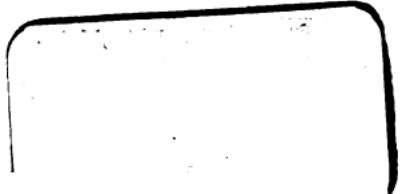

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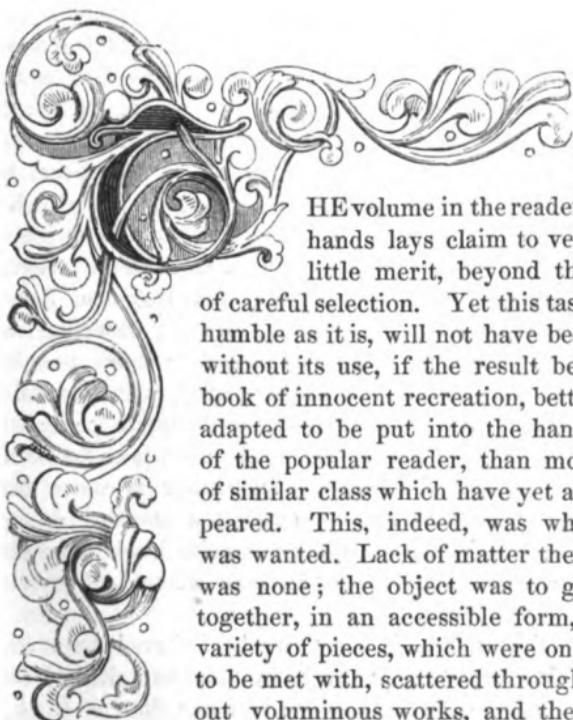


Popular Tales and Legends.



London. I Burns.

To the Reader.



THE volume in the reader's hands lays claim to very little merit, beyond that of careful selection. Yet this task, humble as it is, will not have been without its use, if the result be a book of innocent recreation, better adapted to be put into the hands of the popular reader, than most of similar class which have yet appeared. This, indeed, was what was wanted. Lack of matter there was none; the object was to get together, in an accessible form, a variety of pieces, which were only to be met with, scattered throughout voluminous works, and then, **not infrequently mixed up with others of a less interesting (not to say objectionable) character.**

A

I trust that nothing will be found in this volume which is fairly open to objection on the score of principle, or which may be thought to countenance a questionable morality. Certainly it has been my aim scrupulously to avoid this; and remembering, as I did all along, that I was compiling a book which would be read in my own family, as well as in other domestic circles, I cannot think that I have greatly erred in this respect. To say the truth, the experience I have necessarily gained, by searching the existing stores of legendary romance, has convinced me that there really *was* need of caution and judgment in the task of selection. I found, on careful perusal, that the common versions of many of our popular tales were not free from disfiguring passages, while in others, the whole texture was objectionable. The former I have endeavoured to purify; the latter have been unsparingly rejected, though, in some instances, certainly with a shade of regret, arising from their amusing cleverness. For instance, I may mention the adventures of "Howlglass," which, diverting and witty as they are, are in most cases neither more nor less than the successful tricks of a clever scoundrel, who told falsehoods by the dozen, and cozened every unfortunate being who came in his way. Again, of the same class there is the common story of the giant and the tailor. The latter is more than a match for the former, to be sure (and it is amusing enough to see how he outwits him), but it is hardly the kind of reading with which we should entrust a child whom we wished to bring up in habits of truthfulness.

Having said thus much, it must not be inferred by certain grave people that every story in this book contains a direct lesson of instruction. It does not profess to be more than a *Book of recreation*, and, in many cases, of *mirthful recreation*, too; so that whenever a well-told story has been found conducive to this end,

it has been inserted; the only care being, that, if any moral is deducible, it should not be a bad one. While, therefore, too much must not be expected, I believe it will, nevertheless, be found that in many of the tales valuable lessons really *are* conveyed with more or less clearness; while in others, a beautiful and instructive allegory may, with very little pains, be detected. Occasionally a hint has been given as to the lesson which may be drawn; but this has been done very sparingly. There cannot, I conceive, be a greater error than that of loading Fables and Allegories with what are called "morals." A very slight hint should serve; and where the young are properly taught to exercise their ingenuity, even this is hardly ever necessary.*

Some there are, doubtless, and those, too, highly-estimable people, who will despise such a work as the present, and who will demur to the propriety of supplying the imagination of the young with such food. With persons who take this view, this is not the place to argue. I can only lament (in common, too, with many wiser heads than my own) what I must consider a defect in their perceptions. Those matter-of-fact people, who in their fancied wisdom would deprive the young of an occasional ramble through the enchanting fields of fiction and romance, little know how useful an auxiliary they forego. Certainly they neglect one of the best means by which the youthful mind may be unstrung after the pressure of every-day occupations;—for surely to carry the mind for a time out of the scenes and associations of common life, into the region of the marvellous and mysterious, must lead to a most salutary reaction;—while they also overlook the fact, that there are faculties in our nature which, if they are

* Those who wish to see this system carried to the climax of wearisome absurdity, have only to look at the common school editions of Croxall's Fables of Æsop.

to be healthily exercised, really require such a provision as is furnished by our household stories and rhymes, with all their diverting and laughter-exciting propensities.

Nor must it be forgotten, that in order to cultivate *the reason*, which is conversant with the highest truths, and because highest, therefore spiritual, we must early train and strengthen a child's mind by habitually exercising it with the contemplation of the wild and the unearthly. Wonder and awe being natural to us, or, to speak more religiously, being God's gifts, we do violence to our better part by confining the mind to what is only visible and tangible. The true idea indeed, of the Churchman's character, in its completeness and perfection, seems to comprise much of the poetical, the romantic, and the imaginative ; and those who are deficient in those qualities, (or who, instead of cultivating, strive rather to smother them,) however correct their views may be, and however they may act upon these views, as a matter of duty, must assuredly suffer a serious loss, both as respects themselves, and their influence upon others. But it is to be hoped that a larger and kindlier spirit is springing* up, and I doubt not that, as sound and generous principles continue to spread, and to leaven the minds of our people, the old-fashioned notions on this head will come round again, too ; and then the department to which this little book belongs, will not be denied its place among others of a higher and more important kind.

To return once more to the present compilation, I must bespeak indulgence for the heterogeneous manner in which its materials are put together, and for what will be thought by many, the strange jumble of subjects and styles which it displays. Child's Fairy Tales—Ancient Traditions of the North

* I am glad to see my views supported by so judicious a writer as Mr. Gresley. See his "Church Clavering," chap. xi.

—Irish Legends—Tales of Chivalry—Popular Household Stories, as told at the firesides of England, Germany, Scotland—all will be found mingled together without any pretension to arrangement. This want of method, however, from circumstances could not be helped, and, upon consideration, I am not sure that it has not its counterbalancing advantages. Had I attempted a classification, I should probably have deprived the book of what, to some of its readers at least, will be a recommendation, viz. the novelty produced by the varied character of the different tales. Architects tell us, that walls built with squared stones, where the lines run in unvarying symmetry, are deficient in true pictorial effect: and a formal arrangement were, perhaps, inconsistent with the main idea of this publication, which (however humbly) seeks rather the wild variety of a natural landscape than the true propriety of the cultivated pasture.

The notes which occur here and there as introductions or postscripts to the stories, were intended to aid in throwing light upon the various points of popular belief involved in these legends; but I fear they will very inadequately serve their purpose.* In a book of this kind, it was difficult to give any clear explanation, without overstepping the proper limits; and it was not, of course, the place for a regular treatise on the subject. Those, therefore, who may wish for fuller information, must consult other sources, especially the invaluable “Deutsche Mythologie,” of the Messrs. Grimm, from whose various publications so many of the tales in this collection have been translated. The work alluded to gives a learned and interesting account of the way in which the Christian faith supplanted heathenism in the various countries of Christendom, the hold which, in many points, the ancient

* These were, in fact, thrown in without plan, as the stories occurred; and in the same way other slight illustrations will be found in a companion volume to the present, entitled, “Traditions and Legendary Tales.”

belief still maintained, (for the most part innocently,*) on the popular mind, and the vestiges of those notions which have survived to our own day; while the comparison of these traditions, as they exist in different regions, supply an unequalled fund of information and entertainment. Mr. Keightley's volumes also, (to which I have elsewhere expressed my obligations,) with Messrs. Chambers's "Rhymes, &c. of Scotland," and Mr. T. C. Croker's "Irish Legends," will be found well deserving of perusal.

THE EDITOR.

* It is to be doubted whether, in many respects, we have not lost as well as gained by the boasted march of civilization. In former times, with the mixture of the old superstition here alluded to, there was, at the same time, a more real belief in supernatural things than we find among our people now. An invisible agency, for good and evil, was then a point of belief, and in many cases, an influential one; now we have too generally a habit of careless scepticism—a worse evil, surely, than the simplicity and credulousness of former times.



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HANSEL AND GRETTEL.

HANSEL one day took his sister Grettel by the hand, and said, "Since our poor mother died our lives are quite miserable ; for our new mother beats us all day long, and when we go near her, she pushes us away. We have nothing but hard crusts to eat; and the little dog under the table is better off than we; for he often has a nice piece of meat thrown to him. Oh if our poor mother knew how we are used;

Come, we will go and travel over the wide world." So they set off.

They went the whole day walking over the fields, and meadows, and rocks; and when it rained, Grettel said, "The heavens are weeping along with us." In the evening they came to a great wood; and then they were so tired and hungry that they sat down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

In the morning when they awoke, the sun had risen high above the trees, and shone warm upon the hollow tree. Then Hansel said, "Sister, I am very thirsty; if I could find a brook, I would go and drink. Listen! I think I hear the sound of one." Then he rose up and took Grettel by the hand and went in search of the brook. But their step-mother was a malicious fairy, and had followed them secretly into the wood and enchanted all the brooks: and when they had found a brook that ran sparkling over the pebbles, Hansel wanted to drink; but Grettel thought she heard a voice from the brook, as it babbled along, saying, "Whoever drinks here will be turned into a tiger." Then she cried out, "Ah, brother! do not drink, or you will be turned into a wild beast and tear me to pieces." Then Hansel yielded, although he was parched with thirst. "I will wait," said he, "for the next brook." But when they came to the next, Grettel listened again, and thought she heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a wolf." Then she cried out, "Brother, brother, do not drink, or you will be turned into a wolf and eat me." So he did not drink, but said, "I will wait for the next brook; there I must drink, say what you will, I am so thirsty."

As they came to the third brook, Grettel listened and heard, "Whoever drinks here will become a fawn." "Ah, brother!"

said she, "do not drink, or you will be turned into a fawn and run away from me." But Hansel had already stooped down to the brook, and the first drop he tasted, he was turned into a fawn.

Grettel wept bitterly over her poor enchanted brother, and the tears, too, rolled down his eyes as he laid himself so sorrowfully down beside her. Then she said, "Rest in peace, dear fawn, I will never, never leave thee." So she untied her golden necklace and put it round his neck, and plucked some rushes and plaited them into a soft band, with which she led the poor little thing by her side farther into the wood.

After they had travelled a very long way, they came to a little cottage; and Grettel having looked in and seen that it was quite empty, thought to herself, "We can stay and live here." Then she went and gathered leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the fawn: and every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for the fawn; and it ate out of her hand, and was pleased, and played and frisked about her. In the evening, when Grettel was tired, and had said her prayers, she laid her head upon the fawn for a pillow, and slept: and if poor Hansel could but have had his right form again, their life would have been a very happy one.

They lived thus for some time in the wood by themselves, till it chanced that the king of that country came to hold a great hunt in the forest. And when the fawn heard all around the echoing of the horns, and the baying of the dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen, he was all anxiety to go and join in the sport. "Ah, sister! sister!" said he, "let

me go out to the chase, I can stay no longer." And he begged so hard, that she at last agreed to let him go. "But," said she, "be sure to return in the evening; I shall fasten the door to keep out those wild huntsmen; and to let me know that it is you when you are at the door, you must say, 'Sister, let me in;' but if you don't speak, I shall keep the door fast." Then away sprang the fawn, and seemed so happy to be in the open air. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful creature, and gave chase to him, but could not overtake him; for when they thought they were sure to catch him, he sprung over the bushes and was out of sight in a moment.

As it grew dark he came bounding home to the hut, and tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then she opened the little door, and in he jumped, and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next morning the hunt began again; and when he heard the huntsmen's horns and cheering cries, he had no rest, and said, "Sister, open the door for me, I must go again." Then she let him out, and said, "Be sure to come back in the evening, and remember what you are to say." When the king and the huntsmen saw the fawn with the golden collar again, they gave him chase; but he was too fleet for them. The chase lasted the whole day; but at last the huntsmen nearly surrounded him, and one of them slightly wounded him in the foot, so that he limped and got on but slowly. The man who had wounded him followed him secretly to the cot, and hid himself, and heard him say, "Sister, sister, let me in;" and saw the door opened and instantly shut again. The huntsman took good notice of every thing, and went to the

king and told him what he had seen and heard ; then the king said, "To-morrow we will have another chase."

Grettel was very much frightened when she saw that her fawn was wounded ; but she washed the blood away and put some healing herbs on it, and said, "Now go to bed, dear fawn, until you are well again." The wound was so small, that in the morning it was quite closed up ; and when the hunting-horn blew, he said, "I can't stay here, I must go and look on ; I will take care that none of them shall catch me." But Grettel wept and said, "I am sure they will kill you this time, I will not let you go."—"I shall die of vexation," said he, "if you keep me here ; when I hear the horns, I feel as if I could fly." Then Grettel could refuse no longer ; so she opened the door with a heavy heart, and he bounded out gaily into the wood.

When the king saw him, he said to his huntsman, "Now chase him all day long till you catch him ; but let none of you do him any harm." When the sun went down, the king said to the one who had watched, "Now come and show me the little hut." So they went to the door and the king tapped, and said, "Sister, sister, let me in." Then the door opened and the king went in, and saw a maiden standing there more lovely than any he had ever beheld. Grettel was frightened to see a king with a golden crown, and not her fawn, come into her hut : but he spoke kindly to her, and took her hand, and said, "Will you come with me to my palace, and be my queen?"—"Yes," said the maiden ; "but my fawn must go with me, I cannot part with him."—"Well," said the king, "he shall stop with you all your life, and want for nothing." Just at that moment in sprung the little fawn : and his sister

tied the string to his neck, and they left the hut in the wood together.

Then the king took Grettel to his palace, and held the wedding in great state, and made her his queen. And she told the king all her story; and he sent for the wicked fairy and punished her: and the fawn was changed into Hansel again, and he and his sister loved one another, and they lived together happily for many years.

THE GOLDEN BIRD.



A CERTAIN king had a pleasure-garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples. When they were ripe, it was found that every night one of them was gone, so that the king became very angry, and ordered the gardener to keep watch all night under the tree. The gardener set his eldest son to watch; but about twelve o'clock he fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was missing. Then the second son was ordered to watch the next night; but at midnight he too fell asleep, and in the morning another apple was gone. Then the third son offered to keep watch; but the gardener at

first would not let him : however, at last he consented, and the young man laid himself under the tree, keeping watch very carefully ; and as the clock struck twelve he heard a rustling sound in the air, and a bird came flying that was of pure gold ; and as it was snapping at one of the apples with its beak, the gardener's son started up and quickly shot an arrow at it. But the arrow did the bird no harm ; except shooting a golden feather from its tail, and then it flew away. The golden feather was then brought to the king in the morning, who immediately called a privy council. It was unanimously agreed that, as the one feather was so valuable, the bird itself must be worth the whole kingdom. So the king said, "I must and will have the whole bird."

The gardener's eldest son then set out and thought to find the golden bird very soon ; and when he had travelled but a little way, he came to a wood, and by the side of the wood he saw a fox sitting ; so he took his bow and was about to shoot it, when the fox said, "Do not shoot me, and I will give you some good advice; I know what you are travelling about, and that you want to find the golden bird. When you come this evening to a village, you will see two inns opposite to each other, at one of which there is great merriment going on ; go not in there, but rest for the night in the other, though it may appear to you to be very poor and mean-looking." But the son thought to himself, "What can a beast know about the matter?" So he fired off his bow at the fox, but missed it, and it set up its tail above its back and ran swiftly into the wood. Then he continued his journey, and in the evening came to the village where the two inns were ; and in one of these were people singing and dancing ; but the other looked

very dirty and miserable. "I should be a great fool," said he, "if I went to that shabby ale-house, and left this fine place;" so he went into the merry house, and lived in jollity and riot, and forgot the bird, and his native country.

Time passed away; and as the eldest son did not return, the second son set out, and the same things happened to him as befel his brother. The fox was as ready as ever with his good advice; but when the second son came to the two inns, his eldest brother was standing at the window where the merry-making was, and called him in; so that he could not resist the temptation, but went in, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the place.

Time passed on again, and the youngest son too wished to set out into the wide world to seek for the golden bird; but his father would not hear of it for a long time, for he loved his son very much, and was afraid that some misfortune might happen to him also, and prevent his return. However, at last it was agreed he should go, as there was now no more peace at home; and as he came to the wood, he met the fox, and received the same good counsel. But he was civil to the fox, and did not attempt to shoot him as his brothers had done; so the fox said, "Sit upon my tail, and you will travel faster." So he sat down, and the fox set off so quickly over stock and stone, that their hair whistled in the wind.

When they came to the village, the son followed the fox's advice, and without looking about him went to the poor inn, and rested there all night quite comfortably. Next morning the fox met him as he was commencing his journey, and said, "Go straight forward till you come to a castle, before which a whole regiment of soldiers are lying fast asleep and snoring:

do not be afraid of them, but go into the castle and pass on and on till you come to a room, where the golden bird sits in a wooden cage; close by it stands a beautiful golden cage for pomp and show; but do not take the bird out of the shabby cage and put it into the handsome one, otherwise you will repent it." So saying, the fox stretched out his tail again, and the young man sat down upon it, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

Before the castle gate all appeared as the fox had said: so the son went in and found the room where the golden bird hung in a wooden cage, and below stood the golden cage; and the three golden apples were lying about in the room. Then thought he to himself, "It would be very ridiculous to bring away such a fine bird in this shabby cage;" so he opened the door and took hold of the bird and put it into the golden cage; but the bird set up such a frightful scream that all the soldiers awoke, and they took him prisoner, and carried him before the king. The next morning the court sat in judgment upon him; and when all the evidence was heard, the young man was sentenced to die, unless, on one condition, that he should bring the king the golden horse which ran as swiftly as the wind; and if he did this, the golden bird would be given him for his own.

So he set out once more on his journey, sighing, and in great distress, when on a sudden his good friend the fox met him again, and said, "You see now what has happened to you for not listening to my advice. I will still, however, tell you how to find the golden horse, if you will do as I bid you. You must go straight on till you come to the castle where the horse stands in his stall: the grooms will be lying before the stall

fast asleep and snoring : take away the golden horse quietly, but be sure to put the old saddle of leather and wood upon him, and not the golden one that is hanging by it." Then the son sat down on the fox's tail, and away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled in the wind.

All went right, and the grooms lay snoring, holding the golden saddles in their hands. But when the son looked at the golden horse, he thought it would be a great pity to put the shabby saddle upon him. "I will give him the good one," he said, "as he deserves." As he was going to take a golden saddle from a groom, he awoke and cried out so loud, that all the others ran up and took him prisoner; and in the morning he was again brought before the court, and was sentenced to die, unless he should bring thither the beautiful princess, and then he was to have the bird and the horse given him for his own.

With a sorrowful heart he went his way again, but the old fox soon made his appearance, and said, "Why did you not listen to me? If you had, you would now have possessed both the bird and the horse; yet I will give you once more my advice. Go straight on, and in the evening you will arrive at a castle. At twelve o'clock at night the beautiful princess goes to take a bath; go up to her as she passes, and salute her, and then she will come away with you; but take care you do not suffer her to go and bid farewell to her father and mother." Then the fox stretched out his tail, and so away they went over stock and stone till their hair whistled again.

When they came to the castle, all was as the fox had said; and at night the young man met and gave the princess a

kiss, and she agreed to go with him, but begged with many tears that he would first let her bid farewell to her father and mother. He refused for awhile, but she wept so much, and fell at his feet, till at last he consented; but the moment she came to her father, he and every one else awoke, and the young man was taken prisoner again.

Then he was brought before the king, and the king said, "You shall only have my daughter on one condition, that in eight days you remove the hill that blocks up the view from my window." Now this hill was so very big that the whole world could not take it away: and when he had worked for seven days, and had done almost nothing, he was very down-hearted; but at the evening of the seventh day the fox came and said, "Lie down and go to sleep; I will work for you." And in the morning when he awoke the hill was gone; so he went joyfully to the king, and told him that now, since it was removed, he must give him the princess.

Then the king was obliged to keep his word, and away went the young man and the princess; and the fox came and said to him, "You must have all three—the princess, the horse, and the bird."—"True," said the young man, "but how can we get over that difficulty?"

"If you will only listen," said the fox, "it can soon be done. When you come to the king who wants the beautiful princess, as soon as he sees you he will be exceedingly glad, and will bring out the horse and give it you. Mount the princess quickly on the horse behind you—clap your spurs to his side, and gallop off like lightning."

When all this was done, and the princess was safe on horseback, then the fox said, "When you come to the castle where

the bird is, I will stay with the princess at the door, and you will ride in and speak ; and when they see that you have the right horse, they will bring out the bird ; but you must sit still, and when you get it into your hand, ride off."

All turned out right as the fox said ; they carried off the bird, the princess mounted on horseback again, and they rode on till they came to a great wood. Then the fox came, and said, " Pray shoot me, and cut off my head and my feet." But the young man would not by any means do it : so the fox said, " I will at any rate give you some good advice : beware of two things ; ransom no one from the gallows, and sit down by the side of no river." — " Well," thought the young man, " if this is all, there will be no great difficulty in that."

So he rode on with the princess, till he came to the village where he had parted from his two brothers. Hearing a great noise and uproar, he asked what was the matter, and the people said, " that two men were going to be hanged." As he came nearer, he saw the two men were his own brothers, who had been guilty of all sorts of crimes, and had spent every thing ; so he said, " Is it not possible to save them ?" And the people said " No," unless he would give up all his money to save villains, and so set them free. Then, without stopping to think about it, he paid what was demanded, and his brothers were set at liberty, and continued the journey with him.

And as they came to the wood where the fox first met them, it was so cool and pleasant that the two brothers said, " Let us sit down here by the side of this river, and rest a while, to eat and drink." And so he forgot what the fox said, and sat down on the side of the river ; and while he suspected nothing bad, they came behind, and threw him into the water, and

took the princess, the horse, and the bird, and went home to the king and said, "All this we have won, and now bring to thee." Then there was great joy; but the horse would not eat, the bird would not sing, and the princess wept.

The youngest son fell to the bottom of the river, which luckily was nearly dry; and although none of his bones were broken, he could find no way to get out. Then the old fox came once more, and scolded him for not following his advice; otherwise this would not have happened to him: "Yet," said he, "I cannot leave you here, but must help you out, so lay hold of my tail and hold fast." Then he pulled him out of the river, and said to him, as he got upon the bank, "Your brothers have set watch to kill you, if they find you in the king's territories." So he dressed himself as a poor man, and came secretly to the king's court, and was scarcely within the doors when the horse began to eat, and the bird to sing, and the princess left off weeping. The king was so astonished, that he asked the reason of this, and so the princess said, I think my right husband is come home, and that makes me so joyful. Then she told him every thing, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she spoke a word. The king then commanded all the people that were in the castle to be brought together that the princess might see them, and she immediately knew her husband, although in such bad clothes, and ran and embraced him. The brothers were then seized and punished, and he had the princess given to him again; and after the king's death he was heir to his kingdom.

A long while after, he went to walk one day in the wood, and the old fox met him and besought him most piteously to kill him, and cut off his head and feet. And at last he did so,

and immediately the fox was changed into a man, and turned out to be the queen's brother, who had been lost a great many years.

THE OLD WIDOW.

THERE was once, in a great city, a poor old widow, who was sitting one evening alone in her room, and thinking how first she had lost her husband, then her two children, after that, all her relations, and now last of all, her only remaining friend, so that she was left quite desolate and forsaken. Thus she was sunk in the deepest melancholy; and above all, the loss of her two sons was so bitter to her that she even accused the Almighty of harshness and unkindness. Occupied in these miserable thoughts, she was surprised to hear the church bells ring for early service; having spent the whole night in grief and lamentation, without noticing how quickly the time passed away. She then lit her lamp and went to church, which, on her arrival, she found lighted up; but not as usual with wax tapers, but with a strange twilight sort of glimmering haze. The church was already crowded with people, and every corner was crammed full, so that when she came to her usual place it was already occupied, and not an inch of room to spare. And as she looked at the people they seemed to be all dead relatives, sitting in their old fashioned dresses, and with pale and wan countenances. They neither spoke nor sang, but a low soft hum and sigh was heard throughout the church. An old female relative then stood up and told her if she would look in the direction of the altar she would see

her two sons. The old widow did so, and saw her two children, one hanging on a gallows, and the other stretched on the wheel. The old relative then proceeded and said—You see how it would have fared with your children, if they had lived, and had God not taken them to himself when innocent children. The old widow went trembling home, and thanked God on her knees that He had done better for her than she could have devised; and on the third day she fell ill and died.



THE DEMON OF BROCKENBERG.

THE solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountain called Brockenberg, are haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak-leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form traversing, with huge strides, in a line parallel to their own course, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen. In elder times the intercourse of the demon with the inhabitants was more familiar ; and, according to the tradition of the Harz, he was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to those earth-born powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, sometimes for their wo. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed ; and the fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling Capuchin had once possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church, at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the wickedness of the inhabitants, and their communication with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The peasantry laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon his topic. Three young men, who had been present on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut

where they carried on the laborious and humble occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On the way, their conversation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz and the doctrines of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers, although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gift, or hold any communication with him. He was powerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious; and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Rabenwald, that famous black steed, by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss, so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man were ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Trodden a curious spell for making butter come? and was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill-luck ultimately attending on the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers. Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said, "the demon is a good demon—he lives among us



as if he were a peasant like ourselves—haunts the lonely crags and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goat-herd—and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes, cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals, who do not bind themselves to submit to his pleasure?" To this the elder brother replied, that wealth thus won was seldom well spent, and dwelt upon the evils of covetousness and ambition; while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character. His brothers entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar-chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from attending upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

Max Waldeck, the elder, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite bank of the glen, or valley, a huge fire, surrounded by some figures that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max, at first, bethought him of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing Martin—conceiving also what he saw to be an

illusion of the demon, sent, perhaps, in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annoyance this strange and alarming apparition. After blazing for some time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was only disturbed by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded, as before, by figures, which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated around it as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire, which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it. The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair, holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves around his forehead and loins.

George's heart sunk within him at recognising the well-known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned, and was about to fly; but, upon second thought, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels, praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had seen the fire. But it was no longer visible. The pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot on which the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestiges of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight. George returned to his hut with trembling step, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. The household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked or charred, he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgot the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but, observing that both his

brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose, for the fire seemed rather to decay than revive. Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with the loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light in order to re-kindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren.

His first idea was, that the Muhllerhaussers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers, and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manners of those who seemed to work in the fire, induced him to dismiss this belief, and, although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves yonder with such fantastical rites and gestures, I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace."

He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his

brethren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar-spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone. With the same success as his brother George, but with more undaunted boldness, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness to the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural, the more near he approached to the assembly. He was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined.

"Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress. "Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth; "and who are you?"—"The King of the Waste and of the Mine," answered the spectre; "and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?" "I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered

Martin, hardly ; and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"—"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon. But take thy fire that thou camest to seek, and begone. No mortal may long look upon us and live."

The peasant struck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut ; the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley.

When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however, much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel so as might best light the fire of his furnace ; but after many efforts, and all exertions of bellows and fire-prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the others. He turned about and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busy about it had disappeared. As he conceived the spectre had been jesting with him, he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off, in the same manner, a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire.

Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire ; but when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the harsh and supernatural voice which before accosted him, pronounce

these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!" The attempt to kindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions, Martin relinquished the hopeless attempt, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep into which he had sunk, from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold. It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth.

Taking upon him now to act as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the indignation of the ancient aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. His courage in public war, as well as in private feuds, together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by sudden elevation and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others, how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden

prosperity on their disposition. The evil propensities in his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another; the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks, who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights to the feudal nobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, although carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends, the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation, by the reigning Duke of Brunswick, had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent; and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of

the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption.

A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sister mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entry into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was, in those days, regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate punishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald-at-arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble, who followed him with threats and outcries levelled alternately against the necromancer and oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sustained. They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw; scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should release him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which, at first sight, seemed to be an aged man. But as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine-tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors.

When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable contempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hatred and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with this effort of expiring nature. The terrified brethren turned their vehicle towards the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a bare-footed and long-bearded Capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill. The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his

brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief; and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner and forester as haunted by evil spirits.

Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

NOTE.

The foregoing tradition, like many others, embodies a striking part of the popular belief with respect to those mysterious beings—human, as it would appear, and yet super-human—who form the chief actors in the ancient legendary stories of different countries. Whether they are said to be giants or demons, or to belong to the more diminutive races of dwarfs, hill-folk, elves, or brownies, they are all supposed to possess considerable power over the earth and elements, and particularly to have under their charge immense stores of the precious metals. In many cases they live in the interior of hills and caverns filled with such treasures; and they are, moreover, expert workmen in all branches of metallurgy.

These beings, according to the popular creed, were of different characters and dispositions;—some more or less malicious, others more or less beneficent. None, however, appear entitled to the appellation of *good* spirits,* in the highest sense

* In the popular legends we often meet with incidents which show this; such as dislike to the sign of the cross, fear of the sound of church bells, &c.

of the word ; the most that can be said, even of the best of them, is, that if not provoked, they were harmless, and if kindly treated, they showed kindness, and did good offices in return. There are traces, however, of a notion, which prevailed in some countries, that there was a hope of salvation for them at some future day ; and in places where the Christian faith supplanted heathenism, the character of the dwarfs appears to have changed likewise, and to have been altogether of a better kind than during the reign of paganism ; benevolence being often a principal trait in their character. They seem, in short, to be very much in the state which we should assign to the virtuous heathen, as compared with men who enjoy the privileges of Christianity.

With respect to the gifts or treasures bestowed upon people by these beings, it may be said, in general, that along with the worldly advantages thereby conferred, there was also a certain degree of danger incurred by their possessors. As far as a theory can be made out on the subject, it seems that money obtained in this way proved a curse ;—first, when its acquisition was prompted by an avaricious disposition, as when men, led by an inordinate desire of riches, rashly put themselves in communication with, and under the power of these super-human beings ; or, secondly, when he with whom they had to deal, was an actual representative of, or in league with, the Evil one,—with whom all commerce was, of course, wicked and ruinous. On the other hand, it appears that the well-disposed—the honest and pious poor, for instance—might, without danger, avail themselves of these treasures, provided they were free from covetous dispositions, and were willing to put to a good use what they became possessed of :—such gifts were sanc-

tified to them ; and we may then view both the gold, and the medium through which it came, simply as instruments in the hands of Him* whom all things serve, whether in the material or the spiritual world. A variety of instances of this kind will occur to the reader, where a harmless elf, or troll, for instance, has been the means of extricating some honest fellow from his difficulties, or of rewarding him for some act which betokened a kind heart. Some of the amusing German stories in this volume will be seen to contain this moral. As the advantages, accruing to persons so favoured, varied according to circumstances, so did the evils inflicted upon another class. In the former case it might be merely some household implement, or other homely gift; or again, some chips of wood taken home, and found afterwards to be gold ; or higher still, some valuable gift which eventually led the possessor to permanent dignity and happiness. In the latter, too, we find various grades of punishment. A mischievous prank played upon the offending party ; or perhaps a heap of gold coin turning out to be merely a pocketful of pebbles, and so disappointing the greedy possessor ; at other times a train of

* Many of the supernatural beings of romance are not improbably simple personifications of what are called the powers of nature. Thus we have spirits of the fountains, waterfalls, &c. ; and again, we find the elements stirred into fury, and, as it were, animated by some being who directs the storm. In the latter case, indeed, we may recognise the substance of a great truth, viz., the working of an Almighty power in all parts of the material world, who, for aught we know, does employ personal agency in the production of such effects. Whatever may be the amount of fiction and superstition in such matters, certainly one salutary lesson may be derived from the perusal of these old legends, and one too much needed in this sceptical age,—that of a belief in an invisible world and its powers of good and evil, with which we are all, in this state of probation, in some way mysteriously connected.

misfortunes, or a sudden and mysterious death, or a captivity to the Enemy of mankind. Of this fearful class is the story which precedes this notice; and others will be found scattered throughout the volume. On this subject it may not be uninteresting to append the account which Sir John Mandeville gives in his curious book of travels of

THE VALLEY PERILOUS.

BESIDE that isle of Mistorak, upon the left side, nigh to the river Phison, is a marvellous thing. There is a vale between the mountains that dureth nigh four miles. And some call it the Vale Enchanted, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some call it the Vale Perilous. In that vale hear men oftentimes great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, all day and night; and great noise, as it were sound of tabors and of drums and trumps, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of demons, and hath been always. And men say there, that it is one of the entries of hell. In that vale is plenty of gold and silver; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many christian men also, go in often time for to have of the treasure that there is, but few comen again; and namely, of the misbelieving men, ne, of the christian men neither; for they ben anon strangled of devils. And in mid place of that vale, under a rock, is an head of the visage of a devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see; and sheweth not but the head to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so hardy, christian man, ne other, but that he would ben afraid for to behold it; and that it would seemen him to die for dread; so is it hideous for to behold. For he beholdeþ

every man so sharply with dreadful eyes that ben evermore moving and sparkling as fire, and changeth and steereth so often in divers manner, with so horrible countenance, that no man dare approach towards him. And from him cometh smoke, and stink, and fire, and so much abomination, that scarcely no man may there endure. But the good christian men, that ben stable in the faith, entren well withouten peril : for they will first confess themselves, and marken them with the token of the holy cross ; so that the fiends have no power over them. But albeit that they ben without peril, yet nevertheless ben they not withouten dread, when that they see the devils visibly and bodily all about them, that make full many divers assaults and menaces in air and in earth, and terrify them with strokes of thunder-blasts and of tempests. And the most dread is, that God will taken vengeance then of that men han misdone against his will. And ye should understand, that when my fellows and I weren in that vale, we weren in great thought whether that we dursten putten our bodies in adventure, to gon in or non, in the protection of God. And some of our fellows agreed to enter, and some not. So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors that were of Lombardy, that said, that if any man would enter, they would go in with us. And when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of themselves, we let sing mass, and made every man to be shriven and confessed ; and then we entered fourteen persons ; but at our going out we were but nine, and so we knew never whether that our fellows were lost, or else turned again for dread ; but we ne saw them never after ; and they were two men of Greece, and three of Spain ; and our other fellows that would not go in with us, they went by

another coast to ben before us, and so they were. And thus we passed that perilous vale, and found therein gold and silver, and precious stones, and rich jewels great plenty, both here and there, as us seemed ; but whether that it was as us seemed, I never knew ; for I touched none, because that the devils be so subtle to make a thing to seem otherwise than it is, for to deceive mankind ; and therefore I touched none : and also because that I would not be put out of my devotion ; for I was more devout than ever I was before or after, and all for the dread of fiends, that I saw in divers figures ; and also for the great multitude of dead bodies that I saw there lying by the way, by all the vale, as though there had been a battle between two kings, and the mightiest of the country, and that the greater part had been discomfited and slain. And I marvelled much that there were so many, and the bodies of all whole withouten rotting. But that might not be to my advice, that so many should have entered so newly, ne so many newly slain, without stinking and rotting. And many of them were in habit of christian men ; but I trow well, that it were of such that went in for covetousness of the treasure that was there, and had overmuch febleness in faith ; so that their hearts might not endure in the belief, for dread. And therefore were we the more devout a great deal ; and yet we were cast down, and beaten down many times to the hard earth, by winds, and thunders, and tempests ; but evermore, God, of his grace, helped us. And so we passed that perilous vale, without peril, and without incumbrance, thanked be Almighty God.



FREDERICK AND SABINE; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS FIELD.

IT happened that some little time before the peace of Westphalia, there assembled at the foot of the Riesenberg, in a beautiful part of the country of Silesia, a number of persons who were the relations, and had lately succeeded to the property, of an opulent deceased farmer. This man had died without children, and had left several farms and fields scattered about that fertile country, and his heirs were now met together to divide the inheritance. For this purpose they had assembled in a barn in one of the principal villages, and they found no difficulty among themselves as to the allotment of every part

of the estate, except with regard to a particular field which was known by the name of the Haunted Field, in consequence of the wonderful stories that were told respecting it.

This field was now entirely evergreen with wild flowers and weeds, which nevertheless from their strong growth betokened at the same time the excellent nature of the land, and its desolate and neglected condition ; for many years had now passed since it had been disturbed by the ploughshare, or received the seed from the hands of the industrious husbandman ; as it was related that no sooner had the ploughman at any time entered within its bounds than the oxen became frantic under the yoke, and ran off in affright ; and that the ploughman and the seedsman, struck with the like panic, would fly in dismay, affirming that some supernatural beings, under pretence of assisting them in their labours, approached them with such hideous aspects that no one could look on them and keep their senses.

The question now arose to whom this Haunted Field should be allotted. Every one felt an insurmountable objection to it himself, but thought his neighbour might perhaps manage it, and, as is the way of the world, was desirous of shifting the burden off his own shoulders. They could, however, come to no agreement, and it was now late in the evening and time to depart, when one of them proposed an expedient which he hoped would satisfy all parties. "We are bound," he said, "agreeably to the testator's will to bestow a legacy on his poor cousin who dwells in this village. The maiden is, to be sure, only very distantly related to the departed, yet she is virtuous and frugal, and well deserving of a good husband, and goes by the name of the pretty Sabine. Now I purpose that we

present this maiden with the Haunted Field, and we shall in that way discharge the wishes of our lamented relation, and it may perhaps prove a rich dowry to her if she can find a husband that will venture to cultivate it." They were all delighted at this proposal, and immediately despatched one of their number to communicate to the cousin the intelligence of their bounty.

It was about the same time in the evening that Sabine heard in the twilight, a gentle tap at her cottage window, and on asking who knocked, was answered by a voice, at the first sound of which the rustic bolt was drawn back and the little window thrown open. It was the brave young Frederick, whom she had been long expecting, and who being born as poor as herself, had for the last ten years devoted himself to the wars, in order to win some little subsistence to enable him to marry the pretty Sabine, whose kind heart was all his own. It was a delightful picture, to see Sabine leaning out of her wired lattice with tears of joy starting in her beautiful eyes, and the brave young Frederick looking up to her and proffering her his faith. "Ah! Frederick," she said, "God be praiscd, thou art returned safe; this has been my constant prayer morn and evening; and tell me, Frederick, have you made your fortune in the campaign?"—"Fortunes are not so soon won," said Frederick, shaking his head and smiling, "and prizes do not fall to every one. However, I am better off than when I departed, and if you have a bold heart I think you may venture to marry."—"Ah!" sighed Sabine, "thou kind-hearted Frederick, to take a poor orphan for better and worse."—"Nay," said Frederick, "give me but one friendly yes, and promise to be mine, and I will

warrant we shall thrive and live like princes."—"And hast thou got thy discharge, and art no longer a soldier?" Frederick, looking into his knapsack, that held his treasures, brought out a silver medal which he reached to Sabine, and as she received it, the light of the little lamp in her chamber fell on the piece. There was a burst drum figured in an old-fashioned manner, and over it was written the words—"God be praised, the war is ended."—"Perhaps," added Frederick, helping her to decipher the medal; "in truth it is not yet peace, but we shall have no more fighting at present, and our colonel has discharged his men." At this intelligence Sabine held out her hand as a pledge of her affection to her lover, and invited her betrothed to come into her little chamber, where he seated himself down by her side, and related how he had won his gold and silver in honourable battle, and in the open field, from a foreign officer of rank whom he had made prisoner, and obtained the money as his ransom. After an approving smile conferred on her brave soldier, the industrious maiden took up her spindle, rejoicing that there was no ill-got gain belonging to either of them.

Just at this moment the cousin arrived, to communicate the message entrusted to him. Sabine, with maidly blushes, presented to him the stranger, as her intended husband, and the cousin added, "This is well! I am arrived just in time, for if your betrothed has not brought back a fortune from the wars, this will be a welcome gift, which I am directed to present to you in the name of your relations, as it was the will of the testator that you should be remembered in some way or other." Frederick was too much offended at the boasting manner in which this communication was made to testify any

joy on the occasion. But Sabine, in a humble manner, thanked God for his gracious dispensation, and ignorant of the evil motives of mankind, she with a joyful heart bowed her head in token of her great satisfaction. But when she heard that the Haunted Field was assigned to her as her portion, and in satisfaction of her just claims, the sordid behaviour of her relations struck her to the soul, and she could not restrain her tears at the grievous disappointment. The cousin, with a malicious smile, said he was grieved to find she thought herself wronged, as it was in fact a much larger share of the inheritance than really of right belonged to her. And thus speaking he was taking his departure, but Frederick interrupted him, and addressing him in a cool and deliberate manner, "Sir," said he, "I see you are disposed to make a jest of this matter, and that you have all conspired together not to give my young bride a single farthing. But we will accept your present in God's name, in the hopes that in the hands of a brave and active soldier the Haunted Field may be a better bargain than a parcel of covetous, envious old relations wish it to be."

The cousin, abashed at the presence of the bold young man, returned no answer, and made the best of his way back. The bridegroom then kissed the tears from the eyes of his young bride,* and hastened away to the priest to arrange matters for the marriage.

After a lapse of a few weeks Frederick and Sabine became man and wife, and commenced their slender house-keeping. The young man had expended the greater part of his gold and

* In Germany the appellations of bride and bridegroom are attached to the respective parties on their betrothal.

silver pieces in the purchase of a yoke of fine oxen, and in the buying of seed, and of implements requisite for his husbandry, reserving no more than sufficient to support himself and his wife in the most frugal manner until they should be enriched by the next year's harvest.

As Frederick, with his oxen and plough, now took his departure for the field, he looked back and smiled at his good Sabine, saying, that he was now about to lay out his gold, and that he should next year have it all back, and to spare. Sabine looked anxiously after him, wishing in her own heart that he might return home in safety.

And home truly he came, and that, too, before the ringing of the curfew, but by no means so full of cheer as when he set out joyfully singing in the morning. He was himself dragging along the plough, which was battered and broken, and was at the same time leading one of his oxen lame and wounded along with him, and himself bleeding on the shoulders and head. Still his soldier-like courage did not fail him, and, calling on his wife with a cheerful countenance, "Prepare for salting," he said, "for this goblin in the Haunted Field has provided us with an abundance of beef. This ox that I have brought back with me has run mad, and injured himself so much that he will not be fit for any further work. The other ran off to the mountain, and there I saw him plunge from a steep rock into the river below, where I fancy he now lies at the bottom."

"Oh! these cousins, these wicked cousins," cried Sabine, weeping; "already has their accursed present robbed thee of thy hard-earned gold, and, what is more, thou art thyself hurt and bleeding, my brave young soldier!"—"My hurt is of no

consequence," said Frederick; "it was but the oxen that crushed me between them when they ran mad, and I endeavoured to stop them: but it matters not grieving, and in the morning I will start afresh."

Sabine was now so terrified at what had happened, that she endeavoured to dissuade her husband from any farther attempt at cultivating the unlucky field. But he declared, in reply, that the field should have no rest as long as he lived, and "land that one cannot plough one must delve," said he, "and I think this goblin will not frighten a good steady soldier in the way he does a poor brute animal." He then slaughtered the wounded beast and cut him up, and the next morning, as soon as Sabine was ready to begin salting the meat, Frederick was again on his way to the Haunted Field, and departed with his pickaxe and his spade, with as good a heart as on the morning before he had set out with his good yoke of oxen and his new shining plough.

He returned from his work in the evening as on the previous day. He looked pale and wearied, but was in good spirits. "This is rather hard work," said he, laughing, "for there comes a lubberly goblin, first on this side, then on that, bantering me with his foolish talk and tricks; but he seemed to wonder at last that I took no heed of him, and from that I begin to get fresh courage. Besides, what has an honest man to fear that goes straight forward and minds his work?"

Many days now passed away in the same manner. The brave Frederick continued unwearied, delving and sowing and destroying the weeds. And he had now cultivated a good portion of the Haunted Field by the aid of his spade alone, for he never relaxed in his exertions, and his land began to

promise a crop, if not very rich, still a handsome return for his trouble ; and he now cut his corn and carried it all home himself, for his land was yet too poor to afford him reapers to help him, and he would not let Sabine venture into the field, more particularly as he was expecting her soon to present him with an infant. The child was born, and in three years two more, and so his life went on without any remarkable occurrence. By hard striving and industry he compelled the Haunted Field to yield him one crop after another, and thus, like an honest man, redeemed his word to Sabine, that he would find sufficient to support her.

It happened one evening at harvest-time that Frederick had remained at work until near dark, when all at once he perceived at his side a strong-built swarthy-looking man like a collier, with a huge furnace-iron in his hand, who said to Frederick, "What! are there no oxen left in the land that thou workest with thine own hands? Thou shouldst be a rich farmer if one may judge from the extent of thy land." Frederick well knew who it was that thus addressed him, and did as people are accustomed to do on these occasions, that is, held his tongue and worked even the harder, and tried to turn his thoughts another way. But the goblin did not on this occasion disappear as these beings commonly do when they are thus treated, in order to appear afterwards in a more hideous form ; but again addressed Frederick, and said, in a friendly tone, "Friend, thou wrong'st both me and thyself. Answer me truly and sincerely, perhaps I may find a cure for thy misfortunes."—"Well, then, in God's name speak," said Frederick, "and if there be mischief in thy words the blame be with thee." Frederick then rose from his work and related

in a true manner to the collier all that had happened since he took possession of the field, nor did he conceal his hatred to the goblin, and how difficult it was, owing to his persecution, to work out a subsistence with his bare pickaxe and spade, and support his family.

The collier heard all with a serious countenance. He then stood still for some time in a musing attitude, and at last spoke as follows :—" It seems, friend, that thou knowest who I am, and that is commendable in thee, that thou hast not sacrificed the truth, but spoken boldly out, notwithstanding thou hast so much cause to be angry with me ; and, to confess the truth, thou hast indeed had too much reason. But now, since I find thee a right honest churl, I will make thee an offer that will recompence thee for all that is past. Thou must know, then, that when I have had my fill of sport in woods and mountains, I have a fancy to dwell in a comfortable house, and live a sober and orderly life for some half year or so. How, now, if thou wert to engage me as thy servant for the next six months ?"—" Now that is ill done," said Frederick, " to banter an honest man in this way."—" No ; no !" said the other, " it is no bantering ; I am really serious. Thou shalt find me a truly hard-working drudge, and as long as I serve thee, no hobgoblin will venture to be seen in the Haunted Field, so that thou mayest work thy oxen there without interruption."—" That I should like well," said Frederick, after some thought, " if I only knew whether thou wouldest keep thy word, and moreover if it is right to deal with thee."—" That you must settle yourself," said the stranger ; " but my word will never be broken as long as the Riesenbergs stands ; and, moreover, I am not a malicious-minded spirit—somewhat

sportive, and tricksy, and wild, but that is all."—"Why, then," said Frederick, "thou must needs be the famous Rubezahl!" "When thou thinkest so," said the collier, interrupting him, "learn that that powerful spirit will not allow of a name so ignominious, but calls himself the Monarch of the Hills."—"That would be a droll affair," said Frederick, laughing, "to have the King of the Hills for my serving-man."—"Thou mayest call me Waldmann, then," answered the other. Frederick now stood considering for a considerable time, and at last said, "Well! so be it. I don't think I do wrong in engaging thee; I have often observed that people employ irrational animals to turn the spit and do other household offices; why not a goblin?" The collier uttered a hearty laugh, and said, "Now such an offer was never made by any of my kind before. But that I heed not—'tis my humour, and so 'tis a bargain, my honoured master!" Frederick, however, made it a condition that his new servant should on no account whatever discover to Sabine or the children, that he had lived in the Haunted Field, or in the old caverns of the Riesenbergs; nor at any time play any goblin tricks about the house or farm. Waldmann pledged his word to all this, so the matter was concluded, and home they both went together in a friendly mood.

Sabine was not a little surprised at this addition to their household, and could scarcely look upon the swarthy gigantic servant without fear. The children were at first so much alarmed that they would not venture out of doors when he was at work in the garden or in the croft; but his quiet, and good-natured, and friendly behaviour soon reconciled all the household; and if he now and then had a frolicksome fit, and chased the dog and the fowls, they thought it only sportive-

ness and good humour, and a single word from the master was sufficient to bring him back into his usual bounds.

Frederick now, relying on the promise of the Spirit of the Mountain, inconsiderately expended his long-treasured gold in the purchase of two fine new oxen, and again went joyfully forth to his field with his plough newly repaired. Sabine looked after him anxiously, and anxiously awaited his return at night, fearing that he might again have all his prospects blighted, and be worse hurt himself than on the former occasion. But, with the curfew, home came Frederick, singing through the village, driving before him his yoke of fine oxen, and kissed in great glee his wife and children, and shook his servant kindly by the hand.

Waldmann also often took out the oxen to plough, while Frederick laboured in the garden, or in the barn. The greater part of the Haunted Field was now cultivated, and every thing went on prosperously, to the surprise of all the inhabitants of the village, and to the chagrin of the envious relations.

The harvest was now finished, and winter approaching, when Frederick went one day with his team to gather wood for the hearth and oven. It so happened, too, that Sabine was at the same time called away to see a poor widow in the neighbourhood who lay ill of a fever, and whom she was accustomed to befriend to the best of her means. She knew not well what to do with her children, but Waldmann desired her to leave them in his care, and as she knew that they were always amused with his tales she did so, and departed on her pious errand.

In about an hour's time from this, Frederick returned home

from the forest. He placed his wagon in the shed, and put up his oxen in their stalls, and was cheerfully turning his steps to the house to warm his benumbed limbs at the fire, when the piercing cries of his children suddenly alarmed his ears. He rushed into the house and burst open the kitchen door, and there found all the children shrieking, and pushed together behind the oven, and Waldmann madly laughing and leaping about, making hideous faces, and his hair all in fire and flames.

"What's to be done here?" said the master, in an angry tone. The fire was instantly extinguished on Waldmann's head, and he stood in a humble posture before his master, excusing himself by saying that he was only amusing the children. But the children ran crying to their father, and told him that he had terrified them with frightful faces, and ran to them, now with a ram's head and now a dog's. "Tis enough," said Frederick to him; "depart, friend; we dwell no longer under the same roof." And he therewith took him by the arm, and pushed him out of the house and beyond the garden, telling the children to remain quiet in the chamber, and not terrify themselves any more, as their father was now come, and they were quite safe.

The strange servant made no resistance, but as he now stood beside Frederick on the wintry ground he said, laughing, "Hear, master; suppose we strike a fresh bargain; I have, I confess, made a great disturbance, but it shall not happen again: I fell unfortunately into a fit of my old humour." "For your own pleasure," said Frederick; "but you might have terrified my children out of their senses. There is an end of our contract." "My half year is not yet expired,"

said Waldmann, arguing, " and I insist on going back to the house."—" Thou shalt not again touch my threshold," said Frederick ; " thou hast broken the contract by playing thy accursed pranks ; but I will pay thee thy full wages,—there they are, take them and depart."—" My full wages," said the goblin, with a contemptuous laugh ; " hast thou, then, forgotten my treasures in the mountains ?"—" 'Tis more on my own account than thine," said Frederick ; " I don't wish to remain in any one's debt." And with that he forced the money into Waldmann's pocket. " And what will become of the Haunted Field ?" said Waldmann, with an angry look. " What God wills," said Frederick. " I would rather lose fifty fields than that you should injure one hair of my children's heads. Away with thee, or I shall serve thee in a manner thou wilt not like."—" Softly," said the goblin ; " when spirits such as I assume a man's form it is generally a strong one, and thou mightst perhaps come the worst off in such a contest, and then God be merciful to thee !"—" That He has ever been, and has given me a good strength of arm, as thou shalt find. Back to thy mountains, thou odious being,—I warn thee for the last time." On this the goblin attacked Frederick in a furious manner, and an obstinate contest ensued. They wrestled and threw each other without the victory being decided for the one or the other, until at last Frederick by a masterly stroke brought his opponent to the ground, and kneeling on his breast, he began to beat him with his fists, exclaiming, " I'll teach thee how to attack thy master !"

Rubezahl, however, laughed so heartily at this, that Frederick, thinking that he was mocking him, repeated his

blows with renewed vigour, until the goblin at last cried out, "Enough, enough! I was not laughing at thee, but at myself, and cry mercy!"—"That's another matter," said Frederick; "rise, then," and he helped him up on his legs. "I have had a sufficient trial of human life," said the spirit, laughing; "none of my kind, I think, ever carried the sport so far. But hark! friend, thou must nevertheless allow I made a brave resistance; for thou knowest I could easily have called a host of mountain spirits to my aid had I so pleased. Truly I am almost killed with laughing."

Frederick stood regarding the merry Rubezahl, and said, "You will, I fancy, bear me a grudge, and send me ill luck, not only in the Haunted Field, but in other matters; but still I cannot repent of what I have done. I have only exercised my just authority and protected my children. Were it to happen again I should treat thee in the same way."—"No, no," said Rubezahl, "do not give yourself that trouble; I have had enough for this time. But listen to my words; go on working thy Haunted Field, and I promise thee not the shadow of a goblin shall henceforth be seen in it as long as the Riesenbergs stands, and so farewell and prosper, my honest, strong-fisted master."

And on this, with a familiar nod, he disappeared, and Frederick during the remainder of his life never saw him again. But Rubezahl kept his word to the full and more. An unheard-of prosperity began to manifest itself in all the affairs of Frederick, and he became in a short time the richest farmer in the village. And when the children played in the Haunted Field, which both they and Sabine now walked in without fear, they would often relate how the good Waldmann

had appeared to them and told them humorous tales, and how they found choice confectionaries, or beautiful carved toys, or golden ducats in their pockets on their return home.

RUBEZAHL AND THE PEASANT.

THE foregoing is but one of numberless stories connected with Rubezahl, (or Number-Nip, as he is sometimes called,) the mountain-spirit of Silesia. He seems to have left rather an uncertain character behind him among the country people, who sometimes represent him as the most good-natured of beings, at other times as delighting in doing nothing but mischief. Upon the whole, however, it appears that his tricks and frolics were tolerably harmless, and that when he did inflict punishment, it was upon those who really deserved it.

It happened that a peasant, the father of six children, had been reduced by misfortune to such poverty, that he knew not how to support his family. He said one day to his wife, " You have rich relations living beyond the mountains, I will go to them and see whether I cannot persuade one of them to lend me a hundred dollars, to help us out of our difficulties."—" May it please Heaven," replied the wife, " that you succeed, but I have little hope. You know they do not care for us." He arose early next morning, walked the whole day, and in the evening arrived at the place of his destination, where he described to the cousins of his wife the misery they had to endure, and added that they must all die from starvation if no aid were afforded them. But all his appeals were

in vain ; no one would even listen to his sad tale. Dejected and melancholy he set out on his journey home, and, by the time he had reached the mountains, he was so overcome by fatigue and sorrow, that he sat down to muse on his misfortunes ; his heart filled with despair at the thought of meeting his wife and children, while he had it not in his power to help them. After a little time, he thought of the mountain spirit, of whose services to the distressed he had so often heard. "I will apply to him," he said to himself ; "perhaps he may assist me." He then cried with a loud voice, "Rubezahl!" when presently a tall figure stood before him ; a thick beard covered his chin, and his eyes flashed fire. The peasant then told him of his wife and children whom he had left at home without a morsel of bread, and of his cruel relations, who refused him all aid, and concluded with a request that the spirit would lend him a hundred dollars, on interest, for three years. "How!" thundered Rubezahl ; "dost thou take me for a money-lender ? Apply to your fellow-creatures : borrow from them, but leave me alone, if you value your life." Nothing daunted, however, by the repulse, the peasant urgently repeated his request, and concluded by saying, "If you are resolved to deny me the favour, you had better kill me, as I cannot see my family without something to relieve their necessities." Rubezahl stood for a few minutes, then bade the peasant follow him. They made their way through thick forests and over craggy mountains, until they arrived at a cavern in a rocky valley. In a moment after, they stood in a large vault lighted by bright and numerous lamps, where, in a corner, was seen a large copper filled with dollars. "There," said Rubezahl, "take as many as you want, and give me a bond

for the amount." Rubezahl then turned to another corner to fetch ink and parchment, and the peasant was left alone to fetch the dollars from the copper. He, however, was of an honest disposition, and made no ill use of the confidence shown him, but took only a hundred dollars, which he put into his bag, and turned to the spirit to sign the bond, payable in three years. He did so, and handed it over to Rubezahl, who locked it up in an iron chest, saying, "You may now go; mark well this place, in order that you may find it on the day when payment is due, for I shall be severe if you fail to pay me. But stop," added he, putting his hand into the copper and reaching out a handful of dollars; "this is a present for your children; this is not included in the bond." The peasant walked off with a light heart, taking notice of the spot that he might find it again at the three years' end. After a brisk walk he reached home, where he displayed the hundred dollars and the gift he had received before the eyes of his starving family, but without telling them how he became possessed of the riches.

From that time every thing prospered with the peasant, and he soon ranked among the richest men of the country, possessing much cattle, and numerous acres of land. When the three years were expired, and day of payment arrived, the whole family dressed themselves in their holiday clothes, as the peasant said he was going for a day's amusement, and they drove off towards the mountains. When they reached the giant mountain, he ordered the boy to drive on, for that he and his family would leave the wagon and go by a bye way, but would shortly overtake him. When alone with his family, he told them of the loan, and related to them, with

tears of joy and gratitude, how kind Rubezahl had proved to them all. He then bade them wait for his return, as he was going to pay his debt at the appointed place. He found it, and approaching the rock where he had entered the vault three years before, he knocked, saying, "Rubezahl, receive thy money." No one came, and he repeated the same words several times, but in vain. He returned, disappointed, to his family, and told them that Rubezahl had not made his appearance to receive the money, though he had knocked at the rock and called for him several times. His honest wife then advised him to leave the sum close to the rock, that the mountain spirit might find it when he returned. But before he could do this or return to the rock, a slight wind arose which blew some leaves and grass before them, and among them a written parchment. The children took it up and brought it to their father, who had no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than he saw with joy that it was his bond, at the bottom of which he found the words,—

" This bond is cancelled,—the money is yours.

" RUBEZAHL."

The family now resolved to drive on to their cruel relations. However, when they arrived there, they found some had died, and some had become poor and been obliged to quit the place.

Near this peasant lived a mechanic, who was once treated very differently by the mountain spirit. This man was poor, kept no company, but was of a covetous disposition, and, it was said, occupied his time in making experiments in order to discover the art of turning common metals into gold. He

used to take solitary walks in the wild mountains and dark forests, where he often remained for several days. One day when taking his usual stroll, he perceived at a distance in the forest a bright light; he approached it and found himself close to a grated door leading to a grotto, in which, by the light of numerous lamps, he perceived immense treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones. A huge figure advanced to him, and said, "All these treasures are yours. Return in three days, and the door will be open; but mark well the spot." There was space enough between the trees to afford a free view into the wide valley. To his left, a church tower was to be seen; before him rose the turret of a castle, and behind him a tall mountain peak. The figure pointed out distinctly to him the various objects by which on his return he might know the true situation of the grotto, and added, "Impress upon your mind these objects, and when you return in three days to the spot where all these things are visible, as they now are, you will be sure to find the door of the grotto open; then all the treasures within will be yours." The surprised mechanic walked about and looked in every direction to retain a distinct recollection of the marks by which he might know the spot, and was about to depart, when the figure stopped him, and said, "Here, take this as a memento that it was no dream." He received a silver coin bearing strange characters. When the poor man looked up all had vanished, door, grotto, and figure, and but for the medal in his hand, he would certainly have considered the whole as a dream, or illusion of the imagination. He then returned home, noticed every step, and put marks upon several trees. On the third day he returned, his heart beating at the thought of the treasure he

was about to possess. He found the marked trees and steps, and proceeding onwards he tried to find the exact spot. After a short search he found the place where the church tower appeared to his left; but then he could not see the castle turret before him; when, at last, after changing his position many times, he thought he could see it, but the mountain crag was not to be seen. The whole day long he tried to discover the situation of the spot, but whenever one or even two of the objects appeared in the right position, the third or even the valley was then missing; and thus he puzzled his brain until night approached, when he was obliged to return home. For years he was seen to frequent the place and remain there till nightfall, but he could never discover all the marks in the right position at the same time, and consequently he remained as poor as at first, and a great deal more miserable.





THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dumpling (Simpleton), and was on all occasions mocked and ill treated and neglected by the whole family. It happened that the eldest one day wished to go into the wood to cut fuel; and his mother gave him a piece of meat and a bottle of wine to take with him for refreshment. As he went into the wood, a little old man bid him good day, and said, "Give me a little piece of meat from your plate, and a little wine out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty." But this clever young man said, "If I should give you my

meat and wine, I should not have enough left for myself—so be off about your business ; " and away he went. He soon began to cut down a tree; but he had not worked long before he missed his aim, and cut himself in the arm, and was forced to go home to have the wound dressed.

Next went out the second son to work ; and his mother gave him, too, some meat and a bottle of wine. And the same little old man met him also, and asked him for a part of his good cheer. But he, too, thought himself vastly clever, and said, " Whatever I give to you, I shall lose myself ; so be off ! " The little man departed, but the youth had his punishment ; the second stroke that he aimed against a tree, fell on his leg ; so that he, too, was forced to go home and get his wound dressed.

Then Dumpling said, " Father, I should like to go and cut wood too." But his father said, " Your brothers have both lamed themselves ; you had better stay at home, for you are not fit for the business." But Dumpling was very pressing ; and at last his father said, " Go then, go ; you will be wiser when you have smarted for your folly." And his mother gave him only some coarse bread, and a bottle of sour beer : but when he went into the wood, he met the little old man, who said, " Give me something to eat and drink, for I am very hungry and thirsty." Dumpling said, " I have only dry bread and sour beer ; if you don't mind such poor fare, we will sit down and eat it together." So they sat down ; and when the lad pulled out his bread, behold it was turned into a fine pasty, and his sour beer was changed into excellent wine. They ate and drank heartily ; and when they had done, the little man said, " As you have such a kind heart, and have been willing to share what you had with me, I will put you in

the way of good fortune. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Then he took his leave, and went his way.

Dummling set to work, and cut down the tree; and when it fell, he found under it a goose with feathers of pure gold. He took it up, and went on to an inn, where he intended to sleep for the night. The landlord had three daughters; and when they saw the goose, they were very eager to know about this wonderful bird, and to pluck one of the feathers out of its tail. At last the eldest said, "I must and will have a feather." So she waited till Dummling went out, and then seized the goose by the wings; but neither hand nor finger could she get away again. Then in came the second sister, and meant to take a feather, too; but the moment she touched her sister, she became fastened to her. At last came the third, and wanted a feather; but the other two cried out, "Keep away! for pity's sake, keep away!" However, she did not understand what they meant. "If they are there," thought she, "I may be there too." So she ran up to them; but the moment she touched her sisters she stuck fast to them. And so they were obliged to stop with the goose all night.

The next morning Dummling carried off the goose under his arm; and gave himself no trouble about the three girls, but went out with them sticking fast behind; and wherever he went, they, too, were forced to follow, now here now there, whether they would or no.

In the middle of a field the parson met them; and when he saw the strange procession, he called out, "For shame, you bold girls, to run after the young man in that way over the fields! Is that proper behaviour?" He then took hold of the

youngest by the hand to pull her away ; but as soon as he touched her he, too, hung fast, and was obliged to follow in the train. Presently up came the clerk ; and when he saw his master, the parson, running after the three girls, he wondered greatly, and shouted out, "Stop ! stop ! your reverence ! whither so fast ? There is a christening to-day." Then he ran up, and took hold of him by the sleeve, and there he stuck fast, too. As the five were thus trudging along, one after another, they met two labourers with their mattocks coming from the field ; and the parson cried out to them to set them free. But scarcely had they touched the clerk, when they, too, fell into the ranks, and so made seven, all running after Dummling and his golden goose.

At last they arrived at a city, where reigned a king who had an only daughter. The princess was of so grave and serious a turn of mind that no one could make her laugh ; and the king had made a proclamation, that whoever could make her laugh should have her for his wife. When the young man heard this, he went to her with his goose and all its train ; and as soon as she saw the seven all hanging together, and treading on each other's heels, she burst into such a fit of laughter as if she would never give over. Then Dummling claimed her for his wife, and they were immediately married, and led a long and happy life together.

STORIES OF THE DWARFS.

MANY are the stories told of the dwarfs who figure in the popular traditions of almost every country in Christendom. They are variously called Trolls, Dwarfs, Hill-people; and, though they differ in some particulars, they are all so far alike, in that they are gifted with faculties above mankind, and have it in their power, in many ways, to befriend or annoy him. Those who have visited their dwellings report the riches and magnificence which they have found there, as well as the clean and orderly style in which they live. Sometimes they live solitarily, but usually they are formed into societies, though (except in some of the old ballads) they are not represented as ruled over by kings. They have the power of protecting and rendering themselves invisible by means of a peculiar kind of cap which they possess; and also of transporting and introducing themselves wherever they have a mind. A few traditions are here subjoined, which will help to illustrate the popular belief on the subject, and other instances will occur elsewhere in this collection.

The race of Elves and Fairies belong to a somewhat different class. They do not generally inhabit the interior of hills or caverns, but, on the contrary, choose the meadows and groves, or the upper air, in which to sport themselves. They appear, too, to be ruled by kings and queens, for we read of the Elf-king, the Fairy-king, queen, &c. But, like the Dwarfs, their supposed characters will be best understood from the stories in which they appear.

OLD people have positively asserted that some years ago, at the celebration of a wedding in the village of Glass, a stunde from the Wunderberg, and the same distance from the city of Luttzburg, there came, towards evening, a little Hill-man out of the Wunderberg. He desired all the guests to be merry and cheerful, and begged to be permitted to join in their dance, which was not refused. He accordingly danced three dances with one and another reputable maiden, and, with a gracefulness that inspired all present with admiration and delight. After the dance he returned them his thanks, accompanied by a present to each of the bridal party of three pieces of money of an unknown coin, each of which they estimated to be worth four creutzers. Moreover, he recommended them to dwell in peace and concord, to live like Christians, and, by a pious education, to bring up their children in goodness. He told them to lay up these coins with their money, and constantly to think of him, and so they would rarely come to distress ; but warned them against becoming proud, and advised them, on the contrary, to relieve their neighbours with their superfluities. The Hill-man remained with them till night, and took some meat and drink from each as they offered it to him, but only very little. He then renewed his thanks, and concluded by begging of one of the company to put him over the river Latzach, opposite the mountain. There was at the wedding a boatman, named John Ständle, who got ready to comply with the dwarf's request, and they went together to the water's edge. As they were crossing, the man asked for his payment, and the Hill-man humbly presented him three-pence. The boatman utterly rejected this paltry payment ; but the little man gave him for answer, that he should not let

that annoy him, but keep the threepence safe, and he would never suffer want, provided he put a restraint on arrogance. He gave him, at the same time, a little stone, with these words, "Hang this on your neck, and you will never be drowned in the water." And of this he had a proof that very year. Finally, the Hill-man exhorted him to a pious and humble life, and, being landed on the opposite bank, departed speedily from the place.

CLOSE to the little town of Dardesheim, between Halberstad and Brunswick, is a spring of the finest water, called the Smansborn, and which flows out of a hill in which, in old times, the dwarfs dwelt. When the former inhabitants of the country were in want of a holiday-dress, or, at a family festival, of any rare utensils, they went and stood before this Dwarf-hill, knocked three times, and pronounced their petition in a distinct and audible tone, adding,

"Before the sun is up to-morrow,
At the hill shall be the things we borrow."

The dwarfs thought themselves sufficiently compensated if there was only some of the festive victuals set down before the hill, along with the borrowed goods.

THERE is a hill called Bodedys, close to the road in the neighbourhood of Tynge, that is near Loröe. Not far from it lived an old farmer, whose only son was used to take long journeys on business. His father had for a long time heard

no tidings of him, and the old man became convinced that his son was dead. This caused him much affliction, as was natural for an old man like him, and thus some time passed over. One evening, as he was coming with a loaded cart by Bodedys, the hill opened, and a Troll came out and desired him to drive his cart into it. The poor man was to be sure greatly amazed at this, but well knowing how little it would avail him to refuse to comply with the Troll's request, he turned about his horses, and drove his cart straight into the hill. The Troll now began to deal with him for his goods, and finally bought and paid him honestly for his entire cargo. When he had finished the unloading of his vehicle, and was about to drive again out of the hill, the Troll said to him, "If you will now only keep a silent tongue in your head about all that has happened to you, I shall from this time forth have an eye to your interest; and if you will come here again to-morrow morning, it may be you will get your son." The farmer did not well know at first what to say to all this; but as he was, however, of opinion that the Troll was able to perform what he had promised, he was greatly rejoiced, and failed not to come at the appointed time to Bodedys. He sat there waiting a long time, and at last he fell asleep, and when he awoke from his slumber, behold! there was his son lying by his side. Both father and son found it difficult to explain how this had come to pass. The son related how he had been thrown into prison, and had there suffered great hardship and distress; but that one night, while he was lying asleep in his cell, there came a man to him who said, "Do you still love your father?" And when he had answered that he surely did, his chains fell off and the wall burst open. While he was telling this he

chanced to put his hand up to his neck, and he found that he had brought a piece of the iron chain away with him. They both were for some time mute through excess of wonder; and they then arose and went straightway to Lynde, where they hung up the piece of the chain in the church, as a memorial of the wonderful event that had occurred.

ONE evening, after sunset, there came a strange man to the ferry of Lund. He engaged all the ferry-boats there to go backwards and forwards the whole night long between that place and Vendsyssel, without the people knowing what lading they had. He told them that they should take their freight on board half a mile to the east of Lund, near the alehouse at the bridge of Lange. At the appointed time the man was at that place; the ferrymen, though unable to see any thing, perceived very clearly that the boat sunk deeper and deeper, so that they easily concluded that they had gotten a very heavy freight on board. The ferry-boats passed in this manner to and fro the whole night long; and though they got every trip a fresh cargo, the strange man never left them, but stayed to have everything regulated by his directions. When morning was breaking, they received the payment they had agreed for; and they then ventured to inquire what it was they had been bringing over; but on that head their employer would give them no satisfaction.

But there happened to be among the ferrymen a smart fellow, who knew more about these matters than the others. He jumped on shore, took the clay from under his right foot, and put it into his cap; and when he set it on his head he

perceived that all the sand-hills east of Aalborg were completely covered with little Troll people, who had all pointed red caps on their heads. Ever since that time there have been no dwarfs seen in Vendoyssel.

In the summer-time the troop of the dwarfs came in great numbers down from the hills into the valley, and joined the men that were at work, either assisting them, or merely looking on. They especially liked to be with the mowers in the nay-making season, seating themselves, greatly to their satisfaction, on the long thick branch of a maple-tree, among the dense foliage. But one time some mischief loving people came by night and sawed the branch nearly through. The unsuspecting dwarfs, as usual, sat down on it in the morning; the branch snapped in two, and the dwarfs were thrown to the ground. When the people laughed at them they became greatly incensed, and cried out—

“ O how is heaven so high,
And perfidy so great!
Here to-day and never more.”

As being people of their word, they never let themselves be seen there again.

It was the custom of the dwarfs to seat themselves on a large piece of rock, and thence to look on the hay-makers when at work. But some mischievous people lighted a fire on

the rock and made it quite hot, and then swept off all the coals. In the morning, the little people coming to take their usual station, burned themselves in a lamentable manner. Full of anger, they cried out, "Oh, wicked world! Oh, wicked world!" called aloud for vengeance, and disappeared for ever.

By the Norwegians the Hill-folk are believed to dwell in caves and mountains; and when they show themselves, to have a handsome human form. The common people seem to connect with them a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption. There are only a very few old persons now who can tell anything more about them, than of the sweet singing that may occasionally, on summer nights, be heard out of their hills, when one stands still and listens, or, as it is expressed in the ballads, lays his ear to the Elve-hill; but no one must be so cruel as, by the slightest word, to destroy their hopes of salvation, for then the sprightly music will be turned into weeping and lamentation. The Norwegians call the Elves, Huldra-folk, and their music, Huldrastaat; it is in the minor key, and of a sweet, plaintive sound. The mountaineers sometimes play it, and profess to have learned it by listening to the underground-people among the hills and rocks. There is also a tune called the Elf-king's tune, which several of the good fiddlers know right well, but never venture to play; for, as soon as it begins, both old and young, and even inanimate objects, are impelled to dance, and the player cannot stop unless he can play the air backwards,

or that some one comes behind him and cuts the strings of his fiddle.

The underground Elves are said to love cleanliness about houses and place, and to reward such servants as are neat and cleanly. There was one time, it is said, a servant girl, who was, for her cleanly, tidy habits, greatly beloved by the Elves, particularly as she was careful to carry away all dirt and foul water to a distance from the house, and they once invited her to a wedding. Everything was conducted in the greatest order; and they made her a present of some chips, which she took good-humouredly and put into her pocket. But when the bride-pair was coming, there was a straw unluckily lying in the way; the bridegroom got cleverly over it, but the poor bride fell on her face. At the sight of this the girl could not restrain herself, but burst out a laughing, and that instant the whole vanished from her sight. Next day, to her great amazement, she found that what she had taken to be nothing but chips, were so many pieces of pure gold.

THE GRATEFUL BEASTS.

THERE was once a man, who had scarcely any money, but with the little that was left him he set off to travel the wide world. Then the first place he came to was a village, where the young people were running about, crying and shouting. "What is the matter!" asked he. "See here," said they, "we have got a mouse that we make dance to please us. Do look at him: how funny it is! How he jumps about!" But

the man pitied the poor little thing, and said, "Let the mouse go, and I will give you some money." So he gave them some, and took the mouse and let it run away, and it soon jumped into a hole that was close by.

Then he travelled on and came to another village, and there the children were making an ass dance and cut capers, at which they laughed and shouted, and gave the animal no rest. So the man gave them some of his money to let the poor beast go away in peace.

At the next village he came to, the young people had got a dancing-bear, and when he did not like it, and growled, they were quite pleased. Then he gave them, too, some money to set the beast free, and the bear was very glad to get on his four feet again, and walked away.

After a while it came to pass that this good man fell into trouble, and was taken before the judge, and condemned to be thrown into the water in a box, with the lid full of holes to let in air, and a jug of water and a loaf of bread were also given him.

When he was now in the water, swimming about very sorrowfully, he heard the box beat against the shore, and then something nibbling, and biting, and pulling at the lock; all on a sudden it fell off, the lid flew open, and there stood his old friends, the little mouse, the ass, and the bear; and all helped him because he had been kind to them.

But now they did not know what to do next, and began to consult together; when on a sudden a beautiful white stone came swimming along that looked like an egg. Then the bear said, "That's a lucky thing: this is the wonderful stone, and whoever gets it has only to wish for every thing else that

he wants." So the man picked up the stone, and wished for a palace and a garden, and a stud of horses; and he had no sooner wished it but there he was, sitting in his castle, with a garden, and fine stables and horses; and all was so fine and beautiful, that he could never cease wondering and gazing at it.

After a little time, some merchants passed by that way. "See," said they, "what a noble palace! The last time we were here it was nothing but a sandy desert." As they were very eager to know how all this had happened, they went in and asked the owner how it had been so quickly built. "I did nothing myself," said he, "it was the wonderful stone that did all."—"What a strange stone that must be!" said they; so then he invited them in and showed it to them. They were then very eager to buy it, and offered him all their fine merchandise for it; and being so taken with them, in the fickleness of his heart, he was fool enough to think that the fine goods were worth more than his wonderful stone, which he therefore gave to them.

Scarcely was the stone, however, out of his hands before all his good fortune was gone, and he found himself shut up in his box in the river, with a jug of water and loaf of bread by his side. The faithful beasts, the mouse, the ass, and the bear, when they saw his distress, came directly to help him; but they found they could not burst open the lock this time, for it was a great deal stronger than before. Then the bear said, "We must find the wonderful stone again, or all our labour will be in vain."

The merchants, meantime, had taken up their abode in the palace; so away went the three beasts, and when they came

near, the bear said, " Mouse, go in, and peep through the key-hole and see what can be done : you are small ; nobody will see you." The mouse did as she was told, but soon came back, and said, " It's of no use ! I have looked in, and the stone hangs under the looking-glass by a red silk string, and on each side of it sits a great cat, with fiery eyes, to watch it."

Then the others said, " Go back again, and wait till the master is in bed asleep, then slip through a hole, and creep up on his bed, and nip his nose and pull his hair." Away went the mouse, and did as they told her ; and the master jumped up very angry, and rubbed his nose, and cried, " Those cats are good for nothing at all, they let the mice pull my very hair off my head." Then he drove them out of the room ; and so the mouse had the best of the game.

Next night, as soon as the master was asleep, the mouse crept in again, and nibbled at the red string to which the stone was tied, till down it dropped, and she rolled it along to the door ; but when it got there, the poor little mouse was quite tired, and said to the ass, " Put in your foot, and lift it out." This was soon done : and the ass took up the stone, and set off for the water-side. Then the ass said, " How shall we reach the box?"—" That is easily managed," said the bear: " I can swim very well, and you, donkey, put your fore feet over my shoulders ; mind and hold fast, and take the stone in your mouth ; as for you, mouse, you can sit on my right ear."

So it was all settled, and away they swam. After holding his tongue for some time, the bear began to brag and boast, saying, " We are brave fellows, are we not, ass ? what do you

think?" But the ass held his tongue, and said not a word. "Why don't you answer me?" said the bear; "you must be an ill-mannered fellow not to speak when you are spoken to." When the ass heard this, he could keep silence no longer; so he opened his mouth, and out dropped the wonderful stone into the water. "I could not give you an answer," said he; "I had the stone in my mouth, and now 'tis lost, and all through your fault."—"Do be quiet," said the bear; "we shall soon think of a plan to get it back."

Then the council was held; and at last they called together all the frogs, and all their relations, and said, "Bring us up plenty of stones, and we'll build a strong wall to guard you against your enemies." The frogs at hearing this set to work, bringing stones from all quarters. At last came an old fat frog up from the bottom, pulling along the wonderful stone by the red string; and when the bear saw it he jumped for joy, and said, "Now we have found what we wanted." So he set the old frog free from his load, told him to tell his friends that it was all right, and that there was no occasion to trouble them any longer, and that he would come and build the wall for them another time.

Then the three friends swam off again to the poor man in the box, and forced open the lid with the help of the stone, and they found that they were but just in time, for the bread was all eaten, and the jug empty, and the man almost half starved. But as soon as he had the stone in his hand, he wished himself in his fine palace again, and in a moment there he was, with his garden and his stables; and the three beasts stopped with him, and were happy and comfortable all their lives.

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.



THERE was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy quite alone. All the day through she took the form of an owl, or a cat; but at night she always became like a human being. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not stir a step till she came and set him free: but when any young maiden came within the circle, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with birds in them of rare beauty.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda; and a very handsome youth, whose name was Jorindel, was betrothed to her, and they were soon to be married. They were very fond of each other, and one day they went to walk in the wood, as they wished to be alone; and Jorindel said, "Take care and don't go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the sun shone bright through the branches

of the trees upon the green turf beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the old birches.

They wandered on a long way. At last they sat down, and both felt very sad, though they scarcely knew why. They looked about them, at a loss to know what path to take, and knew not how to get home.

The sun had half disappeared behind the hill: Jorindel looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes the old walls of the castle quite close to him, he became dreadfully frightened. Jorinda was singing,

“ My pretty bird, with ring so red,
Sang alas! and well-a-day!
He sang a dirge for his help-mate dead,
Alas! and well-a-day—*jug, jug!* ”

Jorindel turned and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale, that finished the *jug, jug* of Jorinda's song. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu! Jorindel could not move; he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old crooked fairy came forth, sallow and meagre, with great red eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met each other.

She muttered something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but could not speak, could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and exclaimed with a hoarse voice, “ I salute thee, Zachiel! when

the moonbeam shines into the cage, let the prisoner go free ; Zachiel, at the right hour !”

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his Jorinda ; but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he lamented, but all in vain. “ Alas !” he said, “ what will become of me ?”

So he went to a strange village, and for a long time kept sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the castle as he could venture to go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a purple flower, containing in the middle of it a beautiful large pearl ; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and took it with him in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that thereby he found his Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for a flower like this ; and on the ninth day, early in the morning, he found the purple flower ; and in the middle of it was a large dew-drop as big as the finest pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out on his journey, travelling day and night till he came again of the castle. When he came within a hundred paces of it, he did not become transfixed to the spot as before, but went on close up to the door.

Jorindel was so glad to see this : he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, listening to hear so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy was feeding the seven hundred birds in the seven hundred cages. And when she

saw Jorindel she was very angry, screaming with rage, and spitting poison and gall at him ; but she could not come nearer than two paces to him. He went away from her to the birds, but alas ! there were so many nightingales, how should he be able to find his Jorinda ? While he was thinking what to do, he saw that the fairy had secretly taken down one of the cages, and was making the best of her way off with it. He flew to her, touched the cage with the flower, and also the old fairy, which deprived her of all power of enchantment,— and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they became pretty modest maidens again ; and he took his Jorinda home with him, where they lived happily together for many years.

THE GENOESE MERCHANT AND THE CAT.

THERE was once a Genoese merchant, who, as he was at sea, was carried by fortune to a very distant island, where there had never been any Christian ; and a great king reigned there, who, when he heard of the ship, wondered much, and, having spoken with the owner one morning, invited him to dinner : and when they sat down to table, a wand was put into the hands of each, and of the merchant among the rest, at which he wondered greatly ; and when the bread and the other meats were set on the table, more than a thousand mice presented themselves with great noise, so that if they would defend the victuals, it was necessary to employ the wands.

The Genoese was astonished at all this, and he asked whence this great multitude of mice came. He was told that the whole island was full of them, and that if it were not for that curse, there would not be a happier realm than it; for all the precious things of the world grew there, and were found there, such as gold, silver, metals of every kind, wheat, wine, corn of every sort, fruits, wax, silk, and every good thing that the earth produces; but these animals destroyed every thing, and it was necessary to keep the bread, the clothes, and all other things, hung in the air, from those hooks in the roofs. "Then," said the merchant, "your majesty has had me to dine with you this morning, and I will take the liberty to return of myself to-morrow." And going back to the ship, he put next morning a cat in his sleeve, and returned to the city; and when they sat down at the table with those same wands in their hands, and the bread and victuals came, the mice ran in hundreds as usual; and then the captain opened his sleeve, and the cat in an instant jumped among the mice with such dexterity and ferocity, that in a little time she killed more than a hundred of them, and all the rest fled away in terror. The agility and ferocity of so small an animal appeared a wonderful thing to the king and all the bystanders; and he asked particularly where she was bred, what she fed on, and how long she lived. The captain told him all, and added, "Sire, I will present your majesty with two pair of these cats, which, if they are taken proper care of, will fill the whole kingdom with cats in a few years." He sent for them to the ship, and gave them to the king, who thought this a gift which could not be compensated. So having consulted with his barons, and reckoning that he had brought the salvation of

the whole kingdom, he gave him, between gold, silver, and jewels, the value of more than 200,000 ducats. The merchant, thus grown rich, returned to Genoa, where in a few days the fame of his good fortune spread, and several thought of trying their luck by going to that country,—though it was a long way off, and the voyage dangerous,—and taking thither the same kind of animals. There was among them one of a lofty mind, who resolved to take thither other merchandise than cats, though he was advised against it by the first; and he brought with him to present to the king, garments of brocade, of gold, of silver, furniture for beds, for horses, and other things, and various sweetmeats, and presents of great value, to the amount of more than 10,000 crowns. The king joyfully accepted the rich present; and after several banquets and caresses, he consulted with his wise men what he should give the merchant in return. One said one thing, and one said another. The king thought every thing of little worth; and being liberal and great-minded, he resolved to give him part of the most valuable things he had; and he presented him with one of those cats, as a thing most precious. The unlucky merchant returned to Genoa in very ill humour. But the other said to him, “As you would not act by my advice, you bought, out of thirst of gain, what you did not understand, and you never will get back one-half of your money.”

The foregoing Italian story is one of the numerous legends of fortune-making cats, which, far from being peculiar to London, are to be traced in nearly every part of the known

world. Mr. Keightly,* in his amusing and valuable work, "Tales and Popular Fictions," has given no less than six or seven different stories, all turning upon the same point, including our nursery friend "Whittington," which is too well known to be inserted here. With regard to the latter, indeed, it is difficult to imagine how this adventure came to be fastened upon him, for the Lord Mayor's real history is tolerably well known, and it seems quite clear that he never was the poor boy which the legend supposes. The figure of Whittington, however, with his cat in his arms, stood over the archway of the old prison in Newgate-street, taken down in 1780. Several of the stories above alluded to are of an older date than our English one.

FREDERICK AND CATHERINE.

THERE was once a man called Frederick; his wife's name was Catherine, and they had not long been married. One day Frederick said to her, "Kate! my dear, I am going to work in the fields; when I come back I shall be both hungry and thirsty, so let me have a nice bit of roast meat, and a good draught of ale."—"Very well," said she, "it shall all be ready for you." When dinner-time drew nigh, Catherine took a sausage from the chimney corner, and put it with some butter on the fire to fry. The sausage soon began to look brown, and to crackle in the pan; and while she stood by with

* To this gentleman's two publications, the "Tales and Fictions," above referred to, and "Fairy Mythology," 2 vols., the present collector is much indebted. Those who wish to pursue the subject of popular traditions, are recommended to possess themselves of both works.



a fork and turned it, she said to herself, "The sausage is almost ready, I may as well go to the cellar for the ale." So she left the pan safe on the fire, and took a large jug and went into the cellar and tapped the ale cask. The beer ran into the jug, and as she stood looking on, it popped into her head, "Dear me! the dog is not tied up—he may be running away with the sausage; that's well thought of." So up she ran from the cellar; and sure enough the big thief had got the sausage in his mouth, and was making off with his prize.

Catherine lost no time in giving chase; but the dog ran faster than she, and stuck close to the sausage. "Gone is gone," said Catherine. So she turned back; and as she had run till she was tired, she walked home quite slowly to cool herself.

Now all this time the ale was running too, for Catherine had forgotten to turn the cock; and when the jug was full it ran out upon the floor till the cask was empty. When she got to the cellar stairs she saw the mischief that had been done. "Dear me!" said she, "what shall I do to keep Frederick from scolding me?" So she bethought herself for a little; and at last remembered that there was a sack of flour still left from the last fair, and that she might sprinkle this over the floor. "What a lucky thing," said she, "that we kept that flour;—spare to-day and have to-morrow, as the saying is." So away she went for it: but she stupidly set it down just upon the can of beer, and upset it; and thus all Frederick's beer was spilt too. "Ah! well," said she, "when one goes, another may as well follow." Then she scattered the flour all over the cellar, and when all was done, was quite pleased with her work, and said, "How very nice and tidy it looks!"

At noon Frederick came home. "Now, Kate," cried he, "what have you for dinner?"—"O Fred!" said she, "I was frying a sausage for you; but while I went down to draw the ale, the dog ran off with it; and while I ran after him, the ale all ran out; and when I went to dry up the ale with the sack of flour that we got at the fair, I upset the jug: but the cellar is now quite dry and looks very nice."—"Kate, Kate," said he, "how could you do all this? Why did you leave the sausage to be devoured, and the beer-cock unturned, and throw about all our flour?"—"Ah, Frederick," said she, "I forgot what I was doing; I will do better next time."

The husband thought to himself, "This is a fine affair; I must look sharp after my new wife, I see." Now he had a good deal of gold in the house, so he said to Catherine, "What pretty yellow buttons these are! I shall put them into a pot and bury them in the cow-house; but take care that you never go near or meddle with them, at the peril of your life."—"No, Frederick," said she, "that I certainly never will." As soon as he was gone, some pedlars came into the village with earthenware basons and pots for sale, and they asked her whether she would buy. "Oh dear me, I have no money, and cannot buy, but if you had any use for yellow buttons, I might deal with you."—"Yellow buttons!" said they; "why not let us have a look at them?"—"Go into the cow-house and dig where I tell you, and you will find the yellow buttons: I dare not go myself." So the rogues went; and when they found that these yellow buttons were pure gold, they took them all away and ran off, and left their earthenware behind them. Catherine thought that as there were plenty of dishes already in the kitchen, she would just strike

the bottoms out of all the new bought ones, as some use should be made of them, and stick them all round about the house, on the hedge-poles, by way of ornament: and when Frederick came back and saw the new ornaments, he cried out, "Kate, what have you been doing?"—"See," said she, "I have bought all these with your yellow buttons in the cow-house; but I did not go myself; the pedlars went and dug them up."—"Oh, wife," said Frederick, "what a sad business this is! those yellow buttons were all our money. What could tempt you to do such a thing?"—"Why," said she, "I did not know there was any harm in it; you should have told me beforehand."

Catherine stood considering for a while, and at last said to her husband, "Listen, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back; let us give chase to the thieves."—"Well, we will try," answered he; "but take some butter and cheese with you, that we may have something to eat by the way."—"Very well," said she; and they set out: and as Frederick walked the fastest, Catherine fell some way behind. "It is of no consequence," thought she; "when we turn back, I shall get home so much sooner than he."

She soon came to the top of a hill; down the side of which there was a road so narrow that the cart-wheels always chafed the trees on each side as they passed. "Ah, see now," said she, "how they have bruised and wounded those poor trees; they will never get well." So she took pity on them, and greased them all with the butter, so that the wheels might not hurt them so much. While she was doing them this kind turn, one of her cheeses fell out of the basket, and rolled down the hill. Catherine looked, but could not see where it was

gone ; so she said, " Well, I take it the other will go the same way and find you ; he has younger legs than I have." Then she rolled the other cheese after it ; and away it went, down the hill, nobody knows where. But she said most likely they knew the road, and would follow her, and she could not stay there all day waiting for them.

At last she overtook Frederick, who was stopping for her, and desired her to give him something to eat. Then she gave him the dry bread. " Where are the butter and cheese ? " said he. " Oh ! " answered she, " I used the butter to grease those poor trees that the wheels chafed so ; and the cheeses will soon be here. One of them ran away, so I sent the other after it to find it."—" You should not have done so," said the husband. " Why not ? " said she ; " you never told me to the contrary."

They ate the dry bread together ; and Frederick said, " Kate, I hope you saw the house safely locked up before you came away ? "—" No," answered she, " you did not tell me."—" Then go home, and do it now before we go any farther," said Frederick, " and bring with you something to eat, and I will wait here for you."

Catherine did as he told her, and thought to herself by the way, " Frederick wants something to eat ; but I don't think he likes butter and cheese ; I'll bring him a bag of dried apples, and the vinegar, for I have often seen him take some."

When she reached home, she bolted the back door, but the front door she took off the hinges, and put it on her shoulders, saying, " Now the house must be safe when we have got the door itself." So she took her time by the way ; and when she overtook her husband she cried out, " There, Frederick, there

is the house-door, now you may watch it as carefully as you please."—"Alas! alas!" said he, "what a clever wife I have! I sent you to make the house fast, and you take the back-door away, so that every body may go in and out as they will, and fasten only the front-door; now it is too late to go back, but as you have brought the door, you shall carry it about with you for your pains."—"Very well," answered she, "I'll carry the door; but I'll not carry the apples and vinegar bottle also,—that would be too much of a load; so I'll fasten them to the door, and it shall carry them."

And now they set off into the wood to look for the thieves; but they could not find them: and when it grew dark, they climbed up into a tree to spend the night there. Scarcely were they up, than who should come by but the very men they were looking for. They were in truth great rascals, and belonged to that class of people who walk off things that can't use their own legs, and find things before they are lost. They were tired; so they sat down and made a fire under the very tree where Frederick and Catherine were, and were going to divide their booty. Frederick slipped down on the other side, and picked up some stones. Then he climbed up again, and tried to hit the thieves on the head with them: but he missed them, and they only said, "It must be near morning, for the wind shakes the fir-cones down."

Catherine, who had still got the door on her shoulders, began to be very tired; but at last she thought it might be the apples upon it that made it so heavy; so she said, "Frederick, I must let the apples go."—"No," answered he, "not now, they will discover us."—"I can't help that, they are such a load, they must go."—"Well then, make haste and throw them down, if

you will." Then away rattled the apples down among the boughs; and one of the thieves cried, "Dear me, what's the matter with the birds?"

A little while after, as the door was still very heavy, Catherine whispered to Frederick, "I must throw the vinegar down."—"Pray don't," answered he, "it will betray us."—"Indeed I must," said she. So she poured all the vinegar down; and it fell on the thieves, who said, "What a heavy dew there is!"

At last Catherine said—"I have just thought of it, it is the door itself that is so heavy all the time; I must throw it down." But he begged her not to do so, for he was sure it would discover them. "Here it goes, however," said she, and down went the door with such a clatter upon the thieves, that they thought the tree was bewitched, and ran away as fast as they could, and left all the gold on the spot. So in the morning, when Catherine and Frederick came down, there they found all their money again, and went home with it, and made themselves comfortable.

The cheese adventure of the foregoing tale reminds us of one of the merry tales of the "Wise Men of Gotham," which is thus related:—

There was a man of Gotham, who went to the market of Nottingham, to sell cheese, and as he was going down the hill to Nottingham bridge, one of his cheeses fell out of his wallet, and run down the hill. "You are a pretty fellow," said the man; "what! can you run to the market alone? I will now

send one after the other ;" then laying down the wallet, and taking out the cheeses, he tumbled them down the hill one after the other, and some ran into one bush, and some into another ; so at last he said, " I do charge you to meet me in the market-place." And when the man came into the market to meet the cheeses, he staid until the market was almost done, then went and inquired of his neighbours, and other men, if they did see his cheeses come to market ? " Why who should bring them," said one of his neighbours ? " Who, but themselves," said the fellow; " sure, they knew the way well enough; to say the truth, I was afraid when I saw my cheeses run so fast, that they would run beyond the market. I am persuaded that they are at this time almost as far as York." So he immediately takes a horse, and rides after them to York, but was very much disappointed he did not find them. And to this day no man has ever heard of the said cheeses.

The door carrying the vinegar and apples, is matched by the following :—

There was a man of Gotham that rode to the market with two bushels of wheat, and because his horse should not be damaged by carrying too great a burthen, he was determined to carry the corn himself upon his own neck, and still kept riding upon his horse till he arrived at the end of his journey. Now I will leave you to judge which was the wisest, his horse or himself ?

The foregoing are but a sample of the wise tricks imputed to the far-famed men of Gotham. The common nursery rhyme runs thus :—

“ Three men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger, my song had been longer.”

On one occasion, a villager happening to be abroad at a late hour on a moon-shiny night, saw the reflection of the moon in the horse-pond, and thought it had fallen in. Believing the moon to be made of green cheese, he went and called all his neighbours to help him to draw it out. The men of Gotham are said to have had but one knife amongst them, which was stuck in a tree in the middle of the village for their common use: many amusing incidents arose out of the disputes for the use of this knife.

THE MAGICIAN OF FINLAND.

JUST on the Finland frontiers there is situated a high mountain, which, on the Swedish side, is covered with beautiful copsewood, and on the other with dark pine-trees, so closely ranked together, and so luxuriant in shade, that one might almost say, the smallest bird could not find his way through the thickets. Below the copsewood there stands a chapel with the image of St. George, as guardian of the land and a defence against the dragons (if there be such), and other monsters of paganism; while, on the other side, on the borders of the dark fir-wood, are certain cottages inhabited by wicked sorcerers,

who have, moreover, a cave cut so deep into the mountain, that it joins with the bottomless abyss, whence come all the demons that assist them. The Swedish Christians, who dwelt in the neighbourhood of this mountain, thought it would be necessary, besides the chapel and statue of St. George, to choose some living protector, and therefore selected an ancient warrior, highly renowned for his prowess in the battle-field, and who had in his old age become a monk. When this man went to take up his abode on the mountains, his only son (for he had formerly lived as a married man in the world) would on no account leave him; but lived there also, assisting his father in his duties as watcher, and in the exercises of prayer and penitence, fully equalling the example that was now afforded him, as he had formerly done by his bravery as a soldier.

The life here led by those two valiant champions is said to have been most admirable and pious. Once on a time it happened, that the young hero went out to cut wood in the forest. He bore a sharp axe on his shoulders, and was besides girded with a great sword; for as the woods were not only full of wild beasts, but also haunted by wicked men, the pious hermits took the precaution of always going armed. While the good youth was forcing his way through the thickest of the copsewood, and already beheld over it the pointed tops of the fir-trees (for he was close on the Finland frontier), there rushed out against him a great white wolf, so that he had just time enough to leap to one side, and not being able immediately to draw his sword, he flung the axe at his assailant. The blow was so well aimed, that it struck one of the wolf's fore-legs, who, being sorely wounded, limped

back, with a yell of anguish, into the wood. The young hermit warrior, however, thought to himself, "It is not enough that I am rescued, but I must take such measures that no one else may in future be injured, or even terrified by this wild beast." So he rushed in as fast as possible among the fir-trees, and inflicted such a vehement blow with his sword on the wolf's head, that the animal, groaning piteously, fell to the ground. Hereupon there came over him all at once a strange mood of regret and compassion for his poor victim. Instead of putting it immediately to death, he bound up the wounds, as well as he could, with moss and twigs of trees, placed it on a sort of canvass sling, on which he was in the habit of carrying great fagots, and with much labour brought it home, in hopes that he might be able at last to cure and tame his fallen adversary. He did not find his father in the cottage, and it was not without some fear and anxiety that he laid the wolf on his own bed, which was made of moss and rushes, and over which he had painted St. George and the dragon. He then turned to the fire-place of the small hut, in order to prepare a healing salve for the wounds; but when thus occupied, how was he surprised to hear the moanings and lamentations of an articulate voice from the bed on which he had just before deposited the wolf! On returning thither, his astonishment was inexpressible on perceiving, instead of the frightful wild beast, a most beautiful damsel, on whose head the wound which he had inflicted was bleeding through her fine golden hair; and whose right arm, in all its grace and snow-white luxuriance, was stretched out motionless, for it had been broken by the blow from his axe! "Pray," said she, "have pity, and do not kill me outright. The little life that I have

still left is indeed painful enough, and may not last long,—yet, sad as my condition is, it is yet tenfold better than to die."

The young man then sat down weeping beside her, and she explained to him how she was the daughter of a magician, on the other side of the mountain, who had sent her out in the shape of a wolf to collect plants from places which, in her own proper form, she could not have reached. It was but in terror that she had made that violent spring, which the youth had mistaken for an attack on him, when her only wish had been to pass him by. "But you directly broke my right arm," said she, "though I had no evil design against you." How she had now regained her proper shape she could not imagine; but to the youth it was quite clear, that the picture of St. George and the dragon had broken the spell by which the poor girl had been transformed.

While the son was thus occupied, the old man returned home, and soon learned all that had occurred, perceiving, at the same time, that if the young pagan wanderer had been released from the spells by which she had been bound, the youth was, in his turn, enchanted and spell-bound by her beauty and amiable behaviour.

From that moment he exerted himself to the utmost for the welfare of her soul, and endeavouring to convert her to Christianity, while his son attended to the cure of her wounds; and, as their endeavours were on both sides successful, it was resolved among them, that the lovers should be united in holy bonds of matrimony, for the youth had not yet restricted himself by any monastic vows.

The magician's daughter was now restored to perfect health; a day had been appointed for her baptism and marriage,

before which it happened that the bride and bridegroom went to take a pleasure-walk one evening through the woods. The sun was yet high in the west, and shone so fervently through the beech-trees on the green turf, that they could never resolve on returning home, but always came deeper and deeper into the forest. Then the bride told him stories of her early life; and sang old songs, which she had learned when a child, and which sounded beautifully amid the woodland solitude. Though the words were such that they could not be agreeable to the youth's ears, (for she had learned them among her pagan and wicked relations,) yet he could not interrupt her; first, because he loved her so dearly; and secondly, because she sung in a voice so clear and sweet, that the whole forest seemed to rejoice in her music. At last, however, the pointed heads of the pine-trees again became visible, and the youth wished to turn back, in order that he might not come again too near the accursed Finland frontier. His bride, however, said to him, "Dearest Conrad, (for that was his name,) why should we not walk on a little farther? I would gladly see the very place where you wounded me so cruelly on the head and arm, and made me a prisoner; all which has, in the end, only contributed to my happiness. Methinks we are now very near the spot."

Accordingly they sought about here and there, till at last the twilight fell dim and heavily on the dense woods. The sun had long since set; the moon had risen, however, and as her light broke forth the lovers stood on the Finland frontier, or rather, they must have gone already some distance beyond it, for the bridegroom was exceedingly terrified when he found his cap lifted from his head, as if by human hand, though he

saw only the branch of a fir-tree. Immediately thereafter the whole air around them was filled with strange and supernatural beings,—witches, devils, dwarfs, horned-owls, fire-eyed cats, and a thousand other wretches that could not be named or described, whirled around them as if dancing to rapid music; at which, when the bride had looked on for awhile, she broke out into loud laughter, and at last began to dance furiously along with them. The poor bridegroom might shout and pray as much and as earnestly as he would, for she never attended to him, but at last transformed herself in a manner so extraordinary, that he could not distinguish her from the other dancers in that abominable waltz. He thought, however, that he had kept his eyes upon her, and seized on one of the dancers; but, alas! it was only a horrible spectre who held him fast, and threw her wide-waving shroud around him, so that he could not make his escape; while, at the same time, some of the subterraneous black demons pulled at his legs, and wanted to tear him down along with them into their bottomless caves.

Fortunately he happened at that moment to cross himself, and call on the name of our Saviour; upon which the whole of this vile assembly fell into confusion. They howled aloud, and ran off in all directions; while, in the meantime, he saved himself by recrossing the frontiers, and getting under the protection of the Swedish copsewood. His beautiful bride, however, was completely lost; and by no endeavours could he ever obtain her again, though he often came to the Finland border, called out her name aloud, wept and prayed; but all in vain. Many times, it is true, he saw her floating about through the pine-trees, as if in chase, but she was always

accompanied by a train of frightful creatures, and she herself also looked wild and disfigured. For the most part, she never noticed Conrad; but, if she could not help fixing her eyes on him, she laughed so immoderately, and in a mood of merriment so strange and unnatural, that he was terrified, and made the sign of the cross; whereupon she always fled away howling into the thickets.

He fell more and more into melancholy abstraction, hardly ever spoke, and though he had given over his vain walks into the forest, yet, if one asked him a question, the only answer he returned was, "Ay, she is gone away beyond the mountains!" so little did he know or remember of any other object in the world but the lost beauty.

At last he died of grief; and, according to a request which he had once made, his father prepared a grave for him on the place where the bride was found and lost; though, during the fulfilment of this duty, he had enough to do;—one while, in contending with his crucifix against evil spirits, and at another, with his sword against wild beasts, which were no doubt sent thither by the magicians to attack and annoy him. At length, however, he brought his task to an end; and thereafter it seemed as if the bride mourned for the youth's untimely death; for there was heard often a sound of howling and lamentation at the grave. For the most part, indeed, this noise is like the voices of wolves, yet, at the same time, human accents are to be distinguished; and I myself have often listened thereto on dark winter nights.

Alas! that the poor maiden should have ventured again so near the accursed paths which she had once renounced! A few steps in the backward course, and all is lost.

KING CROOKED-CHIN.

A GREAT king had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so haughty, that none of the suitors who came to ask her hand in marriage were good enough for her, and she only rejected them, and made game of them.

Once upon a time the king held a great feast, and asked thither all her wooers; and they sat in a row according to their rank,—kings and princes and dukes and earls. Then the princess came in and saw them all, but she had some objection to every one. The first was too fat: “He’s as round as a beer-barrel,” said she. The next was too tall: “What a maypole!” said she. The next was too short: “What a dumpling!” said she. The fourth was too pale, and she called him “White-face.” The fifth was too red, so she called him “Coxcomb.” The sixth was not straight enough, so she said he was like a green stick that had been laid to dry over a baker’s oven. And thus she had some joke to crack upon every one: but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there, and whose chin was none of the handsomest. “Look at him,” said she, “he has a chin, and so has a thrush.” So the king got the nick-name of Crooked-Chin.

But the old king was very angry when he saw that his daughter did nothing but laugh at all his guests, and despise all the suitors that had been invited to the feast, and he vowed that she should marry the first beggar that came to the door.

Two days after there came by a travelling musician, who began to sing under the window, and to beg an alms: and

when the king heard him, he said, "Let him come in." So they introduced a dirty-looking fellow; and when he had sung before the king and the princess, he begged a boon. Then the king said, "You have sung so well, that I will give you my daughter there for your wife." The princess was horrified; but the king said, "I have sworn to give you to the first beggar, and I will keep my word." So all entreaties were of no avail; the priest was sent for, and the marriage took place immediately. When this was over, the king said, "Now get ready to go; you must not stay in my palace any longer, but must travel on with your husband."

Then the beggar departed, and took her with him; and they soon came to a great wood. "Pray," said she, "whose is this wood?"—"It belongs to king Crooked-Chin," answered he; "hadst thou taken him, all had been thine."—"Ah! poor unhappy woman that I am!" sighed she, "would that I had married king Crooked-Chin!" Next they came to some fine meadows. "Whose are these beautiful green meadows?" said she. "They belong to king Crooked-Chin; hadst thou taken him, they had all been thine."—"Ah! poor unhappy woman that I am!" said she, "would that I had married king Crooked-Chin!"

Then they came to a great city. "Whose is this noble city?" said she. "It belongs to king Crooked-Chin; hadst thou taken him, it had all been thine."—"Ah! poor unfortunate woman that I am!" sighed she, "why did I not marry king Crooked-Chin?"—"That displeases me very much," said the musician; "that you should wish for another husband; am I not good enough for you?"

At last they came to a small cottage. "What a paltry

place!" said she; "to whom does that little wretched hole belong?" Then the musician said, "That is your and my house, where we are to live."—"Where are your servants?" cried she. "Servants!" said he, "you must serve yourself for whatever you want. Now make the fire, and put on water and cook my supper, for I am very tired." But the princess was quite ignorant of making fires and cooking, and the beggar was forced to help her. When they had eaten a very poor supper they went to bed; but the musician called her up very early in the morning to clean the house. Thus they lived in a miserable way for a few days; and when they had eaten up all their provisions, the man said, "Wife, we can't go on thus, spending all and gaining nothing. You must learn to weave baskets." Then he went out and cut willows, and brought them home, and she began to weave; but they cut her delicate fingers. "I see this work won't do," said he; "try and spin; perhaps that will suit you better." So she sat down and tried to spin; but the tough threads cut her tender fingers till they bled again. "See now," said the musician, "you are fit for no work at all—what a bad bargain I have made! However, I'll try and commence business in the earthenware line, and you shall stand in the market and sell."—"Alas!" thought she, "when I stand in the market, and when any of my father's court pass by and see me there, how they will laugh at me!"

But it was of no use complaining; she must either work or starve. At first the trade went well; for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares out of compliment to her, and many even paid their money and left the dishes into the bargain. They lived on this as long as it

lasted, and then her husband bought a fresh lot of ware, and she sat herself down with it all around her in a corner of the market; but a mad soldier soon came by, and rode his horse among her dishes, and broke them all into a thousand pieces. Then she began to cry, and knew not, in her grief, what to do. "Ah! what will become of me!" said she, "what will my husband say?" So she ran home and told him all. "Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put earthenware in the corner of the market, where every body passes? But let us have no more crying. I see you are not fit for any regular employment, so I have been to the king's palace, and asked if they did not want a kitchen-maid, and they have engaged to take you for your food."

Thus the princess became a kitchen-maid, and helped the cook to do all the dirty work; but she was allowed to carry home in two jars, one on each side, some of the food that was left, and on this she and her husband maintained themselves.

She had not been there long, before she heard that the king's eldest son was passing by, on his way to be married; and she went to one of the doors and looked out, and seeing all the pomp and splendour, she thought with an aching heart on her own fate, and bitterly lamented the pride and arrogance which had brought her to such poverty. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her jars to take home.

All on a sudden the king's son appeared in golden clothes; and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door, he took her by the hand, and said she should be his partner in the dance; but she refused, and was afraid, for she saw that it was king

Crooked-Chin, who had been one of her suitors, and whom she had repulsed with scorn. However, he kept fast hold and led her in, and the cover of the jars fell off, so that the food in it was scattered about. Then every body laughed and jeered at her when they saw this, and she was so ashamed that she wished herself a thousand fathoms deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away; but on the steps king Crooked-Chin overtook her, and brought her back, and said, "Fear me not! I am the musician who lived with you in the poor hut; and it was because I loved you that I concealed myself under that character. I am also the soldier who over-set your crockery. I have done all this only to bring down your pride, and to punish you for the insolence with which you treated me. Now all is over, and it is time to celebrate our wedding."

Then the maids of honour came and brought her the richest dresses; and her father and his whole court came, and wished her all happiness on her marriage with king Crooked-Chin. Joy was in every face. Great was the feasting and rejoicing; and I wish you and I, good reader, had been of the party.

THE THREE MEN ON NOTTINGHAM BRIDGE.

THERE were two men of Gotham; and one of them was going to the market at Nottingham to buy sheep, and the other was coming from the market, and both met together on Nottingham-bridge. "Well met," said the one to the other; "whither are you a-going?" said he that came from Nottingham.

"Marry," said he that was going thither, "I am going to the market to buy sheep."—"Buy sheep," said the other, "and which way will you bring them home?"—"Marry," said the other, "I will bring them over this bridge."—"Nay," said he that came from Nottingham, "but thou shalt not."—"Aye," said he that was going thither, "but I will."—"Thou shalt not," said the one. "I will," said the other. "Tut here," said the one, "and shute there," said the other. Then they beat their staves against the ground one against the other, as if there had been an hundred sheep betwixt them. "Hold them there," said one. "Beware of making my sheep leap over the bridge," said the other. "I care not," said the other. "They shall all come this way," said one. "But they shall not," said the other. And as they were in contention, another wise man that belonged to Gotham came from the market with a sack of meal upon his horse; and seeing and hearing his neighbours at strife about sheep, and none betwixt them, said, "Ah! fools, will you never learn wit? Then help me," said he that had the meal; "and lay this sack upon my shoulder." They did so, and he went to the one side of the bridge, and unloosed the mouth of the sack, and did shake out the meal into the river. Then said he, "How much meal is there in the sack, neighbours?"—"Why none," answered they. "Just so much," replied this wise man, "as there is wit in your two heads, to strive for that thing which you have not."

Now which was the wisest of all these three persons the reader shall judge.



W.B.S.



THE KNIGHT OF KLETTERBERG.

COUNT ERNEST, of Klettenberg, once rode at speed upon a fine Sunday morning, not to Church, but to meet a large convivial party, assembled at Elrick. A number of knights had been invited; for it was a hard drinking match, and a golden chain was the prize for him who could stand up last, to decorate himself with its honours.

Many hours did these wine-proof knights remain unvanquished, until victory finally began to show itself less doubtful; and first one and then another champion fell overpowered,

and were borne from the scene of action. There soon were only four champions left to contend with each other; and at last Ernest of Klettenberg stood upright upon his feet, while the three lay senseless at his side, and victoriously snatching the gold chain which lay upon the table, he shook it high in the air, and hung it round his neck.

In order to exhibit himself, as sole victor over all his competitors, he walked out of the room, and ordered his horse.

As he rode apace through the suburbs, he heard the good priests ringing for vespers, and, as he got nearer, the choir were chanting hymns. It was in the church of St. Nicholas; and the knight of Klettenberg rode through the gates, and away through the open church-doors, till he arrived opposite the altar, before the whole congregation. The hymn of devotion suddenly ceased, and was converted into a cry of terror and surprise. On rode Count Ernest, as if nothing unusual had occurred; but his crime was not long suffered to go unpunished. For spurring onwards up the steps of the altar, awful to relate, the horse's four shoes fell from his feet, and down he sunk, deeper and deeper, with his rider, and was seen no more. As a memorial of this event, and an eternal warning to all impious and sacrilegious men, the four horse-shoes were nailed fast to the church door, where they long remained, and were admired for ages, no less on account of their immense size, than for the dreadful tradition connected with them.

THE DEAN OF SANTIAGO.

IT was but a short hour before noon when the dean of Santiago alighted from his mule at the door of Don Julian the celebrated magician of Toledo. The house, according to old tradition, stood on the brink of the perpendicular rock, which, now crowned with the *Alcázar*, rises to a fearful height over the Tagus. A Moorish maid led the dean to a retired apartment, where the magician was reading. "I heartily greet your reverence," said Don Julian to the dean, "and feel highly honoured by this visit. Whatever be the object of it, let me beg you will defer stating it till I have made you at home in this house. I hear my housekeeper making ready the noon-day meal."

The dinner, which soon followed, was elegant enough to please the most fastidious palate—abundant, nutritive, and delicate. The time came at length of rising from table, and in spite of Don Julian's pressing request to have another bottle, the dean, with a certain dignity of manner, led his good-natured host to the recess of an oriel window, looking upon the river.—"Allow me, dear Don Julian," he said, "to open my heart to you; for even your hospitality must fail to make me completely happy till I have obtained the boon which I came to ask. I know that no man ever possessed greater power than you over the invisible agents of the universe. I long to become an adept in that wonderful science, and if you will receive me for your pupil, there is nothing I should think of sufficient worth to repay your friendship."—"Good

Sir," replied Don Julian, "I should be extremely loth to offend you; but permit me to say, that, in spite of the knowledge of causes and effects which I have acquired, all that my experience teaches me of the heart of man is not only vague and indistinct, but for the most part unfavourable. I only guess, I cannot read their thoughts, nor pry into the recesses of their minds. As for yourself, I think you likely to obtain the first dignities of the Church. But whether, when you find yourself in places of high honour and patronage, you will remember the humble personage of whom you now ask a hazardous and important service, it is impossible for me to ascertain."—"Nay, nay," exclaimed the dean, "but I know myself, if *you* do not, Don Julian. Generosity and friendship (since you force me to speak in my own praise) have been the delight of my soul even from childhood. Doubt not, my dear friend, (for by that name I wish you would allow me to call you,) doubt not, from this moment, to command my services. Whatever interest I may possess, it will be my highest gratification to see it exercised in favour of you and yours."—"My hearty thanks for all, worthy Sir," said Don Julian. "But let us now proceed to business: the sun is set, and, if you please, we will retire to my private study."

Lights being called for, Don Julian led the way to the lower part of the house; and dismissing his maid near a small door, of which he held the key in his hand, desired her to get two partridges for supper, but not to dress them till he should order it: then unlocking the door, he began to descend by a winding staircase. The dean followed with a certain degree of trepidation, which the length of the stairs greatly tended to increase; for, to all appearance they reached below the bed

of the Tagus. At this depth a comfortable neat room was found, the walls completely covered with shelves, where Don Julian kept his works on magic; globes, planispheres, and strange drawings, occupied the top of the bookcases. Fresh air was admitted, though it would be difficult to guess by what means, since the sound of gliding water, such as is heard at the lower part of a ship when sailing with a gentle breeze, indicated but a thin partition between the subterraneous cabinet and the river.—“Here, then,” said Don Julian, offering a chair to the dean, and drawing another for himself towards a small round table, “we have only to choose among the elementary works of the science for which you long. Suppose we begin to read this small volume.”

The volume was laid on the table, and opened at the first page, containing circles, triangles with unintelligible characters, and the various signs of the planets.—“This,” said Don Julian, “is the alphabet of the whole science. Hermes, called Trismegistus—” The sound of a small bell within the chamber made the dean almost leap out of his chair. “Be not alarmed,” said Don Julian; “it is the bell by which my servants let me know that they want to speak to me.” Saying thus, he pulled a silk string, and soon after a servant appeared with a packet of letters. It was addressed to the dean. A courier had closely followed him on the road, and was that moment arrived at Toledo. “Good Heavens!” exclaimed the dean, having read the contents of the letters; “my great uncle, the archbishop of Santiago, is dangerously ill. This is, however, what the secretary says, from his lordship’s dictation. But here is another letter from the archdeacon of the diocese, who assures me that the old man was not expected to live.

I can hardly repeat what he adds—Poor dear uncle! may Heaven lengthen his days! The chapter seem to have turned their eyes towards me, and—pooh! it cannot be—but the electors, according to the archdeacon, are quite decided in my favour.”—“Well,” said Don Julian, “all I regret is the interruption of our studies; but I doubt not that you will soon wear the mitre. In the meantime say that urgent business prevents your returning directly. A few days will surely give a decided turn to the whole affair; and, at all events, your absence, in case of an election, will be but modest. Write, therefore, your despatches, and we will prosecute our studies again.”

Two days had elapsed since the arrival of the messenger, when the verger of the church of Santiago, attended by servants in splendid liveries, alighted at Don Julian's door with letters for the dean. The old prelate was dead, and his nephew had been elected to the see, by the unanimous vote of the chapter. The elected dignitary seemed overcome by contending feelings; but he assumed an air of gravity, which almost touched on superciliousness. Don Julian addressed his congratulations, and was the first to kiss the new archbishop's hand. “I hope,” he added, “I may also congratulate my son, the young man who is now at the University of Paris; for I flatter myself your lordship will give him the deanery, which is vacant by your promotion.”—“My worthy friend Don Julian,” replied the archbishop elect, “my obligations to you I can never sufficiently repay. You have heard my character; I hold a friend as another self. But why should you take the lad away from his studies? An archbishop of Santiago cannot want preferment at any time. Follow me to

my diocese : I will not for all the mitres in Christendom forego the benefit of your instruction. The deanery, to tell you the truth, must be given to my uncle, my father's own brother, who has had but a small living for many years ; he is much liked in Santiago, and I should lose my character if, to place such a young man as your son at the head of the chapter, I neglected an exemplary priest, so nearly related to me."— "Just as you please, my lord," said Don Julian ; and began to prepare for the journey.

The acclamations which greeted the new archbishop on his arrival at the capital of Galicia were, not long after, succeeded by an universal regret at his translation to the see of the recently conquered town of Seville. "I will not leave you behind," said the archbishop to Don Julian, who, with more timidity than he shewed at Toledo, approached to kiss the sacred ring in the archbishop's right hand, and to offer his humble congratulations, "but do not fret about your son. He is too young. I have my mother's relations to provide for; but Seville is a rich see ; the blessed King Ferdinand, who rescued it from the Moors, endowed its church so as to make it rival the first cathedrals in Christendom. Do but follow me, and all will be well in the end." Don Julian bowed with a suppressed sigh, and was soon after on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the suite of the new archbishop.

Scarcely had Don Julian's pupil been at Seville one year, when his far extended fame moved the pope to send him a cardinal's hat, desiring his presence at the court of Rome. The crowd of visitors who came to congratulate the prelate, kept Don Julian away for many days. He at length obtained a private audience, and, with tears in his eyes, entreated his

eminence not to oblige him to quit Spain. "I am growing old, my lord," he said : " I quitted my house at Toledo only for your sake, and in hopes of raising my son to some place of honour and emolument in the Church ; I even gave up my favourite studies, except as far as they were of service to your eminence. My son—" "No more of that, if you please, Don Julian," interrupted the cardinal. "Follow me, you must ; who can tell what may happen at Rome ? The pope is old, you know. But do not tease me about preferment. A public man has duties of a description which those in the lower ranks of life cannot either weigh or comprehend. I confess I am under obligations to you, and feel quite disposed to reward your services ; yet I must not have my creditors knocking every day at my door : you understand, Don Julian. In a week we set out for Rome."

With such a strong tide of good fortune as had hitherto buoyed up Don Julian's pupil, the reader cannot be surprised to find him, in a short time, wearing the papal crown. In the bustle of the election and subsequent coronation, however, the man to whose wonderful science he owed this rapid ascent, had completely slipped from his memory. Fatigued with the exhibition of himself through the streets of Rome, which he had been obliged to make in a solemn procession, the new pope sat alone in one of the chambers of the Vatican. It was early in the night. By the light of two wax tapers which scarcely illuminated the farthest end of the grand saloon, his holiness was enjoying that reverie of mixed pain and pleasure which follows the attainment of ardent wishes, when Don Julian advanced in visible perturbation, conscious of the intrusion on which he ventured. "Holy father!" exclaimed

the old man, and cast himself at his pupil's feet: "Holy father, in pity to these grey hairs do not consign an old servant—might I not say an old friend?—to utter neglect and forgetfulness. My son—" " *You my friend?*" ejaculated his holiness, rising from the chair, "your insolence, Sir, shall be checked. A magician my friend!—Away, wretched man! When I pretended to learn of thee, it was only to sound the abyss of crime into which thou hadst plunged; I did it with a view of bringing thee to condign punishment. Yet, in compassion to thy age, I will not make an example of thee, provided thou avoidest my eyes. Hide thy crime and shame where thou canst. This moment thou must quit the palace, or the next closes the gates of the Inquisition upon thee."

Trembling, and his wrinkled face bedewed with tears, Don Julian begged to be allowed but one word more. "I am very poor, holy father," said he; " trusting in your patronage I relinquished my all, and have not left wherewith to pay my journey."—"Away, I say," answered the pope; "if my excessive bounty has made you neglect your patrimony, I will no farther encourage your waste and improvidence. Poverty is but a slight punishment for your crimes."—"But, father," rejoined Don Julian, "my wants are instant; I am hungry: give me but a trifle to procure a supper to-night. To-morrow I shall beg my way out of Rome."—"Heaven forbid it," said the pope. "Away from my presence, or I instantly call for the guard."—"Well then," replied Don Julian, rising from the ground, and looking on the pope with a boldness which began to throw his holiness into a paroxysm of rage, "if I am to starve at Rome, I had better return to the supper which

I ordered at Toledo." Thus saying, he rang a gold bell which stood on a table next the pope.

The door opened without delay, and the Moorish servant came in. The pope looked round, and found himself in the subterraneous study under the Tagus. "Desire the cook," said Don Julian to the maid, "to put but one partridge to roast; for I will not throw away the other on the dean of Santiago!"—**NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**





THE ENCHANTED HIND.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a king and queen whose union was perfect; they loved each other tenderly, and were adored by their subjects; but unhappily they had no children. This, as may be guessed, was a sad grief to the queen, and often and earnestly did she wish that Heaven would bless her with a child. At last her desires were granted.

One day as the queen was taking a solitary walk in a neighbouring forest, she espied a path that not a little sur-

prised her; for, though she had been there thousands of times before, she had never discovered it. Curiosity, however, impelled her to pursue it, and after walking on for some time, what was her surprise when she beheld the unparalleled lustre of a palace built entirely of diamonds; the walls, roof, ceilings, floors, staircases, balconies, and even the terraces, all were composed of that precious material. In the excess of her astonishment, she could not forbear an exclamation of wonder; when, as she spoke, the doors of the palace opened, and six fairies came out of it, the most beautiful and most magnificent that ever were seen. They approached the queen, and saluting her in the most affable manner, presented her with a bouquet, containing a rose, a tulip, an anemone, a hyacinth, a pink, and an auricula. "Madam," said one of the fairies, addressing the queen, "we cannot show you a greater mark of our respect, than by permitting you to visit us in our palace; and we are most happy to announce to you, that you will soon have a beautiful princess whom you must christen Welcome, which we are sure she will be to you. Fail not, when she is born, to call us to you, for we intend to endow her with all kinds of good qualities: you have only to take the bouquet we have given you, and name each of the six flowers, and be assured you will soon see us in your chamber."

To describe the queen's transport—how much she spoke of the little princess Welcome—and how many times she thanked the amiable persons who had announced such agreeable news—would be impossible. She was asked to remain until the evening in the palace; and as her majesty was fond of music, her hosts, by their delightful singing, completed her enchantment; after which, loaded with presents, she returned home.

Meanwhile the king and all his household were dreadfully alarmed at the queen's absence, and a rigorous search was made, which of course ended unsuccessfully. As she was young and beautiful, it was feared that some audacious strangers had carried her off. Every body about the court was therefore overjoyed to see her return; and, as she was herself in excellent spirits at the promises which had just been made to her, her conversation was so brilliant and agreeable, that she charmed more than ever.

In due time, the queen became the mother of a princess, who was accordingly christened Welcome; then, taking the bouquet that had been given to her, she repeated the names of the flowers one by one, and the six fairies immediately arrived. They came in chariots, each constructed in a different style and of different materials; one was of ebony, drawn by white pigeons; another of ivory, drawn by small ravens; the rest of cedar, and other valuable woods.

They entered the queen's chamber with a pleased and majestic air, followed by male and female dwarfs, all bearing presents. After they had embraced the queen, and kissed the infant princess, they displayed the baby linen, the delicate material of which was spun by the fairies in their leisure hours, and although fine as a web, was yet so good that it might have been used for a century; while the lace with which it was trimmed surpassed in quality, if possible, that of the web itself, and on it was worked the history of the whole world. The swaddling clothes and coverlets, which they had embroidered expressly for little Welcome, were worked, in the most lively colours, with thousands of different gaines at which children amuse themselves. Never, since embroidery was

first practised, was seen such perfect work ; but when the fairies produced the cradle, the queen exclaimed again with admiration, for it surpassed all they had as yet shown her. It was made of so beautiful and uncommon a kind of wood, inlaid with mother of pearl, that its worth could not be estimated.

It now only remained for them to endow the child, which the fairies proceeded to do. One gifted her with virtue, another with wit, the third with more than mortal beauty, the fourth with good fortune, the fifth promised her a long and healthy life, and the last that she should do well whatever she attempted.

The overjoyed queen was expressing her thanks for the favours which the fairies so liberally showered on her infant princess, when an old woman, with a furious visage, entered the room. This was a fairy who had taken affront at some real or imaginary offence that the king and queen had committed against her many years before, and who now came determined to bestow some ill luck upon the young princess, and to thwart the benevolent designs of the others. They knowing that their offended sister meant to endow Welcome with some misfortune, seconded the queen's endeavours to soften her. "Permit us," they said, "to entreat your highness not to be angry with a queen who never intentionally offended you; pray lay aside your frightful figure, that we may see you again in all your charms."

These praises, which her sisters bestowed on the old fairy, partly dissipated her anger. "Well," said she, "I will not inflict upon little Welcome all the evil that I had resolved, for it was my intention effectually to mar all your good gifts : but I give you warning, that if she see the light of day before she

attain the age of fifteen years, she will have reason to repent it; nay, it may possibly cost her her life." No consideration could induce the old fairy to alter this resolution; she then retired and disappeared from their sight.

When the fairy had left the chamber, the sorrowful queen asked the six fairies to inform her how she might preserve her daughter from the evils that threatened her.

They held a council; and at last decided that the best plan would be to build a palace without doors or windows; with only one entrance, and that a subterranean one; and in this palace to bring up the princess, until she should complete her fifteenth year.

A most superb edifice was speedily erected. Externally the walls were of green marble, and internally of white; the floors and ceilings were of diamonds and emeralds, disposed in the forms of flowers and birds, and innumerable pretty devices. The walls were hung with tapestry of different colours, embroidered by the fairies' own hands; and, as they were well acquainted with history, they depicted thereon its most remarkable personages and events.

The princess Welcome's residence was lighted by wax tapers only; but there was such an immense quantity of them that they made a perpetual day. Masters were procured to perfect her education; but her natural wit and intelligence almost always anticipated their instructions, and they were continually charmed and astonished at the surprising progress which she made in all the branches of education.

If her wit charmed all who were thrown into contact with her, her beauty was not less powerful in its effects. The kind fairies often reminded the queen of the importance of not

permitting her to see the light of day before the prescribed time. The queen promised to pay the utmost attention to their kind recommendations; but, as the time approached when her beloved daughter would be able to quit her palace of confinement, she had her portrait taken, and sent copies of it to all the great courts in the world. To have beheld the beautiful Welcome's portrait, and not to have been charmed with it, would have been impossible; but one young prince was so struck by its surpassing loveliness, that he could not endure that it should be out of his sight. He shut himself up with it in his cabinet, and, speaking as though it were capable of understanding him, addressed the most impassioned declarations to the beautiful resemblance.

The king, no longer observing his son at his usual occupations, inquired what had estranged him, and what it was that caused him to look less happy and cheerful than usual. Some of his courtiers told him that they feared the prince had lost his senses, as he was in the habit of shutting himself up for whole days in his closet, and talking to himself in the most extravagant terms.

The king, alarmed at hearing this intelligence, sent for his son, and asked him what had happened that his person and temper had undergone such a change. The prince, thinking it a favourable opportunity to tell him all, threw himself at his father's feet. "You have determined," said he, "to marry me to the Black Princess, and you would certainly derive advantages from my alliance with her, which I cannot promise you would result from my union with the princess Welcome; but, Sir, I find charms in the latter, that I shall never see in the former."—"And how, pray, have you been able to make

a comparison?" demanded the king. "The portraits of both princesses have been brought to me," replied Prince Valiant, (so the young prince was called,) "and I have conceived so violent a passion for the princess Welcome, that, if you do not recall your promise made to the Black Princess, I must die, happy, however, to quit this life, when all hope of possessing her I love is lost to me for ever."

"Go and fetch the portrait immediately," said the king, with an air of impatience. The prince ran to his closet, and returned with the portrait to the king, who was almost as much smitten by it as his son. "Aha!" said he, "my dear Valiant, I grant you your desire; I will immediately despatch ambassadors to the court of the Black Princess, to say that I have changed my determination."

Valiant respectfully kissed his father's hands and embraced him. He then begged the king to despatch ambassadors not only to the Black Princess, but to Welcome, and that he would choose for the latter the richest and most intelligent of his courtiers, as it would be necessary to make some appearance on this occasion, and to urge his suit with more than ordinary eloquence. The king immediately sent for a very learned and amiable young lord, the intimate friend of Valiant; and to please the latter, the grandest equipage and the handsomest livery were chosen.

When the ambassador had his last audience with the prince, previous to his departure, the latter embraced him affectionately: "Remember, my dear friend," he said, "that my life depends on the marriage you are about to negotiate; use then all your eloquence to attain it for me, and to bring back with you the amiable princess whom I adore." Valiant

loaded him with a thousand presents for Welcome of the most costly and magnificent description, and gave him also a portrait of himself, painted in the most skilful and exquisite manner.

The report of his coming preceded the ambassador, and the king and queen were delighted with the news, as they esteemed and respected Valiant's father, and were not unacquainted with the prince's heroic actions, and his rare personal merit, with which they were so satisfied, that, had they searched over the whole world for a husband for their daughter, they could not have found one more worthy of her in their estimation. A palace was accordingly prepared for his ambassador's reception, and all the necessary orders given for the court to appear in the utmost magnificence.

The ambassador arrived, his equipage taking twenty-three hours to proceed from the city gates to the palace, for he had six hundred thousand mules, shod with gold, and bearing small golden bells fastened to their necks, their trappings being of velvet and brocade embroidered with pearls; the streets through which they passed were completely blocked up by the crowd of spectators from all parts of the kingdom. The king and queen went out to meet the ambassador, so pleased were they with his coming. But when he begged permission to pay his respects to the princess, he was not a little surprised that this honour was refused him: "If," said the king to the ambassador, "we refuse you a request which appears so reasonable, be assured that it is not through caprice or want of respect, but from a strange fatality which attends our daughter, and of which we will inform you that you may act accordingly."

"At the moment of her birth she was threatened with a very severe misfortune, if she should by any chance see the light of day before she had attained the age of fifteen years; accordingly we have hitherto kept her in close confinement, in a palace of which the finest apartments are under ground. We had resolved that you should visit her, but one of her guardians has charged us on no account to allow you so to do."—"Sire," replied the ambassador, in astonishment, "shall I then have the disappointment of returning without her? you will surely grant her in marriage to the prince, my master's son; she is looked for at his court with the utmost impatience, and is it possible that you can be influenced by these ridiculous fears? There is prince Valiant's portrait, which I have orders to present to your daughter; it is so excellent a likeness, that I think I see him when I look upon it." Thereupon he displayed the portrait, and the king and queen were so struck with it, that they entreated the ambassador to allow them to present it to the princess. Overjoyed at this request, he readily transferred it into their hands.

Hitherto the queen had not mentioned to her daughter what was passing, and had also forbidden her attendants to say a word on the subject of the ambassador's arrival. One of them, however, let out the secret, and the princess soon knew the whole history of the intended marriage; but she was sufficiently prudent not to hint such knowledge to her mother. Still when the queen showed Welcome the portrait of the young prince she was much astonished, for she had never seen one of so handsome a young man as Valiant, whose regular features and refined air charmed her exceedingly. "Should you be sorry," said the queen, laughing, "to have a husband resembling this

portrait?" Welcome blushed, cast down her eyes, and made no answer. The queen embraced her tenderly, and could not forbear shedding tears to think that she was on the point of parting with her, for it only wanted three months to complete her fifteenth year. Concealing her uneasiness, however, the queen informed her daughter of the object of the embassy, and gave her the presents which prince Valiant had sent. Welcome could not but admire them, and praised with much taste the most curious among them; but her eyes wandered from time to time to gaze on the portrait of prince Valiant, which she contemplated with a pleasure which had until then been unknown to her.

Meanwhile the ambassador, finding that all his entreaties failed to induce the king to allow Welcome to return with him to his court, and that he could only obtain the promise of her hand for Valiant (though that promise was given so solemnly that he could not doubt the king's intention to fulfil it), made but a short stay with the king, and hurried home to tell the result of his mission.

When the prince learned that he could not hope to see his beloved Welcome for more than three months to come, his lamentations afflicted all the court; he could neither eat nor sleep, and became dejected and melancholy. At last his strength completely left him, and he was gradually wasting away with an illness which the most skilful physicians could not remove.

The king's grief was excessive, for he was doatingly fond of his son, whom he feared he was now on the point of losing. In this extremity, he resolved to visit the king and queen who had promised their daughter to Valiant, to entreat them to

have pity on the prince, in the condition to which he was reduced, and to defer no longer a marriage which could never take place, if they were resolved on waiting till the princess was fifteen years of age. Unfortunately his great age obliged him to travel in a litter, a mode of conveyance which accorded but ill with his son's impatience ; the trusty ambassador was therefore despatched in advance, charged with the most touching epistles, in which prince Valiant conjured the king and queen to yield to his wishes.

Meanwhile, Welcome received as much pleasure in the contemplation of the prince's portrait, as Valiant had in regarding her own. She was continually in the chamber in which it hung, and, careful as she was to conceal her sentiments, her attendants were not slow in perceiving their direction, and, among others, Flora and Narcissa, two of her maids, soon observed the uneasiness that had begun to trouble her. Flora passionately loved her mistress, and was faithful to her, but Narcissa, (whose mother was mistress of the princess's wardrobe,) had always felt a secret envy of Welcome's beauty, birth, and accomplishments.

The ambassador having arrived, he sought out the royal apartment, threw himself at the king and queen's feet, and, his eyes filled with tears, informed them, in the most moving terms, that prince Valiant would surely die if they still refused to grant him the pleasure of seeing their daughter ; that it only wanted three months to complete her fifteenth year ; and that surely no harm could befall her in so short a space of time : in short, the ambassador was so eloquent that he carried his point. The king and queen wept at hearing his account of the sorrowful condition to which the young prince was

reduced, and told him that they yielded, and would immediately consider in what manner his wishes could best be accomplished.

The queen hastened to her beloved daughter's palace, to inform her of all that had passed. Welcome's grief was excessive on hearing of Valiant's illness; her heart beat violently, and she fainted away, thus showing to the queen the extent of her passion for the prince. "Do not afflict yourself, my dear child," said the queen, "his cure depends on you alone; I am only alarmed for your safety."—"I trust, my dear madam," answered Welcome, "that by taking every precaution we may avoid the threatened danger. Can I not, for instance, travel in a carriage so closely shut up as not to admit day-light? They might open it at night to give me food; and I should thus arrive in time to save prince Valiant's life, and yet incur no danger."

The queen liked the idea and communicated it to the king, by whom it was also approved. It was, therefore, determined that Welcome should set out immediately, and the ambassador, transported with joy, set out to carry the pleasing intelligence to his master.

For Welcome's accommodation, a carriage was built of costly wood, covered with green velvet and plates of gold, and lined with rose-coloured brocade embroidered with silver. It was large and commodious, but had no windows, and the door was contrived to shut so closely that there was not a crevice left by which the smallest ray of light might enter. The king and queen then presented Welcome with some fine clothes and jewellery; and, after bidding adieu to her parents and the courtiers, who were overwhelmed with grief at part-

ing with her, she was locked up in the carriage with her maids, Narcissa and Flora.

It will be remembered that Narcissa did not like the princess Welcome; and she and her mother now formed a wicked plot to defeat the intended union by destroying the princess. The king and queen, trusting to the vigilance of her attendants, felt no uneasiness on their dear daughter's account; and their confidence in her safety served in some sort to moderate the grief occasioned by her departure. But Narcissa, who learned from the servants, who opened the carriage door every night at supper time, that they were drawing near the court of Valiant's father, where they were hourly expected, now pressed her mother on the subject, lest the king or the prince should come to meet the princess, and thus frustrate their designs. Accordingly, about noon the next day, the wicked mistress of the robes produced a large knife, which she had brought with her on purpose, and suddenly cut a large hole in the roof of the carriage. The sun was shining brilliantly at the moment, and, for the first time, Welcome saw its light. The unfortunate princess uttered a deep sigh, and in a moment was changed into a white hind, when she bounded away, and was soon lost in a neighbouring forest. Here she sought a shady thicket, in which, unobserved, she might regret the charming form of which she had been so cruelly deprived.

There now remained only in the carriage Narcissa and her mother. Flora ran into the forest, in the direction she had seen her mistress take, making the rocks and leafy avenues re-echo with her lamentations, while Narcissa and her mother, overjoyed to have regained their liberty, lost not a moment in putting their designs into execution. Narcissa dressed

herself in Welcome's magnificent clothes. Thus attired, and followed by her mother, bearing her train, Narcissa proceeded towards the capital. The counterfeit princess walked very slowly, confident that she should be met ere she reached the city, nor was she disappointed; for she had not advanced many steps, when she observed a numerous body of horsemen, surrounding two litters, glittering with gold and precious stones, and borne by mules, wearing plumes of green feathers. The king and the sick prince, who were in the litters, could not tell what to make of the ladies whom they perceived coming towards them. Some of the courtiers in advance of the troop, who galloped up to them, judged from the magnificence of their dress, that they must be persons of rank. They accordingly alighted, and accosted them respectfully: "Will you have the goodness to inform me," said Narcissa to them, "who are in those litters?"—"Madam," answered the cavaliers, "the king of these realms and the prince his son, who are coming to meet the Princess Welcome."—"In that case," said Narcissa, "I entreat you to inform them she is here."

On hearing this, the courtiers kissed the hem of Narcissa's robe, and hastened back to inform the king that the princess was at hand. Prince Valiant, burning with impatience, called them to his side, and immediately addressing them: "Confess," said he, "that she is a miracle of beauty, an angel, an all-accomplished princess." Their silence not a little surprised the prince. "Seeing that she is beyond all praise, I suppose you prefer saying nothing?" he continued. "My lord," said the most courageous of them, "you will soon be able to judge for yourself; perhaps the fatigue of travelling has altered her

appearance." The prince was all astonishment, and, had he been less weak than he was, would have sprung from the litter to satisfy his impatience and curiosity. But the king alighted, and advancing, surrounded by his courtiers, soon joined the counterfeit princess; no sooner, however, did he obtain a glimpse of her features, than he uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, falling back a few steps: "What do I see? what treachery is this?"—"Sire," said the mistress of the robes, stepping boldly forward, "behold the Princess Welcome; here are her parents' letters, which I deliver into your hands, together with the casket of jewels which they entrusted to my keeping previous to our departure."

In the meantime the prince, leaning on his ambassador, drew near to Narcissa. What was his astonishment when he beheld her extraordinary figure! Solely occupied by the idea of his charming princess, he was for some time dumb with astonishment. At last turning to the king: "I am betrayed," said he; "the wondrous portrait which has captivated my heart, is no likeness of this person; we are the victims of a stratagem which will cost me my life."—"I do not understand you, my lord," said Narcissa. "You will not be deceived in marrying me." Her arrogance and impudence were unparalleled, while her wicked mother seconded her daughter in the most artful manner.

The king and the prince were too indignant to make any reply to their insolence, but re-entered their litters without further ceremony; while the false princess and her mistress of the robes, mounted on horseback behind two of the body-guard, were carried to the capital, and by the king's orders, confined in a dungeon.

Prince Valiant was so overwhelmed by the disappointment he had just experienced, that no words could express his affliction. How bitterly did he bewail his hard fate! His love was still passionate as ever, although its object was now only a portrait. All his hopes were blighted, all the charming ideas that had filled his mind with regard to Welcome had suddenly vanished; in a word, never was grief equal to his. No longer able to endure his father's court, he resolved, so soon as his health should permit him to retire, to find some solitary place where he might pass the remainder of his sorrowful days.

He communicated his design to the faithful ambassador, whom he was convinced would share his flight, and with whom he found a melancholy satisfaction in discoursing of the injury he had received. In a short time he set out, leaving on his closet table a long letter for the king his father, in which he assured his majesty, that when his heart should have recovered the shock it had received, he would return to court.

It is easy to imagine the king's grief when one morning this letter was put into his hands; the separation from his beloved son nearly cost him his life; but while the courtiers were occupied in soothing his majesty's affliction, Valiant and his friend were hastening on their journey. At the end of three days they came to a vast forest, where the trees afforded so delightful a shade, and the turf was so green and flowery, that the prince, fatigued with travelling, being still far from well, alighted from his horse, and threw himself sorrowfully on the bank of a rivulet. "While you repose," said Becafica, "I will seek for some fruit, and see in what part of the world

we have lighted." The prince made no answer, but silently acceded to the proposal.

But we must now return to the hind in the wood, or rather, the incomparable princess Welcome. Having left the carriage as already related, she stopped at a clear fountain in the forest, and was lamenting her sorrowful destiny, when she observed her shadow in the water. "What do I see?" said she: "Alas! alas! I am surely brought to a more miserable condition than ever was innocent princess like myself! How long must I endure this dreadful change? Whither must I fly for protection from the lions, bears, and wolves? And how can I live upon grass?" Thus she continued to exclaim, her grief continually augmenting, until it became almost unbearable. The only consolation she had, if indeed that were a consolation, was to know that her beauty as a hind was equal to her loveliness as a princess.

At last, feeling hungry, she began to nibble the grass, and found it so much to her taste that she ate with good appetite, not a little surprised at the novelty of her food. She then laid down on the turf, but her terror, when night came on, effectually prevented her from sleeping. She heard the wild beasts of the forest howling around her for their prey, and frequently, forgetting that she was a hind, she endeavoured to climb a tree. Becoming a little calmer towards day-break, she saw, for the first time in her life, the sun rise in all its glory, and was so struck with admiration at its brilliancy that she could not withdraw her eyes from it, and for a time forgot her sorrows. All she had heard of its splendour fell far short of the reality of what she now witnessed, and gazing on the sun became a consolation she had not

hoped for in that desert place, where she remained for several days.

The fairy Tulip was sensibly afflicted at Welcome's misfortune, although extremely vexed that her parents should have been so incautious as to forget the danger she was in, if she left the palace before her fifteenth year. But she would not abandon her favourite, and she determined to find a lodging in the forest both for Welcome and Flora, that the latter might console her mistress in her sufferings.

Flora had seated herself under a shady tree, on the bank of a rivulet, and was sorrowfully considering what direction she should take in search of her dear mistress, when the white hind, perceiving her from the opposite bank, on which she had been leisurely walking, with one bound cleared the stream, and, running up to Flora, covered her with caresses. The maid was astonished; but, on looking more attentively in the hind's face, was still more surprised to observe large tears coursing each other down its cheeks. She no longer doubted that it was her beloved princess. She took its feet in her hands and kissed them, with as much respect and tenderness as she would have kissed the princess's hands. She spoke affectionately to the hind, and perceived with joy that it understood her, although it could not answer her. Flora promised her mistress never to forsake her, and the hind made signs, as well as she could, that she should be very glad of her maid's company.

The enchanted princess and her maid remained thus together nearly all day, when Welcome, recollecting that her faithful Flora must be hungry, conducted her to a part of the wood in which she had observed some wild fruit-trees. Flora

quickly gathered the fruit, which was not bad, but, having satisfied her hunger, she became very uneasy as to where they should pass the night; for the idea of remaining in the open forest, exposed to the night air and to wild beasts, seemed out of the question. "Are you not terrified, charming hind," said she, "at remaining all night in the wood?" The hind turned her eyes towards heaven, and sighed deeply. "But, as you have traversed a part of this vast forest," continued Flora, "are there no huts, not even a hermitage to be found?" The hind shook her head. "Alas!" cried Flora, "I shall never live through the night; for, if by good fortune I am not attacked by tigers or bears, fear alone will kill me. But think not, dearest princess, that I regret this on my own account; it is for your sake, alone, I fear to die: to leave you in this desert place, bereft of all consolation, can any thing be more dreadful?" The beautiful hind wept sufficiently to show that she had still a sensible heart.

Her tears moved the fairy Tulip, who, as we have said, still loved Welcome tenderly; so, suddenly appearing, "I am not come to reproach you," said she; "the condition to which you are reduced gives me too much pain." The hind and Flora interrupted the fairy by throwing themselves at her feet: the former kissed Tulip's hands, and caressed her fondly, while Flora entreated her to take pity on the princess and restore her to her natural shape. "That is not at present in my power," answered the fairy; "but I can shorten the time of her enchantment, and will enable her, until it has expired, to quit her present form at the close of the day, but directly the morning appears, she must again become a hind, and wander through the woods and plains like other deer."

This was a great relief both to the unhappy princess and to her attendant. "Follow this footpath," said the fairy, "it will take you to a little cabin, pretty well furnished for such an out of the way place." She then disappeared, and Flora, accompanied by the hind, immediately taking the direction pointed out by the fairy, presently came to a small cottage, at the door of which was seated an old woman, who was making a wicker basket. "Good mother," said Flora, "will you have the kindness to accommodate myself and my hind for the night in your cottage; we require but one little room between us?"—"Yes, daughter," answered the good dame, "I will give you a lodging with pleasure: come in, and bring your hind with you." With that she showed them into a neat little room, in which stood two small beds, so nice and clean, that the princess afterwards declared she had never seen an apartment more to her taste.

At nightfall, Welcome, as she had been promised by the fairy, resumed her natural shape. She tenderly embraced her dear Flora, and thanked her for the affection that had induced her to follow and share her fortunes.

After a while, the old woman knocked softly at their door, and, without entering the room, gave Flora a basket of fine ripe fruit, of which the princess made a hearty supper, and they then retired to bed. In the morning, Welcome again became a hind, and, after an affectionate parting with her maid, although it was only for a short time, she entered the thickest part of the neighbouring forest.

It so happened that prince Valiant and his friend arrived at the cottage of the same old woman who had sheltered Welcome and Flora, and they very civilly begged the old lady

to give them some refreshment. Accordingly, she filled a basket with fruit, and having given it to them, said : "I fear that if you pass the night in the open forest, some misfortune will befall you. You are welcome to a room in my cottage, which, although poor, will at least protect you from wild beasts." They thanked her, and accepted her hospitality, and she led them to a room exactly like that occupied by Flora and the hind, and only separated from it by a partition.

Prince Valiant passed a restless night, as usual. Directly the sun's first rays shone on the windows of his room, he arose, and, to divert his sorrow, walked into the forest, telling Becafica not to accompany him. He walked about a long while, heedlessly, and presently came to a shady thicket, from which there immediately rushed a white hind. Valiant could not forbear pursuing it, for the chase was his favourite exercise, and, although he had not hunted lately, he still carried his bow. His enthusiasm returning, he started off warmly in pursuit, and from time to time shot arrows at the poor hind, which almost frightened her to death. She escaped them all, however, though Valiant was so excellent a sportsman that he seldom failed in his mark. Never was any one so tired as the white hind : at last, almost exhausted, she suddenly and dexterously turned into a path-way, and so baffled her pursuer.

The hind was very glad when twilight came, and turned her steps towards the cottage, where Flora impatiently awaited her. When she reached her apartment, she threw herself, out of breath, and covered with perspiration, on the bed, while her attendant caressed her tenderly, almost dying with anxiety to know what had happened to her in the forest. Night having set in, the beautiful princess resumed her natural shape, when,

throwing her arms round her favourite's neck : "Alas!" said she, "I thought I had only to fear the cruel fairy and the wild tenants of the forest; but I have been pursued to-day by a young huntsman, whom I hardly saw, in my precipitation to escape from his arrows which he shot at me repeatedly; and I know not by what miracle I have been preserved from death."—"You must not go into the forest again, my princess," replied Flora: "pass in this chamber the fatal period of your penance."—"Alas!" answered the princess, "the same power that reduced me to the condition of a hind, compels me, in spite of myself, to scour the plains, to leap across brooks and fences, and to eat grass like other animals; consequently, the confinement of a chamber would be insupportable." Then, having acquired a good appetite by her violent exercise, she asked for her supper, and, directly she had eaten it, went to sleep, and slept soundly until the next morning at day-break, when she again sought the forest.

Meanwhile the prince, returning in the evening to rejoin Becaflca, said to him : "I have spent my time in chasing the loveliest hind I ever saw; she gave me the slip a hundred times with wonderful adroitness, for I took such care to hit her that I am at a loss to conceive how she escaped my arrows; but I intend to resume my pursuit of her to-morrow. Becaflca was not sorry to perceive that the prince's passion for the chase had revived. He encouraged him, therefore, in his determination to return next morning to the place where he had first seen the hind, who, however, took care to avoid the spot, fearful of another adventure of the same kind. Valiant looked cautiously around him, but walked through and through the thicket to no purpose. Tired and heated by his fruitless

search, he was not a little pleased when he came to a tree laden with apples, which looked so ripe and tempting that he gathered and ate some of them, when he almost immediately felt so sleepy, that, coming to a spot where myriads of singing birth seemed to have made their rendezvous, he threw himself on the grass under the trees and fell fast asleep.

Scarcely had Valiant closed his eyes, when the hind entered the grove where he was reposing. She came close to where he lay before she saw him, and his breathing informing her that he was asleep, paused to contemplate his features. How was she astonished when she recognised in the sleeper the original of her lover's portrait ! Her mind was too full of his charming image to have forgotten Valiant in so short a time. She laid herself down at a short distance from the prince, and her eyes, delighted with the sight of her lover, were fixed on him intently : she sighed, and, at last, becoming more assured, drew close to and touched him, at which he awoke.

The prince's surprise, as may be easily imagined, was extreme, at recognising the hind that had given him so much trouble the preceding day, and that he had been seeking so diligently before he fell asleep ; but that it should be now so familiar appeared to him extraordinary. She did not stay to be taken, but set off as fast as she could, followed by the prince. Sometimes they paused to take breath, for they were both much fatigued by the previous day's exertion, when the prince observed the hind turn her head towards him, as much as to ask if he were indeed bent on hunting her to death ; but the instant he endeavoured to close with her, she made fresh efforts to elude him. " Ah ! could you but understand me, pretty hind," cried he, " you would not thus fly from me "



I love you, and would not kill you for the world." The hind, however, heard him not, and continued to fly rapidly onwards.

At last, having made a complete circuit of the forest, and being completely exhausted, she slackened her steps, when the prince, redoubling his efforts, came up to her with a joy that he thought he should never feel again. She was stretched on the ground, and to all appearance dying, when, to her surprise, he began to pat and caress her. "Pretty hind," said he, "be not afraid, I will take you home with me, will nurse you tenderly, and take care of you." Whereupon Valiant cut branches from the trees, matted them neatly together, covered them with moss and strewed them with roses, which he gathered from a neighbouring bush. He then took the hind gently in his arms, and placing her on the litter, seated himself by her side, gathering from time to time tufts of tender grass, which he offered her, and which she ate from his hand, talking to her continually, although he never imagined she could understand him.

Pleased as she was at his kindness and attention, she became uneasy as night approached. "What would happen," said she to herself, "if he were to see me suddenly change my shape? he would fly from me with horror; or if he did not, what should I not have to fear, thus alone in the forest?" While she was revolving in her mind how to effect her escape, the prince himself offered her an opportunity; for, thinking the hind must be thirsty, he left her to seek for water at the nearest brook, and while thus occupied, she took to flight, and returned to the cottage. She threw herself on her bed, and when night came on, and she regained her proper form, she recounted her adventure to her companion.

"Would you believe, my dear Flora," she began, "that prince Valiant is in this forest? He it was who pursued me yesterday, and who, having caught me to-day, has loaded me with caresses. Ah! what a poor likeness of him is the portrait I received! he is a hundred times more handsome. Am I not unfortunate to be obliged to fly from the prince for whom my parents have destined me, whom I love so dearly, and by whom I am loved in return?" These thoughts made her weep, while Flora endeavoured to console her, by reminding her, that after a time her sorrows would be at an end.

Meanwhile, prince Valiant having returned to the place where he had left the hind, was surprised to find she was no longer there. He looked in every direction, but in vain, and felt as much sorrow at her loss, as if she had been his dearest friend. "What," cried he, "am I then destined always to be unfortunate in the objects of my attachment?" He returned to the cottage, overwhelmed with melancholy, and related to Becafica the story of the white hind, whom he accused of ingratitude. Becafica could not forbear smiling at the prince's anger, and advised him to punish the hind, when he should next meet with her, for her fickleness.

The next morning, at daybreak, the princess was undecided whether to seek the prince or to avoid him. At last she resolved to go to an immense distance from the part of the forest where she had met with him on the two previous days; but the prince, quite as cunning as the hind, did the same, thinking he should by that means, as in fact he did, discover her. She believed herself safe from pursuit, when suddenly she perceived the prince. With one bound she cleared the bushes, and flew along more swiftly than the wind; but, while

she was crossing a footpath, Valiant took so good an aim that he succeeded in wounding her in her leg. The hind thus wounded, and unable to fly farther, sank upon the ground.

The prince hastened to the spot. All his anger vanished, and he felt a deep sorrow on seeing the blood flow from the wound he had inflicted : he gathered some herbs, and after binding them on the wounded leg to soothe her pain, made her a new bed of branches and moss. "Are you not the cause, little runaway," said Valiant, "of what has happened ? What did I yesterday, that you run away from me ? But you shall not do so to-day, for I will carry you home." The hind made no answer, while the prince tenderly caressed her. "How deeply I regret wounding you," continued he, "you will hate me, and I wish you to love me." At last the prince resolved to remove the wounded hind, but was not a little embarrassed with carrying, leading, and sometimes drawing her after him on the litter. Welcome was in an agony the while :—"What will become of me?" she said to herself. Then she bore as heavily as she could on Valiant, and almost made him sink under her weight, so that, although not far from the old dame's cottage, he felt that without some assistance he could not carry her thither. He therefore resolved to fetch his faithful Becaflaca ; but, before leaving his prize, he tied her with ribbons to a tree, that she might not escape.

In vain the white hind tried to break the ribbons ; her efforts only tightened the knots, and she had almost strangled herself, when Flora, who had been walking in the forest, came by chance to the spot where she was struggling. What was her astonishment to perceive her dear mistress in such a condition ! She ran to her assistance, and, after disentangling

and untying the ribbons, had nearly released her, when prince Valiant, accompanied by Becaflca, arrived.

"Whatever respect I may have for your sex, madam," said the prince, "I cannot permit you to release this hind; I struck her in the forest, she therefore belongs to me, and I entreat you to allow me to remain her master."—"Sir," answered Flora, courteously, (for she was handsome and well spoken,) "this hind was mine before she was yours, and I would rather lose my life than part with her. If you would convince yourself of the truth of what I say, I only ask you to set her at liberty. Come, Blanche, Blanche," continued Flora, "come and embrace me." Welcome threw her fore-legs round her maid of honour's neck. "Kiss my right cheek:" she did so. "Touch my heart:" she placed her fore-foot on Flora's bosom. "Sigh:" and the hind sighed. The prince could not, after this, doubt what Flora had told him. "I restore your hind," said Valiant, obligingly, "but I confess that it is not without reluctance." Flora thanked him, and hastened from the spot, accompanied by the hind.

They had no idea that the prince resided in the same cottage with themselves: he also, after following them for some time, was greatly surprised to see them enter the old woman's cottage.

Prompted by curiosity, he demanded of the old dame who the young person was whom he had seen enter the cottage with the hind. She answered that she did not know, but that she had received her with her hind a few days before; that she paid her well, and lived quite retired.

When the prince had retired to his apartment, Becaflca said that he was greatly mistaken if the young lady they had seen

had not lived with the princess Welcome ; and that he had seen her at the palace on the occasion of his embassy. "What a sorrowful remembrance have you brought to my mind," said Valiant; "but by what chance can one of the princess's attendants be here?"—"Of that I am ignorant," replied Becafica; "but, my lord, as our room is only separated from hers by a thin wainscoting, I will make a hole through it, and perhaps we may discover the cause of her retirement."—"Useless curiosity!" said the prince, for Becafica's words had renewed all his sorrows; so turning to his window, which looked out into the forest, he opened it, and was soon absorbed in thought.

Meanwhile Becafica set to work, and soon made a hole large enough to look through. To his astonishment, he saw a charming princess, dressed in a gown of silver brocade, embroidered with pink flowers, and bordered with gold and emeralds: her hair fell in large ringlets around the finest neck ever seen, and, in her complexion, the lily was blended with the rose to the most enchanting perfection, while no words can do justice to her sparkling black eyes. Flora was on her knees, binding up her fair mistress's arm, from which the blood was flowing. "Let me die," said the princess; "death were preferable to the unhappy life I lead. To continue a hind all day, and to see him I love, without being able to speak to him, to inform him of my fatal enchantment! Alas! had you heard to-day his gentle voice,—had you witnessed his graceful and noble manners, you would lament still more than you do my misfortune."

Becafica's amazement at what he saw and heard may be easily imagined. He ran to the prince, and pulled him from

the window in a transport of inexpressible joy. "Ah! my lord," said he, "behold the original of the portrait which has stolen your heart." Prince Valiant, surprised at his companion's excitement, looked, and immediately recognised his princess. What words can tell the pleasure he experienced, although he feared he was the sport of enchantment: in truth, how could he reconcile so surprising an event with his recollections of Narcissa and her mother, whom he had left confined in the black tower, and who called themselves, the one Welcome, and the other her mistress of the robes?

However, dying with impatience to clear up his doubts, prince Valiant went and knocked gently at the door of the princess's chamber. Flora, supposing that it was the old woman, whose assistance she wanted to bind up her mistress's arm, hastened to open it; and was not a little surprised to see the prince, who entered the room, and threw himself at Welcome's feet.

His excess of joy almost prevented his speaking, and the princess was equally embarrassed in her reply. Tears, sighs, and smiles, by turns passed between the lovers. The night having passed, the day appeared unexpectedly to Welcome; but, to her agreeable surprise, she was not changed into a hind. The cruel enchantment was at an end. Her joy was boundless, and she then began the recital of her life to her lover, telling him her whole history from first to last.

He, in turn, related to her the fraud practised by Narcissa and her mother, adding, that Becaflca must hasten to the king to inform him of his son's good fortune, as he was about to wage a terrible war against her father's kingdom, in revenge for the affront he believed himself to have received.

Becafica was on the point of setting out, when a loud concert of trumpets, clarions, cymbals, and drums, was heard in the forest; they fancied that they heard also the tramp of many feet at no great distance from the cottage. Valiant looked out at the window, and immediately recognised several of his father's officers, with the colours and standards of their regiments, and commanded them to halt.

Never were soldiers more delighted than were these on recognising Valiant; the universal opinion being that the prince was about to put himself at their head, and to lead them against Welcome's father. The king himself, notwithstanding his great age, commanded the army. He was in a litter of velvet, embroidered with gold, followed by an open chariot, in which Narcissa and her mother were seated. When Valiant recognised his father's litter he ran up to it, and the king received him with open arms, and embraced him with every testimony of paternal love. "Whence come you, my child?" cried he; "how little do you know the affliction your absence has caused me!"—"Sire," said Valiant, "deign to listen to me." The king immediately alighted from his litter, and, retiring to a grove hard by, his son informed him of his fortunate meeting with Welcome, and of the treachery of Narcissa and her mother.

The king, filled with gratitude at this good news, raised his hands and eyes to Heaven to return thanks; and, at that moment, the princess Welcome appeared before him, more lovely and more brilliant than all the stars. She was mounted on a superb palfrey; feathers of different hues ornamented her head, and her jewels consisted of the largest diamonds ever dug from the earth. She wore a hunting dress, as also

did Flora, who followed in her mistress's train. All this was the result of the good fairy's protection ; and she it was, who, under the figure of an old woman, had received the princess and Valiant at the cottage in the wood.

The army now received orders to retrace its steps. The prince mounted on horseback to accompany his beautiful princess, and they were welcomed to the capital with the greatest manifestations of loyalty and affection.

The faithful Becafica, who had been charmed by the beauty and fidelity of Flora, (who, on her side, entertained no less admiration for the noble qualities of the ambassador,) begged his master to request, on his behalf, of Welcome, that she would consent to their union, and allow their nuptials to be solemnized on the day he should marry the princess. Valiant pleaded accordingly for his ambassador, and, as may be supposed, succeeded without any great difficulty. The two unhappy prisoners were, at the request of Welcome, released, and banished the kingdom for ever. The wedding-feast of the prince and princess was celebrated with great rejoicings, which lasted several months. Each day now added to their attachment. They reigned happy and peaceably over their subjects, until they reached a good old age ; and their posterity inherited their kingdom and their virtues for many generations after them.

THE SIX SPINNERS.

THERE was once a gentleman that lived in a great house, and he married a young lady who had been delicately brought up. In her husband's house she found every thing that was fine—fine tables and chairs, fine looking-glasses, and fine curtains ; but then her husband expected her to be able to spin twelve hanks (or bunches) of thread every day, besides attending to her house ; and, to tell the plain truth, the lady could not spin a bit. This made her husband very cross with her, and before a month had passed, she found herself very unhappy.

One day the husband went away on a journey, after telling her that he expected her, before his return, to have not only learned to spin, but to have spun a hundred hanks of thread. Quite downcast, she took a walk along the hill side, till she came to a big flat stone, and there she sat down and cried. By and by she heard a strain of gentle music, coming, as it were, from below the stone, and, on turning it up, she saw a path leading to a cave below. Here she entered, and found six little ladies in green, all spinning on little wheels and singing,

" Little kens my dame at hame,
That Whippety-Stourie is my name."

The lady was kindly asked to take a chair and sit down, while the ladies still continued their spinning. She observed that each one's mouth was drawn away to one side, but she did not venture to ask the reason. They asked why she looked so unhappy, and she told them it was because she was expected by her husband to be a good spinner, when the plain

truth was that she could not spin at all, and found herself quite unable for it, having been so delicately brought up ; neither was there any need for it, as her husband was a rich man. "Oh, is that all ?" said the little bodies, [speaking out at the side of their mouths.]

"Yes, and is it not a very good *all* too ?" said the lady, her heart ready to burst with distress.

"We could easily rid you of that trouble," said the little women. "Just ask us to dinner for the day when your husband is to come back. We'll then let you see how we can manage the matter."

So the lady asked them all to dine with herself and her husband, on the day when he was to come back.

When the gentleman came home, he found the house so occupied with preparations for dinner, that he had no time to ask his wife about her thread ; and before he could speak to her on the subject, the company was announced. The six ladies all came in a coach and six, and were as fine as princesses, but still wore their dresses of green. The gentleman wondered, but was very polite, and showed them up stairs with a pair of wax candles in his hand. And so they all sat down to dinner, and conversation went on very pleasantly, till at length the husband, becoming more familiar with them, said, "Ladies, if it be not an uncivil question, I should like to know how it happens that all your mouths are turned to one side?"

"Oh," cried they, all at once, [speaking with their mouths turned to one side,] "it's with our constant *spin-spin-spinning*."

"Is that the case?" cried the gentleman ; "then, John, Tom, and Dick, go haste and burn every rock, reel, and spin-

ning-wheel in the house, for I'll not have my wife to spoil her bonnie face with *spin-spin-spinning*."

And so the lady lived happily with her husband all the rest of her days.—CHAMBERS TRADITIONS.



No traveller approaches the dismal ruins of the Dumburg without a feeling of involuntary awe. If night happen to overtake him near this melancholy spot, he becomes anxious, he shudders, and shrinking as it were within himself, tries to pass more rapidly along. For when the sun is sunk in the west, and he treads over the site of the ancient castle, he may hear deep sighs, stifled groans, and the rattling of chains from the hollow graves and vaulted passages below. Then about midnight there will appear to his view through the thin moon-

shine, the spirits of those ancient knights who once swayed with iron sceptre all the trembling land. In fearful guise rise up twelve long white figures out of the mouldering vaults, the ruins of a thousand years, bearing along a gigantic coffin, which they set down upon the old walls, and then silently vanish away. Then also the skeletons and skulls scattered along the cliffs may be seen in motion ; but not a voice is heard.

Robbers are known to have haunted the regions of Dumburg, who ravaged the country, and despoiled or murdered poor wayfaring men and merchants, whom they met proceeding from Leipsic to Brunswick. Their treasures of gold, silver, and precious stones, with those of violated churches and convents, they heaped together and buried in caverns deep under ground, and they are still said to lie in large masses in some of the secret undiscovered cellars and vaults belonging to Dumburg.

One evening, a poor woodman engaged in felling a beech, growing behind some of the rocky ruins, saw a grey old man come forth and walk slowly into the forest. The woodman hid himself behind the tree ; the man went by, and then returned towards the caverns. But the rustic was too quick for him ; he slipped after him, and watched him standing at a little door which none of the villagers had ever discovered. The old man tapped softly, and said, "Open, little door !" and the door sprang open ; "Shut, little door !" and the little door closed. Trembling from head to foot, the woodman had hardly presence of mind enough to mark the spot with some twigs and stones piled upon each other. He could no longer eat nor sleep, such was his curiosity to inspect what it was

the cellar with the wonderful door contained. The next evening he prepared himself; and when the sun had risen on the ensuing morning, he proceeded towards the identical caverns. Shortly he stood at the door, his teeth chattering in his head. He tapped with trembling hand at the little door, but did not venture to speak. He first listened, and listened long, but heard nothing. At length he knocked, and, hardly knowing what he did, said, "Open, little door!" The door sprang open, and he saw before him a small passage. He ventured in, and soon the path brought him to a well-lighted vault. "Shut, little door!" said he, quite unconsciously, as before, and the door closed behind him. He proceeded doubtfully forwards, and beheld large open vessels and bags filled with fine old dollars and heavy gold pieces. Caskets of rich pearls and jewels were also there; very costly tabernacles and images placed upon noble tables, which excited the poor man's astonishment. He crossed himself, and wished he were a thousand miles from the enchanted spot, yet could scarcely resist the temptation of appropriating some portion of these useless treasures, were it only to buy clothing for his poor wife and eight children, who were almost in rags. Shutting his eyes, he stretched out his hand, and took a few gold pieces from the bag which stood next him; he then felt to see whether his head were still fast upon his shoulders, and at last ventured to open his eyes. Next he proceeded to the dollars, took two handfuls, thrust some silver plate under his arm, and turned round to go. "Come again!" cried a hollow voice, from the depths of the cavern. The whole place seemed to whirl round with the poor woodman. "Little door, open! Open, little door!" he cried, as he reached the spot in haste,

The door opened, and then, “Shut, little door!” he added, in a bolder voice, and it closed behind him.

He ran home as fast as his heels could carry him; said nothing about his new fortune, but piously went next Sunday to the first church, and offered two-tenths of all he had brought with him, to be given as alms to the poor. The following morning he went to town and purchased some new dresses for his wife and children, of which they were much in want. And next week he proceeded with quicker step towards the little door in the cliffs—repeated the former process—filled his pockets fuller than before, and turned to go.

“Come again,” cried the same deep voice; and according to invitation, he went again and met with as good a reception as before.

He bestowed two-tenths upon the Church and the poor, and the rest he applied to the wants of his family, laying by a portion from time to time. At last he thought he should like to measure his amount of treasure; for, as it happened, he had never learned to count.

So he went to his neighbour’s, a thriving wealthy man, but one who pined for more amidst his abundance—garnered up his corn—defrauded his labourers of their just hire—oppressed the widow and the orphan, though he had no family of his own. From him the woodman borrowed a measure to mete out his gold.

Now the said bushel had several chinks in it, through which the miser was in the habit, when buying, to shake a good deal of corn, filling up again from the poor salesman’s heap; and when selling, to shake it back into his own; for he was wealthy, and none ventured to gainsay him. In one of

these said chinks, some bits of gold happened to stick fast, and escaped the attention of the woodman when he meted out his gold. But on returning the measure, the miser's eye was not so easily deceived. Off he went in search of the poor woodman, whom he found at work, as usual, in the forest. "What were you measuring this morning in my bushel?" said the usurer, and displayed the precious fragments he had found; at the same time, threatening his neighbour with the rack, unless he confessed every thing connected with the affair. In this case he promised to reward him, and pressed the woodman so hard, that he was compelled to reveal the whole secret, not omitting the fearful words.

From this time forth the vile usurer did nothing but devise methods and consult the woodman how best to transport the whole treasure, at one time, from the hidden places to his own house, and next, how to proceed in search of it.

The woodman entreated him to desist from his design, described the great danger, and illustrated it with a thousand hapless examples of the fate of gold-diggers. But what argument will restrain the hand of avarice from dipping into an open money-bag? By dint of threats and promises, the woodman was induced to bear the miser company as far as the door. He was to take his station there, and receive the bags, which the usurer proposed to bring out, and to conceal them among the surrounding bushes. He was promised one-half, and the Church one-tenth, for this service; while the village paupers were all to have new clothes. This was all the miser would do; though, in fact, he had concluded, within himself, that the moment he could dispense with the woodman's services, he would find an opportunity of tripping him down

the deep well under the castle walls ; to give the poor nothing at all, and present the church with a few light pieces, which he was then weighing in his own mind. On the next day every thing was prepared, and, ere sunrise, the miser was on his way, with the woodman at his side. On his shoulders he carried a three-bushel sack, with a large grubbing-axe and a spade. They now approached the door, and the woodman, who did not at all like the adventure, kept at as great a distance as he well could, to receive the sacks.

“Open, little door !” cried the usurer, eagerly ; longing to behold the gold. It opened, and he went in. “Shut, little door,” again he said, and the door was shut. Scarcely had he reached the vault, and saw the bags and caskets full of sparkling gold and precious stones, feeding his greedy eyes upon them for a moment, than he seized his sacks, opened one, and began to fill. Then came heavy and slow, from the further end of the cavern, its fiery eyes fixed upon the miser, a hugh black hound. It came and lay down, first upon one and then upon another of the gold bags, until it had gone over the whole. “Away, rapacious man !” sounded in the miser’s ears ; and the black hound grinned horribly in his face. Half dead with terror, he crept upon his hands and knees towards the door. But in his alarm he forgot to say, “Open, little door ;” and the door remained closed. Long did the woodman await the miser’s return. At length he approached the door, and thought he could hear stifled sighs and groans, mixed with a deep hollow howling ; and then all was still. He now heard them ringing for service at the neighbouring church. He crossed himself, and said a prayer. Then he tapped at the door,—“Open,” he said, “little door,”

and it opened. What a sight! there lay the bleeding body of his bad neighbour, stretched lifeless upon his own sacks; and behold, farther in the cave, the whole array of bags and caskets filled with gold and diamonds, began to disappear; down they all went, deep and deeper, before his eyes, into the bowels of the earth.





THE BRIDE OF RHEINSTEIN.*

A BRIGHT summer's sun shone upon light hearts and merry faces in Rheinstein's old walls, and fleeting snatches of song and light bursts of laughter rose cheerily from the frowning battlements of the grey fortress and the thickets that cluster under its towers, whilst it was quite manifest that it was no ordinary festivity or village merry-making that had this day collected the simple vine-dressers from both banks of their lordly river, in such unusual numbers and holiday attire. An

* This and the two following tales are extracted from Knox's "Traditions of the Rhine," in which will be found many others equally interesting. For the present purpose, it was necessary somewhat to abridge them.

observer would have pronounced, without much hesitation,—from a certain mysterious manner which prevailed amongst the fair portion of the community, as well as from the interest which, notwithstanding their gigglings, the younger damsels evidently took in the proceedings of the day,—that some wedding was at hand ; though, had he been called upon to pick the happy bridegroom out of the crowd of richly attired knights, that loitered about the court or gazed idly from the window of the Rittersaal, he probably would have been quite mistaken ; for of all the knights assembled on that festive morning, rough and uncivilized as they nearly all were, not one bore so deeply impressed upon every feature and every gesture, the stamp of a bold bad man as Kurt of Ehrenfels, the hero of the present ceremony.

It has been said that many a rough nut contains a sweet kernel, but such was not here the case ; and Kurt's countenance did no injustice to his life. Yet he had neither youth, nor hot blood, nor high passions, nor strong temptations to plead ; he was born of a noble and ancient race, that acknowledged few equals and no superiors among the proud nobility of the Rheingau, and lord of that stately castle that looks down on the Biengerloch and its rushing waters, with a stern magnificence. Sensual, calculating, and intensely selfish, he had allowed a youth of profligacy to be succeeded by a manhood, of which it was hard to say whether the most unprincipled fraudulence, or the most unscrupulous violence, was most characteristic ; and now he was about to swell his already over-grown, though ill-gotten wealth, by forcing into a hateful marriage a trembling girl of eighteen, access to whose society he had obtained under pretence of negotiating an alliance

between her and Sir Cuno of Reichenstein, his own nephew, whose cause he, nevertheless, betrayed; and, working on the weakness of her father, he had persuaded the old knight of Rheinstein to bestow the fairest flower on the Rhine upon the greatest ruffian on its banks.

In a low vaulted chamber in the castle, sat the miserable victim of his hateful passion, silently and shudderingly waiting, with a feeling of sickening apprehension, the dreaded summons that was to send her forth a decked and glittering sacrifice to ambition, a mourner at the funeral of her own young hopes and affections.

Poor Gerda's affectionate heart had been given, with all the devotion of youth and freshness, entirely and unsparingly, to Sir Cuno of Reichenstein, the only son of the treacherous Kurt's sister, a young knight whose castle was scarcely half an hour's ride from Rheinstein, and who consequently had lived upon terms of such intimacy with the family, that an attachment had readily sprung up between him and Gerda, which now assumed the form of a violent and despairing passion that brought them both to the very verge of insanity.

Twice he had attempted, since he became aware of his uncle's treachery, to carry her off by force, which was considered a very spirited enterprize, and by no means wrong in the 13th century, but his efforts had been fruitless, and a deep scar on his left cheek bore testimony to the sincerity of his affection, and to its energetic character into the bargain. It may be asked why the knight of Rheinstein, a kind parent and passionately fond of his daughter, allowed this unnatural alliance to be entered into. Alas! the substance was thrown away for the shadow. Poor Cuno had not even one hundred

years nobility, and the old knight himself, though justly proud of his lineage, did not possess by birth certain privileges which he eagerly longed to see enjoyed by his progeny. The children of Ehrenfels would be chapitral, would be admissible to noble convents, to knightly orders, to royal tables that were fast closed against the family of Cuno of Reichenstein, and for this, alas! was the aged and experienced knight of Rheinstein prepared to compel, in spite of her most earnest entreaties, the daughter of his heart to sacrifice herself to one whose cunning and treachery made him odious even to the lawless chiefs of the Rhine.

And where was Cuno whilst his Gerda's heart was breaking? On the terrace of his castle, which overhung the river not very far below Rheinstein, the unhappy lover paced to and fro like a caged lion, with uncertain steps and uneasy gestures; sometimes he would stop and fix an impatient glance upon the little chapel, the Klemenskirche, which lay as if in mockery of his agony, richly decorated for the wedding, almost at his feet. There is probably no occasion more intensely galling to man, than when an event that he would give worlds to prevent, takes place before his very eyes and he cannot hinder it; and in this position was the incensed Cuno. There he stood, a gallant and resolute man, an ardent and devoted lover, whilst the bridal procession, that was to deprive him for ever of hope and happiness, wound slowly its accursed course, like a snake glittering in the sun along the narrow path that then skirted the Rhine. It is not to be supposed that all this could go on without the thought of once more trying the fortune of the sword arising in his passion-tossed mind, but it soon died away again, for his practised

eye at once informed him that much of the brilliancy of that singular nuptial train had its cause in the unusual circumstance of those who composed it having carefully cleaned and burnished their arms and appointments that very morning for the occasion.

No one in that country was ignorant either of the warmth of Sir Cuno's passion for Gerda or of the weight of his battle-axe, and it was not expected that the dove could be brought under the very nest of the falcon without his stooping; and accordingly father and bridegroom, and attendants, and all, were armed to the teeth, and the bright flashes of light that shot glancingly upwards in the morning sun, were but so many signs and tokens of despair to the dweller in the rocky hold above. He looked wistfully at the twenty or thirty men at arms that now crowded his walls, to gaze on the animated scene below; but faithful and hardy as he well knew them to be, he felt that they could expect nothing but defeat in an encounter with the numerous and well-armed retainers which the united houses of Rheinstein and Ehrenfels now displayed in the valley.

The form of the bride was so completely enveloped in a white veil, interwoven with silver, and falling in ample folds on each side, that it would have been impossible to distinguish, at that distance, any thing more than just that a female form was seated on the horse that paced slowly on between the knights of Rheinstein and Ehrenfels; but Cuno was strongly moved, and savage feelings and thoughts of vengeance rose thick in his breast when he observed that, as if in cruel derision of his blighted hopes, and insolent defiance of his natural anger, the animal selected for her use on this occasion was a

white barb, of a race little known, and highly prized in that country, of rare beauty and sagacity, unknown to the heavier steeds of the west, which he himself had carefully trained for Gerda, and had presented to her scarcely six months before. This heartless mockery of her unfortunate lover had not escaped the notice of the unhappy girl as she set forth on her desolate way, but her spirit was broken, and her heart too thoroughly crushed for her to think of remonstrating, and with a chilly shudder she suffered herself to be placed unresistingly on the embroidered saddle. Chaplets of flowers strewed her path, and she saw them not; shouts of jubilee rent the air, and she heard them not; songs of love rose in melodious accents, and she heeded them not; long familiar faces crowded round in eager gratulation, and she knew them not; her brain was reeling, and her heart and her mind had but one all-engrossing idea, and that was utter and hopeless misery.

The train soon reached the little Klemenskirche, and the trembling and weeping bride hardly noticed the array of friends that received her; nor did the bustle that was occasioned by marshalling, in the little enclosure that surrounded the chapel, the few whose rank entitled them to that distinction, seem to arouse her from the state of torpid apathy into which she appeared to have fallen; but she started as if bit by an adder, and a full and acute sense of wretchedness burst upon her as she heard her father thus address in triumph the hated Ehrenfels: "Come, Sir Kurt, assist your fair bride to dismount; and hark ye, good Fritz, brush that impudent gadfly away from your mistress's palfrey." Kurt, rendered more hideous than ever by his ill-worn and unsuitable fineries, and his air of ill-dissembled triumph, dismounted, and proceeded

to obey the old knight. He had approached to within two yards of the shuddering victim, when the noble creature she rode, suddenly and savagely reared bolt upright, and springing forward with a bound that cleared half the church-yard, struck him sorely wounded to the ground. Away went priest and knight in all directions, as the fierce plunges of the horse spread terror around, and the roar of voices and confusion that followed this startling event, seemed but to increase his madness, till a desperate stride brought him again out upon the road, where all men fell back in dismay before him. There are those who say that, at this critical moment, the young lady pulled hard at the right hand rein, whilst that on the left dangled loosely by the horse's side; however that may be, the gallant charger, wheeling sharply to his right, laid his head down, set his tail up, and went off down the river at a rate of speed utterly unattainable by the heavily appointed chargers of the men-at-arms. The astonished father soon came to his senses, for he recollect ed that the path the horse had taken might lead to a goal that none had contemplated when they left his castle walls that morning; and accordingly leaving Kurt to be taken care of as he best might, he followed instantly with all the horsemen that could be got into motion. But the race was hopeless: the runaway steed had already gained a considerable start before the chase was taken up, and now the tumult and clatter behind him that swept along the river's banks but added wings to his headlong flight. It was a moment of fearful anxiety and interest as he approached the Morgenbach, where there was then no bridge, and whose steep and rocky banks seemed to threaten destruction to the animal and his burden, who still sat saddle fast, but evidently

incapable of pulling him up. Straight on led the road to Bacharach, but the path to the left hand was the approach to the castle of Reichenstein, and if the gallant courser was fortunate enough to make good the opposite bank of the Morgen, the road to his own old stable would be staring him full in the face, with every likelihood that he would take it. The old baron had very little doubt of what the result of that would be: "Up, drawbridge;" "down, portcullis," were sounds very familiar to his ears, and indeed they seemed ringing in them at that moment.

It was, therefore, with somewhat mixed feelings that he watched the horse approaching the brook at a fearful pace; he saw him gather himself up for the leap, and the next instant a mighty stride, that almost unseated the rider, placed him in safety on the other side. Then came a momentary pause, and before the old knight could recover the start that his daughter's danger had given him, a sharp turn to the left disclosed that the gallant white barb's head was straight for Reichenstein, with Gerda on his back, and two hundred yards start. All this whirled like a dream before the eyes of the bewildered Cuno, who had watched the movements of the nuptial train from the beginning in a state of mind that really left him little exercise of his reason. But now he saw plainly enough that the time for instant and energetic action was at hand. His followers were as much alive to it as he was, and the gates and drawbridges were manned in a moment, and with eager chuckling they prepared to secure the unexpected visitor from her pursuers. Meantime the steed breasted the hill nobly, and whilst the perplexed father was yet toiling and hallooing in the valley below, the sharp clatter of his hoofs

passed under the echoing gate of Reichenstein. With feelings that may well be imagined, but can hardly be described, Cuno hastened to take from her horse the bright object of his love, so strangely rescued from misery, and bestowed in the very last moment of fate upon him. It was a meeting of mutual rapture, and the harsh creaking of the drawbridge, as it rose, was as the welcome of a tried and trusted friend, and rarely has music sounded so sweet in the ears of man as did in theirs the rattling clang of the falling portcullis. In fact the storm had blown over, and the prize was won,—for the castles of those days were always in fighting order,—and the old knight, on his arrival, found the gates shut and the loop-holes open, and the portcullis down and the drawbridge up. In answer to the furious threat of instantly storming, and taking the place, and putting every living man found inside the walls to the sword, Cuno pointed to the deep ditches and high walls that were to be surmounted; and by the time the old gentleman had recovered his breath, he began to recover his temper also, and to think that he might as well make a virtue of necessity, and give in with a good grace. He knew that an attack on the castle was out of the question, and a blockade would starve one too many, so he decided upon capitulating to the besieged. In fact, in his better moments he had always had a sort of lurking misgiving that he was making a fool of himself in sacrificing his beloved and loving daughter to a ridiculous family pride; and Kurt had looked so hideous when he last had seen him, dismounting in the church-yard to help Gerda from her horse, and the poor girl herself had looked such a picture of wretchedness, that he began to think that the stately young knight, who was looking with such suppli-

cating eagerness from the battlements, might not make a bad son-in-law after all.

Kurt was not in a condition to make any objection to this sudden marriage; for ten minutes after the fatal accident happened, the priests that had assembled for his wedding, were offering up prayers for his departing soul, which soon after left its mortal tenement. His nephew, Cuno, succeeded him in the possessions of Ehrenfels, and thus passed misery and despair from the **BRIDE OF RHEINSTEIN.**

RICHMUTH VON DER ADUCHT.

IN the year of grace 1400 a terrible pestilence desolated the ancient city of Cologne. Such was its violence, that the living could not be found in sufficient numbers to bury the dead; and all that hardness of heart, and deadening of the natural affections, that commonly accompany such visitations, were there to aggravate the horrors of the scene;—mothers cast away their infants as the first deadly symptoms made their appearance—children deserted their dying parents—the wife of his bosom was as a plague-stricken stranger in the eyes of the panic-struck husband—the friend of many years might die as a dog; it seemed as if the plague that corrupted the bodies had polluted the minds of men. The fear of death was the ruling passion, and death was rioting in unbridled power over the doomed city.

All that could, fled, and the solitude of the charnel reigned in the cheerless streets. Of all the senators, people of note, and nobles, whose habitual residence Cologne was, one noble

pair alone remained to brave the death and desolation of the raging pestilence, and to devote themselves and their fortune to the relief and succour of their despairing fellow-creatures. Many a child had to thank them that it was not a helpless orphan, many a mother invoked a blessing on their head as she clasped her recovering infant to her breast, and it was with unmixed grief, as for a loss to themselves, that the inhabitants of the New-market heard the sad intelligence that Richmuth, the worthy consort of the noble Knight of the Aducht, had at last paid the penalty of her holy devotion to the poor and afflicted, and was herself stricken down by the plague.

But even the close approach of death did not divert that excellent woman from her mission of mercy, and her latest breath was employed in conjuring her weeping husband to persevere in that noble course of love and charity, to which she was about to yield up her breath a willing sacrifice.

It was no time for refusing her requests, nor indeed had life much value in the eyes of the knight, and, deeply affected, he promised all that she asked. A heavenly smile lit up her pallid features as she bid him farewell, in the sacred hope that even in death she might do good to her fellow-creatures, and Richmuth von der Aducht breathed no more.

No long train of mourners, with the solemn peal of bells, and the affecting anthem for the dead, followed the remains of this holy woman to the tomb. The ceremonies of death had given way before its grim realities, and hastily was the body conveyed to the sepulchre of the family but a few hours after her death; hastily were the prayers offered up by her bier, for all feared to be the next victim, and the vault closed

over the cold remains of as warm and pious a heart as ever beat in the breast of woman. The knight returned to his desolate home, but the dying injunction of his beloved partner was deeply impressed on his soul, and that very evening he found, in making preparation for the morrow's task of mercy, a relief he could not have expected. His mind, thus worthily occupied, rallied with singular energy from the chilling shock that it had received, and attained a state of tranquillity that could not have been looked for under such trying circumstances.

In closing the coffin in the chancel, it had not escaped the searching eyes of the sexton that the lady's marriage ring yet remained on her finger, and he sacrilegiously resolved to possess himself of it; arguing, that as it could be of no further use to her, it might as well do him some service. At midnight, accordingly, when he judged himself secure from observation, he took his keys and a lantern, and proceeded to the vault.

A cold shudder came over him as the harsh bolts rattled back, and the huge key grated in the rusty lock, and at one time he almost thought of turning back, but at last he descended fearfully into the vault, and raised, without much trouble, the lid of the coffin which he had indeed purposely left loosely fastened. There lay the object of his cupidity, glittering in the dim light of his lamp; but scarcely had he touched the sacred trinket when he felt his hand fast-clutched in the cold gripe of the corpse.

Tearing himself away with a fearful yell, he fled through the streets of Cologne, as if the foul fiend himself were at his back, and Richmuth von der Aducht slowly raised herself and

gazed around with a fixed and glassy stare. The flickering lamp that the sexton had left shewed the gloomy objects around with an indistinctness that added to the horrors of the place, and it seemed to her as if she had awakened from a hideous dream to a yet more hideous reality. A few minutes, however, restored her suspended faculties, and seizing the lamp, she hastily quitted the abode of death.

On the road to her own home she encountered no one, for the night was piercing cold, and probably the only person in the whole town besides herself, who was not then under shelter, was the yet shuddering sexton; so that this strange apparition of a woman in grave-clothes, and bearing a lamp, passed unobserved into the New-market. It was one o'clock in the morning, and a clear starlight shewed every object distinctly, when she knocked at her own door. For some time she knocked in vain, for such a deep sleep had fallen on the exhausted inmates of that house of mourning, that no one could be made to hear; and when, at last, the sturdy house maid put her head out of the window, to ascertain the cause of this unexpected disturbance, she withdrew it again instantly with many exclamations of horror and surprise. Nor did poor Richmuth fare better with the cook, who almost fainted away on the spot, and whatever the valour of George the coachman might be among the living, it was not equal to facing the dead; not but that they every one saw her clearly, and knew her perfectly, but they were all firmly convinced that it was the spirit of their late mistress, which, for some unintelligible reason, had returned to pay them a visit. So they decided she should stay where she was, while they huddled together, shivering with cold and fear at the frightful apparition.

The poor creature thus singularly arisen from the dead, might literally have perished of cold on her own threshold, had not the increasing confusion, for some of the neighbours had now been aroused, wakened the knight. He dreamed not of ever seeing his wife again, dead or alive, nor did he share in the superstitious horrors of his servants, but his window being considerably higher than theirs, he could not see so distinctly the strange objects below him, nor recognise the features which he thought he had looked on for the last time, and knowing that the Lunatic Asylums had all been thrown open from the utter impossibility of taking care of the patients, he concluded that one of those unhappy beings was labouring under the delusion that she was the deceased lady, and her vehement assurance that she was really and indeed his restored Richmuth, failed to shake his opinion. In answer to her urgent entreaties that he would come down and ascertain with his own eyes that it was truly his own wife that was come back to him, he mournfully shook his head, and his eyes filled with tears as he sadly murmured, "My Richmuth will come back when my old charger comes up stairs."

A rattling crash below followed these words, and the loud clank of a horse's hoof rang through the startled house.

Tramp after tramp, up it came nearer and nearer to the knight's chamber. Step after step was mounted, whilst paralysed with amazement, he listened in breathless expectation.

The iron tread was now close to the door, and when the astonished man went out to investigate the cause of this extraordinary noise, he was confronted in the passage by the stately figure of his black charger. Another minute, and the beloved form of the restored Richmuth was clasped in the delighted

embrace of her overjoyed but wondering husband. She lived and prospered many years after this strange adventure, and bore her lord three children after her interment.

But it is said that her sojourn among the dead had deprived her of a faculty which is supposed to distinguish men from the brute creation—never again was she known to laugh, nor did even the slightest resemblance of a smile again visit her lips, even on occasions when she experienced and expressed the greatest pleasure. The representation of her strange resurrection was sculptured on her tomb, but it is now defaced; and the traveller looks equally in vain for the carved figure of the black horse, formerly let into the wall of their house, in the New-market, which recorded the part taken by that noble animal in the strange history of Richinuth von der Aducht.

THE SEVEN SISTERS OF SCHONBERG.

In the narrow gorge of the Rhine, just below Oberwesel, the traveller may notice, near the left bank of the river, a cluster of seven rocks, forming a detached and somewhat remarkable group. If he thinks, however, that these are ordinary stones, such as streets are paved with, or houses built with, he will be greatly mistaken.

In the olden time the neighbouring castle of Schönberg was the abode of a long line of counts of that name, powerful and haughty nobles, who thought even royal blood hardly equal to the time-honoured pretensions of their race; and, indeed, they had, on many occasions, connected themselves by marriage with more than one sovereign house. It was, therefore, with

feelings of sorrow, not unmixed with anger, that the proud Count Hugo, having no son, found himself destined to be succeeded in the honours and possessions of the family by a distant relation. He had no fewer than seven daughters. Bertha, the eldest, had the lofty stature and commanding aspect of one whom it would well befit to share the hardship and glory of a warrior's career; and yet there were many who would prefer the light figure and delicate grace of the sunny-haired Irmengarde, the Grecian outline of whose countenance was said to have captivated the high and mighty elector of Mayence. Nor was it easy to gaze unconcerned on the dazzling whiteness that overspread the cheerful features of the light-hearted Amelia, whose tall and rounded form, and laughing blue eye, contrasted strangely with the calm and melancholy aspect of the thoughtful Cunigunda. There was something inconceivably piquant in the glittering black eye and pouting lip of Melanie, but darker yet was Adelgund, the tallest of the seven. Her sable tresses and prominent features gave her more the air of a daughter of the South, and her lustrous black eyes gleamed not like those of the children of the Rhine; yet the German blood reappeared in all its clearness in the youngest, Ida, whose auburn tresses, light blue eyes, clear complexion, and somewhat substantial figure, though she had only just completed her sixteenth year, would seem to indicate pretty clearly the land of her nativity. The last two, though not esteemed beauties of the same pretensions as their sisters, had nevertheless few equals on the river.

Counts and barons and knights, old and young, came trooping from far and near to drink with the Count and flirt with the daughters of Schönberg. The Cat and the Mouse, and

many other grim masses of masonry, ending in “fels” and “berg” and “stein,” all contributed their quota of gaiety to the hospitable mansion ; and even the melancholy Pfalz itself, that lies like an immovable ark on the breast of the ever-rolling waters, furnished the lightest dancer and the sweetest singer that frequented those lordly halls.

The lonely and isolated existence, too, which he led in the island fortress of which he had the charge, had given Herbert, the captain of the Pfalz, at times a turn for romance and poetry ; and this, in connexion with the good qualities above mentioned, and the most imperturbable good temper, ever insured him a high place in the consideration of the young ladies.

Owing also to the peculiarity of his abode, he had acquired, by constant practice, great skill as an angler, which recommended him much to the favour of the Count, who had taken to that gentle sport in his old age with great ardour. In short, no one was greeted with a heartier welcome at the gate of Schönberg than Herbert; and as the two residences were within sight of one another, and his own not particularly attractive, he availed himself largely of his good fortune, and, like the poor moth, fluttered about the flame until it consumed him.

I have already said that the castle was perpetually filled with all the young nobles and chieftains of the land, and many of them of course fell deeply in love with one or other of the sisters. The brilliant festivities of Schönberg were not all joy and gladness ; and those old walls, that rang to the light-hearted accents of revelry, could also have told of many a bitter sigh, of many a gloomy resolve, of many an unheeded

prayer, the work of those fair sisters. Unmatched as they were in personal beauty, gifted with talents in an unusual degree, and with manners of an indescribable charm, yet each differing from the others so much both in appearance and disposition that it would be difficult to conceive a dream of loveliness that might not have been realized in one or other of the seven, yet were they alike in this one respect, that from the eldest to the youngest, with the solitary exception of their attention to their father, (the only good quality about them,) there was within each of those fair breasts, not the heart of woman, but the heart of a stone.

Bertha, who had reached her twenty-fifth year, had already spurned from her feet six despairing lovers; and of the numbers that had sued and sighed for her sisters, not one had succeeded in obtaining the return he coveted. They had contracted also a jeering and contemptuous manner of rejecting their admirers, inexpressibly galling to the unsuccessful suitor, which, though it might drive him half mad, did not, however, prevent fresh wooers from starting up constantly, inasmuch as scenes like these are not such as the persons concerned take much delight in narrating for the entertainment or instruction of their friends, so no man was forewarned of his fate till the bolt was sped.

It was with a savage pleasure that those unfeeling sisters used to talk over the despair of each succeeding victim; and few who looked on those lovely features would have deemed that so much cruelty and so much duplicity lurked beneath. It was thus that, utterly unconscious of the prospect before him, poor Herbert suffered himself to become the slave of a violent and engrossing passion for the dark-eyed and intel-

lectual Cunigunda. His peculiar situation, too, was calculated to add to the intensity of his love, for the time that he was absent from Schönberg was spent in the unbroken loneliness of his river tower, and it does not require a very active imagination to conceive how *his* fancy peopled the narrow vaulted chambers of that quaint edifice; and whether it was that their tastes and pursuits were in some respects congenial, or that she really liked him as much as she was capable of liking any body, or what is more probable again, that he stuck to her side with the tenacity of a leech, this much is clear, that Herbert and Cunigunda were always together, and seemed, in short, to be inseparable lovers.

Herbert, however, buoyant with hope and full of confidence in his day-dreams of happiness, waited impatiently until a favourable occasion should furnish him with the courage to grasp the prize that seemed to his sanguine eyes to be already within his reach ; and when the day and the hour came, and under the shadow of one of the ancestral oaks of Schönberg, he prayed, with all the freshness and all the earnestness of a young heart, that the beautiful creature that stood like a vision of light before him, would suffer his life and his fortune to be devoted to her happiness, he was stung almost to madness by the cold-hearted tone of pitiless mockery in which her refusal was couched.

Rushing in a state of distraction from her presence, he wandered idly for some time to and fro about the woods, avoiding all he met, but still, some how or other, he kept unconsciously hovering about the fatal spot where his hopes had been so recklessly dashed to the earth. His attention was at last attracted by light bursts of women's laughter, that

proceeded from a natural arbour close to the river. Well knew he the tone of those melodious voices, and his curiosity being by this time fully excited, he crept up to the arbour, and, himself unseen, surveyed the merry group. There were the six sisters listening to Cunigunda—that Cunigunda, for whom he would have laid down his life, and held the sacrifice light, and who was now narrating, with sickening distinctness and unfeeling irony, the details of his vehement protestations, his urgent entreaties, and his ungovernable disappointment, when she sarcastically declined the honour of his alliance.

The history of his repulse seemed to afford a treat of the highest description to all; but when she came to the paroxysm of astonishment and despair that followed her final answer, their glee was so perfectly fiendish, that Herbert could bear it no more, and his reason gave way before it. His eyes flashed, his hands clenched, his frame trembled, his brain reeled, and the glare of a maniac fell upon the silent rolling of the mighty waters. A heavy splash and a gurgling cry startled the sisters from their cruel enjoyment, as a dark and struggling form was whirled away before their eyes by the swift waves.

A fearful and deadly chill now fell for the first time upon their stony hearts, for they well knew what that sight of horror portended; and the recollections of the many whose hopes they had thus blighted, and whose hearts they had thus crushed, came back in appalling vividness to their minds. That terrible object they had just gazed upon would not be driven from their eyes. They still saw it, though it had passed away, and they felt that the curse of blood was upon them.

Not daring to remain on that dreadful spot, they returned to the castle in silence and sorrow, almost expecting that some visible manifestation of divine wrath would fall upon their guilty heads. Each retired to her chamber, to brood in solitude over the mournful event of the day. Earthly enjoyment was not for those who had so recently shuddered at the aspect of death, and their places at the banquet were vacant that evening—and evermore.

Frightful visions and dreams of horror haunted the pillows of the sisters that weary night, and at early dawn they quitted their uneasy couches unrefreshed. Not daring to face the guests in the banqueting hall, and yet dreading to remain alone, they assembled in a remote and solitary tower, far from the tumult and confusion of the castle. With sad and melancholy hearts, their eyes sought comfort in one another's countenance, yet none dared to speak, and they heard, in silence and astonishment, a strain of wild and plaintive music, that seemed to rise from the Rhine. They felt themselves attracted towards it by a secret spell that they could not resist, and were seen walking slowly, hand in hand, along the bank, and looking anxiously about in all directions, as if in search of something. But the spot whence these mysterious sounds proceeded was occupied by no human being, and the syren voice itself seemed to be about crossing the river as they reached it.

A fisherman's skiff lay moored close by, and into it the spell-bound sisters, as if controlled by some invisible agency, entered, and pushed off from the shore. Unable to resist the mysterious influence, they floated down with the stream till they had passed the turn of the river below Oberwesel,

from which town they were observed, earnestly listening to, and apparently entranced with, the unearthly melody.

Here that sound which had hitherto hovered over their heads suddenly ceased, a violent heaving and bubbling of the waters rocked their little bark, the waves opened, and a beautiful but now angry and menacing form stood close to them on the surface of the Rhine. Clinging together in their fear, the terrified sisters quailed beneath the withering glances of the supernatural being that stood before them, who regarded them with a look of unrelenting displeasure; and that melodious voice, now rose to a threatening harshness as it pronounced the terrible doom, "**LET HEARTS OF STONE BE ROCKS OF STONE HENCEFORTH AND FOR EVER.**"

The boat sunk instantly with its marble freight, and the seven rocks that have remained there ever since, attest alike the hard-heartedness and cruelty of the Seven Sisters of Schönberg



THE MEADOW DANCE.

Nor far from Aschersleben, lies a verdant strip of land, known by the name of the Dancing Meadow,—a name which the following tradition will serve to illustrate. Ages ago, the blooming daughters of the neighbouring burghers were often in the habit of assembling on a summer's evening, when the weather was fine, to enjoy one another's society in this enchanting vale; during which the dance was never forgotten. Besides, it was a custom for all the young brides, on the day before their nuptials, to meet here the playmates of their infant years, whose circle they were about to quit for ever, and to join in a parting dance, along with the bordering tenants of the well-known scene. And long did this celebration of youthful joys continue uninterrupted, until the time of its being profaned and violated by one of the adjacent lords of Rubburg.

A party happened to have met on the second evening of these rural ceremonies, previous to a wedding, and were on the point of escorting home their rich and beautiful betrothed late on a clear moonlight night, with all the mirthful triumph of dancing, innocent gaiety, and song. Not the whole of the guests, however, were destined to reach their home. Two of the most beautiful maidens disappeared; and, notwithstanding the most active exertions on the part of their friends and relatives, no trace of them could be discovered; their seats remained that night vacant in the domestic circle, and within

a few hours all was confusion, no less among the parents than in the surrounding abodes. Many weeping eyes were kept awake. Their lovers vowed the deadliest revenge, for they found reason to suspect, that, under the veil of night, a grievous wrong had been premeditated, and perhaps accomplished.

And in part their fears were well grounded : some domestics in the service of the chief of Arnstein becoming acquainted with the hour of the intended festival, had the audacity, for the purpose of amusing themselves, and indulging their master's propensities, to lie concealed in an adjacent thicket. Under cover of the night, they succeeded in seizing upon two of the dancers, who, happening to stray from their companions, had approached nearest to them, and they were instantly conveyed, amid shouts of surrounding revelry and rejoicings, unheard, into the neighbouring Hartz mountains, until a fit time should occur to convey them to their ultimate destination in Rubburg.

Scarcely had the sun streaked the horizon on the following morning, when a number of the citizens, whose anxiety had kept them awake, were seen assembled before their doors, to advise with the suffering parents on the best measures to be adopted. Soon they heard that a secret messenger, who had been despatched upon some private affair, and was returning, ere day-break, over the mountains, had heard sufficient to prove the forcible abduction of the young women, although he had lost the track of the robbers among the hills. There was reason, however, to conclude, that they must reside somewhere upon the Arnstein, but their haunts were still a secret. The magistrates upon this, being made acquainted with the facts, instantly called a meeting of the relatives of the abducted parties, along with all the elders of the place, while

they attempted in the meantime to preserve calmness and moderation in the minds of the incensed citizens. The chief part of the assembly were for instantly arming the whole of the inhabitants capable of bearing arms, in order, if possible, to surprise and destroy the hated and notorious castle, Arnstein, which, they said, ought long since to have been levelled with the ground. But, besides the uncertainty of the information received, it was justly remarked by the magistrates who presided, that it would require months of open and decided hostility to capture so powerful and well-provisioned a castle as that of Rubburg, whence the formidable enemy made his depredations; while, moreover, the present case called for instant redress.

At length, after a long discussion as to the best means of obtaining it, during which the heads of the more bold and indignant had leisure to grow cooler, it was agreed to adopt the suggestion of one of the oldest magistrates, who explained to the council a stratagem by which he trusted that the freedom of the abducted party would be speedily accomplished.

Another nuptial evening, therefore, was, as soon as possible, announced, with even more of bustle and splendour than the former; all the neighbours were invited to the dance, and information sent by trusty messengers to the adjacent villages around. Accordingly, these same tidings reached the ears of the lord of Arnstein, who, on receiving an invitation, along with his knights and squires, loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the poor citizens, who thus actually threw their daughters in his way. Then a still more extended incursion than the former was determined upon, the whole of the party declaring that

they would this time each and every one seize on his individual prey, after the close of the dance.

About twilight on the appointed day, the meadow was seen covered with beautiful groups of dancers, yet withal no virgins this day trod the scene; they were safe in their parental mansions. It was the stout citizens, and next to them their eldest boys, who were arrayed in women's attire, with newly-sharpened weapons concealed under their clothes, all intent upon avenging the honour of their daughters, their sisters, or their betrothed, and for ever in future to secure it. They began the dance with sounds of revelry and mirth, yet somewhat subdued to the tone of womanhood, while their hearts throbbed with indignation, until the approach of midnight, when their trusty scouts brought word of the yet nearer and nearer advance of the lord of Arnstein approaching softly towards the spot. Now the dancing party seemed to break up, and all were apparently drawing homewards. But, behold, the next moment the chief of Arnstein burst into the midst of them, followed by his knights and pages on horseback and on foot. They let him advance; and the chief no sooner found himself in the midst of the dancers, than he threw himself from his steed, in order to enjoy the pleasure and applause of bearing off the intended bride with his own hands. But what was the feeling he experienced, when, as with a thundering voice and a laugh of joy he claimed the bride for himself, the bright steel flashed in his eyes, and smote his outstretched arm before he could draw it back, quite through and through. Smarting with pain, and uttering curses of revenge, he started back to regain his steed. But ten strong arms were about him; he felt himself pinioned hand and foot and neck, as if

chains of iron girt him round. Some of the knights and pages, who hastened with threats to his assistance, were, after a short struggle, overpowered and secured. Most of them, however, escaped with cries of terror and surprise, and wounded with sabres and with stones. The chief culprit, however, was carried with shouts of triumph into the city. There the lord of Arnstein was thrown forthwith into a large solitary dungeon, and there he confessed, on beholding the preparations for his approaching execution, the deeds he had perpetrated, and farther intended to accomplish. The young maidens were, at his own command, immediately delivered to their friends; in consequence of which, after paying a heavy penalty, and taking a solemn oath never again to commit any offence against the city or its inhabitants, he was released from his terrific chains. But these chains, in which he for months languished, are still preserved, and are now to be seen in the town-house at Aschersleben, a lasting monument of the skill and foresight of the old times, and worthy of the admiration of future generations.



THOMAS OF ERCILDOUNE.

MANY years since, there lived on the borders of Scotland and England a horse-dealer, who was remarkable for a reckless and fearless temper, which made him admired, as well as dreaded, amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, on the west side of the Eildon Hills, having a couple of horses along with him which he had not been able to dispose of, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly antique dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to bargain with him on the subject. To Canobie Dick, for so was the horse-dealer called, a customer was a customer, and he was not very particular to inquire who or what he might be. The stranger paid the price they agreed on, and all that puzzled Dick in the transaction was, that the gold which he received was wholly in ancient coins, which would have been invaluable to an antiquary, but were rather troublesome in modern currency. It was gold, however, and therefore Dick contrived to get better value for the coin than he perhaps gave to his customer. By the command of so good a merchant, he brought horses to the same spot more than once; the purchaser only stipulating that he should always come by night, and alone. I do not know whether it was from mere curiosity, or whether some hope of gain mixed with it, but after Dick had sold several horses in this way, he began to complain that dry bargains were unlucky, and to hint, that since his friend must live in the neighbourhood, he ought, in the courtesy of dealing, to treat him to a little cheer.

" You may see my dwelling if you will," said the stranger ; " but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life."

Dick, however, laughed at the warning, and having alighted to secure his horse, he followed the stranger up a narrow footpath, which led them up the hills to a singular eminence stuck betwixt the most southern and the centre peaks, and called, from its resemblance to such an animal in its form, the Lucken Hare. At the foot of this eminence, Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a passage, or cavern, of which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen or heard.

" You may still return," said his guide, looking ominously back upon him ; but Dick scorned to appear frightened, and on they went. They entered a very long range of stables ; in every stall stood a coal-black horse ; by every horse lay a knight in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand ; but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. A great number of torches threw a gloomy lustre over the hall, which was of large dimensions. At the upper end, however, they at length arrived, where a sword and horn lay on an antique table.

" He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword," said the stranger, who now intimated that he was the famous Thomas of Ercildoune,* shall, if his heart fail him not, be king

* A renowned Scottish seer or prophet, who lived in the thirteenth century. The common tradition is, that "Thomas the Rhymer," as he was usually called, was carried off in early life to Fairy Land, where he acquired the knowledge for which he was afterwards so famous. A great number of his prophetic sayings are still preserved (chiefly in rhyme) throughout Scotland. The majority are of a melancholy kind, foreboding calamities on the nation, or on particular families or places.

over all broad Britain. But all depends on courage, and much on your taking the sword or horn first."

Dick was much disposed to take the sword, but his bold spirit was quailed by the supernatural terrors of the hall, and he thought to unsheathe the sword first might be construed into defiance, and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the horn with a trembling hand, and blew a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall; horses and men started to life; the steeds snorted, stamped, and tossed on high their heads; the warriors sprung to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent as the grave, in uproar, and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn, and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words—

"Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

At the same time a whirlwind of irresistible fury howled through the long hall, bore the unfortunate horse-dealer clear out of the mouth of the cavern, and precipitated him over a steep bank of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with scarce breath sufficient to tell his fearful tale.*—SIR W. SCOTT.

* The choice between the horn and sword may, perhaps, include as a moral, that it is fool-hardy to awaken danger before we have arms in our hands to resist it.



THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

ON the road between Passage and Cork there is an old mansion called Ronayne's Court. It may be easily known from the stack of chimneys and the gable ends, which are to be seen look at it which way you will. Here it was that Maurice Ronayne and his wife Margaret Gould kept house, as may be learned to this day from the great old chimney-piece, on which is carved their arms. They were a mighty

worthy couple, and had but one son, who was called Philip, after no less a person than the king of Spain.

Immediately on his smelling the cold air of this world the child sneezed, and it was naturally taken to be a good sign of his having a clear head; but the subsequent rapidity of his learning was truly amazing, for on the very first day a primer was put into his hand, he tore out the A B C page, and destroyed it, as a thing quite beneath his notice. No wonder then that both father and mother were proud of their heir, who gave such indisputable proofs of genius, or, as they call it in that part of the world, "*genus*."

One morning, however, Master Phil, who was then just seven years old, was missing, and no one could tell what had become of him: servants were sent in all directions to seek him, on horseback and on foot, but they returned without any tidings of the boy, whose disappearance altogether was most unaccountable. A large reward was offered, but it produced 'hem no intelligence, and years rolled away without any satisfactory account of the fate of the lost child.

There lived, at this time, near Carigaline, one Robert Kelly, a blacksmith by trade. He was what is termed a handy man, and his abilities were held in much estimation by the lads and the lasses of the neighbourhood: he was a good-natured fellow, and, in fact, was gossip to half the country round.

Now it happened that Robin had a dream himself, and young Philip Ronayne appeared to him in it at the dead hour of the night. Robin thought he saw the boy mounted upon a beautiful white horse, and that he told him how he was made, a page to the giant Mahon Mac Mahon, who had carried him off, and who held his court in the hard heart of the rock.

"The seven years—my time of service—are clean out, Robin," said he, "and if you release me this night, I will be the making of you for ever after."

"And how am I to know," said Robin—cunning enough, even in his sleep—"but this is all a dream?"

"Take that," said the boy, "for a token"—and at the word the white horse struck out with one of his hind legs, and gave poor Robin such a kick in the forehead, that he woke up calling a thousand murders. He found himself in bed, but he had the mark of the blow, the regular print of a horse-shoe upon his forehead; and Robin Kelly, who before used to interpret dreams of other persons, did not know what to think of his own.

Robin was well acquainted with the Giant's Stairs, as, indeed, who is not that knows the harbour? They consist of great masses of rock, which, piled one above another, rise like a flight of steps, from very deep water, against the bold cliff of Carrigmahon. Nor are they badly suited for stairs to those who have legs of sufficient length to stride over a moderate sized house, or to enable them to clear the space of a mile in a hop, step, and jump. Both these feats the giant Mac Mahon was said to have performed in the days of Finnian glory; and the common tradition of the country placed his dwelling within the cliff up whose side the stairs led.

Such was the impression which the dream made on Robin, that he determined to put its truth to the test. It occurred to him, however, before setting out on this adventure, that a plough-iron may be no bad companion; as, from experience, he knew it was an excellent knock-down argument; so, putting one on his shoulder, off he marched in the cool of the

evening through the Hawk's Glen to Monkstown. Here an old gossip of his (Tom Clancey by name) lived, who, on hearing Robin's dream, promised him the use of his skiff, and moreover offered to assist in rowing it to the Giant's Stairs.

After a supper, which was of the best, they embarked. It was a beautiful still night, and the little boat glided swiftly along. The regular dip of the oars, the distant song of the sailor, and sometimes the voice of a belated traveller at the ferry of Carrigaloe, alone broke the quietness of the land and sea and sky. The tide was in their favour, and in a few minutes Robin and his gossip rested on their oars under the dark shadow of the Giant's Stairs. Robin looked anxiously for the entrance to the Giant's palace, which, it was said, may be found by any one seeking it at midnight; but no such entrance could he see. His impatience had hurried him there before that time, and after waiting a considerable space in a state of suspense not to be described, Robin, with pure vexation, could not help exclaiming to his companion, "Tis a pair of fools we are, Tom Clancey, for coming here at all on the strength of a dream."

"And whose doing is it," said Tom, "but your own?"

At the moment he spoke they perceived a faint glimmering light to proceed from the cliff, which gradually increased until a porch big enough for a king's palace unfolded itself almost on a level with the water. They pulled the skiff directly towards the opening, and Robin Kelly seizing his plough-iron, boldly entered with a strong hand and a stout heart. Wild and strange was that entrance; the whole of which appeared formed of grim and grotesque faces, blending so strangely

each with the other that it was impossible to define any : the chin of one formed the nose of another : what appeared to be a fixed and stern eye, if dwelt upon, changed to a gaping mouth ; and the lines of the lofty forehead grew into a majestic and flowing beard. The more Robin allowed himself to contemplate the forms around him, the more terrific they became ; and the stony expression of this crowd of faces assumed a savage ferocity as his imagination converted feature after feature into a different shape and character. Losing the twilight in which these indefinite forms were visible, he advanced through a dark and devious passage, whilst a deep and rumbling noise sounded as if the rock was about to close upon him and swallow him up alive for ever. Now, indeed, poor Robin felt afraid.

"Robin, Robin," said he, "if you were a fool for coming here, what in the name of fortune are you now?" But, as before, he had scarcely spoken, when he saw a small light twinkling through the darkness of the distance, like a star in the midnight sky. To retreat was out of the question ; for so many turnings and windings were in the passage, that he considered he had but little chance of making his way back. He therefore proceeded towards the light, and came at last into a spacious chamber, from the roof of which hung the solitary lamp that had guided him. Emerging from the gloom, the single lamp afforded Robin light enough to discover several gigantic figures seated round a massive stone table, as if in serious deliberation, but no word disturbed the breathless silence which prevailed. At the head of this table sat Mahon Mac Mahon himself.

"What seek you?" he demanded in a voice of thunder.

"I come," answered Robin, with as much boldness as he could put on—for his heart was almost fainting within him—"I come," said he, "to claim Philip Ronayne, whose time of service is out this night."

"Then you must single him out from among my pages," said the giant; "and if you fix on the wrong one, your life is the forfeit. Follow me." He led Robin into a hall of vast extent and filled with lights; along either side of which were rows of beautiful children, all apparently seven years old, and none beyond that age, dressed in green, and every one exactly dressed alike.

"Here," said Mahon, "you are free to take Philip Ronayne, if you will; but, remember, I give but one choice."

Robin was sadly perplexed; for there were hundreds upon hundreds of children; and he had no very clear recollection of the boy he sought. But he walked along the hall, by the side of Mahon, as if nothing was the matter, although his great iron dress clanked fearfully at every step, sounding louder than Robin's own sledge battering on his anvil.

They had nearly reached the end of the hall without speaking, when Robin seeing that the only means he had was to make friends with the giant, determined to try what effect a few soft words might have upon him.

"'Tis a fine wholesome appearance the poor children carry," remarked Robin, "although they have been here so long shut out from the fresh air and the blessed light of heaven. 'Tis tenderly your honour must have reared them!"

"Ay," said the giant, "that is true for you; so give me your hand; for you are, I believe, a very honest fellow for a blacksmith."

Robin at the first look did not much like the huge size of the hand, and therefore presented his plough-iron, which the giant seizing, twisted in his grasp round and round again as if it had been a potato-stalk ; on seeing this all the children set up a shout of laughter. In the midst of their mirth Robin thought he heard his name called : and, all ear and eye, he put his hand on the boy whom he fancied had spoken, crying out at the same time, " Let me live or die for it, but this is young Phil Ronayne."

" It is Philip Ronayne—happy Philip Ronayne," said his young companions ; and in an instant the hall became dark. Crashing noises were heard, and all was in strange confusion ; but Robin held fast his prize, and found himself lying in the grey dawn of the morning at the head of the Giant's Stairs, with the boy clasped in his arms.

Philip Ronayne lived to be an old man ; and he was remarkable to the day of his death for his skill in working brass and iron, which it was believed he had learned during his seven years' apprenticeship to the giant Mahon MacMahon.—CROFTON'S IRISH LEGENDS.





GLENFINLAS.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
And see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!*
The bride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

* Alas for the chief.

Oh, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never feared a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow !

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's Pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree ;
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced, with Highland glee !

Cheered by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar ;
But now the loud lament we swell,
Oh, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more !

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy ; whom in Columba's isle,
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear ;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold
And oft esp' the fated shroud
That shall the future corpse enfold.

Oh so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scoured the deep Glenfinlas' glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board.
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.
Three summer days, through brake and deil,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.
Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steeped heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—“ What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high ?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath, and melting eye ?

“ To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle:

“ Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropped the tear, and heaved the sight,
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

“ But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

“ Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

“ Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow ? ”—

—“ Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
 No more on me shall rapture rise,
 Responsive to the panting breath,
 Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

“ E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
 Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
 I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
 On me the seer's sad spirit came.

“ The last dread curse of angry Heaven,
 With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
 To dash each glimpse of joy, was given—
 The gift, the future ill to know.

“ The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
 So gaily part from Oban's bay,
 My eye beheld her dashed and torn,
 Far on the rocky Colonsay.

“ Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
 Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
 As marching 'gainst the lord of Downe,
 He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

“ Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
 As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
 Heardst but the pibroch,* answering brave
 To many a target clanging round.

* Martial bagpipe music.

“ I heard the groans, I marked the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He poured his clan’s resistless roar.

“ And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee !

“ I see the death-damps chill thy brow ;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry ;
The corpse-lights dance—they’re gone, and now !
No more is given to gifted eye !”—

—“ Alone, enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour !
Say, should we scorn joy’s transient beams,
Because to-morrow’s storm may lour ?

“ Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian’s chieftain ne’er shall fear ;
His blood shall bound at rapture’s glow,
Though doom’d to stain the Saxon’s spear.

“ E’en now to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary’s buskins brush the dew.”—
He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returned each hound ;
In rushed the rousers of the deer ;
They howled in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet ; though midnight came,
 And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
 As, bending o'er the dying flame,
 He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
 And sudden cease their moaning howl ;
 Close pressed to Moy, they mark their fears
 By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouched, the harp began to ring,
 As softly, slowly, oped the door ;
 And shook responsive every string,
 As light a footstep pressed the floor.

And, by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
 Close by the minstrel's side was seen
 An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
 All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem ;
 Chilled was her cheek, her bosom bare,
 As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
 She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
 " O gentle Huntsman, hast thou seen,
 In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
 A lovely maid in vest of green :
 " With her a chief in Highland pride ;
 His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
 The mountain dirk adorns his side,
 Far on the wind his tartans flow ? "

“ And who art thou? and who are they?”
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied :
“ And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
Dare thou thus roam Glenfinlas’ side?”

“ Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

“ To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

“ Oh aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost ;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.”

“ Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there,
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.”

“ Oh first, for pity’s gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way !
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father’s towers ere day.”

“ First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say ;
Then kiss with me the holy rood :
So shall we safely wend our way.”

“ Oh shame to knighthood, strange and foul !

Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

“ Not so, by high Dunlathmon’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.”

Wild stared the Minstrel’s eyes of flame
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

“ And thou ! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resigned,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sailed ye on the midnight wind !

“ Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle’s pretended line ;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.”

He muttered thrice St. Oran’s rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan’s powerful prayer ;
Then turned him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o’er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind ;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxed the spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell, away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next, dropped from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strained an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling-field,
Streamed the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
 At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
 Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
 The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
 No more shall we in safety dwell;
 None leads the people to the field—
 And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
 The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
 And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
 We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

SIR W. SCOTT.

The above legend is thus told in prose :—

While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary hut, and making merry over their good cheer, one of them expressed a wish, that they had some ladies to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two figures, under the assumed guise of beautiful young women, entered the hut, habited in green, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was enticed by one of them, and left the hut with her. His friend remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play some consecrated strain, until day came, when the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend; who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called, *The Glen of the Green Women.*

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, near Loch Katrine and the Trosachs.

[The foregoing bears a resemblance to some of the Scandinavian and German legends,* in which spirits appear under the form of handsome females, and attempt to lure the stranger by presenting a horn or drinking-cup, which, if accepted and drank from, may lead to fatal consequence. As, for instance, the following.]

"Svend Faelling, while a boy at service, had occasion to ride on a message to some distance. It was evening before he got near home, and in passing a hill, a maid stept up to him and reached him a cup, bidding him at the same time to drink. Svend took the cup, but being suspicious of the nature of its contents, he flung it over his shoulder, when it fell upon the horse's back and singed off all the hair. He then put spurs to his horse and rode off at full speed. The maid pursued him till he came to a stream, and on gaining the opposite side, she could no longer follow him. These spirits, it appears, are unable to pass a running stream. In another case, a peasant was accosted by one of these temptresses, but on using the sign of the cross, she immediately turned round and vanished; though the peasant had time to notice that her *back* was hollow. Stories, again, are told of persons who made off with the cup, and after a hot pursuit by the owners, succeeded in escaping with it. In one instance a man made a vow to bestow it upon the church if he was rescued from his pursuers. Such a cup is said to belong to the church of Vigersted, in Zealand.

* In these cases, however, the legends refer to the Elve, or Elle-maids, beings apparently of a less malicious character than those represented in the above ballad. "Glenfinlas" may also be compared to the ballad of the "Demon Lover." Here temptation is yielded to, and the pretended lover, after accomplishing his object, changes gradually from the form of a handsome man to that of a fiend, and disappears with his miserable prey.

RANDAL RODE.*

AMONG the pastoral mountains of Cumberland dwells an unmixed and patriarchal race of people, who live in a primitive manner, and retain many peculiar usages different from their neighbours of the valley and the town.

It happened on a fine summer afternoon, that I found myself engaged in the pursuit of an old fox, which annually preyed on our lambs, and eluded the vigilance of the most skilful huntsmen. Leaving Keswick far behind, I pursued my cunning adversary from glen to cavern, till, at last, he struck across an extensive tract of upland, and sought refuge in one of the distant mountains. I had not proceeded far ere I found myself alone and far behind—while the shout and cheer of my companions began to grow fainter and fainter, till at last I heard only the bleat of the flocks or the calling of the curlew. The upland on which I had entered appeared boundless on all sides, while amid the brown wilderness arose innumerable green grassy knolls, with herds of small black cattle and sheep grazing or reposing on their sides and summits. They seemed so many green islands floating amid the ocean of brown blossom, with which the heath was covered.

I stood on one of the knolls, and, looking around, observed a considerable stream gushing from a small copse of hazel and lady-fern, which, seeking its way into a green and narrow dell, or glen, as it is called, pursued its course with a thousand freakish windings and turnings. While following with my

* From Cunningham's *Traditions*.

eye the course of the pure stream, out of which I had slaked my thirst, I thought I heard something like the sound of a human voice coming up the glen; and, with the hope of finding some of my companions, I proceeded along the margin of the brook. At first, a solitary alder, or hazel, or mountain ash, was all the protection the stream obtained from the rigour of the mid-day sun. The glen became broader and the stream deeper,—gliding over a bed of pebbles, shining, large, and round,—half-seen, half-hid, beneath the projection of the grassy sward it had undermined; and raising all the while that soft and simmering din, so well known to all lovers of rustic scenery. A narrow footpath, seldom frequented, winded with the loops and turns of the brook. I had wandered along the margin nearly a quarter of a mile, when I approached a tree of green holly, on the top of which sat a raven, grey-backed and bald-headed from extreme age, looking down intently on something which it thought worthy of watching beneath.

I reached the tree unheard or unheeded,—for the soft soil returned no sound to my foot; and under it I found a woman seated on the grass. She seemed bordering on seventy years of age—with an unbent and unbroken frame—a look of lady-like stateliness—and an eye of that sweet and shining hazel colour, of which neither age nor sorrow had been able to dim the glance. Her hair, nut-brown and remarkably long in her youth, was now become as white as December's snow, and its profusion had also yielded like its colour to time,—for it hung, or rather flowed, over her shoulders in solitary ringlets, and scarcely afforded a minute's employment to her fingers—which seemed to have been once well acquainted with arranging

in all its beauty one of nature's finest ornaments. As she disposed of each tress, she accompanied the motion of her hands with the verse of a legendary ballad, which she chanted, unconscious of my presence, and which probably related to an adventure of her ancestors.

When the old dame had finished her song, she opened her lap, from which she showered a profusion of flowers, on two green ridges which lay side by side beneath the shade of the holly. At each handful she strewed, she muttered, what sounded like the remains of an ancient form of prayer; when turning toward the path she observed me, and said,—“*Youth, comest thou here to smile at beholding a frail woman strew the dust of the beautiful and the brave with mountain-thyme and scented hawthorn?*” I soothed her by a tone of submission and reverence. “*Eleanor Selby, I come not to scorn those who honour the fair and the brave. Had I known that the ancient lovers, about whom we so often sing, slept by this lonely stream, I would have sought Cumberland for the fairest and rarest flowers to shower on their grassy beds.*”—“*I well believe thee, youth,*” said the old dame, mollified at once by my respect for the surname of Selby,—“*how could I forget the altar of Lanercost and thee? There are few at thy wilful and froward time of life, who would not mock the poor wandering woman, and turn her wayward affections into ridicule; but I see thy respect for her, shining in those sweet and moist eyes of hazel. But, come, youth, come—the sun is fast walking down the side of the western mountains: Fremmet is a good mile distant; and we shall be wise to seek its porch, with an unset sun.*” She took my hand, and exerting an energy I little expected, we descended the glen toge-

ther, keeping company with the brook, which received and acknowledged, by an augmented murmur, the accession of several lesser streams. At length we came where the glen, suddenly expanding into a beautiful vale, and the brook into a small, deep and clear lake, disclosed to my sight the whole domestic establishment of one of the dwellers in the mountainous regions of Cumberland.



On the northern side of the valley stood a large old-fashioned house. An old gateway and other remains of defences were still visible; but folds and pens usurped the trench and the rampart, and filled the whole southern side of the valley. The descendants of Randal Rode seemed to be sensible that their lot was cast in securer times, and instead of practising with the bow, or that still more fatal weapon the gun, or with the sword, or with the spear, they were collected on a small green plat of ground on the margin of the lake, to the number

of twelve or fourteen, indulging in the exercises of wrestling, leaping, and other rustic games. Several old white-headed men were seated at a small distance on the ground, maidens continually passed backwards and forwards, with pails of milk, or with new-moulded cheese, casting a casual glance at the pastime of the young men—the valley all the while murmuring with the din of the various contests.

As we approached, a young man came running up to meet my old companion. “Welcome, Dame Eleanor Selby, welcome to Fremmet-ha’. For thy repose I have ordered a soft warm couch, and from no fairer hands than those of my own sister Maude, who I see is also coming to bid you welcome.

Maude Rode greeted old Eleanor with one of those silent glances which say so much, and spread her a seat, and ministered to her with the demeanour of the humblest hand-maid of the house of Selby, when its splendour was fullest. This modest kindness soon had its effect on the descendant of this ancient house. She soon found herself at home; and her wild legends, and traditional tales, were related to no ungrateful ears.

“A bright fire, a clean floor, and a pleasant company,” is one of the proverbial wishes of domestic comfort among the wilds of Cumberland. The moorland residence of Randal Rode exhibited the first and second portions of the primitive wish, and it required no very deep discernment to see that around the ample hearth there were materials for completing the proverb. Before a large fire, which it is reckoned ominous ever to extinguish, lay half a dozen sheep-dogs, spreading out their white bosoms to the heat, and each placed opposite to the seat of its owner. The lord of Fremmet-ha’ himself lay

apart on a large couch of oak, antiquely carved, and ornamented like some of the massive furniture of the days of the olden church, with beads, and crosses, and pastoral crooks. At each end lay a shepherd's dog, past its prime, like its master, and, like him, enjoying a kind of half-ruminating and drowsy leisure peculiar to old age. Three or four busy wheels, guided by as many maidens, manufactured wool into yarn for rugs and mantles. Three other maidens, with bared arms, prepared curds for cheese ; and their hands rivalled in whiteness the curdled milk itself. Under the light of a large candlestick several youths pursued the amusement of the popular game of draughts. On this scene of patriarchal happiness looked my old companion Eleanor Selby, contrasting, as she glanced her eye in succession over the tokens of shepherds' wealth in which the house abounded, the present day with the past ; the times of the fleece, the shears, and the distaff, with those of broils, and inroad and invasion, when the name of Selby stood high in the chivalry of the north. One might observe in her changing looks the themes of rustic degradation and chivalrous glory on which she brooded ; and the present peaceful time suffered by the comparison, as the present always does in the contemplation of old age. The constant attention of young Maude Rode, who ministered to the comfort of her ancient relative, seemed gradually to soothe and charm down the proud feeling of ancestry, which maintained rule in her breast ; and after interchanging softer looks of acknowledgment and kindness with her fair young kinswoman, she thus proceeded to relate some of the adventures she had witnessed in the time of her youth.

THE SPECTRE ARMY.*

IN the days of which I speak, there were men of birth and descent who were ready, with trumpet and with brand, to do battle for the exiled branch of the house of Stuart. Rumours of rebellions and invasions were as frequent as the winds on our heaths ; and each day brought a darker and more varied tale of risings in the east, and risings in the west ; for the king abroad, and for the king at home ; and each relater gave a colour and a substance to his tidings, even as his wishes were. The shepherd went armed to the pasturage of his flocks—the lover went armed to the meeting with his mistress —those who loved silver and gold, sought the solitary and silent place, and buried their treasure ; the father and mother gazed at their sons and their daughters, and thought on the wrongs of war ; and the children, armed with hazel rods for spears, and swords of lath, carried on a mimic and venturesome war with one another, under the hostile banners of the lion and the white rose. Those who still loved the ancient church, were dreaded by those who loved the new ; and the sectarians hated both, and hoped for the day when the jewelled mitre would be plucked off the prelate's head ; and when austerity, that denies itself, yet giveth not to others, and zeal, which openeth the gates of mercy but for a tithe of mankind, should hold rule and dominion in the land. Those who had broad lands and rich heritages, wished for peace ; those who had

* This story relates to the last attempt made to replace prince Charles Stuart on the throne of his ancestors. The particulars may, of course, be found in the histories of the period.

little to lose, hoped for acquisitions by a convulsion ; and there were many of the fiery and intractable spirits of the land who wished for strife and commotion, for the sake of variety of pursuit, and because they wished to see coronets and crowns staked on the issue of a battle. Thus, hot discussion and sore dispute divided the people of this land.

It happened on a fine summer evening, that I stopped at the dwelling of David Forester, of Wilton hall, along with young Walter Selby of Glamora, to refresh myself after the chase on the banks of Derwent-water. The mountain air was mild and balmy, and the lofty and rugged outline of Soutrafell appeared on a canopied back-ground of sky so pure, so blue, and so still, that the earth and heaven seemed blended together. Eagles were visible, perched among the star-light, on the peaks of the rocks ; ravens roosted at a vast distance below ; and where the greensward joined the acclivity of rock and stone, the flocks lay in undisturbed repose, with their fleeces shining in dew, and reflected in a broad deep lake at the bottom, so pure and motionless, that it seemed a sea of glass. I had alighted from my horse, and, seated on a little green mound before the house, tasted some of the shepherds' curds and cream, the readiest and the sweetest beverage which rustic hospitality supplies. Walter Selby had seated himself at my feet, and behind me stood the proprietor of Wilton-hall and his wife, awaiting my wishes with that ready and respectful frankness, which those of birth and ancestry always obtain among our mountain peasantry.

" Young lady," said David Forester, " have you heard tidings of note from the north or from the south ? The Selbys are an ancient and renowned race, and in days of old held

rule from sunny Carlisle to the vale of Keswick—a day's flight for a hawk. They are now lordless and landless; but the day may soon come, when to thee I shall go hat in hand to beg a boon, and find thee lady of thy lands again, and the noble house of Lanercost risen anew from its desolation.” I understood better than I wished to appear, this mysterious address of my entertainer, and was saved the confusion of a reply, either direct or oblique, by the forward tongue of his wife.

The good woman of the house was, however, soon interrupted by the arrival of one of those personages, who, with a horse and pack, distribute the luxuries and the comforts of the city over the mountainous regions of the provinces. His horse, loaded with heavy panniers, came foremost, anxious for a resting-place; and behind came the owner, a middle-aged man, tall and robust, with hair as black as the raven, curled close beneath a very broad bonnet, and in his hand one of those measuring rods of oak, piked with iron at the under end, and mounted with brass at the upper, which seemed alike adapted for defending or measuring his property. He advanced to the spot where we were seated;—like an old acquaintance, asked for, and obtained lodgings for the evening;—and having disposed of his horse, he took out a small box, resembling a casket, which he placed on the grass, and seating himself beside it, assumed one of those looks of mingled gravity and good humour, prepared alike for seriousness or mirth.

He was not permitted to remain long in silence. “ You come from the north, Simon Packpin,” said one of the menials; “ one can tell that by your speech, and no doubt ye can tell us in your own sly way, if it be true, that the Highland gentlemen are coming to try if they can set with targe and clay-

more the crown of both lands on the brow it was made for." I looked at the person of the querist,—a young man of the middle size, with a firm limb, and a frank martial mien, and something in his bearing which bespoke a higher ambition than that of tending flocks; his face, too, I thought I had seen before, and under very different circumstances. "In good sooth, Mr. Graeme," said another of the menials, "ye need not try to extract a plain answer from Simon; I asked him no farther than a month ago, if he thought we should have a change in the land soon,—"The moon," said he, "will change in its season, and so must all things human."—"But, do you think," said I, "that the people will continue to prefer the cold blood of the man who keeps the chair, to the warm kindly English blood of him that's far away?"—"Ay, ay," quoth he, "no doubt, when we would drink ditch-water rather than red wine." And so he continued for an hour to reply to every plain question with such dubious replies, that I left him as wise as I found him."

I could not help glancing my eye on this curious and demure traveller; but the perfect simplicity of his looks baffled all my scrutiny.

Silence ensued for a little while—the pedlar, who for some time had stolen a look at me, seemed all at once to come to some conclusion how to proceed, and putting aside his box, approached me with a look of submission and awe. "Fair lady, the pedlar is but a poor man, who earns an honest penny among the peasantry—but he has a reverence for the noble names which grace our verse and our chivalry—and who has an English heart that knows not and beats not high at the sound of Selby's name—and who bears a Scottish heart that

sorrows not for the wreck and the desolation of our most ancient and most noble foe? I tell thee, lady, that I honour thee more than if thou satest with a footstool of gold—and hadst nobles' daughters bearing up thy train. This cross and rosary,—and he held in his hand these devotional symbols, carved of dark wood, and slightly ornamented with gold,—“are of no common wood—a princess has sat under the shadow of its bough, and seen her kingdom won and lost—and may the fair one, who will now wear it, warm it in her bosom, till she sees a kingdom long lost—won as boldly, and as bravely, as ever the swords of the Selbys won their land!” And throwing the rosary around my neck as he concluded—away he went—opening his pack anew, and resuming again his demure look and the arrangement of his trinkets.

Walter Selby, who all this while—though then a hot and forward youth—had remained mute, addressed me in a whisper. “Cousin Eleanor, this pedlar, this dispenser of rosaries, made of Queen Mary’s yew-tree, is no seeker of profit from vulgar merchandise—I’ll warrant he carries swords made of good Ripon steel, and pistols of good Swedish iron, in yon horse-pack of his—wilt thou pledge a kiss on this wager, my gentle cousin?—and no man can tell us better how many of the Scottish cavaliers have their feet ready for the stirrup, and on what day they will call on the Selbys to mount and strike for their ancient lord and their lost inheritance. Some golden information this pedlar—since pedlar thou wilt have him—carries in his looks—I wish I could find the way to extract it.” The stranger, as if guessing by our looks and our whispers what was passing between us, proceeded to instruct us in his own singular way—he described the excel-

lent temper of his Sheffield whittles—praised the curious qualities of his spectacles, which might enable the wearer to see distant events—and at last proceeded to chant some verses of a ballad; his voice rising by degrees into a tone of deep and martial melody, and his face brightening up with that enthusiasm which has been observed in the eyes of the English soldiers on the eve of battle. “What thinkest thou, pretty Eleanor, of our merchant now?” said Walter Selby:—“I should like to have such a form on my right hand when I try to empty the saddles of some of our southern foes”—“And I’ll pledge thee, young gentleman,” said the pedlar, “any vow thou askest of me, to ride on which hand thou wilt—and be to thee as a friend and a brother, when the battle is at the hottest—and so I give thee my hand on’t.”—“I touch no hand,” said Walter Selby, “and I vow no vow either in truce or battle, till I know thy name, if thou art of the lineage of the gentle or the churl—I am a Selby, and the Selbys”—“The Selbys,” said the stranger, in a tone slow and deliberate, “are an ancient and a noble race; but this is no time, young gentleman, to scruple precedence of blood. In the fields where I have ridden, noble deeds have been achieved by common hands—while the gentle and the far descended have sat apart, nor soiled their swords. I neither say I am of a race churlish nor noble; but my sword is as sharp as other men’s, and might do thee a friendly deed were it nigh thee in danger.”

It might be now about nine o’clock; the air was balmy, the sky blue and unclouded, and the moon, yet unrisen, had sent as much of her light before her as served, with the innumerable stars, to lighten the earth from the summit



of the mountains to the deepest vales. I never looked upon a more lovely night, and gladly turned my face from the idle disputants to the green mountain-side, upon which that forerunner gleam which precedes the moon had begun to scatter its light. While I continued gazing, there appeared a sight on Soutra-fell side—strange, ominous, and obscure to many, at that time, but which, alas! was soon after explained. I saw all at once a body of horsemen coming swiftly down the steep and impassable side of the mountain, where no earthly horse ever rode. They amounted to many hundreds, and trooped onwards in succession; their helmets gleaming, and their drawn swords shining amid the starlight. On beholding this vision, I uttered a faint scream, and Walter Selby shouted till the mountain echoed. “Saw ever a man so gallant a sight? A thousand steeds and riders on the perpendicular side of old Soutra—see where they gallop along a ravine, where I could hardly fly a hawk! O for a horse with so sure and so swift a foot as these, that I might match me with this elfin chivalry.” Alarm was visible in every face around. I heard my father say that the like sight appeared on Helvellyn side, before the battle of Marston-moor—with this remarkable difference—the leader wore on his head the semblance of a royal crown, whereas the leaders of the troop whom I beheld wore only earl’s coronets.

“Now his right hand protect us!” said the dame of Wilton-hall. “What are we doomed to endure?—what will follow this?”—“Misery to many,” answered the pedlar, “and sudden and early death to some who are present.” “Cease thy croak, thou northern raven!” said Walter Selby; “if they are phantoms, let them pass—what care we for men of mist?

and if they are flesh and bone, as I guess by their bearing they must surely be—they are good gallant soldiers of our good king, and thus do I bid them welcome with my bugle." He winded his horn till the mountain echoed far and wide—the spectre horsemen, distant nearly a quarter of a mile, seemed to halt—and the youth had his horn again at his lips to renew the note, when he was interrupted by the pedlar, who, laying his hand on the instrument, said, "Young gentleman, be wise, and be ruled—yon vision is sent for man's instruction—not for his scoff and his scorn." The shadowy troop now advanced, and passed toward the south at the distance of an hundred yards. I looked on them as they went, and I imagined I knew the forms of many living men, the flower of the Jacobite chivalry—the Maxwells, the Gordons, the Drummonds, the Scotts, the Selbys. A supernatural light accompanied this pageant, and rendered visible horse and man :—in the rear I saw a form that made me shudder—a form still present to my eye, and impressed upon my heart—old and sorrow-worn as it is—as vividly as in early youth. I saw the shape of Walter Selby—his short cloak, his scarlet dress—his hat and feather—his sword by his side—and that smiling glance in his deep dark eye which I could have known among the looks of a thousand. As he came, he laid his bridle on his horse's neck, and leaned aside, and gave me a long and earnest look. The youth himself, full of life and gladness beside me, seemed to discover the resemblance between the spectre rider and himself, and it was only by throwing myself in his bosom, that I hindered him from addressing the apparition.*

* This occurrence turns upon a common belief in the north, that before the death of an individual, a forewarning is given him by the appearance of a figure bearing a remarkable resemblance to his own person.

How long I remained insensible in his arms I know not, but when I recovered, I found myself pressed to the youth's bosom—and a gentleman with several armed attendants standing beside me—all showing by their looks the deep interest they took in my fate.

The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away—and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning—as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult; and we were obliged to go a sinuous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far ahead as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon, large and bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, that we were compelled to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: "Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?"—"Truly," said I, "most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and

valour may reinstate me in my ancient domains, or else win for me some new and princely inheritance."—"Thou speakest," said the youth, "like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dragoons—nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off—for we go on a journey of no small peril." To these considerate words I answered nothing, while Walter resumed his converse: "Nay, nay, my gentle cousin, my sweet Eleanor, I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us or with us,—and now for the game of coronets and crowns—a coffin or an earl's bauble—for we march upon Preston."

Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them without emotion, and I looked on Walter Selby with an eye that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. Several stranger cavaliers now happened to join us, as, emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green and wide moor or common. One of them, with a short cloak and slouched hat, rode up and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted tone:—"Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain,

about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart—and, fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy—and there be such in our company—may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bent on such a dangerous and unwonted journey." I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, "I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task." "And fair lady," continued he, "since Walter Selby is thy protector, my labour will be the less." My cousin, who during this conversation had ridden silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, "Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of the pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman."

I looked on the person of the borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp; and so complete a transformation I never saw. I could hardly credit, that the martial-looking cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and bargained with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ribbon and twopenny toys. He thus resolved the riddle in a whisper:—"Fair lady, these are not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound

of horn, and banner displayed, summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride aneath an earl's pennon."

Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the grey morning came, I could count about three hundred horsemen—young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols; and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a grey mantle, and all the while looking steadfastly at me from under a broad slouched hat. I had some dreamy recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice to assist my recollection,—and while the old man chanted some verses with a broken and melancholy voice, I immediately recognised in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border. I drew back a little; and shaking the old man by the hand, said, "Many years have passed, Harpur Harberson, since I listened to thy minstrel

skill at Lanercost; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leftest my father's hall."—"Indeed, my sweet lady," said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightened his face for a moment, "songs of sorrow have lately been rifer with me than ballads of mirth. It's long now since I rode and fought by my gallant master's side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand so good at the steel, as it was in those heroic days. It's altered days with Harpur Harberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selbys, and won the cup of gold. I heard that my lady and her gallant cousin were on horseback; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again; and it's better for an old man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, and be found, some winter morning, stiff and dead in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble, and, I fear, a hopeless cause." He drew his hat over his brow; while I endeavoured to cheer him by describing the numbers, resources, and strength, of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him, "there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness to the grave." He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe for a moment,

against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn. It was but for a moment. "No, no, my bonnie lady, it cannot be. Glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horseman could never urge a steed, and that the forms and semblances of living men were seen in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather, old minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words: they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

"I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;
To follow no banner that comes from the flood,
To march no more southward to battle and blood.
League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—
To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—
And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,
While eagles love Skiddaw, and soldiers love glory."

"These are the words of my ancestor—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston." As he uttered these words he

mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner,—with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by beat of drum. It was soon broad daylight; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Westmoreland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed. There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol, and carabine—the latter with musket and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days, some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail, others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests, and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmore, marched in front, singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded ; those of Lord Derwentwater followed ; a band, numerous, but divided in opinion ; unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril, like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed : a band of warriors, strange, and even savage in their appearance ; brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle, with plaid and bonnet and broadsword, with bare knees, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution to destroy all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity ; compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being, a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which would deliver them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents ; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many ; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot.

No serious attempt was made to impede us : some random shots were fired from the hedge-rows and groves ; till at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston ; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising

grounds, leaving our entry into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face showed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies : this passed not unobserved of the cavalier at my side, who said, with a smile, " Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against us ; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet garb and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who measure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our own little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup.

At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets, and the rushing of horses behind us ; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character, " Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's troopers come to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes : and now for the onset, Walter Selby." The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head ; swords were bared in a moment ; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back ; the clashing of swords, the knelling of carbines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle-shout of the living, came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me.

I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which at first had only extended to a few blows and shots, becoming bloody and dubious; for the enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held up my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, "O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him! they'll slay him!"

I was not allowed to witness more, but was carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies, who followed the fortune of their lords in this expedition, endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. But I was soon the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby, and his companion, soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom, and sobbed with joy: he kissed my forehead, and said, "Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott; but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are." I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, "Accept, sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance." "Bless thee, fair lady," said the knight, "I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought." I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips; and washing the blood from his hands, removing the soils of battle from his dress,

and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most cheerful of the company.

It was evident, from the frequent and earnest consultations of the leaders, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons.

All this while Sir Thomas Scott sat beside us, calm and unconcerned; conversing about our ancient house; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the melody of music to the old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds.

The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous, when Lord Nithsdale, a little, high-spirited and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, "This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love; betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both." Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmore, returned to us, and said, "Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals and major-generals has been laid before our leaders, as turns them pale; a mere muster-roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmore, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's counsel now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return." So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to every step in the porch till their return, which happened within an hour.

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They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake ; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were hacked and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them, "Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned aught of their numbers?"—"We have done more," said Sir Thomas ; "we have learned from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely await for dawn to attack you." This announcement seemed to strike a damp to the hearts of several of the chiefs ; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. "I would counsel you," said Sir Thomas, "to make an instant attack upon their position before their cannon arrive ; I will lead the way ; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage ; let some of our border troopers dismount, and with the clansmen open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops which line the hedge-rows and enclosures ; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory." Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; but, alas ! the precious hours of night were unfortunately consumed in unavailing debate, and nothing was done.

This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet, and the rushing of horse ; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the courage to go into the street ; and had not proceeded far till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at the gallop ; but their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword ; for the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horse-

men with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled; assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up, to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe! The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent a message to General Willis to propose a capitulation.

Sir Thomas Scott came up to us, and said, with a smile of bitter scorn, "Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what the good green wood will do for poor outlaws; I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this."

We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered upon an extensive common or chase, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to hear the trumpet summons, and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston.

As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his hand to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature, and half of man's hand, which divided the chase or waste in two ; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain, with about thirty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush upon us, calling out, "Yield ! down with the traitors !" Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carabines were flashing, and both parties spurred on to the attack.

Of this unexpected and fatal contest I have but an indistinct remembrance. It was of brief duration. A pistol and carabine flashed together, and Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropped his head, and his sword ; and saying, faintly, "Oh, Eleanor !" fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprang to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged over us.

Ere the contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. "Alas ! alas !" said he, "that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this ! Haste, Frank,—Elliot haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs ;

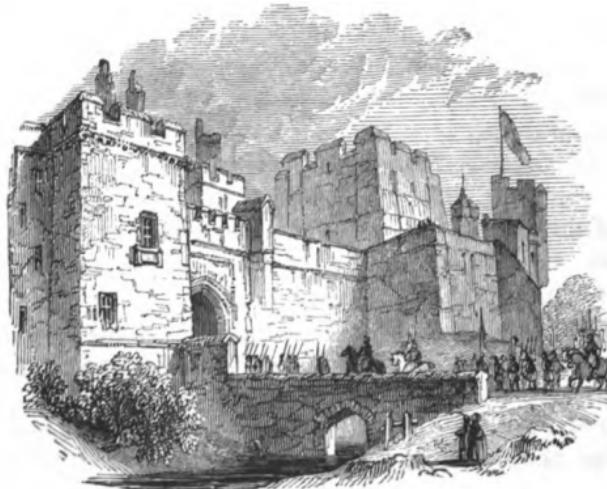
cover it thick with our mantles ; place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks. Ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it ; and you, minstrel Harberson, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady."

All these orders, so promptly given, were as quickly executed ; and we recommenced our journey to the north, with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter, which, alas ! became a bier ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen ; a grave was prepared ; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiem, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. "The dust of our young hero," said Sir Thomas, "must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth."

But, alas ! the form of the lovely and the brave was not permitted to sink silently into dust—it was plucked out of its lonely and obscure grave—displayed on a gibbet, and the head, separated from the body, was placed on the gate of Carlisle. All day I sat looking, in sadness and tears, on this sorrowful sight, and all night I wandered wild and distracted about, conjuring all men who passed by to win me but one tress of the long bright hair of Walter Selby. Even the rude sentinels were moved by my grief, but no one dared to do a deed so daring and so perilous.

I remember it well—it was on a wild and stormy night—the rain fell fast—the thunder rocked the walls, and the lightnings flashing far and wide showed the castle's shattered towers, and the river Eden rolling deep in flood. I wrapped my robe about me, and approached the gate. I beheld a

human form—it descended and approached me, motioning me back with its hand. I turned suddenly round and said, “Whether thou comest for evil or for good, farther shall I not go till I know thy errand.”—“Fair and unhappy lady,” said a familiar voice, “take this tress of thy lover’s hair, and mourn over it as thou wilt—men shall in vain look on the morrow for the golden locks of Walter Selby waving on Carlisle gate, and then they shall know that the good and the brave are never without friends. His body has been won, and his dust shall now mingle with the knightly and the fair descended, even as I vowed when we laid him in his early grave.” With these words Sir Thomas Scott (for it was no other) departed, and I placed the ringlet in my bosom, from which it shall never be separated.—*Abridged from Cunningham’s Traditions.*





PRINCE CHERIE.

THERE once lived a king so wise and beneficent in all his actions that he was called by the name of the Good King. One day in hunting, a white rabbit, being closely pursued by the hounds, threw itself into his arms. The king stroked the little creature and said : " As you have placed yourself under my protection, I will take care you are not hurt. He had the rabbit carried to his palace, and a little house made for it, and made his servants give it nice food. One day, while the king was alone in his chamber, suddenly a beautiful lady appeared ; her gown was white as snow, and her head was crowned with a wreath of white roses. The king was very much surprised to see this lady, for the door of his room was closed ; and he was puzzled to know how she could have found admission, when she said to him : " I am the fairy Candid. Passing through the wood while you were hunting, I was curious to know if you were as good as everybody says that you are. To ascertain this, I assumed the shape of a rabbit, and took refuge in your arms ; for I was sure that he who would pity a little rabbit, could not be unmerciful to his fellow-creatures ; while, had you refused me your protection, I should have concluded that with all your show of goodness you were wicked in your heart. I am come to thank you for your kind offices to me, and to assure you that I will always be your friend. You may command me in all things within my power, and I promise to grant you what you desire."

" Madam," said the king, " I have an only son, who is

called ‘Prince Cherie,’ and if you have any affection for me, become, for my sake, his friend and protector.”—“Willingly,” said the fairy; “I can make your son the handsomest, the richest, or the most powerful prince in the world; choose whichever of these gifts you like best for him.”—“I desire none of them for my son,” answered the good king; “but I will be very much obliged to you if you will make him *the best* of all princes. Of what service to him would be his beauty, or his riches, or the possession of all the kingdoms in the world, if he were wicked?”—“You have well spoken,” said Candid; “but it is not in my power to make the prince a good man in spite of himself. All that I can promise you is, to give him good advice, to point out his faults to him, and to punish him if he will not correct them and punish himself by repentance.”

The good king was very well satisfied with this promise, and shortly afterwards he died. Prince Cherie wept very much for his father, for he loved him dearly, and would have given all his gold, and his silver, and all his kingdoms, to have saved his life. Two days after the good king’s death, as Cherie was reclining on a sofa, the fairy Candid appeared to him. “I promised your father,” said she, addressing herself to him, “to be your friend; and to keep my word, I am come to make you a present.” She then placed on his finger a gold ring, and continued: “Take great care of this ring; it is plain, but it is more precious than any diamond: whenever you are about to commit a bad action it will prick your finger; but remember that if in spite of its warning you persevere in an evil deed, you will forfeit my friendship; nay, I shall become your enemy.” As she finished these words Candid

disappeared, and left the prince very much astonished and delighted with his present. He was for some time so wise and good that the ring did not prick him at all. After awhile, as he was one day hunting, he was so unsuccessful as not to take anything whatever. This put him in rather an ill humour, and he thought that he felt his ring pricking his finger, but so gently, that he did not take much notice of it. As he was returning to his chamber, his little dog ran as usual to meet him, and leaped round him to be caressed ; but the prince was not in a humour to play with him, and in his anger he gave the little dog a kick, when instantly the ring pricked him as sharply as if it had been a pin. Ashamed and confused, he seated himself in a corner of his chamber, saying to himself : " Surely the fairy is making sport of me, for what great crime have I committed in kicking an animal that was teasing me ? To what purpose do I rule over a large empire, if I may not even beat my dog ? "

" I am not making sport of you," said a voice in answer to the thoughts which were thus passing in Cherie's mind ; " you have, instead of one, committed three faults. You first lost your temper, because you cannot bear to be crossed, even in trifles, but think that men and beasts are made to obey you. You next put yourself in a passion with your dog, who could not understand you ; and lastly, you were cruel enough to kick the poor animal, who did not deserve ill-treatment. I know that you are much above a dog ; and that you are the king of a great empire ; but the advantage of being a ruler over others does not consist in the power of committing all the evil to which we feel disposed, but in the practice of all the good that lies within our power."

Cherie had not yet lost his sense of right ; he acknowledged his faults and promised to correct them. He did not however keep his word.

His ring soon pricked him very often : sometimes he stopped at its warning ; and at others, continued his course without heeding it. The nature of the ring was such that it only pricked him gently for a slight fault ; but when he was very wicked, it actually made his finger bleed. At last, growing impatient of this check, and wishing to be wicked at his ease, he threw the ring from him. He now thought himself the happiest of men. He gave himself up to all the folly that entered into his mind ; so that he soon became the terror and the disgust of his subjects.

One day as Cherie was walking in the fields he saw a young woman, so extremely beautiful, that he at once felt a desire to marry her. She was called Zelia, and was as wise as she was beautiful. Cherie accosted her, thinking that Zelia would esteem herself very happy to become a great queen ; but to his surprise she at once replied to his addresses : "Sire, I am but a shepherdess, and have no fortune ; but notwithstanding that I will never marry you."—"Is my appearance then displeasing to you ?" asked Cherie. "No, my prince," answered Zelia ; "I find you, as you really are, very handsome. But, of what use to me would be your beauty, your riches, the fine clothes, the magnificent carriages that you would give me, if the evil actions of which I hear should force me to despise and to hate you ?" Cherie was so enraged at this, that he commanded his officers to carry Zelia by force into his palace. He was occupied all day with reflections on the contempt that she had shown for him ; but, as he still loved her, he could

not determine to ill-treat her. One of Cherie's favourites, on seeing him very sorrowful, inquired the subject of his grief; and the prince having answered him that he could not endure Zelia's contempt, and that he was resolved to correct his faults, the wicked man said to him: "This is a very pretty business indeed; if I were in your place I would compel this girl to obey me. Remember that you are king, and that it would be a disgrace for you to submit to the whims of a poor shepherdess who should be too happy to be admitted into the number of your slaves. Put her into prison, and feed her on bread and water; and if she still refuses you, put her to death at once, and thus teach others to yield to your wishes. It would be disgraceful were it known that you could thus be so easily turned from your course; your subjects will forget that they are born to attend upon you and obey."—"But," said Cherie, "shall I not be disgraced if I put an innocent person to death? for after all, Zelia is guilty of no crime."—"No one can be innocent who refuses to yield to your wishes," replied the cunning villain; "but supposing that you committed an unjust action, even that would be better than that it should be said you allowed any one to show you a want of respect, or to contradict you." Cherie was moved; and the fear of seeing his authority diminished made so much impression upon him, that he stifled his first impulse to correct himself. He resolved to go to the room in which the shepherdess was confined, and not to spare her if she still refused to marry him.

On entering the shepherdess's room, Cherie was much surprised not to find her there, for he had kept the key in his own pocket. He was in a terrible rage, and vowed vengeance on all that he suspected of having favoured her escape. His con-

fidants, hearing him talk thus, resolved to take advantage of his anger to sacrifice a lord who had been Cherie's guardian. That good man had sometimes taken the liberty of telling the king of his faults, for he loved him as his son. At first the prince thanked him ; he gradually however grew impatient at his remonstrances ; and at last thought that it was in the spirit of opposition only, that his guardian found fault with him when every body else praised him. He ordered him to withdraw from the court ; but, notwithstanding that order, he would say from time to time that he was a good man ; and although perhaps he no longer loved him, he could not help esteeming him in spite of himself. The confidants, therefore, were continually in fear lest he should take it into his head to recall his guardian, and they believed that they had now found a favourable opportunity to get rid of him for ever. They gave the king to understand that Suliman, (which was his worthy guardian's name,) had boasted that he would set Zelia at liberty ; and three men were induced by rich bribes to say that they had heard Suliman affirm as much. The prince, in a transport of rage, ordered his soldiers to fetch the old man chained like a criminal. After giving this order, Cherie retired to his chamber ; but he had no sooner entered it than the earth began to shake, and after a loud peal of thunder the fairy appeared before him.—“ I promised your father,” said she to him, in a stern voice, “ to give you good advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it; you have treated my counsel with contempt ; you still preserve the outward appearance of a man, but your crimes have changed you into a monster, the horror of earth and of Heaven. It is now time that I fulfil my promise to your father by punishing you for your

guilt. You are doomed to become like the beasts whose inclinations you have adopted. You have made yourself like the lion by your fury, like the wolf by your gluttony, like the serpent by outraging him who was your second father, like the bull by your ferocity. Bear then in your new form the character of all these animals." The fairy ceased to speak, and Cherie saw with horror that her sentence was accomplished. He had a lion's head, a bull's horns, a wolf's feet, and a serpent's tail. In a moment he found himself in a large forest, and on the border of a rivulet, in which he saw reflected his horrible transformation.

Cherie thought that by removing from the rivulet he should lessen his troubles, since he would no longer have his ugliness and deformity before his eyes; so he penetrated into the wood; but he had not advanced many steps when he fell into a pit that had been dug to entrap bears. In an instant the huntsmen, who had been concealed in the trees, came down, and having bound him in chains they conducted him to the capital city of his own kingdom. On the road, instead of acknowledging that he had drawn this punishment on himself by his faults, he cursed the fairy; gnashed his chains between his teeth; and abandoned himself to his fury. As he approached the capital he perceived every where great rejoicings: and on the huntsmen asking what had occurred, they were informed that prince Cherie, who only took delight in tormenting his people, had been destroyed in his chamber by a thunder-bolt; for thus it was believed. "The gods," added their informants, "could no longer endure the excess of his wickedness, and have rid the earth of the monster." It was stated also that four lords, his accomplices in crime, thought to profit by his

destruction and to share the empire between them ; but that the people, who knew that it was by their evil advice that the king had fallen, had cut them in pieces, and had offered the crown to Suliman, the good man whom the wicked prince had wished to put to death. "That worthy guardian of the late king has just been crowned," said an old man, "and we celebrate the day as that of the kingdom's deliverance ; for he is virtuous, and will restore peace and abundance to the land." Cherie groaned with rage at overhearing this discourse : but it was much worse for him when he arrived at the large square before his palace. He saw Suliman on a superb throne, and heard all the people bless him, and pray for his long life, that he might repair the evils they had suffered under his predecessor. Suliman then expressed by signs that he wished to be heard, and thus addressed the multitude :—"I have accepted the crown you have offered me," said he, "but it is only to preserve it for our prince. I have reason to believe that he is not dead, and perhaps you may yet see him return as virtuous as he was in his youth. Alas!" he continued, weeping, "flatterers seduced him : I knew his heart, it was formed for virtue ; and, but for the poisonous discourse of those around him, he would have been the father of us all. Detest his vices, but pity his misfortunes ; and let us all unite to pray that he may repent and be restored to us."

Suliman's words touched Cherie's heart. He then felt how sincere had been the fidelity and attachment of this good old man ; and for the first time since his punishment he felt remorse for his crimes. Softened by this good feeling, he felt the rage that had agitated him gradually cool : he reflected on the many crimes of his life, and acknowledged that he was not

punished so rigorously as he deserved. He ceased to struggle in the iron cage, in which he was confined, and became as quiet as a lamb. He was conducted to a large menagerie, in which were kept all sorts of monsters and wild beasts, and he was chained up among the rest.

Cherie resolved that he would lose no opportunity of repairing his faults ; he therefore conducted himself very obediently towards the man who had the care of him. This man was a ruffian ; and although the monster was very gentle, he yet beat him without reason. One day as his keeper was lying asleep, a tiger, having broken his chain, sprung upon him to devour him. Cherie could not for a moment prevent a slight emotion of joy at seeing himself about to be thus delivered from his persecutor ; but he immediately repressed this feeling, and anxiously regretted that he was not at liberty. "I would return," said he, "good for evil by saving the life of this unfortunate."

No sooner had he thus determined, than he saw his cage-door open ; he sprang to the assistance of the man, who was awakened and defending himself against the tiger. The keeper thought he was lost indeed, when he saw the monster ; but his fear was soon changed to joy : the beneficent Cherie sprang upon the tiger, strangled it, and crouched himself humbly at the feet of the man whom he had just saved. Penetrated with gratitude, the keeper would have caressed the monster who had done him so signal a service ; but as he stooped, he heard a voice saying : "A good action never goes unrewarded ;" at the same moment, to his great surprise, he saw but a pretty little dog at his feet. Cherie, charmed at his change, leaped upon and caressed his keeper, who took

him in his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related the wonderful occurrence that had just taken place. The queen, charmed with his goodness, wished to have the dog; and Cherie would have been very well contented with his new condition, could he but have forgotten that he was once a man and a king.

One day, directly after his bread had been given to him for his breakfast, he took it into his head that he would go and eat it in the palace garden. He took it in his mouth, therefore, and went straight towards a stream which he recollects as being a short distance from the palace. But to his surprise the stream was no longer there, and in its place he saw a large house, the outside of which was brilliantly ornamented with gold and precious stones.

He observed an immense quantity of men and women, magnificently dressed, all going into this house; and from the interior he heard singing, dancing, and other indications of the good cheer that was to be found there: but he observed that all those who quitted the house were pale, thin, covered with sores and nearly naked, for their clothes were torn to tatters. Some fell dead as they crossed the threshold, apparently entirely exhausted; others remained stretched on the ground at a short distance from the door, dying with hunger; and a few only had sufficient strength to drag themselves away. The poor creatures who were lying on the ground, begged with tears for a morsel of bread from those who were going into the house, but were passed by without even a look. Cherie observed a young girl who was trying to gather some grass to eat; and touched with compassion, said to himself: "I have a good appetite, it is true, but I shall not die of hunger before

my dinner-time, and if I sacrifice my breakfast to this poor creature, perhaps I may be the means of saving her life." He resolved to obey this good impulse, and put his bread into the young girl's hand, who carried it with avidity to her mouth. She soon appeared to be entirely restored, and Cherie, transported with joy at having succoured her so opportunely, was thinking of returning to the palace, when he heard loud cries: it was Zelia in the hands of four men, who were dragging her towards the fine house, and was about to force her therein.

Cherie then regretted that he had lost the shape and powers of the monster, which would have enabled him to rescue her; but as a weak dog, he was only driven away with kicks and curses. He resolved, however, not to leave the place, in order to ascertain what became of Zelia. He upbraided himself with that beautiful girl's misfortunes. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I am irritated against those who are now carrying her off, but have I not committed against her the same crime? And if the justice of Heaven had not frustrated my intentions, should I not have treated her with as much indignity?"

Cherie's reflections were interrupted by a noise which he heard over his head. He saw a window opened, and his joy was extreme at perceiving Zelia, who threw out of the window a plate full of victuals, so nicely cooked, that the very sight of them was enough to create an appetite. The window was immediately closed again, and Cherie, who had not eaten all day, thought that he might as well take advantage of this opportunity. He was just about to eat, when the young girl, to whom he had given his bread, uttered a cry, and taking him in her arms: "Poor little animal," said she, "touch not those tempting viands; that house is the palace of luxury, and all

that comes from it is poisoned." At the same time Cherie heard a voice saying : " You see again that a good action does not go unrewarded ;" and he was immediately changed into a pretty little white pigeon. His first wish now was to go to Zelia ; and, rising in the air, he flew all round the house. He saw with joy that there was a window open ; but in vain did he fly all over the house, he could not find his Zelia there. He resolved, however, not to rest until he should meet with her. He flew onwards for many days ; and having at last entered on a desert, he perceived a cavern, into which he entered, when, behold ! Zelia was seated therein by the side of a venerable old woman, and was sharing her frugal meal. Cherie transported, flew on to the shoulder of the shepherdess, and expressed, by his caresses, the pleasure he felt at seeing her again. Zelia, who was charmed with the little bird's gentleness, softly stroked him with her hand, and although she thought he could not understand her, she told him that she accepted the gift that he made her of himself, and said she would always love him. " What have you done, Zelia ?" said the hermit, " you have just pledged your faith."—" Yes, charming shepherdess," said Cherie to her, resuming at that moment his natural form, " the end of my enchantment then depended on your consent to our union. You have promised to love me always ; confirm my happiness, or I will conjure the fairy Candid, my protectress, to restore to me that form under which I had the happiness to please you."—" You need not fear," said Candid, who, quitting the figure of the old woman, under which she had been concealed, appeared in her proper person. " The change that has taken place in your heart, allows her to give way to that tenderness which she has

long felt. Live, from henceforth, happily together, since your union will be founded on virtue."

Cherie and Zelia threw themselves at the fairy Candid's feet. The prince could not sufficiently thank her for her goodness; and Zelia, delighted to learn that the prince had abandoned his errors, confirmed to him the pleasing confession of her love. "Rise, my children," said the fairy to them, "I will transport you to your palace; I will restore to Cherie a crown of which his vices had rendered him unworthy." She ceased, and Cherie found himself with Zelia in the chamber of Suliman. This good man, charmed to see his master return, restored to himself and to virtue, joyfully gave up to him his throne; after which Cherie and Zelia enjoyed a long and prosperous reign.

THE LAIRD OF COLZEAN.

IN days of old, the proprietors of Colzean, in Ayrshire, were known in that country by the title of *Lairds o' Co'*, a name bestowed on Colzean from some co's (or coves) in the rock underneath the castle.

One morning, a little fellow, carrying a small wooden can, addressed the laird near the castle gate, begging for a little ale for his mother, who was sick; the laird directed him to go to the butler and get his can filled; so away he went as ordered. The butler had a barrel of ale on tap, but about half full, out of which he proceeded to fill the boy's can; but to his extreme surprise he emptied the cask, and still the

little can was not nearly full. The butler was unwilling to broach another barrel, but the little fellow insisted on the fulfilment of the laird's order, and a reference was made to him by the butler, who stated the miraculously *large* capacity of the *tiny* can; but he received instant orders to fill it if all the ale in the cellar would suffice. Obedient to this command, he broached another cask, but had scarcely drawn a drop when the can was full, and the dwarf departed with expressions of gratitude.

Some years afterwards, the laird, being at the wars in Flanders, was taken prisoner, and for some reason or other (probably as a spy) condemned to die a felon's death. The night prior to the day appointed for his execution, being confined in a dungeon strongly barricaded, the doors suddenly flew open, and the dwarf re-appeared, saying,

" Laird o' Co',
Rise and go"—

a summons too welcome to require repetition.

On emerging from prison, the dwarf caused him to mount on his shoulders, and in a short time set him down at his own gate, on the very spot where they had first met, saying,

" One good turn deserves another—
Take that for being kind to my poor mother,"

and then vanished.—*Chambers' Rhymes, &c.*

THE NORWEGIAN NECK AND THE TWO BOYS.

Two little boys were playing by the side of a river, and they saw the Strömkarl, or water spirit, (called also, "the Neck,") sitting on the shore and playing on his harp. Then the children called out to him, and said, "Strömkarl, why do you sit here playing? There is no salvation for you." Thereupon the Neck fell to weeping bitterly, threw his harp away, and sank in the deep waters. The boys related to their father, who was a godly man, what had happened. The father said, "You have done wrong to the Strömkarl; go back and comfort him with the hope of salvation." When they went back to the river, the Neck sat on the shore lamenting. And the children said, "Weep not so, Strömkarl; our father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." Then the Neck joyfully took his harp again, and played sweetly till sunset.—GRIMM (*quoted in Austin's Fragments*).

Long after the introduction of Christianity, the popular belief in supernatural beings continued to be tinged by the ancient notions as to their powers and characteristics. In old times, the water spirits were propitiated by the sacrifice of a lamb. This, of course, ceased with the light of Christianity; but the people still retained a certain degree of awe and reverence for them; thinking of them as unblessed beings, who might, however, at a future day, become partakers of the blessings of salvation. To this notion we may trace the touching legend that the Strömkarl, or Neck, requites those who promise him redemption with his enchanting music. I do not know, adds Miss Austin, that any legend contains a more striking expression of the need of Christianity to the heathen, or of the mild aspect under which it ought to approach them.

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