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HOME STORIES.

BY

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.



TRANSLATED BY

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

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

The chief portion of these stories was, therefore,

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

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

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

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

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FAIRY TALES.

The Frog King, or the Faithful Henrik.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Cat and the Mouse as Companions.

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

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

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

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

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

The Virgin Mary's adopted Daughter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Faithful Johan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Good Bargain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Wonderful Musician.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Twelve Brothers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Host Overreached.

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

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

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

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

The Little Brother and Sister.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What will my child do—and what my dear?
After two days, I am no longer near."

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

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

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

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

"What will my child do—and what my deer?"
but this time she added—

"This is the last time I come here."

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

Rapunzel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Three Dwarfs in the Wood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hans and Peggy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Three Magical Leaves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The White Snake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean.

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

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

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

The Grube Little Tailor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cinderella.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The next day the festival being continued, when the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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