, that his heart might not burst with sorrow. This carriage was to convey the young prince and his bride to his expecting subjects, and the faithful Henrik having handed them in, again took his seat behind, overjoyed at his master's deliverance and return. After travelling some distance, the prince heard a snap behind him, as if something were broken, which caused him to turn round, and say, "Henrik, the carriage is breaking down." "No, my lord," returned he ; "it is only that my heart now swells with joy, and a band is loosened from it." Again and again the same thing occurred, the prince imagining each time the carriage was breaking down ; it was, however, only the iron bands, springing from Henrik's heart, now his lord was once more free and happy.

The Cat and the Mouse as Companions.

A CAT had made acquaintance with a mouse, and impressed her with so high an opinion of her love and friendship, that the mouse at last consented to dwell with her in the same place, and to keep house together. "But," said the cat, "we must think beforehand for the winter, or we shall suffer want, and you, mousey, will be venturing too far, and so find yourself in a trap." The good advice was followed, and a jar full of fat was obtained; but having procured it, they could not tell where to place it for safety. After much consideration, the cat said, "I know no better place for its security than the church—no one would dare to take anything away from thence; we will place it under the altar, and not touch it until we are quite obliged to do so." The jar was safely disposed of, according to agreement, but it was not long before the cat longed to taste its contents; so she said one day to the mouse, "Mousey, I am invited to be godmother to my cousin's child—she has just had a little son, white, with brown spots, and I cannot deny her this favour; let me go out, and take care of the house by yourself to-day." "Oh, yes!" replied the mouse, "by all means—think of me at the feast; I should much like a drop of the sweet red wine myself." But the cat had not spoken the truth—she had no cousin, and was not asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, crept to the jar, and began to lick, licked the top off, and then took a walk in the city, upon the roofs of the houses; afterwards stretching herself in the sun, she licked her lips, as often as she thought of the jar of fat. In the evening she returned home, and was kindly greeted by the mouse. "Well, I am glad to see you again," said she; "you have, doubtless, had a merry day." "Yes," replied

the cat. "What is the child's name?" continued the mouse. "Top-off," said the cat, drily. "Top-off!" exclaimed the mouse—what a singular and unusual name! Is it a family name?" "Not more singular, or worse than 'Steal-crumb,' as your godmother is called," replied puss. Not long after this, the cat felt a desire to pay another visit to the church, so she said to the mouse, "You must again be so kind as to take care of the house alone—I am once more invited to be godmother; and as the child has a white ring round her neck, I cannot refuse." The good mouse consented; the cat slipped by the town-wall into the church, and devoured half the contents of the jar. "Nothing is so good," said she, "as what one eats by oneself," and she felt quite pleased with her day's work. When she returned home, the mouse inquired the name of the child. "Half-gone," replied the cat. "Half-gone!—I never heard the name before," said the mouse: "I wager you do not find it in the calendar."

The cat's mouth soon watered for another visit to the jar. "All good things are by threes," said she to the mouse. "Let me go out again and stand godmother, the child is quite black, and has only white paws, without another white hair in its body, it does not often happen so—let me go!" "Top-off, Half-gone," replied the mouse, "they are such curious names, I cannot help thinking of them." "Oh!" said the cat, "you sit at home in your dark grey coat, and your long hairy tail, and get fancies, as all persons do who stop at home for days together." During the cat's absence, the good little mouse brushed up the house, and put it in order, the greedy cat meanwhile emptied the jar entirely. "When all is gone," said she, "then one has peace;" so she returned home satisfied and sleek at nightfall. The mouse asked immediately what name the third child had received. "This will not please you more than the other," said the cat; "it is called Quite-gone." "Quite-gone!" cried the mouse. "What a name! I am sure I never heard it

before. Quite-gone ! What can it mean ? ” She shook her head, rolled herself comfortably up, and went to sleep.

After this the cat was never again invited to be godmother ; but as the winter approached, and nothing more was to be found out of doors, the mouse thought of her store, and said, “ Come, we will go to our jar that we have been saving ; we shall enjoy our feast.” “ Certainly,” replied the cat, “ as much as if you put your delicate tongue out of the window.” They took their way to the church, and, upon arriving there, found the jar in its place, it is true, but it was empty. “ Ah ! ” said the mouse, “ now I understand ; it is now clear that you have been a pretty friend ; you have devoured all, when you stood godmother,—first the top off, then half gone, then — ” “ Will you be silent ? ” cried the cat ; “ another word, and I devour you too.” The poor mouse had already “ quite gone ” on her tongue ; scarcely was it uttered, than the cat made a spring upon her, and mousey was quickly devoured. This is the way of the world.

The Virgin Mary's adopted Daughter.

NEAR a large wood lived a woodman and his wife, who had but one child, a girl of three years old. They were, however, so poor, that it was with difficulty they could maintain themselves ; and at length, matters becoming worse, they had no longer even bread to eat. One morning the man went forth, full of trouble, to pursue his occupation ; and as he was chopping some wood, suddenly a tall beautiful woman stood before him with a crown of brilliant stars on her head, who addressed him, saying,— “ I am the Virgin Mary ! you are poor and needy ; bring me your child, and I will take it with me, be a mother to it, and take care of it from this time.” The man obeyed,

fetched his child, and delivered it to the Virgin Mary, who straightway took it with her into heaven. From this time forward she was very happy, had fine white bread to eat, and sweet milk to drink, splendid golden garments, and the little angels for playfellows. When she was fourteen years old, the Virgin Mary called her one day, and said to her, "Dear child, I have a long journey to take ; I therefore intrust the keys of the thirteen doors of the kingdom of heaven to your keeping, twelve of them you may open and admire the glories therein contained, but the thirteenth, to which this key belongs, is forbidden to you ; beware of opening it, lest you draw upon yourself my displeasure." The maiden promised obedience, and as soon as the Virgin Mary had departed, she began to examine the chambers into which the doors opened, every day opening one until she arrived at the twelfth. In each sat an apostle, surrounded with glory, over which he rejoiced, together with the angels who always accompanied him. The forbidden door alone remained, and the maiden experienced a great desire to know what was concealed within that also. She therefore said to an angel, "I will not enter, but will only open it a little way, in order to see through the aperture what it contains." "Oh no !" replied the angel, "that would be sinful : the Virgin Mary has forbidden it, therefore to do so would certainly bring misfortune upon you." This silenced her for a time, but the desire still remained, and left her no peace. One day, all the angels having gone out, she said to herself, "Now I am quite alone, and if I peep in, none can know it." She instantly fetched the key and put it in the keyhole, turning it at the same time. Scarcely had she done so, than the door flew open, and she beheld the prophet Moses, in a chamber full of light and glory. For a moment she stood overcome with admiration and astonishment, then extending her finger towards this glory, she perceived that the one which touched it became golden. This alarmed her ; she therefore closed the door with some violence, and ran away. Do what she might,

she could not allay a certain uneasy apprehension which appeared to take possession of her, and her heart beat violently, notwithstanding her efforts to acquire calmness, the gold too remained on her finger, and resisted all her attempts to remove it by washing or rubbing.

Not long afterwards, the Virgin Mary returned from her journey ; she called the maiden to her, and asked for the keys she had left in her charge ; upon reaching them to her, the Virgin Mary looked in her face, and inquired if she had opened the thirteenth door. "No," was the reply. The Virgin Mary then laid her head on the maiden's heart, and observing how it beat, had not the least doubt that her orders had been disobeyed, and the door opened. She therefore said again, "Are you certain that you have observed my injunction?" "Yes," replied the maiden again. Upon this, the Virgin Mary perceived the golden finger which was marked from the contact with the glory, and could no longer doubt her guilt, nevertheless she asked her again if she had not opened the forbidden door. "No," answered the child for the third time. Upon which the Virgin Mary rejoined, "You have not only disobeyed me, but have also uttered a falsehood, and are therefore no longer worthy of being in heaven."

The maiden then sank into a deep sleep, and when she awoke she found herself on the earth, in a wilderness. She wished to cry out, but could utter no sound ; she sprang up and endeavoured to run away, but whichever way she turned, she was impeded and held back by thick bushes, through which she found it impossible to make her way. In the desert in which she was (as it were) inclosed, stood an old hollow tree ; this was her only dwelling, she slept therein at night, and when it was stormy and rainy, it gave her shelter. Roots and berries were her only food ; and in autumn she collected the fallen leaves in her hollow tree, in order to cover herself with them in the snow and frost. Her clothes wore out and dropped from her body ; but when the sun shone, she sat before the

hollow tree, and her long hair falling around, covered her like a mantle. Thus she lived for some time, and felt how desolate and miserable the world was to her.

One day, when the trees were again covered with leaves, the king of the land was following the chase, and the game having taken refuge in the thicket that inclosed the forests, he alighted from his horse, and employed his sword to cut a way through the bushes. Having at length succeeded in opening for himself a path, he saw to his astonishment a singularly beautiful maiden sitting beneath a tree, whose golden hair covered her from head to foot. After contemplating her for some moments, he addressed her, inquiring how she came into that desert, but she was incapable of replying to his question. The king then said, "Will you go with me to my castle?" To this she assented, by a slight nod. The king therefore took her in his arms, placed her on his horse, and conducted her home, when he caused her to be supplied with beautiful clothes, and every luxury. Although she could not speak, she was nevertheless so beautiful and amiable, that the king loved her very heartily, and before very long married her.

When a year had passed away, the queen brought a prince into the world, and the same night the Virgin Mary came to her as she lay in bed, and said, "Will you confess the truth, and own that you opened the forbidden door? I will then open your mouth, and return speech to you; but if you continue obstinate in denying the fact, as a further punishment for your sin, I shall take with me your new-born son." The queen was allowed to answer, but she was obdurate, and replied, "I did not open the forbidden door." Immediately, the Virgin Mary took the child in her arms and vanished with it. The next morning, when the infant was not to be seen, there was a murmur through the palace, and people said the queen was a cannibal, who had devoured her own child. She heard everything, and could allege nothing in reply; but the king loved her too dearly to believe it possible.

Next year the queen had another son, and in the night the Virgin Mary again made her appearance, and said, "Will you now confess that you opened the door? I will then give you back your child and restore your speech; if not, I shall deprive you of this infant also." The queen again persevered in the falsehood, saying, "I did not open the door," and the Virgin Mary taking up the child instantly disappeared. The next morning, when the infant was found to have vanished, people loudly expressed their opinion that the queen had devoured it, and the council required that she should be tried for the crime. But his majesty loved her so much that he would not believe the accusation true, and forbade his council to interfere further, upon pain of the severest punishment. After another year, the queen had a beautiful little daughter, and for the third time the Virgin Mary presented herself, saying, "Follow me." She then took her by the hand, and conducted her into Heaven, where she showed her her two eldest children, smiling and playing with orbs. While the queen rejoiced at the sight, the Virgin Mary said to her, "Is your heart not yet softened? Confess now that you opened the thirteenth door, and I will restore to you these two beautiful children." But for the third time the queen answered "No, I did not open the door." Then the Virgin Mary let her descend again to earth, and took from her the third child.

The next morning, as soon as the report got abroad, all the people exclaimed loudly against the queen, saying that she must be a cannibal, and should be punished accordingly. The king could no longer defend her; she was arraigned, and being able neither to reply nor defend herself, she was condemned to be burnt. The wood was collected, and when she was bound to the stake, and the fire kindled around her, then, for the first time, the ice of her pride and her obdurate heart gave way to repentance, and she said to herself, "If I could only confess, before my death, that I had opened the door." Thereupon, her voice was restored to her, and she loudly exclaimed, "Virgin

Mary, I confess I did it." Immediately the rain began to descend so heavily that the fire was extinguished, a light appeared from above, and the Virgin Mary descended with the two boys at her side and the little daughter on her arm. She spoke kindly to the queen, saying, "Whoever confesses and repents of his sin is forgiven ;" then delivering her children to her, she restored her speech, and bestowed happiness upon her for the rest of her life.

Story of a Son who set out to learn to shiver.

A FATHER had two sons, the eldest of whom was prudent and clever, and able to do everything ; while the younger was dull, unable to understand or learn, and people who saw him said that he would prove a great burden to his father. When anything was required, it was always the elder who was called upon ; yet if his father asked him late, or in the night, to fetch something, and the way lay through the churchyard or some lonely spot, he would reply, "Oh no, father ! I cannot go there, it makes me shiver ;" for he was afraid. In the winter evenings, likewise, when people sat by the fire and told stories which made the hair stand on end, the listeners would sometimes exclaim, "It makes me shiver." The youngest sat in a corner and listened with the others, but could never comprehend what they meant : "They are always saying 'I shiver, I shiver : ' I never shiver ; that must be an art of which I understand nothing."

Now it happened that his father said to him one day, "Listen, you in the corner, you are tall and strong, and must learn something that will earn you your bread. See how your brother strives ; but everything is thrown away on you." "Ay, father," replied he, "I am quite ready to learn something, and if it could be managed, I should like to learn to shiver, for I understand nothing



STORY OF A COAT—BY GENE TOLSON, JR.—ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD



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STORY OF A SON WHO SET OUT TO LEARN TO SHIVER.

at all about it." The eldest son laughed when he heard this, saying to himself, "What a simpleton my brother is ; nothing will ever be made of him." The father sighed too, and said, "You may learn to shiver, but that will never enable you to earn your bread, my son."

Soon after this the sexton paid them a visit, and the father complained to him of the stupidity of his son, and related to him instances of his incapacity and want of intelligence. "Now only think," continued he, "when I asked him how he would earn his bread, he expressed a desire to learn to shiver." "If there be nothing more," said the sexton, "he can learn that with me. Send him to me, I will soon polish him up." The father was much pleased at the proposal, as he thought his son would be in the way of improving. So the sexton took him into his house to toll the bell. After a day or two, the sexton waked him up at midnight, bidding him rise and go up the church steeple to ring the bell. "You shall now learn what it is to shiver," said the sexton to himself. So he secretly repaired to the steeple, and when the youth had ascended, and turned himself round to catch the rope, he saw on the stairs opposite the sound-hole a white figure. "Who is that ?" cried the boy ; but the figure gave no answer, and neither moved nor spoke. "Answer directly," repeated the lad, "or go away ; you have nothing to do here at night." The sexton, however, remained motionless, that the boy might believe it was a ghost. Again he cried for the third time, "What do you want ? Speak, if you are a true man, or I will knock you down the stairs." The sexton thought he would never attempt this, and therefore uttered no sound, but stood there as if he were made of stone. The boy called out once more, but in vain ; he therefore made a spring at the ghost, who rolled down ten or twelve steps into a corner at the bottom, where he lay very quietly. The bell was then rung, and the boy proceeded home, going to bed without saying a word of what had happened. The sexton's wife waited long for her husband, but as he did not come, she

began to be afraid of some mischance, so she went and waked the lad to inquire if he had seen his master. "No," replied he, "but somebody stood in the sound-hole, opposite the stairs in the steeple, and as he would neither answer nor go away when I spoke to him, I thought it was some rogue, and pushed him down the stairs. Go and see who it is ; I should be very sorry if it were the sexton." The wife ran instantly to the church, and there, in a corner, she found her husband groaning, for he had broken his leg.

She assisted him to reach home, then hastened with loud exclamations to the house of the boy's father. "Your son," said she, "has brought a great misfortune upon us, he has thrown my husband down the stairs from the steeple, and broken his leg. Fetch the good-for-nothing fellow away from our house." The father was frightened, ran to the house directly, and began to scold his son. "What wicked tricks are these that I hear of," said he ; "Satan himself must be in you." "Father," returned the boy, "listen to me. I am innocent. He stood before me in the night like somebody about to do wrong. I did not know who it was, and warned him thrice to speak or to go away." "Ah !" said the father, "you are nothing but a trouble to me ; go out of my sight ; I will look upon you no more." "Very well, father, I am ready to go, only wait until it is light. I will then go out and learn to shiver, and I shall have the means of keeping myself." "Learn what you like," returned the father, "it is the same to me ; there are fifty crowns for you, go into the world, but tell nobody who you are and who your father is, for I am ashamed of you." "Certainly, father, if you wish it so ; if you require nothing more, I can easily observe what you say," replied the son.

When day began to break, the lad put the fifty crowns into his pocket and took his way by the high road, saying continually to himself, "Oh ! if I could shiver ; oh ! if I could shiver." A man passing by heard what the boy re-

peated to himself, and when he had gone a little farther, so that the gallows might be seen, he said to him, "Look, there is the tree where seven men have kept their wedding with the ropemaker's daughter, and now are learning to fly ; sit beneath it, and wait until night comes, and you will soon learn to shiver." "If nothing else is to be done, that is very easy," answered the youth ; "and if I learn so quickly to shiver, you shall have my fifty crowns ; so come back early to me to-morrow morning."

The youth went to the gallows, placed himself beneath, and waited until the evening ; but, as it was frosty, he lighted a fire, and towards midnight the wind became so cold that even the fire would not keep him warm. The wind shook the hanged men, and they struck against each other as they moved from side to side. So the youth said to himself, "If I freeze down here by the fire, how the people up there must chatter with the cold and freeze ;" and, being compassionate, he raised the ladder which was near, ascended it, and untying one after the other, brought all seven down. He then stirred and blew the fire, and placed them all around, that they might warm themselves ; but they sat as he placed them, and did not stir ; so that the fire singed their clothes. Upon this he spoke to them, saying, "Take care of yourselves, or I will hang you all up again ;" but as the dead men could not hear, they remained silent, and their rags continued to burn. This made him very angry, and he said, "If you will not take care of yourselves, I cannot help you. I do not intend to be burnt with you." He then carried them all up and hung them up in a row as they were before. He then seated himself by his fire and slept soundly. The next morning the man came to him in expectation of receiving the fifty crowns, and said, "Well, now do you know what shivering means ?" "No," replied the lad, "how should I know ? The people up there would not open their mouths, and were so stupid that they would have allowed the rags to be burnt off their backs." Upon this the man

saw clearly that he should not carry off the fifty crowns, so he went away, saying to himself, "I never saw such a fellow in my life."

The young man now pursued his way, and began as before to say aloud, "Oh ! if I could only shiver ; oh ! if I could only shiver." A driver, who was walking behind him, heard the words, and asked, "Who are you ?" "I do not know," replied the youth. "Who is your father ?" "I may not tell you that." "What are you grumbling to yourself then ?" said the man. "I was wishing I could shiver, but nobody can teach me." "Do not talk such nonsense," said the driver ; "come with me, and I will provide for you." The youth accordingly accompanied the man, and in the evening they came to an inn, where they proposed to pass the night. Upon entering the house, he again repeated aloud, "If I could only shiver ! if I could only shiver !" The host heard this, laughed, and said, "Certainly, if you have any desire to do so, a good opportunity is offered here." "Pray be silent," interrupted the hostess, "so many silly people have already lost their lives ; it would be a pity if those bright eyes should behold the daylight no more." But the youth entreated, saying, "If it were ever so hard I will learn, for that is the reason I have left home." He continued his entreaties, and left the host no peace until he had related to him, that not far from the inn stood an enchanted castle, and any one passing three nights there could not fail to understand what shivering was. The king had promised his daughter for a wife to any one courageous enough to venture to do this, and she was the most beautiful princess the sun ever shone upon. Besides this, great treasures were hidden in the castle, watched over by the evil spirits, which treasure would then be set free, and become the property of the successful watcher. Many had already undertaken to watch three nights in the enchanted castle, and had entered for that purpose, but not one had ever returned. The next morning the youth went to the king, and requested permission to pass three nights in the

castle. His majesty looked at him, and feeling pleased with his manner, told him he might ask for three things to carry with him into the castle, but, added he, "they may not be living things." "Then," rejoined the youth, "I will have a fire, a cooper's bench with the knife, and a turning-lathe." The king commanded all three things to be taken by day into the castle, and when the night came the youth went thither, made himself a bright fire in one of the apartments, placed the bench near him, and seated himself on the turning-lathe. "Oh," said he, "if I could only shiver! but I shall never learn it here." Towards midnight, he wished to stir and make up his fire, but as he was blowing it, suddenly he heard, out of one corner, the exclamation, "Oh! man! how cold we are!" "You foolish creatures!" cried he, "what are you screaming about? if you are cold, come and sit by the fire and warm yourselves." Scarcely had he said this, than two immense black cats came forward with a spring, placed themselves one on each side, and looked fiercely at him with their fiery eyes. In a little time, having warmed themselves, they said, "Comrade, shall we play at cards?" "Why not?" replied the youth, "but show me your paws first." They instantly stretched out their claws. "Oh," said he, "what long nails! wait, I must cut them first." Then seizing them by their necks, he took them to the bench and then screwed them firmly. "Now I have seen your fingers," said he, "I have no mind to play at cards with you," so he struck them both dead and cast them through the window into the moat. But when he had disposed of these two, and wished to settle in peace by his fire, there came out of every hole and corner black cats and dogs without number, each with a red-hot chain attached to it; they trod on his hearth, and over his fire, dispersing the embers, and seemed to have a design to extinguish it altogether. He looked quietly on for some time, but finding their boldness increase, he seized his carving-knife, and shouted, "Begone, rabble!" striking at the same time both right and left. Some rushed away,

but many were killed and afterwards thrown into the water. Returning to his fire, he blew upon the sparks until it revived, and sitting down he warmed himself. While so seated, he could no longer keep his eyes open, and he felt the strongest inclination to sleep ; he therefore looked around, and discovering in the corner a large bed, did not hesitate to take possession of it. Just as his eyes began to close, the bed began to move of itself, and carried him all round the castle. "Very good," said he, "all the better." So the bed continued to travel as if six horses were harnessed to it, over thresholds, up and down stairs, until suddenly it ended by all being turned topsy-turvy, and there he lay, with a mountain as it were upon him. But he cast coverings and pillows aside, extricated himself from the confusion, and saying, "Now any one may ride for me that likes," laid himself down by his fire and slept until day. In the morning came the king, and when he saw him lying on the ground he thought the ghosts had killed him, and that he was dead ; so he said, "What a pity the handsome fellow is gone !" The youth heard this, jumped up directly, and said, "Indeed, it is not quite so bad as that." The king was very much astonished, but joyful, and inquired how he had passed the night. "Very well," he answered, "one night is now over, the two others will pass too." When he came to the inn, the host opened his eyes wide. "I never thought to see you living again," said he ; "but have you now learnt what it is to shiver ?" "No," said he, "it is all in vain, I wish some one would only tell me what it is."

The second night he again went to the old castle, sat by the fire, and began his old song of, "If I could only shiver !" As midnight approached, a dreadful noise of tumbling was heard—first distant, then louder and nearer, again more subdued, then with a loud cry half a man tumbled down the chimney, right before him. "Hallo !" cried the youth, "we want another half, this is too little." Then the noise began again, and after much knocking and howling, the other half fell down. "Wait," cried he,

"let me blow up the fire a little." When he had done so, and could see around, he found the two parts had come together, and a hideous man sat in his place. "I did not bargain for that," said the youth; "the bench is mine." The man wished to push him away, but the youth had no mind to be so treated, so he pushed the man with all his strength off his feet, and again took his place. More men now came down, one after the other, who fetched nine bones and two skulls, set them up, and prepared to play at bowls. The youth felt the strongest inclination to join in their game, and cried out, "My merry men, can I play with you?" "Oh, yes," replied one, "if you have any money." "Plenty of that," returned the youth, "but your balls are not round." Then he took the skulls, placed them in his lathe, and made them round, saying, as he delivered them back, "They will roll better now, so let us set to work." They then all began to play, and he lost some of his money; but as the clock struck twelve, the entire party, bowls and all, vanished from before his eyes. The next morning the king came as before, to inquire what he had been doing. "I have been playing at bowls," said the youth, "and lost my money." "Have you not then shivered?" returned the king. "Shivered!" said the simpleton; "I was never more merry in my life. Oh, that I could only find out what it meant!"

The next night he seated himself again upon his bench, and was repeating to himself in a melancholy tone, "Oh! if I could only shiver!" when six tall men entered, carrying a coffin between them. Upon seeing what they carried, "This is certainly my cousin," said he, "who died a day or two ago;" so he beckoned, saying at the same time, "Come, cousin; come!" Upon which the men placed the coffin on the ground, and he approaching took off the lid, and saw that a dead man lay within. He felt his face, but it was cold as ice. "Wait!" exclaimed he, "I will warm you a little." So, going to the fire, he warmed his own hands, and then placed them on the

man's face, but remained as cold as ever. Then taking the dead man out, he placed him by the fire, rubbing his limbs in order to restore circulation to the blood, but ineffectually. He then thought of another mode, and placing him on the bed, covered him up, and lay down himself beside the body. After a while the dead man became warm, and began to stir. Then the youth said, "Now, cousin, have I not warmed you at last?" But the dead man set up and said, "Now I will strangle you!" "What!" returned the other, "is this your gratitude? You shall go back instantly into your coffin." So he lifted him up, cast him in the coffin, and shut the lid down; then the six men appeared, raised the coffin, and bore it away. "If I stay all my life here," said the youth, "I shall never shiver."

At this moment a gigantic man entered, of most hideous aspect; he was old, and had a long white beard. Addressing himself sternly to our hero, he said, "Mortal! soon shalt thou learn to shiver, for thou shalt die." "Not so fast," returned the other; "if I am to die, you must have my consent first." But the monster said, with a grim smile, "I do not think that at all necessary; I can easily kill you." "Softly, softly," said the youth, "I am as strong as you, perhaps stronger." "That we shall soon see," replied the old man; "if you prove stronger than I, you shall go free; come, let us try." He then conducted him through a dark passage to a smith's fire or forge, seized an axe, and with one blow struck one of the anvils into the ground. "I can do better than that," said the other, and went towards the other anvil; the old man placed himself near to observe what was taking place, and his white beard hung down. Then seizing an axe, with one blow, the youth split the anvil, and fastened the old man's beard at the same moment in the cleft. "Now I have you fast," said he, "and you shall die." Taking up an iron rod, he struck him several blows, until he shrieked out, begging him to cease, and he would make him rich for the rest of his days. The youth then extricated his

axe, and set the old man free, who conducted him back to the castle, and showed him in a cellar three chests full of gold. "Take these," said he; "one is for the poor, one for the king, and the third for thee." At that moment, the clock struck twelve, and the ghost vanishing, the youth found himself in utter darkness. "I will soon find my way out, however," said he; and he groped about till he found himself in the old chamber, where he slept contentedly by his fire until the morning. The king did not fail to appear, with the old inquiry. "I know nothing more about shivering," said the youth, "but I have seen my cousin, and an old man with a beard came, who showed me plenty of gold in the cellar, but said not a word of shivering." Then the king took him by the hand, and said, "You have delivered the castle from the evil spirits, and you shall marry my daughter." "That is all very pleasant," returned the other, "but shall I never be able to learn to shiver?" The gold was now brought up, and the marriage celebrated; but although the young king was very happy with his bride, he was continually repeating his old song, "Oh, if I could shiver!" which, at last, began to annoy his wife; but her waiting woman said, "With your permission, I will soon find a way to teach him to shiver." On gaining her mistress's consent, she went to the brook which ran through the garden, and got a tub full of gudgeons. At night, when the young king had retired to rest, the queen withdrew the covering, and threw the entire contents of the tub on him, so the little fish splashed about all over him, which made him wake up with a start, exclaiming, "My dear wife, what makes me shiver so? Oh! oh! oh! Now I know what shivering means."

The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids.

THERE was once an old goat, who had seven young kids, whom she loved as dearly as any mother could do. One day she wished to go into the wood, to fetch some provision ; so she called them all together, and said, " My dear children, I am going into the wood ; but while I am gone, pray take care of the wolf : if he comes in here he will devour you, skin and all. He often disguises himself ; but you will always be able to know him by his gruff voice and his black feet." The little kids replied, " Mother, dear, you may go without any fear, for we will take all possible care of ourselves." So the old goat bleated, to express her satisfaction, and went away without mistrust.

Before long, a knock was heard at the door, and a voice said, " Open the door, dear children ; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you." But the little kids discovered very easily by the gruff voice who it was, and cried out, " No, no ; we shall not open the door, you are not our mother ; she has a gentle, loving voice, but your's is harsh : for you are the wolf." When he heard this, he went away and got a great lump of chalk, which he swallowed to make his voice more delicate ; then returning to the cottage, he knocked at the door, saying, " Open the door, dear children ; your affectionate mother is here, and has brought something for each of you." But, as he spoke, the wolf laid his black foot on the window sill ; so the children saw it, and cried, " No, no, we shall not open the door ; our mother has not black feet like you ; you are the wolf !" Then the wolf ran to the baker, and said, " I have hurt my foot ; spread some dough over it." The baker did as he requested ; and the wolf hastened to the miller, whom he asked to strew

some of his white flour over his foot. The miller thought to himself that the wolf wished to deceive somebody, so he refused to do it. But the wolf said, fiercely, "Do it instantly, or I will eat you up." The man, therefore, being dreadfully afraid, made his paw white as he desired. The rogue now went for the third time to the cottage, knocked at the door, and cried, "Children, your affectionate mother has returned home, and brought each of you something out of the wood." The kids exclaimed, "Show us first your foot, that we may know truly if you are our dear mother." The wolf laid his paw on the window; and when they saw that it was white, they believed all that he said, and opened the door. But it was their enemy, the wolf, who, to their great terror, came in. They tried in vain to hide themselves: one went under the table, another into bed, the third into the oven, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the closet, the sixth under the washing-tub, and the seventh into the clock-case. But the wolf found them all, and made no bones of them, for he swallowed them all except the youngest, who was hidden in the clock-case, and whom he did not find. When he had satisfied his appetite, he rolled out of the cottage, and feeling rather idle, laid himself down under a tree in a green meadow, and fell fast asleep.

Not long afterwards, the goat came home out of the wood. Ah! what a sight met her view! The house-door stood wide open, tables, stools, and chairs were overturned, the washing-tub in pieces, counterpanes and pillows strewed about in terrible confusion. She sought her children, but they were nowhere to be found; she called them by name, but no reply came. At length, as she was passing near the place where the youngest was concealed, she heard a weak voice say, "Dear mother, I'm in the clock-case." She instantly opened it, and there was the kid, who related the misfortune that had befallen them through the wolf, and the dreadful fate of her brothers and sisters. The anger and sorrow of the old goat can scarcely be described; but at length she became

calmer, and taking her kid with her, resolved to seek her enemy. When she arrived at the meadow, she discovered him under the tree, snoring so loudly that the twigs trembled. She examined him on all sides, and saw that something was moving and jumping inside him. "Can it be possible," said she, "that my poor children whom this monster has swallowed for his supper, are still alive?" Full of hope, she sent her kid quickly home for scissors, needle and thread, and upon her return ripped the wolf up; scarcely had she commenced, than a kid's head appeared, and when she had finished, all six sprang joyfully out, without having suffered the least harm, for the wolf had swallowed them whole. The mother caressed them and jumped for joy, then said, "Now go and fetch me some large paving-stones, that I may fill up the wicked creature while he is yet asleep." The kids obeyed and dragged plenty of large stones to the place, which the mother put inside the wolf; she then sewed him up, so quickly, that he neither stirred nor found out what she had done.

At length the wolf awoke, raised himself on his legs, and as the stones made him feel thirsty, he went towards the spring to quench it. But when he began to move, the stones moved likewise, and rattled loudly. Then he said, "What can it be that rattles about inside me, and feels so heavy? I thought I had eaten kids, but I feel as if they were paving-stones." He then came to the spring, and stooped himself down to drink, but the weight of the stones carried him in, for the bank was sloping, and he sank to the bottom and perished miserably. When the kids saw this, they danced and sprang about in great joy, crying out, "The wolf is drowned! The wolf is dead! We have nothing more to fear—the wolf is dead!"

The Faithful Johan.

THERE was once an old king, who was sick, and thought himself on his death-bed, so he said, "Let my faithful Johan be sent for." This was his favourite servant, who was thus distinguished, from the service he had so faithfully rendered to his master during his whole life. When he came to the king's bed-side, his master said to him, "My most faithful Johan, I feel my end approaching, and I have no other care than that which concerns my son ; he is still young, and unable to direct himself, therefore unless you promise me to instruct him in all that is necessary for him to know, and to be to him a true foster-father, I cannot close my eyes in peace." The faithful servant immediately replied, "I will never leave him, and will truly serve him, even if it should cost me my life." "Then," said the old king, "I shall now die satisfied and happy." He then continued, "After my death, you must show him the whole palace—all the chambers, halls, and vaults, with their treasures ; but the last chamber in the long passage you must not show him—it is that in which the picture of the princess, daughter to the king of the golden mansion, is hidden. If he sees that picture, he will fall violently in love with it, swoon away, and afterwards encounter great dangers on her account ; you must, therefore, preserve him from this." The faithful Johan once more promised the king to observe his words, and shortly after the latter expired tranquilly.

When the funeral of the late king had taken place, Johan related all that he had promised him on his death-bed to the new king, assuring him that he would conscientiously fulfil all his late master's wishes, if it should even cost him all he held most dear. The time of mourning passed, Johan said to his lord, "It is now time that

you should see your inheritance—I will therefore now show you your paternal residence. He then conducted him everywhere, up and down, throughout all, and showed him the rich and magnificently furnished halls ; one chamber only remained closed—that in which was the dangerous picture. This picture was so placed that it was directly in view when the door opened, and it was so admirably painted, that one would think it lived and moved ; in fact, nothing more attractive and lovely could be found in the whole world. The young king observed that the faithful Johan always passed this door, and inquired why he did not open it for him. "There is something therein," said he, "that would frighten you ;" but the king replied, "I have seen everything in the castle, save this chamber, and must see this likewise ;" he then went to the door, and employed all his force to open it. His faithful servant held him back, saying, "I promised your father, on his death-bed, that you should not see what this chamber contains—do not, therefore, continue to urge your wish ; it may bring a great misfortune on both of us." "If I do not enter this room," returned the young king, "there is no more happiness for me. I shall never rest night or day until my eyes have seen what lies within. I shall not leave the spot," added he, "without your having unlocked it."

Faithful Johan saw that the king's resolution could not be changed, and with a heavy heart, and many sighs, he sought the key out from the large bunch that he carried. Upon opening the door, he stepped in first, thinking he would cover the picture, that the king should not see it ; but this did not succeed, for the prince stood on tip-toe, and looked over his shoulder. The instant his eyes fell on the lovely maiden's picture, sparkling with gold and precious stones, he fell swooning to the ground. Johan raised him, bore him to his bed, exclaiming to himself, "The misfortune is come—how will it end ?"—and having placed him there, he employed the usual remedies, until the king came to himself. The first word he

uttered was, "Ah! who is that lovely being?" "The daughter of the king of the golden mansion," replied faithful Johan. "My love for her is so great," said the king, "that if every leaf was a tongue, they could not sufficiently express it; my life depends upon my obtaining her for my wife. My faithful Johan, assist me, I beseech you."

The good servant reflected how the thing was to be attempted, for he considered that it would not be very easy to come into the princess's presence. At length he thought of a mode, and said to the king, "Everything she has about her is made of gold—tables, chairs, dishes, cups, and all the furniture of her palace. In your treasury are five tons of gold—let one of the most expert goldsmiths in your kingdom make of this all sorts of articles, both for use and ornament—figures of birds, and of wild and rare animals, such as will please her, and we will travel to the princess's kingdom, and make an attempt to see her. The king instantly sent for all the goldsmiths in his dominions, who were required to work day and night, until the most splendid things were produced. All being now prepared, the faithful Johan assumed the dress of a merchant, and the king did the same, in order effectually to conceal his rank; then they sailed away, and after a long voyage, came to the city where the princess dwelt. The faithful Johan bade the king remain on board, and wait for him; "Perhaps," said he, "I may bring the princess with me when I return—therefore see that all is in order; have the gold unpacked and displayed, and the ship looking very gay." He then took with him a few small articles in gold, landed, and went straight towards the royal palace. When he entered the court, he saw a beautiful maiden standing by a well, with two golden pails in her hands, preparing to fetch water. Having filled her pails, she turned, and seeing the strange man, asked who he was and what he wanted. "I am a merchant," replied he, and displayed to her view some beautifully executed figures of birds made of pure gold.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, "what pretty things!" Placing her pails on the ground she examined them one after the other; then said, "the princess must see them, she is so fond of such things that she buys all she sees;" then taking the pretended merchant by the hand, the maiden conducted him to the princess's apartments, for she was her own attendant. When the king's daughter saw what had been brought for her to see, she was so much pleased with the workmanship that she said she would buy them all. But the faithful Johan replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant, and what I now show you is nothing in comparison with what my master has on board his ship, which, in workmanship and value, are more costly than were ever before made in gold. Upon this the princess requested they might be brought for her to see, but Johan replied that the objects were so numerous that it would take many days to land them, and that he also doubted if the princess could find space for them." This greatly excited her curiosity, and the desire to see them. At last she said, "Conduct me to your ship. I will go thither myself, in order to behold your master's treasures."

The faithful servant accordingly led the way to the ship; with much satisfaction at the result of his plan; and when the king saw the princess, he confessed to himself that her beauty was even greater than it was represented in the picture, and felt his heart swell with joy and love. The princess came on board, and the king led her below; but the faithful Johan stayed behind to bid the steersman put the ship round. He then further ordered that every sail should be set, that she might fly like a bird. During this time the king was displaying the golden vessels, dishes, cups, birds, &c., and many hours passed away in the examination, the princess all the while unconscious that the ship was bearing her from her own shores. After the last article had been admired, the princess graciously thanked the merchant and prepared to depart, but she now saw that the ship was far from land, flying like a bird upon

the wide ocean, having all sails set. "Ah!" cried she in dismay, "I am betrayed, carried away, and in the power of a vile merchant,—rather will I die!" But the king took her by the hand, and said, "I am no merchant, but a king, not inferior in birth to yourself; and if I have employed artifice to carry you away, it has only arisen from my excessive love, beautiful princess! The first moment I beheld your picture I fell swooning to the ground." This comforted the princess, and after a short time she willingly consented to become his wife.

It happened, however, while they were thus sailing towards the king's country, that one day the faithful Johan was sitting upon deck amusing himself with his lute, when he saw three ravens in the air flying near him. He ceased playing in order to listen to what they were saying, for he understood their language well. One said, "Ha! there goes the king of the golden mansion's daughter home with her bridegroom." "Yes," said the second, "but he is not sure of her yet." "Why not?" said the other; "there she sits by him on the deck." "Yes," returned the second, "but when they land, a bay horse will spring towards him, and if he obeys his impulse to mount it it will instantly rise with him into the air, and he will never behold the princess more." "Is there no way to avoid it?" said one of the other ravens. "Oh, yes; if some one else mounts quickly, and with his pistol, which he must carry in his belt, shoots the horse dead, the young king will be saved." "But who knows that? and if any one did know it and inform the king, he would become stone from his feet to his knees." Then said the second raven, "Ah! but the danger is not over then; even if the horse be killed the young king will not get his bride, for when they enter the palace an embroidered marriage-robe will lie on a salver, looking as if spun of gold and silver, but it is made of sulphur and pitch, and if he puts it on will burn his very marrow and bones." "Well," returned the other, "is there no escape?" "Yes," replied the raven, "if some one will take it up with gloves on and put it in the fire, so that it

be consumed, the young king will be saved." "But," said the third raven, "I know something else, and if the wedding-robe be burnt, the king will not be secure of his bride; for after the marriage, when they begin to dance, and the queen dances likewise, she will suddenly turn pale and fall to the ground as if dead, and if some one does not speedily raise her and draw three drops of blood from her right breast she will die. But should mortal man learn this, and betray it to another, he will be changed into stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot." When the ravens had finished their conversation they flew further, and the faithful Johan, who had understood all he heard, was from this time silent and sad, for if he concealed from his dear master what he had discovered the misfortune foretold must fall upon him, while if he revealed it his own life was forfeited.

Precisely as the raven had related, so it happened on landing. A magnificent bay horse sprang towards them, and the king joyfully exclaimed that it should bear him to his palace. But, as he prepared to mount, the faithful Johan hastily threw himself on the horse, drew a pistol from his girdle, and shot the creature dead. The attendants loudly expressed their displeasure, and not being on the most friendly terms with the favourite, urged the king to visit with punishment the man who had so daringly thwarted the royal intention. But the king replied, "Silence, all! touch him not; he is my faithful Johan, and doubtless has good reason for what he has done." He then proceeded to the palace, and there in the hall was a golden salver, upon which lay a magnificent marriage-robe, sparkling with gold and silver. The young king approached and would have taken it up, but the faithful Johan gently putting him aside, took it up with his gloves, carried it quickly to the fire, and burnt it. The attendants began again to murmur, saying, "Look! he has dared to burn the king's marriage-robe." But the young king replied, "Who knows his reason for destroying it? Leave him! he is my most faithful Johan." The

marriage was now speedily celebrated ; the dance commenced, in which the bride joined, but the faithful Johan watched her most carefully. Suddenly she became pale, and fell to the ground as if dead. Upon which, seizing her in his arms, he carried her to an adjoining chamber, and laying her on a couch, hastily proceeded to draw the three drops of blood, necessary for her revival, from her right breast. She then breathed again, and recovered herself ; but the young king who witnessed the act, and knew not why it was done, became dreadfully enraged, and commanded that the faithful Johan should be cast into prison. The next morning he was tried, and condemned to the scaffold ; and as he stood thereon, preparatory to his execution, Johan said, " Every man before his death has a right to be heard. May I say a few words ? " " Yes," replied the king, " this favour will not be denied you." " Then," said the faithful servant, " I am unjustly condemned, and have ever been faithful to your majesty and the queen." He then went on to relate all that he had heard from the ravens, and how he had interposed to prevent the events they prophesied from taking place. The king upon this cried, " Pardon, pardon ! Oh, my most faithful Johan ; bring him to me !" But, with the last word, Johan had fallen to the earth, without sense or motion, and had become a stone.

This sad event greatly troubled the king and queen. The former said, " Alas ! that I should have so ill rewarded such exemplary fidelity ! " He bade his attendants raise the statue and carry it into his own sleeping-room, placing it near his bed, and as often as he looked upon it, he wept and said, " Ah ! that I could restore you to life, my most faithful Johan ! " Time, however, passed away, and the queen had little twin sons, who grew strong and handsome, and were a great joy to their parents. One day, when the queen was at church, and the two children played with their father, the latter cast a sorrowful look at the statue, sighed, and said, " Ah ! that I could once more see you alive, my faithful Johan." To his great

astonishment, the figure began to speak, saying, " You could restore me to life, if you were willing to give up what is most dear to you." The king hastened to express his willingness to sacrifice all he had in the world, could he only attain the fulfilment of his desire. " Then," said the stone, " will you, with your own hands, cut off the heads of your two sons, rub me all over with their blood, and I shall regain my own former state." The king was horror-struck at the proposal to cut off the heads of his dear children ; yet when he thought on Johan's fidelity, and remembered that he had lost his life for his sake, he drew his sword, and with his own hand cut off their heads. As soon as he had done so, he rubbed the stone all over with their blood, and the marble was restored to life, the faithful Johan standing safe and sound before him. " Your kindness and faith shall not go unrewarded," said he ; and taking the children's heads, he applied them to their bodies, rubbing the wounds with the blood, upon this they were instantly healed, and sprang about and continued to play as if nothing had happened. The king was overjoyed ; and when he saw the queen coming, he concealed the faithful Johan and the children in a large press. As she entered the room, he said to her, " Have you been in the church ? " " Yes," returned the queen, " and have not forgotten the faithful Johan, who was so unfortunate by our means." The king then said, " Dear wife, we could restore him again to life, but it would cost us our two dear sons—they must be sacrificed." The queen was terrified and turned pale, but at length she said, " We owe him all our happiness." This greatly pleased the king, for he had thought to himself, " she would never have consented." So he opened the press, brought them all out, and, presenting the faithful Johan, said, " Heaven be praised he is restored, and our sons are saved too !" He then related everything that had taken place, and they all thenceforward lived together most happily.

The Good Bargain.

A FARMER, who had driven his cow to market, and sold her for seven crowns, that being the money, was obliged to pass a pond in his way home, and long before approaching it he heard on all sides the frogs croaking, "Ak, ak, ak!" "Oh!" said he, "they are crying it out in the field of oats; but it was not eight, only seven crowns that I got for her."* As he was passing the water, and heard the sounds repeated, "Stupid creatures!" said he, "you know nothing at all about it—for it was seven, not eight, crowns that I got." The frogs still continued to cry, "Ak, ak, ak!" and this made him angry, so he said, "If you don't believe it, I will count them, and show you." Taking the money out of his pocket, he counted seven crowns, each crown twenty-four groschen. But the frogs would not heed his reckoning, and held fast to their "Ak, ak!" "Well," said the enraged farmer, "if you know better than I, count it yourselves;" and thus saying, he cast the money into the water among them. He waited a while, expecting that when they had counted it they would bring it again to him; but the frogs remained by the old story of "Ak, ak!" and showed not the least disposition to bring back his money. After waiting a yet longer time, until evening came, and he ought to have been at home, he lost his patience altogether, and applied many hard names to the frogs, asking them if he was expected to stay until they were ready—telling them likewise, that although they could cry loud enough, they were not quick at counting crowns. This producing no visible effect, he turned his steps homeward,

* The German sound for "eight," resembles that uttered by the frogs, "acht!"

the frogs crying “Ak, ak !” after him, until he reached his cottage, in very bad spirits.

After a time the farmer had another cow to dispose of, which he killed, and calculated that if he sold the beef well he should replace the money lost by the adventure with the frogs, and have the skin into the bargain. So he carried the meat to the next town ; but before the gate was a pack of dogs running about, evidently very hungry, and a large hound was foremost in scenting the meat, and sprang upon the farmer, snuffing and barking. As he did not cease, despite a few slight kicks, the farmer said, “I see very well you want some of the meat, but I should be a fine loser were I to bestow it upon you.” The dog answered with a bark, which the silly man interpreted as a promise to pay for it, so he inquired if the hound would also be surety for his fellows, that they should not devour it on the way home, and receiving what he considered a satisfactory reply, he said, “Well, if you will have it so, I will leave the meat with you, and you can bring me the money ; I know you, and where you live, but I must have my money in three days, or you will find yourself badly off.” Upon this, taking the meat from his shoulder, he placed it at the disposal of the dogs, and returned home. The latter were not slow in attacking the beef, expressing their satisfaction by loud barks, which reached the farmer’s ear as he retraced his steps. After three days, the farmer said to himself, “This evening your pockets will be filled,”—a reflection which caused him no small joy. Time, however, passed by, and no one appeared to settle the expected account. “There is no dependence to be placed on any one in these days,” said he ; so, losing his patience, he determined to go into the town and demand payment of the butcher who was the dog’s master. The butcher considered it a joke on the part of the farmer, but the latter said, “Joking apart, I want my money for the carcase of beef which your great dog brought home to you three days ago.” The butcher upon this became angry, seized a great stick, and drove

him out of his shop. "Only wait, justice is yet to be found in the world," said the farmer. He then went straight to the king's palace, and begged for a hearing. Being brought before the king and his daughter, the former asked what he had to complain of? "Ah!" said he, "the frogs and the dogs have cheated me out of my property, and the butcher paid me with the stick!"—relating at length all that had befallen him. Upon hearing the story the princess began to laugh loudly, and the king said to him, "I cannot do you the justice you ask for, but you shall have my daughter for your wife instead. During her whole life she has never laughed until now, and I have promised to bestow her upon him who should make her laugh; take her, therefore, and be thankful for your wonderful fortune." "Oh!" answered the farmer, "I will have nothing to do with her; I have already a wife at home, and that is one too many. When I enter my house, it seems as if there was a wife in every corner." This enraged the king, who said, "Fellow, you are a churl!" "Ah, my lord king!" answered the farmer, "what can you expect from an ox, except beef?" "Well," said the king, "get you gone now—you shall have payment of another sort; come back in three days, and you shall have five hundred counted out to you."

As the farmer descended the palace steps, the sentinel said to him, "As you have made the king's daughter laugh, you have doubtless received something very handsome." "Certainly," replied the man, "I am to have five hundred counted out to me." "Listen," said the soldier; "give me a part—what will you do with so much money?" "As you wish for some," said the farmer, "you shall have two hundred; go to the king, in three days, and have them counted out to you." A Jew standing near, heard the conversation, and running up to the farmer, held him by the coat, exclaiming, "What a fortunate man!—but of what use will the crowns be to you?—let me have them, and I will give you their worth in smaller money." "As you will, friend,"—you may

have the three hundred which remain—give me the change at once ; in three days from this, you can receive payment from the king.” The Jew, exulting over his bargain, produced his money, cheating the farmer out of about one-third, who went away quite contented. After three days the farmer, according to the king’s command, appeared in his presence. “ Strip off his coat,” said his majesty—“ he shall have his five hundred.” “ Sir,” said the man, “ they no longer belong to me ; two hundred have I presented to the sentinel, and three hundred exchanged with a Jew—by rights, therefore, nothing belongs to me.” At this juncture the Jew and the soldier appeared to claim what they had gained from the farmer, and received the correct amount of stripes accordingly. The soldier took it patiently, for he was already acquainted with the rod, but the Jew howled terribly, and lamented for his crowns. The king’s displeasure against the farmer being now appeased, he could not help laughing, and said, “ As you lost your reward, even before it came into your possession, I must give you some compensation ; therefore, go into my treasury, and help yourself to as much money as you wish.” The man did not wait to have this repeated, but stuffed as much into his large pockets as they would hold. He then went into an inn, and counted his money. The Jew, who had slyly followed him, heard how he grumbled to himself, while counting his money, saying, “ The rogue of a king has not kept his word ; why did he not give me what I ought to have, then I should have been certain I had my right—now who can tell whether I might not have had twice as much ?” “ Oh !” said the Jew to himself, “ he is speaking disrespectfully of our lord the king—I will run and inform him ; then I shall get something as a reward, and he the punishment he deserves.” When the king heard of the farmer’s speech he was very wroth, and bid the Jew bring the offender instantly before him. The Jew hastened back, and said to the man, “ Come instantly to the king, just as you are.” “ I know better what becomes me,”

replied he, "I shall first get a new coat. Do you think that with so much money in my pocket I can appear before the king in these rags?" The Jew seeing that the farmer was not to be persuaded to go without a better coat, and fearing that the king's anger might evaporate, so that he should lose his reward, and the other his punishment, replied, "Well, for friendship's sake I will lend you a fine coat for a short time, but I assure you everybody would not do so much for you." This pleased the farmer; he took his coat, and went with him to the king's presence, who sharply rebuked him for the treasonable speech which the Jew had reported. "Ah!" said the man, "a Jew is always false—truth never comes out of his mouth; and the rogue who stands there is truly a Jew, and I dare say would even swear that the coat I wear is his." "What do you mean?" interrupted the Jew—"is not the coat mine?—did I not lend it you out of friendship, that you might make a proper appearance before the king?" When the king heard this, he said, "The Jew has certainly deceived somebody—either myself or the farmer—therefore he must pay a fine." This the unfortunate Jew was compelled to do, upon pain of going to prison; but the farmer returned to his home, with his money in the pocket of the coat which belonged to the Jew, quite satisfied with his day's work.

The Wonderful Musician.

THERE was once a musician who, wandering alone through a wood, became at length tired of his own reflections, and said to himself, "Both time and way seem long—a nice pleasant companion would be worth fetching." So taking his violin he began to fiddle, until it sounded on all sides through the trees. Before long, a wolf came trotting through the underwood. "Oh!" said the man, "A wolf!—I have no desire for him as a companion." But the wolf came up to him, and addressed him, saying, "What a beautiful musician!—how finely you play!—I wish I could learn!" "That is soon done," answered the musician; "you have only to do just as I bid you." "Oh, musician!" replied the wolf, "I will be as attentive as a scholar to his master." The musician, upon this, bid him follow—and he led the wolf to an old hollow oak, in which was a cleft. "Look here," said the man; "if you would become a good player, you must lay your two fore-feet in this cleft." The wolf obeyed, and the man, hastily snatching a stone, plugged both his feet in firmly, so that he remained a prisoner. "Wait there until I return," said the musician, and continued his way.

After a time, the excitement of this adventure having passed, he said to himself, "The time and way seem very long—I must try for a companion." So he took his violin and played, and before long a fox came creeping through the thicket. "Ah, a fox!" said the man; "I do not wish for him." The creature approached, and said, flatteringly, "How charmingly you play!—I should like to learn." "That is easy," returned the other, "you have only to do all I bid you." "I will," said the fox—"I will obey you as the scholar does his master." "Follow

me, then," said the musician ; and after walking for a space, they came to a footpath, bordered on each side with high branches. Here they stopped, and the man bent down to the ground the head of a hazel-nut tree growing on one side, retaining it in its place with his foot. He then did the same with a tree from the other side. "Now, my little fox, if you wish to learn music, give me your left fore-paw." The fox did as he was ordered, and the musician bound the foot to the tree growing on the left side of the path. "Now for the other, little fox," said he ; the fox obeyed, and that was likewise fastened to the other tree. After examining the knots, to see that they were secure, the musician removed his foot, and the trees, released from the pressure, flew up into their natural position, carrying with them the unfortunate fox, who seemed not to relish his first lesson in music, but struggled and barked. "Wait there until I come back," said the musician, continuing his way.

Again he began to feel weary of his loneliness, and said, "The time and way seem very long, I must try for another companion." The violin was again produced, and its tones resounded through the wood, but this time a hare made its appearance. "Ah, a hare," said the musician, "he will not do for me." "Dear musician," said the hare, upon reaching the spot where the man stood, "how finely you play ! how gladly I would learn." "Nothing easier," returned the latter, "only do all I command you." "Willingly," said the hare, "I will obey you as the pupil does his master." They then proceeded through the wood together until they came to a clearer spot, where one aspen stood. The musician now fastened one end of a long cord round the hare's neck and the other round the tree. "Now little hare, quick, run twenty times round the tree," said he. The animal obeyed, and by running twenty times round the tree the cord was wound twenty times round the stem and he was a prisoner ; let him pull and struggle as he might, there was no escape, the cord only cut his neck. "Wait there until I return," said the musician, and continued his road.

In the meantime, the wolf had with his teeth, struggles, and continual efforts released his feet from the hole where they were detained by the stone, and full of anger and rage hastened after the musician, in order to tear him to pieces. As the fox saw him running he began to howl and cry as loudly as he could, "Brother wolf, help me, I beseech you ; the musician has betrayed me." The wolf drew down the top of the tree, bit the cord that fastened the fox's feet, set him at liberty, and then proceeded together in pursuit of the offender. After a while, they came to the aspen, to which the hare was fastened, and setting the latter free, they all continued their search after their enemy.

The musician had again had recourse to his violin, and this time with better success. The sounds had reached the ear of a poor wood-cutter, who, whether he would or no, felt himself constrained to leave his work, and with his bill-hook under his arm, endeavour to discover whence the tones proceeded. "Here comes the right man at last !" exclaimed the musician. "I have been wishing for a human being, but only wild animals have come to keep me company." He then continued to play, and his power and skill were so great that he perfectly enchanted the poor wood-cutter, who could not stir from the spot, but seemed about to expire from pleasure. At this juncture the wolf, fox, and hare made their appearance, and the woodman soon saw they had some evil project in their mind. Raising his bright bill-hook, and placing himself in front of the musician, as if he would say, "Whoever thinks to touch him had better remember he will have to do with me." The animals clearly saw they should have no chance of taking vengeance for the affront put upon them, they therefore quickly decamped, leaving the musician to pour out his thanks and sweet tones, to the admiration of the wood-cutter, before he continued his journey.

The Twelve Brothers.

THERE was once a king and a queen, who lived happily together, and had twelve children, but they were all boys. The king said one day to his consort, "If the thirteenth child prove a girl, all the twelve boys shall die, that her wishes may be greater, and that she may inherit the kingdom." Twelve coffins were accordingly made, and prepared even to the cushion, and then placed in a secure chamber, the key of which the king delivered to the queen, charging her to say nothing of the matter to any one. The mother was very unhappy : she sat and grieved the whole day, so that her youngest son, whom she had called Benjamin, and who was always with her, wondered, and said, "Dear mother, why are you so sad ?" "Dearest child," replied the queen, "I dare not tell you." But he left her no peace, until she had unlocked the chamber and showed him the twelve coffins, adding, "My dear Benjamin, these coffins have been made by your father's orders for you and your eleven brothers ; in case I should have a daughter, you will all be put to death and buried therein." While saying this she wept bitterly, and was inconsolable ; but the boy replied, "Dearest mother, weep not, we will help ourselves and all go away." After reflecting a moment, the mother said, "This shall you do : go with your eleven brothers into the wood, and let one mount the highest tree he can find, and remain always on the watch, looking towards the tower of the palace. If I have a little son, I will order them to display a white flag, as a sign that you may securely return ; but if a daughter, a red flag will appear, and then fly as quickly as you can, and may Heaven protect you. Every night I will rise and pray for you,—in the winter, that you may have fire to warm you, and in summer, a shelter from the heat."

After blessing all her sons, they departed as she bade them into the wood. They kept watch by turns on the top of the highest tree, and looked for the flag. After eleven days had passed, and it was Benjamin's turn to watch, he saw a flag displayed, but it was not a white, as they hoped, but a red one, which announced the unwished-for event. When the brothers heard the intelligence they were filled with rage, and said, "Shall we for one girl all suffer death? We swear to avenge ourselves for such injustice, and that when once we find a girl her red blood shall flow." They then plunged deeper into the wood, and quite in the midst, where it was almost dark, they found a miserable little empty hut. "Here will we dwell," said they, "and you, Benjamin, being the youngest and weakest, shall stay at home and keep house, while the others go out to procure food." This was readily found in the wood, where they shot hares and deer, also pigeons and other birds fit for food, and bringing it to Benjamin, upon him devolved the charge of preparing it for the party. Thus they lived all together in the little hut for ten years, and the time by no means appeared long to them.

The queen's little daughter, in the meantime, had also grown older, and proved of excellent disposition, as well as beautiful to look at, and had a golden star on her brow. One day, when there was a large wash, she saw twelve shirts drying, and asked her mother whose they were, "for," said she, "they are much too small for my father." With a heavy heart the queen replied, "Dearest child, they belong to your twelve brothers." "Where are my twelve brothers?" returned the child; "I have never heard of them." "Alas! I know not; perhaps wandering in the world," replied the queen. Then leading the princess to the chamber, she showed her the twelve coffins. "These," said she, "were intended for your brothers, but they secretly departed before you were born," and she related further all that had occurred on the occasion. "Weep

not, dear mother," said the maiden, "I will go forth and seek my brothers."

The princess then took the twelve shirts and departed, and, as it chanced, took her way through the very wood frequented by the king's sons. She journeyed the whole day, and towards evening came to the hut. Upon entering she found only a young lad, who, addressing her, inquired whence she came and where she was going, for he was astonished at her beauty, her royal apparel, and the star upon her brow. To this she replied, "I am a king's daughter, and seek my twelve brothers, and will go as far as the heavens are blue but I will find them." She then showed him the twelve shirts that belonged to them. Benjamin at once saw that his sister stood before him, so he said, "I am Benjamin, your youngest brother," which caused her to weep for joy at so soon discovering the object of her search. They embraced each other with great tenderness, but Benjamin said, "Dear sister, there is still a drawback to our happiness: we had determined that every maiden we met should die, because we were obliged to forsake our kingdom on account of a girl." "I will willingly die," replied she, "if I can thereby set my twelve brothers at liberty." "No," replied he, "you shall not die; place yourself under this little tub until the eleven brothers come, and I make some arrangement with them." She did as he required, and at night all the others returned from hunting, and sat down to table. While they were eating, they asked if anything had happened, to which Benjamin replied, "Do you not know?" "No," said they. "What!" returned he, "have you been out in the wood all day, while I have remained at home, and yet know more than you?" "Tell us, tell us," cried they. "Promise me then," said he, "that the first maiden that meets us shall not be killed." "Well," said they all, "she shall be safe, only tell us what you know." "Then," said Benjamin, "our sister is here;" and raising the tub, the king's daughter came forth in her royal robes, with the

star on her brow, and was so beautiful, tender, and kind that they rejoiced greatly, and embraced her with much love.

After this she remained at home, and helped Benjamin with the work. The eleven went out as before to obtain game of all kinds, but Benjamin and his sister remained at home to prepare the food. They brought in wood for the fire, collected herbs in the wood, cooked, and had the food always ready when the eleven returned. She also kept the hut in order, made the little beds, and was so useful that the brothers were always contented, and lived very happily with her. One day the two left at home had prepared an excellent feast, and when the brothers returned and they were all together, they sat down, ate and drank, and were full of mirth.

Now, a small garden surrounded the hut, and as twelve beautiful white lilies chanced to be at this time in bloom therein, the maiden, thinking to please her brothers, plucked the twelve flowers, in order to present one to each ; but at the moment she did this, the twelve brothers were changed into twelve ravens, and took their flight into the wood, the hut and the little garden vanishing at the same time. In the greatest alarm the poor girl looked around, upon finding herself alone in the wood, and perceived an old woman standing near her, who thus addressed her. "My child, what have you done ? Why could you not leave the white lilies ? they were your twelve brothers, who are now for ever changed into ravens." "Alas !" said the maiden, "is there no way of restoring them to their own shape ?" "No," returned the old woman, "none ; for there is but one mode in the world, and that is so difficult that it is indeed useless even to mention it. You must remain dumb during a space of seven years ; you may neither speak nor laugh ; one single word spoken, or a single hour wanting of the seven years, will suffice to destroy the efficacy of all you have hitherto done in behalf of your brothers, and they must die." The maiden then said to herself, "I shall certainly set my brothers

free ;" and having sought a lofty tree, she took her place in it, spun incessantly, and neither laughed nor spoke. Now it happened that a king was hunting in the wood with a large hound ; the dog followed the scent to the tree, and then sprang around it, barking violently and refusing all the attempts of the huntsmen to draw him from the place. The king came to the spot, and seeing the beautiful princess, with the golden star on her brow, he was so charmed with her beauty that he eagerly proposed to her to become his consort. She returned no answer, but assenting by a nod, the king ascended the tree, bore her in safety to the ground, then placing her on his horse conducted her home. There the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendour, but the bride neither laughed nor spoke a word. The king and queen lived together very happily for the space of two years, but at the end of that time the king's mother, who was a very evil-minded woman, began to calumniate the young queen, saying, "the woman you have taken as your wife is evidently nothing better than a beggar-girl, and who knows what evil ways she privately pursues ? If she is dumb and cannot speak she might yet laugh, but they who cannot laugh must undoubtedly have a bad conscience." At first the king would neither listen to nor believe what the old woman said, but she persevered so continually, and accused her of so many bad things, that at last the king was induced to condemn the young queen to death upon very untrue evidence.

A large fire was accordingly kindled in the court of the palace, for the purpose of consuming her. The king stood at an open window, grieving deeply at the fate that awaited one he still loved so greatly. The queen was bound to a stake, and the fire already encircled her with tongues of flame ; this, however, was precisely the moment that the seven years expired, and a rushing sound was heard in the air. This proceeded from twelve ravens, who, approaching the spot, settled on the ground, and the instant they alighted were restored to their original shape. The twelve

brothers instantly scattered and extinguished the fire, set their sister at liberty, and embraced her tenderly. Being restored to speech, she at once related to the king all that had befallen her, and the cause of her neither speaking nor laughing. The king rejoiced greatly when assured of her innocence, and they thenceforward lived in uninterrupted harmony ; but the wicked step-mother was found guilty of falsely accusing the queen, and being thrown into a vessel filled with boiling oil and poisonous snakes, died a miserable death.

The Host Oberreached.

CHANTICLEER said one day to Dame Partlett, " It is now time the nuts were ripe ; let us for once go on the mountain and eat as many we can, before the squirrels take them all away." " Yes, willingly," returned the other, " we will have a right pleasant day." So they went together to the mountain, and remaining there as long as it was daylight, did not think of returning home until the evening. Now I cannot exactly tell you whether it was that they had eaten immoderately, or that they felt grand, but in short they were disinclined for exertion, and so tired they would not go home on foot. Chanticleer was, therefore, obliged to construct a little carriage out of the nut-shells. When all was ready, the hen took her seat and directed the cock to harness himself to the carriage. " Very fine ! " replied he, " I had rather go home on foot, than so. No, no, we did not agree for that. I shall be the coachman, and sit upon the box ; but you may draw the carriage yourself, for I shall not."

While they were thus contending, a duck came quacking to the spot, saying, " Now, you thievish folk, who bid you go on my nut-mountain ? Wait, and I will serve you both as you deserve." With these words, she rushed upon the cock with open bill ; but he was not idle, for

striking the duck on the body with his beak, and attacking her with his spurs, she was obliged to beg for mercy, and was compelled, as a punishment, to allow herself to be harnessed to the carriage. Chanticleer then took his place on the box as coachman, and did not spare the duck, compelling her to go as fast as she was able. After proceeding thus for some time, they met two foot-passengers, a pin and a needle, who called out loudly, "Stop ! stop !" adding, that as it would shortly be pitch-dark they were afraid of proceeding, and it was also so dirty in the roads that they would be very happy to get into the carriage ; they were sorry to add that they had been beguiled at the tailor's outside the town, into sitting over their beer. Chanticleer seeing that they were slender folk, who would not occupy much space, allowed them to get into the carriage, after promising not to tread on his toes. Late in the evening, they all arrived together at an inn, and not being willing to continue their journey any later, the duck besides being so weary that she tottered from side to side, they entered, intending to pass the night. The host, at first, made many excuses : his house was already full, he said, for he thought within himself that they might not prove very desirable guests. However, as they were very civil, and promised him not only the egg that the hen had laid on the way, but that he should have the duck who would lay him one every day, he at last consented to their staying the night. The party upon this ordered supper, and enjoyed themselves heartily. Early the next morning, as day began to dawn, and all in the house were yet asleep, Chanticleer waked up the hen, fetched the egg, cracked it, and ate it up between them, throwing the shell on the ashes. Then they went to the pin, and finding her asleep, took her by the head, and stuck her in the cushion of the host's chair, the needle being seized in like manner, and put into his towel. They then, without further ceremony, flew over the hedge ; and the duck, who preferred sleeping in the open air and therefore remained in the court, hearing the rush of their wings as

they flew off, looked about sharply, and perceiving a little brook, swam away with more speed than she had drawn the carriage. An hour or two later, the host lifted his head from his pillow, and after washing, prepared to dry himself on his towel, but the malicious needle made a terrible scratch quite across his face, and as he went into the kitchen to light his pipe, the hot egg-shell flew out of the ashes into his face. "Everything seems to go wrong with me this morning," said he, and he sunk despondingly into his arm-chair, but quickly sprang up again, exclaiming loudly, for the pin had treated him yet worse than the needle. Greatly annoyed, his suspicion at once turned upon the guests who had arrived so late the previous evening, but upon looking after them, they were nowhere to be found. He now made a vow never again to receive such ragamuffins into his house, who devoured much, paid nothing, and over and above made him the victim of their shabby tricks.

The Little Brother and Sister.

A LITTLE brother took his sister by the hand, and said, "Since our mother died, we have been very unhappy. Our step-mother beats us every day, and if we go to her, she pushes us away with her foot. The hard crusts that are left are our only food; the dogs under the table fare better than we, for she frequently throws them a good piece of meat. Heaven help us! Oh! that we had our good mother still! for we must leave our home and go abroad into the world!" Then they set forth and travelled the whole day over meadows, fields, and rocks, and when it rained, they said the clouds and their own hearts wept together. Late in the evening, they reached a large wood, and were so weary with grief, hunger, and the long journey, that they squeezed themselves into a hollow tree, and fell asleep.

The next morning, when they awoke, the sun was already high, and it shone warm in the wood. Then the boy said, "Little sister, I am thirsty ; if I knew where there was a brook, I would go and drink ; hush ! I think I can hear one running." He then arose, took his sister by the hand, and went to seek the brook. Now, the stepmother was a witch, and had seen the children depart ; so she crept after them secretly, as witches creep, and had charmed all the wells in the wood. Having found a brook that splashed bright over the stones, the brother wished to drink ; but the little sister heard amid the splashing something which seemed to say, "Whoever drinks from me, will become a tiger ! whoever drinks of me, will become a tiger !" therefore she earnestly entreated him not to drink, lest he should be turned into a wild beast, and tear her to pieces. The good brother said, that although he was very thirsty, he would wait until they came to another spring. They shortly came to another spring, and here the sister heard, "Whoever drinks of me, will become a wolf ! whoever drinks of me, will become a wolf !" Again she entreated her brother to refrain, lest he should be changed into a wolf, and devour her. This the brother again promised, but added, "I will only wait until the next spring, then I must drink, say what you will, for my thirst is too great to be borne." Upon coming to the next, the sister heard in the bubbling of the water, "Whoever drinks of me, will become a deer ! whoever drinks of me, will become a deer !" The little sister once more prayed her brother not to drink, lest he should become a deer and run away from her, but in vain ; he had already knelt down and drunk, and as the first drop touched his lips, he was changed into a fawn.

The little sister now wept bitterly over her enchanted brother, and the little fawn wept likewise and kept close to her. After a time, "Be satisfied," said the girl, "dear little fawn, for I will never leave you," and taking a golden ribbon, she fastened it round its neck, tying to it afterwards a long cord which she wove of the dried grass

which she found ; then leading the creature, she plunged with it deeper into the wood. After travelling a very long time, she came to a small house, and as it was empty, she determined to live there. So she collected leaves and moss for a soft bed, and every morning went abroad to gather roots, berries, and nuts for herself, and tender grass for the fawn, who ate out of her hand, and played with her very happily. In the evening, when the child was tired and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn's back for a pillow, and slept soundly ; had her brother only retained his own form, she would have rejoiced in her happy life.

For a long time she lived thus in this solitary mode. It happened, however, that the king of the land had a great hunting-party in the wood, and the sounds of horns, barking, and the shouts of the hunters, were heard in all directions. The fawn listened, and longed to be among the party. "Ah !" said he to his little sister, "let me go to the hunt ; I can stay away no longer." He begged so earnestly, that the girl consented ; "but," said she, "return in the evening : I shall fasten my door against the wild hunters ; therefore, that I may know you, knock, and say, 'Little sister, let me in !' If you do not say those words, I shall not open the door." The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature as soon as it appeared, and immediately pursued it, but in vain : when they thought they should certainly come up with it, it sprang over bushes, and disappeared from their sight. Towards evening, when it became dark, it returned to the little house, knocked, and said, "Little sister, let me in !" The door was immediately opened, he sprang in, and rested the whole night upon his soft bed. The next morning the hunt commenced anew, and when the fawn heard the horns and the shouts of the huntsmen, he had no rest, but said, "Dear sister, open ; I must go out !" The sister complied with his request, but said, "You must return this evening, and repeat the words I told you." The king and his party were glad again to see the

fawn with the golden collar, and pursued it with great eagerness, but it again proved too swift for them. The chase lasted the whole day, and at last, towards evening, the hunters had driven it up, and one of them wounded it slightly in the foot, so that it limped and ran more slowly, and he was able to keep it in view, so that he saw it approach the small house, heard, "My little sister, let me in!" upon which the door opened, and the fawn disappeared within. The astonished sportsman observed everything, and then returned to relate to the king all that he had seen and heard. Then said the king, "To-morrow we will hunt again."

The little sister, however, was much alarmed when she saw her fawn was wounded. She bathed the foot, applied healing leaves, and said, "Dear fawn! lie on your soft bed, that you may recover from this injury." But the wound was so slight, that no trace of it was to be seen the next morning; and when the sounds of the chase again made themselves heard, he said, "I must join the king's party to-day; I cannot stay—none shall catch me." The little sister, however, wept and said, "They will kill you, and I shall be left alone in the world, and forsaken of all—I will not let you go out." "Then I shall die here of grief," returned the creature; "when I hear the hunting-horn, I feel as if I must spring forth." When the sister heard this, she knew she could not do otherwise, so she sorrowfully opened the door, and the fawn, full of life and pleasure, sprang forth in the wood. When the king again caught sight of him, he gave orders that he should be hunted closely the whole day, till night fell, but that they should be careful not to do him the least injury. At sunset the king ordered the huntsmen to show him where the house stood that he had told him of. The men obeyed, and when they stood before the door, the king knocked, and said, "Little sister, open the door." The door opened, and the king entered, but was astonished to behold a maiden more beautiful than any he had ever beheld. The sister was frightened when she saw enter,

not the fawn she expected, but a man wearing a golden crown ; however, the king spoke kindly to her, gave her his hand, and said, " Will you go to my palace with me, and be my wife ? " " Yes," replied the girl, " but the fawn must go with me—I can never forsake it." " It shall remain with you as long as you live," replied the king, " and want for nothing." While speaking, the creature sprang in ; the maiden fastened the cord again to the collar, and leading it from the cottage, closed the door.

The king now placed the sister on his horse, and conducted her to his palace, where the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence, after which she passed her days as queen very happily ; the fawn, also, was tended with extreme care, and enjoyed its liberty in the palace gardens.

In the mean time the wicked stepmother, who had caused the children to wander from their home, imagined that the girl had long since fallen a prey to the wild beasts, and that the fawn had been killed by the hunters ; therefore, when she heard how fortunate they had been, and were in such a happy position, rage and envy filled her heart, and left her no peace—she had no other thought than how to contrive some other misfortune for them from which they should not escape. Her own daughter was frightful to behold, and had but one eye ; yet she continually reproached her mother that she was not a queen. " Be contented," said the witch ; " I shall be at hand at the right moment." This moment rapidly approached, and when the queen became the mother of a beautiful little son, the old witch assumed the form of the attendant, and the king being absent at the chase, she entered the chamber, saying, " Come, madam, the bath is ready which will restore you to health—hasten, that it become not cold." Her daughter being at hand, assisted in conveying the queen to the bath-room, and putting her in the bath ; then closing the door, they hastened to depart,

leaving the unfortunate young queen to suffocate in a bath heated ten times more than usual.

The old woman then took her daughter, dressed her in a cap, and put her into bed in the queen's palace ; she gave her the form and appearance of the queen, but could not restore her eye—therefore she directed her to lie on the side on which she had lost her eye, in order that the king should not discover the cheat. Upon coming home in the evening, and hearing that the queen had presented him with a son, the king rejoiced heartily, and would immediately go to her bedside to see how his dear wife was. The old witch hastened to prevent the curtain being drawn aside, lest the light should prove injurious ; and under pretence of her requiring rest, induced the king to retire, without discovering that a false queen was in the bed. Now, when it was midnight, and all slept, the nurse, sitting alone in the nursery, by the cradle, watching the infant, saw the door open, and the true queen enter. She took the child from the cradle into her arms, and fed it. She then shook up his little pillow, laid it again in the cradle, and covered it up warm ; then, not forgetting the fawn, she passed to the corner where he lay, and stroked his back several times. After this, she passed out without speaking ; and when the nurse inquired of the sentinel, the following morning, if any one had entered the palace during the night, she received for answer that he had seen no one. Several nights successively the queen renewed her visit, and each time the nurse watched her proceedings, but ventured not to speak to any one of what she saw.

After some time had thus passed, the queen one night spoke, saying—

“ What will my child do—and what my deer ?
After two days, I am no longer near.”

The nurse made no reply, but as soon as the queen had retired, she went to the king and related everything to

him. "Alas!" said the king, "what can it mean? I myself will watch by the child the next night." Accordingly he went to the nursery, and about midnight the queen again appeared, saying—

"What will my child do—and what my deer?
After once more, I am no longer here."

Then nursing the child as usual, she caressed the deer, and vanished. The king ventured not to address her, but he watched again the following night, when, as before, she said—

"What will my child do—and what my deer?"

but this time she added—

"This is the last time I come here."

The king could no longer refrain—he sprang towards her, and said, "You can be no other than my dear wife!" To which she rejoined, "I am your dear wife;" for in the same moment she was restored to life and health. She related the cruelty that had been practised upon her by the witch and her daughter, and the king ordered them instantly to be brought to justice. Being condemned, the daughter was exposed to the wild beasts in the wood, and torn to pieces, but the witch was condemned to the flames; and as soon as she was reduced to ashes, the deer resumed his human form—so that the little brother and the little sister lived happily together to the end of their days.

Brunzel.

THERE was once a man and his wife, who had long vainly wished for a child ; but at last they hoped their prayers were about to be granted. Now, these people had, at the back of their house, a small window, which looked into a beautiful garden, full of the most lovely plants and flowers, but surrounded by high walls. One day the woman stood at this window, looking into the garden, and saw a bed filled with the most beautiful rampions, which looked so fresh and green, that she felt the greatest desire to eat of these said rampions. This increased every day, and as she knew it was impossible to procure any, she fell away, and became daily thinner and paler. This alarmed her husband, and he inquired of her what was the matter, that she seemed so miserable ? "Alas !" said she, "if I cannot obtain some of the rampions, which grow in the garden behind our house, I shall die." The man, who loved his wife greatly, said to himself, "Rather than my wife should die, it would be better to obtain for her some of the rampions—let it cost what it may." In the dusk of the evening he accordingly got over the wall of the magician's garden, snatched hastily a handful of rampions, and brought them to his wife, who made them into a salad, and ate it greedily ; but it pleased her so much, that she found the following day that her desire was three times as great as before, and that if they were to have any peace, her husband must once more venture into the garden. This he did, in the dusk of the same evening, but without the good fortune that attended his former attempt ; for before he had reached the top of the wall on his return, he saw the magician standing before him. "How is it that you venture," said she, "like a thief into my garden, and steal my

rampions?—evil shall betide you for this." "Alas!" replied the man, "pray be merciful—for I have only acted so from strong necessity; my wife saw your rampions from the window, and felt so strong a desire for them, that she must have died had it not been gratified." This appeased, in some degree, the displeasure of the magician, and she said, "If it be as you say, I will bestow the rampions upon you as frequently as you please, but upon one condition—you shall give me the child, of which you will shortly be the parents. This will be greatly for the child's advantage, and I will tend it as a mother." The man, in his fright, promised everything; so, shortly after, when the child was born, the magician appeared immediately, gave it the name of Rapunzel, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel became the most lovely child that the sun ever shone upon; and when she was twelve years old, the magician shut her up in a tower, which was in a wood: there were neither steps nor door to it, and only a very small window at the top; and when the magician desired to enter, she placed herself beneath, and cried, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let your hair down to me!" Now, Rapunzel had splendid long hair, as bright and fine as gold, and when she heard the magician's voice, she unbound her tresses, and winding them around a hook in the window-frame, to secure herself from a sudden descent, she then allowed the remainder to hang from the window, to the length of twenty ells; and by this the old woman was accustomed to enter the tower.

After two or three years, it chanced that the king's son, in riding through the wood, passed by the tower, and heard a voice singing so enchantingly, that he was compelled to stop and listen. It was Rapunzel, who thus amused herself in her solitary abode, and whose sweet voice equalled that of the choristers of the grove. The prince sought in vain for a door by which to enter, and returned home disconsolate; but the voice had so deeply

touched his heart, that he every day rode to the wood to listen to it. One day, standing behind a tree, he saw the magician approach, heard the words "Rapunzel ! Rapunzel ! let down your hair," and saw the locks descend for the old woman's entrance into the tower. "If that is the ladder by which they ascend, I will try my luck too," said the king's son. Accordingly, the next day, as it began to grow dark, he went to the tower, and cried, "Rapunzel ! Rapunzel ! let down your hair !" Instantly the hair fell down, and the prince ascended.

Rapunzel's terror was great, when she first saw a man enter, never having seen such a being before ; but as the prince spoke very kindly to her, and told her what an impression her charming voice had made on his heart, so that he had no rest, until he resolved to make every effort to see the fair songstress, she became more tranquil ; and when he asked her to become his wife, seeing that he was young and handsome, she said to herself, "He will certainly love me more than the old woman does;" therefore she laid her hand in his, and consented. She added, "I would gladly leave this place, and follow you, but I do not know how to get down ; you must therefore bring a silken cord with you every time you come, and I will twist it into a ladder ; when it is complete, I will descend, and you shall take me with you on your horse." They agreed that until it was ready, he should come to her every evening, as the old woman came by day. In the mean time the magician discovered nothing of their proceedings, until Rapunzel said one day, very indiscreetly, "Good mother, how is it that you are so much heavier to draw up than the young king's son ? he comes up to me in a moment." "What do I hear, you wicked child ?" returned the old woman ; "I thought I had shut you out from all the world, and yet you have deceived me." In her anger, she seized Rapunzel by the hair, wound it several times round her left hand, then with her right grasping her scissors, ritch, ratch, the long locks all lay at

their feet. In addition to this, she was so barbarous as to carry poor Rapunzel into a desert, where she could only exist in great misery and wretchedness.

The evening of the very day on which all this had taken place, the magician bound Rapunzel's locks to the hook in the window ; and when the king's son came and cried, "Rapunzel ! Rapunzel ! let down your hair," she let them descend from above. The king's son mounted as usual by them, but found at the top, instead of his Rapunzel, the old magician, full of fury, and looking perfectly hideous. "Ah !" said she, scornfully, "you have come for your sweetheart, but the beautiful bird is no longer in the nest, and does not sing ; the cats have carried her away, and will now scratch out your eyes ! Rapunzel is lost for ever to you ; you will never see her again." The king's son upon this was beside himself with grief, and, in his despair, leaped down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns among which he fell deprived him of his eyes, and he wandered up and down the wood, subsisting upon berries and roots, and bewailing the loss of his dear wife. Thus miserably passed several years ; at last, his wanderings led him into the desert where Rapunzel was dwelling with her twin children, a son and a daughter. Hearing her voice, he thought he recognized it, and moved in the direction whence it proceeded. Upon reaching the spot, Rapunzel instantly knew him, and fell weeping on his neck. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and, wonderful to relate, they were instantly restored to him, and he could see as before. With feelings of joy they all set out for his dominion, where they were dutifully received, and lived henceforward in happiness and peace.

The Three Dwarfs in the Wood.

THERE was once a man who had the misfortune to lose a very good wife, and a woman who lost her husband at the same time—the man having a daughter, and the woman one likewise. The girls were acquaintances, and went out one day to walk ; after which they returned to the woman's house, who said to the daughter of the man, “Listen, my child ; say to your father that I should like to marry him, then you shall wash every morning in milk, and drink wine ; but my daughter shall only have water to wash with, and water to drink.” The girl, upon going home, related to her father what the woman had said. He replied, “What is to be done for the best ? Marriage is sometimes a good thing, but it is also sometimes a bad thing.” Not being able to arrive at any determination, he drew off his boot, saying, “Take this boot, which has a hole in the sole, go into the lobby, hang it on the great nail there, and pour water into it. If it retains the water, I will take another wife ; but if it runs through, I will not do so.” The girl did as she was bid ; but the water closed up the hole in the boot, and it was full, even to running over, so she went to tell her father what had happened. When he heard of it, he went to see for himself, and finding it was just as his daughter had said, he accepted the omen, went to the widow, courted her, and the marriage soon took place. The next morning, when the girls opened their doors, there stood before that of the man's daughter milk to wash with, and wine to drink ; but for the woman's daughter, water only was provided for both purposes. The second morning, however, there was neither milk nor wine, but water at both doors ; but on the third the case was changed ; milk and wine were for the woman's daughter,

but water only for the man's, and it was so ever after. The woman was bitterly unkind to her step-daughter, and could find no treatment sufficiently bad for her ; for she was envious of her beauty and amiable manners, her own daughter being ugly and disagreeable. One day in winter, when everything was frozen like a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a dress of paper, called the maiden to her, and said, "Put on this dress ; go into the wood and fetch me a basket full of strawberries, for I long to eat some !" "Ah !" said the girl, "strawberries do not grow in winter, the ground is frozen up, and the snow covers everything ; and why must I wear a paper dress ? It is so cold without, that one's breath freezes ; the wind will blow through it, and the thorns tear it from my body." "Do you dare to contradict me ?" said the stepmother. "Get you gone ! and let me not see you back until you have filled the basket with strawberries." Then giving her a piece of hard bread, she added, "That will last you for to-day ;" thinking to herself, "out of doors she will freeze and starve, and I shall see nothing more of her."

The maiden obeyed, put on the paper dress, and went out with her basket ; the snow lay thickly everywhere, and not a green stalk was to be seen. When she came into the wood, she perceived a little cottage, out of which three dwarfs were peeping. She wished them good morning, and then knocked modestly at the door. They bid her enter ; so she went in, and took her seat on the bench by the stove, for she wished to warm herself and eat her breakfast. "Give us some," said the dwarfs, when they saw her prepare to eat. "Willingly," replied she ; and breaking her piece of bread in half, gave them one of the pieces. "How will you get on in the winter, in the wood, with such a thin dress ?" then asked they. "Alas !" replied she, "I know not. I am obliged to fill my basket with strawberries, and I may not return home until I can procure them." She now had eaten her bread ; and they gave her a broom, telling her to go and sweep the snow.

away from the back door. When she had gone out to do as the dwarfs required, they said to each other, "What shall we give her, because she is so good and kind, and shared her bread with us?" The first said, "I will make her grow more beautiful every day;" the second said, "Every time she speaks, gold coins shall fall from her lips;" and the third said, "That a king should come and take her for his bride." In the mean time, the maiden had done as the dwarfs bade her, and swept the snow away from the back of the cottage; but what do you suppose she found there? Beautiful ripe strawberries! which looked most tempting as they peeped out of the snow. In her delight, she filled her basket as quickly as possible, thanked the dwarfs, shook hands with each of them, and ran home to please her stepmother by the sight of what she longed for. When she entered, and said, "Good evening," a gold coin fell directly out of her mouth; and she was obliged to relate all that had befallen her in the wood, gold pieces dropping from her mouth at every word, until the floor was covered with them. "Only see her extravagance," said the step-sister; "to throw away gold in such a manner!" But in her heart she was envious, and declared she too would go into the wood and seek strawberries. The mother, however, said, "No, my dear little daughter, you will be frozen;" but as the girl let her have no rest, she at last consented, made for her a delightful fur dress, which she made her put on, and gave her bread and butter and cake to eat on the way.

The girl went into the wood, and took the road directly to the cottage. The three little dwarfs peeped out, but she did not salute them; and, without asking their permission, stumbled into their room, seating herself by the stove, and taking out her cake, began to eat. "Give us some," cried they all; but the girl replied, "There is not enough for myself; how can I give you any?" When all was gone, the dwarfs, pointing to a broom, said, "Take that broom and go and sweep away the snow outside the

back door for us." "You may sweep it for yourselves," returned she ; "I am not your servant." After waiting some time, perceiving that they were not inclined to bestow anything upon her, she went out of the cottage. Then the little men consulted with each other what they should give her. The first said, "I will that she become uglier every day ;" the second, "And I, that at every word she speaks a toad shall come out of her mouth ;" and the third said, "That she should come to an unhappy end." The girl was all this time looking for strawberries ; but finding none, she returned home in very bad humour, and upon attempting to relate to her mother what had occurred in the wood, a toad fell from her mouth at each word, so that she inspired all with horror.

The stepmother was greatly enraged, and thought continually of the means of injuring her husband's daughter, who daily grew more beautiful. At length, she one day put a large kettle on the fire to boil her yarn before bleaching, and when this was done, hanging it on the maiden's arm, she gave her an axe, bidding her go to the frozen river, make a hole in the ice, and rinse the yarn. She obeyed, went to the river, and began to break the ice ; but while thus engaged, a magnificent carriage drove by, in which sat the king. The king ordered the coachman to stop, and addressing the girl, said, "My child, who are you, and what are you doing ?" "I am a poor girl, and am rinsing yarn," replied she. Then the king felt compassion, and seeing she was very beautiful, said, "Will you go with me ?" "Ah yes, willingly," returned the girl, for she felt glad to leave her unkind mother and sister, who cared nothing for her.

So she entered the carriage, continued on her way with the king, and, upon arriving at the palace, the marriage took place with great pomp. After a year, the young queen had a son, and the stepmother having heard of the good fortune that had happened to her daughter-in-law, went with her daughter to the palace, as if to make a visit on the occasion. Finding the king out, and nobody pre-

sent, the wicked woman took the queen by the head while the daughter took her by the feet, they raised her from her bed, and opening the window threw her out into the river that flowed past the palace. Then the mother put her ugly daughter into her place, and covered her up head and all. When the king returned shortly after, he wished to speak to the queen; but the old woman prevented him, under pretence that rest was necessary. The king, suspecting nothing wrong, retired, but returned the next morning, and addressed the supposed queen; to which she replied; but at every word a toad appeared where hitherto a gold coin had fallen. In the greatest alarm the king inquired into the cause; but the old woman, who was near, assured him that it was nothing, and that she would before long be free from the toads.

In the middle of the night the scullion saw a duck come swimming in the gutter, saying, "King, what are you doing? are you sleeping or awake?" Receiving no answer, she continued, "What are my guests doing?" "They are sleeping fast," replied the scullion. "What is my child doing?" continued she. "Sleeping in the cradle," said the scullion. Then resuming her own form, the queen went up stairs, nursed her child, shook up his little bed, covered him up, and swam back through the gutter like a duck. This happened for two nights; on the third she said to the scullion, "Go and tell the king to bring his sword, and wave it three times over me;" at the third time the duck vanished, and there stood his own queen as before, living and handsome.

The king was greatly rejoiced, but kept the queen concealed in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened. After the ceremony, he asked, "What does a person deserve who takes another out of bed and throws her into the water?" "Nothing less than being put into a tub, stuck full of nails, and then rolled down the hill into the river," replied the old woman. "You have pronounced your own sentence," said the king; "let such a tub be brought." The old woman and her daughter

were put in it, the head nailed down, and the tub and its wicked contents rolled into the river, where it disappeared for ever.

Hans and Peggy.

NEAR a large wood, a poor woodcutter, his wife, and his two children lived ; the boy called Hans, and the girl Peggy. They had but little to eat and drink, and once, when a great scarcity prevailed, it was no longer possible to provide bread. Lying in bed awake one night, uneasy and full of care on account of his poverty, the poor man said to his wife, " What will become of us ? How can we feed these poor children when we have nothing more for ourselves ? " " I will tell you what to do, husband," said the woman ; " to-morrow morning early we will take the children into the wood, where it is thickest ; we will make a fire, and give them each a piece of bread, and then go to our work and leave them alone ; they will never find their way back, and we shall get rid of them." " No, wife," said the man, " I will never do that ; how could I have the heart to abandon my children when the wild beasts would soon come and devour them ? " " Foolish man ! " said she ; " then we shall all die of hunger together, and you have only to prepare the wood for our coffins." In short, she left him no peace until he agreed to do as she advised. " But it grieves me to think of the poor children," said the man. Now, the two children, from hunger, had likewise not been able to sleep, and had, therefore, heard what the stepmother said to their father. Peggy wept bitter tears, and said to Hans, " It is all over with us." " Be quiet, Peggy," said Hans, " do not vex yourself ; I will find a way to help ourselves." As soon as their parents were asleep, he arose, put on his little coat, opened the back door, and slipped out. The moon was shining bright, and the white pebble stones which lay

around the house shone in the moonlight. Hans stooped and collected as many in his coat-pocket as he was able to carry. Then he went back, said to his sister, "Be comforted dear little sister ; go quietly to sleep ; Fortune will not forsake us," and then went himself to sleep, his head full of his projects.

When day broke, and the sun was not yet risen, the woman came and awoke both the children. "Get up, you idle creatures," said she; "we must go into the wood and get some sticks." She gave them each a piece of bread, but said to them, "That is all the dinner you will get to-day, therefore I hope you will not eat it all for breakfast." Peggy put the bread into her apron, because Hans had his pocket filled with the stones, and then they all took the way to the wood. After walking some little time, Hans stood still and peeped back at the house, and did the same again and again. "What are you staying behind for, Hans ? and what are you looking at ?" said the father. "Come on ! and make the best use of your legs." "Oh ! father, I am looking after my little white cat ; she is sitting on the roof to say good bye to me." But the mother replied, "Nonsense, that is not your cat ; it is the sun shining on the chimney." Hans, however, was not looking after his cat, but he staid behind in order, from time to time, to drop one of the bright pebbles in his pocket on the road. When they arrived in the middle of the wood, the father said, "Now, children, collect wood, and I will make a fire, that you may not be cold." Hans and Peggy soon got a quantity together, the twigs were set on fire, and when the flames rose, the woman said, "Now sit by the fire, children, and rest yourselves ; we are going into the forest to cut wood, and when we have done, we will come back and fetch you."

Hans and Peggy sat by the fire, and when it was noon they each ate the piece of bread, and hearing the sound of continual blows in the wood, they imagined their father was still near them. It was not, however, his axe they heard, but a branch which he had fastened to a dead tree,

and which was continually moved by the wind, and thus produced the sounds the children heard. Weary with sitting so long, waiting for their father, their eyes closed, and they slept soundly. When they awoke it was night, and Peggy, much afraid, began to weep, saying, "How shall we ever get out of the wood ?" but Hans comforted her : "Wait until the moon rises, dear sister, and we shall soon find our way out." And when the moon rose, he took Peggy by the hand to look for the pebbles, which shone beautifully, and pointed out the way they had come. They walked through the whole night, and came at break of day in sight of their father's house. They knocked at the door ; and when the woman opened it and saw the children, she said, "You naughty children ! Why have you slept so long in the wood ? We thought you were never coming home !" The father, however, was glad in his heart to see them again, for he had been very miserable at the thought of having left them in the wood.

Before long, the want of food was again very great, and the children heard the mother say, when she was in bed, to the father, "Everything is eaten up ; we have scarcely a crust in the house ; all is come to an end. The children must go this time ; we will take them further into the wood, that they may not be able to find their way back, else all our trouble is in vain." The man was very sad, and said to himself, "It would be better if you were to share the last crust with the children." The woman would listen to nothing he could say, but scolded him, and added that he had consented the first time, and therefore he could have no objection to leaving them once more in the wood. Now it happened the children were again awake, and had listened to the conversation. Therefore, as soon as the old people were asleep, Hans got up, intending to go out and pick up stones as before, but the mother had locked the door, and Hans could not get out. He tried, however, to comfort his sister, and said, "Little sister, do not weep—go to sleep : Fortune will take care of us !"

Early the next morning, the woman called them out of bed ; they received each a piece of bread, but it was much smaller than before. On the way to the wood Hans crumbled it in his pocket, stopped behind when he could, and dropped some of the crumbs on the ground. "Hans," said his father, "what are you doing, loitering on your way, and what are you looking at?" "I am looking at my white pigeon sitting on the roof," replied the boy, "as if to say 'good-bye' to me." "Nonsense!" said the mother, "it is not your pigeon, but the sun shining on the chimney." Hans, however, continued to strew the crumbs, as long as they lasted, on the way.

The mother led the children deeper into the wood, to a spot where they never before had been. A large fire was made here, and she said to them, "Stay here, children ; warm yourselves, and if you feel tired sleep a little—we are going to cut wood in the forest, and will come and fetch you in the evening, when we are ready to go home." When noon came, Peggy shared her bread with her brother, as he had scattered all his by the way ; they then lay down to sleep, and thus the evening passed—but none came to awaken the poor children. In the middle of the night they opened their eyes, and Hans comforted his sister by saying, "Only wait until the moon rises, then we shall see the crumbs I have strewed, and they will help us to find our way home again." The moon rose, and they got up to pursue their way, but the poor children found not a single crumb—thousands of birds which frequented the wood had picked them up. Hans said, "We shall be able to find our way," but they found it not. They walked the whole night, and also the next day, from morning until evening, but they could not get out of the wood, and they were very hungry, for they had eaten nothing except a few berries which they had found on the ground ; they were so tired, too, that their legs refused to carry them any farther. They were, therefore, obliged to lie down under a tree, and shortly fell asleep.

It was now the third morning since they had left their father's house, and they began again to seek a way out of the wood, but they tried every direction in vain—they only seemed to plunge deeper into the forest ; and if help came not quickly, they felt they should die. About noon they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a branch, which sang so charmingly, that they could not help stopping to listen. When it had done, it clapped its wings, and flew before them ; they followed it, until they came to a small house, upon the roof of which it settled. Upon approaching, they saw to their wonder that the house was built of bread, roofed with cake, and the windows made of transparent sugar. "Oh, sister !" said Hans, "only look !—now we will make a good dinner ; I will have a piece of the roof, and you shall eat some of the window—it is so sweet !" Hans accordingly reached up to the roof, and broke off a small piece, in order to taste it, while Peggy stood close to the window and nibbled. A gentle voice was then heard out of the house, saying, "Nibble ! nibble !—who is nibbling my house ?" The children answered, "The wind, the wind !" and continued to eat without any hesitation. Hans finding the roof very good, broke off a large piece, and Peggy knocked a good round piece out of the window-pane ; they then sat down on the ground, and began to enjoy themselves. On a sudden the door opened, and an old woman, leaning on a crutch, came forth. Hans and Peggy were so terribly frightened at her appearance (for she was so old that she seemed hardly living), that they dropped what they had in their hands, and looked at her with apprehension. But the old woman shook her head, and said, "Dear children ! what has brought you here ?—come in and stay with me—no harm shall happen to you." Taking them by the hand, she led them into the house, when she placed before them plenty of good things—milk, pancakes with sugar, apples, and nuts. Then showing them some pretty white beds, Hans and Peggy were happy to take possession of them, and thought themselves in heaven.

The old woman, however, had only feigned all this kindness ; she was really a wicked old witch who watched for children, and had built the house of bread and cake on purpose to decoy them. When once in her power, she killed, cooked, and eat them ; and such occurrences were festivals. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see far, but they have a fine scent, like the animals, and discover thereby the approach of human beings. As Hans and Peggy drew near the house, she laughed maliciously, and said to herself, "I have them—they shall not easily get away from me again." The next morning early, before the children were awake, the witch was already up ; and when she saw them both sleeping so quietly, with the round red cheeks on the pillow, she said to herself, "What a feast I shall have !" She seized Hans with her bony hand, and carried him into a little stable, and shut him in with a lattice door—he might cry and scream as much as he liked, it did him no good. She then went to Peggy, shook her, saying, "Get up, you idle creature, fetch water, and cook something good for your brother—he is put into the stable to fatten, and when he is fat enough I shall eat him." Peggy began to weep bitterly, but it was in vain ; she was obliged to do what the witch required. All sorts of good things were now prepared for Hans, but Peggy got nothing but crab-shells. Every morning the witch slipped into the stable, and called out, "Hans, put your finger out, that I may feel if you will soon be fat." Hans then put a bone through the lattice, and the old witch, who had weak eyes, and could not see well, thought it was Hans' finger, and wondered that he would not fatten in the least. After four weeks, however, the boy still remaining lean, the witch lost all patience, and would wait no longer. "Peggy," cried she, "come, be quick, and fetch in water—let Hans be fat or lean, to-morrow I shall kill him, and have him cooked." Ah ! then how the poor little sister lamented while obliged to carry the water, and how the tears flowed down her cheeks. "Alas !" cried she, "would that the wild beasts of the

wood had devoured us—then we had died together.” “Cease your noise,” said the old witch; “it is all useless.”

The next morning early, Peggy was obliged to rise, fill the kettle with water, and place it over the fire she had lighted. “We will bake first,” said the old woman; “I have lighted the fire, and the dough is already kneaded.” She then pushed Peggy towards the oven, saying, “Crawl in, and see if it is properly heated, and then we will put in the bread.” Now, she intended, when Peggy was in, to close the door, that she likewise might be baked, and ready to eat. But Peggy guessed her design, and said, “I am not used to this sort of oven—I do not know how to do it—how shall I get in?” “Silly goose!” said the witch, “the opening is large enough; look—I could get in.” Saying this, she hobbled forwards, and put her head into the opening. Peggy upon this gave her quickly such a push, that she fell entirely in; then she shut the iron door of the oven and pushed in the bolt. The witch began to howl horribly, but Peggy ran away, and the wicked creature was miserably consumed.

Peggy ran immediately to Hans, opened his prison, and called, “Hans, Hans, we are free—the witch is dead!” He sprang out, like a bird out of his cage when the door is opened. How delighted they were—they embraced each other, jumped for joy, sprang about, and could hardly believe the fact. Having now nothing more to fear, they went all over the witch’s house, and found in every corner chests of pearls and precious stones. “These are better than pebbles,” said Hans, and filled his pockets with as many as they would hold. “I will also take some home with me,” said Peggy and filled her apron. “Now we will go,” said Hans; “let us go out of the witch’s wood.” After proceeding a couple of miles, they came to a wide river. “How can we cross?” exclaimed Hans; “I see no bridge of any sort;”—“Or any boat,” added Peggy—“but I see there a white duck; if I beg her, she will perhaps carry us over.” Thus saying, she called, “Duck,

duck!—here are Hans and Peggy, and no bridge to cross—take us on your pretty white back!" The little duck upon this came towards them; Hans got on her back, and desired Peggy to place herself on him. "No;" said Peggy, "it would be too heavy for the little duck—she shall carry one of us at a time." The duck carried them both safely over; and after having gone on a little while, the way became more and more known to them, and at last they perceived in the distance their father's house. They then instantly began to run, and rushing into the room, fell on their father's neck. The poor man was overjoyed to see them, for he had not had a happy moment since he had left the children in the wood. The wife was dead. Peggy shook her apron, and the pearls and precious stones rolled on the floor, while Hans placed handful after handful on the table. Thus all their cares came to an end, and they henceforward lived together happy and contented.

The Three Magical Leaves.

THERE was once a poor man, who could no longer maintain his only son. "Then," said the son, "dear father, things are so bad that I feel I am a burthen to you. I would rather go forth and seek some mode to earn my bread." His father, thereupon, gave him his blessing, and with the greatest sorrow took leave of him. At this time the king was carrying on a war, so the youth entered his service, and went with him to the field. When they reached the seat of war, a battle took place, the danger was great, for the balls fell around like hail, and on every side his comrades lay dead or wounded; the general likewise was slain, which intimidated his followers, and they were about to take to flight, but the young man stood forth, encouraged them by his words, and added, "We will never abandon the cause of our country." Then placing

himself at their head, he led them against the enemy, whom he forced to retreat, and they were finally beaten. When the king heard of his bravery, and that he was indebted to the young man for the victory, he made him commander-in-chief, bestowed great treasures upon him, and raised him to the second dignity in the kingdom.

This king had a daughter, who was very beautiful but very eccentric, for she had taken a vow never to receive any one for her husband who would not promise, if she died before him, to permit himself to be interred with her. "If he love me with all his heart," said she, "he will have no inclination to survive me." On the other hand she was quite ready to make him the same promise in case he died first. This singular vow had hitherto deterred all suitors, but the young man was so enchanted by her beauty, that he heeded nothing, but applied to her father for permission to marry her. "Do you know what you must promise?" asked the latter. "I must descend with her into the grave," was the answer, "if I survive; but my love is so great that I heed not the condition." The king then consented, and the marriage was celebrated with extraordinary magnificence.

For some time they lived most happily together; it then happened that the young queen fell dangerously ill, and the physicians could do nothing for her, and she died. When this took place the young king remembered and shuddered at his promise; to be interred alive was dreadful, but there was no alternative. The king had placed sentinels at every door and gate, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. The day of interment came, and he was conducted with the body into the royal vault; the attendants retired, bolting and barring the door, and he was left alone.

Near the coffin stood a table, on which four candles, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine stood; as soon as this supply was consumed he must perish. He now passed his time in pain and sorrow, eat a morsel of bread each day and took a mouthful of wine; nevertheless

he felt death was at hand. Sitting one day, looking gloomily before him, he saw a snake crawl from a corner of the vault, and approach the body of his wife. Thinking it came to devour it, he drew his sword, saying, "As long as I have life you shall never touch it," and cut it into three pieces. After a while a second crept from the same corner, but when it found the other dead, and cut in pieces, it retreated, but returned shortly with three green leaves in its mouth. Arranging carefully the three portions of the dead snake in their proper position, it placed a leaf upon each of the cuts ; the parts became instantly re-united, moved, came to life, and both hastened away. The leaves were left lying on the ground, and it occurred to the unfortunate man, who had observed all that passed, that the wonderful power of the leaves which had restored the snake to life, might possibly be equally efficacious with regard to a human being. He therefore took up the leaves, laid one on the dead woman's mouth, the others on the eyes ; scarcely was this done, than the blood began to circulate in the veins, and return to the blanched cheeks. She next opened her eyes, drew breath, and said, "Where am I !" " You are with me, dear wife," answered the overjoyed husband, and related to her how everything had happened, and that she was restored to life. He gave her some wine and bread, and when her strength was in a measure restored she rose, went to the door, and knocked and called so long that the guard heard her, and informed the king, who himself came, opened the door, found them both living and well, and rejoiced that all misfortune was at an end. The young king, however, took possession of the three magical leaves, entrusting them to the care of a servant, saying, " Guard them carefully, and carry them always about you. Who knows upon what occasion they may be of service to us ? "

To return to the young queen : after her restoration to life a change seemed to have taken place in her. All love for her husband appeared to have left her, and when, after some time, he proposed a voyage for the purpose of seeing

his old father, and went on board a ship which was to convey them, she forgot so far the love and faithfulness which had preserved her from death, as to have a wicked inclination for the captain of the ship. Accordingly one day when her husband lay asleep, she called the captain ; and, seizing the sleeping prince, between them, they cast him over the side of the ship. When the wicked deed was accomplished, the queen said, " Now let us return home, and say he died on the passage, and I will so praise you to my father, that he will marry me to you, and declare you heir to his throne." But the faithful servant, who had secretly observed all that passed, launched a small boat from the ship, descended into it, rowed after his master, and allowed the traitors to pursue their way. He took the dead body, and by the help of the snake's leaves, which he had with him, happily restored it to life. Day and night they rowed with all their power, and their small bark flew so quickly that they arrived even before the ship. The king, astonished at their coming alone, asked what had happened ; and when he heard of his daughter's wickedness, said, " I cannot believe that she is capable of such behaviour, but the truth will shortly declare itself," and bid them both conceal their arrival from every one. Shortly afterwards the ship came into port, and the false wife appeared before her father with a troubled countenance. " Why do you return alone ? " said he. " Where is your husband ? " " Alas, dear father," replied she, " I come to you in great mourning, for during the voyage my husband suddenly fell ill and died, and if the good captain had not assisted me, I should have died of sorrow ; he was present at his death, and can relate to you all the circumstances of it." " Well," said the king, " I will restore the dead to life ;" and opening the door, bid them both enter. When the young queen saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, fell upon her knees, and begged for mercy ; but the king answered, " There is none for you ; he was ready to die with you, and gave you life again, but you basely murdered him in his sleep, and shall therefore meet

with your just reward." She was then, together with her associate, led on board a ship pierced with holes at the bottom, and sent to sea, where it shortly sank beneath the waves.

The White Snake.

VERY long ago, there lived a king whose wisdom was famed throughout the land. Nothing was unknown to him, and it seemed as if he had secret intelligence of the most hidden things. He had a singular custom, viz., every day after dinner, when the guests had retired, a confidential servant brought in another dish. It was covered, and the bearer himself did not know what was therein ; indeed none knew, for the king never uncovered it in order to eat, until he was alone again. This had gone on for some time, when one day the servant who carried away the dish felt an invincible curiosity to see its contents ; and not being able to resist, he carried the dish into his own room. After carefully securing the door, he raised the cover, and saw a white snake lying in the dish ; and upon looking at it, he felt such a desire to taste it, that he cut a small piece, and put it in his mouth. Scarcely had it touched his tongue than he heard by his window a curious whispering of soft voices. He went to listen, and then perceived that it proceeded from the sparrows who were conversing with each other, and relating all they had seen in the woods and fields,—tasting the snake had conferred upon him the power of understanding the speech of animals.

Now it happened that, precisely on this day, the queen had lost her best ring, and suspicion had fallen on this confidential servant, as he had access to all parts of the palace. The king sent for him, and threatened angrily that if the ring were not forthcoming the next morning, or if he could not at least furnish some information of

the offender, he should be put to death. It was in vain to assert his innocence; he was dismissed from the enraged king's presence. In his distress and embarrassment, he went down to the court, reflecting as he went upon the mode of helping himself out of his difficulty. There he saw some ducks enjoying themselves in the running water, and pluming their feathers with their bills, while they conversed comfortably with each other. The servant stood to listen to them, and heard one relate how he had been all round that morning, and found plenty of good things to eat ; to which another sorrowfully replied, that he had something uncomfortable in the chest, for in his haste he had swallowed a ring, with some fruit that lay under the queen's window. The servant seized the duck instantly by the neck, carried it into the kitchen, and said to the cook, "Kill this duck, it is very fat." "Yes," replied the cook, taking it in his hand, "he has spared no pains to get fat, and might have been roasted long ago." It was accordingly killed, and inside, as the servant expected, the queen's ring was found. He was now able to prove to the king his innocence, and the latter, wishing to make him some compensation for the injustice of his accusation, permitted him to ask any favour he would, promising him any place of honour at his court that he should choose.

The servant, however, refused all, and asked only for a horse and some money, for he had a desire to see the world, and travel about for some time. His request being granted, he set off, and came one day to a pond, when he observed three fish which were caught in a sort of pipe, and were gasping for water. Although people say fish are dumb, he perceived from their lamentations that they were about to die, and having a compassionate heart, he alighted and threw the three captives into the water. They splashed about in their joy, and stretching out their heads, cried, "We will remember the service, and repay you for saving us." He then rode further, and after a while it seemed to him as if he heard a voice among the sand at his feet ;

he listened, and heard the king of the ants complaining—“I wish people, with their awkward animals, would not step upon us ; that horse, with his heavy feet, treads all my people to death, without any mercy.” Upon this he led his horse aside, and the king of the ants called to him, “We will think of you, and repay you.” The road now lay through a wood, and there he saw a pair of ravens standing by their nest, and throwing out their young ones. “Get out !” exclaimed they, “we cannot satisfy you, and you are big enough to feed yourselves !” The poor creatures lay on the ground, flapped their wings, and cried, “See how helpless we are ; we are to feed ourselves, and cannot yet fly ! nothing is left for us but to die of hunger !” Then the good youth alighted, killed his horse with his dagger, and left it for food to the young ravens, who came hopping to the feast, satisfied their hunger, and said, “We will think of you, and repay you.

The servant was now obliged to trust to his own legs, and after walking a considerable distance, he came to a large town. There he found a great noise and tumult in the streets, and a man on horseback was proclaiming as follows :—“The king’s daughter seeks a consort ; but whoever desires to gain the honour of her hand, must first submit to a severe trial, and should he fail of success, his life is forfeited.” Attracted by the prize offered, many had already made the attempt, but failing had paid the forfeit of their lives. Nothing daunted by what he was told, the youth was so much dazzled by the charms of the princess, that forgetting all risk, he appeared before the king, and proposed himself as a suitor for his daughter’s hand.

Upon this they conducted him to the sea-shore, and cast a ring into the sea, before his eyes. The king then bid him descend to the bottom of the sea and fetch it again, adding, “When you rise to the surface without it, you must dive again to seek for it, and this must be repeated until your life ceases.” All present then pitied the

handsome youth, and retired, leaving him alone on the sea-shore. He stood there for some time considering how he should proceed, when he suddenly saw three fish swimming towards him, and perceived, to his astonishment, that they were the same whose lives he had saved. The middle one held a muscle in his mouth, which he deposited on the beach at the feet of the youth, and when the latter opened it, he discovered within it the gold ring. Full of joy, he restored it to the king, expecting that the promised reward would be conceded to him ; but the haughty princess learning that he was not of equal rank with herself, hesitated and required that he should first submit to another trial. She went into the garden, and with her own hands strewed ten sacks full of millet on the grass. "To-morrow, before the sun rises," said she, "this must all be again restored to the sacks,—not one grain must be wanting." The youth sat in the garden, and wondered how he should enter upon the undertaking. Not seeing any way to accomplish it, he remained very sad, expecting nothing less than death at break of day. As the light dawned, however, he saw, with astonishment, all the ten sacks standing by him filled. The ant king had come during the night with thousands and thousands of his people, and the grateful creatures had picked up the millet with diligence, and filled all the sacks. At the appointed time the princess entered the garden, and saw with consternation that the youth had performed what had been allotted to him ; but she could not yet control her disinclination to the marriage, and said, "He may have accomplished two trials ; but I cannot consent to receive him for my husband until he brings me an apple from the tree of life." The youth knew not where such a tree grew, so he departed, resolved to walk as long as his legs would carry him, but without much hope of discovering what the king's daughter commanded. He prosecuted his search through three kingdoms, and towards the close of a weary day's travel, he found himself in a wood, and lying down beneath a tree, prepared to sleep.

Suddenly, he heard a rustling among the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same moment three ravens flew down, and placing themselves on his knee, said, "We are the three young ravens whom you saved from hunger; when we were grown, we heard that you were seeking the golden apple, so we flew over the sea, to the end of the earth, where the tree of life is to be found, and have brought you the apple." Filled with joy, the young man now retraced his steps, and shortly afterwards delivered the apple to the king's daughter, who, being unable to make any further excuse, became his bride: they divided the golden apple between them, and afterwards lived together to an advanced age, in undisturbed happiness.

The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.

A POOR miserable old woman once lived in a village; she had collected a number of beans together, and thought she would cook them for a meal; so she set about making a fire on the hearth, and that it might the sooner burn up, she lighted it with a handful of straw. When putting the beans into the pot, one, unobserved by her, fell on the ground near a straw, and shortly afterwards a coal popped out of the fire by the side of the straw and the bean. "Dear friends," began the straw, "whence do you come?" "By a piece of good fortune," replied the coal, "I have escaped from the fire; I was just in time, or I certainly should have been burnt to ashes." "And I," said the bean, "am thankful for a whole skin; a few minutes more, and death would have been certain. Once in that confounded pot, I should have been mercilessly boiled to soup, like my comrades." "My fate, too," said the straw, "was by no means to be envied: all my brothers and sisters have expired in fire and smoke; the old woman poked nearly a hundred of them into the fire at once, but,

happily, I slipped through her fingers." "What shall we now do?" said the coal. "My opinion is," answered the bean, "that as we have all so happily escaped death, we should remain together as companions, and lest a new misfortune overtake us, go abroad to reside."

This proposal met with general approval, and they prepared to set off. They soon met with a brook which crossed their road, and there being no bridge of any kind, they were infinitely puzzled how to proceed. The straw came to their assistance, offering to stretch himself from one side to the other, and to serve as a bridge to the others ; the plan being approved of, the straw took upon himself the character of a bridge, and the coal, who was rather of an impatient, fiery nature, tripped quickly onwards. When she, however, reached the middle, and heard the rushing of the water, she became alarmed, and stood stock still, not daring to venture on. The consequence was, that the straw began to burn, parted where the coal stood, and fell into the brook ; the coal at the same time losing her support, followed, and hissing as she touched the stream, soon gave up the ghost. The bean having prudently staid on shore, was much amused at the disaster, and laughed so heartily, that she burst, and it would have been all over with her likewise, if a good-natured tailor, who was resting on the bank, had not seen the accident. Having a compassionate heart, he took out needle and thread to repair the damage. The bean thanked him very courteously for sewing her up, but as he made use of black thread, every bean since that day has had a black seam in it.

The Brave Little Tailor.

ONE bright summer morning, a little tailor sat upon his board by the window, and industriously sewed with all his might. A peasant came by, in her way down the street, crying, "Good jelly, cheap ! good jelly, cheap !" This sounded pleasantly in the tailor's ears, so he put his little head through the window, saying, "Here, my good woman ! here, you have a customer !" The woman, with her heavy basket on her head, ascended the three steps leading to the tailor's house, and was obliged to unpack all the pots for his inspection. He examined them all, took them into his hand, put his nose to them, and said, finally, "The jelly seems good ; weigh me out two ounces, good woman, or perhaps I should not mind a quarter of a pound." The woman, who had hoped for a much larger order, gave him what he required, and then went grumbling and crying away. "Now this jelly will be a blessing to me," said the tailor, "and give me strength and power." So he fetched the bread out of the closet, and cutting a large slice, spread some of his new purchase upon it. "That will not be bad," said he ; "but I must finish my waistcoat before I have a morsel." So he laid the bread near him, continued to sew, and in his joy the stitches became every moment longer. In the mean time the smell of the sweet jelly arose, and as crowds of flies were on the walls, they were attracted by it, and descended in swarms. "Ah ! who invited you ?" asked the little tailor, driving them away ; but the flies, not understanding the tailor's language, were not to be repulsed, and returned in greater numbers. At this, losing all patience, he looked about him for some destructive weapon, and seizing a strip of cloth, said, "Now I will give it you," at the same time laying about him in all directions, without

mercy. Upon counting the number of the slain, there lay before him no less than seven dead, with outstretched legs. "What a brave fellow, you see," said he, admiring his own prowess; "the whole town must know this." Hastily cutting himself a girdle, he stitched upon it in large letters, "Seven at one blow!" "Town!" then said he, "that is not sufficient, the whole world shall learn it," and his heart went pit-a-pat for joy, like a lamb's tail.

The tailor bound the girdle round his body, and determined to go abroad into the world, thinking the workshop far too limited a theatre for his courage. Before he abandoned it, however, he looked round the house for something to take with him, but found nothing except an old cheese and the tame pigeon, which he put into his pocket. He then started at a good pace, and being light and active, felt no weariness. The road led over a high mountain, and upon reaching its highest summit he saw a powerful giant sitting on the peak, looking quite comfortably around. The tailor approached him with confidence, and spoke to him, saying, "Good day, comrade—you sit there and overlook the wide world! I am on the way thither, and am going to try my fortune. Have you a mind to go with me?" The giant looked upon the little tailor with contempt, and replied, "You ragamuffin!—you miserable beggar!" "That is as it may prove," said the tailor, unbuttoning his coat, and displaying the girdle. "Come, read there what sort of a man I am!" The giant read, "Seven at one stroke!" thought it meant men whom the tailor had killed, and felt a little more respect for him; yet being willing to prove him first, he took a stone in his hand and squeezed it until the water dropped from it. "Now, do that!" said the giant, "if you pretend to be as strong as you say." "Only that!" said the little tailor; "that is play!" Saying this, he thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out the soft cheese, and pressed it until the whey came out. "Confess," said he, "that is still better." The giant knew not what to say, and could

hardly think the little fellow so powerful ; but he picked up a stone, and casting it into the air, it went so high that it was scarcely possible to follow it with the eye. "Now, little fellow !" said he, "do better." "It is very well cast," said the tailor ; "but your stone has returned to the earth. Now, I will throw one so high, that it shall never come down again." Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth the bird, and cast it in the air, which rejoicing in its liberty, rose high, flew away, and of course did not re-appear. "What do you think of that ?" asked the tailor. "You can certainly throw very well !" returned the giant ; "but we will now see if you are able to carry something more than common." He then led the little tailor to an enormous oak, lying on the earth, and said, "If you are strong enough, help me to carry this tree out of the wood." "Very willingly!" answered the little man ; "you take the trunk on your shoulder, I will raise all the branches and twigs, and carry them, and they are certainly the heaviest." The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, but the tailor seated himself on a branch, and not being able to look round, the giant unconsciously did all the work, carrying the little tailor into the bargain. Then he sat behind, as merry and wicked as possible, whistling the air of "Three Tailors, they rode beyond the Gates !" as if to carry such trees were child's play. The giant, however, after proceeding part of the way, found the burthen too heavy, and could do no more, crying out, "Wait, I must let the tree fall !" The tailor sprang nimbly off, seized the tree with both arms, as if he had been carrying it, and said to the giant, "What a great fellow, and not able to carry such a tree !"

They continued their way together, and arriving at a cherry-tree growing by the wayside, the giant seized the top of the tree, where the ripest fruit hung, bent it down, gave it into the tailor's hand, and bid him eat away. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree down, therefore, when the giant let go, it sprang into the air, and the tailor was carried aloft with it. When he had

returned to the ground unhurt, "What is this?" said the giant; "have you not strength to hold such a bush as this?" "I do not want for strength," replied the tailor; "do you think that was any feat for one who had hit seven with one stroke? I sprang over the tree, because the hunters down there are shooting in the thicket; spring over it, if you can." The giant made the attempt, but remained caught in the branches, so that the little tailor again claimed the advantage over him.

The giant now said, "As you are such a brave fellow, come into our cave, and pass the night with us." The tailor was ready, and followed him to the cave, where he found several other giants seated by the fire, each with a roasted sheep in his hand, of which he was making his supper. The little tailor looked around, and thought to himself, "It is much more roomy here than in my workshop." The giant pointed to a bed, and told him he might take possession of it for the night; but it was infinitely too big for the little tailor, so he would not lie in it, but crept into a corner. When it was midnight, and the giant supposed the tailor to be sound asleep, he took a large iron bar and struck the bed with it, until he thought he had killed the little grasshopper, and when day broke they all went out into the wood, quite forgetting the tailor; therefore their astonishment may be conceived when they saw him shortly after coming towards them as unconcernedly and boldly as if nothing had happened. Thinking he would do nothing less than slay them all, they ran away in their fright, and the tailor saw them no more.

The little man then went on, and after travelling a long time, he came into the courtyard of a royal palace, and feeling extremely weary, he laid himself on the grass and fell asleep. While lying there, people came, examined him on all sides, and read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke!" "Ah!" said they, "what does this great military hero want here in time of peace?—how powerful he must be!" So they went to inform the king of his

arrival, and advised that, as he would be so useful and important in case war should break out, that upon no account he should be allowed to depart. The advice pleased the king, and he sent one of his courtiers to attend the little tailor's waking, and to offer him employment in the king's service. The messenger accordingly stood patiently waiting by the sleeper, until he stretched himself and opened his eyes, then fulfilled his commission. "I am here for that purpose," replied he, "and am quite ready to enter the king's service." He was accordingly received most honourably, and a magnificent dwelling appointed him.

Now, the king's generals were very envious of the little tailor, and wished him a thousand miles away. "What can be done?" said they; "if we begin a quarrel with him, and proceed to blows, his strokes will fall upon and slay seven at once—we cannot submit to this;" so they took their resolution, went in a body to the king, and demanded their dismissal. "We are not calculated," said they, "to stand on the same footing as a man who kills seven at one blow!" The king was very sorry when he found that for the sake of one man all his old and faithful servants would leave him, wished that he had never beheld the stranger, and would willingly have got rid of him, but he did not dare to dismiss him, because he feared he would kill him and all his people, and then take possession of his kingdom. He reflected long upon the means of getting out of the difficulty, and at last thought of the following. He sent to the little tailor to inform him, that in consideration of his great fame as a hero, he was about to make the following proposal to him:—In a large wood in his dominions lurked two giants, who committed great devastations, murdering and robbing in all directions. No one dared, without risk of his life, to oppose or even come into their presence; but if he would conquer and kill these giants, the king would bestow upon him his only daughter's hand, with half the kingdom as a dowry; a hundred horsemen should attend him on his expedition.

and be ready to assist him. "Well," thought the tailor, "for such a one as I, a beautiful king's daughter and half a kingdom is no bad thing—I do not have such an offer every day!" So he replied, "I will soon overcome the giants, and do not require the hundred horsemen. Surely if I am able to settle seven at one stroke, I need not fear two?"

The little tailor set out, followed by the hundred horsemen; but at the edge of the wood he said to them, "Wait here for me, I shall be better able to encounter the giants alone." Then springing into the wood, he looked about him right and left, and after a while discovered the giants; they were lying asleep under a tree, and snored so loud that all the boughs quivered and shook. The little tailor losing no time, filled both pockets with stones, and then ascended the tree; he then placed himself upon the branch directly over the sleepers, and let one stone after another fall upon the breast of one of the giants. The giant sputtered and grumbled for some time, at last he awoke, pushed his companion, and said to him, "What do you hit me for?" "You are dreaming," returned the other; "I have not hit you." They laid themselves down again, and the tailor this time threw a stone on the second giant. "What is that?" cried he; "what are you throwing at me?" "I am not touching you," said the other; "you are dreaming." They grumbled and quarrelled for some time, but both being tired, they gradually ceased, and their eyes closed once more. The tailor began again, picked out the biggest stone and hit the first giant on his chest with all his might. "This is too bad!" said he, springing up like a madman, and attacking his companion; the latter defended himself in a rage, and their fury increased so, that they tore up trees, and fought therewith until they both lay dead on the ground. The tailor now descended from his lurking-place. "What a piece of good fortune," said he, "that they did not tear up the tree in which I was seated, or I must have leaped away like a squirrel!" Drawing his sword, he struck two or three

violent blows on the breast of each, and then went to the horsemen, saying, "The work is done, both are wounded to death, but I have had hard work ; for in their distress they tore up the trees to defend themselves ; but that is all in vain when one comes like myself, who hits seven at one blow." "Are you not wounded?" inquired the horsemen. "That would be fine !" answered the tailor ; "not a hair is touched." The horsemen, however, were perfectly incredulous, and rode into the wood. There they found the giants swimming in their blood, and all around lay the trees torn up by the roots.

The little tailor now claimed the promised reward ; but the king repented of his promise, and considered afresh how he could get rid of the hero. "Before you marry my daughter, and obtain half the kingdom," said he, "you must perform another feat. You must capture an unicorn which runs wild in the wood, and commits great injury." "I fear the unicorn less than I did the two giants ; seven at one stroke is my motto." Taking a cord and an axe, he departed instantly in search of the unicorn, bidding his attendants wait outside the wood. He had not long to seek, the creature soon appeared, and sprang upon the tailor instantly, as if to thrust him through without loss of time. "Softly, softly," said the latter, "not so fast ;" avoiding the charge, he sprang nimbly behind a tree, and the creature, slightly changing his direction, ran with violence against the tree, burying his horn in the trunk so firmly that it resisted all his efforts to extricate it, and was thus a prisoner. "The bird is mine," said the tailor, and coming round the tree, he first fastened the cord round the unicorn's neck, then with his axe released the horn from the trunk of the tree, and all being in order, led his captive to the king.

The king, however, would not yet bestow the promised recompense, and required a third proof of his courage before he concluded the marriage. The tailor must catch a wild boar which committed great depredations, and he should have the assistance of the hunters. "Well," said the

tailor, "that is child's play, let us go at once ;" but he would not take the hunters with him, at which they were well contented, for the wild boar had already given them such a reception that they were not very anxious to encounter him again. When the animal perceived the tailor, he rushed towards him with tusks gleaming and foaming with rage, in order to bear him to the ground ; but the little tailor was too quick for him, and ran into a small chapel that was near, leaping through a window at the end ; the boar was on his heels, and the man running round to the door closed it directly he saw the animal fairly caught, for it was too heavy to be able to jump through the window as the tailor had done. The hunters were called to see the captive with their own eyes ; but the hero went at once to the king, who, whether he would or no, was now compelled to keep his promise, and deliver up both his daughter and half his kingdom ; and could he have imagined that his son-in-law was a little tailor, doubtless he would have felt still more reluctant. The marriage, however, was celebrated with much magnificence and no small rejoicing, and a king made out of a tailor.

After a time the young queen heard her consort talking to himself in his sleep, and distinguished the words, "Come, apprentices, quick, sew this waistcoat, and finish these trousers, or I will lay the yard measure over your shoulders." This considerably enlightened her as to the birth of the young man, and she complained to her father the next day, entreating his assistance in setting her free from her husband, who was, she was sure, nothing but a tailor. The king comforted her as well as he was able, and bid her leave her door open the next night. "My servants shall wait without," said he, "until he is asleep, when they will bind and carry him on board a vessel, and you shall be troubled no more by him." The young queen was much pleased to hear this ; but the king's armour-bearer, who had heard all, was much attached to the young king, and discovered to him the plot. "Very well," replied he, "I will spoil their plan." Accordingly

he went to bed as usual, and when the queen thought he slept, she softly arose and opened the door, then returned to bed. But the little tailor had only feigned sleep, and began to call out with a loud voice, "Fellows, fellows, sew this jacket, and mend these trousers, or I will lay the yard measure over your shoulders. I have slain seven with one stroke, killed two giants, taken prisoner one unicorn and one wild boar, and shall I be afraid of those who are waiting there outside the chamber-door?" When they heard the tailor speak thus, great fear seized upon them, they ran away, as if wild beasts were behind them, and not one would dare to return to touch him. So the tailor lived the rest of his days and died a king.

Cinderella.

THE wife of a rich man once fell sick, and as she felt her end was approaching, she called her only daughter to her bedside, and said, "Dear child, continue good and kind, and you will always be taken care of. I will also look down upon you and be with you." She then closed her eyes and expired. The maiden went every day to her mother's grave and wept over it, and continued good and kind. When the winter came, a white mantle of snow covered the grave, but when the warmth of spring had melted it, the man took another wife. This wife brought two daughters home with her, who were beautiful and fair to look upon, but the reverse in disposition; and a sad time now began for the poor stepchild. "Is the silly goose always to be with us?" said they; "those who eat must earn their bread first; get you gone into the kitchen." They took away all her nice clothes, and gave her an old grey frock and wooden shoes. "Look at the proud princess, how fine she is!" said they, as they laughed at her and conducted her into the kitchen. There she was

obliged to work hard from morning till night, rise before daylight, carry water, make the fire, cook and wash. Besides this, the sisters treated her most unkindly, mocked her, threw her pease and grain into the ashes, so that she was obliged to sit in them in order to pick them out. In the evening, when she was weary, there was no bed for her, she could only lie in the ashes on the hearth, so that she always looked dusty and dirty, for which reason they called her Cinderella.

It happened that the father was one day going to the fair, so he asked his stepdaughters what he should bring them. "Some beautiful dresses," said one ; "some jewels," said the other ; "and you, Cinderella, what would you like?" said he. "Father," replied she, "break off the first branch that touches your hat as you are returning home, and bring it me." He therefore bought beautiful dresses and jewels for the two stepdaughters, and as, on his way home, a hazel twig knocked off his hat riding through the thicket, he broke the branch off and took it home, bestowing the gifts as they were intended, not forgetting Cinderella's hazel twig. The latter thanked him, went straight to her mother's grave, and planted it, weeping so bitterly that it was watered with her tears. It nevertheless grew, and became a handsome tree ; Cinderella visited it thrice each day, wept and prayed, and a white bird always came into the tree ; if the maiden uttered a wish, the little bird immediately threw down what she had wished for.

Shortly after the king proclaimed a feast, which was to last three days, and to which all the maidens in the land were invited, in order that his son might select a bride. When the two stepsisters found that they were going, they were very merry, called Cinderella, and said, "Come, brush our hair, polish our shoes, and dress us ; we are going to the king's palace." Cinderella obeyed, but wept as she did it, for she would have liked much to accompany her sisters, and entreated the stepmother to allow her to do so. "You, Cinderella," replied she, "are nothing but dust and dirt. You wish to go to the marriage-feast ! You

have no shoes or proper clothes, how can you wish to dance?" But as the maiden persevered in her entreaty, she said at last to her, "I have spilt a dishful of lentils in the ashes; if you pick them up in two hours, you shall go with them." The maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and cried, "Tame doves, and turtle-doves, all the birds under heaven, come and help me pick it up; the good for me, the bad for thee." Two white doves upon this came flying into the kitchen-window, then some turtle-doves, and afterwards a flock of all sorts of birds that fly; these alighting in the ashes, set instantly to work. The doves nodded their heads, and went pik, pik, the others likewise went pik, pik, until all the grains found their way into the dish again. Before one hour had passed, the work was done; they had all flown away, and the girl brought the dish to her stepmother, rejoicing and thinking that she should now go to the ball. But she said, "No, Cinderella, you have no clothes, and cannot dance; you will only be laughed at." However, as she wept and prayed to go, the mother added, "If within one hour you can pick up two dishes full of lentils out of the ashes, you shall go." When the two dishes of lentils were spilt, the maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and called, "Come doves, and turtle-doves, come all the birds in the sky, come and help me gather up; the good for me, the bad for thee." Two white doves upon this made their appearance in the kitchen, some turtle-doves likewise came through the window, followed by birds of every kind under heaven, and alighting in the ashes, were instantly at work on the lentils. The doves nodded their heads, and went pik, pik, and all the others continued pik, pik, until the lentils were all in the dishes. It was done before half an hour had passed, and the birds all gone, which rejoiced the heart of the maiden, for she thought, "Surely, now I shall go to the prince's marriage feast." But the stepmother was inexorable; she said, "It is all in vain, you do not go with us. You have no clothes, and cannot dance, therefore we should be ashamed of you;"

turning her back on the maiden, she hastened to go with her two haughty daughters.

No one was now at home. Cinderella therefore went to her mother's grave, under the hazel, and said,—

“ Little tree, little tree, rustle and shake,
Cast gold and silver on me, for my mother's sake ! ”

When the bird threw down a beautiful dress of gold and silver, with silken slippers embroidered with silver. Cinderella made haste to dress herself, and went to the ball, but her sisters and stepmother did not recognise her, and thought it must be the daughter of some foreign king, she looked so beautiful in her dress. Cinderella never came into their heads, or if she had, they would have supposed she was at home, picking the lentils out of the ashes. The king's son met her, took her by the hand, and danced with her. In fact, he danced with nobody else, held her by the hand, and if any other came to ask to dance with her, he said, “ She is my partner.”

They danced until it was late, and when she proposed to go home, the king's son said he would accompany her, for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged ; but as soon as she reached the pigeon-house, she vanished. The king's son waited until the father came, and told him the unknown maiden had gone into the pigeon-house. The latter thought to himself, “ Can it be Cinderella ? ” but he commanded axes and hatchets to be brought, that the pigeon-house might be hewn in half. Nobody, however, was within, and when they came into the house, Cinderella lay in her dirty dress in the ashes, a dim lamp burning in the chimney, for she was quick, and had sprung down behind the pigeon-house, and ran thence to the hazel, when she took off her beautiful dress and laid it on the grave for the bird to carry away again, then resuming her grey frock, returned to the kitchen and the ashes.

The next day the festival being continued, when the

parents and sisters were gone, Cinderella went to the tree and said,—

“ Little tree, little tree, rustle and shake,
Cast gold and silver on me, for my mother's sake ! ”

The bird then threw down a more costly dress than before ; and when the maiden appeared in this dress, every one in the ball-room was astonished at her beauty. The king's son, who had waited till she came, immediately took her by the hand and danced only with her ; when any one else came to solicit her to dance, he said, “ She is my partner.” When it was night, she wished to return home, and the king's son followed her to see into what house she went ; but she ran into the garden behind the house, where stood a large beautiful pear-tree ; into this she climbed, for she was as active as a squirrel, and the king's son could not tell what had become of her. He called the father and said, “ The unknown maiden has vanished, and I believe has jumped into your pear-tree.” “ Can it be Cinderella ? ” thought he : still he sent for an axe, cut the tree down, but could not find what they sought for. When they came into the kitchen, Cinderella lay as usual among the cinders, for she had jumped down on the other side of the tree, restored the beautiful dress to the bird on the hazel, and dressed herself again in her grey frock.

On the third day, when the others had departed, Cinderella went again to her mother's grave, and said,—

“ Little tree, little tree, rustle and shake,
Cast gold and silver on me, for my mother's sake ! ”

A more beautiful dress than even the last was the reply to this, nothing like it was ever seen, and the slippers were of gold. When she entered the ball-room, every one was struck dumb with admiration ; but the king's son was eagerly expecting her appearance, danced with her the whole evening, and said to all who ventured to approach her, “ She is my partner.”

It was now night, and Cinderella prepared to go ; the king's son wished to accompany her, but she outran him so far, that he could not follow. This time, however, the king's son had employed artifice, and caused the staircase to be smeared with pitch, so that in hastily descending, one of the maiden's shoes was left behind. The king's son took it up, it was small and pretty, and of gold. The next morning he took it to the father and said, "None other shall ever become my wife, except the maiden who can wear this shoe." This gave great pleasure to both the sisters, for they had small feet. The eldest went with the shoe into her chamber in order to try it, her mother standing by, but she could not get her great toe in, the shoe being so much too small, therefore her mother reached her a knife, saying, "Cut the toe off ! when you are a queen, you need no longer go on foot." The girl did as advised, squeezed the foot into the shoe, endured the pain, and went to the king's son, who took her on his horse and rode away. Their road to the palace was past the grave where the two doves were sitting on the hedge, and the king's son heard them cry, "Not so fast ! not so fast ! drops of blood are on the shoe—the shoe is too small—the right bride is at home !" Upon this he looked down, and behold ! blood dropped from the foot. Turning his horse's head, he took the deceitful maiden back to her house, saying it was not the one who owned the shoe, and that the other must try. She accordingly went into her chamber to try the shoe, but it would not come on at the heel, therefore her mother handed her a knife, saying, "Cut part of the heel off ; when you are queen, you will walk no more." The girl did as she was told, cut off part of her heel, squeezed her foot into the shoe, endured the pain, and going to the king's son, assured him that the shoe fitted. Taking her on his horse, he once more departed to the palace ; but on the way thither, passing the grave, the two doves called out to him, "Not so fast ! not so fast ! drops of blood are on the shoe—the shoe is too small—the right

bride is yet at home ! " Looking down at her foot, he saw that it was sorely wounded, for the blood streamed from it, so he turned his horse's head, and restored the girl to her home. " This is not the right maiden," said the king's son, " have you not another daughter ? " " No," said the man. " Certainly, there is a little stunted Cinderella, the daughter of my late wife ; but it is impossible she can be your bride." The king's son desired she might be sent for ; but the mother replied, " Oh, no, she is much too dirty, she is not fit to be seen." But the king's son insisting, Cinderella was called, and, after washing her hands and face, she appeared before the king's son, who presented her with the shoe. Seating herself on a stool, she drew off her heavy wooden shoe, and put on the slipper, which fitted her exactly. Upon rising from her seat, the king's son looked in her face, and instantly knew the beautiful maiden who had danced with him, and exclaimed, " This is the right lady ! " The step-mother and the two sisters were pale with anger, but he placed Cinderella on his horse, and they rode away. In passing the hazel, the two white doves cried, " Happy prince ! happy prince ! there is no blood on the shoe ; the shoe is not too small, and you are leading home the right bride." After saying this, they flew down and placed themselves on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left ; and there they sat for the future.

When the marriage was to take place, the false sisters came to flatter the queen and partake of the festivities, hoping that their wickedness might be forgotten. As they proceeded to the church, the sisters walked near the bride, the eldest being on the right hand, and the younger on the left, when the faithful doves picked out an eye of each. In returning, their places being changed, the eldest was on the queen's left and the youngest on the right, when the doves picked out the other eye, so that their wickedness was punished by blindness for the rest of their days.

The Riddle.

THERE was once a king's son who took it into his head to travel all over the world, without any attendants, save one faithful servant. One day they came into a wood, and, after travelling a long time, evening overtook them without their having any lodging in view, and they could not tell where they should pass the night. At length they saw a girl, and discovered at the same time a small cottage, to which she evidently belonged ; quickening their pace, they drew near her, and saw that she was young and handsome. "Dear child," said the prince, "can I and my servant find a lodging for the night in that cottage ?" "Yes," replied the girl, in a sorrowful voice, "you can ; but I advise you not to seek it, but rather to proceed on your journey." "Why so ?" replied he. The girl sighed and said, "My stepmother practises wicked arts, and she will do you some injury." The prince then saw that he had come to the house of a witch ; but as it was rapidly growing dark, as he was much fatigued, and above all, did not fear, he entered. The old woman sat in an arm-chair by the fire, and regarded the strangers with her red eyes, but she spoke very kindly, and said, "Good evening ; sit down and rest yourselves." She then stirred the fire, on which she was cooking something in a small pot. The daughter warned them both to be prudent, and upon no account either to eat or drink, for the witch prepared nothing that could be taken without injury. They, however, slept quietly until the following morning, and when they were ready to continue their journey, and the prince was already on his horse, the old woman said, "Wait a moment, and I will bring you a parting cup." The prince, however, did not wait for this, but rode forward, leaving his servant behind tightening

the girths of his saddle. The witch returned with the draught. "Here," said she, "present that to your master." But at this moment the glass flew in pieces, and the poison contained in it was spilt upon the horse, and was of so powerful a nature that the creature instantly fell down dead. The servant hastened to overtake his master, and related what had occurred ; but afterwards remembering that the saddle was a good one, he was not inclined to leave it behind, and ran back to fetch it. Upon arriving at the spot, a raven was already devouring the carcase. "Who can tell," said the servant, "if we shall find anything better to-day ?" So he killed the raven, and took it with him. They both travelled the whole day through the wood, without being able to find their way out, and at the close perceived an inn, which they entered, the servant giving the raven to the host to cook for their supper. Now they had lighted upon a robber's den, and when it was dark, twelve of the band arrived, who wished to rob and murder the strangers ; before entering upon the wicked deed, however, they all sat down to supper, the host and witch being of the party. Their meat consisted of the raven, which the host had cooked in some soup ; but they had only swallowed a morsel each, when they all fell down dead, for the flesh of the raven had imparted to them the poison which caused the death of the horse. There now remained nobody in the house except the daughter of the host, who was a good girl, and had taken no part in the wicked doings of the others. She opened all the doors to the strangers, and showed them the treasures the robbers had heaped up ; but the king's son said she might keep them all, and rode away with his servant.

After continuing their journey for some time, they came to a town, where dwelt a most beautiful but very haughty princess, who had made it known that whoever could propose to her a riddle that she could not guess should become her consort, but that if she could guess it, his head was to be forfeited. She required three days to guess the

riddle, though she was so wise that she had hitherto guessed them before the appointed time, and nine men had already fallen victims, when the prince arrived in her dominions. Dazzled by her excessive beauty, he determined to make the attempt to obtain her hand, and presenting himself before her, declared his riddle. "What is that," said he, "which killed nobody, and yet killed twelve?" The princess could not imagine what it was, she thought and thought, but could make nothing of it; she opened her divining-books, but found nothing that referred to such a subject; in short, she was in great consternation, for she saw her wisdom was at fault. Finding no other means, she ordered her maid to slip into the master's chamber and listen to his dreams, for she thought probably in his sleep he might betray something that would enable her to guess the riddle. But the faithful servant had placed himself in his master's bed, and when the maid drew near, he tore off the mantle in which she had concealed herself, and drove her away with blows. On the second night the princess sent her own attendant, hoping she might have better success, but the servant again discovered the plot, took away her mantle, and drove her away with blows. The prince now thought himself safe for the third night, and went to bed, but the princess, in despair at the repeated failure, came herself in a dusky grey mantle, and stood near him. When she thought he was asleep, she spoke to him, hoping he might reply in his sleep, as many do; but he was awake, and understood and heard everything perfectly. She asked, "One killed nobody, what does that mean?" He replied, "A raven, which ate of a poisoned horse, and died of it." She then inquired farther, "And yet killed twelve, what is that?" "Twelve murderers," replied he, "who ate of the raven, and died in consequence." Having learnt the solution, the princess now wished to steal away, but the prince held her mantle fast, so she was obliged to leave it behind. The following morning the princess announced herself able to solve the riddle, and sending

for the twelve judges, declared it. The prince, however, demanded a hearing, and said, "She came to me by stealth in the night, and learnt it from me, or she would not have been able to guess the riddle." The judges replied, "Produce your proofs." The servant then brought the three mantles, and when the judges saw the dusky grey one, which they knew to be that worn by the princess, they said, "Cause it to be embroidered with silver and gold, for it may be considered your marriage-robe."

Story of the Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage.

THERE was once a mouse, a bird, and a sausage, who lived and kept house together ; they lived in good style, were very happy, and everything prospered. The bird's work was to fly daily into the wood and collect wood to carry home ; the mouse had to fetch all the water, make the fire, and lay the cloth ; while the sausage was the cook. When people are too well off, they sometimes long for a change ; and this was precisely what happened among our friends. In his flight to the wood one day, the bird met a friend, to whom he related their present way of life, and praised its advantages, but the other bird thought nothing of it, especially the part that fell to the share of the wood-carrier, whom he pronounced the slave, while the others enjoyed themselves at home ; for when the mouse had fetched the water and lighted her fire, she might go and repose in her little room until she was called to lay the cloth. As to the sausage, she sat by the fire, watched the cooking, and when it was dinner-time had only to dip herself three or four times in the soup or vegetables, when all was seasoned and salted, and her work done.

The bird now returned home, and laid aside his burden,

and they all sat down to table, and after a plentiful meal slept undisturbed until the next morning, seeming quite to enjoy themselves.

However, the very next morning the bird, at his friend's instigation, would fetch no more wood ; he said he had been long enough their servant, and had been a great simpleton ; they would change duties for once, and try another method. It was in vain the mouse and the sausage begged and entreated ; the bird remained master. It must be attempted ; lots were cast, and the sausage was to go to the wood, the mouse to become cook, while the bird fetched water.

Now what happened ? The poor little sausage went to fetch the wood, the bird made the fire, and the mouse put on the pot, and waited by herself until the sausage came home with wood for the next day's use. But she was so long gone that they were not in the best of humours, and the bird, to pass away the time, flew into the open air. Not far off he met a dog, who, having encountered the poor sausage on the road, considered it fair game, and had attacked and swallowed it. The bird complained against the dog, and accused him of robbery on the highway ; but words and complaints were alike useless, the dog said he had found false passports on the sausage, and for that she had lost her life. The bird, very sorrowful, took the wood, flew home, and related what he had seen and heard, and mingled his lamentations with those of the mouse for their friend's untimely end. They, however, determined to do as well as they could, and to remain together. The bird laid the cloth, and the mouse began to serve up dinner, and as the sausage was accustomed to slip and stir through the soup or vegetables several times to season them, mousey prepared to do the same ; but before she got to the middle she stuck fast, lost her hair and her skin, and in fact her life. When the bird came to carry up the dinner, there was no cook to be seen. Feeling very uncomfortable, he looked in every place, moved all the wood, and could not account for her sudden disappearance ; but during his



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MADAM HOLL.

search, from want of care a fire broke out among the wood. The bird hastened to fetch some water, but while dipping the pail into the well, he over-balanced himself, fell into the water, and not being able to recover himself, was drowned.

Madam Holl.

A WIDOW had two daughters, the one handsome and industrious, the other ugly and idle ; but the latter being her own child, while the other was her husband's, the woman loved the ugly one best, obliged the industrious daughter to do all the house-work, and made her the Cinderella of the family. The poor girl was obliged every day to sit by the well on the high road and spin, until the blood started from her fingers. Now it happened once that the distaff became stained with blood, so she stooped over the well to wash it, but unfortunately it escaped from her hands and fell into the water. She ran weeping to her stepmother and related her misfortune, who scolded her terribly, and was so merciless as to say, " You have let your distaff fall into the well, now go and fetch it out." The maiden went back to the well, not knowing what to do, and in her despair sprang into the well, in order to seize the distaff ; but she lost her senses, and when she recovered and came to herself, she found she was in a beautiful meadow, surrounded by thousands of flowers, and the sun shining. She quitted the meadow, and came to an oven full of bread, which cried, " Take me out, take me out, or I shall burn, I have been baked a long time." The girl advancing, instantly set to work to take out the bread, which, having done, she continued her way. In a little time she came to a tree on which hung a large crop of apples, which called out, " Shake me down, shake me down ; we are every one ripe." Then she shook the tree, upon which the apples fell like rain ; so she continued to

shake until all were gathered, and collecting them into a heap, she proceeded on her way. At last she came to a small house, out of which an old woman peeped at her, who had such enormous teeth that the girl took alarm, and would have run away from her. "What do you fear?" cried the old woman; "stay with me, my dear, and if you will do all my work very nicely, it shall be well for you; only you must be very careful to make my bed properly, and to shake it every morning, that the feathers may fly, for then it snows upon the earth. I am Madam Holl." As the old woman spoke so kindly, the maiden took courage, consented to the proposal, and entered upon her service, in which she gave much satisfaction, and shook the bed so well that the feathers flew about like flakes of snow. Her life, therefore, was very comfortable; no angry words, and every day plenty of good roast or boiled. After being some time with Madam Holl, she became dull; at first she could not tell what was the matter with herself, but at length discovered that she longed once more for her home, and although she was now a thousand times more comfortable than with her mother and sister, the desire to see them again was nevertheless very strong. At length she said to the old woman, "It is very nice down here, and you are very kind to me; but I can no longer stay, I must return to my own home." To which the old woman replied, "I am pleased at your wish, and as you have served me faithfully, I will myself conduct you up to the world above." Taking her by the hand, she led her to a great gate, and when the gate was opened, gold was showered upon her like rain, and hung to her, so that she was covered entirely with it. "You shall have that, because you have been so industrious," at the same time handing her the distaff she came down to fetch. The door was then closed, and the maiden found herself once more in the world, not far from her mother's house. Upon entering the court, the cock, who sat on the edge of the well, clapped his wings, and said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! our golden maiden is come home!"—and as she was covered

with so much gold, her mother and sister received her very kindly, and were glad to see her again.

The girl related all that had happened to her, and when the mother learnt how she became possessed of her riches, she much wished her ugly idle daughter to be favoured with the same good fortune. So she was obliged to sit by the well, as her sister had done ; and in order to make the distaff stained with blood, the ugly idle daughter pricked her finger, and thrust her hand into the thorny hedge—she then cast the distaff into the water, and jumped in after it. She came into the beautiful meadow, as her sister had done, and took the same path. When she reached the oven, the bread exclaimed, “Draw me out, draw me out, or else I shall burn—I was baked long ago !” But the idle girl replied, “I have no mind to make myself dirty,” and continued on her way. Shortly afterwards she came to the apple-tree, who called out, “Pray, shake me, shake me—we apples are all ripe !” But she answered, “Very likely, indeed !—one might fall upon my head ;” and continued on her way. When she came to Madam Holl’s house, she felt no fear of her or her large teeth, having already heard of them ; so she hastened to enter her service, and, thinking of the gold which was to be her portion, on the first day she exerted herself to the utmost of her power to prove agreeable and obedient to all Madam Holl required. The second day, however, was not so successful ; she began to indulge in her idle habits ; on the third yet more so—for she would not rise early ; and when she made Madam Holl’s bed, she did not shake it so that the feathers flew. The old woman became dissatisfied with and tired of her servant, and therefore dismissed her. The idle girl was quite content, for she now expected the shower of gold which was her object in coming. Madam Holl accordingly conducted her to the gate, but when she passed under, instead of gold, a large kettle of pitch was emptied upon her. “That is the reward for your service,” said Madam Holl, while she closed the gate upon her. So

she reached her home, covered all over with pitch, and the cock upon the edge of the well flapping his wings, cried out, as she went by, "Cock-a-doodle-doo ! our dirty maiden is come back again !" But the pitch stuck fast, and would never come off as long as she lived.

The Seven Ravens.

A MAN had once seven sons, but not one daughter, although he wished very much for one. At last there seemed again a chance that his wish might be gratified, and upon this occasion the child proved a girl. The father sent one of the boys to the spring, to fetch some water for the priest to christen the child. The other six ran with their brother, and they all made themselves so busy in getting the water, that the pitcher fell into the well. Upon this they looked at each other, not knowing what to do, for neither dared to go home. Their father waited impatiently, expecting their return, saying, "The naughty boys!—they have certainly forgotten what they were sent for, and are at play." He became yet more angry as time passed, and fearing the child might die before the water came, he exclaimed, "I wish they were all turned into ravens!" Scarcely were the words uttered, than he heard a rustling of wings over his head, looked up, and saw seven coal-black ravens flying in the air.

The parents were unable to dissolve the enchantment, and were very unhappy at losing their seven sons, but comforted themselves in some measure with their little daughter, who soon grew strong, and became every day more beautiful. For a long time she knew nothing concerning her brothers, for her parents carefully avoided mentioning that she ever had any. But one day, by chance, she heard some people saying, "That it was true that she

was handsome, nevertheless she was the cause of the misfortune to her brothers." This troubled her very much, and she went to her father and mother, and asked them if she had brothers, and what had become of them ? The parents could no longer keep the secret, so they told her what had happened ; but added, she could in nowise be considered the cause—it was only that the misfortune occurred on the occasion of her birth. This, however, did not comfort the maiden ; she reproached herself daily, and thought she ought to use every effort to discover and disenchant her brothers. As she had no rest night or day, she at last secretly departed to search through the wide world for her brothers, and to set them free, let it cost what it would. She took nothing with her, except a little ring belonging to her parents, as a remembrance, a loaf of bread to eat, a pitcher of water to drink, and a little chair to sit in.

She went on and on, for a long time, nearly to the end of the world. At length she came to the sun, which was hot and frightful, and devoured small children. She hastened away and ran to the moon, but found her too cold and hideous, and wicked ; and when she saw the child, she said, "I smell human flesh !" So she retreated with all expedition, and came to the stars, and they were friendly and kind to her, and she saw that each of them sat on her little chair. The morning star arose and gave her an ivory key, saying, "Without it you cannot open the gate of the glass mountain, and in the glass mountain you will find your brothers."

The maiden took the key, wrapped it in her handkerchief, and went as fast as she could towards the glass mountain. The gate was shut, so she bethought herself of her key ; but when she unfolded her handkerchief, the key was gone—she had dropped it, and lost the kind gift of the morning star. What was to be done—was there no other mode of attaining her object when it seemed so near ? The good little sister then took a knife and cut off her own little finger, and applying it to the

keyhole, had the pleasure of finding that it answered the purpose, and that the gate was unclosed. As she entered, a dwarf advanced to meet her, saying, "My child, what do you seek?" "I am seeking my brothers—the seven ravens," replied she. "My lords the ravens are not within," said the dwarf; "but if you like to wait until they return, pray come in." The dwarf then brought up food for the ravens, in seven little plates, and their drink in seven little cups. The sister took from every plate a crumb, and from every cup a sip, letting the ring that she had brought with her fall in the last cup. All on a sudden she heard in the air a rustling motion, and the dwarf said, "Here come my lords the ravens, flying home." They entered, wanted their food, and looked for their plates and cups. After looking at them, they all said, one after the other, "Who has been eating out of my plate—who has been drinking out of my cup?—here has been a human touch!" Upon the seventh emptying his cup, the ring rolled out; they looked at it very attentively, and recognising their father and mother's ring, said, "Good fortune grant that our sister may be here—we shall then be free!" The maiden, who was behind the door watching all that took place, heard the wish expressed, and instantly appeared before them, upon which they immediately resumed their former shapes; they kissed and embraced each other heartily, and then all went home happily together.

Little Red Cap.

THERE was once a sweet little girl whom everybody that looked upon loved, but most of all her grandmother, who felt she could never bestow too much upon her. She once gave her a little cap of red velvet, and it suited her so well that she would wear nothing else, so the child was always called Little Red Cap. Her mother said to her one day, "Come, Little Red Cap, here is a nice fresh-baked cake and a bottle of wine, carry it to your grandmother ; she has been ill, and is still weak ; therefore it will do her good. Set off before it becomes warm, and go like a good child ; walk steadily, and do not run about, else you will fall and break the glass, and grandmother will lose her wine. And when you go into her room, do not forget to say, 'Good morning,' before you begin to look about."

"I will mind all you say, mother," returned Little Red Cap, and promised it very faithfully. Now the grandmother lived beyond in the wood, half a mile from the village, and when the child came into the wood, the first thing she met was a wolf ; but not knowing what a wicked creature he was, she felt no fear of him. "Good morning, Red Cap," said he. "Thank you, wolf." "Where are you going so early ?" "To my grandmother." "What are you carrying in your apron ?" "Cake and wine ; we baked yesterday, and I take something to strengthen my grandmother, who has been sick." "Where does she live, Red Cap ?" "About a quarter of a mile further in the wood, under the three large oaks, stands her cottage, with a nut-hedge round it ; you will soon find it," said Red Cap. The wolf thought to himself, "A tender young thing, nice and fat too, she will taste better than the old woman ; but if you manage well, you may dine off

both." So he kept by the side of Red Cap for a little while, then he said, "Look at the pretty flowers that grow about, I do not think you see them at all, or hear the birds singing so beautifully ; you go along as if you were going to school, and do not enjoy yourself in the wood." Red Cap began to look around, and when she saw how the sunbeams streamed and danced through the branches of the trees, and the numbers of flowers that grew around, she thought, "I might as well take my grandmother a nosegay ; it would please her, and it is still so early, that I have plenty of time." So she left the path, and wandered first one way, then another, gathering flowers, always thinking that one she saw was finer than that she had plucked ; so that she insensibly plunged deeper into the wood. The wolf, however, went straight to the grandmother's house, and knocked at the door. "Who is there ?" "Little Red Cap, who brings you some cake and wine ; open the door." "Press the latch," said the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot rise." The wolf obeyed, the door sprang open, and he entered ; then without saying a word, he went to the bedside and swallowed up the grandmother, after which he put on her dress and her cap, laid himself on her bed, and drew the curtain.

Red Cap in the mean time continued to run about gathering flowers, until she could carry no more. Then remembering her grandmother, she again pursued her way. Upon coming to the cottage, she wondered at the door being open, and when she entered the room it all seemed so strange to her, that she said to herself, "What can be the reason that I feel so oddly to-day ? I am generally so happy to come to grandmother." However, she did not forget to say, "Good morning, grandmother ;" but received no answer, so she went towards the bed, drew aside the curtain, and there lay the grandmother ; but she had pulled her cap over her eyes, and looked very unlike herself. "Oh ! grandmother, what large ears you have !" said the child. "The better to hear you." "Oh !

grandmother, what large eyes you have!" "The better to see you." "Oh! grandmother, what large hands you have." "The better to lay hold of you." "But, grandmother, what a horrible large mouth you have." "The better to eat you." The words were hardly spoken before the wolf made a spring out of bed, and seized and swallowed poor Little Red Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he again laid himself in bed, fell asleep, and began to snore tremendously. A huntsman at this moment happened to pass the cottage, and said to himself, "How the old woman snores! I must see if something is not the matter." He entered the room, and when he came to the bed, saw the wolf lying. "Oh! you old sinner," said he, "do I find you here? I have been long looking for you." He took aim at the creature with his gun, but just then it occurred to him that the wolf might have swallowed the grandmother, and that she might be saved; so he took a pair of scissors, and cut open the wolf while he slept. When he had made a small opening, he saw Little Red Cap, and in another moment the child sprang out, exclaiming, "Oh! how frightened I have been, it was so dark inside the wolf." Then came the grandmother out alive, although she could scarcely breathe. Red Cap ran quickly for some large stones, and they filled the wolf quite full of them, and when he awoke he thought to spring from the bed, but the stones were too heavy, and he sank down again quite dead. All three were now very happy; the huntsman skinned the wolf and went away, the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine brought by Red Cap, and felt herself better; but Little Red Cap said to herself, "I will never again, all my life, stray from the path and run about the wood, when my mother forbids me." It is added, that some time afterwards, when Red Cap had again an errand to her grandmother, and was carrying her a cake, another wolf met her, and wished to draw her from the right way; but, he was on her guard, hastened to her grandmother,

and told her she had met the wolf on the way, that she had wished him good day, but he looked so savagely at her, that she was certain if they had not met on the public road he would have devoured her." "Come," said the grandmother, "we will fasten the door, that he may not come in." Shortly after there was a knock, and they heard the wolf say, "Grandmother, open to Little Red Cap, who brings you some cake." They, however, were silent, and did not open the door; therefore the wolf, after creeping several times round the house, sprang at last upon the roof, in order to wait until Little Red Cap returned home in the evening, intending to slip after her and devour her in the dark; but the grandmother suspected his intention, and resolved accordingly. Before the house stood a large stone trough; she said to the child, "Red Cap, take your pail; yesterday I cooked sausages, bring the water in which they were boiled and pour it into the trough." Red Cap brought so much that the stone trough was filled, and the odour of the sausage ascended to the wolf on the roof, who snuffed and peeped, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he lost his footing and began to slip: once on the slide, he could not stop; so he slipped completely into the great trough and was drowned. Red Cap then went on her way merrily, and met with nothing else to hurt her before she got home again.

The Musicians of the Town of Bremen.

THERE was once a man who had an ass which had served him faithfully many years, but his strength being now exhausted, he became daily less and less useful to his master, who accordingly began to grudge him his food. The ass observing that evil was brewing for him, ran away, and took the road to Bremen. "There," said he, "I can obtain a place as town musician." After proceeding for some time, he found a greyhound lying by the roadside, gasping as if he had run himself out of breath. "What is the matter?" inquired the ass; "why do you gasp so?" "Ah!" said the hound, "I am old, and grow weaker every day, and can no longer hunt so well as I did; my master therefore wished to kill me, but I have left him in the lurch, although I cannot tell in the least how I shall earn my bread for the future." "I will tell you," replied the ass. "I am going to Bremen to become a musician there; go with me and take up music; I will play on the lute, and you can beat the kettledrum." The hound was much obliged for the suggestion, and they proceeded together; before long they saw a cat sitting by the wayside, with a very doleful countenance. "Now what is the grievance, old lick-paw?" asked the ass. "Who could be merry, I should be glad to know, when their neck was in danger?" replied the cat; "I am now old, and my teeth fail, therefore I would rather sit by the fire than run after the mice, and I heard my mistress give orders for me to be hung; so I am cast upon the world, and cannot see my way how I am to live." "Go with us to Bremen; you understand serenades very well, so you may become one of the town musicians." The cat was only too happy to accept the offer, and joined the other two. In a short time the three fugitives passed a farm-

yard, where a cock sitting on the gate was crowing as loudly as he could. "What is abroad," asked the ass, "that you shout enough to deafen us?" "I am prophesying good weather," said the cock, "because my mistress has had the baby's shirts washed, and wants them dried; but next Sunday she expects visitors, and has no mercy on me, for I heard her tell the cook to kill me for the soup; so, as my neck will be wrung this evening, I am making the most of my time, and crowing as long as I am allowed." "Oh, my good chanticleer," returned the ass, "you had better accompany us: we are going to Bremen; something better than death is to be found everywhere; you have a good voice, and if we play together, I think we should produce a good effect." The cock was delighted with the proposition, and they all four went on their way.

It was not possible, however, to reach the town of Bremen in one day, and they came towards evening to a wood, where they determined to pass the night. The ass and the dog took up their quarters under a large tree, the cat and the cock went into the tree, and the cock, thinking it the most secure place, mounted into the top; before he went to sleep he looked once more around, and thought he saw a glimmering light in the distance, so he called down to his comrades, "That not very far off there must be a house, as a light was shining." "Then," said the ass, "let us get up and go, for our accommodation here is not very good." "Indeed," added the dog, "I should be much the better for some bones, and a little meat on them." They all directed their steps towards the light, and saw it increase in brightness and size, until they came to a robber's cottage, in which it was burning. The ass, as the largest and tallest, went to the window and looked in. "What do you see, Neddy?" asked the cock. "What do I see!" repeated the ass; "I see a table covered with capital eating and drinking, and robbers sitting very comfortably around." "What an excellent chance for us!" "Oh yes," said the ass, "I wish we were there." The animals now consulted together how they should proceed in order to

get rid of the robbers ; at last they thought of the means. The ass was to place his forefeet on the window-sill, the dog to place himself on the ass's back, the cat was to climb on the dog, and the cock flying up, to settle on the cat's head. When this was arranged, they gave all at once and together a specimen of their music,—the ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed, then dashing through the window, the breaking glass added to the strange sounds. In the greatest alarm, the robbers fled at once into the wood, not staying to examine into the cause of the unearthly sounds, for they thought they must proceed from evil spirits. The four companions therefore sat down to table, helped themselves to what they liked best, and ate as if they had partaken of nothing for a week.

When they had satisfied their hunger, they extinguished the light, and each sought the place of repose most suitable —the ass laid himself down on the dunghill, the dog behind the door, the cat in the warm ashes on the hearth, and the cock flew up to a beam ; and being all tired with a long day's journey, they were very soon asleep. Midnight being past, the robbers observing that there was no light in the house, and that all seemed quiet, began to look anxiously towards their abode, and the captain, addressing them, said, "After all, we seem to have taken alarm very easily ; let one return and examine into the matter, and see what there is to fear." The messenger found all quiet, and went into the kitchen to get a light, and mistaking the glowing fiery eyes of the cat for living coals, applied a match in order to obtain a light ; but puss, not understanding the joke, flew in his face, spit, and scratched. This frightened him horribly, and he ran away, intending to escape by the back-door, but the dog lying there sprang up and bit his leg, and as he rushed by the dunghill in his haste to escape, the ass gave him a severe kick with his hind feet. In the mean time, the cock, awakened by the uproar, was ready in a moment, and crowed Cock-a-doodle-doo ! with all his might from the beam where he had

reposed. The robber ran back to his captain with all possible speed, and said, "There is a frightful, barbarous old witch in the house, who attacked me, and scratched my face with her long fingers. Near the door lies a man with a sharp knife, and he stabbed me in the leg ; in the yard, too, there is a monster, and he also struck me severely with a bludgeon ; but this is not all, for up on the roof the judge sits, and he cried out, 'Bring the rogue here !' so I came away as fast as I could." Upon this report, the robbers were afraid to venture back into their abode, and as it suited the four musicians so well, they wandered no further, but all lived together in great harmony, as such distinguished musicians should.

The Singing Bone.

THERE was once upon a time great complaints made in a country concerning a wild boar, which routed in the farmers' fields, killed the cattle, and attacked and ripped up with his tusks whoever attempted to confront him. The king promised large rewards to whoever should free the country from this scourge, but the creature was so large and strong that nobody ventured into the neighbourhood of his haunts, and at last the king was so disturbed by the accounts of his devastations, that he announced that the hand of his only daughter should be the price of the victory over the monster.

Two brothers lived at this time, sons of a poor man, and they offered to expose their lives for the sake of ridding the king of this wild boar. The elder was cunning and prudent, and made the proposal out of vanity, the other innocent and rather stupid, from pity for the sufferers. The king said, "In order that you may be the more certain to meet with the animal, it will be better that you enter the wood from opposite directions ;" so the elder

went to the western, the younger to the eastern side of the wood. After the younger brother had proceeded for a short time, a little man appeared to him holding a black pike in his hand, who said, "I give you this pike because your heart is innocent and kind. You may then encounter the wild boar with safety; it cannot hurt you." He thanked the little man, took the pike on his shoulder, and went on fearlessly. Before long he perceived the creature, who rushed towards him; but he, holding his pike ready, the boar in his blind rage ran upon it with so much force that it pierced his heart. Taking the monster on his shoulders, he turned his steps homeward, for the purpose of laying it at the king's feet.

When he came to the other side of the wood, he found a house at the entrance, where people were making merry with wine and dancing. His brother was also there, for he thought that, as the wild boar was not likely to run away, he might first refresh his courage with a bottle of wine. Upon perceiving the younger brother, who was coming out of the wood laden with his booty, his envious wicked heart was much disturbed. He called to him, saying, "Come in, dear brother, rest and refresh yourself with a cup of wine." The younger, unsuspecting of evil, entered, and related how the little man had given him a pike, with which he had slain the boar; and the elder detained him, upon one pretence or other, until it was evening, when they departed together. In the gloom of evening they came to a bridge crossing a brook, and the eldest allowed his brother to precede him, and when they were just in the middle, he gave him a blow from behind which killed him on the spot. He buried him beneath the bridge, then taking the boar, he brought it to the king, pretending he had killed it; at which the king was so much pleased that he instantly bestowed his daughter upon him in marriage. The younger not returning, he said, "The boar must have ripped him up;" and this story found ready belief.

But such a treacherous act could not remain concealed,

and was certain to come to light. After many years, a shepherd, driving his flock over the bridge, saw a small bone as white as snow lying beneath in the sand, and thought it would do nicely for a mouth-piece. He descended, picked up the bone, and cut out of it a mouth-piece for his horn ; but the first time he blew into it, to his intense astonishment it began of itself to sing—

“ Shepherd, mine own,
Thou blowest in my bone ;
My brother me killed,
And my grave he filled ;
But the boar I slew,
And the prize is my due.”

“ What a wonderful horn ! ” said the shepherd ; “ it speaks of itself : I must show it to my lord the king.” Accordingly, he came before the king, and the horn began instantly of itself to sing the above. The king understood it perfectly, ordered the ground under the bridge to be examined, when the skeleton was found. The wicked brother, not being able to deny the fact, was sewed in a sack and thrown into the river, and the bones of the unfortunate murdered brother were laid in the churchyard to repose in peace.

Pluto and the Three Golden Hairs.

THERE was once a poor woman who had a little son, and the moment of his birth being marked by favourable circumstances, it was prophesied that he would prove extremely fortunate, and that he should marry the king's daughter when in his fourteenth year. It chanced that shortly after, the king came into the village in disguise, and when he inquired into the news of the place, he was told of the child recently born, and the prophecy concerning it. The king, who was wicked and proud, was much displeased with what he heard ; but he went to the parents,

spoke to them kindly, and added, "My good people, you are very poor, give me your child, I will provide for it." At first they refused, but as the stranger offered gold, they thought, "The prophecy cannot be hindered by anything we do;" so at last they consented, and delivered up the child.

The king put it in a box and rode away with it, until he came to a deep river, where he cast it in, saying to himself, "I have now delivered my daughter from the unwished-for suitor." However, the box did not sink, but floated like a boat, without a single drop of water getting into it. It continued its course until within two miles of the king's capital, where was a mill, the wheel of which arrested its further progress. The miller's man, who, fortunately, was standing near, observed it, drew it ashore with a hook, and thought he should find great treasure within; when he opened it, however, there was only a beautiful little boy, quite lively and well. He carried it directly to his master, who having no children, rejoiced at the sight, and took it to his wife, saying, "Providence has sent us this;" so they adopted the foundling, and took every care of him; and the boy grew up good and well-disposed.

Some years afterwards, it happened that the king, being overtaken by a storm, took shelter in the mill, and inquired of the miller if the handsome lad were his son. "No," replied he, "he is a foundling, who floated down against our mill-wheel fourteen years ago, and a man drew him out of the stream." The king saw that it could be none other than the child he had cast into the water, and said, "My good people, will you allow the youth to carry a letter for me to the queen, and I will bestow two pieces of gold on him as a reward?" "He is at your majesty's command," replied the miller, and bid the youth prepare to depart. Then the king wrote a letter to the queen, containing the following:—"As soon as the boy arrives with this note, put him to death, and bury him instantly. Let all be done before I return."

The boy departed with the letter, but lost his way, and came towards evening into a large wood : a faint light shone through the gloom, which he approached ; and he found it proceeded from a cottage. He entered, and saw an old woman sitting alone by the fire. She was frightened when she perceived the boy, and asked, "Where do you come from, and whither are you going ?" "I come from the mill," replied he, "and I am going to the queen to deliver this letter ; but as I have lost my way in the wood, I would willingly pass the night here." "Poor boy !" said the old woman, "this is a robber's den, and when they come at night, they will kill you." "Let them come if they will," returned the boy, "I do not fear them. I am so tired that I can proceed no further." Saying this, he stretched himself upon a bench and fell asleep. Soon afterwards, the robbers came home, and angrily asked, "What strange boy is lying there ?" "Oh !" said the old woman, "it is a poor innocent lad, who lost his way in the wood, and I have taken him in out of pity. He is carrying a letter to the queen." The robbers took the letter, opened it, and read in it, that directly the boy arrived he was to be put to death. This touched even the hard hearts of the robbers, so the leader tore up the letter and wrote another, in which the queen was directed to marry the lad to the king's daughter directly he arrived, and they allowed him to sleep peaceably until the next morning ; then giving him the letter as soon as he awoke, they put him in the right way. When the letter was delivered to the queen, and she had read its contents, she made instant preparations for the marriage, which took place accordingly, and the youth being handsome and very good, they lived very happily and well satisfied together.

After some time the king returned to his palace, and discovered the fulfilment of the obnoxious prophecy relative to the marriage of the fortunate youth with the princess. "How has it happened ?" said he ; "I

gave very different orders in my letter." The queen produced the letter, and said he might see for himself the orders she had received. The king reading it, saw at once some exchange had been made, therefore he asked the youth what had become of the letter with which he had intrusted him, and for what reason he had brought another? "I know nothing of it," replied he; "it must have been changed in the night when I slept in the wood." The king was exceedingly angry, and said: "It will not be so easy for you, as you suppose; whoever will have my daughter must fetch me from Tartarus three hairs out of Pluto's beard—if you can procure them, you shall keep my daughter, but upon no other terms." By this means the king hoped to get rid of his son-in-law for ever; but the fortunate youth replied, "I will certainly obtain you the three hairs, for I have no fear of Pluto." Thereupon he took his leave, and began his journey.

The way he took led to a large town, and at the gate the sentinel inquired what trade he understood, and what he could do. "I know everything," answered the youth. "Then will you do us the favour to say why the fountain in the Market-place, that has hitherto supplied wine, has dried up, and not even gives water?" "You shall learn the reason," replied the other; "only wait until I return." He then went on, and came to another town. The sentinel put the same question as the last had done, and upon receiving the reply that he knew everything, added, "Will you do us the favour to say, why a tree in our town which has hitherto borne golden apples, has not even a leaf upon it?" "You shall learn the reason," replied he; "only wait until I come back." Proceeding on his way, he came to a wide river, which he was obliged to cross. The ferryman inquired of what trade he was, and what he knew; to which he replied, as before, "I know everything." "Then will you do me the favour," said the ferryman, "to tell me why I am compelled continually to cross from one

side to the other and can never get away?" "You shall learn the reason," answered the youth; "only wait till I return."

Having crossed the water, he soon found the entrance to Tartarus; it was dark and dingy within, and Pluto was not at home, but Hecate sat there in an arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she, fiercely, looking kinder, however, than she spoke. "I should like to have three golden hairs from Pluto's beard," answered the youth, "or I cannot get back my wife." "That is something to ask for," returned Hecate, "certainly; if Pluto comes home, and finds you here, you are done for; but I am sorry for you, and will help you if I can." Then changing him into an ant, she bid him get into the folds of her dress, saying, "There you will be safe." "Yes," answered he, "that is very well; but there are three things I should like to know: Why a spring that formerly gave wine, is now become dry? and why a tree which had hitherto borne golden apples, has not now even a single leaf upon it? and likewise, for what reason a ferryman is compelled to labour incessantly at his ferry, and cannot leave it?" "These are very difficult questions," said Hecate; "but remain still and quiet, and listen to Pluto's words, when I pull the three golden hairs out of his beard."

As the evening approached, Pluto returned home, and the first thing he discovered was, that the air was contaminated. "I perceive the presence of a mortal," said he; "it is not here as it should be." He then peeped into all the corners, and looked everywhere, but could find nothing. Hecate grew downright angry. "It has just been swept out, and everything put in order," said she, "and you are deranging all again; you think of nothing but mortals; sit down and take your supper." Pluto obeyed, and when he had refreshed himself, feeling weary, he laid his head in Hecate's lap, politely asking her to comb his hair, and before very long fell asleep. When satisfied of this fact, by his loud snoring, Hecate took

firm hold of one of the golden hairs in his coal-black beard, and pulled it out, laying it by her side. "Oh!" exclaimed the swarthy king, "what are you about?" "I have had a most unpleasant dream," replied Hecate, "which made me seize you by the beard." "What was your dream?" inquired Pluto. "I was very thirsty, and wished to drink from a spring in the market-place, which used to run with wine, and upon coming to it I found it dried up, and that it gave not even water, which enraged me. What is the cause of its failing?" "Well, if you must know," said Pluto, "there is a toad under a stone in the spring, and if it is killed, the wine will run again." Having thus said, he again reposed his head, Hecate combed his locks, and he soon snored so as to make the windows tremble. In a moment the second hair was out. "What are you doing now?" asked the king of Tartarus, in a rage. "Do not be angry," said she, "I fell asleep, and pulled your hair in my dream." "What was your dream this time?" asked Pluto. "I thought that in a certain kingdom grew a tree, which used to bear golden apples, but now it has not even leaves upon it. What is the reason?" "If you wish to know, there is a mouse gnawing at the root; and if it can be killed, the tree will again bear golden apples; if not, the tree will by degrees wither away. But let me entreat you not to disturb my rest with your dreams, or I shall probably next time repay you with a box on the ears." Hecate soothed and flattered her grim friend, and combed his hair, until he again slept and snored; then summoning courage, she made the final attack, and out came the third golden hair. Pluto sprang up, complaining bitterly of the pain, and threatening to fulfil his promise. Hecate began again to talk of a dream she had had, upon which Pluto's curiosity got the better of his rage, and he asked what she had dreamt. "I was dreaming about a ferryman," said she, "who was continually crossing a river, and could never cease, notwithstanding his complaints. Why could he not?" "The stupid fellow!" said the

king, "unless he will remain there all his days, he must give the pole into the hand of some person he is ferrying ; he then is free, and the other takes his place." Hecate having now obtained all she wanted, viz. the three golden hairs, and the reply to her questions, left old Pluto in peace, and he slept until the day broke.

The next morning, Hecate took the ant from the folds of her dress, and restored to it its human shape. "Here are the three golden hairs," said she ; "and what the king of Tartarus said in answer to your three questions, you must certainly have heard." "Yes," replied the youth, "I heard all, and shall remember without fail." "You have then," said she, "obtained what you came for, and I advise you to return speedily to the earth." "That is also my opinion," said he. He thanked Hecate very fervently for the aid she had rendered him, quitted Tartarus, and pursued his way, quite satisfied with his success. When he came to the ferryman, the latter claimed the promised reply. "Carry me first over," said the youth, "and then I will tell you how to be set at liberty." Upon reaching the other side, he communicated to him the advice of Pluto : "When some one else comes, and desires to cross, give him the pole into his hand." Then continuing his way, he came to the town where the unfruitful tree stood, and the watchman presenting himself, reminded the youth of the reply promised. "There is a mouse," replied he, "which is gnawing the root of the tree ; kill the mouse, and you will again have golden apples, otherwise the tree itself will shortly wither and die." Two asses, laden with gold, were given to him as a reward for his advice. Once more pursuing his road, he came to the town where the spring was which had lost its valuable quality of giving wine. He imparted to the sentinel the mode of cure pointed out by Pluto, saying, "A toad lies under a stone which is in the spring, let it be found and killed, and the wine will issue as before." The sentinel thanked him warmly, and as a reward, bestowed upon him also two asses

laden with gold. The youth at last reached his home, and his wife heartily rejoiced to see him again, and to listen to all that had befallen him. He delivered to the king the three golden hairs he had required, and when the latter saw the four asses laden with gold, he was much pleased, and said, "All the conditions are now fulfilled, you may keep my daughter as your wife ; but, dear son, tell me, I pray you, from whence you got all this gold, which is truly a great treasure." "I crossed a river," replied he, "and brought it away with me ; it is there like sand on the shore." "Could I fetch any ?" inquired the king, eagerly. "As much as you please," returned the other. "If you see a ferryman on the bank, let him ferry you over, and you have only to fill your sacks." The covetous king made all haste to depart, and when he came to the river, he beckoned to the ferryman to come and carry him over. The man came, and bid him embark ; and when he reached the other side, he gave the punting-pole into his hand, and leaped ashore. The king, therefore, as a just punishment for his sins, was obliged to ferry from one side to the other.

"Is he ferrying still ?" "Unquestionably, if no one has taken the pole from him !"

The Lady-bird and the Flea.

A LADY-BIRD and a flea lived together in one house, and brewed their beer in an egg-shell. Into this, the poor little lady-bird fell one day, and scalded herself ; whereupon the flea began to scream, and cry loudly. "What do you scream so horribly for, little flea ?" asked the little room-door. "Because lady-bird has scalded herself."

The door then began to creak, and a broom in the

corner said, "Why do you creak, little door?" "Ought I not to creak?" replied the door—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps."

Then the broom began to sweep furiously, and a little carriage passing, asked, "Why do you sweep, little broom?" "Ought I not to sweep?" replied she—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps,
Little door creaks."

"Then," said the carriage, "I must run!" and began to run as hard as she could. Then said the heap of manure, as she was running by, "Little carriage, why do you run?" "Ought I not to run?" replied the carriage—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps."

"Oh!" said the heap of manure, "then it is time I began to do something." So after smoking a little while, it burst into flames. A tree standing near, asked, "Heap of manure, why are you burning so fiercely?" "Ought I not to burn?" replied he—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little carriage runs."

"Indeed!" said the tree, "then I will shake myself;" and she accordingly began shaking so hard, that all her leaves fell to the ground. A maiden coming by with her water-pitcher saw it, and inquired, "Little tree, why are you shaking yourself?" "Ought I not to shake?" replied the tree—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little carriage runs,
The manure-heap burns."

"Then," said the girl, "I must break my little pitcher!" So she broke it, upon which the spring, out of which the water ran, asked, "Maiden, why do you break your pitcher?" "Ought I not to break my little pitcher?" returned the girl—

"Lady-bird has scalded herself,
Little flea weeps,
Little door creaks,
Little broom sweeps,
Little carriage runs,
The manure-heap burns,
Little tree shakes itself."

"Oh!" said the spring, "then I will begin to flow;" and he began to flow until the water covered everything. So everybody was drowned;—the maiden, the tree, the heap of manure, the little carriage, the little broom, the little door, the little flea, and the lady-bird, all together.

The Maiden without Hands.

THERE was once a miller, who gradually became poorer and poorer, until he had nothing left except his mill, and the large apple-tree behind it. He went one day into the neighbouring forest to fetch wood, and an old man appeared before him, saying, "Why do you weary yourself with chopping wood?—I will make you rich, if you will promise to give me what is standing behind the mill." The old man was perfectly unknown to the miller, still he thought he might know his premises, and was desirous of having the fine large apple-tree, so the miller said he would consent, and the promise was given. The old man laughed contemptuously, and said, "In three years I shall come and fetch what belongs to me," and then went away as suddenly as he had appeared. When the miller returned to his house, his wife met him, saying, "What is the

cause of the sudden riches that have appeared in our house?—tell me, I pray, miller; all the chests and coffers are filled—nobody brought them, or has been here, and I cannot tell how it has happened.” “Oh!” said he, “they have come from a stranger who met me in the wood, and promised me great treasures, and I have promised him in return what stands behind the mill; we can surely afford to give the great apple-tree, for what he offered.” “Alas, husband!” returned the wife, “it is certainly an evil spirit you have seen, and he did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was standing behind the mill, sweeping the court.”

The miller's daughter was a handsome pious maiden, who had lived three years in holy fear and without offence to man. But when the time had passed, and the day came on which the evil one was to fetch her, she washed herself clean, and drew a circle of chalk around her. The evil spirit appeared quite early, but could not approach her; therefore he said to the miller, angrily, “Remove all the water from her reach, that she may not have it in her power to wash, or I cannot take her.” The miller was afraid, and did so. The next morning, the evil spirit returned, but she had wept on her hands, and they were quite clean; again, therefore, he could not approach her; but he said to the miller, in a rage, “Cut off her hands; I shall, otherwise, never have her.” The miller at this was filled with horror, and said, “How can I cut off my own child's hands?” But the evil one threatened him, saying, “If you do not what I tell you, you are mine, and I will have you in the place of your daughter.” This frightened the father, and he promised to obey. He therefore went to the maiden, and said, “My child, if I do not cut off your hands, an evil spirit will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised him to do it. Assist me, therefore, in my need, and pardon the wickedness I am guilty of towards you.” To this she only replied, “Dear father, do with me as you judge fit; I am your child,” and offering her hands,

allowed them both to be cut off. The evil spirit came once more, but she had wept so much upon the stumps, that they were again clean, so he was obliged to depart for good, having no more power over her. The miller now said to his daughter, "I have, through you, obtained so much treasure, that I will take care of you all your life with the greatest tenderness, and you shall want for nothing that riches can procure." But she replied, "I cannot stay here, I must go forth, and compassionate people will give me as much as I require." Then causing her arms to be bound to her sides, she departed at break of day, and travelled the entire day until night came on. At this time she was near a royal garden, and by the moonlight she perceived it was full of fruit-trees, loaded with beautiful fruit, but she could not enter, because it was surrounded by a river. Having travelled the entire day without eating a morsel, her hunger was very great, and she said to herself, "Ah ! I wish I were within, that I might eat a little of the fruit, otherwise I must perish." She then sat down and wished, and while doing so, an angel came to her assistance, shut the sluice, and made a path for her through the ditch, by which she crossed and entered the garden, the angel going with her. She there saw a beautiful tree, whereon were ripe pears, but they were all counted; she, however, advanced, and ate one from the tree—one to appease her hunger, and no more. The gardener saw all that took place, but as the angel stood by, he was afraid, thinking the maiden was a spirit, and therefore did not venture to call out, or speak to the spirit, but was silent. When she had eaten the pear, she was satisfied, and went and concealed herself in the bushes. The next morning the king, to whom the garden belonged, came down, and counted the pears, and one being missing, he inquired where it was, as it did not lie under the tree. The gardener replied, "Last night, a spirit came, who had no hands, but ate it from the tree." "But," said the king, "how could the spirit come over the river? and whither went it, after eating

the pear?" The gardener replied, "It was accompanied by some one in snow-white garments, who shut the sluice, and kept the water up, which enabled it to walk in the dry ditch. Thinking it was an angel, I was afraid, and neither spoke, nor gave an alarm. When the spirit had finished the pear, it went back again." "If all be as you say," replied the king, "I will this night watch with you."

When it was dark, the king came into the garden, bringing with him a priest who was to address the spirit; and all three seated themselves beneath a tree, to await what might happen. About midnight, the maiden came creeping out of the hedge, went to the tree, and again ate a pear, as she had done the preceding night, the angel in white standing by her side. The priest seeing her, advanced, saying, "Are you of heaven, or of the earth? are you a spirit, or a mortal?" To which she replied, "I am no spirit, but a poor creature forsaken by all the world." "Then," replied the king, "if you are forsaken by all the world, I will never forsake you." Saying this, he led her to his royal palace, and being beautiful and good, he soon loved her with all his heart, had silver hands made for her, and made her his wife.

After a year the king was obliged to join his army; therefore he intrusted the young queen to his mother, saying, "When her child is born, take the greatest care of them both, and write to me immediately." After a time she had a beautiful son, and the king's mother hastened to inform her son of the joyful tidings. The messenger, however, sat down by a brook to rest himself on the way, and being weary with his long journey, fell asleep; the evil spirit, who was ever striving to injure the good queen for having escaped him, exchanged the letter which the man carried for another, in which it stated that the queen had brought a changeling into the world. The king read the letter, and was much troubled; however, he instantly wrote an answer, directing his mother to take every possible care of the queen until his

return. The messenger departed, rested again in the same spot, and again slept. Then came the evil spirit, and put another letter into his pocket, which directed that the queen and her child should be killed. The mother was much shocked when she read the inhuman command ; she could not believe it possible, and instantly wrote again to the king ; but she received no other answer, because the evil spirit each time waylaid the messenger, and substituted a letter of his own for that really sent ; adding, in the last, "As a sign that I am obeyed, keep for me the eyes and tongue of the queen."

The old mother wept bitterly that innocent blood should be thus spilt, and therefore, in the night, sent for a hind, had her killed, and the eyes and tongue were kept for the king ; but she said to the young queen, "I cannot cause you to be killed, as the king commands, but you dare not remain here ; go with your child into the wide world, and never return hither." Thus saying, she bound the child upon her back, and the poor woman departed weeping. She had not gone far before she came to a thick wood, where she sat down to meditate, when the angel again came to her, and led her to a small house, on which was a sign, with the words, "Every one lives here free." A maiden, white as snow, came out of the house, who said, "Welcome, my lady queen," and conducted her in ; then unbinding the child from her back she placed it on the queen's lap, who nursed and caressed it, and afterwards it was laid to sleep in a snow-white bed. The queen now said, "How do you know that I am a queen ?" To which the maiden white as snow replied, "I am an angel, and entrusted with the charge of yourself and child, and I am commanded to watch over you." The queen remained in this house for seven years, was well taken care of, and, on account of her goodness, the hands which she had lost were restored to her, and grew again.

The king at length returned from the wars, and upon entering his palace his first demand was for his wife and child. This made his mother weep, and she said, "You

wicked man ! why did you write to me, that I should deprive two innocent beings of life ? ” Then showing him the two letters which the evil spirit had exchanged for the genuine letters, she added, “ I have done as you commanded,” and produced the tongue and eyes as a proof. The king was now inconsolable, and bemoaned so bitterly the loss of his wife and son that the mother took pity on him, and said, “ Be comforted, she lives still. I caused a hind to be secretly slain, and have shown you its eyes and tongue ; but I bound the infant on your wife’s back, and bid her go into the wide world, and she promised me never to return hither, lest you should discover that you had been deceived.” Even to hear this gave the king a sort of melancholy comfort, and he said, “ I will travel as far as sky extends, and never eat nor drink until I have found my dear wife and child again, should they not have perished or died of hunger.”

Without loss of time the king set out, and during the seven years sought everywhere, in caves and quarries, but finding them not, supposed they must be dead. He neither ate nor drank during the whole period, but was miraculously supported. At last he came into a large wood, where he found the small house on which hung the sign with the words “ Every one dwells here free.” The snow-white maiden came out to him, took him by the hand, led him in, and said, “ Welcome, oh king,” at the same time asking whence he came. He replied, “ I have been wandering for seven years. I seek my wife and child, but cannot discover them.” The angel offered him food and drink, which he would not take, but would only rest a little ; he therefore laid down to sleep, and covered his face with a handkerchief.

The angel now went into the chamber where was the queen and her son, and said to her, “ Come, and bring your child, your husband is arrived.” They went to where he lay, and the handkerchief having dropped from the king’s face, the queen bade her child pick it up, saying, “ Cover your father’s face again.” The child did as com-

manded, picked it up, and covered the king's face. The latter, being only half asleep, heard what passed, and again let fall the handkerchief. This made the boy somewhat impatient, and he said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face ? I have no father in the world ; you have told me my father is in heaven." When the king heard these words he sat up, and asked, "Who are these ?" The queen replied, "I am your wife, and this is your son :" but seeing that she had living hands, he returned, "My wife had silver hands." "My natural hands have been mercifully restored to me," rejoined the queen, and the angel quitting the room fetched the silver hands, to prove the truth of what she said. The king was now convinced that those he beheld were his own wife and dear child, embraced them tenderly, and was greatly rejoiced, saying, "A heavy weight is removed from my heart."

They all partook of some breakfast with the snow-white maiden, and then returned to the king's palace, to the mother's great joy. The rejoicings were universal, a magnificent feast took place, and they lived happily ever after.

Clever Hans.

HANS' mother inquired one day, saying, "Hans, Hans, where are you going ?" "To Peggy, mother." "Very good ; behave well." "I will, mother. Adieu, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. "Good morning, Peggy." "Good day, Hans. What good do you bring ?" "I bring nothing ; I have given all away." Peggy presented him with a needle, and Hans said, "Adieu, Peggy." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans took the needle, stuck it in a waggon of hay, and walking behind the waggon returned home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have

you been ?" " Been to see Peggy." " What did you take Peggy ?" " Took her nothing. She gave me something." " What did Peggy give you ?" " Gave me a needle." " Where is it ?" " Put it in the waggon of hay." " That was stupid, Hans ; you should have stuck the needle in your sleeve." " I did not do it ; do better next time, mother."

" Where are you going, Hans ?" " To Peggy, mother." " Behave well, Hans." " I will, mother." " Good bye, mother." " Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. " Good day, Peggy." " Good day, Hans." " What good do you bring ?" " I bring nothing. I have given all away." Peggy gave him a knife. " Good bye, Peggy." " Good bye, Hans."

Hans took the knife, stuck it in his sleeve, and went home. " Good evening, mother." " Good evening, Hans." " Where have you been ?" " With Peggy." " What did you take her ?" " Took her nothing. She gave me something." " What has Peggy given you ?" " She gave me a knife." " Where have you put the knife ?" " Stuck it in my sleeve, mother." " That is stupid, Hans. You must put the knife in your pocket." " I did not ; will do better next time."

" Where are you going, Hans ?" " To Peggy, mother." " Be kind, Hans." " I will. Good bye, mother." " Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. " Good morning, Peggy." " Good morning, Hans." " What good do you bring ?" " I bring nothing ; I have given all away." Peggy gave Hans a young kid. " Good bye, Peggy." " Good bye, Hans."

Hans took the kid, bound its legs, and put it into his pocket. When he came home it was smothered. " Good evening, mother." " Good evening, Hans. Where have you been ?" " To Peggy." " What did you take her ?" " Took her nothing ; she gave me something." " What has she given you ?" " Given me a kid." " Where is the kid, Hans ?" " Put it into my pocket." " That is

stupid, Hans. You should fasten a cord to the kid." "I did not do so, mother ; do better next time."

"Where are you going, Hans ?" "To Peggy, mother." "Be kind, Hans." "I will be kind, mother. Good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. "Good day, Peggy." "Good day, Hans. What good do you bring ?" "Bring nothing good ; have given all away." Peggy gave him a piece of bacon. "Good bye, Peggy." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans took the bacon, fastened it to a cord, and dragged it behind him to his house. The dogs came and devoured all the bacon. When he reached home he had the cord in his hand, but there was nothing else left. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been ?" "To see Peggy." "What did you take her ?" "Took her nothing ; she gave me something." "What did Peggy give you ?" "A piece of bacon." "Where is the bacon ?" "Fastened it to a cord, dragged it home, dogs took it away." "That was stupid, Hans ; you should carry bacon on your head." "I did not do it ; better next time, mother."

"Where are you going, Hans ?" "To see Peggy, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Certainly, mother. Good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. "Good day, Peggy." "Good day, Hans. What good do you bring ?" "I bring nothing ; given all away." Peggy gave him a calf. "Good bye, Peggy." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans took the calf, put it on his head, and the calf, finding it difficult to keep its place, struggled and kicked his face. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been ?" "To see Peggy." "What did you take her ?" "Took her nothing ; she gave me something." "What did Peggy give you ?" "Gave me a calf." "Where is the calf, Hans ?" "Put it on my head ; kicked my face." "You were stupid, Hans ; you should lead the calf, and put it in the stall."

"Where are you going, Hans?" "To see Peggy, mother." "Be kind, Hans." "I will. Good bye, mother." "Good bye, Hans."

Hans came to Peggy. "Good day, Peggy." "Good day, Hans. What good do you bring?" "I bring nothing; have given all away." Peggy said to Hans, "I will go with you."

Hans took Peggy, fastened a rope to her, and led her into the stall, and made her fast to the rack. Hans then went to his mother. "Good evening, mother," "Good evening, Hans. Where have you been?" "Been to see Peggy." "What did you take her?" "Took her nothing." "What did Peggy give you?" "Gave me nothing; came with me." "Where have you left Peggy!" "Led her by a rope, fastened her to the rack in the stall, gave her some grass. "That is stupid, Hans, you should cast sheep's eyes at her." "I did not; do better next time."

Hans went into the yard, scooped out all the sheep's eyes, and threw them all in Peggy's face. This made her very angry, so she got loose, and ran away; but afterwards became Hans' wife.

The Three Languages.

In the lovely mountainous land of Switzerland lived an old count, whose only son was so stupid, that he was unable to learn anything. His father said to him one day, "Listen, my son, I can get nothing into your head, let me strive as much as I may; you shall now leave me, and a very clever master you shall have, that he may see what he can make of you." The youth was accordingly sent to another town, and placed with a very learned tutor for a whole year. When this period had elapsed, he returned home, and the father, after giving him a kind welcome, said, "Well, my son, what have you

learnt?" "Father," returned the youth, "I have learnt what the dogs mean when they bark." "Good gracious!" exclaimed the father, "is that all that you have learnt! very useful, certainly!" added he, scornfully. "I shall send you to another master, in another town." To another master he was accordingly sent, and remained with him also a year, after which he returned home. "Well, my son," asked the father, upon his arrival, "what have you learnt?" "Father," replied the son, "I have learnt what the little birds say." This aroused the anger of the father, who cried, "Oh! you misguided creature! have you wasted your precious time and learnt nothing, and yet are not ashamed to appear before my eyes? I will send you to a third master; but, beware, for if you learn nothing this time, I will quite discard you, and no longer consider myself your parent." With the third master the son passed another year, at the expiration of which he again came home, and the father anxiously inquired what he had learnt. "Father," returned the son, "I have this year learnt to understand frogs when they croak." The father was now unable to find words to express his displeasure; but after a time, summoning all his people, the count said, "This man is no longer my son, I cast him off entirely, and order you to take him into the wood and deprive him of life, as a useless creature." They were obliged to obey, and conducted him into the wood; but their pity for the unfortunate youth forbade their depriving him of life; therefore, they let him depart, and taking the tongue and eyes of a young animal to his father, delivered them as proofs of his son's death. The youth proceeded on his journey, and after some time came to a town, where he begged for lodging for the night. "Yes," said the governor of the town, "if you will pass the night in the old tower below, you may go there; it is, however, at the risk of your life, for it is full of wild dogs, who bark and howl continually, and at a certain time a human being must be delivered to them, whom they instantly devour. The whole town

and neighbourhood are disturbed at it, but hitherto we have been able to devise no remedy." The youth, however, feared nothing, saying, "Let me go down to the barking dogs; they will do nothing to harm me, only give me something to cast to them." As he would have it no otherwise, they furnished him with food for the wild dogs, and conducted him to the tower. He entered, and, wonderful to relate, the dogs did not bark at him, but wagged their tails in a very friendly manner, leaped around him, ate what he threw to them, and did not hurt a hair of his head. The next morning, to the astonishment of all, he appeared at the governor's lively and well, and said to him, "The dogs have declared to me in their own language, wherefore they haunt the tower, and inflict such injury upon the inhabitants of this land. They are enchanted, and compelled to watch a large treasure in the tower, until it is removed; then their task is ended, and they are released. The mode of doing this, I have also learned from them." All present were very happy to hear this concerning the dogs, and the governor promised the young count to give him his daughter, if he could remove the treasure. Fortunately he succeeded in his undertaking, the town was delivered from the dogs, and after awhile he received the hand of the governor's lovely daughter, with whom he lived very happily. After a time they proposed to take a journey to Rome together, and took their departure in a carriage. On their way they were obliged to cross a swamp, which abounded with frogs. The young count listened to their croaking, and when he heard what they were saying, he became still and meditative, but said nothing to his wife on the subject of his musing. At last they arrived in Rome, precisely at the time the pope died, and the cardinals were in the greatest difficulty and doubt whom they should elect for his successor. They at last decided that he only should be elected to the dignity who was indicated by some special sign to be worthy of the papal chair, and at the

moment they had announced their determination, the young count entered the church. Suddenly two snow-white doves appeared, and taking up their post, one on each of his shoulders, resisted all attempts made to remove them. The ecclesiastics present accepted the sign, and on the spot asked the count to be pope. The youth hesitated as to his worthiness of the dignity ; but the doves persuaded him to accept it, and say "Yes." So he was consecrated and anointed, and all had now happened that the frogs were conversing of on the way towards Rome ; for they had said he was going to be pope, and this idea it was, which had so much disturbed him. He was then obliged to chant a mass, but not knowing a word of it, the doves sat one on each side, and whispered it into his ear.

Wise Alice.

THERE was once a man who had a daughter, who was always called "Wise Alice." Being grown up, her father said, "We must think of marrying her." "Yes," returned the mother, "if somebody would only come who was willing to have her." At last a young man from a distance, named Hans, presented himself, and asked her hand, upon condition that Wise Alice should also prove very prudent and clever. "Oh !" said the father, "she has brains, I can assure you ;" and the mother added, "Indeed, she can see as far into a mill-stone as most persons." "Very well !" returned Hans ; "only if she is not very clever, I will have nothing to do with her." After this arrangement they all sat down to dinner ; and when they had eaten, the mother said, "Alice, go into the cellar, and fetch some beer." Taking the jug down from a nail in the wall, Alice went to the cellar, rattling the cover of the jug by the way, as an amusement. When she had descended the steps into the cellar, she

fetched a little stool, and placing it in front of the cask, seated herself thereon, that she might not be obliged to bend her back, and do herself any harm ; then turning the tap, the beer began to run. While the jug was filling, not being willing that her eyes should be idle, she cast them around, and after much investigation discovered a pickaxe sticking in the wall, directly over her, having been left there by mistake by the bricklayers. Wise Alice began directly to weep, saying, "If I marry Hans, and have a son, and he grows, and we send him into the cellar to draw the beer, the pickaxe may fall upon his head, and kill him !" So she sat and wept, and screamed as loudly as she could, out of apprehension of the imaginary misfortune. The people upstairs waited for their beer, but Alice did not make her appearance ; therefore the mother said to the maid, " Go down into the cellar, and see why Alice stays ?" The maid went, and found Alice sitting before the cask, looking the picture of despair. " Why are you weeping, Alice ?" inquired the maid. " Alas !" replied she, " ought I not to weep ?—for if I marry Hans, and we have a son, perhaps when he grows big we may send him down into the cellar to draw the beer, and then the pickaxe may fall upon his head and kill him." " Ah !" said the maid, " how wise is our Alice !" so she sat down beside her, and began also to weep over the misfortune they anticipated. After a time, the maid not coming back, and the people above being thirsty, the father said to his man, " Go down into the cellar, and see what keeps Alice and the maid." The man obeyed, and when he got down, there were Alice and the maid sitting together, weeping bitterly. " What are you both crying for ?" asked the new-comer. " Oh !" said Alice, " ought I not to weep ? Suppose I marry Hans, and we have a son, and when he is grown we send him here to draw beer, the pickaxe may fall upon his head, and kill him !" " Oh !" said the man, " how wise our Alice is ;" so he likewise seated himself, and began to cry and howl. Expecting the man's return with the beer, they waited

patiently for some minutes. At length the husband said, "Pray, wife, go down and see why Alice stays." The wife went down, and found all three wailing and lamenting; and upon inquiry into the cause, Alice related her dread of the pickaxe falling upon the head of the child she might have, if she married Hans. The mother rejoined as the others had done, "What a clever Alice is ours!" and adding herself to the party, joined in the grief. After a short time, the husband's thirst increasing, he thought he would himself inquire into the cause of the delay, and said, "I really must go and see what those people are about;" so he went, and saw them all sitting and weeping most disconsolately. "What is the matter?" said he. "why are you all weeping, while we wait for the beer?" They told him the cause, how Alice dreaded lest if she married Hans, and had a son, and sent him to draw the beer, the pickaxe might fall on his head and kill him; upon which, in admiration of his daughter's forethought, he exclaimed, "What a prudent Alice is ours!" joined the party, and mingled his tears with the rest. For a long time Hans remained where the father had left him, but nobody returning, he thought they were expecting him in the cellar, and that he ought to go and see what was the matter. So he went down, and there sat all the five crying and lamenting with right good will. "What misfortune has happened to you all?" inquired he. "Oh, dear, Hans!" returned Alice, "if we marry each other, and have a son, and he grows big, and we send him down here to draw beer, the pickaxe, which has been left sticking up there, may fall upon his head and kill him." "Well!" said Hans, "I cannot require more prudence in a wife, and therefore I will marry you." So he took her by the hand, led her upstairs, and the wedding took place.

After she had been married some time, he said to her, "Wife, I will go out to work and earn money; go you into the fields to reap corn, that we may have bread." "Certainly, dear Hans, I will do so." When Hans was

gone, she cooked some good soup, and took it with her into the field. "Now," said she, to herself, "cut first, or eat first ; which shall I do ? I will eat first." So she emptied her pot of soup, and being satisfied, said again to herself, "What shall I do ? cut first, or sleep first ? I will sleep first." Lying down among the corn, she was quickly asleep. Hans, in the mean time, had long returned home, but as Alice did not make her appearance, he said, "What a prudent Alice I have got ! she is so diligent, that she does not even come home to dinner." However, as she still remained absent, and did not come back towards evening, Hans went out to see what she had reaped, but found nothing reaped, only that Alice lay in the corn and slept. Hans hastened back, and fetched a bird-net, having small bells on it, and hung it around her, she still sleeping. Then, running home, he closed and locked the house-door, and seating himself in his chair, began to work. When it was quite dark, Alice awoke, and when she arose there was a jingling, and the bells rang at every step that she took. This frightened her, and she was doubtful if she were Wise Alice, and said, "Am I, or am I not wise ?" However she could not tell what to answer, and stood long in doubt ; at last she said, "I will go home and ask if I am or am not so ; they will certainly know." She ran home, but finding the house-door locked, she knocked at the window, and asked, "Hans, is Alice at home ?" "Yes," replied Hans, "she is within." This frightened her, and she exclaimed, "Goodness ! then I am not Alice," and ran to the next house ; but the people hearing the tingling of the bells, refused to open, and she could find shelter nowhere, therefore she ran and ran out of the village, and nobody has seen her since.

The Tailor in Olympus.

ONE glorious day in summer, Jupiter determined to spend the day in the Elysian fields, and extending his royal favour to all the gods and goddesses, took them with him to enjoy the excursion, leaving only Mercury in Olympus. The thunderer left strict orders with him, "that, during their absence, he should admit nobody," so Mercury stood sentry at the gate. After a time, a knock was heard. Mercury asked who was there, and what was wanted. "I am a poor honest tailor," replied a small voice, "and beg you to admit me." "Honest, indeed!" said Mercury; "yes, like an unhanged thief, have you not continually made cabbage of the cloth entrusted to you. You will not come in here! the king has forbidden me to let anybody in while he is away." "Pray be merciful," entreated the tailor, "scraps that fall under the shop-board cannot be considered stolen, and indeed are not worth mentioning. See! I limp, and my feet are blistered from the long journey, it is impossible for me to turn back; let me in and I will do all your work,—nurse the children and carry them about, clear up their litters, and mend the clothes they tear." Mercury allowed himself to be persuaded, thinking, perhaps, that he might depute the tailor to execute some of his numerous duties, so he opened the gate just enough to permit the tailor with his spare figure to slip through. But he was obliged to go into a corner behind the door, and remain there quiet, lest when Jove returned he should discover him, and be angry. The tailor consented; but when Mercury went out of the door for a moment, he arose, took advantage of the opportunity, and pried into every corner of Olympus. He came at last to a place where there were many beautiful chairs placed in a semicircle, and in the midst a magnificent golden arm-chair, set with precious stones; it

was more elevated than the rest, and before it stood a golden foot stool. This was Jupiter's throne, which he occupied when at home, and from which he could observe all that mortals did upon earth. The tailor stood for a while and admired the arm-chair, which pleased him more than all the rest; then, not being able to restrain the inclination, he placed himself in it, which enabled him to see all that was taking place on earth. He saw an ugly old woman washing linen at a brook, and observed her by two reeds aside. This made the tailor so angry, that he seized the golden foot-stool and flung it with all his strength at the old thief's head, and it fell to the earth; but discovering that he had no means of restoring it again to its place, he slipped out of the chair, and back to his place behind the door, as if he had never stirred from this spot.

In the evening, Jupiter and all the train of divinities came back, and no discovery of the little tailor took place; but when the king of the gods took possession of his chair, in order to repose himself, the footstool was not to be found. Mercury was called, and he was asked where the stool was but he could not tell. Jove then further inquired if any body had been allowed to enter. "I know who never" replied Mercury, "except a lame tailor, who is still behind the door." The tailor was produced, and then asked if he could account for the disappearance of the stool. "It has not taken it away, and where it was thrown down" replied he in dismay at the discovery of the act. "I know it at a thievish old woman, who made me stand between the reeds two reeds she had been engaged to wash" "With your pardon, how long do you think I have to go and sit here?" replied Jove, "if I should have been long absent, where would beches or even a stick of wood have been cast down upon the instrument?" "I would have been cast down here, but must absolve. However, you cannot stay here, but must absolve the way you come and then look to yourself. Some one passed here save I, the night Jove." Mercury

BY OLYMPUS

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in which he
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sat, and the
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P. 143.

THE TABLE, THE DONKEY, AND THE CUDGEL.

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conducted the tailor through the gate of Olympus ; and his feet being blistered, and his shoes full of holes, he took a staff in his hand, and went on a pilgrimage to St. Martin's Well.

The Table, the Donkey, and the Cudgel.

A LONG time ago lived a tailor, whose riches were certainly not great, for he had only three sons, and one goat. But as the goat supplied them all with milk, she was justly regarded as the most valuable member of the party, and, therefore, besides having a plentiful supply of food brought home, was daily let out to the pasture, this latter being done by the sons, each in his turn. One day, the eldest took her to the churchyard, where there was abundance of grass and herbs, and allowed her to eat, and spring about, to her heart's content. In the evening, when it was time to return, he said, "Goat, have you had enough ?" The goat replied,

"Yes, more than enough,
Of this nice green stuff—meh ! meh !"

"Then, come home," said the boy, taking the end of the cord into his hand, and leading her into the stable, where he fastened her up. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat been well fed ?" "Yes, indeed !" said the son, "she has had more than enough of the nice green stuff." But the father, willing to convince himself of the fact, went into the stable, stroked and caressed the dear creature, and said, "Goat, have you had enough ?" But the goat replied, "How should I have had enough ?"

"I sprang over the ground,
Not a leaf to be found—meh ! meh !"

"What do I hear ?" said the tailor, and running out, he called to his son. "You deceiver ! you said the goat had had sufficient food, but you have starved her !" and in his

anger, seizing his yard measure, he hunted him forth with blows.

Next day it was the turn of the second son to attend to the wants of the creature, and he sought out a place in the garden hedge, where plenty of herbs and weeds grew, which the goat entirely devoured. In the evening, when about to lead her into the stable, he said, "Goat, have you had enough?" The goat replied,

"Yes, more than enough,
Of the nice garden stuff—meh ! meh !"

"Then, come home," said the boy, and he led her into the stable and fastened her up. "Son," inquired the father, "has the goat had her proper food ?" "Oh, yes !" replied the son, "she has had more than enough of the nice green stuff." But the tailor, not entirely trusting this report, went into the stable, and asked the goat if she had had sufficient. The goat answered, "How is that possible ?

"I sprang over the ground,
Not a leaf to be found—meh ! meh !"

"The good-for-nothing fellow !" exclaimed the tailor, "to allow so good a beast to hunger," and taking his yard stick, he drove the boy out with blows.

It was now the turn of the third son, and he being desirous of doing well what he had to do, procured plenty of green branches, and covered the ground with the finest leaves, letting the goat eat as much as she would. In the evening, when it was time to go home, he asked, "Goat, have you had enough?" To which she replied,

"Yes, more than enough,
Of the nice green stuff—meh ! meh !"

"Then, come home," said the boy, and leading her into the stable, he fastened her up. "Now," said the old tailor, "has the goat been well fed ?" "Oh, indeed, father," replied the son, "she has eaten so much, she can eat no more." Again the tailor went to see for himself, and going to the stable, asked, "Goat, have you had enough ?"

But the wicked creature replied, "How can I have had enough ?

"I sprang over the ground,
Not a leaf to be found—meh ! meh !"

"Oh ! the cheats," said the old tailor, "one is just as neglectful and wicked as the other ; they shall no longer make a simpleton of me." Full of displeasure, he hastened to the youngest son, and gave him such a beating with the yard-stick, that he was too glad to rush out of the house. The old tailor was now left alone with his goat, and the next morning he went into the stable, caressed the creature, and said, "Come, my dear little goat, I will myself take you to the pasture." So he took her by the cord, and led her to a thick hedge, and among briony, and those things that goats like. "There," said he, "you may now eat to your heart's content," as he left her to graze until the evening, when he said to her, "Goat, are you satisfied ?" She replied,—

"Yes, more than enough,
Of the nice garden stuff—meh ! meh !"

"Then, come home," said the tailor, leading her into the stable, and tying her up ; but before he went away, returning to her once more, he said, "Now for once, are you satisfied ?" But the goat treated him no better, and replied, "How can I be ?

"I sprang over the ground,
Not a leaf to be found—meh ! meh !"

When the tailor heard this, so little expected, he was quite confounded, and saw immediately that he had had no cause for driving his sons from their home. "Only wait, you ungrateful animal," exclaimed he ; "to drive you away would not be sufficient, I will show you that you can never again present yourself among honest tailors." Saying this, he fetched his razors in all haste, lathered her chin and head, and shaved her as smooth as his hand ; and thinking further that his yard-measure would be dishonoured by thrashing so false an animal, he

fetched a whip, and gave her some good cuts, so that she was too happy to make her escape.

When the tailor found himself quite alone in his house, he became very melancholy, and heartily wished for all his sons again, but nobody knew whither they had departed. The eldest had apprenticed himself to a carpenter, and he worked diligently and indefatigably, and when his time was out, and he was to travel in search of work, his master presented him with a table, which, to all appearance, was a very common one, made of wood in the usual way ; but it possessed an excellent quality. If it was placed on the ground, and you said, "Table, be covered," the good little table was in a moment covered with a clean tablecloth, and upon it was a plate, and knife and fork, and as many dishes with roast and boiled as it could hold, besides which, a large glass, filled with red wine, sparkled in the midst, and excited very agreeable anticipations. The young apprentice thought to himself, " You have now sufficient for all your life ;" so he went merrily on through the world, and troubled himself not in the least whether an inn was good or bad, and if anything was to be had at it or not. When so inclined he did without an inn altogether, but in field, wood, meadow, or wherever he had a mind, he took his table from his shoulder, placed it before him, and said, " Be covered ;" and instantly whatever he required was there. It came at last into his mind to return to his father, his anger most probably was over by this time, and with the "Table, be covered," he thought certainly to make his peace. It happened one evening, on his way home, that he came to an inn filled with guests ; they bade him welcome, and invited him to take a seat among them, and to share their repast, or otherwise he would find it difficult to obtain anything. " No," answered the carpenter, " I will not take your food out of your mouths, you shall rather be my guests." They laughed at this sally, and thought he was joking with them, but he placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, " Table, be covered."

In a moment it was filled with dishes, far better than the host could have given them, and the odour of which was very agreeable. "Now fall to, dear friends," said the carpenter; and seeing that it was intended, they did not need asking twice, but drew near, took out their knives, and attacked boldly. What, however, was not the least part of the wonder was, that when a dish became empty, another instantly came of itself to supply its place. The host stood by, observed the whole thing, and knew not what to say ; he however thought to himself, "Such a cook would be very useful in my household." The carpenter and his companions were very merry until late in the night ; at last they thought of repose, and the young carpenter likewise went to bed, placing his wonderful table by the wall in his room. The host, however, could get no sleep for thinking of the table, and remembering that he had one in his lumber-room which resembled it exactly, in all respects, he fetched it softly, and exchanged it for the carpenter's table. The next morning the young man paid for his lodging, packed up his table, not in the least suspecting the trick the landlord had played him, and went his way. At noon he arrived at his father's house, who received him with great joy. "What have you learned during your absence, my dear son ?" inquired the father. "Father, I have learned to be a carpenter." "A very good trade," returned the old tailor ; "but what have you brought back from your travels ?" "Father, the best thing I have brought is the little table." The old man examined it closely on all sides, and then said, "That is no master-piece ; for it is an old rubbishing table." "But it is a 'Table, be covered,'" replied the son. "I have only to place it on the ground, and tell it to be covered, and it is instantly covered with an excellent meal, and a glass of wine that will make your eyes dance. Invite all our friends and relations ; for once they shall have a right good feast, for the table furnishes plenty for all." When the company came, the son placed his table in the middle of the room, and said, "Table, be covered," but

without the result he expected, for it remained as bare as any other table which did not understand the words addressed to it. The poor apprentice now perceived that his table had been exchanged, and felt quite ashamed that he must stand there as one guilty of falsehood. His relations ridiculed him, in revenge for having to go away without the good eating and drinking they expected, and the old father was obliged to sit down again to his bits of cloth, and sew and snip, while the son hired himself to a master carpenter.

The second son had gone to a miller, in order to learn his trade ; and when his time was out, his master said, " You have behaved so well, that I shall bestow upon you a very particular kind of ass—he can neither draw, nor carry." " What is he good for, then ? " asked the apprentice. " He vomits gold," answered the miller ; " if you place him on a cloth, and say ' Bricklebrit,' the good beast will vomit gold money." " What a charming thing," exclaimed the apprentice ; then thanking his master very sincerely, he took his leave. When he wanted money, he had only to say ' Bricklebrit' to his ass, and it rained gold ; he only having the trouble of picking it up. Wherever he came, he had the best, and the dearer the better ; he made no objection to the price, for his purse was always filled. After travelling about a long time, he thought he must seek out his old father, and imagined, very reasonably, that the gold ass would appease his anger, if it were not already forgotten. It happened that he arrived one evening at the same inn in which his brother had lost his valuable table : he was leading his ass, and when the host wished to take it from him and tie it up, the apprentice declined, saying, " Give yourself no trouble, I will lead my ass into the stable myself, and tie it up, I like to know where it is." The host thought this rather singular, and concluded that a person who himself tended his ass, had not much to spend ; but when he took out two gold pieces, and requested the landlord to send him up something good, he opened his eyes wide, his respect

for his guest rose in proportion, and he ran quickly to procure the best he could. After supper, the guest asked what was to pay, and the host, not sparing the double chalks, said he was indebted two more pieces of gold. The miller felt in his pocket, but his money was at an end. "Wait a moment, Mr. Landlord," said he, "I will go and fetch the money." So, taking the table-cloth, he departed; and the host, not being able to understand what was passing, felt curious, and slipped out after him, and as the stable-door was bolted within, he peeped through a hole. The stranger having spread the cloth under the ass, exclaimed "Bricklebit," and in an instant, the creature vomiting, gold fell in a shower to the ground. "Mercy upon us," said the man, "there is a way of coining ducats; such a money-bag is a treasure indeed!" The guest, returning into the house, paid his bill, and retired to rest. The landlord, watching his opportunity, returned to the stable, led off the master of the mint, and fastened another ass in its place. Early the following morning, the miller departed with his ass, thinking he took with him his own gold ass. Towards noon, he arrived at his father's house, who rejoiced to see his son once more, and received him very kindly. "What have you become?" inquired the old tailor. "A miller, dear father," replied the son. "And what have you brought back with you from your journey?" "Nothing more than my ass." "There are plenty of those," rejoined the father; "I should have much preferred a good goat." "Yes," returned the miller, "but this is no common ass, but a gold ass: when I say 'Bricklebit,' the good beast will vomit a whole table-clothful of gold pieces. Send for all our relations, I will make them rich people." "That is very good news," said the old tailor, "I need not longer trouble myself with my needle." So saying, he hastened forth, and invited all the relations himself. As soon as they were assembled, the miller requested them to clear a space, then spread out his cloth, and uttered the word "Bricklebit;" but no gold coins followed, and it was very evident that the creature

did not understand the art of producing them, for every ass has not the same capacity. The poor miller made a long face, saw that he had been betrayed, and begged pardon of the relatives, who returned as poor as they came. There was no remedy—the old man was obliged to resume his needle, and the young man took service with a miller.

The third brother had found refuge with a turner, and diligently applied himself to learn his business ; but his being a more artist-like occupation, he was obliged to stay with his master longer than his brothers did with theirs. The latter, however, had taken care to inform him of the misfortune that had overtaken them, very justly ascribing it to the knavery of the host, who had exchanged their table and ass for others of no extraordinary value. The time now arrived for the turner to leave his master and commence his travels, and he had conducted himself so well that his master gave him a sack, saying, “There is a cudgel inside.” “Thanks,” said the apprentice, “I can hang up the sack, and it may be very useful to me ; but of what possible service can the cudgel prove ? it only makes the sack heavy.” “I will tell you,” replied the other ; “if any one has done you harm, only say, ‘Cudgel, out of the sack !’ and it will spring forth among the folks, and dance upon their backs to such good purpose, that for a week afterwards they will not be able to stir ; and the cudgel will not leave off until you say, ‘Cudgel, into your sack !’” Again the apprentice expressed his thanks, hung the sack on his back, and if any one offended him, or sought to attack him on his journey, he said, “Cudgel, out of the sack !” and it sprang out, and soon knocked the clothes to pieces, on the back of first one, then the other, never ceasing until he was almost bare ; and this happened so speedily, that before one could look round to see what was the matter, the cudgel was ready for the attack. One evening the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had suffered from the dishonesty of the host ; laying his knapsack on the table before him, he began to

relate what he had seen remarkable in his travels. "Something extraordinary is often met with, and sometimes one meets with a 'Table, be covered,' or a gold ass, and such like ; very good things, I will not deny, but nothing in comparison to the treasure I have earned, and which I carry about with me in my sack." The host upon this pricked up his ears. "What can it be ?" said he to himself, "the sack must be filled with precious stones ; I must, and shall, have these into the bargain, for all good things are by threes." When it was time to go to rest, the guest stretched himself on a bench, making a pillow of his sack. The host, thinking the traveller sound asleep, went near, and softly and slowly drew the sack, thinking he might probably be able to withdraw it entirely, and substitute another for it. The turner, however, who had been expecting the attempt, just at the moment the landlord gave a hearty pull, exclaimed, "Cudgel, out of the sack !" It instantly obeyed, and performed its duty so thoroughly, that the man had scarcely a thread left upon him. He cried and begged for mercy ; but the louder he cried, the more heartily the cudgel kept time on his back, until at last he fell down exhausted. Then said the turner, "If you do not restore the 'Table, be covered,' and the gold ass, you shall have some more." "Oh ! no !" said the host, in a weak voice ; "I will willingly return them, only put the confounded wizard into the sack again." "This time I will have mercy," said the traveller ; "but beware of the next time ! your dishonesty may cost you more dearly." Then bidding the cudgel return to the sack, he retired to rest.

The next morning the turner took his way to his father's, with the table and the donkey. The tailor was very happy to see his son, and inquired what he had learnt while he had been away. "Father," replied the son, "I am a turner." "A very good trade," returned he. "What have you brought back with you from your travels ?" "A costly article, father, a cudgel in a sack." "What !" exclaimed the father, "you might obtain that

from any tree." "Not such as this, dear father; if I say, 'Cudgel, out of the sack!' it springs out of the sack, and leads any who have attempted to injure me such a dance, that they are glad to entreat for mercy. Look, with this cudgel I have recovered the 'Table, be covered,' and the gold ass, of my brothers, of which the knavish landlord had deprived them." The turner then sent for his brothers, and invited all his relations, saying, "I will treat them to plenty to eat and drink, and then send them home, with their pockets filled with gold." The old tailor could hardly persuade himself; however, he brought all their relations; and the turner, having spread a cloth on the ground, and placed the ass upon it, said, "Now, dear brother, speak to it." The miller upon this said, "Bricklebrit," and a shower of gold money descended instantly, and continued until all present had as much as they could carry away (I think I hear my reader say, he would like to have been there, so should I). Then the table was to be brought into exercise. It was placed in the middle of the room, and the turner said, "Now, brother, deliver your orders." Scarcely had the carpenter said, "Table, be covered," than it was filled with all sorts of good things in abundance. A feast was held, such as the good old tailor had never seen before in his house, and all the friends and relations kept it up until late at night, they were so well content. The tailor now abandoned needle and thread, yard-measure and goose, and lived henceforward with his three sons, in peace and plenty.

But what became of the goat, who was the cause of the tailor's sons being sent away? I will tell you. She felt so much ashamed at having her head shaved, that she ran to a fox-earth, and crept in. When the fox came home in the dark, he saw two great fiery eyes glaring upon him, and felt quite afraid, and ran back. A bear met him, and said, "Friend fox, what is the matter, you looked disturbed?" "Ah!" said reynard, "a grim monster, with glowing eyes, is in my hole, and looked

fiercely at me." "We will soon drive him out," said the bear. So he accompanied him to the hole, and looked in ; but before he had time to say a word, he too was seized with fear, declined interfering with the grim monster, and took his leave. The bee met him on his way back, and observing that his hair was on an end from fright, she inquired into the cause, adding, "You seem to have lost all your cheerfulness, and to be out of spirits." "It is very well for you to talk," rejoined the bear ; "but there is a frightful monster in reynard's hole, with glowing eyes, and we cannot drive him out." "I am sorry for you," said the bee, "I am but weak and small, and scarcely to be noticed by such exalted personages as yourself ; nevertheless, I believe I can help you." She then flew into the fox's hole, stung the goat upon her head and chin, where she had been shaven, and troubled her so, that she sprang out, bleating, "Meh ! meh !" as if she were mad ; and no one to this day has discovered whither she has run.

Thumbling.

THERE was once a poor farmer, who sat in the winter evenings by the fire and stirred it, while his wife spun. "How sad it is," cried he, "that we have no children ! it is all so quiet here, but in other houses so cheerful and merry." "Indeed, you are right," replied the woman with a sigh ; "if we had only one, ever so small, not larger even than my thumb, I should be contented, and we would love it with all our hearts." Now it happened that shortly afterwards the woman fell sick, and before the end of the year a child was in the house, perfect in all its limbs, it is true, but not longer than your finger. "It is just what we were wishing for," exclaimed they, "and will be very dear to us, although he is such a little fellow." So they called it "Thumbling," to agree with its size.

It was very well fed, but he did not grow from the hour he was born. Nevertheless, there was plenty of intelligence in its little eyes, and it soon became a cunning, merry little chap, who succeeded in everything he attempted.

The farmer one day prepared to go to the forest to fell timber, and said aloud, "I wish there was some one here to bring me up the waggon." "Father," said Thumbling, "I will bring it to you; rely upon me, it shall be in the forest as soon as you want it." The man at this laughed outright, and said, "How can that be? you are far too small to be able to hold the reins." "Oh! that is nothing, father; only let my mother harness the horse, I will sit in the horse's ear, and guide him extremely well by my voice." "Well," returned the farmer, "we will try, for once." When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse, put Thumbling into his ear, and then the little fellow began to cry "Gee! gee!" and "Woh!" when necessary, and the horse pursued his way as regularly as if he were quite accustomed to be thus driven, taking the right road to the forest. It happened, that as they were turning a corner, and the little fellow was directing the horse by his voice, that two strangers came by. "Look here," said one, "here is a droll thing, here is a waggon, and a driver calling to his horse, but he is not anywhere to be seen." "Depend upon it, it is something uncanny," said the other. "We will follow the waggon and see where it stops." The waggon kept on its way quite into the wood, and to the place where the timber was being felled. When Thumbling spied his father, he cried out, "Here I am, you see, come with the waggon; now take me down." The farmer held the horse with his left hand, and with the right took his little son out of the horse's ear, who soon found a place for himself. When the strangers saw Thumbling, they were yet more astonished, and knew not what to think; however, one took the other aside, and said, "Listen, that little chap might make our fortunes, if we were to show him in all the large towns for money;

we will buy him." They drew near to the farmer, and said, "Sell us that little man, we will be very kind to him." "No," said the father, "he is my very heart's core, and not to be had for all the money in the world." When Thumbling heard the proposal, he crept up his father's coat, and placing himself on his shoulder, whispered in his ear, "Father, let me go, I will soon be back with you again ;" therefore, the father parted with him to the strangers for a considerable sum of money. "Where will you sit ?" inquired one of the men. "Oh, put me on the brim of your hat. I can then walk about and view the country. I will take care of myself, and not fall." So they let him have his wish, and when Thumbling had taken leave of his father, went away with them. They walked on until it was dusk, when the men stopping to rest awhile, the little fellow expressed a wish to be put on the ground ; so the hat was taken off, and Thumbling placed on the ground. After running about and amusing himself a few minutes, he suddenly disappeared, creeping into a mouse-hole. "Good-bye, gentlemen," cried he, "you may go home without me," at the same time adding a few jokes, which were very displeasing to them. They looked carefully around, examined the ground, struck it with their sticks, but in vain. Thumbling crept yet farther into his hole, and, as it was now quite dark, they were obliged to return home, having lost their bargain and their money, and were therefore very angry.

When Thumbling was sure they were gone, he crept out of his subterranean shelter. "It is rather dangerous to be in ploughed fields in the dark," said he ; "it is so easy to break one's neck or a leg over the clods." At this moment, by a fortunate accident, he encountered an empty snail-shell. "How very charming," cried he, as he crept in, "I can pass the night comfortably here." Before long, as he was settling himself to sleep, he heard two men pass, one of whom said, "How shall we manage to get all that money and plate from the rich parson ?" "I can tell you," cried Thumbling. "What was that ?" said one of

the thieves ; " I heard somebody speak." They stood still to listen, and again Thumbling spoke, " Take me with you, and I will help you." " Who are you, then ; and where are you ? " " Look about the ground, and observe whence the voice comes," replied he. The thieves found him at last, and lifted him up. " You little pygmy, how can you help us ? " said they. " Very well," replied the little fellow. " I can creep between the iron window-bars in the parson's room, and give you whatever you want out of the window." " Good," replied they, " we will see what you can do." When they arrived at the parsonage, Thumbling crept into the room through the iron bars, and immediately began to cry out as loud as possible, " Do you wish for all that is here ? " This frightened the thieves, and they entreated him to make less noise, lest the people should be awakened. But Thumbling went on as if he did not understand, and cried again, " What do you want ? Will you have everything here ? " The cook, who slept in the room, raised herself in her bed at this outcry, and began to listen ; but by this time the thieves were alarmed, and began to think seriously of taking to flight before all the house were in pursuit. However, after a while, gaining courage they returned, and whispered to the little fellow, " Now be serious, and give us out something worth having." To which Thumbling answered, as loud as he could, " I will give you everything, only pass your hands in here. The cook, still listening, could now no longer doubt ; she sprang hastily from her bed, and stumbled towards the door. The thieves hearing her, ran away as if pursued by constables, while she went to procure a light. When this appeared, Thumbling retreated, and, without being perceived, slipped out and got into the barn ; and the cook, having sought everywhere, and found no one, began to believe that she had been dreaming with her eyes open.

Thumbling had routed among the trusses of hay in the barn, and found a nice place to sleep in, so he thought he would repose here until day, and then take his way home.

But something else was in store for him ; indeed, it is truly observed, that there is much trouble and disappointment in the world ! The cook got up early, before it was quite light, and her first work was to feed the cow. She went to the barn, took up an armful of hay, and with it the little comfortable nest in which poor Thumbling lay asleep. He, however, slept so soundly, that he was aware of nothing, until he found himself in the cow's mouth, she having taken him up with a lock of hay. "Be gracious unto me," cried the unfortunate wight, "how did I get into the fulling-mill ?" He soon, however, saw how it really was, and was obliged to watch carefully lest he should get between the cow's teeth and be maimed, but after a little time he found his way into the cow's stomach. "They have quite forgotten the windows in this chamber," said he ; "no sun shines in, and no light is brought." In fact, he was not at all pleased with his present quarters, and to add to the discomfort, more hay came continually in, making space very limited. In his distress and apprehension, he at last began to call out as loud as he could, "Bring me no fresh food, bring no more food ?" The maid was at that moment milking the cow, and when she heard the voice, without seeing any one, especially as she recognized it for the same she had heard in the night, her consternation was so great, that she slipped from her stool, and all the milk was spilt. In the greatest haste, she ran to her master, exclaiming, "Master ! master ! the cow is talking !" "You are mad," replied the parson, going into the stable, to see for himself what was going on. Scarcely had he put a foot in, before Thumbling began afresh, "Bring me no more food ! no fresh food !" This frightened the parson himself ; he thought an evil spirit had taken possession of the cow, and ordered her to be killed, which was instantly done, and the stomach with its contents, including Thumbling, thrown on the dunghill. Thumbling had the greatest possible difficulty to work his way out, and had only just extricated his head, when a new mischance befell him—a hungry wolf ran up, and

swallowed the whole at one gulp. Poor Thumbling did not lose his courage ; "Perhaps," thought he, "the wolf may allow himself to be persuaded," so he began— "Good wolf ! I know where there is capital provision !" "Where is it to be got ?" asked the wolf. "In such a house," replied the prisoner : "creep through the gutter-pipe, and you will find cake, sausage, bacon, and all sorts of good things, more than you could eat." The wolf did not need twice telling ; that same night he squeezed himself through the pipe, and getting into the store-closet, devoured everything to his heart's content. Having satisfied his appetite, he now thought of returning the same way, but his figure was changed, and he was so large he could not creep again through the pipe, notwithstanding vast efforts. This was exactly what Thumbling had reckoned upon, and the reason he had brought him to his father's house. He, therefore, following his plan, began to make a fearful noise, screamed and shouted as loud as he was able. "Will you be quiet !" said the wolf, "you will wake all the people." "Why should I not ?" returned the little fellow, "you have eaten as long as you were able, and I like to amuse myself." Saying this, he renewed the uproar, to the horror of the wolf. In short, the mother and father were awakened by it, and running to the store-closet, looked through a crack. Upon seeing a wolf there, they ran away, and the man fetched his axe, while the woman ran for the scythe. "Stand behind," said the man, upon entering the room, "and if my blow does not kill him, you must be ready to give another, or to make a thrust at him. When Thumbling heard his father's voice, he called out, "Dear father, I am here, inside the wolf." Full of joy, the man exclaimed, "here is our dear child again." Then, bidding his wife put down the scythe, lest Thumbling should be hurt, he gave the wolf a blow on the head, which despatched him. Knife and scissors were quickly brought, and the little son once more restored to the light of day. "What trouble we have been in on your account, my dear child,"

said the father. "Yes," replied Thumbling, "and I too have had many strange adventures. God be praised for the fresh air I breathe!" "Where have you been then?" asked his parents." "First in a mousehole, then in a cow's stomach, afterwards in a wolf's paunch. Now, I shall stay with you." "And we will not sell you again for all the treasure in the world," said the parents, as they caressed and kissed their dear Thumbling. They gave him something to eat and drink, of which indeed he stood considerably in need, and then ordered him a new suit of clothes, for his own were rather the worse for his various adventures.

The Marriage of Dame Reynard.

TALE THE FIRST.

THERE was once an old fox with nine tails, who took it into his head to feel jealous of his wife, for which reason he determined to make trial of her disposition towards him. He therefore stretched himself motionless under a bench, and counterfeited death so successfully that Dame Reynard retired in a most disconsolate state to her room, and shut herself in, leaving her maid, a young cat, to sit on the hearth and attend to the cooking. As soon as it was known that the old fox was departed, suitors hastened to present themselves. The maid hearing some one knock, went to open the door; it was a young fox, who said, "What are you doing, fair maiden? Are you sleeping or watching?" She replied, "I am not sleeping, I watch; and if you would like to know how I am occupied, I am warming some beer, a very good thing, and you shall be my guest and welcome." "Thank you, maiden," said the fox; "and what is Dame Reynard doing?" The maid replied, "She is sitting in her chamber, lamenting, making her bright eyes red, because

old Mr. Fox is dead." "Tell her, I beg, that a young fox is here, who entreats to be allowed to pay his compliments to her." "Very good, sir." So Pussy trotted up stairs, and shut the door after her. "Dame Reynard," said she, "are you here?" "Yes," replied she, with a heavy sigh. "Madam," said she, "there is a suitor below." "What does he look like?" inquired the lady. "Has he nine such beautiful tails as the blessed Mr. Fox?" "Oh, no," replied the cat, "he has only one." "Then," rejoined the widow, "I will have nothing to say to him." So the cat went down and dismissed the pretender to Madam Reynard's favour. Soon after came another knock at the door. It was another fox, who wished to pay attention to Dame Reynard, but although he had two tails he fared no better than the first. Afterwards came others, and the tails advancing one at each fresh suitor, at last one presented himself who had nine brushes, like old Mr. Fox. When the widow heard of it, she said to the cat with much joy, "Open all the doors and gates, and turn out old Mr. Fox;" but just as the wedding was about to take place, old Mr. Fox got up from under the bench, took a good stick, and hunted all the mob out of his house, and Dame Reynard with them.

TALE THE SECOND.

WHEN old Mr. Fox died, the wolf came as suitor to the disconsolate widow, knocked at the door, and the cat, who served Dame Fox in the capacity of maid of all work, opened it. The wolf greeted her, and said, "Good day, Lady Finewit. How is it that you are alone? What are you cooking there, so good?" The cat replied, "I am breaking some fine wheaten bread into my milk; will the gentleman be my guest?" "Thank you, Lady Finewit," replied the wolf; "is Madame Fox at home?" "Yes," answered the cat, "she is in her chamber up-stairs, weeping for her misfortune, lamenting her sad state now old Mr. Fox is dead." The wolf rejoined, "If she is inclined to have a new husband, let her come down." The cat

went up to her mistress, and gracefully waved her tail in passing through the long saloon. Then knocking at her mistress's door, with the inquiry if she were there, she delivered the message with which she was charged. "Has the gentleman red stockings on?" said Dame Fox, "and is his snout pointed and sharp?" "By no means," replied the cat. "Then it is in vain for me to see him."

When the wolf had been dismissed, there came successively a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, a lion, in fact all the inhabitants of the woods; but one of the excellent qualities possessed by the defunct was always wanting in them, and the cat was obliged to send the suitors away. At last, a young fox came. "Has the gentleman little red stockings and a sharp snout?" "Yes," replied Puss. "Then let him come up," said the lady; and bade the maid prepare the wedding-feast, saying, "Pussy, sweep out the room, and fling the old fox through the window. He brought home plenty of fat, large mice, but always devoured them by himself, without thinking of me."

The marriage took place with young Mr. Fox, the rejoicings and dancing were most praiseworthy; and if they have not left off, they are continued to the present day.

The Fairy Folk.

FIRST TALE.

THERE was once a shoemaker who, without any fault of his own, became so very poor, that at last he positively had nothing left except sufficient leather for a single pair of shoes. One evening he cut out the shoes, intending to make them the next morning; and having a quiet conscience he laid himself down, commanding himself to God's protection, and went to sleep. The next morning, after he had said his prayers, he was going to sit down to work; but, behold! the shoes were already

completed, and stood on his table. He was naturally much astonished, and knew not what to say ; he took them up, examined them closely, they were beautifully made, not a stitch amiss in them ; but they were as well finished as if they were for a specimen. Shortly after a customer presented himself, and the shoes pleased him so much, that he paid more than usual for them ; and with the money thus obtained, the shoemaker was able to purchase sufficient leather for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out that very evening, and the next morning he arose with fresh courage to enter upon his work ; but it was useless, there they stood all complete, and a customer was not long wanting, who paid him so much, that he could procure leather for four pairs of shoes. Early the next morning he found the four pairs finished ; and so it went on, what he cut out in the evening was always finished in the morning, so that he soon had a comfortable income, and was a prosperous man. One evening, not long before Christmas, when the work was cut out, before going to bed, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Suppose we were to sit up to-night, and watch who it is that gives us such assistance ?" The woman agreed, and lighted a candle, then they concealed themselves in a corner of the room, behind the clothes which were hanging on the wall, and so they watched. When midnight came, two pretty little men made their appearance ; they had no clothing, and they seated themselves before the shoemaker's bench, taking up the work that was ready laid there ; they sewed, knocked, and drilled so earnestly, that the shoemaker could not remove his eyes for astonishment. They did not cease until all was finished, and placed on the bench, then they ran quickly away.

The next morning the woman said, "The little men have made us rich, we ought to show ourselves grateful for it ; they run about, have nothing on, and must freeze. I tell you what I will do, I will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, and trousers for each, and knit them some stockings ; you make the shoes." "That I will certainly

do," was the reply ; and when all was ready, in the evening, instead of the work, the little articles were put on the bench. The people then again hid themselves, in order to observe what the little fairy men would do. About midnight, they sprang into the room, and wished to begin their work at once ; but there was no leather ready, only some nice little garments, which appeared to astonish them much at first : however, they seemed quickly to comprehend. With all despatch they dressed themselves, singing as they did so,—

"Are we not gentry fine and gay ?
Why should we longer cobbler play ?"

With this they danced, and jumped over stools and benches, and diverted themselves for some time, and finally retired. But they never returned ; so the shoemaker was obliged for the future to do his own work ; but he found plenty to do as long as he lived, and all succeeded that he undertook.

SECOND TALE.

THERE was once a poor servant who was industrious and clean, she swept the house every day, and threw the dust upon a great heap before the door. One day, when about to proceed as usual to her work, she found a letter on the dust-heap ; but not being able to read it, she placed her broom in the corner, and carried the letter to her master. It was an invitation from the fairies, who begged the maiden to be sponsor for one of their children. The girl knew not what to do ; but at last, after much persuasion, and because they told her it would be considered a great offence to refuse, she consented. On the day appointed there came three fairies, who conducted her to a steep mountain, inhabited by the little people. The mountain was hollow, and everything in it was small ; but so valuable, and adapted to its purpose, that it can hardly be described. The baby was in a bed of ebony, adorned with knobs of pearl, the counterpane

embroidered with gold, the cradle was of ivory, and all for the child's use was of gold. The maid fulfilled the purpose for which she came, and then wished to return ; but the fairies entreated her to remain three days with them, and pressed so much, that she agreed : she therefore stayed, and the time passed in pleasure and amusement, the little people showing her all sorts of kindness. When the time for her return came, they filled her pockets with gold, and then led her out of the mountain. When she reached home she prepared to commence her usual work, took the broom in her hand which yet stood in the corner, and began to sweep. Then some strange people came out of the house, who asked who she was, and what she was doing. It was not three days, as she supposed, but three years that she had passed with the fairy-folk, and in this time her old master and mistress had died.

THIRD TALE.

A MOTHER had her child taken from the cradle, and carried off by the fairies, and a changeling, with large head and staring eyes, substituted for her own handsome, bright baby, and the creature did nothing but eat and drink. In her trouble she went to a neighbour, to ask her advice. The neighbour, who was a clever person, told her, she must carry the changeling into the kitchen, place it by the hearth, then light a fire, and boil some water in a couple of egg-shells ; this would cause the changeling to laugh, and if it once laughed, it was all over with the fairies. The mother did exactly what her neighbour advised, and when she placed the egg-shells containing the water over the fire, the fairy-child said—

“ I am quite as old,
As your age twice told,
But I never yet saw cooking in egg-shells ! ”

and began to laugh heartily. Whilst he was laughing, there came a train of fairies, who brought the right child, placed it on the hearth, and took away the changeling with them.

The Robber Bridegroom.

THERE was once a miller, who had a most beautiful daughter, and when she was grown up, he was very desirous that she should be married, and well settled, and thought to himself, "If a desirable suitor offers, I shall not hesitate to accept him." Not long afterwards, a lover presented himself, who seemed to be very rich, and as the miller could see nothing to object to, he promised him his daughter's hand. The maiden, however, had by no means the regard for him that a bride should have for her bridegroom,* and had not the least confidence in him; but whenever she looked at, or even thought of him, a shuddering sensation came over her. One day the man said to her, "You are my bride, and have never yet paid me a visit." The maiden replied to this, "I do not know where your house is." "Oh!" replied the bridegroom, "my house is beyond there, in the wood." The girl sought for an excuse, and among other things, said, "she was sure she could not find the way." But the bridegroom replied, "You must, indeed, come next Sunday; I have invited some guests, and in order that you may easily find the way, I will have some ashes strewed through the wood." When Sunday came, and the bride was to set off, she was so reluctant, that she could not imagine the cause; and that she might be able to mark the road for herself, she filled her pockets with peas and linseed. At the entrance of the wood she perceived the ashes, and followed the track, but every now and then she threw, right and left, a couple of peas. She proceeded thus for a long space; at length she reached the darkest and thickest part of the forest, and here stood

* The lovers are called bride and bridegroom in Germany, directly they are engaged.

a solitary house, which did not please her at all, for it looked so lonely and mysterious. She entered, however, but she saw no one, and the greatest silence prevailed. All at once she heard a voice cry—

“Return, return, unhappy bride,
Within this den the murderers hide !”

The maiden looked around, and saw that the voice proceeded from a bird in a cage, which was hanging in the wall. Again it cried—

“Return, return, unhappy bride,
Within this den the murderers hide !”

The beautiful bride went out of one room into the other, in fact through the whole house, but it was quite empty ; not a human being was to be seen. At last she went even into the cellars, and there she found a very old woman, with a shaking head. “Can you tell me, good mother,” inquired the girl, “if my bridegroom dwells here ?” “Alas, poor child !” answered the old woman, “where have you come from ?—you are in a robbers’ den ! You thought you were a bride, and would soon have to prepare for your marriage—but the only marriage destined for you is death. Look ! I have been obliged to set on a large kettle, filled with water, and when they have you in their power they intend to cut you to pieces without remorse, cook, and eat you—for they devour human flesh. Unless I take pity on you, you are lost !” The old woman then hid her behind a large cask, where nothing could be seen of her. “Be as still as a mouse,” said she ; “neither stir nor move, else your fate is certain. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will fly. I have long sought an opportunity.” Scarcely was this settled than the wicked band came home, dragging in another maiden who had unfortunately crossed their path, without heeding in the least her cries and shrieks of distress. They gave her three glasses full of wine to drink—one white, one red, one yellow ; after which her heart burst. They then tore off her clothes, laid her on the

table, cut her body up, and strewed salt upon it. The poor bride behind the cask trembled from head to foot, for she now saw the fate to which her bridegroom had destined her. One of the robbers, observing a ring on the murdered woman's little finger, and being unable to draw it off as easily as he desired, took a chopper, and chopped it off ; but the finger sprang up over the cask, and fell directly in the bride's bosom. The robbers took the light to seek for it, but not finding it, one said, "Do you think it has fallen behind the great cask ?" The old woman, however, interposed, to prevent their looking there, saying, "Come and have your suppers, and look for it in the morning—the finger will not run away!"

The robbers said the old woman was right, desisted from the search, and sat down to table ; then the old woman dropped an opiate into their wine, whi h soon stretched them on the cellar floor, and nothing was to be heard but their snoring. When the bride heard this, she came out from behind the cask, but was horror-struck to perceive that the robbers, having laid themselves in rows on the floor, she must step over nearly every one in order to pass out. This, however, was happily effected without waking them. The old woman accompanied her upstairs, opened the door, and they hastened away together from the dreadful den. The ashes were all dispersed by the wind, but the peas and linseed had sprouted and grown, and pointed out the way in the moonlight. They walked the whole night, and early in the morning came to the mill, when the maiden related to her father all that had happened. When the day came for which the wedding was fixed, the bridegroom made his appearance, and the miller had invited all his relations and friends. When they were at table, they were each required to relate some story or tale, which was accordingly done ; but when it was the bride's turn, she sat still and said nothing. So the bridegroom said, "My best beloved, do you not know anything to tell ?—do tell us something." "I will tell you something that I dreamt," replied she.

"I thought I was passing through a wood, and came to a house in the middle, where not a soul appeared to live. On the wall hung a bird in a cage, which cried out—

'Return, return, unhappy bride,
Within this den the murderers hide !'

It repeated these dreadful words twice—it was only a dream, observe. Then I passed through all the rooms; all were empty, and it was so gloomy, that I felt frightened. Then I went into the cellar, and found there a very old woman, whose head shook. I said to her, 'Does my bridegroom live in this house?' But she answered, 'Alas, poor child! you have fallen into a robber's den—your bridegroom lives here, but he will cut you up, and kill you, and will then cook and eat you!' Observe, this was only a dream. But the old woman hid me behind a large cask, and scarcely was I hidden, before the robbers came home, dragging with them a maiden, to whom they gave three sorts of wine, after which her heart burst. They then stripped her, cut her to pieces, and strewed her with salt. Observe, this was only a dream. One of the robbers seeing she had a gold ring on her finger, and finding it difficult to draw off, he took a chopper, struck the finger, which flew up, and falling behind the cask where I was hidden, dropped into my bosom; and there is the finger, with the ring,'" added the maiden, drawing it forth, and showing it to all present.

During the relation, the robber turned as pale as death—he started up, and would have fled, but the guests seized him and delivered him over to justice. His evil deeds being proved, he was executed, together with his whole band.

Squire Korbes.

THERE was once a cock and a hen, who were very desirous to take a journey together. So the cock built a beautiful carriage, with four red wheels, and harnessing four little mice to it, he took his seat therein with the hen by his side, and they went away very comfortably together. Before long, they met a cat, who inquired, "Where are you going?" The cock replied—

"To Squire Korbes we are going,
For a visit is owing!"

"Take me with you," entreated the cat. "Willingly," replied the cock, "get up behind, and take care you do not fall off."

"Take heed, as up you get,
No mud upon my wheels is put;
Ye mice, be swift,
The wheels must follow;
To Squire Korbes we are going,
For a visit there has long been owing!"

A millstone now came up, then an egg, a duck, afterwards a pin, and last a needle, and they all got into the carriage and accompanied the cock and the hen. But when they reached the house, Squire Korbes was not at home, so the mice led the carriage into the barn,—the cock flew with the hen up on a beam, the cat took her place on the hearth, the duck went to the spring, the egg wrapped itself in the towel, the pin placed itself in the chair-cushion, the needle jumped into bed and made herself very comfortable in the pillow, the millstone placing itself over the door.

The squire shortly afterwards came home, and not knowing how his house had been taken possession of, went to the stove to make a fire, when the cat flung some ashes in his face; he ran quickly to the kitchen, in

order to wash it away, and the duck splashed him terribly. Upon this he took the towel to dry himself, and the egg broke and filled up his eyes. He sank into his chair, in order to rest himself, but was glad to spring up instantly, for the pin pricked him. Feeling very angry at these various disasters, he threw himself on his bed ; but the instant his head touched the pillow, the needle scratched him so, that, in a rage, he screamed loudly, and prepared to run out of doors. But, as he violently opened the house-door, the millstone fell upon his head, and killed him. Squire Korbes must have been a very bad man, to be so hardly used.

The Godfather.

A poor man had so many children that he had already asked everybody he knew to be godfather, so that when another came, there was nobody remaining whom he could request this favour of, which rather embarrassed him. He hardly knew what he should do ; however, he laid himself down, and sought to forget his difficulty in sleep. He dreamt that he was to go outside the gate, and ask the first person he met to be godfather. When he awoke, he thought the hint so good, that he determined to follow it, and going through the gate, solicited the first person he met to become his child's godfather. The man consented, and before they parted, the stranger presented the man with a little glass containing water, telling him that it was wonderful water, capable of restoring the sick to health. "One thing, however, you must observe," added he, "and that is where Death stands. If at the head, give the sick person some of the water, he will recover ; but if he stands at the feet, do not make the attempt, it would be in vain, he must die." The man was henceforth able to tell if a sick person would recover or not, he became very cele-

brated, and earned much money. He was once called to the king's child, and when he entered the chamber, seeing Death standing at the head, he healed him with the water ; this happened also a second time, but the third time he saw Death at the feet, and knew the child must die.

The man wished one day to visit his child's godfather, and relate the success of the water ; but when he entered the house, he was astonished at the singular household. On the first staircase broom and shovel were quarrelling, and dealing each other some hearty blows. He asked them where the godfather lived, to which they replied, "One flight of stairs higher." Upon coming to the second flight, he saw a number of dead fingers lying. He said, "Where does the godfather live." "Up another flight," was the reply from one of the fingers. On the third staircase lay a number of skulls, who directed him a flight higher. On the fourth, he saw some fish over the fire, who were fizzing in the pan, and frying themselves ; they also directed him one flight higher. When he had mounted to the fifth flight, he stood before a room, and peeped through the keyhole, and there he saw the godfather, with a pair of very long horns. Upon opening the door and entering, the godfather sprang quickly into bed, and covered himself closely up. Then said the man, "Good godfather, what a wonderful household you have in your house : when I was on your first staircase, there were the broom and shovel quarrelling and fighting fiercely." "How can you be so silly ?" said the godfather, "it was the man and maid-servant conversing with each other." "Upon the second flight of stairs there were dead fingers lying." "Oh, how silly you are ! they were scorzonera roots." "On the third flight, I found a heap of skulls." "Stupid fellow ! they were cabbages." "Well, but on the fifth, I surely saw some fish fizzing in the pan, frying themselves." As he spoke, the fish themselves appeared, and served themselves up. "When I got to the top of the fifth flight, I peeped through the keyhole of a door, and then I saw you, godfather, and you had long horns ; was not

that true?" The man grew frightened, when he remembered all he had seen, and ran away as quickly as he could, or who knows what the godfather might have done to him?

Dame Trude.

THERE was once a little girl who was very wilful and pert, and when her parents bade her do anything, she never obeyed; therefore, how could she be good? One day, she said to her parents, "I have heard so much of Dame Trude that I will go and see her; people say everything around her is so odd, and that she has such wonderful things in her house, therefore I feel very curious." Her parents, however, strictly forbade her to go, saying, "Dame Trude is a wicked woman, who does bad things, and if you will go, you are our child no longer." But the girl cared not for her parents' prohibition, and went to see Dame Trude. The first thing Dame Trude said to the girl when she saw her was, "Why are you so pale?" "Ah!" replied she, and she shuddered as she spoke, "I have been so frightened at what I have seen." "What have you seen?" "I saw a black man upon your staircase." "He was the man that brings the coals." "Then I saw a green man." "That was a huntsman." "Then I saw a bright red man." "That was a butcher." "Ah, Dame Trude, I am so frightened, for I looked through the window, but did not see you, only the wicked one with flaming eyes." "Oh," said Dame Trude, "so you have seen the witch in her proper shape. You are the very person I have been long wanting and waiting for, and are come at last. Now you shall give me a light." Then she changed the girl into a block of wood, and threw her on the fire. When it was all in a bright glow, she sat down by it, warmed herself, and said, "Ah! for once it burns clear!"

Godfather Death.

A POOR man once had twelve children, and was obliged to work day and night to obtain even bread for them. When the thirteenth made its appearance, he really knew no longer what to do, and ran out into the high road to see whom he could find to be godfather. The first he met was a good angel, who, knowing what oppressed the man's mind, addressed him, saying, "My poor man, you excite my compassion. I will hold your child at the font, take care of it, and make it happy while it lives." The man said, "Who are you?" "I am a good angel." "Then I will not have you for a godfather," returned the man; "you reward rich men by making them richer, and leave the poor to hunger." This the man said in his ignorance, not understanding how wisely riches and poverty are distributed. So he turned away, and went farther. Presently, he met an evil spirit, who asked him, "What do you seek? If you will have me for your child's godfather I will give him gold in abundance, and all the pleasures of the world into the bargain." "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am an evil spirit." "Then I will not have you for a godfather, you deceive and betray men." Going farther, he met Death, with his bony figure, who advanced towards him, saying, "Take me for your godfather." Who are you?" inquired the man. "I am Death, who makes all equal." "Then," said the other, "you are the man; you take the rich and the poor without making any difference, and shall be my godfather if you will." To this Death replied, "I will make your child renowned and rich, for when any one has me for a friend he can want for nothing." "Next Sunday is the christening," said the father, "be sure you are in time." The singular god-

father kept his appointment, and the child was duly baptized.

When the boy was grown up, the godfather appeared one day, and bid him follow him. He led him into the woods, and after some search showed him a herb growing there, and said, "I am now going to make you the sponsor's usual present, but mine will be of no ordinary kind, for I will make you a famous physician. When you are called to a patient I will always appear to you ; if I stand at the head of the sick person you may speak and promise assistance boldly, making sure of his cure if you administer some of this herb to him ; but if you see me at the feet he is mine : you must say all aid is vain, and that no advice in the world can save him. But beware not to apply the herb contrary to my will and directions, or it will go ill with you."

It happened, as Death had foretold, before long the young man was the most celebrated physician in the world. He need only glance at a patient to understand at once his disorder, and if he would live or die. So his fame continually spread, and he was visited by patients from far and near, and sent for in all directions ; thus riches rapidly accumulated, and he was well satisfied with his godfather's gift.

It happened once that the king fell sick, and of course the physician was sent for to declare if his recovery was to be hoped. When he entered, he saw Death standing at the foot of the bed, and, therefore knew that here the herb must fail. "If I could for once overreach Death," thought the young man to himself ; "truly he would not be pleased, but still I am his godson, and he would certainly overlook it. I will venture." Taking the sick man in his arms, he moved him, so that his feet lay where his head had been ; then administering some of the herb, the king revived and shortly after recovered. Death, however, paid the doctor a visit, looked excessively displeased, threatened him with his finger, and said, "You have taken advantage of me, and this time I will look it

over, as you are my godson ; but if you venture again you shall pay the penalty, and I will have you for my own."

Shortly after this conversation, the king's daughter fell dangerously ill. She was his only child ; he wept day and night until he was almost blind, and caused it to be made known, that whoever could save her should become her husband and heir to the crown. The physician was called, and on entering, saw that Death stood at the foot of the bed, and he ought certainly to have remembered his godfather's warning ; but the great beauty of the princess, and the desire of becoming her husband, so completely blinded him that he cast prudence to the winds. Without in the least heeding Death's angry looks, or the fist that he shook so threateningly, he raised the patient, reversed her position, and then gave her some of the wonderful herb. Her cheeks instantly assumed a faint tint, and life was restored to her.

Death seeing himself cheated for the second time, went with hasty strides to the doctor, and said to him, "Now it is your turn ;" then, seizing him firmly with his icy-cold hands, he carried him into a subterranean vault. He saw there thousands upon thousands of candles burning in numberless rows, some large, some smaller, others very small. "See," said Death, "these candles represent the lives of the human race." The doctor observed that every moment some went out, while others burnt up again ; so that the lights were continually, as it were, changing place. "Yes," repeated Death, "the large are children, the half-burnt married people in their best years, and the small are old men. Children and married people, however, often have small candles." The doctor now begged Death to show him his light, and he pointed to a snuff which threatened to go out every instant, saying, "There it is." "Dear godfather," said the terrified physician, "light a fresh one for me, for pity's sake, that I may enjoy my life, marry the princess, and become king." "I cannot do it," replied the other ; "one must burn out,

before a new one can be lighted." "Then place the old one upon a fresh one, which may continue to burn when the flame of the old reaches it," said the doctor. Death pretended to grant his request, and fetched a long candle, but in arranging it according to the godson's wish, he intentionally, and in order to revenge himself, let the end fall, so that it was extinguished. The physician sank to the ground, and was now himself the prey of Death.

Thumbling's Travels.

A TAILOR had one son, who was very small indeed, not bigger than your thumb, therefore he likewise was called Thumbling. He had, however, plenty of courage in his little body, and said to his father, "Father, I must and will go into the world and seek my fortune." "Right, my son," replied the old man, and taking a large darning-needle, he made a head to it with some sealing-wax. "There, you have a sword to defend yourself on your way." The little tailor, wishing to dine once more with his parents, hopped into the kitchen to see what his mother had cooked for his last dinner at home ; it was all ready to carry in, and the dishes stood upon the hearth. "Dear mother, what have you got for dinner ?" said he. "Look for yourself," replied she. Thumbling jumped up on the hob, and peeped into all the dishes, but stretching his neck too far over a dish, the steam from it carried him up, through the chimney, and for a while he floated on the smoke, but at last fell again to the ground. Now little Thumbling was fairly launched on the wide world, so he proceeded merrily, and after a time found work at a master tailor's ; but the eating and drinking was not so good as his mother's, and did not please him. "Mistress," said Thumbling, "if you do not give us something better to eat, I shall go, and write on your door with a

piece of chalk, "Too many potatoes, too little meat. Farewell, potatoe mill!" "What do you wish for, I should be glad to know, you little grasshopper?" said the woman, and was very angry, seizing a shred to strike him with; but the little tailor crept nimbly under a thimble, then peeped forth, and put his tongue out at his mistress. She took up the thimble in order to lay hold of him, but Thumbling ran among the shreds, and as she turned them over to look for him, he slipped into a crack in the table. "Ha, ha!" said he, and popped his head out, upon which she tried the shred again, but did not hit him, as he slipped into the table-drawer. At length he was really caught, and driven out of the house. The little fellow went on his way, and came into a thick wood, where he met a band of robbers, who were laying a plan to steal the king's treasure. When they saw the little tailor, they thought to themselves, "Such a little fellow as this could creep through a key-hole, and be of immense service to us." "Heigh, little man," cried one, "will you go to the king's treasury with us? such a Goliath might easily creep in, and cast the money out to us." Thumbling thought for awhile, at last he said, "Yes," and accompanied them to the treasure-chamber. They examined the door from top to bottom, in order to discover some crack, and soon found one, large enough to admit their small accomplice. He wished to creep in at once, but one of the sentinels just caught sight of him for a moment, and said, "What an ugly spider there is! I will tread upon it." "Let the poor thing be," said the other; "it has done you no harm."

Thumbling therefore escaped through the crack, found his way into the treasure-chamber, opened the window, and threw out the crowns to the robbers, who were standing beneath. When the little tailor, who was quite excited by his employment, was in the midst of the work, he heard the king coming to survey his treasure, and crept away with all dispatch. The king observed that the treasure had been disturbed, and was

not slow in missing his crowns ; but could not imagine who could have stolen them, locks and bolts being untouched, and all well secured. Upon leaving the treasury, he said to the two sentinels, "Be watchful, there is somebody after the money;" and shortly afterwards, when Thumbling began again to work, they distinctly heard the money ringing, as the crowns struck each other, klip klap ! klip klap ! They opened and entered the building, as quickly as they could, hoping to catch the thief. But Thumbling was too quick for them, he jumped into a corner and covered himself with a crown, so that he could not be seen in the least ; then mocked the sentinels, crying, "Here I am." The men ran, but when they came to the spot whence the voice had proceeded, the little tailor was no longer there ; but from another direction called out, "Here I am, ha ! ha !" The sentinels jumped about, but Thumbling changed his place so adroitly, that he kept them on the move in hopes of discovering somebody, until they were quite wearied out, and went away. Thumbling then resumed his work, threw by degrees all the crowns out of the window, rung and sounded the last with all his might, and then nimbly springing upon it, flew with it through the window. The robbers praised him mightily, "You are quite a hero," said they ; "will you become our captain ?" Thumbling thanked them, but declined the proffered honour, as he was desirous of seeing more of the world. They divided their spoil, but the little tailor received only a ducat, as he could carry no more.

Girding on his sword, he took leave of the robbers, and pursued his way manfully. He applied to several masters for work, but they would have nothing to say to him, so after a while he hired himself as servant in an inn. Here the maids could not bear him, for he was always about, and saw everything without their seeing him ; he also told their mistress of all their bad ways, of the things taken off the plates, and out of the cellar. They, therefore, said to him, "If we catch you, we will drown you ;"

and they promised each other to play him some trick. One of the maids mowing one day in the garden, saw Thumbling jumping about, and creeping under and over the grass ; so she mowed the grass very quickly, where he just happened to be, bound it all in a bundle, and threw it secretly to the cows. There was a large black one among them, which took him up with a mouthful of hay directly, and swallowed him, without, however, hurting him. When once down, however, he felt no liking for his situation ; it was quite dark, and no light burning. When they came to milk the cow, he called out,—

“ Strip, strap, stroll,
Will the pail be soon full ?”

But the noise of the milk falling into the pail hindered his voice being heard. Shortly afterwards the master came into the stable, and said, “ That cow shall be killed to-morrow.” This heartily frightened Thumbling, and he cried out with a clear voice, “ Pray let me out ; I am in here !” The master heard this very well, but could not make out whence the voice proceeded. “ Where are you ?” asked he. “ In the black cow,” was the answer. But the master could not understand what this meant, and went out.

The next morning the cow was killed ; happily, in the cutting and quartering, Thumbling escaped a cut ; but he was laid aside with the meat intended for sausages. When the butcher began to chop, he cried with all his power, “ Don’t cut deep, don’t chop deep, I am under.” But the noise of the chopper prevented his being attended to. Poor Thumbling was now in a sad dilemma ; but danger sharpens one’s faculties, and he sprang nimbly from side to side, avoiding the blows of the chopper, none of which fortunately touched him, so he escaped with a whole skin. But get away he could not, there was no help for him, he must be pushed with the sausage-meat into a bladder, and make himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances. His quar-

ters were very confined, and then besides, the sausage was hung in the chimney to smoke, which not being an amusing spot, time passed heavily. At last winter came, and he was taken down, to be set before a guest ; and as the hostess cut the sausage into slices, he was obliged to watch, lest, by stretching forth his head, he should be decapitated ; at length spying an opportunity, he took advantage of it, and sprang out of the sausage, very happy to be once more with his fellow men.

However, he did not longer remain in the house, where things had gone so perversely with him ; but again set forth on his journey, happy in being free : but this did not last very long. A fox came hastily running across the field, and in a moment had snapped up poor little Thumbling. "Oh, master fox," cried the little tailor, "it is I who am sticking in your throat ; pray let me go." "Truly," replied reynard, "you are as bad as nothing at all, not in the least satisfying ; promise me the hens in your father's yard, and I will set you at liberty." "With all my heart," replied Thumbling ; "you shall have all the hens, I promise you faithfully." The fox then coughed, and set him at liberty, and carried Thumbling home himself ; and when the father saw his dear little son again, he willingly gave the fox all the hens he had. "I bring you, father, a piece of gold from my travels," said the little fellow ; and thus saying, he produced the piece of gold the thieves had allotted him.

How was it, though, that the fox got all the poor little hens ? Silly child ! would not your father rather have you, than all the hens in his yard ?

Fitcher's Bird.

THERE was once a wizard who took the form of an old man, went round to the houses, and, under pretence of begging, took the opportunity of seizing the young maidens. Nobody had an idea how he managed it, or where he took them, because they never again appeared. He one day stood and begged before the door of a man who had three handsome daughters, and carried a satchel or bag on his back as if to collect alms. He begged for a morsel of bread, and when the eldest came out, and was about to give him a piece of bread, he only touched her, and she was obliged to jump into his bag. He then hastened away, bearing her to his house in the midst of a dark wood, where everything, however, was most magnificent. Once there, she had everything she could wish for; and he said kindly, "You will be very happy here with me, because you have all your heart can wish for." This lasted for a couple of days, and then he said, "I have a journey to take, and must leave you alone for a short time; here are the keys of the house, you can go everywhere and see everything, except one chamber, which this key opens, and that is forbidden to you, upon pain of death." Together with the keys he gave her an egg, saying, "Preserve it with the greatest care, and carry it always about with you, lest it should be lost, for that would bring great misfortune upon you." Taking the keys and the egg, she promised to look after everything; but when he was gone she could not resist the impulse of curiosity, and after having examined the house from top to bottom, she went to the forbidden chamber and opened that door also. What can express the terror she felt at the sight that met her gaze! a large tub stood in the middle of the

chamber, filled with mutilated dead bodies. In her alarm the egg which she held in her hand fell into it, and although she quickly took it out, and wiped off the blood, it was of no use, it appeared again directly after ; washing and rubbing, likewise, were of no avail, the proof of her curiosity was not to be removed. In a short time the man returned home from his journey, and the first thing he did was to ask for his keys and the egg. With a trembling hand she gave them to him, and looking closely at both, soon he saw that they had been carried into the forbidden chamber. "Very well!" said he to the maiden, "you have, against my will, been into that chamber, you shall now enter it against your own." Saying this, he seized her by the hair, cut her to pieces, and then cast her into the tub with the others.

"I must now go and fetch the second," said the wizard to himself. Assuming again the figure of a poor man, he went and begged before the house. The second brought him a piece of bread, and, like the first sister, the touch of the old man was sufficient to make her his prey, and he bore her away. It happened to her exactly as it had to the first maiden, the keys and the egg were entrusted to her charge, her curiosity overcame her prudence, and on the man's return her life was the forfeit. He now went for the third, but she was prudent and sly, and when she received the keys and the egg, she first put the egg carefully away, and then went into the forbidden chamber. What a sight met her view ! both her dear sisters lay in the tub miserably murdered, and cut to pieces. But she collected herself, and looking out all the pieces belonging to her sister's bodies, placed them in their proper positions—heads, arms, and legs all were there. The members began to move, united themselves ; finally, both maidens opened their eyes, and were again alive. How heartily they rejoiced, kissed, and embraced each other !

In due time the wizard returned, and immediately demanded the keys and the egg, and discovering no trace

of blood upon the latter, he said, " You have stood the proof, and shall therefore be my bride, and whatever you require I will do." " Then," replied the maiden, " you must first of all carry a basket full of gold to my father and mother ; you must yourself take it, and carry it on your back, in the meantime, I will arrange for the wedding." Running to her sisters, whom she had hidden in a chamber, she said, " The moment for saving you and arranging your escape is come, the wicked wretch shall himself carry you home ; but pray, as soon as you arrive there, send me help." She then put both into a basket and covered them entirely up with gold, so that not a bit of them could be seen. She then called in the old wizard, and said, " Now carry the basket away, but I shall watch out of my little window how you go, and, therefore, take care that you do not loiter or stop by the way."

The basket was placed on the wizard's back, and he went away, but it was so heavy that the perspiration ran down his face, and he was very desirous of resting awhile ; but one of the sisters in the basket instantly cried out, " I am looking through my little window, and see you are idling ; will you go on ?" Thinking the voice proceeded from his bride, he got up and proceeded. A little while afterwards he wished to sit down and rest, but the voice again cried, " I am watching through my little window, and can see you resting ; will you go on ?" and as often as he stood still, they called out, and he was compelled to proceed, until at last, gasping and out of breath, he delivered the basket containing the two maidens and the gold at the house of their parents.

In the mean time, the bride had ordered the wedding feast, and invited the friends of the wizard ; then taking a death's head she put on it some ornaments and a crown of flowers, carried it to the top window of the house, and placed it as if it were looking out. Everything being ready, she dipped herself in a cask full of honey, then cutting open a feather-bed, she rolled herself well in the

feathers, so that she resembled some wonderful kind of bird, more than anything else, and no one could have recognised her. Then she took her way to her own house, and on the road was met by some of the guests going to the wedding, who asked her—

“Whence do you come?—are you Fitcher’s bird?”
“I am, and I go to seek my lord.”
“Is the young bride ready her guests to greet?”
“Yes, all is prepared, and the house is meet,
So she looks from the window, abroad.”

Very near her own house, she encountered her bridegroom walking slowly back, glad to be released from his heavy burden: he did not in the least suspect who he was addressing, but asked, as the others had done—

“Whence do you come?—are you Fitcher’s bird?”
“I am, and I go to meet my lord.”
“Is my young bride ready her friends to greet?”
“She is, and she’s dressed from her head to her feet;
So she looks from the window, abroad.”

Upon this the bridegroom looked up, and seeing the dressed-up skull with its grinning teeth, he thought it was his bride, so he nodded to her very kindly; but just when he and all his friends had arrived at the house and were preparing to call down the bride, the brothers and relations of the three maidens arrived, who were sent for to save her from being married to the wizard. They shut all the doors, so that none could escape, then setting fire to the house, the wizard and all his party were consumed in the flames.

Old Sultan.

A FARMER had a faithful dog named Sultan, who had grown old and lost all his teeth, so that he could no longer seize and hold. One day, the farmer standing before the door with his wife, said, "I shall shoot that old dog in the morning, for he is no longer of any use!" But the wife, having compassion on the faithful creature, said, "He has served us so many years, and been so useful, I think we might spare him a crust." "Indeed, wife," replied the man, "you are not very wise in your proposal; he has not a single tooth left in his mouth, and what do the thieves care for him? He might just as well go: if he has been a good servant, he has had good wages in the shape of food."

The poor dog was lying not far off in the sun, and he felt rather melancholy, when he heard the farmer declare the following would be his last day. He had one kind friend, that was a wolf; to him he went in the evening, and finding him in the wood, complained of the fate awaiting him. "Listen, comrade, and be of good courage; I have thought of something to help you out of your difficulty. To-morrow, early, your master and mistress go out to make hay, taking the infant with them, as there will be nobody at home. While they are at work, they generally leave the child in the shade under a hedge; lie down by it, as though you would watch it, I will then come out of the wood, and run away with the child; you must rush after me, as if you would rescue it, I will then let it fall, and you can carry it back to the parents, who, believing that you have saved the child's life, will be too grateful to you, to be able to do you any harm; but, on the contrary, you will be in great favour and want for

nothing for the future. The proposal pleased the dog, and as it was supposed, so it fell out. The father cried out when he saw the wolf coming through the field with his child ; but when old Sultan recovered and brought it back, his joy was great, he stroked the old dog, and said, "Not a hair should be hurt, but that he should be welcome to all that he wanted to the end of his days." He then directed his wife to go home directly and make a good bowl of sop for old Sultan, as that would require no teeth, and added, "Bring the pillow off my bed, I shall let him have it to lie upon."

From this time old Sultan had nothing to wish for ; he was very kindly treated, and caressed. Before long, the wolf paid him a visit, and was very much satisfied that their plan had succeeded so well. "But, gossip," said he, "if I now occasionally make free with one of your master's fat sheep, you will not see the deed, and of course say nothing about it, it is harder than ever to procure one's living now." "Do not calculate upon any such thing," replied the dog ; "I must remain true to my master, and cannot consent." The wolf, however, could not believe him in earnest, so came prowling about in the night, and tried to carry off a sheep ; but the faithful Sultan, having betrayed the wolf's proceedings to his master, the former gave him a sound thrashing with a cudgel, so that the wolf was glad to run away, exclaiming, "You shall pay for this, you deceitful friend !"

The next day the wolf sent the boar to arrange a hostile meeting, but old Sultan could find no second, except the old house-cat, who had but three legs ; and as they proceeded together to the place of meeting, puss limped along, the difficulty of walking causing her to wave her tail high in the air. The wolf and his second were already on the spot, but when they saw their antagonist approach, mistaking the cat's upstretched tail for a sabre, they thought the dog was bringing one to attack them with ; and the poor creature limping so terribly, made them think likewise, that each time it picked up a stone to

fling at them. They therefore were afraid to encounter them, and the wild pig crept into the thicket, while the wolf sprang into a tree. When the dog and the cat arrived, they wondered greatly that no one was visible, and the wild pig not having quite concealed himself in the thicket, his ears peeped out ; the cat, seeing them move, supposed it was a mouse, sprang courageously upon them, and bit them with all her might. The pig raised a horrible outcry, and ran away, crying out, "There is the guilty creature up in the tree !" The dog and the cat looked up, and saw the wolf, who felt much ashamed of the fear he had exhibited ; so he came down, and made peace with his old friend the dog.

The Six Swans.

A KING hunting once in a wood, was carried away by the ardour of pursuit from all his attendants, and at last found himself alone. As evening approached, he halted and looked around, but soon saw that he had lost his way, and knew nothing of the spot where he then was. He sought for some outlet from the wood ; but although he tried various directions, he seemed unable to extricate himself from his position. All at once an old woman with palsied head appeared before him, and she was a witch. "Good mother," said the king, "will you guide me, or show me some path out of this wood ?" "Yes, my lord," replied she, "but only on one condition ; and if you do not consent to this, you will never get out of the wood, and must die of hunger." "What sort of a condition is it ?" inquired the king. "I have a daughter," replied the old woman, "as lovely as sun ever shone upon, and she well merits to be your wife ; make her your queen, and I will show you a path out of the wood." The king in his eagerness consented, and the old woman led

him to a cottage, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the king as if she was expecting him, and he immediately saw that she was very handsome. Nevertheless, her beauty was not of a kind that pleased him, and he could not look upon her without a secret shudder. When he had placed the maiden on his horse, the old woman showed him the way out of the wood, and the king arrived again at his royal palace, when the marriage took place.

The king had already been married, and had seven children by his first wife, six sons and a daughter, whom he loved beyond everything in the world. Fearing that the stepmother might not treat them kindly, but do them some injury, he conveyed them to a solitary castle that stood in the midst of a wood. It was so well concealed, and the way thither so hard to find, that he could not have found it himself, had not a very wise woman presented him with a clue of yarn, which had the wonderful quality of unrolling itself before him, and thus guiding him to the castle. The king went so frequently to see his children, that the queen perceived his absence ; she was curious concerning it, and desired to know what he could have to do, that took him so frequently alone to the wood. She therefore bribed one of his servants, and he betrayed the secret, telling her also of the clue which alone could indicate the way. She now had no rest until she had discovered where the king kept the clue ; then making some snow-white shirts, she sewed therein a charm, for she had learnt the art from her mother, the witch. One day, when the king was gone to hunt, she took the shirts and went to the wood, the clue guiding her. The children, seeing her approach from a distance, thought their dear father was coming, and running to meet her, sprang towards her with great joy ; then she cast over each, one of the shirts, and the instant they touched the princes, they were changed into swans, and flew over the wood. The queen returned home quite pleased with the success of her scheme, believing herself

freed for ever from her stepchildren. But the girl, not having run to meet her with her brothers, the queen knew nothing of her. The next day the king went to the wood to see his children, but found no one, except the maiden. "Where are your brothers?" enquired he. "Ah! dear father," replied his daughter; "they are all gone, and have left me alone." She then related to him, how from her window she had seen her brothers, as swans, fly away over the wood, showing him the feathers which they had dropped in their flight, and which she had picked up. The king was in great grief at the account, but he never suspected the queen of the wicked deed. Yet, fearing something might likewise happen to his dear daughter, he determined to take her with him. But her fear of her stepmother made her urgently entreat to be left for only this night in the castle, to which her father unwillingly consented.

The poor child thought to herself, "My stay here is now very short, I will go and seek my brothers." When night came on, therefore, she ran away, and plunged deep into the wood. She walked through the night, and also the next day, until she could proceed no further from fatigue. She then saw a hunting lodge, and entering it found a room with six beds, but she did not venture to take possession of one, she only crept under it, intending to pass the night on the hard boards. However, just as the sun was about to sink, she heard a rustling sound, and saw six swans come flying in. They placed themselves on the ground, and blowing upon each other, blew off all the feathers, and then the swan-skin stripped itself entirely off like a shirt. The maiden, who saw all that took place, knew her brothers, crept from under the bed, and expressed her pleasure to meet them again. The brothers were not less pleased to see their little sister, but their joy was of short duration. "This cannot be your resting-place," said they, "it is the abode of robbers; if they come home and find you here, they will murder you without hesitation." "Can you not protect me?"

enquired the maiden. "No," returned they; "for we can only put off our swan's form for a quarter of an hour every evening, for this space we resume our human form, after that we again become swans." The sister wept upon hearing this, and said, "Is there no way of releasing you?" "No," said they, "for unfortunately the conditions are too difficult. For six years you must neither speak nor laugh, and during that period you must make us shirts of asters by sewing them together. A single word spoken destroys the value of all you have done, and your effort has been in vain." Just as the brothers finished these words, their quarter of an hour had expired, and in the form of swans they flew through the window.

The maiden, however, took a firm resolution to release her brothers, if it should even cost her her life. She left the hunting-lodge, climbed a tree to pass the night, and the next morning collected flowers for her work from far and near, which she instantly began. She had nobody to speak to, and no mind to laugh, but she sat and worked incessantly. After she had passed a long time thus, it happened that the king of the country was hunting in the wood, and came with his huntsmen to the tree upon which the maiden sat. They called to her as soon as they discovered her, saying, "Who are you?" but she made no reply. "Come down to us," continued they, "we will do you no harm," but she only shook her head. As they continued to press her with questions, she threw down to them her golden necklace, thinking that would satisfy them, but as this only further excited their curiosity, and they did not desist from their entreaties that she would descend, she threw down her girdle, and this appearing useless, her armlets disappeared in the same way, and gradually everything with which she could dispense, and she had only her under garments left her. But the huntsmen were not to be turned aside, and one of them, finally ascending the tree, bore the maiden down in his arms, and brought her to the king, who asked, "Who are you, and what are you doing in the tree?" but obtained no

answer. He asked her the same questions in all the languages with which he was acquainted, but she continued as mute as a fish. However, she was so lovely, the king felt a great attraction towards the singular maiden ; therefore wrapping his mantle around her, he took her to his palace. Then the most beautiful robes were brought, and when she thus appeared shining in all her beauty, he was so overcome that he could not say a word. He placed her by his side at the feast which was served up, and her agreeable manners and maidenly bearing pleased him so much, that he said, "I will marry this maiden ; none other shall be my wife." Accordingly, a few days afterwards the marriage took place.

Very unfortunately, the king had a wicked mother, who was excessively discontented with the marriage, and said unkind things of the young queen. "Who knows who the creature is ?" said she ; "she cannot even speak, and therefore is not worthy of the king." Her dislike to the queen was increased, instead of being mitigated, by her gentle, amiable manners, and when, about a year afterwards, the young queen had a son, the old woman took it away secretly in the night, and smeared the queen with blood, to make it appear that she had devoured her own child, of which, indeed, she accused her to the king. He, however, could not believe it possible, and would not suffer anything to be done to her. The young queen sat continually working at her shirts, and heeded nothing else ; but again she had a little son, which the mother-in-law took away as before, making the same charge against the poor young queen. The king, however, could not yield belief to the old queen's story ; "She is too pious and good," said he, "to be able to do anything so wicked ; if she were not dumb, and therefore incapable of defending herself, I am sure her innocence would be evident." When, however, for the third time the new-born infant, by the wicked contrivance of the old queen, was missing, he could say nothing more in her defence, but was unwillingly compelled to leave her in the hands of

justice, and she was condemned to suffer death at the stake.

When the day came on which the sentence was to be carried into execution, it was exactly that on which the sixth shirt would be completed, in fact, the last day of the six years, during which the good sister had neither spoken nor laughed, and had therefore freed her brothers from the sorcerer's power. The shirts were finished, except that the left sleeve was wanting to one of them, and when she was led to the stake she carried the shirts on her arm. As she stood there, and fire was about to be applied, she looked up and saw six swans sailing through the air. This rejoiced her heart greatly, for whatever happened she felt sure of their release. The swans hovered over her, and then gently sank down, so that she could cast the shirts over them, and the instant they touched the swans their swan-skin fell from them, and her brothers again stood before her, handsome and well, only that the youngest wanted the left arm, and had a swan's wing instead. They embraced each other, and the queen, advancing to the king, who was overcome with surprise, addressed him, saying, "Dearest husband, I may now speak, and declare to you my innocence ; indeed, I have been accused very falsely." She then related the treachery of the old queen, in conveying away and concealing the three children ; and to the king's great joy they were produced, while the wicked mother-in-law was condemned to the punishment she had procured for the young queen, to be bound to the stake and consumed to ashes ; but the king and queen, with her six brothers, lived many years together in peace and happiness.

Rosaline.

MANY years ago there lived a king and a queen, who every day said, "Ah! that we had only a child," for they earnestly desired one. It happened that one day, when the queen was bathing, a frog leaped out of the water, and standing on the brink of the bathing-place, said to her, "Your warmest wish shall be fulfilled ; before a year passes you will have a daughter :" and exactly as the frog prophesied so it came to pass. The queen had a daughter, lovely as the moon, and the king in his joy hardly knew what to do. He proclaimed a festival throughout his dominions ; he invited to the palace, not only all his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but all the fairies, in order that they might be kind and well-inclined towards his child ; there were thirteen in his capital, but having only twelve golden plates, invitations were only sent to that number. The festival proceeded with all due order and magnificence, and when it was at an end, the fairies each endowed the babe with some wonderful gift ; one with virtue, another with beauty, the third with riches, and so on, until she had every possible blessing promised her. Eleven had made their offering, when the thirteenth fairy, who had not been invited, suddenly entered. She was now about to revenge herself for the affront, and without saluting any one present, or even looking at them, she said in a loud voice, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound her hand with a spindle and fall dead." Having uttered these words she turned round and quitted the hall. All present were confounded, but the twelfth, who had not yet made her present, although unable to remove entirely the evil destined to the young princess, was able, nevertheless, to apply some remedy against the effect of the thirteenth

fairy's decree, so she said, "It shall not prove death, but only sleep for a century, that shall seize the princess."

The king, desirous above all things to preserve his dear child from the impending misfortune, gave an order that every spindle throughout his dominions should be burnt, and appointed officers to see it carried out. All the gifts of the other fairies were bestowed as they promised, for she was so beautiful, amiable, and intelligent that no one could help loving her. It chanced that precisely on the day on which she became fifteen, the king and queen were absent from the palace, and the maiden was left in it alone. She happened to take it into her head to visit all parts of it on this day, and looked into apartments and rooms she had never seen before. Stopping at the foot of an old tower, she ascended the narrow turret-stair, and came to a small door, in the lock of which was a rusty key, and upon turning it, the door opened, and she saw a small chamber, in which sat an old woman spinning flax very busily with a spindle. "Good day, good mother," said the king's daughter, "what are you doing?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, nodding her head. "What is this thing that jumps about so oddly?" asked the maiden, taking the spindle into her hand. "I should like to try to spin." But scarcely had she touched the spindle than the enchantment took effect, she pricked her hand, and that instant dropped on the bed near which she stood, to all appearance dead, the sleep was so deep. This sleep gradually extended itself to all in the castle. The king and queen, who had just returned, and had only entered the hall, fell asleep, and likewise all their attendants. The horses in the stable, the dogs in the court, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, even the burning of the fire on the hearth was suspended, and the meat roasting before it no longer turned; the cook and the kitchen-maids fell suddenly asleep in their occupations, even the wind was hushed, and not a leaf moved or stirred around the palace.

A thorny hedge, however, sprung up around the palace, which increasing each year, at last entirely surrounded

the whole domain, rendering the palace impenetrable to all, and invisible in every part, even to the weathercock on the roof. Nevertheless, the story was reported through all lands, and from time to time kings' sons would arrive for the purpose of discovering for themselves if the history of the sleeping Rosaline were true. In this, however, they had no success, for whenever they attempted to push their way through the thorns, the branches, as if they had hands, held firmly together, and the young men being caught by them, could not extricate themselves, but perished miserably. After many, many years, a king's son travelling through the country, heard the story from a very aged peasant, who related that within the thorn hedge, a wondrously beautiful princess, named Rosaline, had slept for a hundred years, the king and queen, and all the court, being under the same influence. His grandfather had told him that several princes had made an attempt to penetrate the enclosure, but had perished in consequence. "I fear nothing," said the prince, "I will enter, and behold the lovely Rosaline." The good old peasant tried in vain to dissuade him—he did not listen to his words. The hundred years had just expired, and the day had arrived for Rosaline to awake. When the prince approached the thorn hedge, to him it was nothing but beautiful flowers, which offered no resistance to his progress, but parted of themselves, as if to offer an easy passage to his step, but once passed, it was again a thorn hedge. In the courtyard he saw the horses and the hunting dogs sleeping, and on the roof the pigeons had their heads tucked under their wings, in very comfortable fashion. When he came into the house, there were the flies on the wall, the cook in the kitchen with his hand extended to receive the spice-box from one of the maids, while another, seated, was about to pluck a black hen which lay in her lap—all were asleep. He proceeded, and coming into the hall, there was the whole court asleep—king, queen, courtiers, and all; passing through all these, where everything was still as death, and not a

breath to be heard, he came to the tower, and opened the door of the little chamber in which Rosaline slept. How was he astonished at the beauty of the maiden ! so much greater even than he had expected ; he could not turn away his eyes, and stooping down, he gave her a kiss. As if awakened by this, Rosaline opened her eyes, and looked kindly around. She then arose, and accompanied by the prince she descended the stairs to the hall, where the king, queen, and all the party were awake, regarding each other with astonishment. The horses and dogs likewise arose and shook themselves, the pigeons flew forth to the fields ; flies, fire, meat, cook, and maids, were all awake, and stirring with an activity perfectly commendable under the circumstances. The story was soon told, and listened to with attention by all ; and the king, at the conclusion, consenting to bestow his dear Rosaline upon the prince, preparations for the wedding were immediately commenced, and in due time it was celebrated with extraordinary splendour.

Fundvogel.

THERE was once a forester, who went into the wood to hunt, and as he was looking about, he heard what he thought were the cries of a child ; proceeding in the direction whence they came, he arrived at a tall tree, upon which was the child. The mother had fallen asleep under the tree, and a bird of prey had seized the child by her side, and carried him off to his nest in the high tree. The forester climbed the tree and rescued it, intending to carry it home and bring it up with his only child, a girl named Ellen. This he accordingly did, and the two children grew up together, the forester calling the boy, who had been found in the tree, Fundvogel. Fundvogel and Ellen therefore loved each other greatly, so much so, that one was always unhappy if the other was not present.

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FUNDVOGEL.

The forester had an old servant, who, taking two pails, went one evening to the spring to fetch water : this she repeated so frequently that Ellen's curiosity was awakened, and she asked old Sanchen what she wanted so much water for. "If you will tell nobody," replied Sanchen, "you shall know." The child promised to say nothing. "Then," said the old servant, "to-morrow morning, early, when my master is gone to hunt, I shall put this water on to boil, and when it boils, I shall put Fundvogel in, and cook him."

The next morning very early the forester arose, and went out to hunt, and when he had gone the children were still in bed. Then said Ellen to Fundvogel, "I will tell you something. Old Sanchen fetched so many pails of water into the house last night, that I asked her the reason ; and she said that, if I would tell nobody else, I should know the reason ; then she said that when my father went early to hunt to-morrow morning, she intended to boil the water, put you in, and cook you ; let us, therefore, get up quickly, and run away together."

The children accordingly got up, dressed themselves very quickly, and went out. When the water boiled in the kettle, the old servant went into the sleeping-room to fetch Fundvogel, and put him in. But when she came to the bed, both children were gone, which made her terribly frightened, for she thought, "What shall I say when the forester returns home, and sees that the children are gone ? I must be after them quickly, and fetch them back again."

Old Sanchen then despatched three servants, telling them to run after them, and bring them home. The children, however, had reached the wood ; and when they saw the three men running from a distance, Ellen said to Fundvogal, "Never forsake me, and I will never leave you." To which Fundvogel replied, "I will never leave you." Then said Ellen, "Be a rose-tree, and I a bud upon you." The three servants now came to the entrance to the wood ; there was nothing to be seen of the children,

only a rose-tree with a rose upon it. "They are not here," said they at once; and returned home, telling Sanchen they had seen nothing, except a rose-tree with one rose upon it. "You simpletons!" said the old woman, scolding them, "you should have broken the stem of the rose-tree, and plucked the rose, and brought it with you: quick, and do it now." The servants were, therefore, again obliged to depart; but the children saw them coming a long way off, and Ellen said, "Fundvogel, never forsake me, and I will never leave you." To which Fundvogel replied, "I will never leave you." "Be a church, then," said Ellen, "and I the garland in it." So when the men arrived there was nothing to be seen, but a church and the garland in it. "What is the use of wasting our time here?" said they to each other; "let us go home again." Upon their return, Sanchen asked if they had found the children; to which they replied, they had found nothing, except a church with a garland in it. "Stupid people!" said she; "why did you not destroy the church, and bring the garland with you?" The old woman now determined to go in search of them herself, and taking the three servants, departed; the children, however, from a distance saw the three servants coming towards them, and the old woman hobbling after. "Fundvogel," said Ellen, "never forsake me, and I will never leave you." To which Fundvogel replied, "I will never leave you." "Then," said Ellen, "be a pond, and I a duck upon it." The old woman now came up, and seeing the pond, laid herself down in order to drink it up. But the duck, swimming swiftly to the bank, seized her by the nose so firmly, that the old witch was drawn into the water and drowned. The children then returned home very happy; and if they are not dead, are still alive.

King Thrushbeard.

A KING had a daughter, who was fairer than all other maidens, but so haughty and proud, that no suitor was deemed by her sufficiently good. She refused one after the other, and in addition, was so ill-mannered as to turn them into ridicule. At length the king ordered a great festival, to which he invited all the men who had a mind to marry, from far and near. They were all arranged in a row, according to their rank and condition ; first came the kings, then dukes, princes, counts, and last of all the gentry. The king's daughter was conducted along the rank ; but she found something to object to each. One was too fat, "What a wine-cask !" said she ; another too tall, "Long and lean, it looks so mean," said the scornful beauty ; another was too short, a fourth too pale, another too red ; in short, the princess found something to object to each, adding a speech, which did not fail to irritate extremely the person rejected. There was one good king at whose expense she was especially inclined to make merry, for having a pointed chin ; she said, it reminded her of a thrush's bill, and from this he acquired the *sobriquet* of King Thrushbeard.

The old king, however, when he saw that his daughter did nothing more than turn people into ridicule, and insult all the honourable men who presented themselves, was very angry, and took a vow that the first decent beggar who came to his gate should have her if he would.

Two days afterwards a musician came, and played under the windows, in order to gain a trifle. When the king heard him, he ordered that he should come up, and accordingly the musician, in his old dirty clothes, was introduced ; and after singing to the king and his daughter, begged for a small present. The king replied, "Your

music has pleased me so well, that I will give you my daughter for a wife." The princess was horror-struck, but the king said, "I have made a vow to give you to the first decent beggarman, and I will keep it." Entreaties were in vain ; the parson was fetched, and she was obliged hastily to accept the musician for her husband. When it was done, the king said, "It is not becoming that as a beggar's wife you should continue to dwell in my palace, so you may go with your husband." The beggar took her by the hand, and led her away, she being obliged to accompany him on foot. Soon they came into a great wood and she asked—

"Whose is this lovely wood ?"
 "King Thrushbeard's the good !"
 "Ah ! had I been thine,
 The wood had been mine ;
 Misguided young thing !
 I had better have taken the king."

Then they came to some meadows, and again she asked—

"Who owns these fields so broad ?"
 "King Thrushbeard the good !"
 "Ah ! had I been thine,
 The fields had been mine ;
 Misguided young thing !
 I had better have taken the king."

They then passed through a large town, and again she asked—

"Whose is this handsome town ?"
 "Truly, it is King Thrushbeard's own."
 "Ah ! had I been thine,
 The town had been mine ;
 Misguided young thing !
 I had better have married the king."

"It does not please me at all," said the musician, "to hear you continually wishing that you had another husband—am I not good enough for you?" So she was silent until they came to a very small cottage, when she exclaimed, "What a small house ! Whom does such a very tiny place belong to ?" "That is my house," said

the musician, "where we are going to live together." It was so small and low, that she was obliged to stoop to enter it ; and upon entering, her first inquiry was for the servants. "Servants!" said the musician ; "you must do for yourself all you want ; and now, make some fire directly, and put on water, that you may cook me some food, for I am very tired." The princess understood nothing of these things, and was so awkward at it, that the beggar was obliged to assist ; however, all was done at last, and after a very slender meal, they betook themselves to their rest. The next morning she was compelled to rise early, to look after the house, and for a couple of days, matters proceeded thus, until all their small store was consumed. The beggar then said to his wife, "We cannot continue to live so, eating all, and earning nothing—you must weave some baskets ;" saying this, he went out, cut some willow-rods, and brought them home. She began to plait and twine them, but the hard willow hurt her hands, and made them sore. "I see that will not do," said the man, "perhaps you may be better able to spin." She sat down and tried to spin, but the thread soon cut into her tender fingers, and the blood ran from them. "I am much afraid," said the man, "that I have made a bad bargain, and that you are able to do nothing ; work is not to be thought of, but perhaps you may be better in some kind of trade. I will get some pots, and earthenware of various kinds, and you shall sit in the market and sell them." "Alas !" thought she, "what will become of me, if any of my father's subjects come into the market and see me sitting selling pots?—how they will despise me!" But she could not help herself ; unless she would die of hunger, she must resign herself to her new mode of life. The first attempt with the earthenware was very successful, for everybody bought, because the woman was so pretty, and paid whatever she asked ; indeed, many gave her the money, and left the pots, so they lived upon the proceeds as long as the money lasted. When that was gone, the man procured a fresh supply. The princess placed herself

with it, at the corner of the market-place, and offered it for sale ; when suddenly a hussar who had been drinking came round the corner, and rode over all the pots, so that they lay shivered in pieces. She began to weep, and knew not what to do. "What will become of me ?" said she to herself ; "what will my husband say ?" However, she ran home, and informed him of the misfortune that had happened. "Who would ever sit at the corner of the market with earthenware ?" said he ; "but leave off crying, I see you are not fit for any kind of ordinary work ; so I have been to our king's palace to inquire if they want a kitchen-maid, and they have promised to take you ; you will get plenty to eat in return for your services."

The king's daughter was now a kitchen-maid, always at the cook's call, and obliged to do all sorts of hard work. She used to carry a small pot in each pocket, in which she put whatever was given her in the way of scraps, and with those she kept herself when she went home. It happened that the marriage of the king's eldest son was about to take place ; and when the company arrived, the poor woman crept upstairs to the ball-room door, and tried to look in. The wax-lights were all burning, and every instant some one entered, yet more beautiful than the other, and everything was tasteful and splendid. This reminded her sadly of her former condition, and present sad state ; and she repented of the pride and haughtiness that had so lowered her, and plunged her into such poverty. The servants, who were carrying in the costly refreshments, the smell alone of which was tempting, gave her occasionally something from the trays, which she immediately put into the pots, in order to carry home. All at once the king's son entered, dressed in silk and velvet, with a gold chain about his neck. Seeing the handsome woman stand in the doorway, he seized her by the hand, and wished to dance with her ; but she excused herself in great consternation, for she saw that it was the very king Thrushbeard, who had sued

for her hand, and whom she had treated with so much rudeness. Her struggles were useless, however, for he drew her into the ball-room, when the band to which her pockets hung, which contained the pots, broke, and the pots rolled on the floor with their contents. When the company saw what had occurred, a general laugh arose, and she was so much ashamed, that she wished herself a thousand fathoms deep in the earth. She rushed to the door in order to escape ; but on the stairs she was caught by a man, who brought her back, and when she looked at him, it was again king Thrushbeard. He said very kindly to her, " Fear not, I and the musician with whom you have been living in the miserable little house, are one and the same person. For love of you I so disguised myself, and I am also the hussar who rode over your pots. This has all been done to conquer your pride, and punish you for the scorn with which you received my love." The princess wept bitterly, saying, " I have been very wrong, and am not worthy of being your wife." But he comforted her with kind words, and said, " The bad days are all past, and now we will keep our marriage." The attendants then presented themselves, and performed their various duties to their new mistress ; the queen's father and his whole court came to wish her happiness on her marriage with king Thrushbeard, and all went happily, and the rejoicing was great. Indeed, I think we should like also to have been there.

Little Snow-white.

ONCE, in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling down like feathers, a queen sat working by a window, which had an ebony frame. While sewing, and looking every moment at the falling snow, she pricked her finger, and three drops of blood fell on it. She thought the red colour looked so pretty on the white snow, that she exclaimed, "Ah! if I had only a dear little child, as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony." Very soon after this she really had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, for she was fair, as red as blood, for her cheeks were so rosy, and as black as ebony, for her hair and eyes were black, and she was called little Snow-white ; but when the child was born the queen died.

After a year the king took another consort. She was a handsome woman, but very proud and ambitious, and could not endure that any one should exceed her in beauty. She had a magical glass in which she regarded herself, and when she stood before it and said—

"Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that may compare with me ?"

The glass replied—

"Beautiful queen, you are the loveliest in the land !"

Snow-white, however, grew up more beautiful every day, and when she was seven years old was more lovely than the queen herself. One day, when the latter stood before her glass and asked—

"Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that may compare with me ?"

The glass replied—

"You were the handsomest queen of old,
But Snow-white is lovelier, a thousandfold !"

This frightened the queen, and she turned pale with envy, and henceforward, every time she encountered Snow-white she felt her heart turn against her, so that she hated her more and more, for envy and pride grew like weeds in her mind, and she had no peace day or night. At last she could bear it no longer, but calling a huntsman, she said to him, "Take that child into the wood, let me not behold her more ; you must kill her, and, as a sign that I am obeyed, bring me her heart and liver." The man did as he was ordered, conveyed the child into the wood, and had drawn his hunting-knife to kill her, when poor Snow-white began to weep, and entreated most pathetically that he would spare her life. "Good huntsman," said she, "grant me my life, I will live henceforth in the wild wood, and never return home." The huntsman's heart was touched, and he said, "Go, poor child," for he thought to himself, the wild beasts will have devoured her ere long, and he felt much relieved that he had resolved not to kill her himself. A young fawn springing by, he killed it, and carried its heart and liver to the queen, who caused it to be salted and then cooked, imagining, while eating it, that it was little Snow-white's liver and heart.

The poor child was now entirely alone in the wood, and soon became so frightened that she was quite bewildered. She ran over sharp stones, and through thorn bushes, and wild animals rushed past her, but they did her no harm. She ran as far as her legs would carry her, and when evening came on she saw a small house, which she entered in order to rest herself. In this house everything was small, but so pretty and clean that it can hardly be described. There stood a little table, covered with a white cloth, and upon it seven little plates, each plate having its little spoon, fork, and little drinking cup. Against the wall were seven little beds, placed near each-other, with snow-white curtains. Poor Snow-white was so hungry and thirsty, that she first ate a small portion of bread and vegetable from each plate, and then drank from each

cup a sip of wine, because she did not like to empty one plate and one cup altogether, and then was so tired that she laid herself in one of the little beds, but she tried them all before she found one she quite liked—one was too short, another too long. However, the seventh suited her exactly, and she covered herself up, said her prayers, and fell asleep.

When it was quite dark the masters of the pretty little house came home. They were seven dwarfs, who dug and sought in the mountains for copper. They lighted their seven little candles, and it now being very light in the little house, they discovered that somebody had been there, things not being in the state in which they had left them. The first said, "Who has been sitting upon my chair ?" the second, "Who has been eating out of my plate ?" the third, "Who has been eating my bread ?" the fourth, "Who has been eating my vegetables ?" the fifth, "Who has been drinking out of my cup ?" the sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife ?" and the seventh, "Who has been eating with my fork ?" The first now looked around, and saw a little hollow in his bed, so he said, "Who has been lying on my bed ?" the others came also to examine, and every one said, "Who has been lying on my bed ?" but the seventh discovered little Snow-white in his, for she was lying there asleep. So he called the others, and they all came running with their candles. "Oh !" exclaimed all, "what a beautiful child !" They were delighted at the sight, and would not allow her to be awakened, but let her remain all night where she was. The seventh dwarf was obliged to sleep with his comrades, one hour with each, and so the night passed away.

When it was morning, Snow-white awoke, and was much alarmed upon seeing the seven dwarfs. However, they were very kind, and said, "Child, what is your name ?" "My name is Snow-white," answered she. "How came you in our house?" continued the dwarfs. She then related how her stepmother designed to have her killed, but the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had

afterwards walked the whole day, until she reached the cottage. The dwarfs said, in reply, "Will you attend to our housekeeping for us ? cook, make beds, wash, sew, and knit ? If you like to do all this for us, and keep everything in order for us, you may remain, and shall want for nothing." "With all my heart," replied the child, and staid accordingly, keeping all in excellent order. The dwarfs went every morning to the mountains, to find copper and gold, and came home in the evening, when they expected their supper ready. The maiden was all day long alone, so the kind dwarfs warned her, saying, "Beware of the stepmother ! she will shortly discover that you are here, so let nobody in."

The queen, after eating as she supposed Snow-white's liver and heart, thought she must now again be the most beautiful, and, advancing to her glass, asked—

"Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that may compare with me ?"

The looking-glass replied—

"Oh, queen, your face is fair !
But you cannot compare
With her they call Snow-white ; a child
Who lives with the dwarfs, across the mountains wild."

This astonished her; for the glass, she was well aware, did not deceive ; so she concluded that the huntsman had deceived her, and that Snow-white still lived. She thought, and thought anew, how she should destroy her, for so long as she was not the loveliest in the land, her envy left her no rest. Having at length decided upon a plan, she coloured her complexion, and dressed herself like an old woman having wares to sell, and was not to be recognized. In this mode she went over the seven mountains to the place where the seven dwarfs dwelt, knocked at the door, and cried, "Beautiful things, cheap !" Snow-white peeped through the window, and said, "Good-day, good woman ; what have you to sell ?" "Laces, of all kinds and colours," said she, displaying one made of variegated silk. "I may surely let the honest woman enter," thought

Snow-white ; so she unbolted the door, and bought the beautiful lace for her boddice. "Child," said the woman, "how ill-dressed you look ! come, for once, I will lace your boddice as it ought to be done." Snow-white, having no suspicion, stood before her, and allowed her to do it for her ; but the pretended old woman laced so quickly and tight, that the child lost her breath, and fell to the ground as if dead. "Are you the fairest now, I wonder ?" said the wicked woman, hastening home.

Not long afterwards, it being evening, the seven dwarfs came home ; but how were they horrified to see their dear little Snow-white lying on the ground, motionless, and breathless, as if dead. They raised her, and observing that her boddice was too tightly laced, they cut the fatal lace that had caused the mischief, upon which she began to breathe, and at length gradually revived. When the dwarfs heard what had taken place, they said, "The old woman was no other than the wicked queen : take care of yourself, and let nobody enter, when we are not at home." But the bad woman, in the mean time, had returned to the palace, and approaching the looking-glass, addressed to it the favourite inquiry—

" Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that may compare with me ?"

To which, as before, the glass replied to the queen—

" Ah, queen, your face is fair !
But you cannot compare
With her they call Snow-white ; a child
Who dwells with the dwarfs, across the mountains wild."

When she heard these words, her blood ran cold, for she thought she had effectually disposed of the child. "It must be done, however," said she ; "and this time I will spare no pains." Accordingly she, by magic art, prepared a comb of the most destructive quality, and disguising herself, took the form of another old woman. She crossed the seven hills, and coming to the house, knocked at the door, crying, "Buy my pretty wares, cheap !" Snow-

white looked out, and said, "Go on ; I may not let anybody in." "You may, however, look," said the woman, holding up the poisoned comb for her inspection, which pleased the child so well, that she allowed herself to be persuaded, and the door was opened. When the purchase was made, the old woman said, "Let me comb your hair nicely for you ;" and poor Snow-white, thinking no harm, permitted her to do so : but scarcely had the comb touched the hair, than the poison took effect, and the maiden fell senseless to the ground. "You miracle of beauty!" said the wicked woman, scornfully, "your reign is over," and hastened away. Fortunately, evening was at hand, and the seven dwarfs were soon at home : directly they saw Snow-white lying on the ground, their suspicions fell upon the stepmother ; they examined her carefully, and discovering the poisoned comb, drew it from her hair. Scarcely had they done so, than the maiden revived, and related all that had happened to her. Again they warned her against her stepmother, and showed her the consequence of neglecting to follow their advice, which she promised to observe for the future. Directly the queen reached home, she hastened to reap, as she thought, the fruit of her success ; and addressing the glass, said,—

" Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that can compare with me ?"

The reply was the same as before,—

" Oh, queen, your face is fair !
But you cannot compare
With her they call Snow-white ; a child
Who lives with the dwarfs, across the mountains wild."

Her rage at receiving this answer passed all bounds. "If it costs me my own life, Snow-white shall die," said she, at length. Then shutting herself up in a secret chamber, she composed of all kinds of poisonous charms an apple, fair to look at, but death to swallow. It was so beautiful, that every one who saw it, must desire to eat ; but the first morsel would prove fatal. When this

was done, she took the habit of a peasant, and crossing the seven hills, came to the dwarfs' house. She knocked, and Snow-white put her head out of the window, saying, "I may not admit anybody, the seven dwarfs have forbidden me." "Very well," returned the woman; "I shall soon get rid of my apples somewhere else. There, I will give one to you." "Thank you," said Snow-white; "I may not take it." "Are you afraid of poison?" said the peasant; "see, I will cut the apple in half, and give you the rosy part; the other I will eat myself." The apple was so artfully made, that the red alone was poisonous; and Snow-white was so caught by its beautiful appearance, that seeing the peasant eat a portion, she thought there could be no harm in it, stretched forth her hand, and took it from the woman. The instant, however, that a morsel reached her mouth, she fell dead to the ground. The queen stood for a moment contemplating the success of her stratagem; then saying, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! this time the dwarfs can do nothing for you," she departed. Her first act was to go to the glass, and she said,—

" Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that may compare with me ?"

The answer was—

" Oh, queen, you are the loveliest in the land ! "

Now, for the first time her wicked heart felt peace, that is to say, as much as such a wicked heart could.

The little dwarfs returned home the same evening, found Snow-white lying on the ground, incapable of breathing, and dead. They raised her, tried all possible means to discover the cause of her death, combed her hair, unlaced her boddice, washed her with wine and water, in short, although satisfied that in some way the stepmother was the cause of the disaster, they could not discover how, and the dear child was dead, and remained so. They laid her upon a bier, and all seven sat around, bewailing her.

for three days. They then thought of burying her, but she looked so fresh and like a living creature, and her cheeks were so red, that they said, "We cannot commit her to the earth." So they had a transparent coffin made of glass, placed her within, and caused her name to be written outside, and that she was a king's daughter. The coffin was kept upon the mountain, and one of the dwarfs was always by, to watch it. The animals also came to lament for Snow-white ; first an owl, then a raven, and afterwards a pigeon.

Snow-white had now laid for some considerable time in the coffin on the mountain, yet she only looked as if she were sleeping, for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony. It happened that a king's son lost his way in the wood, and came to the dwarfs' house to pass the night ; he had seen the coffin on the mountain, with lovely Snow-white lying in it, and had read the golden letters thereon. He therefore said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin ; I will give you whatever you like to ask for it." The dwarfs, however, replied that they would not part with it for all the gold in the world. "Give it to me, then," said the prince, "for I cannot live without seeing Snow-white ; I will value and honour her above all I hold dear." When he spoke thus, the good little dwarfs felt pity for him, and gave him the coffin ; and the prince ordered his servants immediately to raise it on their shoulders, and bear it away. In doing this, it happened that they stumbled over a branch lying on the ground, and the jerk caused the poisonous morsels of apple, which Snow-white had taken into her mouth, to return from her throat, for they had not been swallowed. Not long after, she opened her eyes, raised the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was much surprised when she found herself moving on some men's shoulders. "Where am I ?" she exclaimed. "With me !" said the prince ; and he began to relate to her all that had happened, adding, "I love you more than anything else in the world ; come to my father's palace, and you shall be my bride." Snow-

white consented, accompanied him thither, and the marriage took place with much pomp.

Snow-white's wicked stepmother was, however, invited to the wedding, and having put on the splendid robe she had had made for the occasion, she stood before the glass, and said,—

“ Mirror, tell me, can you see
Any that can compare with me ? ”

The glass replied immediately,—

“ Till now you were the fairest queen,
But now a lovelier may be seen ! ”

The wicked queen uttered a terrible imprecation against her rival, and was much disturbed at the intelligence conveyed by her faithful glass. At first, she determined not to go to the marriage ; but she had no rest, and felt compelled to go in order to see the young queen. Upon entering, she saw Snow-white, and fear and astonishment deprived her of the power of stirring from the spot, for she was the last person she expected to see. In the mean time her punishment had been prepared : iron slippers were made red-hot in a furnace, and when ready were taken out with tongs and placed before the queen. She was then compelled to put her feet into them, and dance until she fell dead, and all present felt so much detestation of her wickedness, that there were none to pity her.

The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn.

THERE once lived three brothers, who, sinking deeper and deeper into poverty, were at last in such necessity that they suffered greatly from hunger, and had not even a crust left ; so they said, “ Things cannot go on so, it would be better to go into the world and try our fortune.” Accordingly, they departed, and proceeded far, walking over much ground without meeting the fortune they were in search of. One day they entered a large wood, and

saw in the midst of it a mountain, which, when they came nearer, they saw was of silver. "Now," said the eldest brother, "I have found the good fortune I wished for, and ask for nothing better :" taking from the mountain as much as he could carry, he turned his back on his companions and went home again. The two others, however, said, "We hope for something better from our good fortune than only silver." So they would not touch it, and proceeded further. After travelling two days, they came to a mountain composed of gold ; the second brother now stood still, reflected, and was uncertain what to do. "What would be best ?" said he : "shall I take as much gold as would last me all my life, or shall I go on ?" He at last determined, filled his pockets with what they would hold, said farewell to his brother, and returned home. The third, however, said, "Silver and gold will not do for me ; why should I turn my back on good fortune ? perhaps something better is in store for me." He accordingly proceeded, and after three days came to a wood, still larger than the other, which appeared, in fact, to have no end ; and as there was nothing in it to eat and drink, he seemed likely to perish. He ascended a lofty tree, in order to discover, as he hoped, the termination of the wood, but could see nothing but the tops of trees ; therefore, he began to descend, but hunger now attacked him so painfully, that he said, "Oh ! if I could only for once satisfy my hunger !" To his great astonishment, upon reaching the ground, he saw a table beneath the tree, abundantly covered with food, the steam from which saluted his senses most gratefully. "For once," said he, "my wish is fulfilled at the right time ;" and without making any inquiries as to the cook, or who had placed the food there, he approached the table, and ate with appetite until his hunger was satisfied. Having finished, he thought "it would be a pity to leave this nice fine tablecloth here, to spoil in the wood." So he folded it neatly together, and put it into his pocket. Continuing his journey, in the evening hunger again made itself felt, and willing to make

the trial, he spread the cloth out, and said, "I wish you to be immediately covered with a good meal;" and scarcely was the wish expressed than it was covered with dishes containing all sorts of good things. "I now begin to understand who the cook is," said he; "I certainly prefer you to either the gold or the silver mountain," for he saw that the tablecloth he had brought from the wood was a "tablecloth be covered." Nevertheless, the tablecloth would not altogether satisfy him, but he determined, now he had always a dinner in his pocket, to travel over the world, and further seek his fortune. One evening, passing through a solitary wood, he encountered a charcoal-burner roasting some potatoes at his kiln for his supper. "Good evening, you black bird," said the traveller, "how do you get on in your loneliness?" "One day the same as another," returned the charcoal-burner, "and every evening potatoes; if you are inclined for some, you are welcome." "Much obliged," returned the other, "I will not lessen your meal, as probably you did not calculate upon a guest; but if you will take your chance with me, I shall be glad of your company." "Who is to supply you?" inquired the coal-burner; "for I see that you carry nothing with you, and there is nobody for miles around who could furnish you with anything." "In spite of all this we will have a supper, and a good one, too, as you shall confess." Then, spreading his cloth on the ground, he said, "Tablecloth, be covered;" and instantly it was covered with boiled and roast of all sorts, as hot as though it had just come from the kitchen. The charcoal-burner did not stay to be entreated, but attacked the good things in earnest, pushing large supplies into his capacious, black mouth. When supper was over, the coal-burner said, "Listen, your tablecloth would be exceedingly useful to me in the wood, having no one to cook for me. I will propose an exchange. In that corner hangs a soldier's knapsack; true, it is of old and mean appearance, but it possesses wonderful power. As I no longer require it, I will give it to you for the tablecloth." "I must first know what are

its wonderful powers," returned the traveller. "I will soon tell you," was the reply: "every time you strike it with your hand, a serjeant and six men, perfectly accoutred and armed, appear, and whatever you command to be done, they do." "Well," said the traveller, "I am willing to do as you propose;" so he gave the charcoal-burner the tablecloth, took down the knapsack from the hook, hung it on his shoulder, and took his leave. When he had gone some little distance, he thought he would make trial of the knapsack, and accordingly knocked upon it. The seven men instantly appeared, and the serjeant said, "What does my lord and master require of me?" "March in quick time to the charcoal-burner, and demand back my tablecloth." They did as desired, and before long they brought the tablecloth, having taken it, without many words, from the man. He then told them they might withdraw, and continued his journey, hoping his good fortune would shine yet more brightly upon him. At sunset he came to another charcoal-burner, who was preparing his supper by the fire. "Will you eat with me?" said the sooty companion; "potatoes and salt, but no butter; but you are welcome to your share." "No," replied the other; "for once you shall be my guest." Spreading his tablecloth, it was soon covered with a bountiful supply, and they ate and drank together, and were very good friends, as well as merry. After they had finished, the charcoal-burner said, "Up there, on that shelf, lies an old hat; it has very singular qualities: if you put it on your head and turn it round, a firing of cannon instantly takes place, as severe as if from a dozen pieces of artillery. No one can oppose it, for it destroys everything that comes in its way. The hat is of no use to me, and I should be very glad to exchange it for your tablecloth." "That is worth thinking of," said the traveller. Taking the hat, he placed it on his head, and handed the tablecloth to the charcoal-burner; after which, he took his leave. However, before proceeding far, he knocked upon his knapsack. His soldiers appeared, and

receiving their orders, shortly made their appearance again with the tablecloth. "One good thing comes after another," said he; "and I think my good fortune has something yet in store for me." He was not wrong, for after travelling some time, he came to another charcoal-burner, who invited him, as the two former had done, to share his simple fare. But the traveller provided something better for both, to the great satisfaction of the former, who, desiring to possess a tablecloth of such unusual quality, offered him in exchange a horn which was hanging up in his hut. When this horn was blown, all the walls and fortifications of a city fell; and if the blasts were repeated, towns and villages were laid in ruins. The tablecloth was transferred to this man likewise, but only for a time, as the soldiers quickly restored it to its first owner. Thus he was possessed of knapsack, hat, and horn. "Now," said he, "at last I am a rich man, and it is time that I returned home, to see how my brothers have fared."

When he reached the village from which they had all started together, he found that his brothers had built a fine house, and were living in riot and profusion. He presented himself before them, but his dress being worn out and torn, his hat very shabby, and the knapsack at his back very old, they would not acknowledge him for their brother, but mocked him, and said, "You give yourself out for our brother, who despised silver and gold, and aspired to a higher fortune! He will certainly return to us in all the grandeur of a king, not like a beggar;" so they drove him away. This reception aroused his anger, and he knocked on the knapsack until 150 men stood in a row before him, whom he commanded to surround the house; two of the number were then ordered to take hazel-rods and chastise the two ill-natured brothers, until they confessed their mistake. In consequence of this order being obeyed, a fearful noise arose,—people ran to the spot to render assistance, but could do nothing against the soldiers; therefore information was sent to the king,

who, being much displeased at the disturbance, sent a captain with his troop to disperse the rioters, and drive them out of the town : but the man's knapsack quickly supplied a greater force, and the captain and his troop were compelled to retreat in very bad plight. The king expressed his wrath at the presumption of the stranger, and the next day sent a larger force against him, but with the same result, for the knapsack responded to the call for men, and in addition to this, the traveller turned his little hat twice round, and the cannonade was so sharp that the king's men were either killed, or obliged to take to flight. "Now," said he, "I shall not make peace, until the king bestows his daughter upon me in marriage, and allows me to govern the whole kingdom in his name." This resolution was conveyed to the king, who said to his daughter, "'Must' is a hard word, but nothing else is left me ; I must do as he requires. If I wish for peace, and to keep the crown on my head, I must comply with his demand."

The marriage accordingly took place, but the princess was much disturbed that her husband was only a common man, who wore a very shabby hat, and always had an old knapsack hanging from his shoulder. She would have made any sacrifice to rid herself of him, and considered night and day how she could do it. "It is possible," at length thought she, "that his wonderful powers lie in that knapsack. I will try to discover." So she concealed her real feeling, caressed him, and said, "I wish you would lay aside that old knapsack, it disfigures you completely, and I am ashamed of your appearance." "Dear child," replied he, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure. As long as I have it, I fear no mortal power." He then described to her its wonderful qualities. Pretending to embrace him, she took it dexterously from his shoulder, and ran off with it before he was aware of her intention. As soon as she was alone, she knocked upon it, and commanded the soldiers who appeared, to seize her lord, and turn him directly out of the palace. They obeyed, and

the treacherous wife sent others after him, to drive him entirely out of the country. He would have been a lost man if he had not still possessed the hat; but as soon as his hands were free again, he turned the hat twice round; the cannon instantly began to fire, and the shots knocked down everything they hit, so that the princess was obliged to come herself and beg for mercy. She entreated so earnestly, and promised so fairly, that her husband allowed himself to be persuaded, and peace was restored. For some time she seemed kind, and pretended to have great affection for him, which threw him off his guard; and he one day told her that, even if any one got possession of the knapsack, no attempt against him could succeed as long as he had the hat. Having now learnt the important secret, she waited until he was asleep, and then carried off the hat, and ordered him to be immediately turned out of the palace into the street. The horn, however, was safe, so in his rage he winded it loudly. Instantly all fell together, walls, fortifications, towns, and villages, and the king and his daughter were buried in the ruins. Had he only continued, everything would have been an undistinguishable heap of stones, not one remaining upon another. But there was now no one to oppose him; therefore he became king of the entire kingdom.

Rumpelstilz.

THERE was once a miller very miserably poor, but he had a handsome daughter. Now, it happened that he had occasion to appear in the king's presence, and, in giving some account of himself and his family, thinking to increase his consequence, he said, "I have a daughter who can spin gold from straw." The king, who had a high regard for the precious metal, thought to himself, "That is a valuable art, and would please me well." Then

addressing the miller, he said, "My good man, if your daughter is so clever, bring her to-morrow to my palace, and we will put her to the proof."

When the maiden came, the king led her into a chamber filled with straw, and producing a wheel and reels, said, "Now, apply yourself quickly to work, and spin throughout the night ; for if all this straw is not spun into gold, you will die." Then securing the door, the maiden was left alone.

The miller's daughter was now in a most unhappy state, and knew not what to do, for she understood nothing of spinning gold from straw ; her trouble increased the more she thought, and at length she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a dwarf entered, who said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's maid, why are you weeping so sorely ?" "Alas !" replied she, "I am to spin gold from straw, and I understand nothing whatever about it." "What would you give me to help you ?" inquired the dwarf. "My necklace," answered the maiden, eagerly. The dwarf took the necklace, and whirr ! whirr ! went the wheel, as he placed himself at it. In three revolutions the reel was full, so he took another ; whirr ! whirr ! went the wheel again ; in three turns that likewise was full : and thus he went on, till morning came, when, behold ! all the straw was spun, and all the reels filled with gold ! The king was on the spot by sunrise, and when he saw the gold, his astonishment and pleasure were equally great ; but the desire for more directly arose in his covetous mind. He instantly took the maiden into a room yet larger, filled with straw, and told her if she valued her life, she was to spin it all into gold on the following night. The poor girl was in despair ; for how could she obey the king's command ? and seating herself, began to weep. Suddenly the door opened, and the dwarf appeared, saying, "What will you give me, if I spin the straw into gold for you ?" "The ring from my finger," replied the maiden. The dwarf took the ring, seated himself to the wheel, and the work proceeded

as before, so that by daylight all the straw was spun into gold. The king rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but his desire for gold was not yet satisfied ; therefore, he conducted the miller's daughter into a room still larger than the others, filled with straw, and said, " You must spin all this in the night, and if you succeed, you shall be my wife ;" for he thought to himself, " I could hardly find a richer wife anywhere in the world." When the king had quitted the chamber, the dwarf came for the third time, and asked, " What will you give me if I help you this time, and spin all the straw into gold ?" " I have nothing more to give you," replied the maiden. " Then," returned the dwarf, " you must promise me your first child, if you become queen." " Who can tell what may happen ?" said the miller's daughter to herself ; and her difficulty being great, she promised what the dwarf required ; and the straw was again spun into gold. When the king came in the morning, and found more gold, his delight was beyond all bounds ; he ordered general rejoicings to take place, and his marriage with the beautiful miller's daughter was celebrated. In about a year, the queen had a handsome young prince, who was heir to the crown ; and she thought not the least of her bargain with the dwarf ; when, suddenly, he appeared in her chamber, saying, " Give me the child, for it is promised to me." The queen was troubled, and offered the little man all the riches in the kingdom, if he would only leave her the child. " No !" replied he, " something living is of more value to me than all the treasures in the world." The queen now wept and lamented so much at the idea of parting with her beautiful baby, that the dwarf felt some pity for her, and he said, " I will leave you for three days ; if, during that time, you discover my name, you shall keep the child."

The queen now thought of all the names she had ever heard, and sent messengers throughout the country to seek out, and report to her, any new names they might hear. When the dwarf presented himself next day, she

began with Caspar, Melchior, Adolph, repeating all the names with which she was acquainted, one after the other ; but to each the little man said, "That is not my name." The second day she inquired of every one she knew, and repeated some very extraordinary names to the dwarf, such as Ruppenbiest, Hammelshade, Shumbein ; but the reply was the same, "That is not my name." On the third day the messengers returned, saying, "We have found not a single new name ;" but one added, "As I was crossing a mountain I came to a very small house, before which a fire was burning, and round the fire a most wonderful little man was dancing and springing, and hopping on one leg, singing at the same time,—

"To-day I bake, to-morrow I brew,
To-morrow the queen's child is mine ;
How very lucky that nobody knew,
The name Rumpelstiltz is mine."

The queen was persuaded this was her little friend, and was so happy that she had discovered his name. Shortly afterwards, when he appeared, saying, "Now, lady queen, what is my name ?" She said first, "Is your name Siegfred ?" "No." "Wilhelm ?" "No." "Perhaps it is Rumpelstiltz ?" "Some evil spirit must have told you that !" said the dwarf ; and in his rage he struck the right foot so hard on the ground, that he went in up to his body ; then seizing his left leg with both hands, he pulled with so much violence in order to extricate himself, that he tore himself in half.

Roland and his Bride.

THERE was once a woman who was a most clever witch. She had two daughters—one, ugly and wicked, whom she loved greatly, because she was her own child ; and the other handsome and good, but whom she disliked to the highest degree, being her stepdaughter. It so chanced that the stepdaughter became possessed of a very gay and beautifully worked apron, which made her sister envious, and going to her mother to complain, she went so far as to say, that she must and would have the apron. “ Be satisfied, my child,” said the witch, “ you shall have it ; your sister has long deserved death, and this very night I will come and cut off her head. Only observe well, that when you go to bed you lie next the wall, and leave the outside place to her.” The poor girl’s fate would now have been inevitable, had she not fortunately been concealed in a corner of the room, and heard all that took place. During the day there was no mode of escape, for she could not pass the door ; but when night came, although she was obliged to let her sister get first into bed, and lie next the wall, yet, when she was asleep, she contrived softly to exchange places, so that the ugly sister was on the outside. She had not long made this (to her) very satisfactory arrangement, before the maiden heard her stepmother slide into the room. She had brought an axe with her, and seizing it with both hands, she struck, and struck, until she had cut off the head of her own child.

As soon as she had departed again, the stepdaughter arose, went to her lover, who was named Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out to her, “ Listen, dear Roland,” said she, “ we must fly with all despatch ; my stepmother thought to kill me, but has destroyed her own child. Should we remain here until day comes, and

she discovers what she has done, we are lost ! " " I should advise you, however," said Roland, " first to take away her witch's staff, or we cannot escape, when she pursues us." The maiden fetched the staff, and before leaving the house, she took the head of her sister and dropped from it three drops of blood on the ground—one by the bed, another on the staircase, the third in the kitchen ; then hastening to her lover, they departed.

When the old witch arose in the morning, she called to her daughter, that she might give her the much-desired apron ; but although she called her, she came not. " Where are you ? " exclaimed her mother. " Here ! on the staircase ; I am sweeping ! " answered one of the spots of blood. The witch went out, but seeing nobody on the staircase, cried again, " Where are you, I say ? " " Here, in the kitchen ; I am warming myself," exclaimed the second spot of blood. The mother went into the kitchen, but nobody was there. Again she called, saying, " Where are you ? " " Oh ! in bed ; I am asleep," said the third spot. The witch now went to the bed-side, but what a sight met her view ! her own daughter bathed in blood, with her head cut off by her own mother's hands !

The witch was dreadfully enraged, and springing to the window, saw her stepdaughter hastening away with her lover. " That is of no use," said she ; " if you were miles off, you could not escape me." Drawing on her league boots, in which she could advance a league at every step, she pursued the fugitives, and before long had overtaken them. But the maiden having descried the witch advancing upon them, had recourse to the magic staff, and changed Roland into a lake, and herself into a duck, swimming on the surface. The witch stood on the brink, threw crumbs of bread to the duck, and took all imaginable pains to entice it, but the duck was not to be caught, and the old witch was obliged to return to her house in the evening, without having accomplished her revengeful purpose.

The maiden then resumed her shape, and restored her

beloved Roland to his, and proceeded on their journey until daybreak. She then changed herself into a lovely flower, growing in the midst of a thorn hedge, and her lover into a fiddler. Before long, the witch, who was again in pursuit, came striding up, and said, "Good fiddler, let me gather that beautiful flower." "Oh ! yes, if you wish," replied he ; "and I will play while you do so." The witch well knew who the flower was, and stretching into the hedge, was very eager to gather it. But the fiddler beginning to play, she was compelled to dance, whether she would or not, for it was a magical dance, and the faster he played, the more she must spring and jump, and the thorns tore the clothes from her body, and wounded her sadly. Nevertheless, he would not cease, and finally she sank exhausted to the ground, and shortly after died.

Being now free from the witch's persecution, Roland said, "I will return to my father's house, and give orders for our marriage festival" "I will remain here in the meantime," said the maiden ; "and wait for your return ; and until that happens, I will change myself into a red boundary-stone, that no one may know me." Roland departed accordingly, and the maiden stood in the form of a stone, awaiting her lover. But he came not ; for on his return to his father's house, he had fallen into the toils of a fresh enchantress, and forgotten his faith and the maiden left in the field, together. The poor girl stood there a very long time ; but at length, despairing of ever seeing him again, she changed herself into a flower, in the desperate hope that some one might crush her, and relieve her from her sorrows.

It happened, however, that a shepherd watching his flock in the field, saw the flower, admired it, and thinking it so lovely, gathered it, carrying it home and putting it in his box. From that time the most singular things occurred in the shepherd's house. When he arose in the morning, he found all the work done, and everything in order. The room was swept, tables and benches scoured,

fire ready, water brought in, and at noon when he came home, a good dinner was ready on the table. He could not imagine how it all happened, for he never saw a creature in the house, and it was too small for any one to be able to conceal themselves in it for very long. The good service was very acceptable, yet at last he began to be rather uneasy, and went to a wise woman, to whom he described what took place in his cottage. The woman told him it was caused by some magical art, and directed as follows : "Observe early in the morning what takes place in your room, and if you see anything move, throw quickly a white cloth over it, and the magic is a prisoner in your power." The shepherd did as advised, and the next morning as day was breaking, he saw the chest open, and the flower come out. Quick as lightning he sprang towards it, and cast a white cloth over it. The transformation was past, and a beautiful maiden stood before him, who told him that she was the flower, and under that form had hitherto kept his household in order. She also related her story, and at its conclusion, the shepherd expressed his willingness to marry her. She said, "No," although her lover Roland had forgotten her, she would ever remain true to him. But she promised not to leave the cottage, but to attend to everything as she had hitherto done.

The time now approached for Roland's wedding, and, according to the olden custom, it was made known throughout the country, that all the maidens might assemble and sing in honour of the new married pair. The maiden, when she heard what was about to take place, was so unhappy she thought her heart must break, and did not wish to go, but the other maidens would take no denial, and she was obliged to accompany them. When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back and another took her place ; but at last she alone was left, and she had no choice, but was obliged to sing. The instant her voice met Roland's ear he sprang forward, saying, "I know that voice ; she is the proper bride, and I will have no other."

All that he had forgotten came instantly to his mind, the faithful maiden was married to Roland, all sorrow was at an end, and her happiness was complete.

The Golden Bird.

SOME time ago there was a king, who had a palace surrounded by most beautiful gardens, containing the rarest trees and shrubs. Among these was a tree which bore golden apples, which were all duly counted as they ripened ; nevertheless, every morning one was missing. The king was informed of this, and he determined that every night a watch should be kept under the tree. The king had three sons, and as night drew on he sent the eldest into the garden to watch the tree, but towards midnight he could no longer resist the sleep that was gradually stealing over his senses, and lying down under the tree, the next morning an apple was missing as usual. The night following, the second son was set to watch, but it went no better with him ; when twelve o'clock struck he went to sleep, and the apple was taken. It was now the turn of the third son, who was very anxious to try what he could discover, but the king did not rely much upon him, and thought he would do even less than his brothers. However, as he was very urgent, he consented to his passing the night in the garden. The prince accordingly took up his station under the tree, but did not allow himself to be overcome by sleep, and when twelve o'clock struck, he heard something rustling through the air, and looking up saw by the moonshine that it was a bird flying towards him, whose feathers shone like gold. The bird alighted on the tree, and had just picked off an apple, when the prince discharged an arrow at it. The bird flew away, but the arrow had touched the feathers, and one fell to the ground. The youth picked it up, took it

to the king the next morning, and related what he had seen during the night. The king assembled his council, and they all declared the value of such a feather to be greater than that of the whole kingdom. "If that be the case," said the king, "one feather will not content me, but I must and will have the whole bird."

When the king's declaration was made known, the eldest son, relying upon his sagacity, instantly departed, making sure of returning shortly with the bird. After proceeding some distance, he came to the edge of a wood, where he saw a fox sitting, at which he instantly took aim. "Shoot me not," cried the creature, "and I will give you some good advice. You are seeking the golden bird, and will to-night arrive in a village, where you will find two inns standing opposite each other, one lighted up and looking very cheerful, the other looking dull and deserted; but avoid the former, and take up your quarters at the other, although it looks less promising." "How can such a stupid creature presume to offer me any advice?" said the prince to himself, and fired; but he missed the fox, who turned his tail to the prince, and ran quickly into the wood. Continuing his way, the king's son came in the evening to the village, where he found the two inns described by the fox; they were singing and dancing in one, while nothing attractive was going on in the other. "I should indeed be a simpleton," said the prince, "to enter such a miserable place, when something so much better presents itself." So he went into the one that pleased him best, lived there in riot and enjoyment, and forgot bird, father, and also every thing a prince ought to remember.

When some time had passed, and the eldest son did not return, the second felt inclined to go in search of the bird, and thought he might discover some trace of his brother. Like the latter, he met the fox, and despised the good counsel he offered; and upon arriving at the village, saw his brother standing at the window of the inn, from whence loud sounds of mirth were issuing. The brother

called to the new comer, who obeyed the invitation, went in, and fell readily into the dissolute mode of life going on within.

Again some time passed in expectation of intelligence from the princes ; but none arriving, the youngest expressed his wish to depart in quest of the golden bird and his brothers. The father listened most unwillingly. "It is in vain," said he ; "he is less likely to find the bird than his brothers, and if any mischance were to overtake him, he would be so much less capable of acting, for he is not clever at the best." The prince, however, left his father no rest, so that at last he consented, and the prince departed. Near the wood he encountered the fox, who begged his life, and proffered his advice. The youth was good-natured, and said, "Be satisfied, little fox, I will do you no harm." "You shall not repent," said the fox ; "and that you may travel more speedily, get up on my tail." As soon as he was seated, the fox began to run, and passed everything so rapidly, that the hair on his hide whistled in the wind. When they reached the village the prince alighted, followed the fox's good advice, and without looking around, entered the mean-looking inn, where he rested very comfortably. The next morning, when he came into a field, there was the fox ready again, who said, "I will now tell you what you have next to do. Follow the road that lies straight before you, and you will arrive at a castle, before which you will see a whole troop of soldiers lying ; but heed them not, for they are all asleep, as you will discover by their snoring. Pass through the midst, direct to the castle, which you will enter, and traversing all the chambers, at last arrive at one wherein is the golden bird in a wooden cage. Near it stands a magnificent golden cage ; but beware of taking the golden bird out of the wooden cage, in order to put it in that which appears more suitable, or you will deeply regret it." After saying thus, the fox stretched out his tail for the accommodation of the prince, who, availing himself of it, sped along at the former rate,

so that the wind whistled about his ears. Upon arriving at the palace, he found it just as the fox had described; the prince went into the chamber where the golden bird hung in his wooden cage, a golden cage standing near, and the three golden apples being also there. It seemed to him ridiculous to leave the beautiful creature in the common wooden cage, while one so fitting to its bright hue stood by; so opening the door, the prince seized it, and put it into the golden cage. At that moment the bird uttered a piercing cry, the soldiers awoke, rushed in, and took the intruder captive: he was led to prison, and the next morning he was placed before the judge, and as he confessed all, was condemned to death. The king, however, consented to grant him his life upon one condition, viz. that he brought to him a golden horse, which was swifter than the wind, when he promised him, as a further reward, the golden bird he had unsuccessfully endeavoured to become master of. The prince departed on this fresh task, with many sighs and misgivings as to his return. "Where could he find the golden horse?" All at once he saw his old friend the fox, sitting near the road. "Ah!" said the latter, advancing, "you see it has happened exactly as I told you. Why did you not heed my instructions?—but be of good cheer, I will take you into my confidence, and tell you how you must proceed in order to obtain the golden horse. Follow this road, and you will come to the palace where the horse now stands in the stable; the grooms will be on guard before the doors, but you will find them sleeping and snoring, and you may very deliberately proceed to lead away the golden horse. One thing, however, you must bear in mind, when you saddle him: do not take a golden one which hangs by the stall, but take one of common leather and wood, or it will be bad for you." Stretching out his tail, the fox then bid the prince mount, and they were soon flying through the air at a rate sufficient to strip off your skin. Everything occurred as the fox had said; he came into the stable where the golden horse stood, but

when he prepared to saddle him according to the fox's directions, he thought to himself, "Such a saddle as this golden one is much more adapted to so beautiful an animal." But he had hardly placed it on his back, than he began to neigh loudly ; the grooms upon this awoke, seized the young man, and cast him into prison, from whence he was led the following morning to be judged and condemned to death ; though the king promised to grant him his life, and also the golden horse, if he would procure for him the beautiful princess of the golden palace.

With a heavy heart the youth departed on this new adventure, but fortunately soon met the faithful fox. "I should certainly abandon you to the fate you have so rashly provoked," said the fox, "did I not feel compassion for you ; however, I will once more help you out of your difficulty. This road leads direct to the golden castle, and you will arrive there in the evening. At night, when all is quiet, the king's beautiful daughter goes to the bath-house to bathe. When she enters, spring forward and give her a kiss ; she will then follow you, and you may lead her away—only do not permit her, on any account, to take leave of her parents, or you will suffer for your indiscretion." Again the friendly fox extended his tail, the prince took his place, and they proceeded at a rapid rate. Upon arriving at the palace, the fox was found to have correctly described it, and the young man waited until it was midnight, and all lay in profound sleep, save the princess going to her bath. Springing up, the prince gave the maiden a kiss, and she immediately expressed her readiness to follow him, entreating only to be allowed to say farewell to her parents. At first he withheld her prayers, but as she continued to weep, and fell at his feet to move his pity, he could resist no longer. The maiden, however, had scarcely reached her father's bed-side before he and all the others in the palace awoke, and the prince was seized, and placed in security for the night. The next day the king said to him, "Your life is

forfeited, and you can only obtain your pardon by removing the hill which lies before my palace, and obstructs my view, and this must be done in eight days, at furthest. If you succeed, my daughter shall be your reward." The prince, animated by the hope of obtaining the beautiful princess, dug and shovelled away without intermission, but when he saw how little he had effected in seven days, his heart sank, and he gave up hope, for his labour had left scarcely any trace upon the hill. However, on the evening of the seventh day, the fox appeared, and said, " You deserve not that I should again interest myself in your affairs ; nevertheless, go away and take your rest—I will do this work for you." The next morning, upon waking, he looked through the window—the fox had been true to his word, and the hill was gone. Full of joy, the prince hastened to the king to announce the accomplishment of the prescribed task, and, willing or not, he was obliged to keep faith, and bestow his daughter upon the prince.

The prince and princess now departed on their journey and before long the faithful fox came up. " You have truly the best part in your possession," said he ; " nevertheless, the golden horse belongs to the lady of the golden palace." " How shall I obtain it ?" inquired the prince. " I will tell you," said the fox. " First conduct the maiden to the king who dispatched you to fetch her from the golden palace. The sight of her will awaken the greatest joy in him, and he will unhesitatingly give you the golden horse, for which purpose he will cause it to be brought out ; mount it instantly, and extend your hand to all, to bid them farewell, to the princess last ; and when you have her firmly by the hand, one spring will transfer her to you on the horse, she is then yours—for none could overtake you, the golden horse being swifter than the wind."

All this was happily effected, and the prince carried away both princess and the golden horse. The fox accompanied him, and said, " I will assist you in obtaining

the golden bird also : therefore, when you approach the palace where the bird is, you must let the princess alight, commit her to my care until you return, while you ride forward ; when the golden horse enters the court-yard, great rejoicings will take place at the sight, and they will bring out the golden bird and deliver it to you. When you have the cage in your hand, gallop back to us, take up the fair princess, and continue on your way." This bold exploit being crowned with success, the king's son prepared to return home with all his treasure ; but the fox now put in his claim to be remembered, and asked for a reward for the assistance he had given. "Certainly," replied the youth. "What do you require ?" "When we reach yonder wood, shoot me, and then cut off my head and my feet." "That would, indeed, be a bad way of showing my gratitude," returned the prince, "and I could never do it." "Then," rejoined the fox, "if you will not grant my request, I must leave you ; but, before I do so, I will give you one more piece of good advice. Avoid two things : do not purchase that which is devoted to the gallows, and never sit on the edge of a well."

"What a singular creature !" thought the youth to himself ; "he has such odd fancies ! Who would ever think of buying anything fit for the gallows ? and as to a well, I never had a fancy for sitting on its edge in my life !" Proceeding on his way with the beautiful princess, he came to the village in which his brothers had stopped at the inn. There was a great commotion and noise, and as he passed through, the prince inquired what was the cause of it, to which some one replied, "That two men were about to be hanged !" When he came to the place, he directly perceived these men were his brothers, who, having carried on all sorts of bad practices, had squandered away their money, and left nothing to discharge their just debts. He asked, if it were not possible to obtain their freedom. "If you will pay their debts," was the reply ; "but why should you waste your money, by setting such bad people at liberty ?" The prince never considered

for a moment, but paid their debts, and being now free to depart, the three brothers pursued their journey together. They arrived at the wood where the fox had met them first of all, and finding it cool and pleasant, for the sun was now very strong, the two brothers proposed to rest there for a while, in the shade, on the edge of a well, and to refresh themselves with the provisions they had brought. The proposal being agreeable to all the party, they alighted ; but during the conversation that ensued, the youngest prince forgetting himself, and suspecting no evil, seated himself on the edge of the well. The wicked brothers, who had been looking out for such an opportunity, instantly pushed him backwards into it, and taking the princess, the horse, and the bird, pursued their way to their father. "Father," said they, "we not only bring you the golden bird you wished for, but we have also obtained the golden horse, and this fair princess." This caused great rejoicing ; but the horse would not eat, or the bird sing, and the beautiful princess did nothing but weep.

The youngest brother, however, was not killed, for the well was fortunately dry, and he fell upon some soft moss, which prevented his being hurt, but he could not get out. In this great strait, the faithful fox did not forsake him, but hastened to him, reproaching him, however, for disregarding his advice. "But I cannot leave you here," said he, "I must restore you to the light of day." Bidding him, therefore, seize his tail firmly, he drew him up. "You are not yet out of danger," said the fox, "for your brothers, not feeling satisfied of your death, have surrounded the wood with sentinels, whose orders are to kill you the instant you appear." A poor man was sitting by the roadside, and with him the prince exchanged clothes, and in this safe disguise reached his father's palace. No one recognized him in his miserable garb ; yet directly he set foot within it, the bird began to sing, the horse to eat, and the princess ceased to weep. "What can this signify?" said the king, who was struck by the sudden change. The

princess replied, "I know not ; just now I felt so melancholy, and suddenly my sorrow is gone ; I feel as if my bridegroom had arrived." She then related to the king all that had taken place, although the brothers had threatened her with death, if she betrayed what had passed. The king ordered all who were in his palace to appear before him, among whom came the young prince, still in the ragged dress he had taken from the poor man ; but the beautiful princess recognized him instantly, and embraced him tenderly. The wicked brothers were seized and placed in confinement, from which they were shortly afterwards led to be put to death ; but the young prince was betrothed to the princess, and declared heir to his father's kingdom.

Now, how did the poor fox fare ? Long afterwards, the king's son being again in the wood, was met by the fox, who said to him, " You are now possessed of all your heart could wish, but my misfortunes are apparently never to cease, and yet it is in your power to do me a vast service." Again he entreated so earnestly that the prince would shoot him, and cut off his head and his feet, that the latter no longer refused ; and as soon as it was done, the fox was transformed into a human being, who was none other than the brother of the fair princess, now the prince's wife. He had long been under the power of enchantment, but was now fortunately restored, so that nothing was wanting to make them all as happy as they could themselves desire.

The Dog and the Sparrow.

A SHEPHERD'S dog served a very unkind master, who felt no gratitude for anything he did, but allowed him often to suffer greatly from hunger. Not being able to stay longer with the man, he took a sorrowful resolution to go in search of a better service. On the road he met a sparrow, who said, "Friend dog, why are you so sad?" "I am hungry," replied the dog; "and have nothing to eat." "Poor fellow!" returned the good little sparrow; "come with me into the town, and I will take care to satisfy you." So they went together into the town, and when they came to a butcher's shop, the sparrow bade the dog wait while he got him a piece of meat. Alighting on the board, he looked around, and seeing no one to observe him, he picked and pulled, and dragged at a piece of meat lying at the edge of the board, until it fell down, when the dog seized it, ran with it into a corner, and quickly devoured it. "Now," said the sparrow, "come to another shop, and I will get you another piece, that you may have enough." After devouring the second piece, the sparrow said, "Good dog, are you satisfied?" "Yes," replied the dog; "I have had plenty of meat, but not yet a morsel of bread." "Very well, you shall have that too," replied the sparrow; "only come with me." The dog followed him to a baker's stall, where the bird pecked at a couple of rolls until they fell from the board; and the dog, desiring yet more, he performed the same friendly office for him at another shop. When that likewise was devoured, "Now," said the sparrow, "friend dog, are you satisfied?" "I have dined famously," was the dog's reply, "and am now ready to have a run with you outside the town."

They proceeded together upon the high road; but the

weather was warm, and, thanks to the plentiful meal, the dog soon felt inclined to rest, so he said, "I am tired, and should like to go to sleep." "Well, sleep then," said the sparrow; "and I will sit upon the branch of this tree the while." The dog accordingly laid himself down in the road, and soon fell asleep, and while enjoying his repose, a waggoner came by, driving a waggon with three horses, containing two casks of wine. The sparrow saw that the waggoner did not intend to swerve in the least from the track, and that his course was exactly where the dog lay sleeping, so he called out, "Waggoner! do not go there, or I will make you poor." The man, however, grumbled to himself, "How can you make me poor?" continued his way, cracked his whip, and drove over the poor dog, who, of course, was killed. The sparrow now cried, "You have killed my friend the dog, and it shall cost you waggon and nags!" "Waggon and nags, indeed!" repeated the man; "how can you hurt me, I should be glad to know?" and pursued his way. The sparrow, however, flew into the waggon, under the tilt, and pecked at the bung-hole until the bung came out of one of the casks, and the wine ran out without the waggoner observing it.

All at once, as he turned round, he saw that something dripped from the waggon, and upon examining the casks, discovered that one was empty. "Poor unfortunate creature!" exclaimed the man. "Not yet poor enough," replied the sparrow, and perching on one of the horses heads, he pecked out his eyes. When the waggoner saw what he was doing, he drew out his hatchet, thinking to hit the sparrow with it, but he struck so wildly that the sparrow, flying, escaped, while the hatchet, alighting on the horse's head, killed him on the spot. "Poor unfortunate man that I am!" exclaimed the man. "Not yet poor enough," replied the sparrow; and as the waggoner proceeded on his way with the two remaining horses, he crept again under the covering of the waggon, and pecking out the bung of the other cask, the wine ran out into the

road. When the waggoner perceived this fresh disaster, he again exclaimed, "Poor unfortunate creature that I am!" but the sparrow answered, "Not poor enough yet," and perching upon the head of one of the horses, pecked out his eyes. The waggoner ran to his horse's head, and struck at the sparrow with his hatchet as he was flying upwards, but the stroke missed it, and fell upon the horse's head, and it fell to the ground. "Alas! what a poor unfortunate creature I am!" said the man again. "Not yet poor enough," replied the sparrow, perching upon the head of the remaining horse. The waggoner, thinking to save his horse, again struck at the sparrow, but his blows were so badly aimed that the sparrow escaped, and an unlucky stroke upon the head killed the third animal. "What an unfortunate man!" exclaimed the waggoner once more. "Yes, but not yet poor enough," said the sparrow. "I shall now go to your house, and make you poor there." The waggoner was obliged to leave his waggon standing in the road, and full of rage and ill-temper took his way home. "Oh," said he to his wife, "I have had such a misfortune. The wine has all ran out, and all three horses are dead!" "Oh, husband," replied the wife, "such a mischievous bird has come here, he has brought all the birds of the air with him, and they are up-stairs attacking and devouring our Indian corn." The man instantly went up, and there he saw thousands upon thousands of birds in the loft; they had devoured nearly all the maize, and there was the sparrow in the midst. "Alas! what a poor man I am now!" cried the waggoner. "Not poor enough yet," answered the sparrow. "Waggoner, it shall yet cost you your life." Saying this, he flew away. The waggoner had now lost all he possessed, so in a very ill humour he went down, sat by the stove, and nursed his anger. The sparrow was sitting outside the window, and when he saw the man, he cried out, "Waggoner, it shall cost you your life." This so enraged the man that he seized his hatchet, and threw it at his enemy, but it only broke the panes of glass, without

touching the bird, who now hopped into the room, perched upon the stove, and cried out, "Waggoner, it shall cost you your life." The latter, blinded and maddened by rage, now struck everything indiscriminately, in the hope of hitting the bird, and as the sparrow flew from one place to another, nothing escaped, stove, glass, benches, table, even the walls of the house were destroyed in the man's fury, and the scene is not to be described. At length, however, the sparrow was caught, and the wife, who had been in the greatest alarm at sight of the devastation that had taken place, asked if she should kill it. "No," said the man, "that would be too merciful; he shall die a more lingering death, for I will swallow him alive." Saying this, he swallowed him in a moment. The sparrow, however, began to flutter about inside the man, and fluttered into his mouth, then stretching forth his head, he cried, "Waggoner, it shall cost you your life." The waggoner instantly gave his wife the hatchet, saying, "Wife, kill the bird in my mouth when you again see his head," but the wife, missing her stroke, the blow descended on her husband's head, and he fell dead. The sparrow then flew forth and escaped.

Fritz and Catherine.

THERE was once a man and woman named Fritz and Catherine, who were just married, and lived together as young married people. One day, Fritz said, "I must now go and work in the field, Catherine, and when I come home to dinner, let me have something nice and hot quite ready for me, and a draught of fresh beer to drink." "So you shall," replied his wife, "it shall all be exactly as you wish when you return." As noon approached, Catherine remembered her duty, so she took down the sausage from the chimney, put it in the frying-pan with some butter, and placed it over the fire. The sausage began to fry;



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quite proud of her work ; when completed, it all looked so charmingly clean and white.

At noon home came Fritz, saying cheerfully, "Now, good little wife, what have you for my dinner ?" "Ah, Fritz," said she, "I cooked you a sausage, but while I drew the beer, the dog ran away with it, and while I pursued the dog, the beer ran out, and when I was drying up the beer with the corn meal, I knocked the jug over ; but do not be angry, the cellar is quite dry again." "Catherine, Catherine !" said Fritz, "you must not do such things as these,—let the dog run off with our dinner, then lose all the beer in the cask, and, to add to the misfortune, waste our fine meal." "Oh, Fritz !" she replied, "I did not know that ; you should have told me." The man thought to himself, "If this is the case, you must look after things yourself, my man, for your wife does not seem able." Now he had saved a tolerable sum of money in crowns, which he changed into gold, and said to Catherine, "Look, these are yellow buttons, I shall put them in a pot, and bury them under the cow's crib ; but be certain never to go near them, or you will do wrong." "No, certainly, Fritz," replied she, "I will never go there, as you tell me not." When Fritz was again gone, some dealers in earthenware came by the cottage, who were selling cheap pots, bowls, and such things, through the village ; and they inquired of the young wife, if she had nothing to exchange for some. "Oh, good people," said she, "I have no money, and cannot buy of you ; but if you can use buttons, I could let you have some in exchange." "Buttons," said they : "why not ? let us see them." "You must then go into the stable, and dig under the cow's crib, where you will find the buttons ; I may not go there." The rogues went thither, dug, and found the pot with the gold, which they took possession of, and then hastened away, leaving all their pots and bowls behind them. Catherine thought she must make some use of all this new ware, although there was no want of anything in the kitchen, therefore, she knocked

all the bottoms out, and stuck them every one upon the palings around the house, by way of ornament. When Fritz returned, and saw this new display of taste, he was much astonished, and said, "Catherine, what have you been doing?" "I have got these," said she, "in exchange for the buttons which you put under the cow's crib; but mind, I did not go there, as I promised not, the men went themselves to fetch them." "Wife, wife, what have you done?" said Fritz, much disturbed; "they were not really buttons, it was gold, and all we were worth, you should not have done so." "Fritz," replied she, "I did not know that; you should have told me beforehand."

Catherine stood for a time thinking of what had happened; she then said, "Listen, Fritz, we will soon have our money back again, for we will pursue the thieves, who cannot have gone far." "Come," rejoined Fritz, "we will try; but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat on the road." "Yes, Fritz," replied she, "I will." So they started in pursuit, and Fritz being swifter of foot, Catherine was some distance behind; but this did not trouble her; on the contrary, "it will be an advantage," she said, "when we turn to go home, for I shall be a good piece on my way back." They now reached a hill, with deep ruts on both sides of the way. "Only look," said the young woman, "how the poor earth is torn and rent, and grazed, it will never be well again all its days." And her compassion led her to apply the butter, and grease the ruts, in order to prevent their being rubbed by the wheels. While engaged in this act of kindness, one of the cheeses escaped from the pocket of her apron, and rolled down the hill. "Indeed," said Catherine, "I have already fatigued myself by walking up this hill, I am not going to fetch you back, some one else may do that." Thus saying, she took another cheese and dispatched it the same road; but the cheese not returning, she sent a third to hasten its movements, thinking, probably, they would all return together;

but this not being the case, she said, "I cannot think what this means ; yet it is possible that the third cannot find the way, and has lost itself. I will send the fourth to call him back." The fourth, however, did no better than the others, which made Catherine angry, so the fifth and sixth were dispatched the same road, and there was an end of them. She stood for some time watching for their return, but as she discerned nothing of them, she exclaimed, "You certainly are nice people to send on an errand ! do you think I shall wait any longer for you ? I shall go on, and you may come after me, for you have younger legs than I have." Catherine now proceeded to join her husband, who was resting, and had waited for her, as he wished for something to eat. She offered him some dry bread, "This is but sorry fare," said he ; "where is the butter and cheese ?" "Oh, Fritz, I greased the ruts with the butter, they were so much hurt by the rubbing of the wheels, and the cheeses will soon be here ; one ran away, and I sent the others after it, to call it back." "Catherine," said Fritz, "you ought not to have done so ; the butter was not meant to grease the ruts, or the cheese to be rolled down the hill." "Well, Fritz, you ought to have told me so," was the reply.

They rested and ate their dry bread together, and while conversing, Fritz said, "Did you take care of the house when you came away ?" "No, Fritz ; you ought to have told me before." "Well, then," returned he, "before we proceed, go back and make all safe, and bring something else to eat ; I will wait here for you." On the way back Catherine thought to herself, "Fritz wants something else to eat ; he does not care for butter or cheese, so I will carry him a bag of hazel nuts, and a bottle of vinegar would be something to drink." After this arrangement concerning Fritz's appetite, she reached home, and bolted the upper door, but took the lower one off its hinges, and put it upon her back, thinking if she had the door with her, it must then be safe. Catherine did not hurry herself on her way back ; for, as she sagely observed,

"Fritz will have longer to rest," forgetting that the thieves were thereby making more certain of their retreat and their ill-gotten prize. When, however, she at last came up to him, she said, "Look, Fritz, there is the house door for you, you can now take care of it yourself." "Goodness!" was his exclamation, "what a clever wife I have got! she bolts the upper door of the house, and carries off the lower one, so that any one or anything may run in and out, who has a mind! It is now too late to send you back; but as you have brought the door here, you shall carry it for your pains." "I am quite ready to carry the door, Fritz," replied she; "but the hazel-nuts and the vinegar would be too heavy. I will hang them to the door, it may carry them."

They now proceeded, and went into the forest to seek for the rogues, but found them not, and as it was getting very dark, they ascended a tree, in order to pass the night there. But they had hardly settled themselves in it, than those very thieves came to pass the night in the forest, a kind of people who carry away what cannot refuse to go, and who find things before they are lost. As it happened, they took up their quarters exactly under the tree which Catherine and Fritz had selected for their resting-place. They kindled a fire, and afterwards proceeded to divide their booty. Fritz got down on the other side of the tree, and picked up a quantity of stones, and then mounting again and aiming at the thieves with the stones, thought to kill them. But the stones not hitting, the rogues only cried out, "It will soon be morning, the wind is shaking down the fir-apples." Catherine had still the door on her back, and finding it uncommonly heavy and troublesome, attributed the weight to the hazel-nuts, and now said, "Fritz, I must throw down the nuts." "Pray do not," said her husband; "they may betray us." "Indeed I must, Fritz," was the reply; "I can bear them no longer." Saying this, the hazel-nuts went rattling down among the branches. "How busy the birds are!" said the thieves. A little while afterwards, the door troubling

her still, Catherine said, "Fritz, I must let the vinegar go." "You cannot, indeed," he replied; "we shall certainly be discovered if you do." "It is so heavy, I can carry it no longer," she returned; and saying this, the vinegar was sent down, sprinkling the rogues as it fell. "The dew is beginning to fall," said they, unsuspiciously. Having experienced no relief from the loss of the nuts and the vinegar, Catherine now began to suspect that after all the weight was occasioned by the door, and said, "Fritz, I shall throw the door down." "Pray do not," replied he; "not yet; only bear it a little longer." "I really cannot, Fritz," said she; "it is so heavy. Fritz, it is going." At these words down fell the door with such a crash, that the thieves thought Satan was come for them; and uttering loud exclamations of terror, decamped, leaving all their booty behind in their fright. Early in the morning, when the two got down from the tree, they found all their money, and carried it home.

When they were once more settled at home, "Now Catherine," said Fritz, "you must be industrious, and work." "Very well, Fritz," replied she, "I will go into the fields, and reap corn." When she got into the fields, she said to herself, "What shall I do? shall I eat before I reap, or shall I sleep before I reap? I think I had better eat." So she ate some provision she had brought with her, and afterwards felt very sleepy; but beginning to reap, and being half asleep, she cut her clothes with the sickle—apron, dress, and petticoats, considerably abridging them, without knowing what she was doing. After a good nap, Catherine was again awake, and stood up, but the state of her wardrobe rather surprised her, and she said, "Am I myself, or not?—I cannot be myself!" But it was now night, so she ran back into the village, knocked at her own door, and cried, "Fritz, Fritz!" "Who is there?" was the reply from within. "I should like to know if Catherine is at home?" "Yes, yes!" answered Fritz; "she is, of course, and gone to bed." "Very

well!" said she; "then I am already at home," and ran away. A little way off, Catherine found some rogues who were looking about for an opportunity of stealing. She joined them, saying, "I will help you to steal." This pleased the robbers, because they thought she must know all about the village, and that she would be an excellent confederate, so they accepted her proposal. Catherine went to the houses, and standing at the door, cried, "Now, good people, have you anything we can steal?" The thieves, upon this, looked at each other in dismay, and wished themselves rid of their new companion; so they said to her, "Just outside the village the parson has a field with turnips growing, go and fetch us some." Catherine went accordingly, and began to pull them up, but was so idle, that she did not stand up to do it, and a man passing, saw her crawling over the field, and wondered what it could be; but at length concluded that it must be an evil spirit in the parson's turnips. He hastened into the village, and told the parson what he had seen. "What is to be done?" was the reply; "I am very lame, and am not able to go to the field and exorcise it." "I will carry you there on my back," said the man, which he accordingly did, and when they arrived at the field, Catherine raised herself and stood erect. "It is, indeed, an evil spirit!" exclaimed the parson, when they saw the droll figure, and both ran away; but the terror had so salutary an effect upon the parson, that he was able, with his lame foot, to run as fast as the man who had carried him to the field on his back.

The Two Brothers.

THERE were once two brothers, one rich and the other poor ; the rich was a goldsmith by trade, and had a bad heart, the other was only a poor broom-maker, but good and honest. The poor man had two children, who were twins, and as much alike as one drop of water to another. The twin-brothers went backwards and forwards to the home of their rich uncle, and were very glad to get an occasional meal of what was left from table. It happened that one day, as the poor man was cutting twigs in the wood, he saw a bird that looked like gold, and more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. He picked up a stone, and was fortunate enough to hit it ; but a golden feather only fell, and the bird flew away. The man took the feather to his brother, who, after examining it, said, "It is pure gold !" and gave him a good deal of money for it. The next day, the man having ascended a birch-tree, to hew off a couple of its branches, the very same bird flew out of it ; and when the man looked about, he saw a nest, in which was one egg ; he took this, and upon bringing it to his brother, the goldsmith again assured him it was gold, and gave him its value for it. "I should very much like to have the bird itself," said the goldsmith, "perhaps you may be able to obtain it for me." The poor man went, for the third time, to the spot, and saw the golden bird sitting upon a tree ; taking up a stone, he aimed so exactly that he brought the bird down, and carrying it to his brother, he received for it such a heap of money that he went away quite pleased, saying, "Now I need nobody's help !"

The goldsmith was clever and cunning, and well knew what sort of a bird he had bought. He called his wife,

therefore, and said to her, "Wife, roast me this golden bird, and be sure that not a particle of it is lost ; I have a mind to eat it entirely myself." Now, the bird was not of a common kind, but of a very rare species, and whoever ate the heart and liver, would be certain to find a piece of gold every morning under his pillow. The wife prepared the bird, put it on the spit, and laid it down to roast ; and it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman otherwise engaged, the poor broom-maker's children ran in, looked at the spit, and turned it round two or three times. At this moment two little morsels fell from the bird into the pan, and one of the boys said, "We will eat these little bits ; I am very hungry, and no one will know it." So they ate the morsels, but had scarcely done so, when the aunt coming into the kitchen observed them, and asked what they had eaten ? "Two little bits that fell from the bird," replied they. "That was the heart and liver," said the wife, alarmed ; but in order that her husband might not miss them, and be angry, she quickly killed a small fowl, and substituted its heart and liver for that which the unlucky children had eaten. When it was ready, she carried it to the goldsmith, who ate it every morsel by himself. The next morning he eagerly stretched his hand under his pillow, trusting to bring forth the piece of gold, but after routing in all possible directions, he felt convinced that in some way he had missed the prize he expected.

The two children were not in the least aware what a piece of good fortune had accidentally fallen to their share, until the next morning when they awoke, then something fell on the floor with a ringing sound, and they picked up two gold pieces, which they carried to their father, who wondered much, and said, "How can this have happened ?" but when it occurred the next morning, and was thenceforth regularly repeated, he went to his brother, and related the singular story. The goldsmith could account for it perfectly, and perceived that the children had eaten the heart and liver of the golden bird ; and in

order to revenge himself, being envious and hard-hearted, he said to the father, "Your children are in league with the Evil One, have nothing to do with the money, and I would no longer keep them in the house, for your children are in his power, and may even ruin your soul too." The father had a wholesome fear of the Evil One, and hard as it was to him to part with his children, he, nevertheless, took them both into the wood, where, with a sorrowful heart, he abandoned them to their fate.

The children ran about a long time, in hopes of finding their way home, but they only farther bewildered themselves, and were overjoyed when at length they met a huntsman, who asked them whom they belonged to. "We are the children of a poor broom-maker," they replied; and they further related how he would no longer keep them at home, because they found a piece of gold every morning under their pillow. "Well," said the huntsman, "that is nothing very bad, if you continue upright, and it does not incline you to be idle;" and being a benevolent, good man, and having no children of his own, he took them to his house, saying, "I will be your father, and will bring you up." He taught them the calling of a forester and huntsman, and put away for them the piece of gold, which they found every morning, as it might be useful to them, at some future day.

When they were grown up, their foster-father took them one day with him into the wood, and said, "You shall this day make your trial-shot, that I may be able to declare you free of the forest, and make you huntsmen." They accompanied him accordingly, and stood long on the watch, but no game appeared; then the huntsman looking up saw a large flock of wild geese, flying in the form of a triangle, "Now," said he, "shoot one from each angle." This was instantly done by one of the brothers; and shortly after another flock appearing, in the form of the figure two, the other was directed to shoot a bird from each angle, which he did. "You are now free foresters," said the foster-father, "you are first-rate sports-

men, I can teach you nothing more." The brothers departed into the wood, consulted together, and when they returned home in the evening, and sat down to supper, they said to the old forester, "We shall not eat, or touch a morsel, until you have granted us a request." "What is it ?" inquired their foster-father. "We have learnt all we can here," said they, "and we now wish to go into the world, and make our own way ; let us, therefore, depart, we entreat you." "You speak like right brave huntsmen," said the old man, joyfully ; "you have only expressed my own wish in the matter ; depart when you like, and may a blessing accompany you !" After this, they supped very happily together, discoursed of their plans, and were light-hearted and joyous in the prospect of their journey. When the day fixed for their departure came, the good old man presented each with a good rifle and a dog, and besides, allowed each of the young men to take what he desired from the store of gold. He then accompanied them a good portion of the way, and at parting, bestowed upon them a polished knife, saying, "If you should ever separate, thrust this knife into a tree at the point of separation, and then either, upon returning to the tree, can discover by the state of the knife, how it has fared with his absent brother ; if the side, towards which lay the road he took, is rusty, he is dead ; but as long as he lives, it will remain bright." The brothers took leave of the old huntsman, and proceeding, came to so large a forest, that it could not be crossed in a day, so they passed the night there, eating what they happened to have in their wallet ; but they found that the second day's journey would not take them out of it, therefore, they had no provision for the second evening, and said, "We must shoot something, or we shall be starved." Loading his gun, one of the brothers looked around, and seeing an old hare, he aimed ; but the hare said,—

"Good huntsman, prithee let me live,
And leverets two, you shall receive."

Springing into the thicket, she brought out two young hares, but the little animals played so amusingly, and were so pretty, that the huntsmen could not prevail upon themselves to kill them. They kept them, therefore, and the little hares always followed at their heels. Shortly afterwards, seeing a fox creep by, they aimed at it. But the fox cried—

“Good huntsmen, prithee let me live,
And I will two young foxes give.”

And bringing two young foxes to the huntsmen, the latter were not inclined to kill them, and, therefore, gave them for companions to the hares, and they all followed together. A wolf was the next creature they saw, but when the brothers prepared to fire, the wolf exclaimed—

“Good huntsmen, prithee let me live,
And you shall two young wolves receive.”

The young wolves were added to the other animals, and they all followed together, and were very good friends. A bear next appeared, but not being weary of the woods, he exclaimed, when he saw aim taken by one of the brothers—

“Good huntsman, prithee let me live,
And you shall two young bears receive.”

The bears joined the party, which was now eight altogether ; but the next creature they saw was of a more terrible description, for it was a lion. Nothing deterred, however, they prepared to fire, when the lion said, as the others had done,—

“Good huntsmen, prithee let me live,
And I will two young lions give.”

And as he likewise brought the cubs he offered, the brothers had quite a train of followers : two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, two hares, and two dogs, who attended and served them. However, with all this, their hunger was not appeased, so they said to a fox, “Master Reynard, you are cunning and clever enough,

get us something to eat, I dare say you know how and where." The foxes told their master, that there was a village not far off, where they had often got fowls, and they were quite ready to show him the way. They all proceeded thither, the brothers bought what they wanted, and gave their followers plenty to eat, and then continued on their way. The foxes knew all about the neighbourhood well, and where the poultry-yards were, and they were able to direct their masters everywhere.

The brothers travelled about for some time, but could find no employment or situation, where they could all remain together, so they said, "It cannot be helped, we must separate." They divided the animals between them, so that each had one lion, one fox, one bear, one wolf, and a hare. Then taking an affectionate farewell of each other, they promised to be true till death ; after which, sticking the knife the foster-father had given them into a tree, one brother departed in the direction of the east, and the other, the west.

The younger came with all his animals into a town hung throughout with black, and going to an inn, requested the host to give him some place where his animals might pass the night. The host let him have the use of a stable that had a hole in the wall ; so the hare crept through and fetched herself a cabbage, the fox got a hen, and when he had eaten that, went back for the cock ; but the wolf, the lion, and the bear, being too large, could not go out to forage for themselves. The host, however, took them to a field, where a cow was lying on the grass, and of her they made a good meal. Having taken care of all these, the huntsman now asked the host, why the whole city was hung with mourning. "Because our king's only daughter must die," replied he. "Is she then dangerously ill ?" inquired the huntsman. "By no means, she is in good health ; nevertheless, she must die." "Why so ?" said the huntsman. "Listen," said the host. "Beyond the town lies a high mountain, inhabited by a dragon, who every year requires a maiden to be delivered

to him, or he lays the whole country waste. All the maidens have been given up, and not one is left, save the king's daughter ; but there is no mercy for her—her fate is certain, and to-morrow she is given to the dragon." "But," said the huntsman, "why is not the dragon killed ?" "Indeed," replied the host, "many knights have attempted it, but have always failed, and lost their lives ; and the king has promised not only his daughter's hand to him who shall succeed in slaying the monster, but that the crown shall be his after the king's death."

The huntsman said nothing further at that time, but the next morning he took all his animals, and with them ascended the dragon's mountain, to a spot where stood a small chapel, on the altar of which were three full cups, with this inscription, "Whoever empties these cups will become the strongest man upon the earth, and able to wield the sword that is buried under the threshold." The huntsman, without drinking of the cups, went out and sought for the sword in the ground ; then endeavoured to remove it from the place, but found it impossible. He therefore returned, emptied the cups, and was then strong enough to take up the sword, and wield it with great dexterity. The hour now approached for the delivery of the maiden to the dragon : the king, the grand marshal, and the courtiers, accompanied her to the mountain. They saw from a distance the huntsman standing there, and thought it was the dragon expecting his prey, and therefore hesitated to advance ; but reflecting that the whole town would be lost if they drew back, the cavalcade continued on their way. At a certain point, the king and the court turned back with great demonstrations of grief and distress. The king's grand marshal, however, was to stay and observe from a distance all that occurred. When the princess reached the summit of the mountain, there stood, not a dragon, but the young huntsman, who endeavoured to console her by saying he was resolved to save her : then conducting her into the

chapel, he locked her in. Not long afterwards the seven-headed dragon came to the spot with a dreadful roaring, and when he saw the huntsman, he was much astonished, and said, "What are you doing here, on this mountain?" "I have come to fight with you," replied the huntsman. "Indeed!" said the dragon; "then you may prepare for death, for I shall assuredly add you to the number of presumptuous fools whom I have sacrificed to my vengeance." Saying this, he breathed forth flames of fire and stench from the horrid jaws of his seven heads, thinking that they would set fire to the dry grass around, and that the youth would be suffocated in the smoke and stench, or perish in the flames. But the animals came rushing up, and extinguished the fire by treading on it. The dragon seeing himself thus foiled, sprang upon the huntsman; but he flourished his sword, and by a well-aimed blow, struck off three of his heads. The dragon's fury now increased: vomiting forth flames of fire and sulphureous fumes, he again tried to spring upon his antagonist; but dexterously avoiding the attack, again the sword descended, and this time two heads rolled on the ground.

The monster, exhausted, sought yet to repeat the struggle, but the infallible sword descending upon his tail, he was now entirely disabled, though not killed; and the huntsman calling his faithful followers, they soon tore him to pieces. The combat being happily concluded in favour of the brave huntsman, he unlocked the chapel door, where he found the princess lying on the ground, fear and apprehension having deprived her of sense and motion. He bore her into the air, and when she came to herself and was capable of looking around, he showed her where her enemy lay destroyed, and assured her she was now safe. Her joy may be imagined, and she expressed her gratitude in the warmest terms, adding, "You are now my honoured consort, for my father promised my hand to him who should destroy the monster." She also divided her coral necklace, as a reward, among the animals

who had aided in subduing the dragon, and the lion had the golden clasp. The huntsman, moreover, received her handkerchief, on which her name was embroidered in golden letters ; and he, going to the spot where the dragon lay, cut the seven tongues from the heads, wrapped them in the handkerchief, and preserved them carefully. When this was all done, being very much fatigued from the exertion, and exhausted by the horrible stench, he said to the princess, " We are both exhausted and tired, and we will repose ourselves awhile." As she agreed to this, they lay down to rest, and the huntsman said to the lion, " Watch while we sleep, lest any should attack or surprise us." The lion took up his position close to them, in order to keep watch, but being also much exhausted by his share in the combat, he said to the bear, " Come here, good bear, and watch by me, I must sleep a little ; but if anything comes, wake me up." The bear did as the lion told him, but finding that he too would be glad of a little repose, he called to the wolf, and asked him to stand sentinel for a short time, " but," added he, " upon the slightest alarm, wake me instantly." The wolf, however, was no less inclined than the bear to sleep instead of watch, so he called the fox, and coaxed him to take his place, saying, " I shall be refreshed in a few minutes, and ready to watch again." But the fox, being a very active animal, had been foremost in attacking the dragon, was very tired, and after a short time entrusted the hare to watch for him, saying, " Come and lie here and watch, I really must sleep a little while ; but, if you hear or see anything, wake me instantly." The hare obeyed ; but the poor thing was tired likewise, and unable to resist sleep, and having no one whom he could depute to watch for him, they were soon all asleep together—princess, huntsman, lion, bear, wolf, fox, and hare, and they slept soundly. The grand marshal, who was to have watched the proceedings from a distance, observing that the dragon did not fly away with the maiden, took courage and ascended the mountain. There lay the dragon cut to pieces, and

not far from the monster the princess, a huntsman, and several animals, all in sound sleep ; and being a wicked and dishonourable man, he drew his sword, cut off the huntsman's head, and then taking the princess in his arms, carried her down towards the city. The motion aroused her, and she awoke in great alarm : upon which the marshal said to her, " You are in my power, and therefore you must confirm my words, when I say that it is I who have killed the dragon." " That I cannot do," said the princess, " for a huntsman and his animals performed the brave action." This enraged the marshal, and drawing his sword, he threatened to kill her, if she refused to obey him ; and, in short, she was obliged to promise. He then conducted the princess to the king, who could scarcely believe it was his own dear child he saw still living ; for he thought that she was before this destroyed by the monster. The marshal said to the king, " I have had a fearful conflict with the dragon, and set free the princess and the whole kingdom by his death, therefore I demand your daughter in marriage, as you promised." The king, turning to his daughter, asked her if the marshal's assertion was true, to which she replied, " Ah, yes ; I cannot contradict it : but I claim your permission to defer the marriage for a year and a day," thinking that in that time she might hear something of the huntsman.

The animals, in the mean time, lay on the dragon's mountain, and slept near their lord ; a large bee came and settled on the hare's nose, but she only brushed it away with her paw, and then slept again. The bee came again, but the hare brushed it off as before ; then the bee came once more, but instead of only settling on her nose, it stung her there, which made her awake, and she instantly called the fox ; the fox then aroused the wolf, the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. When the latter stood up, and saw that the damsels were gone, and his master dead, he began to roar terribly, and cried out, " Who has done this ?—bear, why did you not wake me ?" The bear turned to the wolf, " Wolf, why did you not

wake me?" The wolf looked inquiringly at the fox, and said, "Fox, why did you not wake me?" The fox made the same inquiry of the poor hare, who could answer nothing, so the blame was considered to rest with her, and they were about to tear her to pieces, but she entreated them, saying, "Pray do not kill me, and I will restore our master to life again. I know a mountain, on which grows a herb which, being taken into the mouth, cures every sort of disorder, and all wounds; but the mountain is 200 miles from hence." "Then," said the lion, "you must go, and return hither in twenty-four hours with the root." The hare departed like lightning, and in twenty-four hours she was back again, bringing the root. The lion then applied the huntsman's head to his body, and when he placed the root in his mouth, they instantly became re-united, life returned, and his heart beat again. But upon his awaking, what was his dismay to find the princess gone! he could only think she had taken advantage of his sleep, to get rid of him, and that she had returned to her father's palace. Now, in his haste to try the virtues of the restorative root upon his master, the lion had not sufficiently heeded the position of the head—the consequence was, that when the cure was completed, the huntsman's face was turned to his back; and his thoughts being occupied with the king's daughter, it was not until noon came, and he was about to eat, that he discovered the singular transformation. The huntsman could not in the least comprehend it, and asked his attendants what had happened to him in his sleep. The lion then related that, overcome by fatigue, they had all fallen asleep, and upon awaking, had found him dead, and his head cut off; but the hare, by fetching the root of life, had restored him, although in their haste they had fixed his head the wrong way. But the remedy was at hand—the head was again struck off, applied properly, and the hare was the physician who brought him back to life by means of the root.

The huntsman, in a very melancholy mood, quitted the

spot, and travelled about everywhere, and made his animals dance for the amusement of people. It happened, singularly enough, that after the space of a year he found himself in the very same city which he had visited the year before, at a time it was in deep distress on account of the dragon ; but now they seemed to have some especial cause of rejoicing, for the whole town was hung with scarlet. "What is about to happen ?" inquired he of the host : "last year, at this time, your city was hung with black, and now your gay trappings show something extraordinary is about to take place." "Last year," replied the host, "our king's daughter was about to be delivered up to a dragon, who would devour her, but the grand marshal encountered and killed it, and for this service he is to receive to-morrow the hand of the princess ; last year, therefore, our city was hung with black, on account of the deplorable fate which awaited the maiden, but now the case is different, and the rejoicing is general."

The next day, when the marriage was to take place, the huntsman said to the host, "Do you think I am likely to eat of the bread furnished to the king's table to-day ?" "I am quite ready to wager a hundred gold pieces against the chance," was the reply. The huntsman accepted the wager, and produced a purse containing as much ; then calling the hare, he said, "Go, little fellow, and fetch me some of the bread that the king eats !" Now the hare did not particularly approve of the errand he was sent on ; but he had nobody he could depute, and was therefore obliged to stir himself and do as he was told. "Oh," thought he, "if I go through the streets, the butchers' dogs will all be after me," and so it proved. The dogs instantly got scent of him, and pursued ; but he ran as any hare would under such unpleasant circumstances, and took refuge in a sentry-box, without the sentinel perceiving him. The dogs collected around, and tried to seize him, but the sentinel not seeing the joke, struck at them with the butt-end of his gun, and sent them howling in all directions. When the coast was clear, the hare flew

towards the palace, and entering, discovered the king's daughter, under whose chair he took up his post, and sought to attract her attention by scratching her foot. "Go, go," said she, for she thought it was her little dog. Again the hare scratched, and again the princess exclaimed, "Go away, go," for she still thought it was her dog ; but the hare was not to be so repulsed ; and again he scratched, which made the princess look down, and she immediately recognized the hare by the coral necklace. Taking it instantly into her lap, she carried him into her room, and said, "What do you want, good little hare ?" "My master," replied the hare, "who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me to beg a loaf, such as the king eats." With much joy, she instantly assented to the request, sent for the baker, and ordered him to bring a loaf, such as the king ate. "But," said the hare, "the baker must carry it for me, that the butchers' dogs may not take hold of me." The baker, therefore, carried the loaf to the door of the room in the inn, then the hare stood on his hind legs, took the loaf in his paws, and delivered it to his master. "See, mine host," said the huntsman, "the gold pieces are mine." The host was not a little astonished, but the former said, "Yes; I have the bread, and now I will have some of the king's roast meat." "I should like to see that, though," said the host ; however, he was not willing to lay another wager. "Come, little fox," said the huntsman, calling another of the animals, "go and fetch me some of the king's roast meat." Reynard was crafty enough to choose his road to the palace, and by taking unfrequented lanes and corners, he avoided the dogs, and got into the palace, when he placed himself under the princess's chair, scratching her feet to attract her notice. She looked down, and recollecting the fox by the necklace, took him to her chamber. "Good fox," said she, "what do you want ?" To which he replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me to beg for some roast meat, such as the king eats." "Certainly," replied she, and sent instantly for the cook, who was commanded

to prepare such a dish as was usually placed on the king's table. The cook carried it for the fox to the door, when taking it from his hands, the fox first fanned it with his brush, to drive away the flies who were feasting on the good cheer, and then took it to his master. "Look, mine host," said the huntsman, "bread and meat are here; now I think I must have some vegetables, such as the king eats," and calling the wolf, he said to him, "Good wolf, go and fetch me some vegetables, such as are served up to the king." The wolf took the straight road to the palace, being afraid of none, and when he entered the room where the princess was, he pulled her robe, and made her look round. She remembered him likewise by the necklace, and said, "Good wolf, what do you want?" "Madam," replied he, "my master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am sent to ask you for some vegetables, such as the king eats." The cook was sent for, and ordered to prepare several sorts of vegetables, and when ready, he carried the dishes to the door of the inn, where the wolf received them from him, and took them to his master. "Look again, good host," said the huntsman, "I have bread, meat, and vegetables; but I should also like some confectionery, such as the king eats. Good bear, you likewise have a taste for sweetmeats; go to the palace and bring me some of the king's confectionery." The bear trotted towards the palace, and as he passed through the streets, everybody made way for him, until he came to the sentinel, who opposed his entrance to the palace with his musket. But bruin rose on his hind legs, and with his paws bestowed two such hearty cuffs upon him, that down the man fell, and the bear very composedly made his way to the king's daughter. Uttering a growl behind her, she turned, and recognizing the bear, told him to go into her room; when there, she inquired what he wanted, to which he replied, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I have come to ask you to send him some confectionery, such as the king likes." The confectioner came, and received orders to carry what was

required to the door of the inn. There the bear relieved the messenger, and after helping himself to all the loose comfits, raised himself on his hind legs, took the dish, and presented it to his master. "Now, landlord, what do you think of this?" was the huntsman's inquiry; "I have bread, meat, vegetables, and confectionery, but I must have some of the king's wine." The lion was this time chosen to be messenger, and his master said to him, "Good lion, I know you like a cup of good wine yourself, go and fetch me some, such as the king drinks." The lion took his way through the streets, and the people all fled before him; the guards at the palace wished to stop his progress, but he roared only once, and they vanished speedily; the lion, therefore, continued his way, and arriving at the princess's door, knocked at it with his tail. She came herself to see who it was, and her first feeling was that of alarm, when she saw the lion standing there; but recognizing the clasp of her necklace, she bid him enter, and said, "Good lion, what do you want with me?" "Princess," replied he, "my master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask you for some wine, such as the king drinks." The butler was sent for, and received orders to deliver such wine as the king drinks to the lion; but the lion said he should prefer going with the butler, to see that he received the right sort, and went with him into the cellar. Upon entering it, the butler wished to draw some of the common wine, drunk by the king's domestics, but the lion cried, "Stop! I will taste it first," and drawing a good quart, swallowed it at one gulp. "That will not do," said he. The butler looked sharply at him, but went to another cask, and would have drawn from that, which was appropriated to the king's marshal, but the lion again cried, "Stop! I will try it first," and drawing a larger quantity, drank it, saying, afterwards, "That will not do, although it is better." This made the butler angry, and he said, "What can such a stupid creature know about wine?" But in return, the lion gave him a blow that felled him to the ground, and when he again arose, without more words he led

the lion to a small cellar, apart from the rest, in which the wine kept solely for the king's drinking was carefully stored. The lion now suspected he was in the right place, but would not have the wine before tasting it, then, being satisfied, he ordered the butler to fill six bottles, with which they went upstairs ; but upon leaving the cellars, and going into the open air, the lion began to stagger, and it was evident the wine had rather affected his head, which made it necessary for the butler to carry the wine for him as far as the inn door, when taking the basket from him, he carried it safely to his master. "Now, my good host," said the huntsman, "you see I have bread, meat, vegetables, sweetmeats, and wine, from the king's table, therefore my animals and myself will sit down to dinner." Saying this, he began to eat, and supplied the hare, fox, wolf, bear, and lion ; so that they all were very merry together, the huntsman especially, for he saw that the princess had by no means forgotten her love for him. When the repast was concluded, "Now, mine host, I have eaten and drunk like the king," said he ; "it only remains for me to go to court and marry his daughter." "Indeed," said the host, "you have done wonders, but I believe that is beyond even your powers ; the princess has already a bridegroom, and the marriage takes place to-day." The huntsman, however, drew forth the handkerchief that the princess had given him on the dragon's mountain, and wherein he had wrapped the seven dragon's tongues, saying, "This, that I hold in my hand, shall obtain the princess for me." The host looked at the handkerchief, and replied, "If I believe all that I have seen, which is difficult to do, I cannot credit what you now tell me, and am ready to wager house and ground against your success." The huntsman accepted the challenge, and deposited on the table a bag with a thousand gold pieces, against the landlord's wager.

The king, in the mean time, was at the royal banquet, and said to his daughter, "What have all those wild animals wanted with you ? and why are they continually

coming and going in my palace?" "Father," replied the princess, "I may not tell you; but send for the master of these animals, and you will do well." The king instantly despatched a servant to the inn, to invite the stranger, and the man arrived precisely at the moment the huntsman had concluded the wager with the landlord. "Landlord," said he, "the king has sent an attendant to invite me, but I shall not go yet;" then turning to the servant, he said, "My request to the king is, that he would send me some royal apparel, that I may be fit to appear before him; also a carriage and six horses, and servants to attend me." When the king received this answer, he opened his eyes at the request; but turning to his daughter, he said, "What shall I do?" "Send for him as he wishes," was the answer, "you will do right." The king sent accordingly some magnificent apparel, a carriage and six horses, and a train of attendants; and when the huntsman saw them approach, he said to the landlord, "Now I am sent for in the style I require, I will go." So he dressed himself in the robes, entered the carriage, and taking the handkerchief with the dragon's tongues, drove to the palace. The king, observing the train from a distance, said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" "Go to meet him," she replied, "and you will do right." In compliance with his daughter's directions, he advanced to meet him at the entrance of the palace, conducted him up the staircase, and all the animals followed. The king then assigned him a place at the banquet, near his daughter, and himself, and the grand marshal as bridegroom, sat on the other side; but he did not recognize the huntsman.

The seven heads of the dragon were brought on the table to be exhibited, and the king said to the stranger, "These seven heads were struck off by the grand marshal, who, by destroying the dragon, has won my daughter for his bride, and this day he receives the prize of his valour." The huntsman upon this stood up, opened the jaws, and asked, "Where are the seven tongues belonging to

the dragon?" This confounded the marshal; he turned pale, and knew not what to reply. At last he said, "Dragons have no tongues." "Liars should have none!" rejoined the huntsman, sternly; "but the dragon's tongues are the trophy of the real victor;" and unrolling the handkerchief, he produced the seven tongues, one of which he placed in each jaw, and they suited exactly. Then displaying the handkerchief on which the princess's name was embroidered, he asked her to whom she had given it. "To him who slew the dragon," she replied. Calling his animals, he took from each the collar composed of the princess's coral necklace, and from the lion the golden clasp, and exhibiting them, asked the king's daughter to whom they belonged? "The necklace and clasp were mine," answered she; "I divided it among the animals who assisted in overcoming the dragon." Then addressing himself to the king, the huntsman said, "When fatigued with the struggle with the dragon which I killed, and obliged to lie down to rest, the marshal came and cut off my head, then carrying away the princess, he pretended that he slew the dragon; but that he asserts this falsely, the tongues, handkerchief, and the princess's necklace testify." He then further related how his animals had restored him to life, by means of a miraculous root, and that after travelling about for a year, he had just arrived in the city, and learned from the landlord of the inn the falsehood and treachery of the grand marshal. "Is this true, my daughter?" said the king, addressing her. "It is, indeed!" rejoined she; "and having been discovered, without assistance on my part, I may now denounce the marshal's wickedness. Hitherto I have been compelled to be silent, by a promise extorted from me; but all that the huntsman has advanced is true, and for this cause I entreated you to defer the marriage for a year and a day." In his indignation, the king instantly sent for twelve judges, who were required to pronounce sentence upon the marshal. Their decree was, that he should be trampled to death by wild oxen, which

was forthwith carried into effect, and the king bestowed his daughter's hand upon the huntsman, appointing him at the same time viceroy of the whole kingdom. The rejoicings at the marriage were great, and the viceroy sent for his father and foster-father to be present, loading them with gifts ; the landlord likewise was not forgotten, for sending for him, he said, " Now, mine host, I am married to the king's daughter, and your house and ground are mine." "Indeed they are," said the landlord, "by right ; but—" The viceroy here interrupted him, saying, " We will not now stand upon that—you shall keep your house and ground, and the thousand gold pieces which I deposited likewise."

The young king and queen were now very merry, and lived happily together. He frequently went hunting, having great pleasure in the sport, and his faithful animals accompanied him. Not far from the palace was a wood, which was said to be enchanted, and that if any one entered it, it would be most difficult for him to find the way out. The young king had the greatest desire to hunt in this wood, and allowed his father-in-law no peace until he gave his consent : then with a large train he took his way toward the forest, and as soon as he entered it, he saw a snow-white hind. " Stay here, until I return," said he hastily to his retinue ; " I shall pursue that hind." Setting spurs to his horse, he followed at full speed, together with his animals. The attendants stopped as desired, but when evening came on, and he did not appear, they returned to the city, and said to the young queen, that their lord had pursued a snow-white hind in the enchanted forest, and had not come back to them. This troubled the queen greatly, and she knew not what to do. The prince, however, had ridden after his game, without being able to come up with it ; and when he sometimes thought himself within shot, it suddenly appeared farther off, and at last vanished altogether. Observing that he had penetrated deep into the forest, he sounded his horn, to summon his followers, but no reply came, for they heard not.

Night coming on, he perceived he had little chance of finding his way out before the light again appeared, so he made a good fire at the foot of a tree, with the intention of passing the night there. Soon he heard something that sounded like a sigh, over his head, and looking up, he saw an old woman sitting in the tree, who kept continually shuddering, and saying, "I am so cold!" "Come down, and warm yourself then," said he, "if you are cold." "No, no," replied she; "I am afraid of your animals—they will bite me!" "Indeed, good mother," said the king, "they will not hurt you—come down." The old woman, however, was a witch, and she said, "I will throw you down a bunch of twigs from this tree, and if you strike them, they will do me no harm." Saying this, she threw down a small rod, and in order to satisfy the old woman, the king touched them on the back with it; but they instantly became motionless, for they were changed into stone. The witch being now secure from the animals, sprang down, touched the king also with a small rod, and changed him into stone. Then, with a peal of hideous laughter, she threw him and all the animals into a pit, where a large number of stones already lay.

The young king continuing absent, the anxiety and distress on his account increased, but none could advise what course to take. It chanced that the brother, who on separating had travelled towards the east, arrived at this time in the king's dominions. He had endeavoured to find some employment, but being unsuccessful, had travelled about with his animals, making them dance. It then occurred to him that he would go and inspect the knife, which had been stuck in a tree when they parted, and inform himself of the state of his brother. When he came to the spot, the knife was there, but his brother's side was half rusty and half bright. This alarmed him considerably, and he said to himself, "My brother must have fallen into some great misfortune; perhaps I may yet be able to help him, as the half of the knife remains bright." He therefore proceeded, a-

companied by his animals, towards the west, and upon entering the city gates, the sentinel advanced, and inquired if he should announce his arrival to the young queen, as her majesty was in the greatest distress on account of his absence during the last two days, and feared he had perished in the enchanted wood. The sentinel thought he was addressing none other than the young king, so strong was the resemblance, and the idea was confirmed by the wild animals who were running after him. The young man instantly knew he was mistaken for his brother, and thought, "It will be better to personate him ; probably I may more easily succeed in helping him." He therefore allowed the guard to accompany him to the palace, where he was received with the greatest joy. The young queen inquired eagerly why he had remained so long absent, for she, too, thought it was her own husband ; but the brother replying that he had lost his way in the forest, she was satisfied. When night came, he was conducted to the royal couch ; but he placed a two-edged sword between himself and the young queen, who could not imagine what it meant, but did not venture to inquire.

He remained in the palace two or three days, inquiring in the mean time into all the circumstances of the enchanted wood, and at last he said, "I must again go and hunt there." The king, and also the young queen, endeavoured to dissuade him, but he persevered in his desire, and went thither with a large train. Upon arriving in the wood, everything happened to him as it had to his brother. He saw the snow-white hind, bade his attendants wait for him, and continued the chase alone, with the exception of his animals, until he lost sight of the game. Having plunged deep into the forest, he was unable to find his way back to the spot where he had left his attendants, made a fire, and determined to spend the night there, trusting to daylight to enable him to find his way out of the forest. When he had stretched himself by the fire, all his animals lying by him, he heard

some one say, "Ugh, ugh, how cold I am!" Looking up, he saw the same witch in the tree who had turned his brother into a stone. "If you are cold, come down and warm yourself," said he. "No, no," replied the old woman; "your animals will bite me, I am afraid of them." "They will do you no harm," replied the young man, come down." "I will first throw you down a rod, and if you strike your animals with it, I shall not then feel afraid," said the old witch. This excited suspicion in the young man's mind, so he said, "I never beat my animals, come down, and come directly, or I will fetch you." "You can do me no harm," replied she, "even were you to try." But the young man boldly answered, "If you do not come down, I will shoot you, and fetch you down that way." "Shoot," replied she, "I am not afraid of your bullets." Upon this the young man took aim, but the witch being proof against leaden bullets, laughed and yelled in derision, saying, "You see you cannot hit me." But the young man, tearing three silver buttons from his coat, again loaded his rifle, and now her arts being rendered useless, she fell as he fired, uttering a horrible shriek. Placing his foot upon her, "Witch!" exclaimed he, "if you do not instantly confess where my brother is, I will seize, and cast you into this fire." In the greatest fear, the old creature begged for life, and said, "He lies in that pit, turned into stone, and all his animals likewise." Compelling her to accompany him to the pit, he threatened her, saying, "Restore my brother, and all the other human beings who lie in that pit, to life, or you shall perish in the fire." Taking a rod, the witch touched the stones, and all were again living creatures, the young king and his animals; merchants who had been travelling through the woods; workmen, shepherds, people of every degree and kind, stood there, and expressed their gratitude for their release from the witch's spell. The twin-brothers especially rejoiced to see each other, and embraced very tenderly, then seizing the witch, they bound her hand and foot, and consumed her in the

fire ; and as the wicked enchantress ceased to live, the forest underwent a remarkable change, all the mysterious gloom vanished, and it was light and clear, and the royal palace was to be seen at not more than three miles distance.

The two brothers now returned to the city, relating their adventures by the way. When the youngest described his success with the dragon, and that he had been appointed viceroy, and treated as the king throughout the land, the other replied, "That I already know, for when I was mistaken for you, I was received with royal honours, the young queen treated me as her consort, and I was obliged to sit by her side at table, and share in her attentions." The younger brother waited for no further explanation, but was so transported by rage and jealousy, that when he heard this, drawing his sword, he struck off his head ; but the deed was no sooner accomplished than deep repentance touched him. "My brother," cried he, "released me from the witch's spell, and in return I have slain him ! Alas ! alas !" His sorrow was so great, that, in order to comfort him, his hare came and offered to fetch some of the root of life ; the young king gladly assenting, the hare sprang away, and returning quickly, by its means the dead man was so rapidly restored to life, that he did not even observe the wound.

Continuing on their way, the younger brother said to the elder, " You look exactly like me, and have the same description of dress, let us enter the city by opposite gates, and come into the king's presence at the same moment." The elder agreed, and they separated, and the first consequence of their trick was, that a guard from the opposite gates of the city came at the same moment to the king, to announce that the young king with his animals had returned from hunting. " How is that possible ?" said he, " for the gates are distant from each other ?" However the brothers were now in the court of the palace, which they entered by different sides, and shortly afterwards were in the old king's presence, who was considerably embarrassed, and said to

his daughter, "Tell me which of these men is your husband ; for both so exactly resemble each other, that I cannot tell." The young queen's embarrassment was not less than her father's, but suddenly recollecting the necklace that she had divided among the animals, she examined the lion, and found the gold clasp, and then declared, overjoyed, "That he whom this lion followed was her true husband." "Yes," said the young king, laughing, "I am the right man," and they all sat down to table together, and were very happy and cheerful. At night, when the young king retired, the queen said, "Why have you for so many nights made such a singular use of your two-edged sword ? I thought you intended to kill me, and I am glad it is not really so." The young king then fully understood his brother's honour and fidelity towards him.

The Clever Countryman.

THERE was a village in which many rich farmers lived and only one poor one. He was so miserably off that he had not even a cow, still less money to buy one, and there was nothing that his wife and himself wished for so much as a cow. One day he said to her, "Listen, I have a very good thought ; I will go to our friend the carpenter, and get him to make us a wooden calf, and paint it brown, to resemble a living one ; in time it will grow and become a cow." His wife admired the idea extremely, so the carpenter cut and carved the calf for them, painted it, and when finished, as its head was hanging down, it looked like a calf feeding.

When the cows were driven out the next morning, the countryman called the herd, and said, "Here is a little calf, but it is very young, and must be carried. The cowherd said, "Very well !" took it up, and carried it into the meadow, where it was put on the grass. The little calf

always looked as if eating, and the herd said, "It will soon be able to run, only see how it eats!" In the evening, when the herd prepared to drive home the cows, he said to the calf, "You can stand there and eat all day, so you may as well employ your legs, and walk home, for I shall not carry you any more." The farmer stood at his door waiting for his calf, and when the herd drove the cows through the village, and he saw that his calf was not there, he inquired after it. "Indeed," said the man, "I left it there still feeding ; it would not leave off, and I could not get it to come with me." "Oh," said the farmer, "I must have my calf ;" therefore, they went back together to the meadow, but, in the mean time, some one had carried off the calf, and it was gone." "It must have run away," said the herd ; but the farmer maintained that to be impossible, and summoned the herd before the magistrate, who convicted him, and, for his carelessness, decreed that he must give the farmer a cow for the calf that was missing.

The man and his wife had now the cow they had been so long wishing for, and rejoiced heartily in the possession ; but they had no food for it, and could give it no pasture, consequently they were obliged to have it killed and salted down, and then the peasant carried the skin to the next town in order to sell it, thinking the proceeds would enable him to purchase another calf. On the way there, passing a mill, he saw a raven with a broken wing, and pitying its disabled condition, he took it and wrapped it in the skin ; but the weather now changing, and a violent storm of wind and rain coming on, he determined to proceed no further, but entering the mill, he begged for shelter. The miller's wife was alone in the house, but said to the countryman, "Yes ; lay yourself on that straw," handing him at the same time a large piece of bread and cheese, which was very acceptable. Placing the cow's skin by his side, he composed himself on the straw, and the woman thought to herself, "He is tired and will soon be asleep ;" therefore, when the parson came in shortly after, she received him kindly, and said, "My

husband is out, and we will regale ourselves." The countryman opened his ears when he heard them speak of regaling, and was sulky, because he had only been offered bread and cheese, especially when he saw the woman cover the table with roast meat, salad, cake, and wine.

Just as they were preparing to enjoy this good cheer, there was a knock at the door, "Oh," said the woman, "what will become of me, it is my husband?" Quickly hiding the roast meat in the oven, she put the salad on the top of the bed, and the cake under it, while the wine was stowed away under the pillow; the parson still remained, and after a little consideration, he was put into the press, upon the lower shelf. Then opening the door to her husband, she said, "How pleased I am to see you back again; what weather it is, one would not like a dog that one cared for, to be out in it." The miller entered, and seeing the farmer lying on the straw, he said, "What fellow is that, and what is he doing here?" "Oh," said the wife, "the poor creature came in the storm, and asked for shelter, so I gave him some bread and cheese, and let him lie on the straw." "Very well," said the miller, "I have no objection, only get me something to eat as soon as you can." "I have nothing except bread and cheese," replied his wife. "That will do very well," replied he; "for my part I think bread and cheese very good;" then observing the countryman, "Come and have some with me," said he to him. The peasant did not need asking twice, but got up, and took some as invited. The miller now seeing the skin lying on the ground, with the raven still wrapped in it, said, "What have you got there?" "A cow's skin," was the reply, "with a fortuneteller inside." "Could he tell my fortune?" asked the miller. "Why not?" replied the countryman; "he will, however, only tell you four things,—the fifth he keeps to himself." The miller upon this felt very curious, and said, "Let him begin." So the farmer, pressing the raven upon the head, forced him to croak, "Krr! krr!" "What does he say?" inquired the miller. "First, he says, there

is some wine under the pillow," was the reply. "That has come from the cuckoos," said the miller; and upon examining the place, the wine was brought to light. "Now the next," said the miller. Again the raven was made to croak, and the peasant declared that he said, "Some roast meat was in the oven." "That must be the cuckoos again," said the miller. "Now again," said he. "In the third place, he assures me," said the peasant, "that there is salad on the top of the bed." "That is also the cuckoos," replied the miller, as he went and found the salad. "In the fourth place," said the peasant, after producing a croak in the same mode, "there is cake under the bed." "Cuckoos again," observed the miller, discovering the cake as directed.

The two men now sat down and began to enjoy themselves, but the miller's wife was in a state of the greatest apprehension, went to bed, and took all the keys with her. The miller was very desirous of knowing the fifth thing, but the farmer showed no inclination to gratify him, and observed, "Let us enjoy the four good things in peace, for truly the fifth is somewhat bad." But when they had finished their repast, so much better than it promised to be at first, the miller evinced a desire to purchase a peep into futurity, and the knowledge of the fifth thing that the raven could tell him. Taking advantage of this wish, after much bargaining, the miller was obliged to consent to pay the countryman three hundred crowns for another oracular response. Theraven was accordingly made to croak, and the miller eagerly inquired what he said, "He says," replied the peasant, "that a wizard is hidden on the lower shelf of your press." "Then," replied the miller, "he must come out." Saying this, he opened the house-door wide; the wife was obliged to give up her keys, and the countryman opened the door of the press. The parson, seeing so good an opportunity, rushed out at full speed, and the miller exclaimed, in the greatest wonder, "That it was quite true, for he had seen the black fellow with his own eyes." The cunning peasant, however, took good

care to make off early the next morning with the three hundred crowns, before the miller could come to any explanation with him. When arrived at home, the man set to work to build a fine house, which made the neighbours say among themselves, "The poor farmer has certainly been to where the golden snow falls, and you may carry money away by shovels-full ;" and their suspicion being excited, the man was summoned before the magistrate, to account for the alteration in his circumstances. "I sold my cowhide, in the next town, for three hundred crowns," said he. When the farmers heard this, they were all anxious to share in such an unusual rise in the price of hides, and running home, killed their cows, and skinned them, in order to take advantage of it. The magistrate, however, claimed the right to despatch his maid thither the first, and when she reached the town, she found the fellmonger would only give her three crowns for the skin ; to those who came afterwards he gave not nearly so much, and said, "What can I do with all these skins ?"

The farmers were all excessively angry at the deception used by their neighbour, and, in order to revenge themselves, complained of him to the magistrate. The unfortunate peasant was unanimously condemned to death, and was to be put into a cask full of holes, and then cast into the water. He was led to the bank of the river, and a priest fetched to say a mass for him. During this, the spectators were required to withdraw, and when the poor farmer looked at the priest, he recognized the one he had seen in the miller's cottage. "I got you out of the press," said he to him, "now deliver me from the tub." It happened that at this moment a man was driving a flock of sheep past the spot, and the countryman knew that he had long been very desirous of the post of magistrate, and cried out, "No, no, I will not ; if the whole world should ask it, I will not consent." Hearing these exclamations, the man driving the sheep came up to him, and said, "What is the matter ? what will you not do ?"

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"They wish to make me a magistrate," was the reply, "and will make me one, if I get into this cask ; but I will never do it." "Oh !" said the other, "if nothing more is required to be a magistrate, I will get into the cask in a moment." "Well," said the countryman, "if you will get in, you will be made a magistrate." The man driving the sheep, desired nothing better, got into the cask, the countryman knocked the top securely on, then taking possession of the flock, he drove them away. The priest went to the multitude, said the mass was read, and they came and rolled the cask into the water. When the tub began to roll, the man within began to cry out, "I should like very much to be magistrate." The people thinking it was the countryman who said so, replied, "We do not doubt you, but first you shall see the bottom of the river," and, as they spoke, finally pushed the cask into the stream.

The people went home, and upon arriving in their village, the first thing they saw was the countryman contentedly driving a very pretty flock of sheep. This astonished them beyond measure, and they said, "Peasant, whence do you come, are you come out of the water ?" "Indeed I am," was the reply ; "I went down, down, until I came to the bottom, then knocking out the bottom of the tub, I crept out, and found myself in a most beautiful meadow, wherein many lambs were grazing, and I brought away this flock with me." "Are there any more there ?" inquired the villagers. "Oh yes," said the man, "more than you could all want." "Then," said they to each other, "we will go and each fetch a flock." "I shall go first," said the magistrate ; "I have the first choice." They proceeded together to the river, and the sky being covered with light fleecy clouds, they were reflected in the water ; and as they looked closely into it, the people said they could discern the sheep at the bottom. The magistrate peeped forward, and said, "I will go down first, and see what there is worth having, and if I think it right, I will call you." With these words he plunged into the river,

and the noise of the splash sounded in their eager ears like "Come!" so without hesitation the whole body followed, and quickly found the bottom. Thus the entire village was drowned, and the peasant being the only survivor, was a rich man.

The Queen Bee.

Two young men, sons of a king, once went in search of adventures, and fell into a very wild course of life, entirely forgetting their home. The third and youngest, who was called Solomonides, after a time thought of seeking them, and accordingly departed, and after many inquiries discovered their haunts. They, however, thought nothing of his fraternal anxiety, but rather ridiculed him for fancying that he, who was decidedly silly, could get so much better through the world than his brothers, with their wit and experience of life. However, they agreed to travel together for a time, and passing through a wood, came to an ant-hill. The two elder brothers wished to scatter it, in order to amuse themselves, and observe how the terrified little creatures would carry off their eggs to deposit in a place of safety; but Solomonides said, "Leave the creatures alone, I will not have them disturbed." Proceeding on their way, they came to a lake, where many ducks were swimming. The two brothers wished to catch a couple to roast, but Solomonides again interfered, saying, "Leave the creatures in peace, I will not suffer them to be hurt or killed." They next came to a wild hive, in which was so much honey, that it ran out of the old tree that had received it. The two brothers proposed to make a fire, and to suffocate the bees, that they might take the honey; but Solomonides again restrained them, saying, "Leave the insects alone, I will not have them suffocated." The three brothers after a time arrived at a palace, in or near which not a creature was

to be seen, and the horses in the stable were of stone. They passed through all the rooms, until they came to a door at the end, on which were three padlocks ; this door had a grating in the panel, and upon looking into the chamber beyond, they saw a dark man sitting by a table. They called to him, once, twice, but he appeared not to hear ; again they called, when he arose, opened the door, and came out. Without uttering a single word, he conducted them to a table covered with every delicacy, and after they had eaten and drunk what they wished, he led each to a sleeping-apartment. The next morning the dark man came to the eldest, beckoned to him, and led him towards a stone table, upon which three propositions were written, by the solving of which the palace might be disenchanted. The first was, that among the moss in the wood, the king's daughter's pearls, a thousand in number, were scattered ; they were to be collected before sunset, and if one were missing, the person who had undertaken the search, would be changed into stone. The eldest went and sought the whole day, but at the approach of night he had only discovered a hundred, therefore the penalty attached to the failure took effect, and he was changed into stone. The following day the second brother undertook the task, but he did not succeed much better than the former ; he did not find more than two hundred pearls, and was consequently changed into a stone. At last Solomonides' turn came, who looked in the moss, but found the pearls much scattered, and the work of gathering them tedious, so he sat down upon a stone and wept.

While thus engaged, the king of the ant-hill, whose dominions he had protected from his brothers, came with 5,000 ants, and before long the small creatures had found every pearl, and collected them into a heap. The second direction was to fetch from the bottom of the lake the key of the princess's chamber. When Solomonides came to the lake, the ducks, whose lives he had saved, were there, and diving down, they soon brought the key from

the depths of the waters. The third trial, however, was the greatest ; for the youngest and the loveliest was to be selected from among the three sleeping daughters of the king. The resemblance of the three was perfect, and they differed in nothing, save that before they went to sleep, they had partaken of three different sorts of sweet-meat. The eldest had eaten a piece of sugar, the second had taken a little syrup, and the third a spoonful of honey. Then came the queen-bee, whom Solomonides had protected from suffocation, and made trial of the lips of all three ; but by remaining with, and hovering over the lips of the princess who had eaten the honey, the king's son was enabled to guess rightly. The spell was now dissolved, all were awakened out of their sleep, and those who had been changed into stone recovered their former state. Solomonides was married to the youngest and loveliest, and was king after her father's death ; his two brothers received the two elder princesses as their brides, and after this adventure were impressed with more respect for the ability of their brother Solomonides.

The Three Feathers.

THERE was once a king who had three sons ; two of them were wise and clever, but the third was remarkably silent, rather silly in manner, and was never called by any other name than Dumpling. The king being old and weak, and feeling his end approaching, was undecided to which of his sons he should leave the crown, therefore he proposed that they should travel, and that whoever was able, on his return, to produce the most magnificent carpet, should succeed to the throne after his death. In order that there might be no contention among them as to the direction in which they should travel, he led them outside his palace, blew three feathers into the air, and

said to each son, "This shall indicate to you the road to be taken." One feather flew east, another west, the third flew straight up, but went not far, falling again to the ground. One son accordingly went to the right, a second to the left, ridiculing poor Dummling, who was obliged to stay behind and take care of his feather.

Dummling seated himself on the spot, and when his brothers were gone, felt rather melancholy. Looking around, he remarked that the feather had fallen near a trap-door ; raising it, he saw a flight of steps, and descended ; at the bottom he encountered another door, at which he knocked, when he heard some one within cry out—

"Come to me, maiden fair,
And quickly open the gate ;
A mortal must be there.
From the world above so fair ;
Let us help to mend his fate !"

The door opened, and the youth saw a large toad sitting, surrounded by a number of young toads. The large toad inquired what he wanted. Dummling was rather surprised to see the toads, and to hear himself thus questioned ; nevertheless, being of a kind and inoffensive disposition, he answered civilly, "I should like to have the most magnificent carpet in the world ; at this moment it would be of particular service to me." Calling a young toad, the first speaker said :—

"Come to me, maiden fair,
For a mortal is here ;
Let us lighten his tasks,
And give what he asks."

The young toad instantly brought a large box, and the elder one opening it, gave Dummling from it a carpet so fine and delicate in design, that nothing like it could ever have been made upon earth. Gratefully accepting it, Dummling ascended the steps, and found himself again in the palace court.

The two others considered the youngest brother so

silly, that they apprehended nothing from him as a competitor for the throne, believing he would never discover anything ; therefore, they said to each other, " Why should we take much trouble in searching for a carpet ?" and taking a coarse shawl from the shoulders of the first peasant they met, they carried it to the king. Dumpling returned at the same time, and presented his beautiful carpet, which, when the king saw, he was greatly astonished, and said, " In justice, the crown should descend to my youngest son." But the two brothers, when they heard the decision, left the old king no peace, and said, " It is impossible that Dumpling, who is deficient in understanding, can direct the affairs of a great kingdom ; therefore we pray you to appoint another condition." " Well," said the father, " he who brings me the handsomest ring shall be the heir ;" and again, taking his sons into the courtyard, he blew three feathers into the air, to indicate the direction each should take. The two elder again departed, east and west, but Dumpling's flew straight forward, and fell near the trap-door. Raising it, he again descended the steps, had an interview with the large toad, and declared his wishes ; upon hearing which, the large box was again produced, and the toad gave him a ring, more beautiful than any goldsmith could make it. The two eldest in the mean time were amusing themselves with the idea of Dumpling seeking a gold ring, and determined not to give themselves unnecessary trouble ; therefore, finding an old iron ring, that had dropped from some portion of the harness, they carried it to the king. Dumpling was already there, with his costly ring ; and as soon as it was exhibited, the king declared that the kingdom justly belonged to him. The two eldest, however, tormented the poor old king to appoint one more proof, before conferring the kingdom ; and the king yielding, said that he who should bring home the handsomest woman should succeed to the crown.

Dumpling made another descent to the large toad, and informed her that he was desirous of finding the hand-

somest woman living. "Ah," said the toad, "the handsomest woman ! that is not always at hand, but you shall have her, nevertheless." Giving him a turnip, which was scooped hollow, and had six little mice harnessed to it, the youth looked at it rather ruefully, not seeing in it much resemblance to the thing he was in search of. "What can I do with this ?" inquired he. "Only place one of my young toads in it," replied the large one, "and then decide." Seizing one at hazard from the circle surrounding the large toad, he placed it in the hollow turnip, but it was scarcely there, than the most surprising transformation took place, the toad became a wondrously fair maiden, the turnip a carriage, and the six mice the horses. Kissing her, he drove the carriage away, and brought her to the king, and shortly afterwards his brothers arrived. As on the two former occasions, they had given themselves no trouble in the affair, but had taken the first decent-looking peasant who came in their way. After casting his eyes on the three, the king said, "Decidedly the kingdom is Dumpling's, after my death." The brothers began again to importune the king, and were loud in expressing their dissatisfaction, saying, "We cannot consent to Dumpling being king of this land ;" and further demanded that the women should be required to leap through a ring, which hung from the ceiling in the middle of the hall. "Here, at least," they thought, "our peasants must have the advantage ; they are strong and active, that delicate lady will kill herself if she jumps." Again the king consented, and the two peasants made the first attempt ; they sprang through the ring, it is true, but they were so awkward that they fell, and broke their arms and legs. The beautiful lady whom Dumpling had brought then sprang through as light as a deer, and all objections were consequently at an end : Dumpling obtained the crown, and long governed his people with justice and moderation.



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THE GOLDEN GOOSE.



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The Golden Goose.

THERE was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dumpling, and he was ridiculed and despised, and set aside on every occasion. One day, the eldest went into the forest to cut wood, and his mother gave him a nice rich cake, made with eggs and sugar, and a bottle of wine, to take with him, that he might not suffer from hunger and thirst. When he came into the forest, he met a little old dwarf, quite grey, who wished him good day, and added, "Give me a morsel of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a sip of your wine, for I am both hungry and thirsty." "Indeed," replied the prudent youth; "if I give you any of my cake and wine, I shall have less myself. Go away." Thus saying, he continued his road, leaving the little man on the spot. When he came to the work on which he was engaged, the son set about it, but met with an accident; for missing his stroke, the billhook descended on his arm, and he was obliged to go home and have it bound up. This was the little grey man's doing.

The second son was now obliged to take his brother's place, and the mother gave him likewise a nice rich cake and a bottle of wine. He met the little dwarf on his way through the forest, who begged earnestly for a morsel of cake and a sip of wine. But the second son was not more generous than his brother, and said, "What I bestow upon you would be a loss to myself; therefore excuse my refusing," and proceeded on his way, leaving the dwarf behind. But the punishment of his selfishness was not far off: he had scarcely struck a couple of strokes, before the axe glided from the tree upon his leg, and he was obliged to be carried home.

"Father," said Dummling, "let me go, and cut some wood." But he replied, "Your brothers have done themselves this mischief, who knew something about the work; but you will do worse, for you know nothing of wood-cutting." Dummling, however, entreated so earnestly, that at last his father said, "Well, go if you will; perhaps if you are hurt, it may make you wiser." His mother gave him a cake, but very different to that of his brothers; it was made of water and meal, baked in the ashes, and she added a bottle of sour beer. Upon entering the forest, he soon met the little old man, who greeted him, and said, "Give me a morsel of cake and a drink from your bottle, I am so hungry and thirsty." To this Dummling replied, "I have only a cake baked in ashes, and some sour beer; but if you like, we will sit down and eat." So they sat down, and Dummling brought out his cake; but to his astonishment he found a good large rich cake, such as his brothers had had, and what he thought beer was some capital wine. They ate and drank, and afterwards the grey dwarf said, "You have a kind heart, and are willing to share what you have with others, therefore I will improve your fortune. You see that old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the root." Having said this, he bid Dummling farewell.

Dummling instantly set about felling the tree, and in the root he found a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it out, and carried it with him to an inn, where he thought of passing the night. The host had three daughters, who looked at and admired the goose, thought it a wonderful-looking bird, and would much like to have had one of the feathers. The eldest thought to herself, "I shall surely find an opportunity of pulling out one or two;" and observing when Dummling left the room, she seized the goose by the wing; but her hand and fingers were instantly fixed to it, and she could not stir. The second now came with the same intention, but as soon as she touched her sister, she was likewise fixed to her; and the third arriving, intending to have one pull at the goose's

feathers, they eagerly screamed to her not to come near them, but she did not comprehend the reason for their anxiety, and thought they were only desirous of preventing her from obtaining a feather; therefore she advanced quickly, and as soon as she had touched her sister, found that they were all in some supernatural mode attached to the golden goose, and were obliged to pass the night in this uncomfortable state.

The next morning Dumpling took the goose under his arm and went away, not in the least troubling himself concerning the host's three daughters, who were fastened to it, and were obliged to run after him, either to the right or left, or in any direction he thought fit to take. The village priest met the party in the fields, and knowing the girls, he was much shocked when he saw the train, and said, "You bad girls! what do you mean by running after the young fellow through the fields; do you think that proper?" As he said this, he seized the youngest by the hand, to draw her away; but the instant he came in contact with her, the priest himself was affected by the mysterious agency, and he was unable to release himself, consequently, obliged to run after her. In a short time the sexton came the same road, and saw the priest on foot, pursuing the three maidens. Greatly wondering, he inquired into the cause, adding, "Pray do not forget that there is a child to be baptized to-day." In order to lend effect to his words, he touched the priest's sleeve: here was another added to the train, and all five were obliged to follow Dumpling at his pace, which was just then a pretty rapid one. While proceeding thus, two labourers came by, with their mattocks, and to them the priest addressed an earnest entreaty that they would set free himself and the sexton. But they had scarcely touched the sexton for that purpose, than they likewise adhered to him; and there were now no less than seven persons held together by some inexplicable power, pursuing Dumpling and the goose.

The latter reached a town belonging to a king, who had

one daughter, but she was of so grave and serious a disposition, that she had never been seen to laugh, and had hitherto defied all attempts to make her even smile. The king had, therefore, made a decree that whoever should succeed in making her laugh, should marry her ; and this coming to Dumpling's ears, he presented himself before the king's daughter with his singular train, who no sooner saw these seven people running after each other in such a strange manner, than she began to laugh loudly, and could not leave off. Dumpling directly demanded her in marriage, but the king did not feel much inclination for such a son-in-law, and made a thousand excuses to delay the fulfilment of the engagement ; among other things, requiring that he should produce a man capable of emptying a cellar full of wine. Dumpling remembered the little grey man, and believing that he would be able to help him, went to look for him in the wood, and upon the spot where he had hewn down the tree, he saw a man sitting with a very troubled countenance. Dumpling inquired into the cause of his melancholy, to which the other replied, "I am suffering so painfully from thirst; cold water I cannot endure, and I have just emptied a cask of wine; but what is one drop upon a hot stone?" "I can help you," rejoined Dumpling; "come with me, I can promise you sufficient." With these words, he took him into the king's cellar, and the man's eyes sparkled at the sight of the large casks; before long he had acquainted himself with their contents, and before the day was over, had drunk all in the cellar. Dumpling again claimed his bride, but the king was not a little enraged that a low fellow, whom every one called Dumpling, should carry off his daughter, and therefore sought by new stipulations to find a mode of avoiding the bargain. He now required that he should find a man capable of eating a loaf as large as a hill, or its equivalent in quantity. Dumpling was not long in taking his measures; he went directly to the wood, and in the same place as before sat another man, who had girded himself tightly with a

strap, and looked most woebegone, saying at the same time, "I have eaten a whole ovén-full of rasped bread ; but what is that when you are as hungry as I am ? I am quite empty, and shall, no doubt, die of hunger, if I do not tighten this girdle." Dummling was quite joyful when he heard this, and said, "Get up, and go with me, you shall have as much as you can eat." He then led him to the king's palace, who ordered all the flour in the kingdom to be brought, and an enormous loaf like a hill to be made of it. The man was overjoyed at the sight, placed himself before the mountain, and ere long it had all vanished. For the third time Dummling demanded his bride ; but the king, seeking another respite, required a ship that could go either by land or water ; "and when you come to us in it with the sail set," added he, "you shall receive my daughter's hand." Dummling went straight to the wood, and there he saw the little dwarf, to whom he had given some of his cake, who said to him, "I have eaten and drunk in your behalf, and I will now give you the ship, because you have shown yourself kind and benevolent." So he gave him the ship that could go either by land or water, and when the king saw it, he could no longer withhold his daughter's hand, but was obliged to consent to the marriage. It was accordingly celebrated, and after the king's death, Dummling inherited the throne, living happily to a great age.

The Little Hare and his Bride.

THERE was once a woman with one daughter, who had a garden full of beautiful green colewort ; but in the winter a voracious hare came and devoured it. The woman, in great wrath, said one day to her daughter, "Run quickly into the garden, and drive away the hare." So the maiden ran, and said, "Shu ! shu ! you wicked

hare, do not eat all the green cole." The hare replied, "Come, maiden, sit on my back, and come with me to my little house." This, however, was declined, and the hare went away. The next day the hare came again, took up his quarters in the beautiful green beds of colewort, and munched at his leisure. "Go in the garden, and drive away the hare," said the girl's mother. So she went, and said, "Shu ! shu ! little hare, you are eating all the cole." But the hare again replied, "Come, maiden, sit on my back, and I will carry you to my pretty little house." But the maiden had no curiosity at that time, and drove the hare away. For the third time the hare came, and fed upon the colewort, and the mother sent her daughter to drive it away. "Shu ! shu !" said the girl, "you will not leave us a morsel of our beautiful green colewort." "Come with me, maiden," said the hare, "place yourself on my back, and come with me to my little house." This time the maiden did as the hare requested, and he took her a long, long way to his little house, where he said to her, "Now, cook some green colewort and pease, and I will go and invite the guests to the wedding." The company soon arrived (and I can tell you of whom it consisted, for I have been told. Of an immense number of hares, most probably the entire race ; a crow was the parson to marry the bride and bridegroom, the fox was the clerk, and the ceremony took place under a rainbow).

The maiden, however, was sad, for she felt lonely ; the hare came, and said to her, "Come, cheer up, cheer up ! the company are right merry." But she said nothing in reply, only wept ; so the hare went away, but soon returned, saying, "Come, cheer up, cheer up, the people are waiting for you." Again she did not answer, and the hare returned to his friends ; but the girl made a figure of straw, which she dressed in her clothes, then putting a ladle in its hand, she placed it by the kettle, as if stirring the pease, and ran back to her mother. The hare came again, and again repeated, "Cheer up, cheer up," adding

probably by way of inducement, a gentle blow on the head of his bride, which knocked it down. The hare to his astonishment now saw it was not his bride, and went away in a very melancholy state of mind at having lost her.

The Twelve Huntsmen.

THERE was once a king's son who was betrothed, and his attachment to his bride was extreme. Sitting by her very happily one day conversing, a messenger suddenly arrived with the sad intelligence that his father was on his death-bed, and asked to see him before he died. The prince prepared to depart instantly, but presented his bride with a ring, saying, "Accept this as a remembrance of me, for I must leave you now, but when I am king, I will come and fetch you." The prince then departed for his own land, and upon arriving found his father at the point of death. "Dear son," said he, "I wished to see you once more before I die; now promise me to marry as I wish," naming at the same time a certain king's daughter, whom he desired should be his wife. The prince was in so much affliction, that for the time he could not reflect, but unhesitatingly said, "Dear father, I will do whatever you wish," and the king, comforted by his son's compliance, closed his eyes, and shortly after died.

The prince was directly proclaimed king, and when the time of mourning was past, he thought of keeping his promise to his father. Accordingly, demanding the hand of the princess in marriage, he received a favourable reply. His first bride heard of what had taken place, and grieved so much at his infidelity, that it seemed likely to cost her her life. Her father, not knowing what had happened, said to her, "Dear child, why do you seem so unhappy? whatever you wish for, you shall have." The maiden reflected for a moment, then said, "Dear father, find me eleven

maidens who resemble me exactly, in face, figure, and height." "If it be possible," replied the king, "it shall be done." A search throughout the land was accordingly instituted, and at last the eleven maidens were found who perfectly resembled the princess.

Upon being presented to the princess, she commanded twelve huntsmen's dresses to be made all alike, and the eleven maidens were obliged to dress themselves in them, the princess putting on the twelfth. Then taking leave of her father, they departed, and went straight to the court of her former bridegroom, whom she still so greatly loved. Upon arriving, she inquired if they were in want of huntsmen, and begged to be taken all together into his service. The king surveyed the troop, but had no suspicion who they were ; and being so handsome, he very readily took them into his service, ordering them to be always about his person.

The king had a lion, which was a most wonderful animal, for it was acquainted with all secrets, and knew everything. One evening, conversing with the king, it said to him, "You think, I dare say, that you have twelve huntsmen here." "Certainly I do," replied the king, "they are twelve huntsmen." "You make a mistake, my liege," returned the lion, "they are twelve maidens." "That is unlikely and impossible," rejoined the king ; "how will you prove it ?" "Cause some peas to be strewn in your antechamber," said the lion, "and you will soon see. Men have a firm tread, and if they walk upon peas, it would not be heeded by them ; but maidens trip, and stumble, and slide, and the peas would roll in every direction." The advice pleased the king, and he ordered the peas to be scattered on the floor.

There was, however, among the king's valets, one who was kind to the huntsmen, and when he heard the manner in which they were to be put to the proof, he went to them and told them all, saying, "The lion intends to convince the king that you are every one maidens." The king's daughter was very grateful to the servant, and

afterwards said to her companions, "Exert yourselves, tread firmly on the peas, and let us not be discovered." Accordingly, when the king caused the twelve huntsmen to be called to him the next morning, and they entered the antechamber, wherein the peas were strewn, they trod so firmly, and had such a decided step, that not one pea rolled or moved. After they had received his commands and retired, the king said to the lion, "You have told me an untruth ; they have the very step of men :" but the lion replied, "They knew what was your intention, therefore they have taken heed ; but send for twelve spinning-wheels, and place them in the antechamber, and then observe how they will rejoice at the sight. No man would do that." The king approved of the advice, and the spinning-wheels were placed in the antechamber. The same valet, however, who was very kindly disposed towards the huntsmen, went to them, and discovered the plot against them. When they were alone, the princess said, "Pray avert your eyes, and do not once look at the spinning-wheels," which they promised to do ; therefore, when the king sent for them the next morning, they passed through the antechamber with the utmost indifference, and did not seem to be aware the spinning-wheels were there. Again the king accused the lion of deceiving him, and asserted his firm belief that they were men, from the disregard paid to the spinning-wheels : but the lion maintained that they had been forewarned of what was to occur, and that therefore they had been able to abide the proof. The king, however, was not convinced, and paid no further attention to what the lion said.

The twelve huntsmen always accompanied the king to the chase, for the more they were with him, the better he liked them ; and it chanced that once, as they were out hunting, the news came of the approach of the king's bride. When the true bride heard the message delivered, it conveyed such a shock, that she could not conceal her emotion, but fell fainting to the ground. The king

thinking something had befallen his favourite huntsman, hastened to the spot, and in his anxiety to assist, drew off her gloves. The first thing he saw was his own ring, which he had presented to his bride, and upon looking at her countenance instantly recognized her. His heart painfully smote him for his faithlessness, and he was so much touched by what she must have suffered, that he kissed her, and when she opened her eyes again, said to her, "You are my own bride, and I am your bridegroom, and no one in the world can alter this." Instantly despatching a messenger to the princess, who had just arrived, he requested her to return to her own kingdom, saying, "He had already a consort, and that when one has found an old key, one no longer desires a new one." The marriage took place at once, and the lion was restored to favour, as he was proved to have spoken truth.

Jorinda and Joringel.

THERE was once an old castle in the midst of a thick wood, in which an old woman lived quite alone, who was a most expert enchantress. In the day she turned herself into a cat or an owl, but always of an evening she was to be seen like any other human being. She could attract every kind of game and bird, and having got them into her power, she killed them, and then roasted or stewed them. If any unfortunate traveller came within a hundred steps of the castle, he became her prey, for he could neither advance nor stir from the spot until she permitted him ; but if it was a maiden who appeared within the enchanted circle, she was instantly changed into a bird, placed in a cage, and carried into a chamber of the castle ; and so many had been taken, that there must certainly have been more than seven thousand such

cages, containing the rarest birds, in the various apartments of the witch's abode.

Now there was a maiden named Jorinda, of rare beauty, who was betrothed to a handsome youth called Joringel, and they were greatly attached to each other. Being much in each other's society, they were one day walking together in the wood, conversing of their future plans, when Joringel, thinking they were advancing too near the enchanted castle, proposed to retrace their steps, lest they should unadvisedly advance within its magical influence. It was a most lovely evening ; the sun shone gloriously on the red stems of the old pines, which reared their heads among the brighter green of the forest trees, and the turtle-doves poured forth their melancholy note from the twisted thorn-trees.

Jorinda, however, all at once felt herself much oppressed, and wept without knowing why ; she found it impossible to shake off her melancholy, and the feeling communicated itself to Joringel, so that they seated themselves on a stone, with the expectation of some calamity about to befall them. They felt, too, as if bewildered respecting the path they should take, and could not determine which was the road they should follow, to reach their home. The sun was declining, and they would have felt thankful to have been out of the wood ; but in his search for the right path, imagine Joringel's horror at discovering the enchanted castle close to them. Jorinda could now account for all her presentiments of danger, and sang,

“ My little bird, with the rosy wing,
Sings Coo, Coo, Coo !
But I another note must sing,
Adieu, alas, Adieu ! ”

Joringel hastily turned to look upon Jorinda. She was gone ; but a nightingale was on the spot, pouring forth her enchanting melody. An owl with glowing eyes flew thrice around her, screaming its hideous note, while Joringel could not stir ; he appeared as if turned to stone, he could neither weep nor speak, neither could he move

hand or foot. The sun by this time had gone down, and the owl flew into a bush. Immediately afterwards a little wrinkled old woman made her appearance, thin, and of the colour of old parchment, with large red eyes, and a curved nose, that nearly met her chin. She muttered something to herself as she caught the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand. Joringel was incapable of uttering a word or stirring from the spot, and the nightingale was gone ; but in a short time the old woman returned, and exclaimed in a hollow voice, "Zachiel, I greet thee ! when the moon shines in your hut, set free Zachiel ; the hour is come !" As soon as the words were uttered, Joringel was released, and falling on his knees before the old witch, he entreated her to restore his Jorinda to him ; but she heeded not his supplications, and went away, assuring him he would never see his beloved Jorinda again. He begged, wept, and lamented, but in vain. "What will become of me ?" said he, in his despair, and hastening from the wood without caring whither his steps led him, he came to a strange village, where he abode for a long time, and followed the occupation of a shepherd. From time to time he visited the wood, hoping to discover something that might enable him to release Jorinda from the enchantress's power, but was careful to avoid approaching the castle too nearly. His thoughts were continually fixed on one object, and in its pursuit many sad hours were passed.

One night, however, he had a remarkable dream : he thought he found a blood-red flower with a large beautiful pearl in the centre ; breaking off the flower, he carried it with him to the enchanted castle, and discovered that everything he touched with it, was released from the influence of the old bag's spell ; and by this mode he recovered his beloved Jorinda. Upon waking in the morning, the dream had left so strong an impression on his mind, that he determined to act upon its suggestion, and therefore sought through wood and valley for the space of eight days. Early on the morning of the ninth, he saw

such a flower as had appeared to him in his dream, with a drop of dew in the centre, like a large pearl. Eager to make trial of its properties, he plucked it, and retracing his way to the enchantress's castle, found that he was marvellously protected from her arts, for he was able to advance to the very gate. Touching the door with the flower, Joringel rejoiced to find he could enter, for it instantly sprang open. He advanced, and listened for a moment or two, for the songs of the birds, as a guide to his footsteps, then perceiving from which direction they issued, he proceeded, and came to the large hall, where the enchantress was feeding the seven thousand birds in their wicker cages. When her eyes fell upon the intruder, she was very angry, commanded him to retire, spited poison upon him, but could not advance more than two steps towards him ; therefore, perceiving that he was effectually guarded from her spells, Joringel gave himself no further trouble concerning her, but proceeded to search the wicker cages for his dear Jorinda. But how discover her among so many hundred nightingales ? While reflecting upon the mode to be adopted, he observed the old woman secretly possess herself of a cage, and attempt to leave the hall with it. As quick as lightning he sprang towards her, and touched her and the cage with the flower. The enchantress's wicked arts were now at an end ; henceforward her power of transforming was destroyed, and Jorinda was restored to her former shape, for she it was whom Joringel rightly supposed was in the cage. They now proceeded together to release all the other maidens, and having done this, they turned their backs on the hateful castle, and hastened to their own happy village. Shortly afterwards their marriage took place, and their joy was complete.

The Fortunate Sons.

THREE sons once came into their father's presence, for the purpose of receiving the share of goods which he proposed to bestow upon each, his blessing likewise, for he was a very aged man. "My end is near," said he, "for my age is great ; but I should like to do what I can for you, while I have the power." With these words, he gave the eldest a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat, adding, "Money I have none, and very probably what I have given to you appears of small value ; but that entirely depends upon the use you make of them. Let each seek the land where such things are yet unknown, and his fortune is made." The old man did not long survive this division of his property, and after his death, the eldest made a tour with his cock, but in every place he found an abundant supply of the race ; before he entered the towns, he saw them from a distance on every steeple, turning with every change of wind. In the villages, he continually recognized their crow ; therefore he was unable to present his bird as a curiosity, and he began to think there was very little chance of chanticleer procuring him much addition to his fortune. At length he arrived on an island where the inhabitants were unacquainted with such creatures, and were consequently unable to make an advantageous division of their time. Of course they knew when it was day, and when it was evening, but in the night, if they chanced to be awake, they could never find out what the time was. They therefore greatly admired the noble appearance of the bird which was introduced to their notice ; but when his master descanted upon his other qualities, which he did not fail to do, they were perfectly overcome with wonder. "See," said he, "what

a majestic bearing ! Observe the ruby crown on his head, and that he wears spurs like a knight ; he will likewise call to you thrice during the night, at regular intervals, and shortly after the third call has sounded, the sun will rise. When he is heard in fair weather, look to yourselves, for a change is at hand." This account excited the greatest interest for chanticleer ; but when they plainly heard him call the time thrice during the night ; namely, at two, four, and six o'clock, their admiration was unbounded, and they inquired if he would not sell the creature, and what he required for it. "About as much gold as an ass can carry," was the reply. "A most ridiculous price for so valuable a creature," they all exclaimed together : so, without a moment's hesitation, he received his price.

When he returned home with his riches, his brothers were much astonished at his success ; and the second brother declared that it was time to see what sort of a bargain he could make for his scythe. So he departed, but met with small encouragement at first ; peasants with scythes over their shoulders met him every day, and everywhere. At last he too landed on an island where people had never seen such an implement, and when their corn was ripe, they knew no better method than to carry cannon to the field and shoot it down ; a mode of proceeding both uncertain and unsafe, to say nothing of the waste occasioned by hitting the ears, and the unpleasant noise which accompanied it. When, therefore, the man set to work, and mowed so quietly and quickly, they could hardly believe their eyes, but looked on with open mouths, and were willing to give him whatever he asked for his scythe ; he in consequence obtained a horse laden with as much gold as he could carry. The third brother thought the time had certainly arrived to find a good market for his cat, unless he intended to continue the poorest member of the family ; and he found, as his brothers had done, that there was nothing to be got on the mainland ; cats were abundant everywhere, so much so, that the young were generally condemned to a

watery fate. Sailing, therefore, to an island, it fortunately happened that cats were unknown there, and the mice had consequently got the upper hand to such an extent, that they were a perfect pest. They ran over tables and benches, without regard to people's presence, and the whole population complained loudly of their devastations. The king in his palace was not able to protect himself from their intrusion, any more than his subjects, and squeaking and gnawing were heard in every corner. But pussy was well disposed to enter with ardour into the sport that awaited her, and had soon cleared a room or two, while the whole nation unanimously entreated the king to purchase the wonderful animal for the public service. This the sovereign was glad to do, at the price of a mule's burden of gold, and puss was turned loose on the spot. The cat enjoyed the sport exceedingly in the king's palace, and killed so many mice that it was impossible to number them. At length, growing weary with her work, she was thirsty, and ceasing from her sport, she stood in the middle of the room with outstretched neck, crying, "Mew ! mew !" When the king and all the people heard the singular cry, they were greatly alarmed, and in their terror all ran together out of the palace. There they held a council as to what was best to be done, and at last decided upon sending a herald to the cat, requiring her to quit the palace, and threatening to employ force to compel her, if necessary ; for the king's counsellors declared, it would be better to be tormented by the mice, being accustomed to them, than to risk falling a prey to such a monster as that which had now possession of the palace. A page was accordingly commissioned to go upstairs, and demand of the cat, if she was prepared quietly, and without further proceedings, to quit the palace. But pussy's thirst having considerably increased, she only cried more energetically, "Mew ! mew !" The page in his trepidation understood her to say, "Certainly not ; certainly not ;" and this answer he carried to the king. "Then," said the king, "force shall compel her."

Upon this cannon were brought, the discharge from which set the palace on fire ; and when the conflagration reached the room in which the cat was, she fortunately escaped through the window ; but the assailants, not perceiving her departure, continued their firing, until the palace was levelled with the ground.

The Six Successful Companions.

THERE was once a man who understood all sorts of trades ; he had served in the army, but when the war was at an end, he received his discharge, and three pence to spend on the way home. "Only wait a little," exclaimed the man ; "this will not satisfy me, and if I but find the right people, the king shall give me up all the treasure in the kingdom." Filled with anger at the treatment he had experienced, he went into the wood, and there saw a man, who had pulled up six trees as if they were stalks of corn. "Will you become my servant ?" asked he, "and follow me." "Yes," returned the other, "only I must first carry this faggot to my mother ;" and taking one of the trees, he twisted it around the other five, then shouldering the faggot with perfect ease, he carried it away. He soon returned and accompanied his master, who said, "We two shall get on very well in the world ;" and after proceeding a space, they came to a huntsman, who kneeling, was prepared to fire. "What are you aiming at, my friend ?" inquired the master. "Two miles from hence," replied the huntsman, "a fly is sitting on the bough of an oak, I am aiming at its left eye." "Oh, go with me," said the man ; "when we three are together, we shall certainly get on well in the world." The huntsman was ready, and they travelled together until they came to seven windmills, the sails of which were going with extreme rapidity, although there was

not enough wind to stir a leaf. Observing this, the old soldier said, "I cannot tell what impels these sails, for there is not a breath of air;" but proceeding on his way for about two miles, he came to a man sitting upon a tree that had been felled, who had closed one nostril, and breathed only through the other. "My good man, what are you doing?" inquired the master. To which the other replied, "There are seven windmills standing two miles from this place, and I am furnishing the wind to drive the sails." "Oh, pray go with me," answered the man; "if we four are together, we shall get well through the world." The other consenting, he left his employment, and joined the other three; and after a time they came to a man standing on one leg, having unbuckled the other and laid it beside him. "You are, I suppose, making yourself comfortable, preparatory to a rest," said the soldier, addressing him. "I am a runner," was the reply; "and as I do not require much speed at this moment, I am obliged to unbuckle one leg, for if I run with two, a bird flying cannot overtake me." "Oh, pray go with me," said the soldier, "if we five go together, we shall certainly do well in the world." The man consented, and before long the party encountered an odd-looking fellow, who wore his hat all on one side. "My good friend," said the soldier, "if you wear your hat in that fashion, I cannot say it is altogether becoming to a man who wishes to be thought in his senses." "That is quite possible," returned the other; "yet I dare not do otherwise, for if I set my hat straight on my head, there comes such a severe frost that the birds freeze as they fly in the air, and fall dead to the ground." "Oh, come with us," said the soldier; "six such clever men must carry all before them."

The whole party now proceeded to a town, where the king had caused it to be proclaimed, that whoever was willing to contend with his daughter in running, and was able to exceed her in swiftness, should receive her in marriage; but if he failed, the condition was, that he should

lose his head. The soldier instantly accepted the terms, requiring that his servant should be his substitute in the race, to which the king consented, adding, that, in that case, his life must be pledged as well as his master's ; so that the two heads were in jeopardy. The preliminaries being settled and agreed to, the second leg was buckled on, and the soldier dismissed his follower, with the recommendation to exert himself, and secure the prize. It had been previously arranged, that whoever should return first, bringing water from a distant spring, should be regarded as victor ; therefore, the runner was furnished with a pitcher, the princess likewise, and the race began. At first the princess was slightly in advance, but suddenly, the man passing like the wind, was lost to the sight of the astonished beholders, and in a very short time he had reached the spring, filled his pitcher, and began to retrace his steps. About half-way back, however, he felt rather weary, and relying upon his powers, whenever they were called upon, he placed the pitcher on the ground, laid himself by it, and fell asleep. Finding a horse's skull on the spot, he had taken the precaution to use it for a pillow, that he might not be too comfortable, but wake up shortly. In the mean time, the princess, who was really a capital runner, as good as most men, had reached the spring, and having filled her pitcher, was hastening back with it, when she saw her antagonist lying asleep. The sight filled her with joy, and exclaiming, "The enemy is given into my hand !" she stooped for an instant, emptied his pitcher, and resumed her course. All would now have been lost, if, by good fortune, the hunter, with his sharp eyes, had not been standing on the palace to watch the proceedings ; so he said, "The king's daughter is not going to circumvent us as she imagines," and loading his gun, he fired with such dexterity, that he shot away the horse's skull from under the sleeper's head without injuring him. This awakened him, and springing up he saw his pitcher empty, and the princess far in advance of him, but the man's courage did not give way ; running

back to the well, he replenished his pitcher, and was after all at the goal ten minutes before the princess. "This is more like running," exclaimed he; "what I did before I went to sleep, was not worthy the name."

The king, however, was annoyed, and his daughter felt it yet more acutely, that a common disbanded soldier should have won the right to her hand, and they consulted how they might get rid of him and his companions. At length the king said to his daughter, "Be comforted, I have thought of a method; they shall come here no more;" and addressing the party, he said to them, "You must all be merry together, and eat and drink." With these words he conducted them to a chamber, the floor of which was of iron, the doors likewise, and the windows were secured with bars of the same metal. There was a table in the chamber, covered with all sorts of dainties, and the king bade them enter and enjoy themselves, closing and bolting the door after them. Sending then for the cook, he commanded him to make a fire under the floor of the chamber, until the iron was red hot. This being done, the six companions, who were enjoying the good things spread before them, became rather warm, but fancied it proceeded from the exertion they were making to do justice to the king's good cheer; the heat, however, continuing to increase, they wished to leave the chamber, and then discovered that this was not in their power, doors and windows being secured. They now began to suspect the king of treachery, and the desire to suffocate them, therefore the man with the little hat prepared to defeat his intention, and promised them a frost before which the fire should fail, and beat a retreat. The little hat was accordingly put straight, and instantly a frost prevailed, which banished all the heat, and the food in the dishes began to freeze. About a couple of hours afterwards the king, believing they had all perished from the heat, caused the door to be opened, and went himself to inquire into their condition, but to his infinite astonishment he saw them all standing there in perfect health,

ready as they said to come out and warm themselves, for the coldness of the room had frozen all the meat in the dishes. In great wrath the king went to the cook, scolded him, and inquired why he had not obeyed his commands ; to which the cook replied, "The heat is tremendous, see for yourself." The king then saw that an enormous fire was burning beneath the iron chamber, and inferred that the six men were impregnable to heat.

The king thought again of some method to get free from his singular guests, and after much discussion sent for the head of the party, and inquired how much money he would take to surrender his claim to the princess, saying, "He might have as much gold as he could desire." "Very well," rejoined the man, "if your majesty will give me as much as my servant can carry, I no longer wish for your daughter." This reply gave the king great satisfaction, and the soldier promised to return in a fortnight for the performance of the contract. He then instantly set all the tailors in the kingdom to work to make a sack, which was so large that it was scarcely completed by the time appointed. When ready, the strong man, who could pull up trees by the roots, took it on his shoulder, and accompanied the soldier to the king's presence. "What a strong fellow you have brought with you," said the latter, "to be able to carry that bale of linen as large as a house on his shoulder !" But when he heard it was the sack for the gold, he was quite frightened, and thought to himself, "A fine quantity of gold is going to slip out of my hands !" However, he commanded a ton of gold to be brought, and this being carried by sixteen of the strongest men in his dominions, the strong man seized it with one hand, placed it in the sack, and exclaimed, "Why do you not bring more directly, that scarcely covers the bottom." The king's entire treasure was at length brought by degrees to fill the insatiate sack, and it was nevertheless not half full ; therefore, seven thousand waggons collected the whole treasure of the kingdom, and were then thrust into the sack, together with the oxen

which drew them. "I must not be so particular," said he ; "I see I must take what comes, if I mean the sack to be full." After several more attempts to obtain sufficient to fill the sack, he at length said, "I shall now make a finish, a sack is often fastened up, although it may not be full." Then hoisting it on his shoulder, he took his leave, together with his companions.

The king was inexpressibly enraged to see the whole treasure of his kingdom carried off by one man, and he commanded his cavalry to mount in pursuit of the adventurers, and to take away the sack from the strong man. Two regiments accordingly pursued, and upon coming up cried out, " You are our prisoners, lay down the sack, or we shall cut you to pieces." " What are you saying ? " said the man with the strong lungs ; " we are prisoners ! before that happens, you will all take a little dance in the air together." With these words, and closing one nostril he raised such a whirlwind with the other, that the men of both regiments were carried up in the air, and over the hills, some in one direction, some in another. One serjeant begged for mercy, and being a brave fellow, who had many wounds, the man listened to his entreaties, and desisted, so that he descended without injury, and was sent as a messenger to the king, with a request from the six companions, that more cavalry might be sent, and the same reception awaited them. When the king received the message, he said, " Let the rogues go ; they are certainly in league with the Evil one." Consequently, they carried off their treasure, divided it fairly, and lived in plenty the rest of their days.

The Wolf and the Man.

A FOX was once relating instances of man's strength to a wolf, and according to his description, no animal was able to resist him openly ; their only resource being cunning, if they hoped to escape his wiles. To this the wolf replied, " If I had only an opportunity of seeing a man, I should not hesitate about attacking him." " Well," said the fox, " as you seem to be rather courageous in the matter, come to me to-morrow morning early, and I will show you a man." The wolf presented himself early, according to arrangement, and the fox conducted him to the road which was taken by the hunters every morning. The first person who appeared was an old disbanded soldier. " Is that a man ?" inquired the wolf. " No," was the reply ; " he was one once." Then came a little boy, on his way to school. " Is that a man ?" said the wolf. " No," replied the fox, " but he may become one, some day." A hunter now came, with his double-barrelled gun on his shoulder, and his hanger at his side. " Now," said the fox, " here comes a man—you may attack him if you like, but I shall only consider myself safe in my earth." The wolf instantly flew upon the hunter, who, when he saw him, said, " What a pity I have no ball in my rifle !" Nevertheless, taking aim at the wolf's face, he fired a charge of small shot at him. The wolf made wry faces at the unpleasant salute ; but not deterred, he pressed on, upon which the hunter discharged the second barrel. The wolf controlled an expression of pain, and seized the man, who, instantly drawing his hanger, struck at him right and left, until, bleeding and maimed, the wolf ran howling back to his friend the fox. " Well, brother wolf !" said the fox, " how have you got on with the man ?" " Oh !"

replied he, "I never could have imagined anything like his strength ; first, he took a stick from his shoulder, and blew into it, when something flew into my face that scorched me ; then he puffed again into the stick, and it was like hail and lightning in my eyes ; and when I got nearer to him, he took a polished rib out of his body, with which he beat me so severely, that I had nearly been left for dead on the ground." "Now you see what a boaster you were," returned the fox ; "you let your arrow fly so far, that you could not find it again."

The Wolf and the Fox.

A WOLF had once taken a fox to live with him, and being the weaker of the two, the latter was obliged to do all that he required, which made the fox very heartily desire to be quit of the wolf. It happened one day that passing through a wood, the wolf said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I shall eat you !" To which the other replied, "I know a farmer's, where there are a couple of nice young lambs ; if you like, we will go and fetch one." This pleased the wolf, so they went ; the fox stole one, brought it to the wolf, and then ran away, leaving his comrade to devour it. This done, the wolf was not content, but wishing for the other, went himself to fetch it ; and being very awkward, the old sheep saw him, and began to cry and bleat so horribly, that the farmer's people came running to see what was the matter. Of course they found the wolf there, and beat him so unmercifully, that, howling and limping, he returned to the fox. "You had already shown me how, so I went to fetch the other lamb," said he, "but the farmer's people discovered me, and have nearly killed me." "Why are you such a glutton ?" replied the fox.

The next day they went again into the fields. "Red-

fox," said the wolf, "get me something quickly to eat, or I shall eat you!" "Well," replied the fox, "I know a farm, where the woman is baking pancakes this evening; let us go and fetch some." They went accordingly, and the fox, slipping round the house, peeped and sniffed so long, that he found out at last where the dish stood, then quietly abstracting six pancakes, he carried them to the wolf. "Here is something for you to eat," said he, and then went away. The wolf had swallowed the six pancakes in a very short space of time, and said, "I should very much like some more;" but going to cater for himself, he pulled the dish down from the shelf, which broke into a thousand pieces, and the noise, in addition, brought out the farmer's wife, to discover what was the matter. Upon seeing the wolf, she raised such an alarm, that all the people came with sticks, or any weapon they could snatch; and the consequence was, that the wolf only escaped with his life, for he was beaten so severely that he could scarcely hobble to the wood where the fox was. "Pretty mischief you have led me into," said the wolf, when he saw him, "the peasants have caught, and nearly flayed me." "Why, then, are you such a glutton?" returned the fox.

Upon a third occasion, being out together, and the wolf only able with difficulty to limp about, he nevertheless said again, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I shall eat you!" "Well," said the fox, "I know a man who has been killing, and has all the meat salted down in a tub in his cellar; we will go and fetch it." "That will do," said the wolf, "but I must go with you, and you can help me to get off, if anything should happen." The fox then showed him all the by-ways, and at last they came to the cellar, where they found meat in abundance, which the wolf instantly greedily attacked, saying at the same time to himself, "Here, there is no occasion to hurry." The fox also showed no unnecessary reserve in the matter, only, that while eating, he looked sharply about him, and ran occasionally to the hole by which they had entered, in order to try if he was still small enough to

get out by the same way he had come in. "Friend fox," said the wolf, "pray tell me why you are so fidgety, and why you run about in such an odd manner?" "I am looking out, lest any one should come," replied the cunning creature; "come, are you not eating too much?" "I am not going away," said the wolf, "until the tub is empty; that would be foolish!" In the mean time, the farmer, who had heard the fox running about, came into the cellar to see what it was stirring, and upon the first sight of him, reynard with one leap was through the hole, and on his way to the wood; but when the wolf attempted to follow, he had so increased his size by his greediness, that he could not succeed, and stuck in the hole, which enabled the farmer to kill him with his cudgel. The fox, however, reached the wood in safety, and rejoiced not a little to be freed from the old glutton.

The Fox and his Godson's Mother.

ONCE upon a time, the fox was invited to be godfather to a wolf's young son, and the lady considered she was showing much prudent foresight in the selection. "He is some sort of a relation to us," said she, "has much good understanding and cleverness, and will be able to give my son good instruction, as well as to help him forward in the world." The fox appeared punctually at the time appointed, and said, "Dear Mrs. Wolf, I thank you for the honour you have done me, and hope to behave so as to justify your good opinion." At the feast which followed, he made himself very agreeable, ate of the good things, and was very merry, after which he said, "Dear Mrs. Wolf, it is our duty to look after the child, and you must have plenty of good food, in order that it may be strong. I know a stable, where we could find an excellent piece of mutton." This intelligence pleased the wolf, and she

went with the fox to a farm, when he pointed to the stable, saying, "If you manage well, you can creep in there, and I will go round to the other side, and try to surprise a hen or two." But he did nothing of the sort, for, leaving her there, he returned to the wood, stretching himself out at full length at the entrance, in order to repose himself. The wolf crept into the stable, but a dog which was there, raised such an alarm that the farmer came. Mrs. Wolf was caught, and got a more severe beating than she had ever had before. At last she got away, and crawled back to the wood. There lay the fox making miserable lamentations—"Oh dear! Mrs. Wolf," said he, "I have been so unfortunate: the farmer's men fell upon me, and I was obliged to escape as well as I could, or they certainly would have killed me; every limb is sore, and if you would not see me die on the spot, you must carry me home." The wolf herself was in a miserable plight, nevertheless she very good-naturedly took the fox on her back, and carried the lazy godfather, with no small effort, to her dwelling. When he arrived there, "Adieu, good Mrs. Wolf," said he, "I hope the mutton will be tender." With these words, and a hearty fit of laughter, he ran away.

The Fox and the Cat.

It happened one day that a cat met Mr. Reynard in a wood, and as she thought he was talented and experienced, and had a good position in the world, she was inclined to be very polite and attentive to him, and said, "Good day, good Mr. Fox, how are you? how are you getting on? I hope these hard times do not affect you?" But the haughty fox looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time hesitated whether he should answer her at all; but at last he replied, "You miserable lick-whisker! you piebald simpleton! you starveling! you mouse-hunter!

what are you thinking of ? Do you know what you are doing, when you venture to question me ? What do you understand ? What can you pretend to do ?" " I can only do one thing ; I understand but one art," answered the cat, modestly. " And pray what is that ?" inquired the fox. " When the dogs are after me, I can run up a tree and save myself." " Is that all ?" returned the fox, contemptuously : " I am master of a thousand arts ; and besides these, have a whole sack-full of cunning tricks I pity you ! Come with me, and I will show you how to deceive the dogs." At this moment, a hunter with four dogs came by : the cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and concealed herself effectually among the leaves and branches from whence she called down to her companion, " Open your sack, friend fox ! open your sack !" but the dogs had already seized him, and held him fast. " Oh !" said the cat, " with all your hundred arts, I see you are caught ; had you only known how to climb a tree, you would not have lost your life."

The Pink.

THERE was once a queen who, notwithstanding her great desire and love for children, had never had one. She was accustomed to go every morning into the garden to pray that a son or daughter might be granted her ; and this had long continued, when one morning an angel came to her, who said, " Be content, a son will be given to you, who will possess the faculty of obtaining anything that he wishes for, and every wish, with respect to this world, will be fulfilled. The queen hastened to the king with the joyful intelligence, and when the time came, she had a son, which filled the king's heart with joy. The queen went every morning with her child into the park surrounding the palace, in order to wash him in a clear spring. Now it once happened, when the child was a

little older, that he lay upon her lap, after his bath, and the queen fell asleep, and an old cook who knew that the child would have whatever he wished for, came and stole it away, then taking a hen, he killed it, and sprinkled the queen's apron and clothes with the blood. The child was carried to a secret place, where the cook had provided a nurse for it, and he then proceeded with the rest of his wicked scheme ; for, hastening to the king, he accused the queen of allowing the child to be carried away by wild beasts. Upon seeing the blood on her dress, the king believed the accusation, and fell into such a rage, that he ordered a high tower to be instantly built, into which the light of sun or moon could never shine, then putting the unfortunate queen therein, he ordered the entrance to be walled up, and that she should stay there for seven years, without meat or drink, determining, of course, that she should die. But two angels, in the form of white doves, came daily to the queen, bringing all that was necessary for her support ; and being a woman of pious mind, she waited patiently for the termination of her captivity.

In the mean time the cook thought to himself, "The child can obtain all he wishes for, and I am here continually, this may bring some misfortune upon me." So he left the palace, and going to the boy, who was now old enough to speak, he said to him, "Wish for a beautiful palace, and everything that should belong to it." Scarcely were the words uttered, than everything he desired stood there ; but after a while, the cook said to him, "It is not good for you to be so much alone, wish for a beautiful maiden for a companion." The king's son did as directed, and one immediately stood before him, more beautiful than any painter could represent, with whom he played and amused himself in the palace gardens, and whom he loved very heartily. The old cook now went out hunting like any nobleman, but he was not altogether easy in his mind, for he feared the little prince might some day wish himself with his father, which would bring him into great

trouble ; therefore, the wicked man went out, took the maiden aside, and said to her, "This very night, when the boy sleeps, plunge this knife in his breast, and then bring me his heart and lungs, as a proof I am obeyed." Seeing that she hesitated, he added, "I shall kill you instantly if you refuse," which obliged her to consent. The next day, upon seeing her, he found she had not obeyed his commands, "For," said she, "how could I deprive the innocent child of life, he has never injured any one ?" "Well," returned the cook, "your life or his, to-morrow will decide which." When he had departed, the maiden ordered a deer to be slain, then taking the heart and lungs, she placed them on a plate, and when she saw the cook approaching the next day, she bade the boy get into bed, and cover himself closely with the clothes. When the wretch entered, his first inquiry was for the boy's heart and lungs, and the maiden presented him with the plate, but before he could speak, the boy threw back the clothes, and, to his great astonishment, addressed him, saying, "You old sinner, why should you take my life ? However, you shall not escape the punishment you deserve ; therefore, listen to the sentence I am about to pronounce. You shall become a black spaniel, with a golden chain round your neck, and you shall feed upon glowing coals ; so that the flames shall issue from your throat." As soon as the words were uttered, the old cook was changed into a black spaniel, with a gold chain round his neck, and upon the cook being ordered to bring up some glowing coals, he devoured them, and the flames rushed forth from his throat. After this, the king's son remained tranquilly in the palace for a short time, but at length the thought of his mother arose continually, and he longed to know if she were yet living ; therefore, he said to the maiden, "I must return to my fatherland, and if you will go with me, I will protect you." "Ah," replied she, "it is so far from hence, and what should I do in a foreign land, where I am altogether unknown ?" Seeing, therefore, that her inclination to go was not great, although they feared to

separate from each other, he wished she should become a beautiful pink, which he could take with him.

There being now nothing to hinder his desire to learn for himself what had become of his mother, he commenced his journey, the spaniel being obliged to follow them, and shortly after he arrived in his native place. He went instantly to the tower where his mother was confined, and the tower being lofty, he wished for a ladder to reach the top. This he mounted, and looking in, exclaimed, "Dearest mother, lady queen, are you living or dead?" to which she immediately answered, "I have just eaten, and have had sufficient," for she thought the doves were there. "I am your own son," returned the youth, "who was supposed to have been carried off by wild beasts, but I am living and well, and trust shortly to release you." He then descended the ladder, and proceeding to his father's palace, caused himself to be announced as a foreign huntsman, and requested to be taken into his service. The king replied, "He had no objection, if he were expert, and could procure a good supply of venison; indeed, if that were the case, he should be glad of his services, for he had never been able to preserve his game." The huntsman promised to procure as much venison as would be required for the king's table, and commanded all the huntsmen to assemble and to accompany him to the forest. This was done; he then gave directions to surround a considerable portion, leaving an opening on one side; within this circle he placed himself, and then uttered his wish, "That the deer should collect within its boundaries." The deer instantly collected, and more than two hundred head of deer entered, who were directly shot down by the huntsmen, and then carried to the king in the carts of sixty peasants; so that, according to his wish, his table could now be abundantly supplied with venison.

The king's satisfaction and pleasure was great, and he gave orders for a court banquet the next day, in order that all his courtiers might dine with him. When they were assembled, the king said to the huntsman, "You are

so distinguished a sportsman, that you deserve to sit by me." But the youth replied, "May it please your majesty, I am unworthy of so great an honour, for I am only a poor huntsman." But the king persisting, he was at length obliged to comply, and while seated by the king he thought on his poor mother, and wished that one of the king's favourite attendants would begin to speak of her, and inquire into her fate, whether she were yet living, or had perished in the tower. Scarcely was the wish formed, than the king's grand marshal began, saying, "Your gracious majesty, we are living here in pleasure and abundance, but how is it with your consort in the tower, is she living or has she perished miserably?" "Ask nothing about her," replied the king; "she allowed my darling son to be devoured by wild beasts; therefore my heart is steeled to her sufferings." Upon this, the huntsman arose and said, "Gracious king and father, she is still living, and I am her son; the wild beasts did not carry me away, but that wicked wretch, the old cook, who, while she slept, took me from her lap, and then sprinkled her dress with blood, in order to mislead you." Then calling the spaniel with the gold chain round his neck, he produced him to the king, saying, "This is the offender," and sending for hot coals, the creature devoured them before the face of all the court, until the flames issued from his throat. He afterwards asked the king if he would like to see the cook in his own form, and the king assenting, the spaniel was instantly changed into the cook, with his white apron, and knife at his side. The king could scarcely control his indignation at the sight, and ordered him to be imprisoned in the deepest dungeon. The huntsman, again addressing the king, inquired if he would like to see the maiden who had not only brought him up tenderly, but when ordered to deprive him of life, had refused to do so, although at the peril of her own. "Yes," said the king, "I would gladly see her." "Dear father," replied the son, "I must show her to you in the form of a lovely flower," and putting his hand in his pocket, he

brought out the pink, which he placed upon the table, and it was much admired by all. "Now," said the son, "I will show her to you in her true form," and wishing her again a maiden, she stood there so beautiful, that a painter would despair of being able to represent her loveliness.

The king now quickly despatched two maids of honour, and two attendants, to the tower, with directions to bring the queen instantly to the royal table. She was accordingly conducted thither, but she partook of nothing, and said, quietly, "I have been very mercifully preserved in the tower, but I shall now soon depart." It happened, accordingly, she lived for three days, and then died peacefully, and when she was buried, the doves which had carried her food followed the train, and afterwards took up their station on her grave. The old king caused the cook to be quartered, but repentance and sorrow preyed on his own mind, and he likewise died soon. His son married the beautiful maiden whom he had brought in his pocket in the shape of a flower, and they may be living happily yet, having heard nothing to the contrary.

Wise Margaret.

THERE was once a cook, who was called Margaret, and occasionally Peggy, who wore shoes with red rosettes, and was rather a merry, smart maiden. Of this she was by no means ignorant, as her self-satisfied manner, and the mode in which she sailed along, sufficiently indicated, saying very plainly, "Am I not a pretty girl?" The joy of her heart exhibited itself in all she did, and she entered heartily into all her occupations. When she came home from market, the first thing she did, was to take a good draught of wine, and this gave her an appetite, to satisfy which, she tried all the good things in the larder, saying,

by way of excuse to herself, “The cook ought to know how everything tastes !”

Her master said to her one day, “Peggy, I expect a visitor to supper to-night—roast me a pair of fowls very nicely.” “Very good !” replied Peggy ; so she killed the fowls, scalded and picked, and spitted them, and when evening came, put them down to the fire to roast. The birds began to approach very nearly that pitch of excellence which belongs to a well-roasted fowl, and the guest was looked for. At length Peggy said to her master, “If your visitor does not soon come, I must take the fowls from the fire ; but it is a pity they are not to be eaten now, for they are done to a turn.” “Well,” said the master, “I had better go and hurry my guest.” When his back was turned, Peggy took the spit from the fire, saying, “It makes one very warm to stand and baste these fowls—who knows when they may come ?—I shall run into the cellar and have a drop !” Running down, with a jug in her hand, she filled it, and saying, “God bless you, Peggy !” took a good portion of its contents. “One draught makes you long for another,” said Margaret, and another instantly followed. She then returned to the kitchen, and basting the fowls with some butter, she began again to turn the spit ; but the odour of the roasting fowls was so tempting, that, thinking to herself, “I wonder if anything is wanting to improve the flavour !” she touched them with her fingers, which she then licked, and said, “Excellent—how good they are ; it is a sin and a shame they should not be eaten just as they are ready !” Peggy’s anxiety led her to the window, to discover if the guest and her master were approaching, but seeing nothing of them, she again contemplated the fowls, saying, “One wing burns already—it would be better for me to eat it,” which she accordingly did, after cutting it off ; and finding it very good, she said, “The other must follow, or else my master will find it out.” The two wings were therefore devoured, and then she went again to look for her master ; but notwithstanding she stood for some time, they did not

appear. So she said, "Who knows?—they do not seem likely to come; perhaps they have gone somewhere else. "Well, Peggy," continued she, "be merry for once; you have begun upon one—take a little more wine, and finish it; you will then be content. Good things ought not to be wasted!" Following her own palatable advice, another visit was then made to the cellar, and a good draught taken, which gave her courage, as well as appetite to finish the fowl. When that was picked, the master not having arrived, Peggy looked longingly at the other, and said to herself, "It seems a pity to separate them—they were meant to go together; what is right for one, is only just towards the other; and I think that if I take another turn at the wine, and then see what I can do, I am sure it cannot hurt me." So Peggy went below, took a hearty draught, and the second fowl followed the first.

Having finished her very satisfactory meal, Peggy heard her master return, who called out to her, "Come, Peggy, be quick, my guest will be here directly." "Very well, master," replied she, "I am ready." Her master then went to see if the cloth were properly laid, and taking the carving-knife, with which he proposed to operate upon the fowls, he went to whet it upon the stone threshold. While he was doing so, the guest arrived, and knocked politely at the house door. Peggy ran to see who it was, and when she perceived the visitor, she placed her finger on her lips, saying, "Hush, hush!—depart as quickly as you can; most unfortunate will it be if my master catches you; it is true he has invited you to supper, but his intention is nothing less than to cut off your two ears! Listen how he is sharpening his knife!" The visitor hearing the noise described, rushed down the steps, and moved homewards with all possible despatch. Peggy, not idle, ran screaming to her master, saying, "A pretty guest to invite!" "Why, Peggy," returned her master, "what do you mean?" "Truly," said Peggy, "he has snatched the two fowls from the dish, as I was carrying them up, and has run away with them." "What

a fine trick!" said the master, who regretted the fowls, and was longing for his supper; "he might have left me one at least; what is to be done?" With these words, he pursued the supposed delinquent, having the knife still in his hand, exclaiming, "Let me have one—only one!" meaning that his guest should leave him one fowl for his supper, and not run away with both; but the person pursued thought nothing less than that one of his ears was wanted, and therefore ran his best, in order to carry his ears safely home.

The Old Grandfather and the Grandchild.

THERE was once a very old man, whose eyes were dim, ears deaf, and limbs almost incapable of carrying him. When he was at table, he could scarcely hold his spoon, his hand shook so much, which caused him to spill his soup on the table-cloth, and sometimes even he was not able to swallow what he had carried to his mouth. This disgusted his son and his wife, and they obliged him to sit in a corner behind the stove, giving him his food in an earthenware dish, and not always enough of it, which made him look wistfully towards the table, with tears in his eyes. One day his trembling hands not being able to support the dish, it fell to the ground, and was broken, which annoyed his daughter-in-law very much, and she expressed her displeasure at the poor old man. He, however, made no reply, only sighed deeply, and they bought for him a wooden dish, of the value of twopence, out of which he was obliged to eat. While doing this, the little grandson, a child of about four years old, began to drag about pieces of wood, and to collect them together. "What are you doing there, my child?" inquired his father. "I am going to make a little trough," answered the child, "that father and mother may eat out of when I am a man." The parents looked at each other for a

moment, and then began to weep, at the same time replacing the old grandfather at the table ; and from this time they showed all possible kindness to him, and were indulgent towards those infirmities which were the effect of age and weakness.

The Water Nixie.

A LITTLE boy and girl, who were brother and sister, were once playing at the edge of a spring, and they both fell in. Immediately beneath was a Nixie, who seized them, saying, "Now I have you both, and you shall work finely for me," at the same time carrying them away with her. To the little girl she gave a quantity of entangled flax to spin, and she was obliged to draw water in a tub with holes in the bottom, while the boy was required to cut down a tree with an axe that had no edge ; and all they got to eat were dumplings, as hard as brickbats. The children were at last so weary of the life they led, that they waited until Sunday came, when the Nixie went to church, and then ran away. When church was over, the Nixie discovered that the birds were flown, and pursued them with great strides. The children, from a considerable distance, saw her coming after them, so the girl threw a brush behind her, which was changed into an enormous mountain, called Bürstenberg, covered with thousands of thorns, which the Nixie was obliged with great pain and difficulty to climb over. When the children saw she had succeeded, and was again in pursuit, the boy threw a comb behind him, which became a great mountain, called Kammberg, covered with innumerable spikes : but the Nixie, by picking her way, got safely through. The girl then threw a looking-glass behind her, and this became a Spiegelberg, which was so smooth and slippery, that the idea of crossing it was ridiculous. "I must hasten home for an axe," said the Nixie, "and then

I shall be able to break the Spiegelberg to shivers." This she did ; but on her return she found, after breaking the glass, that the children were long since beyond her reach. She was therefore obliged to return alone to her spring, to her great disappointment.

The Death of the Hen.

ONCE upon a time the cock and the hen went together to enjoy themselves in the woods, and look for nuts, and they made an agreement beforehand, that whoever found a nut should straightway divide it with the other. The hen soon found a very large one, but very slyly said nothing about it, thinking she should like it all to herself. The kernel, however, was so large, that do what she would she could not swallow it, but it stuck in her throat, and she thought she certainly should be choked. In the greatest terror she screamed to chanticleer, entreating him to run as fast as he could, and fetch her some water, or she certainly should be suffocated. The cock ran as hard as he could to the spring, and said, "Spring, let me have some water, my wife lies in the hazel woods, she has swallowed a large nut and will be choked." The spring replied, "Go first to the bride, and let her give you some red silk." The cock thereupon hastened to the bride, and said, "Bride, pray give me some red silk ; red silk will I give to the spring, spring shall let me have water to carry to my wife, who lies in the hazel woods. She has swallowed a large nut, and will be choked." The bride answered, "Run first, and fetch me my chaplet that hangs on a willow." Cock-a-doodle-doo ran to the willow, took the chaplet from the branch, and brought it to the bride ; the bride gave him the red silk from it, the red silk was carried to the spring, who gave him water for it. The water was brought to the hen, but the cock found that while he was absent she had died

of suffocation, and was cold and stiff. This made the cock so unhappy, that he uttered his lamentations aloud, and all the animals came and took part in his sorrow, for the pair were much respected. Six mice built a carriage, that the body of the defunct hen might be carried to its grave with due solemnity, and when it was completed, they harnessed themselves to it, and the cock drove. On their way they met the fox, who said, "Where are you going, Chanticleer?" "I am going to bury Dame Partlet," was the reply. "May I accompany you?"

"Oh yes ; but place yourself behind,
Or micey your weight too much will find."

The fox accordingly took up his position behind ; afterwards, the wolf, the bear, the stag, the lion,—in short, all the beasts of the forest joined him. The journey was then continued, and they came to a brook. "How shall we cross ?" said the cock. Now there lay a straw on the bank, who said, "I will place myself directly across, and you may then drive over me." When, however, the six mice came upon the bridge, the straw stirred slightly, and then fell into the water, which caused the mice to fall also, and they were all drowned.

They were now in as great difficulty as ever ; but a coal came and said, "I am large enough—I will therefore lay myself across, and you shall pass over me." This was done ; but unfortunately it touched the water a little, when it hissed for a short time, and was then quite extinguished. A stone was the next to offer aid, for he pitied their dilemma, and was willing to help Chanticleer ; therefore he laid himself across, after the fashion of a bridge, and bade them pass over. The cock was now drawing the carriage himself, and when he had nearly crossed, having the dead hen on the opposite bank, and therefore only the rest of the train to draw over, unfortunately the weight of the carriage was too great for him, and it fell back, and all who were behind fell into the water, and were drowned. The cock was now left alone

with his dead wife, and scratched a grave for her, in which she was laid, then making a hillock over her, he took up his station there, and grieved so deeply, that at length he died too, so that not one remained of the party.

Fortunate Hans.

HANS had served his master faithfully for seven years, when he said to him, "Master, my time is out, and I should of all things like to see my mother again; give me my wages." To this his master replied, "You have served me truly and faithfully, therefore your wages shall be adequate to your service. Take this," giving Hans at the same time a lump of gold as large as his head. Hans, much pleased, took his handkerchief out of his pocket, tied the gold up in it, then placed it on his shoulder, and set out on his way home. As he trudged on, whistling, and occasionally shifting his gold from one shoulder to the other, a horseman advanced, who, cheerful and sprightly, trotted on upon a nice fresh horse. "Ah," said Hans aloud, "what a pleasant thing it is to ride, it is like sitting on your chair, you never hurt your feet with the stones, you save your shoes, and arrive at your journey's end without knowing it." The horseman hearing this, stopped, and cried, "Well, Hans, why are you on foot?" "I am obliged," replied he; "I am going home, and have this great lump to carry. It is gold, it is true, but it is very disagreeable for all that, for I cannot hold my head straight, and it hurts my shoulder." "If you like," said the horseman, "we will exchange. I will give you my horse, and you shall give me your lump of gold." "With all my heart," replied Hans, "but I tell you beforehand, you must carry it yourself." The horseman alighted, assisted Hans to mount, gave him the reins in his hand, and, after directing him how to urge his horse with those magical words

"hopp, hopp," if he wished to increase his speed, took up the lump of gold and pursued his way.

Hans was delighted when he found himself so free and independent on the back of his steed. In a short time, desiring to improve his pace, he made a noise with his tongue, and cried "Hopp, hopp," which had the effect of producing a quick trot ; and before Hans was able to look round, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch, which separated the high road from the fields. The horse would have continued his course without his rider, had he not been stopped by a farmer who was coming along the road driving a cow. Hans in the mean time collected his thoughts, and got up ; but he was cross after his tumble, and said to the farmer, "It is no joke riding on horseback, when one has such a mare as this, which plunges and throws you off, so that you might break your neck. I shall never get on again. Your cow is the nicest creature, you can go comfortably behind her, and are, besides, secure of milk, butter, and cheese every day. What would I give if I had such a cow ?" "Well," said the farmer, "I will do you a very great favour ; I will give you this cow for your horse." The joy of Hans at hearing this proposal was delightful to witness ; the farmer, however, flung himself on the horse, and rode rapidly off.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him, thinking of the good bargain he had made. "If I have only a morsel of bread," said he, "and I can hardly want for that, I can eat my butter and cheese with it as often as I please, and when I am thirsty, I need only milk my cow. What more can I want ?" Arriving at an inn, he stopped to rest, ate up entirely, with great satisfaction, all he had for dinner and supper, and spent his last copper coin on half a glass of beer. Then driving on his cow, he advanced towards his mother's village. The heat was oppressive, as it was nearly noon, and Hans was journeying over a heath of two or three miles in extent ; his thirst, therefore, was excessive, so that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I have a very pleasant resource," thought Hans,

"I will milk my cow, and refresh myself with the milk." With these words he fastened her to a dead tree, and having no pail, he prepared to milk her into his leather cap; but his trouble was in vain, not a drop would she give, and to add to his sorrows, Hans being very awkward, the cow lost patience, and gave him such a kick on the head that he fell unconscious to the ground, and remained so for some time. Fortunately, a butcher, with a young pig in a wheelbarrow, came by at this time. "What is the matter here?" cried he, as he helped Hans to come to himself, who, when able, told him all that had occurred. "Here," said the butcher, handing him his flask, "take a little, and you will feel better; your cow will never give any milk; she is old, and good for nothing but to draw a cart, or kill." "Well, well," said Hans, stroking his head, "who would have thought it? but it is a good thing to have such a beast, that one may kill when one likes, and have plenty of meat in the house, only I do not particularly like cow beef, there is no gravy. If I had only such a young pig as yours, that is quite a different thing, and we should have sausages too." "Well, Hans," said the butcher, "out of regard for you I will change with you; you shall have my pig, and I will take your old cow." "A thousand thanks," said Hans, accepting the offer; accordingly, delivering the cow, the pig was taken out of the wheelbarrow, and the cord to which it was fastened delivered into his hand.

Hans now went on, thinking how everything had prospered according to his wish, for, if a misadventure overtook him, something instantly occurred to put him right again; and before long, a young man, with a beautiful white goose under his arm, joined him on the road. They greeted each other civilly, and Hans then began to relate how fortunate he had been, and told him of the profitable exchange he had made. The young man, on his part, told him he was carrying the goose to a christening feast. "Feel it," said he, taking it by the wings, "how heavy it is, it has been fatted for eight weeks, and whoever eats of

it when roasted will have occasion to congratulate himself." "Yes," said Hans, feeling the weight, "it is heavy, but my pig is a beauty." Upon this, the other looked round with a dubious expression, and shook his head. "Listen," said he, "I fear your pig is not quite right; as I passed through the village on my way here, a pig had been stolen out of the constable's sty, and I much fear it is the one you now have. People are looking for it in all directions, and it will be a bad affair for you if they catch you with the pig; the least you can expect, is to be put in the blackhole." Poor Hans was in a terrible fright. "Oh dear," said he, "pray help me out of this scrape; you will be able to do better than I; pray take my pig, and give me your goose." "I shall risk something by so doing," was the reply; "however, I will not be the cause of your falling into any misfortune;" so taking the cord in his hand, he drove the pig away by a little by-path, while good Hans, freed from his apprehensions, put the goose under his arm, and continued his way home. "When I come to consider," said the latter to himself, "I am a great gainer by the exchange; first, a capital roast goose, and then the immense quantity of fat which it will provide us with,—goose fat for our bread for three months! the beautiful white feathers too will make me a pillow, so soft, that I shall sleep on it without rocking. How pleased will my mother be!"

Having arrived at the last village on his road, he found there a scissors-grinder with his apparatus, who was turning his grindstone and singing merrily. Hans stood for some time looking at him; he then remarked, "You must be doing well, for you are very merry at your grinding, and sing away." "Yes," replied the grinder, "trade has a golden foundation, and a good grinder is a man who, whenever he puts his hand in his pocket, is sure to find money there; but where did you buy that beautiful goose?"—"I did not buy it, I got it in exchange for my pig." "And your pig?"—"I took it in exchange for my cow." "And the cow?"—"I got it instead of a horse." "And

the horse?"—"I gave it to a man for a lump of gold." "And the lump of gold?"—"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service." "You seem to know how to help yourself on all occasions," said the grinder; "but if gold should ever cease to grow in your pocket, now is the time to make your fortune, if you are a wise man." "How is that to be done?" inquired Hans. "You must become a grinder like me, for which nothing is especially requisite except a grindstone, other things will come of themselves. Now here is one, a little worn it is true, but for that reason I shall ask you nothing more for it except your goose; will you have it?" "How can you doubt it?" replied Hans; "for I shall be the happiest man upon earth; if I always find money when I put my hand in my pocket, what need I care?" With these words he handed over the goose to the grinder and took the grindstone in exchange, and the latter, picking up an ordinary heavy stone lying near him, gave it in addition to Hans, saying, "Here is also another valuable stone that I will give you, you can knock upon it, or hammer your old nails straight, take it and be careful of it."

Hans took it as offered, and went with a light heart through the village; his eyes sparkled with joy, and he was the picture of content. "I must certainly have been born fortunate," said he; "everything I wish for comes half-way to meet me, like a Sunday child." These considerations, however, did not prevent his feeling very tired; he had been on his legs ever since daybreak, and as he devoured all his store in the joy of his heart upon exchanging his horse for the cow, hunger began to torment him keenly. His step gradually slackened, and he was obliged to stop every moment to rest; the weight of the stones, too, appeared to increase, and he could not altogether repress the idea, that he should be rather glad not to have to carry them just now. At a snail's pace, he reached a well in a field, and resolved to rest awhile, and refresh himself with a draught of water; but being careful not to injure his treasures of stones, he placed them gently on

the edge of the well, then seating himself close by them he stooped to drink, and in the act he gave the stones a slight push, and they both fell in. Hans saw them both reach the bottom, then feeling quite relieved, he fell on his knees and returned thanks, with tears in his eyes, that this mercy likewise had been shown him, and that he had been able to get rid of the heavy stones without having occasion to reproach himself. "Such a fortunate man as I am could hardly be found!" said he, and with joyful heart he sprang on his way, and, free from every burthen, in a short time he was clasped to his mother's heart.

Hans Married.

THERE was once a young farmer, named Hans, whose cousin much desired that he should marry a rich wife. Preparatory to carrying out his plans with regard to this, he caused the stove to be well heated, and seated Hans by it, then fetching a basin of milk, and a tolerable portion of white bread, he placed them, as well as a newly-coined penny, in his hands, bidding him hold the money tight, break the bread into the milk, and not stir from the spot until he came back. "Very well," said Hans, "I will do all you wish." The cousin drew on an old pair of trousers, covered with patches, went to the next village to a rich farmer's daughter, and said, "Will you not marry my cousin Hans? you will get a stout clever man, who will be sure to please you." The avaricious old father heard the proposal, and said, "How is he off for property? has he bread to his milk?" "Worthy friend," replied the cousin, "my young relative is warm, has a good penny in hand, and has certainly white bread to his milk. He cannot likewise have fewer patches [of land] than I have," striking his hand, as he said this, on his patched trousers; "and if you will only take the trouble to accompany me,

you shall see this very hour that everything is as I have described it." The old miser was unwilling to lose so good an opportunity, and said, "Well, if such is the case, I have nothing to say against the marriage."

The wedding accordingly took place on the day fixed, and when the bride wished to walk in the fields and see the bridegroom's property, Hans first took off his Sunday coat, and put his jacket covered with patches on, saying that he might spoil his best coat. Then they went together into the fields, and wherever on their road the vineyards were marked out, or cornfields and meadows divided, Hans pointed to them with his finger, and then touched a large or small patch on his jacket, saying, "Is not this a nice patch?" or, "This patch is mine, and that also : only look well at it, my treasure ;" meaning, not that the wife should gaze at the patches of land lying around, but at those on his jacket, which only were his own. "Were you at the wedding?" "Certainly! I was present in my best attire. My head-dress was of snow ; but the sun shone out on the bride, and it melted away ; my dress was of cobweb, but I tore it to bits, getting through the hedge ; my slippers were of glass, but striking them against a stone, they said, 'Klink!' and flew in pieces."

The Golden Children.

A POOR man and his wife lived in a miserable hut, and supported themselves by catching fish, their living being so precarious, that they might truly be said to live from hand to mouth. It chanced, one day, that the man sat by a lake, and threw in his nets, and shortly afterwards drew out one fish, which was a golden one. While regarding it with great astonishment, the fish addressed the man saying, "Fisherman, throw me back again into the water, and I will make your cottage into a beautiful

palace." "What would be the use of a palace to me?" replied the fisherman, "if I have nothing to eat?" "Oh!" said the gold fish, "that should be provided for likewise; there should be a closet in the palace, and when you opened it, you would find dishes filled with everything you could desire, and as much as you wanted of it." "If that is the case," said the man, "I have no objection to do you the favour you ask." "Very well," replied the fish; "there is, however, one condition attached, namely, that you shall discover to no living mortal from whence your good fortune proceeds. If a single word is spoken, you lose all you have gained."

The man threw the fish into the water, and went towards his home; but when he reached the spot where his cottage had formerly stood, there was now in its place a fine palace. This made him open his eyes, for it is difficult to say if he believed all the fish had promised him; but he entered, and found his wife richly dressed, sitting in a well-furnished room. She was in a state of great satisfaction, and said, "Husband, how did all this happen? how happy I am!" "Yes," replied the husband, "it pleases me too; but I am dreadfully hungry, give me something to eat." "I have nothing to give you, I am sorry to say," rejoined the wife, "and in a new house one hardly knows where to look for anything." "Oh!" said the man, "I see a large closet yonder; go and open it." The wife did as her husband directed, and there she found cake, meat, fruit, and wine in very pleasant array. "Oh!" said she, joyfully, "what will you have?" And taking out the good things, a table was quickly spread, at which they sat down, and ate and drank. When they had satisfied their hunger, "Husband," said the woman, "where does all this come from?" "Ask nothing about it," returned the man; "if I tell you, our good fortune is all over." "Well," said she, "if I am not to know, I am sure I do not wish." But in this she was not sincere, for she wished very much to know all about it, and her curiosity left her no rest night or day, and she so con-

tinually tormented her husband, that one day he told her impatiently, that everything came from a wonderful gold fish he had caught, and allowed to go again. As soon as the words were uttered, the beautiful palace with the magical closet vanished, and then they were again in their old hut.

The man was obliged to have recourse to his former occupation, and began again to fish. As it fortunately happened, he soon drew out the gold fish again. "Listen, my friend!" said the fish: "throw me back, and I will again give you the palace and the closet, filled with all you want; only be firm, and say nothing of whence you have obtained it, or you will lose it all again." "I will take care," returned the fisherman, as he threw the fish back into the water. When he reached home, he found everything as magnificent as on the former occasion, and his wife in great joy at the restoration of their good fortune. But her curiosity again got the better of her prudence, and after a couple of days she began to ask and tease, just as she had done before. The husband refrained for some time, but at length one day he lost his temper, and betrayed the secret. In a moment, the palace had vanished, and they found themselves in their old hut. "Now are you satisfied?" said the man; "we have lost all, and may starve if we like." "Oh!" said the woman, "I had much rather not be rich, if I am not to know from whom it comes. I have no peace as long as I do not know."

The man was obliged again to go and fish, and after a time he once more caught his old friend the gold fish. "Well," said the fish, "it is strange; I see I am to fall into your hands. Take me home, and cut me into six pieces; give two to your wife to eat, two to your horse, and bury two in the ground, and a blessing will come to you." The man carried the fish home, and did as he was told, and it happened that from the two pieces which he laid in the ground, two golden lilies grew, the horse had two golden foals, and the fisherman's wife two children, which were likewise of gold.

The children grew up, and were tall and handsome, and the lilies and the horses grew likewise. Then said

the youths, "Father, we will, with your permission, mount our golden horses, and travel in the world." Their father was much troubled at these words, and said, "My children, how shall I endure your absence?—for when you once leave me, I shall perhaps never hear tidings of you more." "Indeed!" replied they, "the two golden lilies will be with you, and by them you can judge how it is with us; when they are fresh, we are in good health—should they fade, some misfortune has overtaken us; but when they die, we are dead." The youths, therefore, were not to be dissuaded, and taking leave of their parents, rode away. The first time they alighted, for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves at an inn, a number of people collected there stared rudely at the strangers; and seeing they were somewhat different to themselves, began to laugh at and mock them, which so offended one of the brothers, that, confused and ashamed, and despite his brother's entreaties to remain, he mounted his horse and rode home to his father. The other continued his journey, and arrived at a large forest. Before entering it, people told him that it would not be prudent to travel through it, for that the forest was the haunt of robbers, who would be sure to attack him; and if they should discover that he and his horse were made of the precious metal, there could be little doubt that they would kill him. This did not deter our adventurous youth; he replied to all their reasoning, "I must travel through the forest." But in order to secure himself from possible mischance, he procured a bear's skin, with which he covered himself and horse, so that nothing of the gold could be seen, and rode boldly into the forest. After riding a short space, he heard voices in the underwood, and as he approached a spot where the forest was thicker, he heard a man exclaim, "Here comes some one;" to which another replied, "Leave him, he is a fellow in a bear's skin, as poor as a church mouse—we should get nothing by him!" The gold child therefore rode through the forest, and fortunately no harm befell him. After this, it hap-

pened that he came to a village, where he saw a maiden so beautiful that he believed there was nobody like her in the whole world, and for whom he felt so sudden and strong an affection, that he went straight to her and said, "I love you with all my heart—will you be my wife?" He pleased the maiden no less—therefore she consented saying, "Yes, I will be your wife, and love you all the days of my life!" The marriage accordingly took place, and they were in the midst of the rejoicings upon the occasion, when the bride's father came home, and was much astonished to find his daughter keeping her wedding, and asked for the bridegroom. The gold child was brought to him; but as he was still wrapped up in the bear's skin, the father angrily exclaimed, "Never shall a man in a bear's skin have my daughter;" and he endeavoured to kill him. The bride, however, entreated her father, saying, "He is already my husband, and I have the greatest possible love for him." Hearing this, he allowed his wrath to subside, and said nothing further. He could not, however, banish the thought from his mind; so he arose very early in the morning, and went to observe his new son-in-law; but instead of the ragged common beggar he expected to see, he was agreeably surprised to find a handsome golden man, with the air of a prince, and the bear's skin was lying on the ground. He went away, therefore, saying to himself, "It was a good thing that I suppressed my anger, or I might have done something I should have been sorry for."

The gold child meantime was dreaming that he was chasing a magnificent stag, and in the morning the first thing he said to his bride when he awoke, was, "I shall hunt to-day." This alarmed her, and she entreated him to stay at home, saying, "Some misfortune may happen to you; and what would become of me?" But he answered, "I am quite determined to hunt to-day!" So he arose and went into the forest, and before long, a fine stag, exactly resembling the one he had seen in his dream, came in view, but sprang quickly away, upon the man levelling

his gun at him. He followed, over ditches and through thickets, and felt no weariness the whole day while in pursuit, but towards evening the stag suddenly vanished from his sight. Looking round, the gold child saw that he was standing before a very small house where a witch lived. He knocked, and the old crone came out, and inquired what he wanted at so late an hour in the thick forest. "Have you seen a large stag?" was the reply. "Yes," replied she, "I know it well;" and at this moment a little dog that accompanied the old woman began to bark at the hunter. "Be still, you ugly toad," said he, "or I will shoot you." "What!" cried the witch, in a great rage, "shoot my dog?" With these words, touching the gold child, she transformed him into a stone, and there he lay. His bride awaited him in vain, and said, "Something has happened, as I feared it would, from the dread I had of my husband going to hunt."

Now, the other brother, who had returned home, stood by the gold lilies, when suddenly one fell. "Ah," said he, "my brother has encountered something dreadful, I must find him; perhaps I may yet be able to save him." "Stay with me," entreated the father, when he heard his son's words; "if I lose you, I am quite bereft." But he replied, "I must go." So he mounted his golden horse, and rode until he came to the great wood wherein his brother lay, turned to a stone. The old witch came out of her house, and wished to ensnare him likewise; but he would not approach, and said, "I will shoot you if you do not restore my brother to me." Very unwillingly, she touched the stony form with her finger, and immediately consciousness returned. The two gold children rejoiced to see each other, and embraced tenderly, then rode together out of the forest, one to his bride, the other back to his father. Then said the latter, "I knew at once that you had delivered your brother, for, on a sudden, the golden lily arose, and has continued to blossom." Nothing else occurred after this to interrupt their happiness, and they prospered to the end of their days.

The Fox and the Goose.

A FOX came suddenly into a meadow, where a flock of beautiful fat geese were reposing : this amused him, so he laughed, and said, "It is just as if I had been called ; I am just arrived at the right moment ; you sit all there so comfortably together, that I can eat you up one after the other, without disturbing you much." The geese cackled with apprehension, and began to lament their impending fate, and entreat for their lives. The fox, however, would listen to nothing, and said, "There is no mercy for you ; you must die !" At last one took courage, and said, "If we poor geese must lose our young fresh lives, grant us at least this small favour—that we may repeat one prayer, and not die in our sins ; after that we will place ourselves in a row, that you may be able to choose the fattest." "Well," said the fox, "perhaps that is only just, it is certainly proper, begin your prayer, and I will wait." The first began with a remarkably long prayer, nothing but "ga, ga," and as it did not seem inclined to leave off, the second would not wait until her turn came, but began likewise, "ga, ga," the third and fourth followed, and they soon all cackled together. (When the prayer is finished, you shall have the rest of the story ; but as far as I know, they are all still going on.)

The Goose-herd.

THERE once lived an aged queen, whose royal consort had been for many years dead, and her chief happiness arose from the amiable disposition of a fair daughter, her only child. As the princess grew up, numerous suitors for her hand presented themselves, and at length she was

engaged to the son of a king whose dominions were far from her native land. When the period arrived for her to leave her mother, and commence her journey to a foreign country, the old queen presented her daughter with much that was rare and costly, gold and silver, treasure and jewels, in short, all that was worthy of the bride, for the mother loved her child fondly. She also gave her an attendant to accompany her on the journey, and see her safe into the charge of her future husband, and each was furnished with a horse for the journey ; but the princess's was called Falada, and was able to speak. The moment of parting having come, the queen went to her chamber, and with a small knife cut her finger, and allowed three drops from the wound to fall on a white handkerchief ; this she presented to her daughter, saying, "Dearest child, preserve this carefully ; it may be of service to you on the road."

A very sorrowful separation then took place, the princess placed the handkerchief in her bosom, then mounted her horse, and proceeded on her journey. After riding for about an hour, feeling very thirsty, she called her attendant, saying, "Pray alight, and fetch me some water from this brook in my own drinking-cup, which you have brought with you for the purpose. I am very thirsty, and fain would refresh myself." "If you are thirsty," returned the unmannerly waiting-maid, "alight yourself, and drink from the brook ; I shall not wait upon you." The princess, suffering greatly from thirst, did not hesitate to obey ; she alighted, and drank from the brook, as she was not furnished with her cup. While quenching her thirst in this primitive mode, a sigh escaped her, to which the three drops of blood in her bosom responded, "If your mother knew all, her heart would break ;" but the princess was humbled, and made no reply, only mounted her horse and pursued her way. The day was warm, and after riding some miles she felt the increased heat of the sun, and again desired to drink, and as the sound told them they were approaching a cascade, she again requested

her attendant to alight and procure her a draught of water in her golden cup, having long forgotten the waiting-woman's former impertinence. But she answered yet more haughtily than before, "If you wish to drink, drink; but I am not your servant for the purpose." Again the princess alighted; but while bending over the flowing stream for the purpose of allaying her thirst, she could not restrain her tears, and sighed to think what an unpleasant travelling companion she had got, to which the drops of blood on the handkerchief replied as before, "If your mother only knew all, she would break her heart." While in the act of leaning over the stream in order to drink, the handkerchief escaped from her bosom, and the princess was too much occupied with her sorrowful reflection to remark her loss. The attendant, however, quickly observed it, and rejoiced greatly at the power she had thereby obtained over her mistress; for by the loss of her mother's gift, the princess was rendered weak and powerless. When preparing, therefore, to mount Falada, "Stop," said the waiting-maid, "Falada is mine, you may have the other," taking possession of the horse at the same time. She then commanded the princess to exchange clothes with her, and after putting on her garments, she extorted an oath from the royal lady, that neither now or hereafter, would she speak of what had taken place, the promise being wrung from her by threats of killing her if she refused. Falada, however, being present, carefully heeded and remembered all that passed.

The waiting-maid being now mounted on Falada, and the princess on the maid's horse, they continued their journey until they reached the royal palace.

Their safe arrival at their destination created immense joy, the king's son hastened down to receive them, and assisted the waiting-woman to alight, for from her apparel he thought she was his bride; then leading her upstairs, the true princess was left below, forgotten and unnoticed. The old king, however, looking through the window, per-

ceived her in the court, and seeing that she was elegant in manners, and very handsome, he proceeded straight into the royal apartment, and inquired of the bride concerning her attendant, whether it was she now standing in the court, and who she was. "That is only a poor woman, whom, on the way hither, I took for a companion; let her have some work given her, that she may not be idle." The king, however, could find no work for her to do, but he said, "I have a young lad who looks after the geese, she may help him." This boy's name was Conrad, and the poor princess was for the present compelled to assist him in his daily occupation.

Shortly afterwards, the false bride said to the king's son, "My gracious lord, I beg you will do me a favour." "Most willingly," replied he. "Then," returned she, "let a man be sent for, to cut off the head of the horse on which I have ridden here, for it has displeased me on the journey." The fact was, she feared the horse might declare the whole story, and betray her conduct towards the king's bride, therefore she had determined that the faithful Falada should die. When this came to the knowledge of the true princess, she promised the man a piece of gold, if he would perform a slight service for her. The entrance to the town lay through a large heavy gateway, and through this the geese passed night and morning. Beneath this gateway she entreated the man to nail up the head of Falada, that she might be able to view it in passing through, and having consented to her request, the horse's head was cut off, and then nailed firmly under the dark gateway. The next morning early, the princess and Conrad, driving the geese, passed beneath the gateway, the former exclaiming as she did so, "Oh, Falada, there you are hanging." "Yes," replied the head, "and there you are driving geese. If your mother only knew it, she would break her heart;" then proceeding until the town was left far behind, they reached the fields where the geese were to graze. Sitting down on the grass, the princess loosened her hair, which was like pure gold. When

Conrad saw this, he was delighted with its brightness, and wished to pull out some, but she said—

“Oh, kind breeze, pray
Bear his cap away ;
Let his chase be long,
That my hair may be done
When Conrad returns, out of breath with his run.”

Upon which a strong wind arose, which carried off Conrad's cap, and compelled him to follow it over fields and ditches for a considerable space. When he returned, the princess had completed her toilet, and he could not obtain a single hair. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak a word to her; so in this manner they tended the geese together until the evening, when they drove them home.

The next morning, upon driving them through the dark gateway, the maiden again said, “Ah, Falada! there you are hanging!” To which Falada replied, “Yes, and there you are, driving geese; if your mother only knew it, she would break her heart!” Then continuing her way to the field, the princess seated herself on the grass, and began to comb out her hair, which Conrad no sooner perceived, than, advancing hastily towards her, he wished to seize it, but quickly repeating—

“Oh, kind breeze, pray
Bear his cap away ;
Let his chase be long,
That my hair may be done
When Conrad returns, out of breath with his run.”

The wind carried off his cap, and directed his thoughts into another channel. Upon his return, the hair was all closely plaited round her head—not a hair was to be got; so all he could do was to look after his geese, which he did until evening called him home as usual.

But on this evening, instead of shutting up his geese, and then amusing himself as he pleased with lads of his own age and condition, he went to the king, and said,

"I do not intend any longer to keep geese with that girl."

"Why not?" inquired the old king. "Why, she vexes me the whole day," replied the boy. The king requiring further explanation, Conrad said, "In the morning, when we are passing under the dark arch with the geese, there is a horse's head hanging on the wall, to which she always says the same words, 'Oh, Falada, there you are hanging!' and the head replies to her, 'Ah, young princess, there you go, driving your geese; if your mother knew all, her heart would break!'" Conrad then further related what took place in the meadow, and the chase that he was invariably compelled to undertake in order to recover his cap.

The old king listened to Conrad's story with much curiosity, and ordered him to proceed as usual on the following morning; but he himself took care to be first on the spot, and concealed himself in the gateway, so that he heard the words addressed to the horse's head, and Falada's reply. Following them to the meadow, he hid himself in a bush, from whence he could observe all that occurred, and shortly after saw, with his own eyes, the whole proceeding related by Conrad. Directly she uttered the words—

"Oh, kind breeze, pray
Bear his cap away;
Let his chase be long,
That my hair may be done
When Conrad returns, out of breath with his run!"

a wind arose, that carried away Conrad's cap, which he was obliged to pursue; and the maiden employed the interval of his absence in quietly combing and plaiting her beautiful hair, which the king saw with much admiration, and then, without discovering himself, retraced his steps to the city. When the geese were brought back in the evening, the king sent for the maiden, and telling her all he had witnessed, asked her reason for acting in that singular mode. "Alas! I dare not discover the cause to any human being, or seek pity for my unfortunate con-

dition. I have been compelled, by fear of death, to take an oath to conceal it, and I see no release for me." This only further excited the king's interest in the singular maiden, and he pressed her earnestly to reveal the secret; but finding that she firmly resisted his entreaties, he said to her, "Well, if you will say nothing to me, farewell; perhaps you may see no difficulty in revealing your griefs to the stove." With these words he quitted the room, and adopting the king's suggestion, she crept into the stove, and began to weep and lament, saying, "Alas! here am I, a king's daughter, forsaken by all the world; a false waiting-woman has brought me into this miserable condition, for she forced me to deliver to her my royal garments, and has taken my place with my bridegroom, while I am obliged to lead the life of a common goose-herd. Oh, if my mother but knew it, her heart would break!" The old king, who had purposely placed himself near the pipe of the chimney, outside the door, in order to listen, now entered, and bade her come out of the stove; and sending for apparel more becoming her station, her beauty now appeared to him quite marvellous, and he wondered how he could have been so deceived as to which was the real princess. Calling his son, he related to him the whole story, telling him that the woman he regarded as his bride was only a wicked waiting-woman. The young prince was so struck by the beauty of the lady in whose presence he then stood, that he rejoiced very heartily at the intelligence, and immediately gave orders for a banquet to be prepared, to which every one was invited. At the top of the table sat the bridegroom, with the princess on one side, and the waiting-woman on the other; but the latter was so dazzled and confused by the brilliant jewels of the princess, that she did not in the least recognize her. When the company had eaten and enjoyed themselves, and were all in good humour, the old king proposed, as a riddle to the counterfeit princess, the question, what a certain individual deserved who had betrayed and imposed upon a man after a certain fashion—relating

the circumstances that had just come to his knowledge, and pressing for her judgment when he arrived at the conclusion. "Indeed," said the false waiting-woman, "I think she would richly merit to be stripped, and then thrust into a barrel full of spikes, to which two horses should be attached ; these being driven at full speed up and down the lanes and streets of the city, would soon rid the world of a deceiver from whom no good could be hoped." "Woman!" said the old king, with a stern air, "you have pronounced your own sentence—prepare for its instant execution." When this had taken place, the young king wedded the true bride, and both reigned over the kingdom in peace and happiness to the end of their days.

The Wise Peasant Girl.

THERE was once a poor peasant so destitute that he did not possess a foot of land, only a small cottage and one unmarried daughter. "We should entreat the king to bestow upon us a bit of waste land," said the girl one day to her father. The advice was taken, and when the king heard of their distressed condition, he not only gave what they requested, but added to it a small plot of arable land, which the peasant and his daughter thought would, by their joint labour, produce a little corn, and thus add surprisingly to their hitherto scanty comforts. One day, while digging in their plot, they found, at a considerable depth, a mortar of pure gold ; whereupon the peasant exclaimed, "Daughter, the king has been so gracious in bestowing upon us this ground, that we can do no less than carry him this mortar as a present." "Indeed, father," replied the girl, "we should do very wrong : we have the mortar without the pestle, and therefore must necessarily procure one, before presenting it to the king—let us rather say nothing about it." The man, however, would not

listen to her advice, but taking the mortar, hastened to the palace, and asked to see the king ; then stating that he had found the golden mortar while digging, he begged his majesty to accept it as a tribute of respect and gratitude. The king took the mortar, and asked if he had found nothing else. "No," answered the peasant. Upon which the king said, that he must bring him the pestle likewise. It was in vain the man asserted he had not found it, he might as well have said it to the wind,—he was put into confinement, with a promise of being restored to liberty as soon as he produced the pestle. The warders brought him the usual daily allowance of bread and water furnished to prisoners, and always found the peasant repeating, "Oh, if I had but listened to my daughter ! Oh, if I had but listened to my daughter !" Therefore they went to the king and acquainted him with the fact, adding that the prisoner would neither eat nor drink. The king then commanded that the man should be brought before him, and asked him his reason for crying so continually, "Oh, if I had listened to my daughter ?" adding, "What, then, did your daughter say ?" "She told me not to bring the mortar that we found to you, lest we should be called upon to produce the pestle," replied the peasant. "What a wise daughter yours must be," said the king ; "let her come before me." She was accordingly obliged to appear in the king's presence, who said to her, that as she was so clever, he would give her a riddle to expound, and if she succeeded, he would marry her. The girl replied that she was ready to obey the king, so he immediately said, "Come to me neither clothed nor naked, neither riding nor driving, not by the road and not out of the road ; and if you can do this, I will marry you." The peasant went away, and undressing herself, enveloped herself afterwards in a large fishing-net, which fulfilled the first conditions ; then hiring a donkey, she made fast the fishing-net to the creature's tail, which thus dragged her along in a fashion which could not be said to be either riding or driving, and the

donkey was forced to proceed in the ruts, so that the girl's toes only touched the ground, and she was neither in the road, nor off the road. When she made her appearance thus, the king said she had rightly understood the riddle, so he released her father from prison, took her for his royal consort, and intrusted to her the management of the royal revenue.

Some years passed after this, when one day the king being on the terrace, it happened that several peasants with their carts, stopped before the palace, after selling their wood ; some had oxen harnessed in the carts, and others horses. One peasant had three horses, one of which having just had a foal, the latter left its mother, and laid itself down between two oxen yoked to a cart. The peasants having returned to their carts, in order to make ready for leaving the town, they began to scold and shout as usual, and the peasant who was the owner of the oxen asserted his right to retain possession of the foal, saying the oxen had had it ; while the other denied his right, upon the ground that it was his mare's, and therefore his. The dispute came before the king, and he decreed that where the foal was found lying, it should remain ; consequently it became the property of the man with the oxen, who had no claim to it. The other peasant went his way, weeping and lamenting the loss of his foal ; but he had heard that the queen was gracious and compassionate to poor people, because she herself was of peasant origin ; therefore he went to her, and entreated her to help him if possible to recover his foal. "I will assist you," replied she, "if you will promise not to betray me. To-morrow morning early, when the king is on parade, place yourself in the middle of the street through which he must pass, take a large fishing-net and pretend to be fishing, cast it, and then drawing it in, appear to empty it." She also told him what he should reply when he was questioned by the king. Accordingly, the next morning, the peasant was seen to stand fishing in a dry place. When the king was passing he observed him, and sent a page to inquire what

the foolish man was about : he replied by saying, "I am fishing ;" and when the page further asked him how it was possible to fish where no water was, the peasant replied, "It is quite as easy to catch fish in a dry place, as for two oxen to have a foal." The page carried the explanation to the king, who instantly sent for the peasant, and told him he was very certain the speech and idea were not his own, and that he must directly confess from whom he had them. The peasant, however, strictly maintained that he had nothing to confess, that it was all his own ; but, upon being laid upon some straw and well cudgelled, he at last owned that the queen had advised him to act as he had done. This enraged the king, and when he returned home, he upbraided his wife for her treachery towards him, adding, "You shall no longer be my consort, your reign is over, return from whence you came, to your peasant's hut." He, however, permitted her to carry with her the dearest and best thing she could think of —this was to be her parting favour. "Dear husband," replied she, "since it is your will, I must obey," and with these words she embraced and kissed him, as if about to take her leave. She then commanded a powerful potion to be brought as a parting cup, of which the king took a hearty draught, while she only touched her lips with the cup. The former soon fell into a sound sleep, and when the queen saw it had taken the desired effect, she called a servant, took a quantity of fine linen, in which she rolled the king, and then commanded him to be carried into the carriage which was to convey her to her cottage, and was then standing before the palace. Upon arriving at the old cottage, she caused him to be laid on the bed, and there he continued to sleep for a night and a day, at the end of which he awoke. When he looked around, he could not imagine where he was, and uttering several exclamations, he called his servant, but nobody appeared. At last his wife approached the bed, and said to him, "My gracious husband and king, you gave me permission to take with me on leaving the palace what I thought

dearest and best ; now I have nothing dearer and better than you, therefore I have brought you here with me." Tears of feeling now dimmed the king's eyes, and he replied, " We have both been wrong ; let us be wiser for the future ; and now we will return together to the palace." This was accordingly done, they were again married, and they may even be living happily at the present time.

The Wren and the Bear.

ON a pleasant summer's day, the bear and the wolf went together for a walk in the wood, and the bear was so charmed by the lovely song of a bird which greeted his ears, that he said, " Brother wolf, what bird is that singing so sweetly ? " " That is the king of birds," said the wolf, " we must all bow to him." It was, however, in truth a wren. " If so," returned the bear, " I should much like to see his palace ; come and show me where it is." " That is not so easy as you suppose," said the wolf ; " you must wait until the queen comes." Shortly after, her majesty appeared with food in her bill, and the king likewise, for the purpose of feeding their young. The bear would now have willingly followed them, in order to satisfy his curiosity, but the wolf held him by the arm, saying, " No, no, you must wait until the king and queen have again departed." They therefore went away together, having first observed very narrowly the situation of the nest ; but the bear had no peace, he was so anxious to see the royal palace, and was back again in a very short time. The king and queen were gone, so he peeped in, and saw five or six young ones lying in the nest. " Is that the royal palace ? " cried the bear in astonishment, " what a miserable place ! and such disgraceful-looking creatures too ! you are no royal children ! it is impossible ! " When the young wrens heard these words, they were much enraged,

and screamed out, "Why do you say such things to us? Our parents are honest people, bear; this insult shall be settled with you." This alarmed the wolf and the bear, so they turned round, and took refuge in their holes with all expedition. The young wrens, however, continued to cry and scream until their parents came back, when they said, "We will not touch the leg of a fly, should we even perish of hunger, until you have settled whether we are honourable children or not, for the bear has been here and called us names." To this the old king returned, "Be pacified, it shall all be settled;" and the queen instantly flew to the bear's hole, and exclaimed, "You growling old bear, why have you called my children names? it shall go ill with you for this, and we will make you repent of your audacity." War was therefore declared upon the bear, and the quadrupeds ranged themselves on Bruin's side—oxen, asses, stags, deer, &c., in infinite numbers; while all flying creatures joined the wrens—not only the birds, but flies, hornets, bees, and gnats also.

The time having arrived for the commencement of the struggle, the wren sent out spies to discover who were the generals commanding the enemy. The gnats being very cunning, swarmed about the woods where the enemy had collected, and finally settled on the leaves of a tree, under which a council was being held. The bear was there, and calling the fox, he said to him, "Fox, you are the most crafty among animals, you shall be general, and lead us into the field." "Very well," replied he, "what signal shall we agree upon?" This puzzled the council; at length the fox said, "I have a beautiful long bushy tail, which looks like a red plume: when I raise this on high, fortune is favouring us, and you must all push forward; but when it hangs down, let all save themselves who can." When the gnats had ascertained this important piece of intelligence, they returned to their own party, and informed the wren of all they had heard.

When the day broke on which the battle was expected

to take place, the four-footed army came pressing on in such numbers that the earth trembled. The wren, with his legions, whirled and swarmed in the air to a frightful extent, and both sides prepared to attack the enemy. The wren, however, despatched the hornets, with directions to sting the fox's tail as severely as they could. Upon feeling the first sting, the fox winced and stumbled, but controlling an expression of pain, bore it, and carried his tail aloft ; the second sting made him lower it for an instant ; but a few successive stings rendered the pain unbearable : uttering a loud cry, and taking his tail between his legs, he ran away as fast as he could. Upon seeing this, his followers thought all was lost, and each sought his own safety by flight, leaving the field to the birds.

The king and queen then flew home to their children, crying, "Rejoice ! rejoice ! eat and drink what you will, we have won the victory !" But the young wrens replied, "No, we shall never eat until the bear comes as a suppliant to our nest, and begs our pardon, confessing at the same time that we are children of good family." The wren immediately proceeded to the bear's hole, and called him out, saying, "Come instantly and make amends to my children for your insults by begging their pardon, or every bone in your body shall be broken." This put the bear in a great fright ; but he crawled to the nest, and did as required by the young wrens ; upon which they declared themselves satisfied, and ate and drank, and made merry until quite late in the night.

The Wise Peasants.

ONE day a small farmer took his black-thorn stick out of the corner where it usually stood, and said to his wife, "Trina, I am going into the country, and shall not be back for three days. If the cattle-dealer calls during the time, and wishes to buy our cows, you may make the bargain with him, but not for less than two hundred crowns: do you understand ?" "Go in peace," returned the woman; "I will take care, and do all right." "That is very fine to say," replied the man; "but since you fell upon your head when you were a little child, you have not been too clever. However, I now warn you, that if you do a foolish thing, you may rely upon it you will not forget it for the next twelve months." With these pleasant words, and shaking his stick at her, he went his way.

The very next morning the cattle-dealer came, and the good woman had no occasion for much bargaining. When he had seen the cows, and learnt the price, he said, "I will willingly give you what you ask, for they are worth as much to me, and I will take them away at once." With these words he undid the chains, and drove them out of their stalls; but when he reached the gate of the yard, the woman took him by the sleeve, and said, "You must first pay me down the two hundred crowns, or I cannot let the cows go." "Quite right !" rejoined the man; "I have, however, forgotten to buckle on my pouch; but this need not disturb you—you shall have good security until I pay you; I will only take two cows with me, and leave you the third as a sufficient pledge." This seemed satisfactory to the poor woman; so she let the man depart, thinking to herself, "How pleased Hans will be when he sees how wisely I have acted !" The farmer came home on the third day, as he had said, and immediately inquired



THE WISE PEASANT.

the first day of his birth
he was circumcised, and
the eighth day he was
anointed with oil, and
the third year he was
brought into the temple
and offered up by his
parents. And when he
was twelve years old he
went up with them to
the feast of the passover.
And when they were come
to Jerusalem, he was left
behind in the temple, and
his parents knew it not.
But Jesus remained in the
temple, and taught the
doctors, and all that
heard him were amazed
at his understanding and
answers. And when his
parents saw him, they
were exceeding glad,
saying unto him, Son,
why hast thou left us?
Behold thy father and
thy mother have been
looking for thee af-
ter thee. Jesus said unto
them, How know ye
that I must be about
my Father's business?
And he remained in
the temple, and his
parents knew not where
he was. And when
they came from the
feast, they found him
in the temple, sitting
in the midst of the
doctors, and hearing
them, and asking them
questions; and all
that heard him were
amazed at his answers.
And when his parents
saw him, they were
glad, and said unto
him, Son, why hast
thou done such a
thing to us? Behold
thy father and thy
mother have been
looking for thee af-
ter thee. Jesus said unto
them, Why seek ye me
here? Behold, I am
with you, and ye
will find me. But
they understood not
the saying which he
spake unto them.
And he went down
with them, and came
to Nazareth, and was
reared up among them.
And he ministered
unto them.



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THE WISE PEASANT.

if the cows were sold. "Indeed they are," replied his wife, "and for what you said—two hundred crowns ; they were scarcely worth so much, but the man took them without making any objection." "Where is the money, then ?" said the farmer. "I have not got the money yet," said the woman, "because the man happened to forget his purse ; but he will soon bring it, and he has left us good security." "What security ?" "One of the three cows, which he will not receive until he pays for the others. I have been very careful, and kept back the smallest, as it will eat the least." In his anger the farmer suddenly raised his stick, according to his promise to his silly wife, but dropping it at once, he said, "You certainly are the silliest of all the geese that cackle on this earth, but I cannot help pitying you ! I shall therefore go out on the high road, and if within three days I find any one who is sillier than yourself, you shall escape ; but if not, you shall get what I owe you, without any deduction." He then went out on the high road, and seating himself upon a stone, awaited whatever might chance to befall. Presently he saw a cart coming, in which a woman stood upright, instead of sitting upon a truss of straw, which was in it, or walking at the head of the oxen, to guide them. "Well," thought the farmer, "here is certainly such a person as I am looking for." With this idea he jumped up, and ran backwards and forwards before the cart, like a person who was mad. "Good man," said the woman, "what do you want ? I do not know anything about you. Where do you come from ?" "How should you know anything about me ?" was the reply ; "I have just fallen out of the sky, and cannot imagine how I am to get back again ; can you drive me there ?" "No, indeed," said the woman, "I do not know the road ; but as you have so lately left heaven, perhaps you can tell me something about my husband, who has been there these three years : you must certainly have seen him." "I have seen him ; but it cannot go equally well with all people : he takes care of the sheep, and the creatures give him no end of trouble,

they spring over the hills and lose themselves in the wilderness, and he is always running about to collect them together, so that his clothes are torn to pieces, and drop off by bits. There are no tailors there ; Saint Peter never lets one in, as you perhaps already know from story-books." "Who would have thought it ?" said the woman, "I will fetch you his Sunday coat, which still hangs in the press ; he can wear it, and will then look respectable, will you be so good as to take it with you ?" "I cannot," said the man ; "clothes are never admitted into heaven, they are all taken away at the gate." "I know what I will do then," said the woman, "I have just sold my maize, and got a pretty sum of money for it. I will send that to him. If you hide the purse in your pocket, nobody will know anything about it." "That is better," said the farmer, "I will do you the favour with pleasure." "Well, you sit there," replied she, "I will drive home and fetch the purse ; I shall soon be back again, for I do not sit upon the straw, I stand up in the cart, in order to make it lighter for the poor oxen." The woman accordingly drove away, and the farmer said to himself, "Here is a beautiful proof of folly ! if she really brings me the money, my wife may congratulate herself, for she will get no blows." Before long the woman came running back ; she brought the money, and put it herself in the farmer's pocket, and before she went away thanked him a thousand times for his civility.

Upon returning to her house, the woman found her son there, who had come home from the fields. She related to him what an unexpected circumstance had occurred to her, adding, "I rejoice heartily to have found an opportunity of sending something to my poor husband ; who could have supposed that where he is, anything would be wanting ?" The son was in the greatest astonishment. "Mother," said he, "it is not every day that one meets with a man who has dropped from the sky ; I will go directly and see if I can find him, for I should like to hear something more than you have told me." Then he saddled

his horse, rode away with all despatch, and soon found the farmer sitting under a willow-tree counting the money in the purse. "Have you seen the man who has fallen from the sky?" inquired the youth. "Indeed I have," replied the man; "he is now on his way back, and has gone up that mountain, which is somewhat nearer the sky. You may succeed in overtaking him now, if you ride sharply." "Oh," said the young man, "I have been at work the whole day, and the ride here has quite knocked me up; you know the man, be so kind as to mount my horse and ride after him, and try to persuade him to come back to me." "Ah! ah!" thought the farmer, "here is another who has no wick in his lamp;" so he said in reply, "I see nothing to prevent my obliging you," and hastily mounting, he spurred the horse, and set off at a gallop. The youth sat patiently awaiting his return until night drew near, but no farmer reappeared. "I think the man we wanted must have been pressed for time," said he to himself, "therefore my messenger has given him the horse, as he could not return, and he will deliver it to my father." So he went home himself, and told his mother all that had happened, and that he had sent the horse to his father, that he might not be obliged to run about on foot. "You have done quite right," replied she, "your legs are younger than his, and you can use them best."

When the farmer reached home, he put the horse in the stable next to the cow left there as security, then sought his wife, to whom he said, "Trina, fortunately for you I have found two people more silly than yourself; therefore, for this time, you escape a beating." With these words he lighted his pipe, took a seat in his arm-chair, and then said to himself, "I have made a very satisfactory day's work; for two lean cows I have obtained a good horse and a purse full of gold. If stupidity were always so productive, I should certainly be obliged to hold it in honour." This was the farmer's idea, but *you* undoubtedly agree with me, that the silly ones were more honourable people than the cunning unscrupulous farmer.

The Miller's Son-in-law and the Cat.

An old miller once lived in a mill : he had neither wife nor child, and three journeymen assisted him in the work of the mill. As they had been many years in his service, he said to them, "I am old, and begin to be weary of business, and would fain repose myself for the rest of my days ; therefore depart, and he who brings me the best horse to him will I give up the mill upon condition that he takes care of me for the few years that remain to me." The third lad was a sort of under-groom, and considered rather weak by the others, therefore they did not desire he should obtain the mill, and he felt an equal reluctance that they should succeed to it. However, they all departed together, but when they got outside the village, the two others advised Hans to remain where he was, as he would never find a good horse. But Hans refused, and continued his journey with them until night came, when, finding a large cave, they entered, and laid themselves down there to sleep until the morning ; but the two only waited until Hans was fast asleep, then they arose, and hastened on their way, leaving their comrade behind them, thinking they had managed capitally, and that all now would go well with their errand. When the sun aroused Hans in the morning, he could remember nothing that had passed, but looked about him, and said, "Alas ! where am I ?" at the same time getting up, and crawling out of the cave. When he was in the wood, he said, "Here am I, alone and forsaken, how shall I ever find the horse I want ?" While repeating these words, a little striped cat approached him, and inquired, in a very friendly tone, what he wanted. "Oh !" said he, "you cannot be of any service to me." "Indeed," said the cat, "I know

very well what you want, you are wishing for a handsome horse—come with me, and serve me faithfully for seven years, and I will present you with a handsomer one than you ever yet saw." "What a surprising cat!" thought Hans ; "I may as well try if all she says is true." So he went with her to an enchanted castle, where he saw abundance of other cats, who were all her servants ; they sprang about the house, and up and down stairs, and were merry and good-humoured. In the evening, when they sat down to table, two cats were obliged to furnish the music ; one played the double-bass, and the other blew the trumpet, and puffed out her cheeks in a surprising manner. When supper was over, the table was carried away, and the cat, addressing Hans, said, "Come, Hans—come and dance with me." "No !" was the reply ; "I will not dance with a puss ; I have never yet done such a thing." "Then take him to bed," said she to the cats. So they lighted him to his chamber, and one took off his shoes, another drew off his socks, and afterwards one blew the light out. The next morning they came again, helped him to rise, put on his stockings, fetched his shoes, and one washed him, while another dried his face with her tail. "Very nicely done !" said Hans. However, he was obliged to wait upon the cats likewise, and to chop wood for them every day : for this purpose he received an axe and a saw of silver, and the chopper was copper, and thus his days passed ; he chopped the wood, had plenty of good things to eat and drink, but saw nobody, except the striped cat and her attendants. One day, she said to him, "Go and mow the meadow, and make the grass into hay," giving him, at the same time, a silver scythe, and a golden whetstone, with an injunction to return them safely. Hans went into the meadow, and did as he was ordered, and when the work was completed he brought scythe, whetstone, and hay safely home, asking the cat if she would not now bestow upon him his wages. "No," said she, "you have all sorts of things to do first for me. See, there is a heap of building-wood, tools, and nails, and all

that is necessary, of silver; go and build me a small house." When this was done, he told the cat that he had obeyed her directions, but that he did not yet possess the horse she promised, although the seven years had passed like so many months. "Well," replied the cat, "should you like to see the horse you are to have?" "Indeed I should," replied Hans. Upon this she opened the door of the house built by the young miller, and there stood twelve horses, so beautiful that their coats were like looking-glass, and it made his heart bound only to look at them. The cat bade him give them corn and water, and afterward return to the mill, adding, "I shall not give you your horse now, but in three days I shall visit you, and bring it with me." Hans then prepared to depart, and she showed him the road to the mill; but during his years of service the cat had not once given him a new coat, and he had been obliged to keep to his old ragged frock that he had worn when he left the mill, which in seven years had become much too short for him. When he reached home, there were the two journeymen already there, each had brought a horse, but one was blind and the other lame. "Well, Hans," said they, "where is your horse?" "It is coming in three days," said he. This made them laugh, and they said, "Yes, indeed, where will you get a horse from? a fine steed it will prove, whenever it presents itself." Hans then went into the room where the miller was, but the latter was so much offended at his ragged torn frock, that he said Hans should not sit down to table with them, for he should be quite ashamed of him, if anybody came in. They therefore gave him something to eat out of doors, and when they went to bed at night, the two journeymen refused to let him take possession of his old quarters, and he was compelled to pass the night in the poultry-house, upon a little straw. On the morning of the third day, a fine carriage with six horses drove up, and a servant led a seventh, with a coat like a mirror, and this was for the miller's man. A most beautiful princess alighted from the carriage, and entered the mill, and this princess was

none other than the little striped cat that Hans had served for seven years. She inquired of the old miller where his apprentice, the under-groom, was? to which the old man replied, "We cannot let him come into the mill, he is so tattered and torn, but he is in the poultry-house." The princess commanded him to be instantly sent for, and when he appeared he certainly was a very lamentable figure in his rags. But the lady's servants unpacked some splendid garments, washed and dressed him, and when all was done, no one would have recognized him, for he looked like a king. The princess now desired to see the horses the other journeymen had brought back with them, and lo ! one was blind, and the other lame ! Her servant was then commanded to lead forward the one she had brought for Hans, and when the miller beheld it, he declared such a magnificent animal had never yet appeared before his eyes, and that Hans was consequently entitled to the mill. But the princess interrupted him by saying, "That there was the horse for him, and he might keep the mill likewise, for another destiny awaited Hans." Then taking him by the hand, they entered the coach, and drove away together. They proceeded first to the small house Hans had built of silver ; but it had expanded into a magnificent castle, everything within which was of silver or gold. So there they were married, and Hans had riches in abundance for the rest of his days. Let nobody after this say, that although a man may be silly, he may not be honest and upright.

The Clever Little Tailor.

THERE was once a princess so surpassingly haughty, that she could not believe her equal existed upon earth. If a suitor presented himself, she gave him something to guess, and if he failed, he was straightway dismissed with scorn and insult. She caused it to be proclaimed, that whoever could guess her riddle should marry her, and she made no conditions as to the rank of the candidates. It chanced that three tailors, who had just arrived in the city, found themselves engaged in this same enterprise: the two eldest thought, that as they had found it so easy to stitch, and had succeeded in such matters, they were not likely to fail here, but that the prize was already theirs: the third, however, was a little useless Flibbertigibbet sort of fellow, who knew nothing about his trade, yet expected to succeed in the present case, because he knew no reason why he should not. The two others, however, strongly advised him to remain at home, assuring him that his stock of wit was too small to supply any extra demand upon it; the little tailor, however, was not to be persuaded, he was inclined to venture, and knew what he was about; therefore he held up his head, and seemed to feel his own importance. The three tailors announced themselves to the princess, and required to hear her riddle, asserting they were the very people to guess it, their understanding being so fine and delicate, that you might almost thread a needle with it. "Well," said the princess, "I have hair of two kinds on my head, of what colours is it?" "If that is all," said the first, "that is soon answered; it must be black and white, like the cloth they call pepper and salt." "A wrong guess," was the princess's reply; "let the second answer."

"Well," said the second, "if it is not black and white, it must be brown and red, like my father's dressing-gown." "Wrong again," said the princess; "let the third answer, for I see he is already sure he has it." The little tailor approached, and said, "The princess has a silver and golden hair in her head, and those are the two colours." When the princess heard these words, she turned pale, and nearly fell from her seat from terror, for the little tailor had guessed truly, and she thought no one in the whole world could do so. When her self-possession returned, she said, "You have not yet won your prize; something remains to be done. In the stable below, lies a bear; you must pass the night with him; when I rise in the morning, if I find you still alive, you shall marry me." She thought this was a certain way of getting rid of the tailor, for no man had yet escaped alive, who had fallen in the way of the bear's paws. The tailor, however, nothing daunted, assented to the proposal, saying cheerfully, "Boldly attacked, is half won."

When evening came, the little tailor was introduced to the bear, which immediately prepared to spring upon his visitor. "Softly, softly!" said the lad—"I must quiet you at once, I see;" so he very deliberately, and without the least appearance of apprehension, took some walnuts out of his pocket, broke them, and ate the kernels. The bear saw this, and thought he should like some nuts too; so the tailor felt again in his pocket, and gave him a handful, not of walnuts, but of pebbles. The bear put them into his mouth, but could make nothing of them, let him crunch them as he would. "What a simpleton I must be!" thought he to himself, "not to be able to crack a nut. Friend!" said he, aloud to the tailor, "crack me a nut." "Now you see what an ignoramus you are," replied the tailor, "with so large a mouth, to be unable to crack a nut!" Taking the stone from the bear, he appeared to crack it instantly; but he had slyly substituted for it one of his own walnuts, and put the pebble in his pocket. "I must try the thing once more,"

said the bear ; "when I look at you, I cannot imagine the reason I fail.—I must be able to do it." The tailor gave him another pebble, and the bear laboured with all his strength to break it, but of course was unable to effect what he wished. After a time the tailor produced a violin from under his coat, and played an air upon it. When the Lear heard the music, he could not help beginning immediately to dance ; and after dancing for some time, he felt so much pleasure in it, that he said to the lad, "Listen—is the fiddle hard to play ?" "As easy as possible," was the reply ; "see, I place the fingers of my left hand on the strings, and draw the bow with the right, and the tune goes on merrily—fallalla, vivallalera." "I should much like to be able to play," said the bear, "and then I could dance as often as I had a wish. What do you think of it—will you give me some lessons ?" "With all my heart !" was the reply—"if you are clever ; but show me your paws—they are dreadfully long ; I must first cut your nails a little." A vice was sent for, the bear placed his paws therein, the screw was turned, and our tailor had secured the bear. "Now, wait until I come with the scissors," said he, and with these words, laying himself upon a bundle of straw, he was soon asleep.

When the princess heard the bear growling so terribly in the evening, she thought he was certainly growling for joy at his victory over the tailor ; therefore she arose in the morning, contented and cheerful, and went to peep into the stable ; but there stood the tailor alive, and as nimble as a fish in water. She could not now say another word against the marriage, as she had made the promise publicly ; therefore the king sent for a carriage, and she and the tailor were obliged to proceed together to church, in order to be married. When they had left the palace, the two other tailors, who had false hearts, and envied their comrade his good fortune, went into the stable, and released the bear, which, filled with rage, pursued the carriage. The princess heard him growling and snorting, and was in great alarm, crying out, "Ah ! the

bear is behind us, and will carry you off." The little tailor, however, was prompt ; he placed himself on his head, and stretching one leg out of the window, exclaimed, "Can you see the vice ?—if you do not go away this instant, I will fasten you again in it." When the bear saw and heard this, he turned and ran away. The tailor then quietly drove to church, and the princess was married, and lived with him as happy as a lark. Whoever disbelieves this, is to pay a crown.

Snow-white and Rosy-red.

A POOR widow once lived in a small cottage, and before the cottage was a garden in which grew two rose-trees, one of which bore white roses, and the other red. She had two children, who resembled the rose-trees—one was named Snow-white, and the other Rosy-red, and they were as pious and kind, industrious and indefatigable, as any two children ever were. Snow-white was quieter and more gentle than her sister, who preferred skipping over the fields, seeking flowers, and catching summer birds, while Snow-white remained at home with her mother, either assisting her in her work, or reading aloud to her when that was done. The two children had the greatest affection for each other ; they were always seen hand-in-hand, and if Snow-white said to her sister, "We will never separate !" the other replied, "Not while we live !" the mother adding, "What one has, let her always share with the other." They often ran together in the woods, and collected ripe berries ; but not a single animal would have done them an injury—on the contrary, they all felt the greatest regard for the young creatures : the hare came and ate parsley from their hands, the deer grazed by their side, the stag sprang past them unconcerned, the birds likewise stirred not from the branch, but sang in the most

perfect security. No mischance befel them ; if benighted in the wood, they laid themselves in the moss to repose, and slept until the morning, and their mother was satisfied they were safe, and felt no fear on their account. Once, when they had passed the night in the wood, and the bright sunrise awoke them, they saw a beautiful child, in a snow-white dress, which shone like diamonds, sitting near the place where they had rested. She stood up when they opened their eyes, and looked kindly at them, but said not a word, and passed from their sight into the wood. When the children looked around, they saw that they had slept on the edge of a precipice, and would certainly have fallen over, if they had proceeded two steps farther in the darkness. Their mother told them the beautiful child must have been the angel who watches over good children. Snow-white and Rosy-red kept their mother's cottage so clean, that it was a pleasure only to look in. In the summer, Rosy-red looked after the house, and placed by her mother's bed every morning, before she awoke, a nosegay, in which was a rose from each of the rose-trees. In the winter Snow-white lighted the fire, and put the kettle on, after scouring it, so that it resembled gold in brightness. In the evening, when the snow-flakes fell, her mother bade her bolt the door, and then seating themselves by the hearth, the good widow read aloud to them from a large book, while the girls spun ; near them lay a lamb, and behind was a white pigeon upon a perch, with its head tucked under its wing.

One evening, as they all sat thus comfortably together, a knock was heard at the door, as if somebody desired to enter. "Quick, Rosy-red," said her mother, "open the door ; it must be some traveller seeking shelter." Rosy-red accordingly shot back the bolt, thinking to see a poor man ; but it was no such thing, it was a bear, who thrust his great black head into the open door. "Rosy-red uttered a cry and sprang back, the lamb bleated, the dove fluttered her wings, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed. The bear began to speak, and

said, "Fear not, I will do you no harm ; I am half-frozen, and only wish to warm myself a little at your fire." "Poor bear," returned the mother, "come and lie by the fire, only take care that your hair does not burn." Then calling Snow-white and Rosy-red, she bade them come out, "The bear," she said, "was kind, and would do them no harm." So they obeyed, and by degrees the lamb and the dove approached also, and had no fear. "Children," said the bear, "knock a little of the snow out of my coat." So they fetched the broom, and swept the bear's coat quite clean. After which, he stretched himself out before the fire, and amused himself with a little growl, just to prove he was happy and comfortable. Before long, they were all quite good friends, and the children began to sport with their unexpected guest, tugging at his thick fur, or putting their feet on his back, or rolling him over and over. Then they took a thin hazel twig, which they exercised upon his thick fur, and when he growled, they laughed. The bear very indulgently allowed them to amuse themselves thus, only sometimes, when it proceeded a little too far, he called out, "Children, children, leave me an inch of life.

"Snow-white and Rosy-red,
Strike not your lover dead."

When night came, and all prepared to go to bed, the widow said to the bear, "You can stay here, and lie on the hearth if you like, you will then be sheltered from the cold, and the bad weather." The offer was accepted, but in the morning, as soon as day broke in the east, the two children let him out, and he trotted over the snow back into the wood. From this time the bear came every evening at the same hour, laid himself by the fire, and permitted the children to amuse themselves with him, so that they became quite attached to their strange playfellow, and the door was never bolted of an evening, until he had made his appearance.

When spring came, and everything around began to

look green and bright, the bear said one morning to Snow-white, "I must now leave you, and I shall not be able to return for the whole summer." "Where are you then going, dear bear?" inquired Snow-white. "I must go to the woods, to protect my treasure from the bad dwarfs: in the winter, when the earth is hard frozen, they are obliged to stay underground, and cannot work their way through; but now the sun has thawed and warmed the earth, they find their way to the surface, and are ever on the watch for what they can steal, and whatever touches their hands, or reaches their caves, rarely, if ever, sees daylight again." Snow-white was very sorrowful when she took leave of the good-natured animal, and unbolted the door, that he might depart; but in passing out, he caught on a hook in the door-post, and a morsel of his fur being torn, Snow-white thought she saw something shine like gold through the rent; but he passed out so rapidly, that she did not feel sure what it was, and he was soon lost among the trees.

One day the mother sent her children into the wood to collect sticks: they found a large tree lying on the ground, which had been felled, and among the roots they saw something jumping and hopping, which they could not at all understand, it being occasionally hidden among the grass. When they drew nearer, they saw it was a dwarf, with an old withered countenance and a snow-white beard an ell long. The beard was fastened in a cleft in the trunk of the tree, and the little fellow was springing backwards and forwards, like a dog at the end of a cord, but could not succeed in getting free. He stared at the children with his fiery red eyes, and cried out, "What are you standing there for? Can you not come and see if you cannot help me?" "What have you been doing, little man?" asked Rosy-red. "Silly inquisitive goose," answered the dwarf, "I wanted to split the tree, that I might chop it into sticks for the kitchen; thick logs would burn up the small portion of food we cook, for such as we, do not swallow great mountains of provisions, as you coarse

greedy folk do. I had driven in the bill-hook, and should soon have done what I wanted, but the tool sprang unexpectedly out of the cleft, which closed again so quickly, that my beautiful white beard was caught, and here I am detained, for I cannot get away. You silly white-faced creatures ! you are laughing, are you ?" Notwithstanding the little man's ill temper, the girls gave themselves all imaginable trouble, in order to release the dwarf, but in vain—the beard was immovable, it was held too fast. "I will run and fetch somebody else," said Rosy-red. "Idiot," replied the dwarf, "who would go and fetch more people ? here are already two too many ; can you not think of anything better ?" "Do not be impatient," said Snow-white, "I will try and consider." Clapping her hands, as if she had found a remedy, she took out her scissors, and instantly released the dwarf by cutting off the end of his beard. Directly the dwarf felt himself free, he seized a sack filled with gold, which was hidden among the roots of the tree, and raising it, growled out, "Awkward creatures ! to cut off a bit of my beautiful beard, of which I am so proud ! the cuckoos may pay you for what you have done." With these words, he swung the sack over his shoulder, and went away, without even casting a look upon the children.

Shortly after this the two sisters went to angle in the brook, thinking to catch some fish for dinner. As they approached the water, they saw something resembling a large cricket jumping towards the brook, as if it were going in. They ran to see what it could be, and perceived the dwarf. "Where are you going ?" asked Rosy-red ; "you will not surely jump into the water." "I am not quite such a simpleton," screamed the dwarf ; "do you not see that the confounded fish is pulling me in." The little man had been sitting on the bank angling, when unfortunately the wind had entangled his beard in the line, and as a large fish directly afterwards took the bait, the little disagreeable fellow had not strength to pull it out, the fish therefore got the upperhand, and was drawing the

dwarf after it. It is true, he caught at every stalk and twig near him, but that did not help him much, he was obliged to follow all the movements of the fish, and was in continual danger of being drawn into the water. The girls came up just in time, they held him fast, and tried to disentangle his beard from the line, but in vain, they were too surely twisted together. Nothing remained but again to have recourse to the scissors, so they were taken out, and the part entangled snipped off. When the dwarf saw what they were doing, he cried out in a great rage, "Is this the way you spoil my beard ? not content with shortening it before, you are now decreasing it the other way, and ruining it entirely. I shall never dare to show my face to my friends. I wish you had lost your way, before you came this road." Then fetching a sack of pearls lying in the rushes, and without another word, he hobbled away, and vanished behind a large stone. It happened that soon after this the poor widow despatched her children to the town in order to buy thread, needles, ribbon, and tape. The road thither lay over a heath, on which large masses of rock were scattered in all directions, and the children's attention was soon drawn to a large bird hovering in the air : they observed that after flying slowly in a circle for some time, and gradually approaching nearer to the earth, it suddenly dashed down among a mass of rock ; immediately a pitiable cry pierced their ears, and running hastily to the spot, they saw with horror that the eagle had seized their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was preparing to bear him away. The compassionate children did not hesitate for a moment, but taking firm hold of the little man, they disputed so stoutly with the eagle for possession of his contemplated prey, that after much rough handling on both sides, the dwarf remained in the hands of his courageous little friends, and the eagle took to flight. When the little man had in a degree recovered from his fright, his little thin cracked voice was heard saying, "Could you not handle me more gently ? look at my little coat, you have torn and mangled

it in a fine fashion, you awkward officious creatures!" He then took up a sack of precious stones, and slipped out of sight behind a fragment of a rock. The maidens were by this time quite accustomed to his thankless ungracious manner, so they thought nothing of it, but continued their way, executed their mother's commission, and then prepared to return to their happy home. On their road thither, they suddenly came again upon their friend the dwarf; he had emptied out his sack of precious stones upon a clean spot, that he might number or admire them, for he did not expect that any one would be crossing the heath at so late an hour. The setting sun shone upon the bright stones, and their varying hues and brilliant rays induced the children to stop and admire them. "What are you looking at?" said the dwarf rudely, at the same time reddening with anger; "and why do you stand there, making grimaces?" It is likely that he might have continued in the same complimentary strain, but suddenly a loud growl was heard close to them, and a large black bear joined the party. The dwarf sprang up in the greatest terror, but was unable to reach his hiding-place, the bear was too near him; so he exclaimed in the most evident anguish, "Dear Mr. Bear, pray pardon me, I will give you all my treasure, only look at the valuable stones lying there. Grant me my life! What would you do with such a little insignificant fellow? You would not feel me between your teeth; but look at those two profane children, they would be tender morsels, and are as fat as quails—pray take them, good Mr. Bear, and let me go." The bear, however, was not to be moved with his words; he gave the malicious creature one blow with his paw, and he lay lifeless on the ground.

In the mean time the maidens had run away, and were making the best of their way towards their home, but they were suddenly stopped by a well-known voice, which cried, "Snow-white! Rosy-red! stop! do not be afraid. I will go with you." The bear rapidly advanced towards them; but as he joined them, the bear-skin

suddenly fell to the ground, and there stood before them a handsome man, entirely dressed in gold. "I am the son of a king," said he, "but was enchanted by the wicked dwarf lying yonder, who stole my treasure, and forced me to run about the woods in the form of a great bear, until I should be set free by his death. He has therefore only met with a well-merited punishment."

After some time, Snow-white married the prince, and Rosy-red his brother; and they divided between them the immense treasure that the dwarf had collected in his cave. The old mother passed many happy years with her children; but when she left her cottage, she carried with her the two rose-trees, and they stood before her window, and continued to bear the most beautiful red and white roses every year.

The Four Ingenious Brothers.

THERE was once a poor man who had four sons. When they were grown up, he said to them, "Dear boys, you must go and make your way in the world for yourselves. I have nothing to give you, therefore I should advise you to leave this land, go to one where you can learn some trade, and then stick well to it." Following their father's counsel, they made such provision as their slender means permitted, took leave of their father, and left the town. After travelling for some time together, they came to a cross-way leading to four roads. "Here," said the eldest, "we must part; but let us all agree to meet on this spot in exactly four years from this time, that we may see what fortune has done for us."

The brothers agreed to do this, and then separated, each taking a different road. The eldest soon fell in with a man, who asked him whither he was bound, and what his plans were. "My present desire is to learn a trade," was the reply. "Then go with me, and be a thief,"

returned the man. "No," said the other, "that is no longer an honourable calling, and the practice of it often leads to suspension from a piece of cord." "Oh!" replied the man, "you need have no fear of the gallows; I should only teach you to obtain what no other man could get, and the means for escaping pursuit." The other then allowed himself to be persuaded, and became, under the man's instruction, a most skilful thief, so that nothing was secure from him, if he desired to have it. The second brother met a man who likewise addressed the same questions to him relative to his future prospects. "I know not yet what I intend to do," he replied. "Then go with me and be a star-gazer; there is no better business, for nothing can be hidden from you." This pleased the second son; therefore he joined the man, and under his direction became so accomplished a star-gazer, that when he had learnt all his master could teach him, and desired therefore to proceed further, the latter gave him a telescope, and said to him, "With this you will be able to see everything that passes in heaven and on earth; nothing can be hidden from you." The third brother was taken under the charge of a huntsman, who gave him such excellent lessons in all that concerned hunting and shooting, that he became a distinguished sportsman. On taking leave of his master, the latter presented him with a rifle, saying, "It will never fail you; whatever you aim at, you will be sure to hit." The youngest in the mean time had met a man, who addressed him, and after listening to his story, asked him if he were inclined to become a tailor. "Not exactly," replied the youth, "the sitting cross-legged from morning till evening, and the continual exercise of the needle and the smoothing-iron, is not to my taste, I confess." "Ah!" said the man, "you can only speak as you know; now with me you would learn quite another description of art, agreeable and pleasant, and in a degree honourable." This declaration rather inclined the youth to try its merits, therefore he went with the man, and learnt his trade from the very commencement. On part-

ing from his master, the latter bestowed upon him a needle, and told him that with it he would be able to sew anything that was put before him, whether it was soft as an egg, or hard as steel, adding, "The seam and stitches will never be visible, but the material, of whatever nature it may be, will be perfect."

The appointed four years having expired, the four brothers appeared exactly at the same hour at the cross-road, kissed and embraced each other with joy at their happy meeting, and then took their way to their father's house. "Well," said the latter, quite overjoyed, "a good wind has brought you all back to me again." They then recounted their adventures, and added a description of the trades they had mastered. While this conversation passed, they were all sitting in front of the house, under the shade of a large tree. "Now," said the father, "I shall put you each to the proof, and see for myself what you can do." Then looking up, he said to the second son, "At the very top of this tree, between two branches, is a bulfinch's nest; tell me how many eggs are in it." The star-gazer took his glass, looked up, and presently said, "There are five." "Fetch the eggs down," said the old man to his eldest son, "without its being perceived by the bird which is sitting in the nest." The expert thief instantly ascended the tree, and presently brought down the five eggs to his father, without having disturbed the old bird, which continued sitting on the nest. The old man then placed the five eggs on the table, one at each corner and the fifth in the middle, and said to the huntsman, "At one shot, you must divide all the eggs exactly in half." The son aimed, and shot the eggs as his father required at one shot (his powder must have been of the peculiar kind that will go round a corner). "It is now your turn," said the father, addressing his fourth son; "sew the eggs neatly together, and likewise the young birds inside, so that the shot may have done them no injury." The tailor fetched his needle, and did as his father directed. When they were complete, the thief was obliged to carry them up the

tree, and to restore them to their place under the bird, without the latter suspecting anything. The bird continued to sit, and in two days from this time the young birds were hatched, but had a red stripe round their necks, where the tailor had sewn them together.

"Indeed," said the old man, "I must praise you all four; you have well employed your time, and all learnt your trade so well, that I cannot decide which has the preference; but when an opportunity presents itself for exercising your various qualifications, I doubt not it will show itself." Not long after this, a violent ferment arose throughout the land—the king's daughter had been carried off by a dragon. The king was overwhelmed with grief, and proclaimed that whoever should restore her to him, might claim her for his wife. "Now, here is an excellent opportunity of distinguishing ourselves," said the four brothers; "let us unite, and go and set the princess at liberty." "I will soon discover where she is," said the star-gazer; then looking through his glass, he said, "I see her already—she is a long way from here, on a rock in the midst of the sea, and the dragon is there likewise, watching over her." He immediately went to the king, and begged to have one of his ships placed at his orders. In this they all set sail, steering right for the rock where they had discovered the king's daughter, but on landing were in some difficulty, as the dragon lay asleep in her lap. "I dare not fire," said the huntsman; "I might shoot the lovely princess." "Then I must try my skill," said the thief. With these words, he slipped towards her, and stole her so dexterously from under the dragon, that the monster was not disturbed in the least, but continued to snore. Filled with joy at their success, they hastened on board, and steered in the direction of their own land; but the dragon, missing the king's daughter when he awoke, flew after them through the air, snorting frightfully. As he hovered directly over the ship, preparatory to a stoop, the huntsman aimed, and struck him in the heart, and the monster fell down dead,

but was so large and powerful, that the weight of his falling body crushed the ship entirely. All they could do was to snatch a couple of boards, and support themselves by these, for a time, in the open sea. It was, indeed, a perilous situation ; but the tailor was not idle—with his wonderful needle, he hastily put a couple of stitches in the boards, to keep them together, then placing himself upon them, he steered right and left, backwards and forwards, until he had collected and sewn together all the pieces of the ship. These he so cleverly stitched together, that in a short time the ship was again under sail, and they reached port in safety.

The king's joy was excessive at sight of his daughter, and he said to the brothers, "One of you shall certainly marry her ; but which it is to be, you must settle among yourselves." This occasioned a furious contention among them. The star-gazer said, "If I had not discovered the princess, all your projects would have been useless." "What good was your discovery ?" said the thief ; "it was I who took her away from the dragon—therefore, she is mine." "But, indeed, you would have been every one destroyed by the monster," said the huntsman, "had not my rifle done you good service, and killed the dragon ; therefore, she is mine." "And where would you have been, by this time ?" interrogated the tailor, "if I had not been there with my needle ? I can tell you—you would all have been drowned, the princess likewise ; therefore, she is mine." The dispute coming to the king's knowledge, he said to the brothers, "Each of you has an equal right to the reward ; but as only one can marry the maiden, it will be better that neither of you have her, but I will bestow upon each of you half a kingdom." This decision pleased and satisfied the men, for they felt it would be better thus, than to be at enmity with each other. They therefore received their half-kingdom, and lived in peace and content with their father until the end of his days.

The Three Sisters.

THERE was once a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom had only one eye in her forehead, the second two eyes, placed like those of ordinary mortals, while the third daughter had three eyes, the third being likewise in her forehead. Now, the mother and sisters took a most unconquerable dislike to the second, because she resembled the common children of men, and they said to her, " You, with your two eyes, are not any better than the ordinary people we see in the world. You do not belong to us!" and they drove her about, gave her only rags to wear, and their leavings to eat, besides taunting and hurting her feelings upon every occasion.

It happened that the maiden went into the field to look after the goats, and she was very hungry, for her sisters had left her but little to eat. So she seated herself upon a hillock, and began to weep so bitterly that her tears were like two rivulets flowing down her cheeks. Casting her eyes upward for a moment, she saw a woman standing by her, who said, " Why are you weeping ?" To which the maiden replied, " Ought I not to weep ? I have, unfortunately, eyes like other people, which causes my mother and sisters to hate me, push me into all sorts of corners, dress me in rags, and, above all, give me only half enough to eat. I have had so little food to-day, that I am faint with hunger." " Dry your eyes, my child," replied the compassionate woman, " I will teach you something that will prevent your being hungry for the future. Say to your goat—

" Little goat, bleat,
And pray let me eat."

Upon this a little table, covered with a clean cloth, will stand before you, and upon it all sorts of good things ; of

these you may take what you please, and when you are satisfied, you have only to say—

“ Little goat, pray,
Take the table away,”

and it will vanish from before you. With these words the woman departed, and the maiden, after reflecting awhile upon what had passed, said to herself, “ I am indeed very hungry, therefore it would be as well to try if what the woman has just told me is true.” So she cried—

“ Little goat, bleat,
And pray let me eat.”

Scarcely were the words pronounced, than a table stood before her, covered with a white cloth, on which was a plate, with a silver knife and fork, and spoon, and the most tempting dishes stood around it, smoking and smelling extremely good, as if they had just left the kitchen. The maiden was not long in profiting by such a tempting opportunity. She found everything so good, that she made a hearty meal, after which she said, as the good woman had directed her,—

“ Little goat, pray,
Take the table away.”

Instantly the table and all upon it vanished, and the maiden rejoiced so much in her unexpected good fortune, that she was no longer sad.

In the evening, when she drove home the goats, she found an earthen dish full of scraps, set aside for her by her sisters, but she did not touch it. The next day, likewise, when she went as usual to the meadows, she left behind her the dry crusts they offered her. This went on, and was not heeded by the sisters for some time, but at length they observed it, and said, “ It is very singular that our sister leaves the food that she has hitherto always eaten. She must have found some way of supplying herself.” Being anxious to discover what this might be, the sister who had one eye determined to accompany her

the next day to the meadow, and observe what took place, and if any one brought her food. Accordingly, the next morning, when the girl prepared to go away with her flock, the sister with one eye said, "I am going with you to-day, I should like to see that the goats are well tended, and driven where there is plenty of food for them." But the maiden suspected her intention ; therefore she drove the goats into some long grass, and then said, "Come, sister, let us sit down here, and I will sing you something." The one-eyed sister was very tired from the long walk and the heat of the sun, so she sat down in the grass, and the other instantly commenced a drawling, soothing kind of chant, with these words—

"One-eyed sister, are you awake ?
One-eyed sister, are you asleep ?"

One-eye was quickly asleep. When certain of this, and secure from her observation, the maiden said to her goat—

"Little goat, bleat,
And pray let me eat."

The table appeared as usual, and she ate and drank until she was satisfied, when she exclaimed—

"Little goat, pray,
Take the table away,"—

and everything vanished in an instant. Then waking her sister, she said to her, "You came here to help me watch the goats, but you have done nothing but sleep, and let the goats run in all directions. We may therefore as well go home again." Collecting the goats, they both returned to the house, and the earthen dish was as usual untouched ; but One-eye was unable to explain the cause of it to her mother, alleging, as an excuse, that she had been asleep all the time.

The next morning the mother said to the daughter with three eyes, "You shall go this time, and mind you observe what your sister does, and if anybody brings her food, for she certainly must eat and drink in secret." The girl accordingly said to her sister, that she intended to accom-

pany her to the meadow, and help her to take care of the goats. The latter, however, had her suspicions, so she again drove the goats into the long grass, and said, "Let us sit down here, and I will sing to you." The proposal was rather acceptable, for she was weary from the walk and the heat of the sun ; therefore, the three-eyed sister seated herself, and the maiden began as before to sing a dull monotonous chant to the words—

"Three-eyed sister, are you awake ?"
Three-eyed sister, are you asleep ?

she ought to have added, but from heedlessness she said "Two-eyed sister," and continued to sing—

"Three-eyed sister, are you awake ?
Two-eyed sister, are you asleep ?"

The consequence of which was, that two eyes went to sleep but the third, not being included in the charm, remained awake. The three-eyed sister closed it, it is true, but only out of cunning, to avoid causing suspicion. So there she lay, looking around with one eye, and seeing very well all that passed. As soon as the maiden thought her sister was asleep, she hastened to repeat the words,

"Little goat, bleat,
And pray let me eat ;"

and after eating and drinking as much as she wished, the table was dismissed with the words—

"Little goat, pray,
Take the table away."

But the pretended sleeper had seen all, and when her sister roused her from her slumber, saying, "What a good watch you have kept ! let us go home," she arose instantly, and they proceeded together to the house, where the mother was informed by the three-eyed sister of what she had seen, who said, "I know now why the proud thing never eats at home : when she says to the goat—

' Little goat, bleat,
And pray let me eat,'—

a table covered with the best fare stands before her, much better than we have ; and when she has eaten as much as she can, she says—

‘ Little goat, pray,
Take the table away,’

and everything vanishes ; for I have seen it all with my own eye. She sent two eyes to sleep by means of a charm, but, fortunately, the one in my forehead remained awake.” “Oh !” cried the envious parent, “you wish to have better things than we do ; I will soon hinder that.” With these words she took a large knife, and instantly killed the poor goat.

When the maiden saw that she was betrayed, and her goat was killed, she left the house full of grief, and went into a field, wheres he seated herself on a bank, and wept bitterly. On a sudden, the good woman she had seen before, stood by her, and said, “Why do you weep, my child ?” “Ought I not to weep ?” replied she, “the goat who every day covered my table, when I repeated the words you taught me, has been killed by my mother, and I must again endure hunger and sorrow.” “I will try to do something for you,” replied the woman. “Beg your sisters to give you the inside of the goat, and then bury it before the house-door, it will bring you good fortune.” Saying this she vanished, and the maiden returned to her home, and entreated her sisters to do her a favour. “Dear sisters,” said she, “I ask for nothing that is of value, give me only the inside of my goat, that I may bury it.” Upon this they laughed, but said, “Since you ask nothing more, you may take what you wish.” Accordingly, in the stillness of the evening the maiden left the cottage, and buried it before the door.

The next morning when all were astir, and they began to move about the cottage, they saw before the door a wonderfully beautiful tree, with silver leaves, and golden fruit hanging from the branches, a sight that was never perhaps seen before in the world. They could not imagine

whence the tree came, but the maiden with two eyes thought it must have grown from the inside of the goat, for it stood exactly on the spot where she had buried it. "Child," said the mother, to her one-eyed daughter, "go up the tree, and bring us down some of the fruit." The girl obeyed, but when she seized a branch or twig, it directly escaped from her hand ; and this occurred as often as she tried to pluck the fruit, notwithstanding her attempts to hold it firmly. "Well," said the mother to her three-eyed daughter, "Your eyes are better than your sister's, go up and see what you can do." She accordingly went up the tree, and the other came down ; but the three-eyed daughter had no greater success than her sister ; the apples escaped every attack she made upon them, and this made the mother so impatient, that she declared she should be obliged to gather them herself. In vain, however, she tried : she seemed to grasp at nothing but the empty air. "Perhaps I may be able to succeed, if I try," said the maiden whom they all persecuted. "Very likely, indeed," returned the others ; "why should you do what we cannot ?" However, she mounted the tree, and so far from the apples evading her grasp, it seemed as if one after the other presented itself, and before long, she descended with a whole apronful. The mother took them all away from her, and so far from treating her more kindly, it only increased their envy that she alone had been able to gather the beautiful fruit, and if possible, they treated her more harshly than before.

It happened that one day, as they all stood beneath the tree, a young knight came by. "Quick, quick!" said the two sisters to the youngest, "creep under, that we may not be ashamed of your appearance !" With these words they hastily turned an empty cask over her, which was standing near the tree, and pushed the golden apples that she had been gathering under likewise. As the young knight approached the tree, he much admired its singular beauty, with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and said,

"To whom does this tree belong? Whoever will give me a branch of it, may ask what they like in return." The sisters replied that the tree was theirs, and that they would break him off a branch. But all the trouble they took was fruitless; there stood the tree, but it was out of their power to break off a single branch. "That is very surprising," said the knight; "the tree, you say, belongs to you, yet you cannot dispose of a branch of it as you desire!" They persisted, however, that the tree was theirs, and while asserting it, two golden apples rolled from under the cask, to the very feet of the knight; for the maiden was angry to hear the falsehood, and sent the apples to convict her sisters. When the knight saw them, he was yet more astonished, and inquired from whence they came? The girls were now obliged to confess that they had another sister, but said they could not permit her to be seen, because she had two eyes, like common people. The knight, however, alighted, raised the cask, and bade the maiden come forth, which she instantly did, and the former was greatly struck with her beauty. "Maiden," said he, "can you give me a branch of this beautiful tree?" "Certainly I can," replied she, "as the tree is mine." With these words, she ascended the tree, and directly returned with a branch, covered with silver leaves and golden fruit, which she presented to the knight. "Maiden," said he, "what shall I give you in return?" "Alas!" replied the youngest sister, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and ill-usage, from early morning until the end of the day: and if you could release me from it, by taking me with you, I should be very happy." At these words the knight lifted her before him, put spurs to his horse, and shortly afterwards arrived at his father's castle, where he gave her handsome dresses, and everything else she could desire. In time he loved her so sincerely, that he entreated his father's sanction to their marriage, which was celebrated accordingly.

When the sisters saw the youngest one carried off by the handsome knight, their envy rose higher than ever.

"We shall, however, have the tree to console us," said they, "even if we cannot gather the fruit, people will stand to admire it, and come to see us for its sake, and who knows yet, what our corn may produce?" But the next morning the tree had vanished, and their hopes likewise ; and the youngest sister, looking at the same time through her window, to her great joy found it had followed her, and was growing there.

She now lived long and happily, and forgot her former sorrows. Two miserable women approached her one day, as she was leaving the castle, and begged for alms. She looked in their faces, and recognized her sisters, who had fallen into such deep poverty, that they were obliged to beg their bread from door to door. The young wife instantly bade them welcome, showed them much kindness, and took care of them ; so that they repented from their hearts of all the evil they had done to her in former years.

FINIS.

