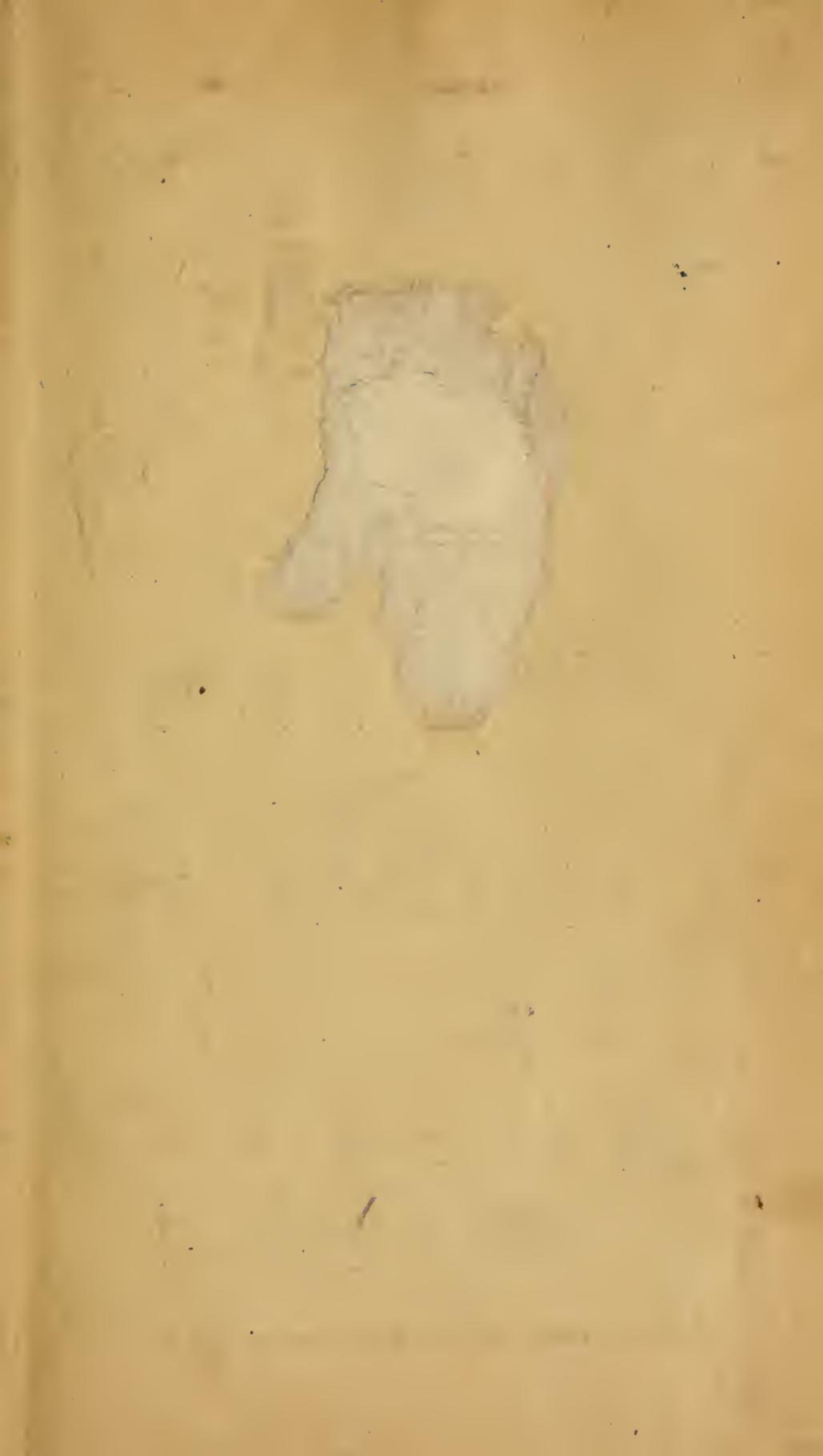


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GRIMM'S HOUSEHOLD TALES.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN AND EDITED BY

MARGARET HUNT.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ANDREW LANG, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THERE would seem to be very little need of a preface to any book possessing the great advantage of an Introduction from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang, especially when it is a book which has always been so popular in this country that it has fully proved its right to the name originally bestowed on it.

The reader may, however, like to know something of its history as told by one of its authors in the preface to the 2nd edition, which was published in 1819. The first edition was in two volumes, the first of which appeared in 1812. The brothers Grimm were thirteen years in collecting the stories in this volume. They were all picked up little by little from the lips of people living in Hesse and Hanau, the districts best known to the authors. The second volume was finished much more quickly: it was ready in 1814. Chance favoured them, friends helped them, but their best friend of all was the wife of a cow-herd living in the village of Niederzwehm, near Cassel, a woman of about fifty, with intelligent and agreeable but somewhat resolute features, large, bright penetrating eyes, and a perfect genius for story-telling. "Her memory," Grimm tells us, "kept a firm hold of all sagas. She herself knew that this gift was not granted to every one, and that there were many who could remember nothing connectedly. She told her stories thoughtfully, accurately, and with wonderful vividness, and evidently had a delight in doing it. First, she related them from beginning to end, and then, if required, repeated them more slowly, so that after some practice it was perfectly easy to write from her dictation."

This is how the Brothers Grimm did write them ; much that she said was taken down by them word by word and its fidelity is unmistakable. They bear empnatic witness to her ardent desire for accuracy. " Any one who holds that tradition is so easily falsified and carelessly preserved, that it is impossible for it to last for any length of time, ought to have heard how close she always kept to the story, and how zealous she was for its accuracy. When repeating it she never altered any part, and if she made a mistake always corrected it herself immediately."

A large proportion of the stories in these volumes comes from Hesse, which, as we are told, being a mountainous country lying far away from the great main roads, and with a population closely occupied in husbandry, is, of all German nations, that which amid all Time's changes has kept most fixedly to characteristic habits and customs.

The principle on which the Brothers Grimm worked shall be given in their own words : " Our first aim in collecting these stories has been exactness and truth. We have added nothing of our own, have embellished no incident or feature of the story, but have given its substance just as we ourselves received it. It will, of course, be understood that the mode of telling and carrying out of particular details is principally due to us, but we have striven to retain everything that we knew to be characteristic, that in this respect also we might leave the collection the many-sidedness of nature. For the rest, every one engaged on a work of this kind will know that this cannot be looked on as a careless or indifferent method of collection, but that, on the contrary, a care and skill which can only be gained by time are required to distinguish the version of the story which is simpler, purer and yet more complete in itself, from the falsified one. Whenever we found that varying stories completed each other, and that no contradictory parts had to be cut out before they could be joined together, we have given them as one, but when they differed, we have given the preference to that which was the better, and have kept the other for the notes.' The authors express great regret that in so many cases they have been obliged to give the stories in High-German, which, though it has gained in clearness, has " lost in

flavour, and no longer has such a firm hold of the kernel of the thing signified." Whenever it was possible they have retained the patois of the district where they heard the story, and their two volumes contain stories in ten different dialects.

There have been several English translations of the Household Tales, and yet this is, I believe, the first which has aimed at presenting them precisely as given by the Brothers Grimm. They wrote down every story exactly as they heard it, and if some of its details chanced to be somewhat coarse, or if sacred persons were occasionally introduced with a daring familiarity, which to us seems almost to amount to profanity, they did not soften or omit these passages, for with them fidelity to tradition was a duty which admitted of no compromise—they were not providing amusement for children, but storing up material for students of folk-lore. English translators have, as is not unnatural, hitherto had children most in their minds, and have thought it well to change the devil of the German stories into a less offensive ogre or black dwarf, and so on. In this translation I have endeavoured to give the stories as they are in the German original, and though I have slightly softened one or two passages, have always respected the principle which was paramount with the brothers Grimm themselves. The notes too are now translated for the first time. I have been in some difficulty about the spelling of proper names, but have tried to adhere to that form of each name for which the authors themselves showed the most preference. They adopt several, and their spelling frequently differs from that which is commonly received, and yet they are such high authorities that it seems presumptuous to alter what they thought right.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.



	PAGE
1. THE FROG-KING, OR IRON HENRY	1
2. CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP	4
3. OUR LADY'S CHILD.	7
4. THE STORY OF THE YOUTH WHO WENT FORTH TO LEARN WHAT FEAR WAS.	11
5. THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS	20
6. FAITHFUL JOHN	23
7. THE GOOD BARGAIN	31
8. THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN	35
9. THE TWELVE BROTHERS	37
10. THE PACK OF RAGAMUFFINS	42
11. BROTHER AND SISTER	44
12. RAPUNZEL	50
13. THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD	54
14. THE THREE SPINNERS	59
15. HÄNSEL AND GRETHEL	62
16. THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES	69
17. THE WHITE SNAKE.	72
18. THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN	76
19. THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE	78
20. THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR	85
21. CINDERELLA	93
22. THE RIDDLE	100
23. THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE	103
24. MOTHER HOLLE	104
25. THE SEVEN RAVENS	108
26. LITTLE RED-CAP	110
27. THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS	114
28. THE SINGING BONE.	117
29. THE DEVIL WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS	119
30. THE LOUSE AND THE FLEA	125
31. THE GIRL WITHOUT HANDS	127
32. CLEVER HANS	133
33. THE THREE LANGUAGES	136
34. CLEVER ELSIE	138
35. THE TAILOR IN HEAVEN.	141
36. THE WISHING-TABLE, THE GOLD-ASS, AND THE CUDGEL IN THE SACK	143
37. THUMBLING	153
38. THE WEDDING OF MRS. FOX	158

	PAGE
39. THE ELVES	161
40. THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM	164
41. HERR KORBES.	167
42. THE GODFATHER	168
43. FRAU TRUDE	170
44. GODFATHER DEATH.	171
45. THUMBLING AS JOURNEYMAN	174
46. FITCHER'S BIRD	178
47. THE JUNIPER-TREE	181
48. OLD SULTAN	190
49. THE SIX SWANS	192
50. LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE	197
51. FUNDEVOGEL	200
52. KING THRUSHBEARD	203
53. LITTLE SNOW-WHITE	207
54. THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN	215
55. RUMPELSTILTSKIN	221
56. SWEETHEART ROLAND	224
57. THE GOLDEN BIRD	227
58. THE DOG AND THE SPARROW	235
59. FREDERICK AND CATHERINE	238
60. THE TWO BROTHERS	244
61. THE LITTLE PEASANT	264
62. THE QUEEN BEE	269
63. THE THREE FEATHERS	271
64. THE GOLDEN GOOSE	274
65. ALLERLEIRAUH	277
66. THE HARE'S BRIDE	282
67. THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN.	283
68. THE THIEF AND HIS MASTER	286
69. JORINDA AND JORINGEL	288
70. THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE	291
71. HOW SIX MEN GOT ON IN THE WORLD	293
72. THE WOLF AND THE MAN	298
73. THE WOLF AND THE FOX	299
74. GOSSIP WOLF AND THE FOX	301
75. THE FOX AND THE CAT	302
76. THE PINK	303
77. CLEVER GRETHEL	307
78. THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON	309
79. THE WATER-NIX	310
80. THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE HEN	311
81. BROTHER LUSTIG	312
82. GAMBLING HANSEL	322
83. HANS IN LUCK	325
84. HANS MARRIED	330
85. THE GOLD-CHILDREN	331
86. THE FOX AND THE GEESE	336
NOTES	337-454

INTRODUCTION.

HOUSEHOLD TALES;

THEIR ORIGIN, DIFFUSION, AND RELATIONS
TO THE HIGHER MYTHS.

BY

ANDREW LANG.

ARGUMENT.

Problems suggested by the study of Household Tales.—The stories consist of few incidents, in many combinations—The tales are widely distributed.—The incidents are often monstrous and incredible.—The incidents recur in Greek and Indian epics, and in Lives of the Saints.—How are we to explain the *Origin* of Household Tales, their *Diffusion*, their *Relations to Epic Myths*?—Theories of the Diffusion of Tales.—Caution necessary in Examining Tales—Example: “The Wolf and Kids:” explanation of Sir George Cox.—His Theory of the *Diffusion* of Household Tales.—Common heritage of Aryan Race.—His Theory of the *Origin* of the Tales from mental habits and linguistic eccentricities of early man.—Man was “animistic,” vastly concerned about Phenomena of day and year, and he was oblivious of the meaning of proverbial and popular expressions.—Household Tales are chiefly myths of day, night, summer winter, dawn, dew, sun, moon, wind, etc. This theory criticised.—Scantiness of Evidence for early man’s poetic interest in Nature, and forgetfulness of meaning of language. Sir George Cox’s early men really savages.—Contemporary savages have not mental and linguistic habits ascribed to the early men.—Difference between Sir George Cox’s and Mr. Max Müller’s conception of mythopoeic men.—The evidence of Anthropological science neglected.—Criticism of theory of “Polyonymy” and “Oblivion.”—Use of these processes in Sir George Cox’s system.—Illustrated by Myth of Jason.—Condemnations of the “Solar” method quoted.—The criterion of Mr. Max Müller criticised.—The story of “Frosch-König” as interpreted by Messrs. Cox and Müller.—Sir George Cox’s theory that the animals in fairy tales are derived from linguistic confusions criticised.—Relations of *Märchen* to myths examined.—Theory that *Märchen* are *detritus* of myths.—Converse theory that myths are a younger form of *Märchen*.—A Theory of the Origin of Household Tales stated.—The monstrous incidents are survivals from savagery.—The Myths are *Märchen* elaborated.—European *Märchen* hold a mean position between savage tales and heroic myths.—Origin of this theory.—Nature of evidence for savage *Märchen* and for savage ideas.—Defence of trustworthiness of this evidence when carefully handled.—Statement of chief savage ideas.—They reappear in savage and in civilised Tales.—Examples given.—The Myth of Jason criticised according to this Theory.—Summary.—Conclusion.—Notes.

INTRODUCTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

TILL shortly before the time of the Brothers Grimm the stories which they gathered (*Kinder- und Hausmärchen*) had been either neglected by men of learning or treated as mere curiosities. Many collections had been made in Sanskrit, Arabic, Italian, French, but they were made for literary, not scientific purposes. The volumes of the Brothers Grimm following on several other scientific collections, and the notes of the Grimms (now for the first time reproduced in English), showed that popular tales deserved scientific study. The book of the Grimms has been succeeded by researches made among all Aryan peoples. We have tales from the Norse, French, Breton, Gaelic, Welsh, Spanish, Scotch, Romaic, Finnish, Italian, in fact, the topic of Household Tales is almost obscured by the abundance of material. Now the least careful reader of these collections must notice certain facts which constitute the problem of this branch of mythology.

In the first place the incidents, plots, and characters of the tales are, in every Aryan country, almost identical. Everywhere we find the legends of the ill-treated, but ultimately successful younger daughter; of the triumphant youngest son; of the false bride substituted for the true; of the giant's wife or daughter who elopes with the adventurer, and of the giant's pursuit; everywhere there is the story about the wife who is forced by some

mysterious cause, to leave her husband, or of the husband driven from his wife, a story which sometimes ends in the reunion of the pair. The coincidences of this kind are very numerous, and it soon becomes plain that most Aryan Household Tales are the common possession of the peoples which speak an Aryan language. It is also manifest that the tales consist of but few incidents, grouped together in a kaleidoscopic variety of arrangements.

In the second place, it is remarked that the incidents of household tales are of a monstrous, irrational, and unnatural character, answering to nothing in our experience. All animate and inanimate nature is on an intellectual level with man. Not only do beasts, birds, and fishes talk, but they actually intermarry, or propose to intermarry, with human beings.

Queens are accused of giving births to puppies and the charge is believed. Men and women are changed into beasts. Inanimate objects, drops of blood, drops of spittle, trees, rocks, are capable of speech. Cannibals are as common in the rôle of the villain as solicitors and baronets are in modern novels. Everything yields to the spell of magical rhymes or incantations. People descend to a very unchristian Hades, or home of the dead. Familiar as these features of the Household Tale have been to us all from childhood, they do excite wonder when we reflect on the wide prevalence of ideas so monstrous and crazy.

Thirdly, the student of *märchen* soon notices that many of the Household Tales have their counterparts in the higher mythologies of the ancient civilised races, in mediæval romance and saintly legend. The adventure of stealing the giant's daughter, and of the flight, occurs in the myth of Jason and Medea, where the giant becomes a wizard king. The tale of the substituted bride appears

in the romance of *Berthe aux grans piés*. The successful younger son was known to the Scythians. *Peau d'Ane* became a saint of the Irish Church, and the "supplanted bride" developed into St. Tryphine. The smith who made hell too hot for him is Sisyphus in Greek. The bride mysteriously severed from her lord in fairy tales, is Urvasi in the Rig Veda. Thus it is clear that there is some connection, however it is to be explained, between Aryan household tales and the higher Aryan mythology. The same plots and incidents are common to both myth and *märchen*.

These three sets of obvious facts introduce us to the three-fold problem of "storyology," of the science of nursery tales.

The first discovery—that these tales among the most widely severed Aryan peoples are the same in plot and incident—leads us to inquire into the cause of this community of fable. How are we to explain the *Diffusion* of Household Tales?

The second feature we observed, namely, the crazy "irrational," monstrous character of the incidents leads us to ask, how did such incidents ever come to be invented, and almost exclusively selected for the purpose of popular fiction? What, in fact, is the *Origin* of Household Tales?

The third observation we made on the resemblances between household tales and Greek and Vedic myths, and mediæval romances, compels us to examine into the *Relations between märchen and the higher mythologies*.

Taking these three topics in their order, we must first look at what can be said as to the *diffusion* of Household Tales. Why do people so far apart, so long severed by space, and so widely different in language as Russians and Celtic Highlanders, for example, possess the same household stories? There are three, or perhaps we should say four, possible explanations. There is the theory of conscious

borrowing. The Celts, it might be averred, read Russian folk tales and acclimatised them. The French took their ideas from the modern Greeks. This hypothesis, thus nakedly stated, may be at once dismissed. The peasant class, which is the guardian of the ancient store of legends, reads little, and travels scarcely at all. Allied to the theory of borrowing, but not manifestly absurd, is the theory of slow transmission. We may be as convinced as Sir George Cox (*Aryan Mythology*, vol. i. 109), that the Aryan peoples did not borrow consciously from each other. We may agree with Mr. Max Müller that "nursery tales are generally the last things to be borrowed by one nation from another" (*Chips*, ii. 216). But we cannot deny that "in the dark backward and abysm of Time," in the unrecorded wanderings of Man, Household Tales may have drifted from race to race. In the shadowy distance of primitive commerce, amber and jade and slaves were carried half across the world by the old trade-routes and sacred ways. It is said that oriental jade is found in Swiss lake-dwellings, and that an African trade cowry has been discovered deep in a Cornish barrow. Folk tales might well be scattered abroad in the same manner by merchantmen gossiping over their Khan fires, by Sidonian mariners chatting in the sounding *loggia* of an Homeric house, by the slave dragged from his home and passed from owner to owner across Africa or Europe, by the wife who, according to primitive law, had to be chosen from an alien clan. Time past is very long, land has lain where the sea roars now; we know not how the ancestors of existing races may have met and mixed before Memphis was founded, or Babylon. Thus the hypothesis of the transmission of Household Tales cannot absolutely be set aside as in every case without possible foundation.

Before examining theories of the Diffusion and Origin of Household Tales, and of their relations to the higher

mythologies, something must be said about the materials we possess. A strict criticism of the collections of tales offered to the inquirer, a strict avoidance of theory founded on hasty analogies is needful. We must try to distinguish as far as possible what is ancient and essential, from what is relatively modern and accidental in each tale. We must set apart scientific and exact collections from merely literary collections in which the traditional element is dressed up for the sake of amusement. Grimms' collection of Household Tales or *Märchen* is among the earliest of those which were made for scientific purposes. Sanskrit stories, Arab and Egyptian stories, Italian stories, French stories, had been gathered long before into the garner of Somadeva, *The Thousand and One Nights*, Straparola, the Queen of Navarre, Perrault, and others. But to bring together popular narratives merely to divert the reader is an aim which permits the collector to alter and adorn his materials almost as much as he pleases. Consequently the old compilations we have named, however delightful as literature, must be used with great caution for purposes of comparative science. Modern touches, as will be seen, occur freely even in such collections as the Grimms'. Science accepts these narratives (when it can get them unadulterated) as among the oldest productions of the human fancy, as living evidence to the character of the early imaginative faculty. But we must be quite certain that we do not interpret late additions to the tales, as if these incidents were of the primitive essence. An example of this error may be taken from Grimms' Legend (No. 5), "The Wolf and the Kids." Here a wolf deceives seven little kids, and eats them all except the youngest, who hides (like the hero of one of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's novels) "in the clock-case." The bereaved old she-goat comes home; finds that only the youngest kid survives,

and goes in quest of the wolf. The wolf is found asleep: the old goat cuts him open, and out frisk all the little kids. They then fill the wolf's stomach with stones, and sew up the orifice they had made. When the wolf awakens he is thirsty, and goes to drink, but the heavy stones make him lose his balance, he falls into the well, and is drowned.

Here the essential idea is probably nothing more than the fashioning of a comic story of a weak beast's victory over a strong beast. Similar stories are frequent among the Negroes and Bushmen (see Bleek's *Reynard the Fox in South Africa*, and *Uncle Remus*), among the Red Indians,* and, generally, among uncivilised peoples.

A story in some ways like that of the "Wolf and the Kids," is common among the negroes of Georgia. In a Kaffir tale (Theal) the arts of the wolf are attributed to a cannibal. Apparently the tale (as the negroes tell it) is of African origin, and is not borrowed from the whites. Old Mrs. Sow had five little pigs, whom she warned against the machinations of Brer Wolf. Old Mrs. Sow died, and each little pig built a house for itself. The youngest pig built the strongest house. Brer Wolf, by a series of stratagems, which may be compared to those in Grimms' *Märchen*, entrapped and devoured the four elder pigs. The youngest pig was the wisest, and would not let Brer Wolf come in by the door. He had to enter by way of the chimney, fell into a great fire the youngest pig had lighted, and was burnt to death. Here we have only to note the cunning of the wolf, and his final defeat by the youngest of the pig family, who, as in almost all household tales, is wiser and more successful than his elder brethren. In the same way Grimms' youngest kid was the kid that escaped from the wolf.

* In his *Origine des Romains*, Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, (1630-1720), mentions the Iroquois Tales of Beavers, Racoons, and Wolves.

The incident on which the revenge turns, the swallowing of the victims and their escape alive, though missing in the negro version, is of almost universal occurrence.

It is found in Australia, in Greece it has made its way into the legend of Cronus, in Brittany into the legend of Gargantua. Callaway's collection gives us Zulu examples: in America it is familiar to the Indians of the North, and to those of British Guiana. Grimm gives some German variants in his note; Bleek's *Bushman Folklore* contains several examples of the incident. The Mintiras of Malay have introduced the conception of swallowing and disgorging alive into a myth, which explains the movements of sun, moon, and stars. (Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, i. 338, 356).

In the tale of the Wolf and the Seven Kids, then, the essence is found in the tricks whereby the wolf deceives his victims; in the victory of the goat, in the disgorging of the kids alive, and the punishment of the wolf (as of Cronus in Hesiod) by the stone which he is obliged to admit into his system. In these events there is nothing allegorical or mystical, no reference to sunrise or storms. The crude ideas and incidents are of world-wide range, and suit the fancy of the most backward barbarians. But what is clearly modern in Grimm's tale is the introduction of the clock-case. That, obviously, cannot be older than the common use of tall clocks. If, then, we interpret the tale by regarding the clock-case as its essential feature, surely we mistake a late and civilised accident for the essence of an ancient and barbarous legend. Sir G. W. Cox lays much stress (*Aryan Mythology*, i. 358) on the affair of the clock-case. "The wolf," he says, "is here the Night, or the Darkness, which tries to swallow up the seven days of the week, and actually swallows six. The seventh, the youngest, escapes by hiding herself in the clock-case; in other words, the week

is not quite run out, and, before it comes to an end, the mother of the goats unrips the wolf's stomach, and places stones in it in place of the little goats who come trooping out, as the days of the week begin again to run their course."

This explanation rests on the one obviously modern feature of the story. If the explanation is correct, the state of mind in which Night could be conceived of as a wolf, and as capable of being slit open, loaded with stones, and sewn up again, must have lasted and remained intelligible, till the quite recent invention of clock-cases. The clock-case was then intelligently introduced into the legend. This seems hard to believe, though Mr. Tylor writes (*Primitive Culture*, i. 341) thus, "We can hardly doubt there is a quaint touch of sun-myth in a tale which took its present shape since the invention of clocks."

Surely a clock-case might seem (as to M. Boisgobey's hero, and to the lady freemason in the old story, it did seem) a good hiding-place, even to a mind not occupied at all with the sun. What makes the whole interpretation the more dubious is, that while with Sir George Cox the Wolf is the Night, with M. Husson (in the similar tale of the swallowing of Red Riding Hood) the Wolf is the Sun. And this is proved by the peculiar brilliance of the wolf's fur, a brilliance recognised by Sir G. Cox when he wants the sun to be a wolf.

On the whole, then, the student of *märchen* must avoid two common errors. He must not regard modern interpolations as part of the mythical essence of a story. He must not hurry to explain every incident as a reference to the natural phenomena of Dawn, Sunset, Wind, Storm, and the like. The points which are so commonly interpreted thus, are sometimes modern interpolations; more frequently they are relics of ancient customs of which the mythologist never heard, or survivals from an archaic mental condition

into which he has never inquired. Besides, as Mr. Tylor has pointed out, explanations of the elemental sort, all about storm and dawn, are so easy to find that every guesser can apply them at will to every *märchen*. In these inquiries we must never forget that "rash inferences which, on the strength of mere resemblances, derive episodes of myth from episodes of nature, must be regarded with utter distrust, for the student who has no more stringent criterion than this for his myths of sun, and sky, and dawn, will find them wherever it pleases him to seek them" (*Primitive Culture*, i. 319). This sort of student, indeed, finds his myths of sun, and sky, and dawn all through the Grimms' Collection.

We have now set forth the nature of the problems which meet the inquirer into Household Tales, and we have tried to illustrate the necessity of a critical method, and the danger of being carried away by faint or fancied resemblances and analogies. Our next step is to examine the theory of the diffusion and origin of Household Tales set forth by Sir George Cox in his *Mythology of the Aryan Nations* (1870). This theory was suggested by, and, to a certain extent, corresponds with the mythological philosophy of Mr. Max Müller, as published in *Oxford Essays* (1856), and more recently in *Selected Essays* (1881). There are, however, differences of detail and perhaps of principle in the systems of these two scholars. As to the *diffusion* of identical folk tales among peoples of Aryan speech, Sir George Cox (dismissing theories of borrowing or adaptation) writes:

"The real evidence points only to that fountain of mythical language from which have flowed all the streams of Aryan epic poetry, streams so varied in their character yet agreeing so closely in their elements. The substantial identity of stories told in Italy, Norway and India can but prove that the treasure-house of mythology

was more abundantly filled before the dispersion of the Aryan tribes than we had taken it to be." Sir George proceeds to remark on resemblances between German and Hindoo tales, which shew "the extent to which the folklore of the Aryans was developed while they still lived as a single people" (*Mythol. Aryan*, i. 145). Thus Sir George Cox accounts, on the whole, for the majority of the resemblances among Aryan household tales, by the theory that these tales are the common inheritance of the Aryan race, such narratives the Aryans possessed "while they still lived as a single people." The difficulties in which this theory lands the inquirer will afterwards be set forth. Here it may be observed that people who are not Aryans none the less possess the stories.

So much for the *Diffusion* of Aryan Household Tales. They are widely scattered (the theory goes), because the single people which possessed them in its common seat has itself been scattered widely, from Ceylon to Iceland.

Next, what is Sir George Cox's hypothesis as to the *Origin* of Household Tales? We have seen how he supposes they were diffused. We have still to ask how such crazy legends were originally evolved. Why are all things animate and inanimate on a level with man in the tales; why do beasts and trees speak; why are cannibalism, metamorphosis, magic, descents into Hades, and many other impossible incidents so common? What, in short, is the Origin of Household Tales?

Here it is not easy to be brief, as we have to give a summary of Sir George Cox's theory of the intellectual human past, from which he supposes these tales to have been evolved. In the beginning of things, or as near the beginning as he can go, Sir George finds men characterised by "the selfishness and violence, the cruelty and slavishness of savages." Yet these cruel and violent savages had the most exquisitely poetical, tender, and

sympathetic way of regarding the external world (*Mythol. Ar.* i. 39), "Deep is the tenderness with which they describe the deaths of the sun-stricken dew, the brief career of the short-lived sun, and the agony of the Earth-mother mourning for her summer child." Not only did early man cherish these passionate sympathies with the fortunes of the sun and the dew, but he cherished them almost to the exclusion of emotions perhaps more obvious and natural as we moderns hold. Man did not get used to the dawn; he was always afraid that the sun had sunk to rise no more, "years might pass, or ages, before his rising again would establish even the weakest analogy." Early man was apparently much more difficult to satisfy with analogies than modern mythologists are. After the sun had set and risen with his accustomed regularity, "perhaps for ages," "man would mourn for his death as for the loss of one who might never return."

While man was thus morbidly anxious for the welfare of the sun, and tearfully concerned about the misfortunes of the dew, he had, as we have seen, the moral qualities of the savage. He had also the intellectual confusion, the perplexed philosophy of the contemporary savage. Mr. Tylor, Mr. Im Thurn, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and most scientific writers on the subject, have observed that savages draw no hard and fast line between themselves and the animal or even the inanimate world. To the mind of the savage all things organic or inorganic appear to live and to be capable of conscious movement and even of speech. All the world is made in the savage's own image. Sir George Cox's early man was in this savage intellectual condition, "He had life, and therefore all things else must have life also. The sun, the moon, the stars, the ground on which he trod, the clouds, storms, and lightnings were all living beings: could he help thinking that, like himself, they were conscious beings also?"

As man thought of all things as living, so he spoke of them all as living. He could not get over the idea that any day living clouds might spring up and choke the living sun, while he had the most unaffected sympathy with the living dawn and the living dew. "In these spontaneous utterances of thoughts awakened by outward phenomena, we have the source of the myths which must be regarded as primary" (*Myth. Ar.* i. 42). In all this period, "there was no bound or limit to the images suggested by the sun in his ever varying aspects." Man, apparently, was almost absorbed in his interest in the sun, and in speculations about the dew, the cloud, the dawn.

We now approach another influence on mythology, the influence of language. While man was in the conditions of mind already described by Sir George Cox, he would use "a thousand phrases to describe the actions of the beneficent or consuming sun, of the gentle or awful night, of the playful or furious wind, and every word or phrase became the germ of a new story, *as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name.*" Now the mind was always losing its hold on the original force of the name, and the result would be a constant metamorphosis of the remark made about a natural phenomenon, into a myth about something denoted by a term which had ceased to possess any meaning. These myths, caused by forgetfulness of the meaning of words (as we understand our author), were of the *secondary* class, and a third class came into existence through folk-etymologies, as they are called, popular guesses at the derivations of words. We have now briefly stated Sir George Cox's theory of the origins of myths, and of the mental condition and habits through which myths were evolved. But how does this theory explain the origin of Household Tales?

This question ought to lead us to our third problem, what are the relations of Household Tales to the higher

mythologies? But it may suffice to say here that in Sir George Cox's opinion, most of the Household Tales are, in origin, myths of the phenomena of day and night. They are versions of the myths about the dark Night-powers stealing the golden treasure of Day; about Dawn loving the Dew; about the Birth and Death of the Sun; about the fortune of the Clouds, and so forth. Briefly, to illustrate the theory, we have a primary myth when early man says the (living) sun (Kephalos) loves the (living) dew (Prokris), and slays her by his arrows (that is, his rays).

We have a secondary myth where it is forgotten that Kephalos only meant the sun, and Prokris only meant the dew, and when Kephalos is taken for a shepherd swain, and Prokris for a pretty nymph. Lastly, we have a tertiary myth when Apollo Lycaeus (whose name meant Apollo of the Light) is supposed—by a folk-etymology—to be Apollo the Wolf, and is said to have been born from a were-wolf.*

Household Tales are these myths in the making, or these myths filtered down through the memories and lips of uncounted generations (*Myth. Ar.*, 165). It is on these principles that Sir George seeks to explain the irrational and unnatural element so powerful in folk tales.

We must now briefly criticise Sir George's system as a whole. Next we must see how the system is applied by him, and, lastly, we must approach the theory which we propose to substitute for that set forth in *Mythology of the Aryan Peoples*.

The point most open to criticism in Sir George Cox's statement of his views, and in the similar views of Husson, De Gubernatis, and many other mythologists, is the very inadequate evidence. The framers of Primary Myths, in Sir George Cox's system are (apparently) savages.

* In these examples Sir G. Cox's theories are only accepted for the sake of argument and illustration.

Of savages they have the moral qualities and the intellectual habits. "The prominent characteristics of that early time were the selfishness, the violence, the cruelty and harshness of savages." So much for morality. As for intellect, of the several objects which met his eye, says our author, mythopoeic man had no positive knowledge, whether of their origin, their nature, or their properties. But he had life, and therefore all things else must have life also. This mental stage "Animism," "personalism," or whatever we may call it, is also characteristic of savages. Now when we come in our turn to advance a theory of the origin of Household Tales, many points in these tales will be deduced from the cruelty and from the "Animism" of men like the framers of Sir George Cox's "Primary Myths." But Sir George's evidence for the savage estate of early myth-making man is mainly derived from the study of language.* This study has led him to views of the barbarism of the myth-makers with which we are glad to agree, yet he dissents here from his own chief authority, Mr. Max Müller. In the third chapter of the first volume of *Mythology of the Aryan Races*, the chapter which contains evidence for the intellectual condition of early humanity, Sir George Cox quotes scarcely any testimony except that of Mr. Max Müller.

The most important result of the whole examination, as conducted by Sir George Cox, is that mythopoeic man, knowing nothing of the conditions of his own life or of any other, "invested" all things on the earth or in the

* When *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations* was written, philologists were inclined to believe that their analysis of language was the true, perhaps the only key, to knowledge of what men had been in the pre-historic past. It is now generally recognised (though some scholars hold out against the opinion) that the sciences of Anthropology and Archaeology also throw much light on the human past, which has left no literary documents. Compare Schrader's *Sprach-Vergleichung und Urgeschichte*. (Jena, 1883.)

heavens with the same vague idea of existence. But while Sir George Cox makes this "Animism"—this investing of all things with life—the natural result of man's thought, Mr. Max Müller ascribes the habit to the reflex action on thought of man's language. Man found himself, according to Mr. Müller (*Selected Essays*, i. 360), speaking of all objects in words which had "a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex," and, as a consequence, people gave "something of an individual, active, sexual, and at last personal character" to the objects of which they spoke. Mr. Müller is aware that the "sexual character of words reflects only the quality of the child's mind," but none the less he attributes the "animism" of mythopoeic man to the reflex influence of man's language, whereas Sir George Cox attributes it to the direct influence of man's thought. Thus Sir George deserts the authority from which he derives his evidence, and it is not here alone that he differs from Mr. Müller. Sir George's framers of "primary myths" are savages, morally and intellectually; Mr. Müller's mythopoeic men, on the other hand, are practically civilised. Man, in Mr. Müller's "mythopoeic age," had the modern form of the Family, had domesticated animals, was familiar with the use of the plough, was a dweller in cities, a constructor of roads, he was acquainted with the use of iron as well as of the earlier metals. (*Selected Essays*, vol. i. "Comparative Mythology.")*) There is thus no escaping from the conclusion that, though Mr. Müller's evidence is nearly the sole basis of Sir George Cox's theories, yet from that evidence Sir George draws inferences almost the reverse of those attained by Mr. Müller. Yet starting from the same

* Mr. Müller has stated this proposition, but a note in *Selected Essays* proves that he now admits the uncertainty of the early use of iron.

evidence, and from different inferences, the two authors arrive at much the same conclusion in the long run.

We have complained of the inadequate evidence for Sir George Cox's system. It is, as we have seen, derived from Mr. Max Müller's analysis of the facts of language. But there is another sort of evidence which was germane to Sir George's purpose, and which he has almost absolutely neglected. That evidence is drawn from the study of the manners and customs of men, and is collected and arranged by the science of Anthropology. The materials of that science are found in the whole of human records, in history, in books of travel, in law, customs, superstition. A summary of the results so far attained by anthropology and ethnology is to be studied by English readers in Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture* and *Early History of Man*. These works deal with the evolution of human institutions of every kind from their earliest extant forms found among savages. We are thus enabled, by the science of students like Mr. Tylor, to understand what the ideas and institutions of savages are, and how far they survive, more or less modified, in civilisation. Now Sir George Cox's makers of primary myths were in the savage state of culture, or, as he himself puts it, "The examination of our language carries us back to a condition of thought not many degrees higher than that of tribes which we regard as sunk in hopeless barbarism" (*Myth. Ar.* i. 35). But his description of the intellectual and moral condition of the primary myth-makers (*Myth. Ar.* i. 39-41) shows that really Sir George's mythopoeic men were in no higher degree of "culture" than Red Indians and Maoris. As this is the case, it would surely have been well to investigate what history has to say about the mental habits of savages. As the makers of primary myths were savages, it would have been scientific to ask, "How do contemporary savages, and how did the savages of history,

regard the world in which they find themselves, and of what character are their myths?" Sir George Cox, however, leaves on one side and practically unnoticed all evidence except philological evidence as to the general habits of men in the same intellectual condition as his own makers of primary myths. Herein lies, we think, the original error of his system.

Instead of examining the natural history of savages to see how men like his primary myth-makers regard the universe, Sir George Cox describes the prevalence among mythopoeic men of what we must regard as a purely fanciful mental attitude. Sir George's myth-makers, as we have seen, lived in a tremulous and passionate sympathy with nature, and with the fortunes of the day and the year, of the dawn and the dew. "Perhaps for ages they could not believe that the sun would rise again in the morning." From every stage in the sun's progress the myth-makers derived thrilling excitement. They threw themselves with their whole souls into the love affairs and distresses of the dew. They mourned for the setting sun, "as for the loss of one who might never return."

Now does Sir George give any evidence, drawn from the natural history of man, for all this sentimental, yet sincere, primitive excitement about the processes of nature. None, or next to none. We do find summer-feasts and winter-fasts, rituals of regret and rejoicing for the coming and departing of summer among many races. Here and there (as in the *Popol Vuh*, an enigmatic, Quichua record) we see traces of anxious interest in the sun. Again, all savage races have nature-myths explanatory of the motions of the heavenly bodies—a rude sort of science. But as to this all absorbing, all-pervading tender and poetic habit of primitive sympathy with natural phenomena, we find no proof of it anywhere. Savages,

like civilised people, are much more interested in making love, making war, making fun, and providing dinner, than in the phenomena of nature.* But in Sir George Cox's system of mythology the enormous majority of myths and of household tales are simply the reflections of the supposed absorbing and passionate early sympathy of savages with the processes of nature. For the existence to the necessary extent of that sympathy we find no evidence. In all ages men must have been more concerned about earthly gold and mortal young women than about the "dawn gold" or "the dawn maiden," yet in myths where gold or girls occur, Sir George sees the treasures of the light, or the radiant maiden of the morn. This is natural, while he is convinced that the makers of primary myths were so intensely absorbed in sympathy with clouds, and dew, and sunshine. But we ask again for sufficient evidence that these sentiments existed in a degree capable of exercising an exclusive influence on myths.

Turning from the theory of the primary to that of the secondary myths, we again note the absence of convincing testimony, or indeed of any valid testimony at all.

Primary myths arose, Sir George says, from thought; secondary myths from language. They came into existence because "a thousand phrases would be used to describe the action of the beneficent or consuming sun," and so forth, "and every word or phrase became the germ of a new story, as soon as the mind lost its hold on the original force of the name" (*Myth. Ar.* i. 42). This application of dozens of names and phrases to the same object is called *Polyonymy* by Mr. Max Müller, and the converse use of one name for a vast variety of

* Inferences drawn from the Vedas are not to the point, as the Vedas contain the elaborate hymns of an advanced society, not (except by way of survival) the ideas of early myth-makers.

objects (which become "homonyms") he calls *Synonymy*. It is Mr. Müller's opinion that, in the mythopoeic age, people might call the sun (let us say) by some fifty names expressive of different qualities (this is *polyonymy*), while some of these names would be applicable to other objects also. These other objects would then be *homonyms* of the sun, would be called by the same names as the sun was called by. (This is *synonymy*). The meaning of all these names would be lost in perhaps three generations, but the names and the phrases in which the names occurred would survive after their significance was lost. It is clear that if ever such a state of language prevailed, the endless consequent misunderstandings might well blossom into myths. For example, the grandfather (in the mythopoeic age) observes the rush of the ascending sun, and calls him "the lion." The father, being accustomed to the old man's poetic way, understands his meaning perfectly well, and the family style the sun "the lion," as they also, *ex hypothesi*, call him by forty-nine other names, most of which they moreover apply to other objects, say to the tide, the wind, the clouds. But the grandson finds this kind of talk hopelessly puzzling (and no wonder), and he, forgetting the original meanings, comes to believe that the sun *is* a lion, and the night (perhaps) a wolf, and so he tells stories about the night-wolf, the sun-lion, and so on. (Here the examples are our own, but the theory is Mr. Müller's. *Selected Essays*, i. 376-378.)

No marvel if myths arose in an age when people spoke in this fashion, and when the grandson retained the grandsire's phrase, though he had helplessly forgotten the grandsire's meaning. Mr. Müller protests against degrading our ancestors into "mere idiots," but if they escaped becoming hopeless imbeciles during this "mythopoeic age" it is highly to their credit.

But where is the evidence for *Polyonymy*, *Synonymy* and rapid oblivion, the three factors in secondary myth-making? As far as we have been able to discover, we are offered no convincing evidence at all. Mr. Müller gives cases of *polyonymy* and *synonymy* from the Veda (*Selected Essays*, i. 377).* But (1.) The Vedic age is, *ex hypothesi*, long subsequent to the mythopoeic age. (2.) The necessary and indispensable process of forgetfulness of the meaning of phrases does not occur in the age of the Veda. People in the Veda call the earth wide, broad, great (*polyonymy*). They also apply the term "broad" to a river, sky, and dawn. But did their grandchildren on this account mistake the Earth for the Dawn, or the Sky for the Earth? Thus Mr. Müller is apparently unable to give examples of his causes of myth from the age in which myths proceeded from these causes, and when he does produce examples of the causes, they result in no myths. Where he finds the effects he does not demonstrate the existence of the causes; when he has evidence for the existence of the causes, he shews no effects. (*Selected Essays*, i. 377, 378). When Mr. Müller does attempt to adduce a term which originally was a mere name, and later became a proper name, and so indicated a person, the process can be accounted for by another explanation. (*Selected Essays*, i. 378), "Zéús being originally a name for the sky, like the Sanskrit Dyáus, became gradually a proper name." But if the sky was in the mind of the makers of primary myths, a *person* inevitably and from the first (as we think, in agreement with Sir George Cox), then the name of the sky was from the first a proper name. When all things were persons (as they are to the minds of savages and primary myth-makers) all names may be regarded as proper names.

* Kuhn also brings forward the Vedic language as proof of the existence of polyonymy and synonymy. *Ueber Entwicklungsstufen der Mythenbildung*, p. 1.

It is the ascertained condition of the savage intellect (as stated by Sir George Cox and by anthropologists) which invests all things with personal character. Forgetfulness of meaning of words is not the cause. The processes of *polyonymy*, *synonymy*, and oblivion are superfluous as means of accounting for the personal aspect of all things in mythology. They are also (as far as we have been able to discover) processes for which no good evidence is produced.

Sir George Cox has borrowed *Polyonymy* and its effects from Mr. Müller, though he gives no evidence to prove that it was ever a large factor in mythology. At first the processes of *polyonymy* and oblivion seem superfluous in Sir George's system, because he has already (in the intellectual condition of his primary myth-makers) sufficient myth-making power. While his early men regarded all things as living and personal, they would account for all natural processes on that hypothesis, and the explanations thus given would be nature-myths of the class current among savages. For example, if Sir George's early men thought (as they did) that the sun was alive, they might well marvel at the regularity of his movements; why did he not run about the sky at random as a brute runs about the woods? Why did he go, like a driven beast, in a regular round? To answer this question the New Zealanders and North American Indians have evolved a story that Maui or Tcha-ka-betch once set traps for the sun, caught him, beat him, and made him move for the future with orderly propriety. This is an undeniable nature-myth, and savage mythology, like that of Greece and of the Veda, is full of similar mythic explanations of natural phenomena. To explain such myths no processes of *polyonymy*, *synonymy*, and oblivion are needed. Why then are those processes required in the system of Sir George Cox? For this reason; he is not content with the

myths which declare themselves to be nature-myths. He wishes to prove that epic and romantic legends, which say nothing about sun, moon, stars, and wind, are nature-myths in disguise. Here the processes of *polyonymy* and oblivion become useful.

For example, we have the myth which tells how Jason sought the golden fleece in an eastern land, how he won the treasure and the daughter of its owner, how he returned home, deserted Medea, wedded Glauce, and died. Now nothing is openly said in this legend about natural phenomena, except that the Colchian Royal House belongs to the solar race as the royal family did in India and Peru, and as the Totem tribe or *gens* of suns (Natchez and Aurelii) did in North America and in Rome. How, then, can the Jason legend be explained on a nature-myth? By the aid of Polyonymy, thus: The sun had countless names. The names for sun, and dawn, and cloud, lost (in Sir George's opinion) their original sense, and became names of heroes, ladies, gods and goddesses. The original sense of the names was half remembered and half forgotten. Athene is "the dawn goddess" (*Myth. Ar.* ii. 119). Phrixus, the child of Nephele, is the son of the cloud. Hellé, the drowned girl of the fable, is "the bright clear air illumined by the rays of the sun." When we are told that she was drowned, no more was originally meant than that "before the dawn can come the evening light must die out utterly" (*Ar. Myth.* ii. 273). Here let us pause and reflect. In the myth, Phrixus and Hellé, children of Nephele, escaped being sacrificed by flying away on a winged ram with a golden fleece. Hellé fell off and was drowned. How does Sir George Cox explain all this? Nephele is the cloud, so far all is plain sailing. The cloud has two children, one "the frigid Phrixus;" the other, "the bright clear air illumined by the rays of the sun;" or again, "the evening

light." Early men, we are to suppose, said that the cloud produced cold, and also bore the warm evening air. Why do the warm air and the cold air go off together eastward on a golden flying ram? This we do not see that Sir George explains, but the fleece of the ram (after that animal has been slain) becomes the treasure of the light, which is sought in the east by Jason. But who is Jason? His name "must be classed with the many others, Jasion, Janus, Iolaos, Iaso, belonging to the same root" (*Myth. Ar. i. 150, note 1*). And what is the root? Well (ii. 81) Iamus, from the same root, means "the violet child;" he was found among violets. Now *ῥίον* (violet) applies to the *violet* coloured sunset clouds, and *ῥίος* also means a spear, and "represents the far-darting rays of the sun." "The word as applied to colour is traced by Prof. Max Müller to the root *i*, as denoting a crying hue, that is, a loud colour."* Thus, whether we take *ῥίος* to mean a spear, or violet, or what you please, Jason's name connects him with the sun. The brain reels in the attempt to make sense of the cold air and the hot air, children of the cloud, going eastward, on a ram covered with the treasures of the light, and when we come to the warm air dying, and the light being stripped (in the east) from the ram, and being sought for by a man whose name more or less means violet, and who comes from the west, and when all this is only the beginning of the tale, we are absolutely perplexed. Who ever told such tales? Yes, we say, if ever men were deep in the perplexing processes of polyonymy, synonymy and oblivion, if ever the grandfather used countless allegorical phrases, which the grandchild piously retained, while he quite forgot their sense, then, indeed, this kind of muddled and senseless nature-myth may have been evolved. But we have vainly asked for evidence of the

* The "violet shrinking meanly" of Miss Bunion's poem, has a "loud," or "crying" colour!

existence and activity of polyonymy, synonymy, and oblivion. The first and last of the three factors are useful, however, to Sir George Cox, when he tries to show that myths which do not give themselves out for nature-myths are nature-myths in disguise after all. But we have observed no evidence (except the opinion of some philologists) for the theory on which the whole demonstration depends. Again, M. Decharme, with just as much reason, makes Phrixus "the demon of thunder," and Hellé, "a goddess of lightning!" This kind of philosophy is too facile. To opinions like those which Sir George Cox has advanced with so much earnestness, and in such a captivating style of eloquence, it has always been objected that there is an improbable monotony in the theory which resolves most of old romance into a series of remarks about the weather. This objection has not been made by uncritical writers only. M. Meyer complains, almost petulantly, of that "eternal lay-figure," the sun in all his mythological disguises. (*Romania*.) No historical hero, no custom, no belief, M. Meyer vows, is out of danger from the solar mythologists.

Mr. Tylor again writes (*Primitive Culture*, i. 319), "No legend, no allegory, no nursery rhyme is safe from the hermeneutics of a thorough-going mythologic theorist. Should he, for instance, demand as his property the nursery 'Song of Sixpence,' his claim would be easily established: obviously the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the over-arching sky: how true a touch of nature is it that 'when the pie is opened,' that is, when day breaks, 'the birds begin to sing,' the King is the Sun, and his 'counting out his money,' is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danae; the Queen is the Moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the "rosy-fingered"

Dawn, who rises before the Sun, her master, and 'hangs out the clothes' (the clouds) across the sky; the particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by 'snipping off her nose,' is the hour of sunrise. The time-honoured rhyme really wants but one thing to prove it a sun-myth, that one thing being a proof by some argument more valid than analogy." Mr. Tylor easily shows that historical persons may be disposed of no less readily than the characters of Nursery Rhymes as solar-myths. Analogy is usually the one argument advanced for this scheme, and the analogies (as will be shown) are often so faint as to be practically non-existent. What "false analogies" can be made to prove, Mr. Max Müller has demonstrated (*Selected Essays*, ii. p. 449). Mr. Müller has also gently censured (*Selected Essays*, i. 564, 565) the ready way in which M. Husson shows that Red Riding Hood was the Dawn: "It would be a bold assertion to say that the story of Red Riding Hood was really a metamorphosis of an ancient story of the rosy-fingered Eos, or the Vedic Ushas with her red horses." In Mr. Müller's opinion "there is but one safe path to follow in these researches into the origin of words or stories. . . . In addition to the coincidences in characteristic events, we have the evidence of language. Names are stubborn things," and more to the same purpose. Here we touch one of the differences between Sir George Cox and Mr. Max Müller. Mr. Müller, like Sir George Cox, is of opinion that all the stories of princesses imprisoned, and delivered by young bright heroes, "can be traced back to mythological tradition about the spring being released from the bonds of winter."—But in each case Mr. Müller asks for names of characters in the story, names capable of being analysed into some equivalent for powers of nature, sun, wind, night, or what not. Now, we have elsewhere tried to show that, in mythological interpreta-

tion, scarcely any reliance can be placed on analysis of the names of the characters.* It seems more than probable that in most cases the stories are older than the names. Again, the custom of giving to real persons names derived from forces and phenomena of nature is widely prevalent in early society. Men and women are styled "cloud," "sun," "wind," and so forth. These names, then, even when they can be traced in myths, offer no surer ground for a theory than the analysis of such names as Jones and Thompson would do in a novel. Having to name the characters in his tale, the early story-teller might naturally give such personal titles as were common in his own tribe, such terms as "Wind," "Cloud," "Sun," and so forth. Thirdly, the best philologists differ widely from each other as to the roots from which the names spring, and as to the sense of the names. But feeble as is the method which relies on analysis of mythical names, it is at all events less casual than the method which is satisfied with mere "coincidence in characteristic events." The simple argument of many mythologists may be stated thus. "The dawn is a maiden, therefore all maidens in myths are the dawn." "The sun is golden, therefore all gold in myths must be solar." These opinions are derived, in the long run, from the belief that the savage primary myth-makers were so much pre-occupied with the daily phenomena of nature, and again from belief in the action of polyonymy and oblivion. We have attempted to show that there is no evidence given to prove either that early man was in passionate, ceaseless anxiety about nature, or that "polyonymy" and oblivion ever existed in such strength as to produce the required effects on myths. As a rule, a real nature-myth avows itself for what it is, and attempts to give a reason (unscientific of course) for this or that fact, or

* Fraser's Magazine. *Mythological Philosophy of Mr. Max Müller.*

assumed fact, in nature. Such tales though wild, and based on misconception, are intelligible and coherent. We have already seen how far from coherent or intelligible is Sir George Cox's explanation of part of the Jason legend as nature-myth.

We promised that, after criticising Sir George Cox's theory of the Origin of Myths and Household Tales, we would examine his method of interpreting individual stories. Let us see how Mr. Müller, followed by Sir George, handles a tale with which we are all familiar. In Grimm's *Frosch König* (vol. i. Tale i.), a frog (who in Grimm turns out to be a disguised prince) is betrothed to a princess. "How came such a story," asks Mr. Max Müller, "ever to be invented? Human beings were, we may hope, at all times sufficiently enlightened to know that a marriage between a frog and the daughter of a Queen was absurd. . . . We may ascribe to our ancestors any amount of childlike simplicity, but we must take care not to degrade them to the rank of mere idiots."

Mr. Müller thus explains the frog who would a-wooing go. As our ancestors were not mere idiots, the frog story must have had a meaning which would now seem rational. In old times (Mr. Müller says) the sun had many names. "It can be shown that 'frog' was an ancient name for the sun." But though it can be shown, Mr. Müller never shows it. He observes "this feminine *Bhēki* (frog) must at one time have been used as a name for the sun." But though he himself asks for "chapter and verse from the Veda," he gives us no verse and no chapter for his assertions (*Chips*, ii. 201, 247). His theory is that tales were told of the sun, under his frog name, that people forgot that the frog meant the sun, and that they ended by possessing an irrational tale about the frog going a-wooing.

The Frog-sun* whose existence is established on this

* See note, *ad fin*, and "Cupid and Psyche" in the author's *Custom and Myth*.

scanty testimony, is a great favourite with Sir George Cox, and occurs no fewer than seven times in his *Mythology of the Aryan Peoples*. Nay, this frog is made to explain the presence of many of the wonderful talking animals in Myth and Household Tale. "The frog prince or princess is only one of the thousand personifications of names denoting originally the phenomena of day and night. As carrying the morning light from the east to the west the sun is the Bull bearing Eurôpê from the purple land (Phoinikia), and the same changes which converted the Seven Shiners into the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, or the 'Seven Sages' (of Greece?), or the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the Seven Bears, transformed the sun into a wolf, a bear, a lion, a swan." (*Ar. Myth.* i. 105.)

Here we have the old use of analogies. Because of a theory (probably incorrect) that the Seven Bears of Indian stellar myth were originally seven shiners, all sorts of people in sets of seven twinkle off as "shiners" also, stellar or solar shiners. In the same way the theory of the sun-frog (without chapter or verse as it is) proves that all animals in Household Tales are the sun.

As the appearance of beasts with human qualities and accomplishments is one of the most remarkable features of Household Tales, we may look at another statement of Sir George Cox's views on this subject. Metamorphosis of men into animals and of animals into men is as common in Household Tales as a sprained ankle is in modern novels. Sir George Dasent (*Popular Tales*, p. cxix) pointed out that the belief in such metamorphoses "is primeval, and the traditions of every race tell of such transformations." Sir George Cox takes one of Sir George Dasent's numerous examples, and remarks "if this be an illustration, it accounts for all such transforma-

tions, but it does so in a way which is completely subversive of any hypothesis of nature-worship. *Such myths may all be traced to mere forgetfulness of the original meaning of words.*" As proof, Sir George Cox adduces the well worn "seven shiners," and the supposed confusion between *λευκός*, *shining*, and *λύκος*, *a wolf*, "so named from the glossiness of his 'coat,'" as if wolves had coats so peculiarly glossy. By these examples alone (omitting the frog-sun) Sir George Cox contests the plain straightforward theory of Sir George Dasent, that men everywhere naturally believe in metamorphosis and lykanthropy. Sir George Cox wishes to trace lykanthropy to a confusion between *λύκος*, and *λευκός*. On this point Sir Alfred Lyall, after long observation of Indian beliefs, says, "To those who live in a country where wicked people and witches are constantly taking the form of wild beasts, the explanation of lykanthropy by a confusion between *Leukos* and *Lukos* seems wanton." (*Fortnightly Review*.)

Wantonly or not, Sir George Cox traces "all such myths to mere forgetfulness of the original meaning of words." For this prodigiously sweeping generalisation no evidence except evidence like that of the supposed frog-sun and "seven shiners" and *Leukos* and *Lukos* is afforded. (*Ar. Myth.* i. 140-141, note 1.) "Bears, wolves, foxes, ducks, swans, eagles, ants, all these are names under which the old mythical language spoke of the clouds, or the wind, or of the light which conquers the darkness." Here again we have, by way of supporting evidence, the "seven shiners," and "the wolf in the stories of Phoibos Lykeios." As the belief in metamorphosis, and in beasts which are rational and loquacious, is world wide, and is the natural result of the ideas of "primary myth-makers," or savages, Sir George Cox's theory, that such notions are all to be traced to forgetfulness of the meaning of words denoting natural phenomena,

is too narrow, and is too devoid of evidence. Another explanation will presently be offered.

We may now leave Sir George's theories of the diffusion and origin of Household Tales. They are widely diffused, he thinks, because the race which originally evolved them is also scattered far and wide, and has carried them everywhere in its wanderings. The stories originated, again, in man's early habit of imaginatively endowing all things with life, in his almost exclusive preoccupation with the changes of the day and the year, and in "polyonymy," and forgetfulness of the meaning of language. The third problem, as we saw, is to explain the relations between Household Tales and the higher mythologies. Are children's *märchen* the *detritus*, the last worn relics of the higher myths, as these reached the peasant class, and passed through the fancy of nurses and grandmothers? Or do the Household Tales rather represent the oldest forms of the Romantic myths, and are the heroic legends of Greece, India, Finland, Scandinavia, Wales, merely the old nursery stories elaborated and adorned by the arts of minstrels and priests? On the former hypothesis, *märchen* are a *detritus*; on the latter *märchen* are rather the surviving shapes of the original germs of myths. On this topic Sir George Cox, as far as we have ascertained his meaning, appears to hold what is perhaps the most probable opinion, that in certain cases the Household Tale is the decaying remnant of the half-forgotten myths, while in other cases it rather represents the original *naïf* form out of which the higher myth has been elaborated (*Ar. Myth.* i. 123). Possibly we have not succeeded here in apprehending the learned author's sense. As a rule, however, writers on these subjects believe in the former hypothesis, namely, that Household Tales are the *detritus* of the higher myths; are the old heroic coins defaced and battered by long

service. Thus, about the time when the Grimms were collecting their stories, Scott wrote (in a note to the *Lady of the Lake*), "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next, and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages." Mr. Max Müller expresses the same idea (*Chips*, xi. 243), "The gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demigods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and these demigods again became at a later age the principal characters in our nursery tales." The opposite of this theory might be expressed thus, "Stories originally told about the characters of savage tales were finally attracted into the legends of the gods of ancient mythology, or were attributed to demigods and heroes." The reasons for preferring this view (the converse of Mr. Müller's) will presently be explained. In the meantime Mr. Müller's hypothesis "has great allies" in Scott; and in Von Hahn, who holds that myths are imaginative descriptions of the greater elementary powers and changes of nature; that the *Saga* or heroic epic localises the myths in real places, and attributes the adventures to supposed ancestral heroes, and, finally, "that the *Märchen*, or Household Tale is the last and youngest form of the *saga*" (*Griechische Märchen*, p. 5).

Starting from this point, namely, from the doubt as to whether *märchen* are the youngest (Von Hahn. Max Müller), or rather, as we shall attempt to show, the oldest extant form of the higher myths, we will endeavour to explain our theory of the whole subject. That theory must first be stated as briefly and clearly as possible.

With regard (1) to the *Origin* of the peculiar and irrational features of myth and *märchen* we believe them to be derived and inherited from the savage state of man, from the savage conditions of life, and the savage way of regarding the world. (2) As to the *Diffusion* of the tales, we

think it impossible at present to determine how far they may have been transmitted from people to people, and wafted from place to place, in the obscure and immeasurable past of human antiquity, or how far they may be due to identity of human fancy everywhere. (3) As to the relations between Household Tales and Greek or other civilised myths, we prefer the following theory, which leaves room for many exceptions. The essence both of *märchen* and myths is a number of impossible and very peculiar incidents. These incidents are due to the natural qualities of the savage imagination. Again, the incidents are combined into various romantic arrangements, each of these arrangements being a *märchen*. The *märchen* were originally told, among untutored peoples, about anonymous heroes,—a boy, a girl, a lion, a bear,—such were the leading characters of the earliest tales. As tribes became settled, these old stories were localised, the adventures (originally anonymous) were attributed to real or imaginary named persons or gods, and were finally adorned by the fancy of poets like the early singers of Greece. Thus, while a savage race has its *märchen* (in which the characters are usually beasts or anonymous persons), the civilised race (or the race in a state of higher barbarism) has the same tale, developed and elaborated into a localised myth, with heroes rejoicing in such noble names as Perseus, Odysseus, Jason, Leminkainen, or Maui. But while the progressive classes in civilised countries are acquainted with the named heroes, and the elaborate forms of the legends, the comparatively stationary and uneducated classes of shepherds, husbandmen, wood-men, and fishers, retain a version but little advanced from the old savage story. They have not purified away the old ferocious and irrational elements of the tale, or at most they have substituted for the nameless heroes, characters derived from history or from

Christian records. Thus the Household Tales of the European peasantry occupy a mean position between the savage story, as we find it among African tribes, and the elaborate myth which, according to our theory, poets and priests have evolved out of the original savage *data*.

To sum up the theory thus briefly stated :

1. The origin of the irrational element in myth and tale is to be found in the qualities of the uncivilised imagination.

2. The process of *Diffusion* remains uncertain. Much may be due to the identity everywhere of early fancy : something to transmission.

3. Household Tales occupy a middle place between the stories of savages and the myths of early civilisations.

There are probably *märchen*, however, especially among the tales of modern Greece, which are really the *detritus*, or worn and battered relics of the old mythologies.

Nothing is easier than to advance new theories. The difficulty begins when we try to support them by argument and evidence. It may be as well to show how the system which we have just explained occurred to the mind of the writer. It was first suggested, years ago, by the study of savage *märchen*. If Bushmen and Samoyeds, and Zulus, and Maoris, and Eskimo, and Odjibwas, and Basutos have household tales essentially identical with European *märchen*, how, we asked, is this to be explained? Mr. Max Müller and Sir G. W. Cox had scouted the idea of borrowing. Then, was it to be supposed that all the races with Household Tales had once shared the capacious "cradle of the Aryan Race?" That seemed hard to demonstrate.* To account for the identity of savage and

* This appears, however, to be the theory by which Sir George Cox would prefer to account for the diffusion of myths possessed by the Aryan race among the Indians of Labrador (cf. Hind's *Explorations in Labrador*).

Indo-European *märchen*, there remained the process of slow filtration and transmission on one hand, and the similarity of the workings of the human mind (especially in its earlier stages) on the other hand. But Mr. Max Müller had already discredited the hypothesis that *märchen* "might have been invented more than once" (*Chips*, ii. 233). "It has been said," writes Mr. Müller, "that there is something so natural in most of the tales, that they might well have been invented more than once. This is a sneaking argument, but has nevertheless a certain weight. It does not apply, however, to our fairy tales. They surely cannot be called 'natural.' They are full of the most unnatural conceptions. . ." Among these unnatural conceptions, Mr. Müller noted the instance of a frog wooing a maiden; and he went on, as we have already seen, to explain such ideas on the hypothesis that they resulted from "a disease of language," from forgetfulness of the meaning of words. Now some little anthropological study had shown us that the ideas (so frequent in Household Tales), which Mr. Müller calls *unnatural*, were exactly the ideas most *natural* to savages. So common and so natural is the idea of animal kinship and matrimonial alliance with animals to the savage mind, that stories turning on these *data* are, of all stories, the most likely to have been invented in several places.* We do not say that they were thus separately invented, but only that the belief on which they turn is, of all beliefs, the most widely diffused. Having once attained this point, we soon discovered that other essential incidents in *märchen*, incidents which seem unnatural to civilised men, are common and accredited parts of the savage conception of the world he lives in. When this was once

* Ὁμοίως ποὺ ἀνέμιξαν θηρία καὶ ἀνθρώπους, says Porphyry, speaking of the founders of the old Religions; "they mixed up men and beasts indiscriminately." Porph. ap. Euseb. *Praep. ev.* iii. 4.

ascertained, the rest of our theory followed on the ordinary lines of the evolution of human institutions. To take an example in another province. Savages of a certain degree of culture make hand-turned pots of clay. Civilised races use the wheel. Peasants in remote districts of civilised countries make hand-turned pots of clay much like those of savages. The savage tale answers to the savage pipkin. The vase from Vallauris answers to the civilised myth. The hand-turned pot from Uist or Barra, answers to the peasant *märchen*; pot and *märchen* both surviving, with modifications, from the savage state, among the non-progressive class in civilised countries.

Such pipkins from the Hebrides (where Mr. Campbell collected his *Tales*) resemble much more the pre-historic and savage pot than they resemble our Vallauris vase, with its classic shape, ornament, and balance. Just in the same way, the West Highland or Russian *märchen* is much more akin to the Zulu story than to the civilised myth of Greece, which turns on the same ideas. In both the material and the imaginative product, you have the same process of evolution. You have the rude stuff, clay and small flints and shells for the savage pot, savage ideas for the savage tale. You have the refined, selected clay for the civilised vase, the ingenious process of fabrication, the graceful form and ornament. In the realm of imagination these answer to the plastic fancy of old minstrels, and of Homer or Apollonius Rhodius, refining and modifying the rude stuff of savage legend. Finally, among the non-progressive crofters of the Hebrides you have (in manufacture) the rude clay, the artless *façon*, the ornament incised with the nails; and you have, in the imaginative province, tales almost as wild as the working of Bushman or Zulu imagination. (Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands*).

Here then is an example, and dozens might be given of

the process of evolution, which is the mainspring of our system. Another example may be taken from the realm of magic. All over the world savages practise spells, divinations, superstitious rites; they maim images to hurt the person whom the image resembles; they call up the dead; they track the foot-prints of ghosts in ashes; they tie "witch-knots;" they use incantations; they put sharp objects in the dust where a man has trodden that the man may be lamed. Precisely the same usages survive everywhere in the peasant class, and are studied by amateurs of folk-lore. But among the progressive classes of civilisation those practices do not occur at all; or if they do occur, it is by way of revival and recrudescence. On the other hand, the magical ideas are found much elaborated, in the old myths of civilisation, in the sagas of Medea and Circe, of Odin and Loki. Probably it will now be admitted that we have established the existence of the process of evolution on which our theory depends. It is a *vera causa*, a verifiable working process. If more examples are demanded, they may be found in any ethnological museum. In General Pitt Rivers's anthropological collection, the development may be traced. Given stone, clay, the tube, or blow-pipe, and the throwing-stick, and you advance along the whole line of weapons and projectiles, reaching the boomerang, the bow, the stone-headed arrow, the metal arrow-head, the dagger, the spear, the sword, and, finally, the rifle and bayonet. The force which works in the evolution of manufactured objects works also in the transmutation of custom into law, of belief into tale, and of tale into myth, with constant minute modification, and purification, degradation, and survival.

If we have established the character of our theory, as one of a nature acknowledged and accepted by science, we have still to give evidence for our facts. The main purpose of our earlier pages was to show that the

popular mythological theory of Sir G. W. Cox, had either no evidence, or scanty evidence, or evidence capable of a more correct interpretation than it receives from its friends. The evidence for our own theory will be closely scrutinised:—let us examine its nature and extent. First, Have savages Household Tales, and do they correspond with those of the Aryan race?

The questions raised by the similarity between Aryan folk-tales on the one hand, and African folk-tales on the other, have not yet been seriously considered by mythologists.* When Mr. Max Müller wrote (*Chips*, ii. 211) on Dr. Callaway's Zulu *Märchen*, he had only the first part of the collection before him. As the learned writer observed, much more material was required; we wanted more Zulu tales, and other tales from members of the same great South African race, for purposes of comparison. We still need, for comparative purposes, much larger collections of savage instances than we possess. But these collections are amassed slowly, and it has seemed well, for our present end, to make use of the materials at hand. If comparatively scanty in quantity, they are very remarkable in character. From Africa we have "Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus, in their own words, with a translation into English, and notes," by the Rev. Canon Callaway, M.D. (Trübner, London, 1868.) We have also Dr. Bleek's

* Dr. Reinhold Köhler informs the author that he has written nothing on the *Märchen* of savages. Felix Liebrecht has used a few Zulu and Maori examples in *Zur Volkskunde* (Heilbronn, 1879). Some remarks on these topics, disavowing the theory that any one single source of myth can be discovered, will be found in Mr. Max Müller's preface to Mr. Gill's *Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*. Mr. Ralston (*Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1879) says that "the popular tales which are best known to us possess but few counterparts in genuine savage folk-lore," though he admits that some incidents are common both to European and uncivilised *Märchen*. We trust to shew, however, that the common incidents, and even plots, are unexpectedly numerous.

Bushman Folk-lore (Trübner, 1875), and his *Reynard the Fox in Africa*, and Steere's *Swahili Tales*. Madagascar is represented by the collections of the Rev. James Sibree, published in the *Folk Lore Record* (1883). Some Basuto tales are given by Casalis (*Les Bassoutos, ou 23 ans de séjour au sud de l'Afrique*, 1860). Some Ananzi stories from West Africa are printed in Sir George Dasent's *Tales from the Norse* (1859). From the Kaffirs we derive Theal's *Kaffir Folk-lore* (Sonnenschein, London, *n.d.*). Mr. Gill has given us some South Sea examples in his *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*. (London, 1876.*) The Folk Lore Society of South Africa, in a little periodical now extinct, gave other African examples. Jülg's *Kalmückische Märchen* are Indian in origin. Schoolcraft and his associates collected North American Indian examples in *Algic Researches*. Samoyed *Märchen* have been published by Castren (*Ethnologische Vorlesungen*, St. Petersburg, 1857); and examples of *Märchen*, magnified and elaborated, occur in Japanese mythology (*Transactions of Asiatic Society of Japan*, vol. x.); in New Zealand Myths (Taylor's *New Zealand*); and in the accounts of Melanesian and Andaman myth, by Mr. Codrington and other writers, in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*. While Mr. Mitford has given us *Tales of Old Japan*, Prof. Hartt has collected the *Märchen* of the Indians on the Amazon. Rink has published those of the Eskimo; and scattered examples are to be found in Bancroft's large compilation on the *Native Races of the Pacific*, and in the old *Relations* of the Jesuit fathers and other missionaries. Thus there are gleanings which may be provisionally used as samples of a large harvest of savage children's tales. The facts already in our possession are important enough to demand attention, particularly as the savage tales (in Africa especially)

* Turner's *Samoa* (1884) also contains some South Sea *Märchen*.

correspond, as will be shewn, so closely with the European and Aryan examples.

Here then, in the volumes named, we have a gleaning at least, from the harvest of savage *Märchen*. The names of most of the collectors will be to anthropologists, if not to all etymologists, a guarantee of their accuracy. Here, too, it may be observed, that a race so non-Aryan as the ancient Egyptians possessed Household Tales identical (in "unnatural" incident, and to a great extent in plot) with our own (Maspero, *Contes Egyptiens*).

It will be shown later that the ideas, stock incidents and even several of the plots of savage and other non-Aryan Household Tales are identical with the ideas, incidents, and plots of Aryan *Märchen*. It will also be shown that in the savage *Märchen*, the ideas and incidents are the inevitable result of the mental habits and beliefs of savages. The inference will be that the similar features in European tales are also derived from the savage conditions of the intellect. By "savages" we here mean all races from the Australians and Bushmen to such American tribes as the Algonquins, and such people as the Maoris. In this great multitude of stocks there are found many shades of nascent civilisation, many degrees of "culture." But the races to whom we refer are all so far savage, that they display the characteristic feature of the savage intellect.

Before taking another step, we must settle the question of evidence as to savage ideas. We have ourselves criticised severely the evidence offered by certain mythologists, without, however denying that they may possess more than they offer. It is natural and necessary that we, in turn, should be asked for trustworthy testimony. How do we know anything about the ideas of savages? How can we pretend to understand anything about the nature of the savage imagination? The philological school of mytholo-

gists, about whose scanty show of proof we have complained, are conscientiously desirous that our evidence should be full and trustworthy. Now, according to Mr. Max Müller, the materials which we possess for the study of savage races "are often extremely untrustworthy" (*India and what it can Teach us*). This remark, or its equivalent, is constantly repeated, when any attempt is made to study the natural history of man. M. Reville, on the other hand, declares with truth that our evidence is chiefly embarrassing by the very wealth of documents. (*Les religions des Peuples non Civilisés*). We naturally side with M. Reville.

Consider for a moment what our evidence as to the life and ideas of savages is; our evidence, in the first place, from the lips of civilised eyewitnesses. It begins with the Bible, which is rich in accounts of early religious ideas, animal worship, stone worship, ritual, taboos on articles of food; marriage customs and the like. Then we have Herodotus, with his descriptions of savage manners, myths, and customs. Next come all the innumerable Greek and Roman geographers, and many of the historians and general writers, Aristotle, Strabo, Pliny, Plutarch, Ptolemy, and dozens of others. For the New World, for Asia, for Africa, we have the accounts of voyagers, merchants, missionaries, from the Arab travellers in the East to Marco Polo, to Sahagun, to Bernal Diaz, to Garcilasso de la Vega, to Hawkins, to all the Spanish travellers, and the Portuguese, to Hakluyt's men; we have the Jesuits, with their *Relations Edifiantes*; we have evangelists of every Christian church and sect; we have travellers of every grade of learning and ignorance, from shipwrecked beech-combers to Nordenskiöld and Moseley. Now from *Leviticus* to the *Cruise of the Challenger*, from Herodotus to Mariner, nay, from the Rig-Veda to Fison and Howitt, we possess a series of independent documents

on savage customs and belief, whether found among actual savages or left as survivals in civilisation. These documents all coincide on certain points, and establish, we venture to say, with evidence that would satisfy any jury, the ancient existence of certain extraordinary savage customs, myths, ideas, and rites of worship. These ideas and rites are still held and practised by savages, and seem natural to their state of mind. Thus the coincident testimony of a cloud of witnesses, through three thousand years, establishes the existence of certain savage beliefs and rites, in every quarter of the globe. Doubtless in each instance the evidence must be carefully scrutinised. In matters of religion, missionaries may be witnesses biassed in various ways, they may want to make out that the savage has no religion at all, or that he is a primitive methodist.* The scientific explorer may have a sceptical bias: the shipwrecked mariner who passes years with a savage tribe, may be sceptical or orthodox, or may have his report tinged by the questions put to him on his return to civilisation. Again, savages take pleasure in hoaxing their catechists, and once more, the questions put by the European may suggest answers appropriate but wholly false. Therefore in examining the reports as to savage character, we must deal cautiously with the evidence. If our witness be as candid, logical, and fair as Dr. Bleek, Mr. Codrington, Mr. Orpen, Mr. Gill, Egede, Dr. Rink, Dobrizhoffer, or a score of other learned missionaries and explorers, we may yield him some confidence. If he be tinged and biassed more or less by scientific theories, philological or anthropological, let us allow somewhat for the bias; probably we must allow still

* Compare the monotheism of Mr. Ridley's *Kamilaroi* (*Kamilaroi and other Australian Languages*, p. 135), with Mr. Howitt's remarks (*Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, p. 254). Mr. Howitt thinks that the Missionaries have connected the idea of a God with the Australian Trinity of mere demons, Brewin, Ballamdut, and Baukan.

more in our own case. If the witness be unlearned, we have, at least, the probability that he is not transplanting to Otaheite or to Queensland ideas and customs which he has read about in Herodotus or Strabo, or theories of Müller or McLennan.* Lastly, if all evidence from all quarters and all ages, evidence learned and unlearned, ancient, mediæval, and modern agrees in certain points, and if many of the witnesses express surprise at the occurrence of customs and notions, which our reading shows to be almost universal, then let the undesigned coincidence itself stand for confirmation. To our mind this kind of treatment of evidence is not unscientific. It is permitted to investigators, like Darwin and Romanes. Mr. Max Müller, however, is so far from being satisfied with the method (as we have stated it) that he draws a line between what will content the scholar, and what the ethnologist will put up with. Mr. Müller's criticism deserves quotation in full (*Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1882): "Comparative mythology is chiefly studied by two classes--by scholars and by anthropologists. Now the true scholar who knows the intricacies of a few languages, who is aware of the traps he has to avoid in exploring their history, who in fact has burnt his fingers again and again when dealing with Greek, and Latin, and Sanskrit, shrinks by a kind of instinct from materials which crumble away as soon as critical scholarship attempts to impart to them a certain cohesion and polish. These materials are often supplied by travellers ignorant of the language, by missionaries strongly biassed in one direction or the other, or by natives who hardly under-

* "Illiterate men, ignorant of the writings of each other, bring the same reports from various quarters of the globe." So the author of the *Origin of Rank* (Prof. Millar, of Glasgow) wrote in the last century. This argument from undesigned coincidence, or recurrence, must be faced by people who deny the adequateness of anthropological evidence.

stood the questions they were asked to answer. A very useful collection was made some time ago by Mr. Tylor to show the untrustworthiness of the accounts of most travellers and missionaries, when they give us their impressions of the languages, religions, and traditions of races among whom they lived for a longer or shorter time. The same people who by one missionary are said to worship either one or many gods, are declared by another to have no idea and no name of a Divine Being. But, what is stranger still, even the same person sometimes makes two equally confident assertions which flatly contradict each other." Several examples of these inconsistencies are quoted.

Any reader of this passage might naturally suppose that Mr. Tylor thought our materials for the study of savage religions, language, and traditions quite untrustworthy. If Mr. Tylor really thought thus, we might abandon any attempt to explain mythology and customs by the study of savages. But as Mr. Tylor has devoted several chapters of *Primitive Culture* to examining the savage origins of mythology and religion, he apparently does not think our evidence so very hopeless after all. The passage in Mr. Tylor's work to which Mr. Müller refers is (probably), *Primitive Culture*, i. 418, 419. Mr. Tylor there remarks, "It is not unusual for the very writer who declares in general terms the absence of religious phenomena among some savage people, himself to give evidence that shows his expressions to be misleading." But, far from dismissing the whole topic as one on which no anthropological reports can be trusted, Mr. Tylor goes on to shew that the inconsistencies of evidence have chiefly arisen from want of a definition of religion. The missionary says, "the savage has no religion," meaning nothing like what the missionary understands by religion. He then proceeds to describe practices which, in the eyes of

the anthropologist, are religious enough. Mr. Tylor then discounts reports which are hasty, or made in ignorance, and finds that there is still left that enormous body of testimony on which he bases his theory of savage philosophies, religions, and mythologies. Mr. Tylor, to be brief, judges evidence by the tests we have already proposed. The inquirer "is bound to use his best judgment as to the trustworthiness of all the authors he quotes . . . but it is over and above these measures of precautions that the test of recurrence comes in." By "recurrence" Mr. Tylor means what we have called "undesigned coincidence." Thus, "if two independent visitors to different countries, say a mediæval Mahomedan in Tartary, and a modern Englishman in Dahome, or a Jesuit missionary in Brazil, and a Wesleyan in the Fijian Islands, agree in describing some analogous art or rite or myth among the people they have visited, it becomes difficult or impossible to set down such correspondence to accident or wilful fraud" (*Primitive Culture*, i. 9.)

Such, then, are our tests of reported evidence. Both the quantity and the quality of the testimony seem to justify an anthropological examination of the origin of myths and *märchen*. As to the savage ideas from which we believe these *märchen* to spring we have yet stronger evidence.*

We have the evidence of institutions. It may be hard to understand what a savage *thinks*, but it is comparatively easy to know what he does. Now the whole of savage existence, roughly speaking, is based on and swayed by two great institutions. The first is the division of society into a number of clans or stocks. The marriage laws of

* Mr. Ralston (*Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1879) seems to think that the historical interpreters of *märchen* wish to resolve all incidents into traces of actual customs. But traces of customs are few, compared with survivals of ideas, or states of opinion, or "wild beliefs" of which Mr. Ralston (p. 852, *loc. cit.*) himself contributes an example.

savages depend on the conception that these stocks descend from certain plants, animals, or inorganic objects. As a rule no man and woman believed to be connected by descent and blood kinship with the same animal, plant, stone, natural phenomenon, or what not, can intermarry. This law is sanctioned by severe, sometimes by capital, punishment. Now about the evidence for this institution there can be no mistake. It has been observed by travellers in North and South America, in Australia, Samoa, India, Arabia, in Northern Asia, and in West and South Africa. The observations were obviously made without collusion or intention to support a scientific theory, for the scientific importance of the institution was not perceived till about 1870.*

The second institution of savage life, from which the nature of savage ideas may be deduced, is the belief in magic and in "medicine-men." Everywhere we find Australians, Maoris, Eskimo, old Irish, Fuegians, Brazilians, Samoyeds, Iroquois, and the rest, showing faith in certain jugglers or wizards of their own tribe. They believe that these men can turn themselves or their neighbours into animal shapes; † that they can go down into the abodes of the dead; that they can move inanimate objects by incantations; that they can converse with spirits, and magically cure or inflict diseases. This belief declares itself in the institutions of untutored races; the sorcerer has a considerable share in what may be called political and priestly power.

* The first writer who collected examples of these facts was Mr. McLennan. ('The Worship of Plants and Animals,' *Fortnightly Review*, 1869).

† Mr. Ralston writes ('Beauty and the Beast,' *Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1878), "The were-wolf stands alone." But a reference to the article on *Lykanthropy* (*Encyclop. Britann.*) will shew that sorcerers are believed to be capable of transforming either themselves or their neighbours into all manner of animals. The wolf is only the beast most commonly selected for purposes of transformation in Europe. Lions, tigers, crocodiles, birds, are quite as frequent in other parts of the world.

We have now unfolded the character of our evidence. It is based, first on the testimony of innumerable reports corroborated by recurrence or coincidence; next on the testimony of institutions.

If this evidence seems inadequate, what have we to fall back upon? Merely the conjectures of philologists; we must follow the star of etymological guesses after which our fathers, the old antiquaries, went wandering. It may be said, with truth, that modern philology has a method far more scientific and patient than the random practice of old etymology. Granted, but a glance at the various philological interpretations, for example, of Greek mythical names, will shew that philologists still differ on most mythical points where difference is possible. When applied to the interpretation of the past of human thought and human history, philology is a most uncertain guide. Thus, Schrader observes (*Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte*, p. 431), that comparative philology has as yet contributed very little certain knowledge to the study of mythology. In the region of history, as he shews, the best philologists contradict each other and themselves, as to the metals possessed by the early Aryans. Yet philology is the science which claims possession of "the only method that can lead to scientific results," results which differ with the views of each individual scholar.

We are now able to prove, from the social and political institutions of savages, their belief in human descent from animals, in kinship with animals, in powers of metamorphosis, in the efficacy of incantations, and in the possibility of communion with the dead. Savages also believe in the possibility of "personal intercourse between man and animal, "the savage man's idea of the nature of those lower animals is very different from the civilised man's" (Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 467; ii. 230). Mr. Tylor gives many curious observances, as proofs of the

existence of these wild conceptions. We may add that savages believe the human soul passes into animal shapes at death, and that women may bear animal children.

Similar views prevail about inanimate nature. "To the savage all nature seems animated, all things are persons." We have already seen that Sir George Cox assumed this state of thought in the makers of his "primary" myths. "To the Indian all objects animate and inanimate seem exactly of the same nature, except that they differ in the accident of bodily form." (Im Thurn, *Indians of Guiana*, p. 350).

Other savage ideas may be briefly explained. Among savages many harmless and necessary acts are "taboo'd" or forbidden for some mystic or ceremonial reason.

Again, the youngest child in polygamous families is apt to be the favourite and heir. Animals of miraculous power are supposed to protect men and women. Cannibalism is not unknown in practice, and, as savages seldom eat members of their own tribe, alien tribes are regarded as cannibals. Further, various simple moral ideas are inculcated in savage tales. We may now offer a short list of savage ideas, and compare each idea with an incident in a savage and in a civilised Household Tale.*

1. SAVAGE IDEA.

Belief in kinship with Animals

Savage Tale.

Woman marries an elephant.
 Woman marries a whale.
 Woman gives birth to crows
 Man marries a beaver
 Girl wooed by frog.
 Girl marries serpent.

European Tale.

Man weds girl whose brothers are ravens.
 Queen accused of bearing puppies or cats.
 Girl marries a frog.
 Girl marries a tick.
 Man marries a frog.

* The authorities for the existence of these ideas, customs, and beliefs, with references for the tales based on the beliefs and customs, will be found at the end of this Introduction.

2. SAVAGE IDEA.

*Belief in Metamorphosis**Savage Tale.*

Hero becomes Insect.
 Hero becomes Bird.
 Hero becomes Mouse.
 Girls become Birds.

European Tale.

Hero becomes Worm.
 Heroes become Birds.
 Hero becomes Roebuck.
 Girls become Birds.

3. SAVAGE IDEA.

*A. Inanimate objects obey incantations, and speak.**Savage Tale.*

Hero uses incantations with success.

European Tale.

Hero uses incantations with success.

*B. Inanimate objects may speak.**Savage Tale.*

Drops of spittle speak.

European Tale.

Drops of spittle speak.

4. SAVAGE IDEA.

*Animals help favoured Men and Women.**Savage Tale.*

Hero is helped by Ox.
 Heroes helped by Wolf.

European Tale.

Heroine is helped by Bull.
 Heroine is helped by Sheep.
 Hero is helped by various Beasts.

5. SAVAGE IDEA.

*Cannibals are a constant danger.**Savage Tale.*

Hero and Heroine are captured by Cannibals.
 Hero or Heroine flees from home to avoid being eaten.

European Tale.

Hero and Heroine are captured by Cannibals.
 Hero or Heroine flees from home to avoid being eaten.

6. SAVAGE IDEA.

The belief in possible descents into Hades, a place guarded by strange beasts, and where living men must not eat.

Savage Tale.

Descent by a Melanesian.
 His adventures.
 Descent by an Odjibwa.
 His adventures.

European Tale.

Descent of Psyche.
 Her similar adventures.

7. SAVAGE CUSTOM.

Husband and wife are forbidden to see each other, or to name each other's names.

Savage Tale.

Wife disappears (but not apparently because of infringement of taboo).
Wife disappears after infringement of taboo.

European Tale.

Husband or wife disappear when seen, or when the name is named. (These acts being prohibited by savage custom.)

8. SAVAGE CUSTOM.

The youngest son in the Polygamous family is the heir.

Savage Tale.

King's youngest son, as heir, is envied and ill-treated by his brothers.

European Tale.

Youngest son or daughter succeeds where the elders fail, and is betrayed by jealousy of the elders.

9. SAVAGE IDEA. A.

Human strength, or soul, resides in this or that part of the body, and the strength of one man may be acquired by another who secures this part.

Savage Tale.

Certain Giants take out their hearts when they sleep, and are overcome by men who secure the hearts.

European Tale.

The Giant who has no heart in his body.
The man whose life or force depends on a lock of hair, and is lost when the hair is lost.

SAVAGE IDEA. B.

Souls of dead enter animal forms.

Savage Tale.

Dead Boy becomes a Bird.

European Tale.

Dead Boy becomes a Bird.

The lists now furnished exhibit several of the leading and most "unnatural" ideas in European Household Tales. It has been shown that these ideas are also found in savage Household Tales. It has further been demonstrated that the notions on which these incidents are

based are as natural to, and as common among, savages as they seem "unnatural" to the modern civilised student of Aryan dialects. The conclusion appears to follow inevitably, that the incidents of savage stories are derived from the beliefs and ideas of savages, while the identical incidents in civilised tales are an inheritance, a survival from a past of savagery. If we are not to believe this, we must first reject the evidence offered as untrustworthy, and next explain the phenomena as the result of forgetfulness of the meaning of words, and of other linguistic processes for which, as we have shewn, the evidence is neither copious, nor unimpeachable, nor to the point.

At the beginning of this essay we remarked that Household Tales consist of but few incidents, in an immense variety of combinations. To the incidents already enumerated, we may add such as spring from a few simple moral conceptions. Thus, among savages as in Europe, *the duty of good temper and courtesy is illustrated* by the tale of the good girl, or boy, who succeeded in enterprises where the bad girl or boy failed as a punishment of churlishness or disobedience. Again, in savage as well as civilised tales, *curiosity in forbidden matters is punished*, as in all the stories of opening a taboo'd door, or tampering with matters taboo'd. Once more *the impossibility of avoiding Fate is demonstrated* in such tales as "The Sleeping Beauty," the unborn child who is exposed to make of no effect an evil prophecy, and so forth. Again, *the folly of hasty words* is set forth in stories of the type of Jephtha's foolish vow. By help of such simple moral conceptions as these, and of supernatural incidents which appear natural to the savage, the web of Household Tales is woven.

There remain, however, features in Household Tales, savage or civilised, which we do not even pretend to explain. Why does the supplanted bride, whose place

is taken by a false bride, appear so often? What superstition is at the bottom of the incident of the lover who forgets his beloved after he has been kissed by his mother or his hound? Why does the incident of the deserted girl, who hides in a tree, and whose beautiful face is seen reflected in a well beneath, occur so frequently in countries as far apart as Scotland and Madagascar? These are among the real difficulties of the subject. Again, while most of the incidents of Household Tales are, as we have seen, easily accounted for, the tissue of plot into which they are woven is by no means so readily explained.

We may now examine, as briefly as possible, a famous myth of the classical world, and point out its component parts and stock ideas, which are scattered through the Household Tales of the civilised and barbarous races. For our present purpose the myth of Jason is as well suited as any other.*

If our system be correct, the Jason myth is a heroic legend, with a plot composed of incidents now localised, and with characters now named, but the events were originally told as happening in no particular place, and the characters were originally mere "somebodies." The Jason myth starts from the familiar situation common in Household Tales. A Boeotian king (Athamas) has a wife, Nephele, and two children, a boy and a girl, named Phrixus (or Phryxus) and Helle. But Athamas takes a new wife or mistress, Ino, and she conspires against her step-children. By intrigues, which it is needless to explain, Ino procures a decree that Phrixus and Helle shall be sacrificed to Zeus, this feature being a survival from the age of human sacrifice in Greece. As Phrixus stood at the altar, Nephele brought forward a golden ram which could speak. Phrixus and Helle mounted on the

* See "A Far Travelled Tale" in the author's *Custom and Myth*.

ram; the beast flew eastwards; Helle fell off, and was drowned in the Hellespont; Phrixus reached Colchis, sacrificed the ram, dedicated the golden fleece in a temple, and became the eponymous, or name-giving hero of Phrygia (Apollodorus, 1. ix. 1). The Scholiast, on *Iliad* vii. 86, quotes the story, with some unimportant variations from Philostephanus. He says that the ram met Phrixus and revealed to him the plot against his life. The Scholiast on *Apoll. Rhod.* 1. 256, gives Hecataeus as authority for the ram's power of conversation. Apollonius writes,

ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀνδρῶν
ἀνδρομέην προέηκε κακὸν τέρας.

The classical writers were puzzled by the talkative ram, but to students of Household Tales the surprise would be if the ram did *not* speak. According to De Gubernatis, the ram is the cloud or the sun, or a mixture; "the sun in the cloud butts with its rays until it opens the stable and its horns come out." And so forth.

We may now compare Household Tales which contain *unlocalised* versions of the early incidents in the Jason myth. The idea of the earlier incidents is that children, oppressed or threatened at home, escape by aid of an animal, or otherwise, and begin a series of adventures. The peculiar wrong from which the children escape, in the classic and heroic myth, is human sacrifice. In the Household Tales, on the other hand, they usually run away to escape being eaten. As human sacrifice is generally a survival of cannibalism, and is often found clinging to religion after cannibalism has died out of custom, it is only natural that the religious rite should be found in the classic myth, the savage custom in savage tales, and in the household stories which we regard as survivals of savagery. In the following Household Tales, the children flee from home like Phrixus and Helle, to escape

being eaten, sometimes by a step-mother, sometimes by a mother, while in the most civilised version they only run away from a step-mother's ill-treatment.

Our first example is from *Samojedische Märchen* (Castren, p. 164). Here the childless wife intends to devour the daughters of her rival, whom she has slain. The daughters escape, and when they reach the sea, they are carried across not by a golden ram, but by a beaver. The Epirote version of the story is given by Von Hahn (*Gr. Mär.* i. 65). A man brings home a pigeon for dinner, the cat eats it; the wife, to conceal the loss of the pigeon, cooks one of her own breasts; the husband relishes the food, and proposes to kill his own two children and eat them. Exactly as the ram warned Phrixus, according to Philostephanus, so the dog warns the boy hero of the Epirote *märchen*, and he and his sister make their escape. The tale then shades off into one of the *märchen* of escape by magical devices, which are the most widely diffused of all stories. But these incidents recur later in the Jason legend. Turning from the Samoyeds and the Epirotes to Africa, we find the *motif* (escape of brother and sister) in a Kaffir tale, "Story of the Bird that made Milk." Here the children flee into the desert to avoid the anger of their father, who had "hung them on a tree that projected over a river." The children escape in a magical manner, and intermarry with animals (Theal's *Kaffir Folk Lore*, p. 36). Finally, among the Kaffirs, we find a combination of the form of the stories as they occur in Grimm (ii. 15). Grimm's version opens thus, "Little brother took his little sister by the hand and said, 'Since our mother died our step-mother beats us every day . . . come, we will go forth into the wide world.'" The Kaffir tale (Demane and Demazana) tells how a brother and sister who were twins and orphans were obliged on account of ill-usage to run

away from their relatives. Like Hänsel and Grethel they fall into the hands of cannibals, and escape by a ruse. In their flight they are carried over the water, neither by a ram nor a beaver, but by a white duck.

Here, then, we see how widely diffused are the early ideas and incidents of the Jason cycle. We see, too, that they are consistent with the theory of a savage origin, if cannibalism be a savage practice, and if belief in talking and protective animals be a savage belief.

The Jason myth proceeds from the incidents of the flight of the children, and enters a new cycle of ideas and events. We come to incidents which may be arranged thus:

1. The attempt to evade prophecy. (Compare *Zulu Tales*, p. 41).

2. The arrival of the true heir.

3. Endeavour to get rid of the heir by setting him upon a difficult or impossible adventure. (Callaway's *Zulu Tales*, p. 170).

4. The hero starts on the adventure, accompanied by friends possessed of miraculous powers. (Compare *Kalevala*).

In the Jason Legend the true heir is Jason himself. His uncle, Pelias, the usurper of his kingdom, has been warned by prophecy to guard against a one-shoe'd man. Jason has lost one shoe crossing the river. His uncle, to get rid of him, sends him to seek, in far away Colchis, the golden fleece of the talking ram. He sets forth in a boat with a talking figure-head, and accompanied by heroes of supernatural strength, and with magical powers of seeing, hearing, and flying.

All these inventions are natural, and require no comment. The companions of the hero, "Quick Sight," "Fine Ear" and the rest, are well known in European Household Tales, where their places are occasionally taken by

gifted beasts. The incident of the expedition, the companions, and the quest in general, recurs in the *Kalewala*, the national poem of the Finns. When Jason with his company arrive in Colchis, we enter on a set of incidents perhaps more widely diffused than any others in the whole of folk-lore. Briefly speaking, the situation is this: an adventurer comes to the home of a powerful and malevolent being. He either is the brother of the wife of this being, or he becomes the lover of his daughter. In the latter case, the daughter helps the adventurer to accomplish the impossible tasks set him by her father. Afterwards the pair escape, throwing behind them, in their flight, various objects which detain the pursuer. When the adventurer is the brother of the wife of the malevolent being, the story usually introduces the "fee fo, fum" formula,—the husband smells the flesh of the stranger. In this variant, tasks are not usually set to the brother as they are to the lover. The incidents of the flight are much the same everywhere, even when, as in the Japanese and Lithuanian myths a brother is fleeing from the demon-ghost of his sister in Hades, or when, as in the Samoyed tale, two sisters are evading the pursuit of a cannibal step-mother. The fugitives always throw small objects behind them, such as a comb, which magically turns into a forest, and so forth.

We have already alluded to the wide diffusion of these incidents, which recur, in an epic and humanised form, in the Jason myth. By way of tracing the incidents from their least civilised to their Greek shape, we may begin with the Nama version. It is a pretty general rule that in the myths of the lower races, animals fill the rôles which, in civilised story, are taken by human beings. In Bleek's *Hottentot Fables and Tales*, p. 60, the incidents turn on the visit of brothers to a sister, not on the coming of an adventurous lover. The sister has

married, not a wizard king, nor even a giant, but an elephant. The woman hides her brothers, the elephant "smells something." In the night, the woman escapes, with all the elephant's herds except three kine, which she instructs to low as loud as if they were whole flocks. These beasts then act like the "talking spittle," in Gaelic and Zulu, and like the chattering dolls in the Russian tale. The woman bids a rock open, she and her brothers enter, and when the elephant comes the rock closes on him, like the "Rocks Wandering," or clashing rocks, in the Odyssey, and he is killed. In the Eskimo Tale (Rink, 7) two brothers visit a sister married to a cannibal, but she has become a cannibal too. A tale much more like the Hottentot story of the Nama woman is the Eskimo "Two Girls" (Rink 8). One of the girls married, not an elephant, but a whale. To visit her, her two brothers built a boat of magical speed. In their company the woman fled from the whale. But instead of leaving magical objects, or obediently lowing animals behind her, she merely tied the rope by which the whale usually fastened her round a stone. The whale discovered her absence, pursued her, and was detained by various articles which she threw at him. Finally she and her brothers escaped, and the whale was transformed into a piece of whale-bone. In the Samoyed story (Castren. 11) the pursuit of the cannibal is delayed by a comb which the girl throws behind her, and which becomes "a thick wood;" other objects tossed behind become rivers and mountains. The same kind of feats are performed during the flight, in a story from Madagascar (*Folk-lore Record*, Aug. 1883), a story which, in most minute and curious detail of plot, resembles the Scotch "Nicht, Nocht, Nothing," the Russian "Tsar Morskoi," and the Gaelic "Battle of the Birds." In Japan, as among the Samoyeds, the hero (when followed by the Loathly Lady of Hades) throws down his comb,

and it turns into bamboo sprouts, which naturally check her in her approach (*Trans. Asiat. Soc. of Japan*, vol. x. p. 36). The Zulu versions will be found in Callaway, pp. 51, 90, 145. In the Russian Tale (Ralston, p. 120), we find that the adventurer is not the brother of the wife of an animal, but the lover of the daughter of the Water King. By her aid he accomplishes the hard tasks set him, and he escapes with her, not by throwing objects behind, but by her magical gift of shape-shifting. The story takes the same form in the old Indian collection of Somadeva (cf. Köhler, *Orient und Occident*. ii. pp. 107-114. Ralston, pp. 132, 133). The father of the maiden in the Indian version is both animal and giant, a Rakshasa, who can fly about as a crane. In Grimm (51) the girl and her lover flee, by the aid of talking drops of blood, from a cruel witch step-mother. The best German parallel to the incidents of the adventurer's success in love, success in performing the hard tasks, and flight with the girl, is Grimm's "Two Kings' Children" (110). The Scotch version is defective in the details of the flight. (*Nicht, Nought, Nothing*, collected by the present writer, and published, with notes by Dr. Köhler, in *Revue Celtique*, vol. iii. 3, 4.)

It is scarcely necessary to show how the incidents which we have been tracing are used in the epic of Jason. He himself is the adventurer; the powerful and malevolent being is the Colchian King Æetes, the daughter of the king, who falls in love with the adventurer, is Medea. Hard tasks, as usual, are set the hero; just as in the *Kalewala*, Ilmarinen is compelled to plough the adder-close with a plough of gold, to bridle the wolf and the bear of Hades, and to catch the pike that swims in the waters of forgetfulness. The hard tasks in the Highlands and in South Africa may be compared. (Campbell, ii. 328; Callaway, 470). Instead of sowing dragons' teeth, the

Zulu boy has to "fetch the liver of an Ingogo," a fabulous monster. When the tasks have been accomplished, the adventurer and the king's daughter, Jason and Medea, flee, as usual, from the wrath of the king, being aided (again as usual) by the magic of the king's daughter. And what did the king's daughter throw behind her in her flight, to delay her father's pursuit? Nothing less than the mangled remains of her own brothers. Other versions are given; that of Apollonius Rhodius (iv. 476, cf. *Scholia*) contains a curious account of a savage expiatory rite performed by Jason. But Grote (ed. 1869, i. 232) says, "So revolting a story as that of the cutting up of the little boy cannot have been imagined in later times." Perhaps, however, the tale, though as old as Pherecydes, is derived from a Folk-etymology of the place called Tomi (τέμνω). While the wizard king mourned over the cast-away fragments of his boy, the adventurer and the king's daughter made their escape. The remainder of the Jason legend is chiefly Greek, though some of the wilder incidents (as Medea's chaldron) have their parallels in South Africa.

— We have now examined a specimen of the epic legends of Greece. We have shown that it is an arrangement, with local and semi-historical features, of a number of incidents, common in both savage and European Household Tales. Some moments in the process of the arrangement, for example, the localising of the scene in Colchis, and the attachment of the conclusion to the fortunes of the Corinthian House, are discussed by Grote (i. 244). Grote tries to show that the poetic elaboration and arrangement were finished between 600 and 500 B.C. Whatever the date may have been, we think it probable that the incidents of the Jason legend, as preserved in *märchen*, are much older than the legend in its epic Greek form. We have also shown that the incidents for the most part occur in the tales of savages, and we believe that they are the natural

expressions of the savage imagination. We have not thought it necessary to explain (with Sir George Cox) the mutilation of the son of Æetes as a myth of sunset (*Ar. Myth*, i. 153) "a vivid image of the young sun as torn to pieces among the vapours that surround him, while the light, falling in isolated patches on the sea, seems to set bounds to the encroaching darkness." Is the "encroaching darkness" Æetes? But Æetes, in myth, was the son of the Sun, while Sir George Cox recognises him as "the breath or motion of the air." * Well, Jason was (apparently) the Sun, and Apsyrtus is the young Sun, and Medea is the Dawn, and Helle is the evening Air, and Phryxus is the cold Air, and the fleece is the Sunlight, and Æetes is the breath of the air, and the child of the Sun, and why they all behave as they do in the legend is a puzzle which we cannot pretend to unravel.

Did space permit, we might offer analyses of other myths. The *Odyssey* we have dealt with in the introduction to our prose translation (Butcher and Lang ed. 1883). The myths of Perseus and of Urvasi and Pururavas may be treated in a similar way. † As to the relations between the higher myths and *Märchen*, civilised or savage, there is this to be said: where the *Märchen* is diffused among many distinct races, while the epic use of the same theme is found only among one or two cultivated peoples, it is

* While Æetes is the "breath or motion of the air" with Sir George Cox, in the opinion of Mr. Brown (*The Myth of Kirke*), Æetes is Lunus, and forms with Circe "an androgynous Moon, *i.e.*, the ascription of both male and female potentialities to the lunar power." Medea is the Moon, too, with Mr. Brown, while Sir George Cox writes, "Medeia herself appears in benignant guise in the legend of the Goose-girl at the Well (the *Dawn-maiden* with her snow-white clouds") (*Ar. Myth*, i. 429). Where incidents may be explained by fanciful guesses at the etymology of words, every scholar has an equal right to his own interpretations. Each may see the moon, where another finds the sun, or the wind, or the cloud. But the conflicting guesses destroy each other.

† See "Cupid, Psyche, and the Sun-Frog" in the author's *Custom and Myth*.

probable that the *Märchen* is older than the cultivated epic. Again, when the popular tale retains references to the feats of medicine men, to cannibalism, to metamorphosis, and to kinship with beasts, all of which are suppressed or smoothed down in the epic form of the story, these omissions strengthen the belief that the epic is later than the tale, and has passed through the refining atmosphere of a higher civilisation.

As to the origin of the wild incidents in Household Tales, let any one ask himself this question : Is there anything in the frequent appearance of cannibals, in kinship with animals, in magic, in abominable cruelty, that would seem unnatural to a savage? Certainly not; all these things are familiar in his world. Do all these things occur on almost every page of Grimm? Certainly they do. Have they been natural and familiar incidents to the educated German mind during the historic age? No one will venture to say so. These notions, then, have survived in peasant tales from the time when the ancestors of the Germans were like Zulus or Maoris or Australians.

Finally, as to the *diffusion* of similar *incidents* in countries widely severed, that may be, perhaps, ascribed to the identical beliefs of early man all over the world. But the diffusion of *plots* is much more hard to explain, nor do we venture to explain it, except by the chances of transmission in the long past of human existence. As to the "roots" or "radicals" of stories, the reader who has followed us will probably say, with Mr. Farrer (*Primitive Manners*, p. 257), "We should look, not in the clouds, but upon the earth; not in the various aspects of nature, but in the daily occurrences and surroundings," he might have added, in the current opinions and ideas, "of savage life."

NOTES.

These notes are intended to corroborate by reference to authorities the statements on pp. 51-53.

I.—BELIEF IN KINSHIP WITH ANIMALS.

Marsden, *Sumatra*, p. 292; Brookes's *Sarawak*, i. 64; Australia: Fison and Hewitt's *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, p. 109; Grey's *Travels*, ii. 225; Lang's *Australian Aborigines*, p. 10; Laws based on these opinions, *Kamilaroi and Kurnai, passim*, Grey, ii. 226. Ashanti: Bowditch's *Mission*, p. 180, 181. Aleuts and Koniagas of the North-West Pacific Coast. Barrett Lennard, pp. 54, 57; Dale's *Alaska*, pp. 421, 422. Bancroft, iii. 104, quoting Bargoa, iii. 74. Lafitau, *Moeurs des Sauvages*, 467. For Peru, Garcilasso de la Vega.

Basutos. Casalis, p. 211. *North Asia*: Dalton, *Trans. Ethn. Soc.* vi. 36. Latham, *Descript. Ethn.* i, 364. Strahlenberg on the Yakuts. Osages of North America. Schoolcraft, iv. 221. Catlin, *Letters*, ii. 128. *Charlevoix*, iii. 353; Schoolcraft, iv. 225, iv. 86, iii. 268. Kohl, p. 148, *Africa*, Bechuanas, Livingstone *Travels*, p. 13. *India*, Dalton, *Ethnol. of Bengal*, p. 63, p. 166, p. 189, p. 255. *Melanesia*, Codrington's *Journal. Anthropol. Inst.* p. 305.

"Whilst Tawaki was of human form, his brethren were sharks; there were mixed marriages among them." (Taylor, *New Zealand*, p. 136). For further information on this belief and its survivals in civilised races, see McLennan's *Worship of Plants and Animals* ('Fortnightly Review,' 1869), and article *Family* (A. L.) in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, also *Early History of the Family* (*Contemp. Rev.* 1883).

I. EXAMPLES OF BELIEF IN KINSHIP WITH ANIMALS FOUND IN HOUSEHOLD TALES.

SAVAGE TALES. Girl wooed by a Frog (*Zulu*). *Callaway*, pp. 211, 237, 241, 248.

Girl marries a Pigeon (*Zulu*). *Callaway*, p. 71 (*cf.* note on frequency of this idea).

Girl marries an Elephant (*Hottentot*). *Bleek*, p. 61.

Girl marries a Bird (*Cal-nuck*). Jülg, No. 7.

Girls marry Eagles and Whales (*Eskimo*), Rink, 8, 9.

Man marries a Beaver (*Kohl*).

EUROPEAN TALES.

- Girl marries Pumpkin (*Wallachian*). (Schott, 23.)
 Girl marries Goat (*Russian*). Afanasief, vi. 50 (Ap. Ralston).
 Girl marries Frog (*German*). Grimm, 1 (some of the Tsimsheean Indians of British Columbia believe that they are descended from a frog).
 Girl marries Bear (*Norse*). Dasent ("East o' the Sun, West o' the Moon").
 Man marries Frog (*Russian*). Afanasief, ii. 23. Ap. Ralston.
 Girl marries Frog (*Scotch*). Chambers.
 Man marries a Frog (Max Müller, *Chips*, ii.)
 Other examples might be given to any extent.

II. BELIEF IN METAMORPHOSIS INTO ANIMAL, OR INTO INANIMATE OBJECT.

Examples of the belief in metamorphosis are almost too common to need citation.

In the Introduction to his Translations of the Arabian Nights, Mr. Lane says he found this belief in full force in Egypt, and he naturally derives the frequency of metamorphosis in Arab stories from the belief which he found at work among the people. As examples we may select *Tales of Old Japan* (Mitford, *passim*), in Honduras (where, as usual, sorcerers possess this power), Bancroft, i. 740. Lapland, *Regnard* (ap. Pinkerton, i. 471). Bushmen, Bleek (*Brief Account, &c.*, pp. 15, 40). Among the Abipones, Dobrizhoffer, *Engl. Trans.* i. 63. Africa, Livingstone (*Travels*, p. 642). Mayas of Central America, Bancroft, ii. 797. Thlinkets (Dale's *Alaska*, p. 423). Moquis, Schoolcraft, iv. 80. Aztecs, Sahagun, v. 13. Khonds. Campbell's *Narrative*, p. 45. The Hos, and others, non-Aryan tribes of India. Dalton, p. 200. Madagascar, *Folk-Lore Journal*, Oct. 1883.

It appears superfluous to give examples of metamorphosis from Household Tales. In the stories of red men (Schoolcraft), black men (Theal, Callaway, Bleek), yellow men (Jülg), and white men, people are metamorphosed or transform their neighbours into birds, beasts, vegetables, and stones.

III. SAVAGE BELIEF THAT INANIMATE OBJECTS OBEY INCANTATIONS.

This is proved by all the accounts of sorcerers, pow-wows, medicine-men, plays, and what not, in North and South America, Melanesia, New Zealand, Africa, Siberia, and so forth. The idea had a strong hold, as is well known, on the imagination of the Greeks and Romans. In savage tales (Taylor's *New Zealand*, p. 156; Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*), Bleek, Callaway, Theal (*Kaffir Folk Tales*, p. 80), all difficulties yield when the hero or heroine chants a snatch of verse. Rocks open, streams dry up, supernatural beings appear, and so on. It is needless to quote instances from civilised folk tales, from the Scotch Rashin Coatie, to Grimm's "Little Snow-white" (53), and the Russian Vasilissa, all the characters are obeyed by inanimate objects when they repeat some lines of verse. The subordinate idea that

inanimate objects may speak is illustrated by the talking spittle. (Zulu, Gaelic, Callaway, 61. Campbell, *Battle of Birds*).

IV. SAVAGE IDEA THAT ANIMALS SUPERNATURALLY AID PERSONS THEY FAVOUR.

Evidence for this belief will be found in the notes under I. If animals are akin to men, it is only to be expected that they will assist their relations. A curious example of a kangaroo giving advice to a human kinsman of his own in a dream, is printed by Mr. Fison in the *Journal Anthropol. Inst.*, Nov. 1883. In Australia, Sir George Grey says that the animal with which a native claims kinship is his "friend" or "protector" (Grey, *Travels*, ii. 323). An odd American example is given by Long (*Voyages*, p. 86). In America each native not only believed in the beast which was akin to his clan, but selected a special animal as his own *manitou*, or friendly spiritual power in a material form. An instance is quoted in which the *manitou* (a duck), of an Ojibway Indian, helped a crew of Ojibways to escape from their enemies. Each Ojibway prayed to the beast, which was his *manitou*, or animal patron saint (Dorman, *Origin of Primitive Superstitions*, p. 271). Among the Eskimo not only are protecting animals common, but magicians send a sort of magical animal (the Finnish *Saivo*) to do their bidding. (Rink, p. 53.) The *tornak*, or familiar spirit and helper of the Eskimo is usually in animal shape. In traditions of civilised and semi-civilised nations, Aztecs, Romans, and others, the animal, woodpecker, wolf, cow, or what not, which leads wandering hosts to their destined homes, is a kind of *manitou* or, perhaps, a Tribal Totem.

In Household Tales friendly animals occur very frequently. An excellent example is given in the *Mabinogion*, where salmon, deer, and ravens help the heroes. Hans and Grethel (Grimm, 15), are aided by a white duck, as in *Cupid and Psyche*, ants help the hero (*The White Snake*, Grimm, 17). Birds are equally serviceable to the hero in the Scotch *Nicht, Nocht, Nothing*. A savage example from the Eskimo occurs in Rink (1), a wolf (*amarok*) befriends the hero. The "Bird that made Milk" (Theal 1) is an African example. Mice and frogs are friendly and helpful in the 'Story of Five Heads' (Theal, p. 17). Among the Zulus "Ubabuze is helped by a Mouse" (Callaway, p. 97). Beavers and sturgeons assist the girl in the Samoyed legend (Castren. 2). In Russian, Emilian the Fool is aided by a friendly pike (Ralston, p. 205); and every one knows how the little fish saved Manu from the Flood in the Indian legend. More examples are probably superfluous, they may be found by opening any collection of Household Tales at random.

5. SAVAGE BELIEF. DANGER FROM CANNIBALS.

It would be pedantic to offer "chapter and verse" for the prevalence of cannibalism in savage countries. Mr. Tylor's article *Cannibalism*, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, may be consulted by any scholars who think our testimony on this point untrustworthy. It only

remains to note that cannibalism is the most frequent form of peril in German and Modern Greek, and English and Indian, as in Zulu, Hottentot, Eskimo, and Samoyed Household Tales. The appearance of cannibalism in the stories of savages is perfectly natural. Why it should occur so frequently in European tales (unless it be a survival) it were difficult to explain. The ferocious cruelty of the punishments inflicted on evil-doers in the European tales need not date further back than the middle ages, which were vindictive enough in their penalties.

6. THE SAVAGE CONCEPTION OF HADES.

It is a place guarded by strange beasts. No living man may enter there and return to the upper world if he has tasted the food of Hell. The best known Household Tale on this topic is Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius. Psyche's adventures in Hades fully agree with Ojibway, Melanesian, Japanese, Mangaian, Maori, Etruscan, and Finnish descriptions of the homes of the departed (*Kalewala*. Canto XVI. Taylor's *New Zealand*, p. 233. Codrington, 'Religious Ideas of the Melanesians,' *Journal Anthropol. Inst.*, x. III. Gill, *Myths of South Pacific*, p. 102. Kohl (*Ojibways*), p. 211. It is to a pagan Hades of the sort indicated in these references that people in *Märchen* go, when in quest of "the Deil.")

g. SAVAGE CUSTOMS. RESTRICTIONS ON MEETINGS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Among the strange taboos, or mystic prohibitions of harmless things common to savage races, none are more frequent than taboos on the intercourse of husband and wife. Sometimes they may not meet by daylight, sometimes the wife may not name the husband. The old Spartan rule which made a bridegroom visit his wife only by stealth, was probably a survival from these taboos. As specimens of the rules we may take Astley's *Voyages*, ii. 240. Wives in Futa never permit their husbands to see them unveiled for three years after marriage. Amongst the Yorubas, "conventional modesty forbids a woman to speak to her husband, or even to see him if it can be avoided." (Bowen, *Central Africa*, p. 303). Of the Iroquois, Lafitau says, "Ils n'osent aller dans les cabanes particulières où habitent leurs épouses que durant l'obscurité de la nuit" (Lafitau, i. 576). The Circassian women have a similar scruple "till they have borne a child" (Lubbock, O. C. 1875, p. 75). Similar examples are reported from Fiji. In the Bulgarian ballad (Dozon, p. 172), the woman tells her daughter that she must not speak to her bridegroom for nine whole months. In Zululand, as is well known, the name of the husband, and words like the name of the husband are tabooed to the women.

By way of saving space, Mr. Ralston's article on 'Beauty and the Beast,' 'Cinderella' (*Nineteenth Century*, Dec. 1878), may be referred to for examples in tales of husbands and wives mysteriously punished for seeing each other when they should not have done so. Instances

of punishment for mentioning the name are found in Professor Rhys's article on Welsh tales in *Cymmrodorion* (iv. 2). The most famous example of the tale is the disappearance of the Vedic Urvashi, after she has seen her husband naked. To see him naked was prohibited as "against the custom of women" (Brahmana of Yajur Veda. Max Müller, *Selected Essays*, i. 408). Now Mr. Müller explains this legend as originally a story of "the chaste Dawn hiding her face when she had seen her husband." But no attention is paid in this interpretation to the actual mention of "the custom of women." We have shewn that customs of this kind are not unusual. The Milesian women for example, had a sacred custom of never using the names of their husbands (Herodotus, i. 147). Obviously usages like these might readily produce tales which enforced the usage by the sanction of a punishment. This explanation of the common class of Household Tales referred to, seems at least as plausible as any theory about the "chaste dawn," and the like (Cox, ii. 402).

8. THE CUSTOM OF JÜNGSTEN RECHT, OR PREFERENCE OF THE YOUNGEST SON, WHO IS USUALLY THE HEIR.

This old custom (Borough English) is of the widest diffusion in the world. Compare Elton, *Origins of English History*, and Liebrecht, *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 431. A Zulu example occurs (Callaway, pp. 64-65, Notes), and in this example we have a natural explanation of the common incident in Folk Tales, the jealousy of the elder brothers, who betray their successful younger brother (Compare Ralston, *Russian Tales*, pp. 74-81). It is needless to suppose, with Mr. Ralston, that these tales "came west in Christian times" from a polygamous eastern country. The custom of *Jüngsten Recht* points to the probable existence of polygamy, with the natural preference for the youngest wife's son, all over Europe long before Christianity.

9. THE SEPARABLE SOUL.

The idea of the separable soul or strength occurs in the ancient Egyptian *Story of Two Brothers*, (Maspero. *Contes Egyptiens*) in the Samoyed tale of men who lay aside their hearts, in the legend of the golden hairs, in which was the strength of Minos, in *The Giant with no Heart in his Body*, in the tale of *Koschkei the Deathless* (Ralston), and in numberless other Household Tales. The other idea, that the soul of the dead may enter a bird or a flower, is common in Grimm's Collection. For example, of the savage beliefs on which these incidents of folk-lore are founded, it must suffice to refer to the collections of instances made by Mr. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, i. 430; i. 309, 438; i. 436, 475; ii. 9, 147, 153, 192, 232. See especially ii. 153, where our explanation of the "separable heart" and life is put forward to interpret the Household tale. Among the Eskimos a soul may be taken out, cleaned, and repaired, or the entrails taken out, a process called *anqmainek* (Rink, *Eskimo*, p. 60).

The evidence here advanced has been limited by our space, but it is perhaps enough to indicate that most of the wild incidents, common to savage and civilised tales and myths, are based on beliefs as natural to savages, as monstrous in the eyes of civilised races.

GRIMM'S GERMAN HOUSEHOLD TALES.

1.—THE FROG-KING, OR IRON HENRY.

ERRATA.

INTRODUCTION.

Page xxxviii., line 18, *for* "all" *read* "several."
" " line 22, *for* "all" *read* "some."

rolled straight into the water. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. On this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she thus lamented, some one said to her, "What ails thee, King's daughter? Thou weapest so that even a stone would show pity." She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its thick, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water-splasher, is it thou?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help thee, but what wilt thou give me if I bring thy

GRIMM'S

GERMAN HOUSEHOLD TALES.

1.—THE FROG-KING, OR IRON HENRY.

IN old times when wishing still helped one, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the King's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the King's child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain, and when she was dull she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it, and this ball was her favourite plaything.

Now it so happened that on one occasion the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The King's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. On this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she thus lamented, some one said to her, "What ails thee, King's daughter? Thou weapest so that even a stone would show pity." She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its thick, ugly head from the water. "Ah! old water-splasher, is it thou?" said she; "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well."

"Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help thee, but what wilt thou give me if I bring thy

plaything up again?" "Whatever thou wilt have, dear frog," said she—"my clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing."

The frog answered, "I do not care for thy clothes, thy pearls and jewels, or thy golden crown, but if thou wilt love me and let me be thy companion and play-fellow, and sit by thee at thy little table, and eat off thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy little cup, and sleep in thy little bed—if thou wilt promise me this I will go down below, and bring thee thy golden ball up again."

"Oh, yes," said she, "I promise thee all thou wishest, if thou wilt but bring me my ball back again." She, however, thought, "How the silly frog does talk! He lives in the water with the other frogs and croaks, and can be no companion to any human being!"

But the frog when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down, and in a short time came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it. "Wait, wait," said the frog, "Take me with thee. I can't run as thou canst." But what did it avail him to scream his croak, croak, after her, as loudly as he could? She did not listen to it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day when she had seated herself at table with the King and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splish splash, splish splash, up the marble staircase, and when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me." She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to, in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened. The King saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said, "My child, what art thou so afraid of? Is there perchance a giant outside who wants to carry thee away?" "Ah, no," replied she, "it is no giant, but a disgusting frog."

"What does the frog want with thee?" "Ah, dear

father, yesterday when I was in the forest sitting by the well, playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so the frog brought it out again for me, and because he insisted so on it, I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water! And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

In the meantime it knocked a second time, and cried,

"Princess! youngest princess!
Open the door for me!
Dost thou not know what thou saidst to me
Ye-terday by the cool waters of the fountain?
Princess, youngest princess!
Open the door for me!"

Then said the King, "That which thou hast promised must thou perform. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat still and cried, "Lift me up beside thee." She delayed, until at last the King commanded her to do it. When the frog was once on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said, "Now, push thy little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together." She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her. At length he said, "I have eaten and am satisfied; now I am tired, carry me into thy little room and make thy little silken bed ready, and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the King grew angry and said, "He who helped thee when thou wert in trouble ought not afterwards to be despised by thee." So she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner. But when she was in bed he crept to her and said, "I am tired, I want to sleep as well as thou, lift me up or I will tell thy father." Then she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall. "Now, thou wilt be quiet, odious frog," said she. But

when he fell down he was no frog but a king's son with beautiful kind eyes. He by her father's will was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked witch, and how no one could have delivered him from the well but herself, and that to-morrow they would go together into his kingdom. Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young King's servant, faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron bands to be laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to conduct the young King into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this deliverance. And when they had driven a part of the way, the King's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking."

"No, master, it is not the carriage. It is a band from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the King's son thought the carriage was breaking; but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

2.—CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

A CERTAIN cat had made the acquaintance of a mouse, and had said so much to her about the great love and friendship she felt for her, that at length the mouse agreed that they should live and keep house together. "But we must make a provision for winter, or else we shall suffer from hunger," said the cat, "and you, little mouse, cannot

venture everywhere, or you will be caught in a trap some day." The good advice was followed, and a pot of fat was bought, but they did not know where to put it. At length, after much consideration, the cat said, "I know no place where it will be better stored up than in the church, for no one dares take anything away from there. We will set it beneath the altar, and not touch it until we are really in need of it." So the pot was placed in safety, but it was not long before the cat had a great longing for it, and said to the mouse, "I want to tell you something, little mouse; my cousin has brought a little son into the world, and has asked me to be godmother; he is white with brown spots, and I am to hold him at the christening. Let me go out to-day, and you look after the house by yourself." "Yes, yes," answered the mouse, "by all means go, and if you get anything very good, think of me, I should like a drop of sweet red christening wine too." All this, however, was untrue; the cat had no cousin, and had not been asked to be godmother. She went straight to the church, stole to the pot of fat, began to lick at it, and licked the top of the fat off. Then she took a walk upon the roofs of the town, looked out for opportunities, and then stretched herself in the sun, and licked her lips whenever she thought of the pot of fat, and not until it was evening did she return home. "Well, here you are again," said the mouse, "no doubt you have had a merry day." "All went off well," answered the cat. "What name did they give the child?" "Top off!" said the cat quite coolly. "Top off!" cried the mouse, "that is a very odd and uncommon name, is it a usual one in your family?" "What does it signify," said the cat, "it is not worse than Crumb-stealer, as your god-children are called."

Before long the cat was seized by another fit of longing. She said to the mouse, "You must do me a favour, and once more manage the house for a day alone. I am again asked to be godmother, and, as the child has a white ring round its neck, I cannot refuse." The good mouse consented, but the cat crept behind the town walls to the church, and devoured half the pot of fat. "Nothing ever seems so good as what one keeps to oneself," said she, and was quite satisfied with her day's work. When she went

home the mouse inquired, "And what was this child christened?" "Half-done," answered the cat. "Half done! What are you saying? I never heard the name in my life, I'll wager anything it is not in the calendar!"

The cat's mouth soon began to water for some more licking. "All good things go in threes," said she, "I am asked to stand godmother again. The child is quite black, only it has white paws, but with that exception, it has not a single white hair on its whole body; this only happens once every few years, you will let me go, won't you?" "Top-off! Half-done!" answered the mouse, "they are such odd names, they make me very thoughtful." "You sit at home," said the cat, "in your dark-grey fur coat and long tail, and are filled with fancies, that's because you do not go out in the daytime." During the cat's absence the mouse cleaned the house, and put it in order, but the greedy cat entirely emptied the pot of fat. "When everything is eaten up one has some peace," said she to herself, and well filled and fat she did not return home till night. The mouse at once asked what name had been given to the third child. "It will not please you more than the others," said the cat. "He is called All-gone." "All-gone," cried the mouse, "that is the most suspicious name of all! I have never seen it in print. All-gone; what can that mean?" and she shook her head, curled herself up, and lay down to sleep.

From this time forth no one invited the cat to be godmother, but when the winter had come and there was no longer anything to be found outside, the mouse thought of their provision, and said, "Come, cat, we will go to our pot of fat which we have stored up for ourselves—we shall enjoy that." "Yes," answered the cat, "you will enjoy it as much as you would enjoy sticking that dainty tongue of yours out of the window." They set out on their way, but when they arrived, the pot of fat certainly was still in its place, but it was empty. "Alas!" said the mouse, "now I see what has happened, now it comes to light! You a true friend! You have devoured all when you were standing godmother. First top off, then half done, then —" "Will you hold your tongue," cried the cat, "one word more, and I will eat you too." "All gone" was already

on the poor mouse's lips; scarcely had she spoken it before the cat sprang on her, seized her, and swallowed her down. Verily, that is the way of the world.

3.—OUR LADY'S CHILD.

HARD by a great forest dwelt a wood-cutter with his wife, who had an only child, a little girl of three years old. They were, however, so poor that they no longer had daily bread, and did not know how to get food for her. One morning the wood-cutter went out sorrowfully to his work in the forest, and while he was cutting wood, suddenly there stood before him a tall and beautiful woman with a crown of shining stars on her head, who said to him, "I am the Virgin Mary, mother of the child Jesus. Thou art poor and needy, bring thy child to me, I will take her with me and be her mother, and care for her." The wood-cutter obeyed, brought his child, and gave her to the Virgin Mary, who took her up to heaven with her. There the child fared well, ate sugar-cakes, and drank sweet milk, and her clothes were of gold, and the little angels played with her. And when she was fourteen years of age, the Virgin Mary called her one day and said, "Dear child, I am about to make a long journey, so take into thy keeping the keys of the thirteen doors of heaven. Twelve of these thou mayest open, and behold the glory which is within them, but the thirteenth, to which this little key belongs, is forbidden thee. Beware of opening it, or thou wilt bring misery on thyself." The girl promised to be obedient, and when the Virgin Mary was gone, she began to examine the dwellings of the kingdom of heaven. Each day she opened one of them, until she had made the round of the twelve. In each of them sat one of the Apostles in the midst of a great light, and she rejoiced in all the magnificence and splendour, and the little angels who always accompanied her rejoiced with her. Then the forbidden door alone remained, and she felt a great desire to know what could be hidden

behind it, and said to the angels, "I will not quite open it, and I will not go inside it, but I will unlock it so that we can just see a little through the opening." "Oh, no," said the little angels, "that would be a sin. The Virgin Mary has forbidden it, and it might easily cause thy unhappiness." Then she was silent, but the desire in her heart was not stilled, but gnawed there and tormented her, and let her have no rest. And once when the angels had all gone out, she thought, "Now I am quite alone, and I could peep in. If I do it, no one will ever know." She sought out the key, and when she had got it in her hand, she put it in the lock, and when she had put it in, she turned it round as well. Then the door sprang open, and she saw there the Trinity sitting in fire and splendour. She stayed there awhile, and looked at everything in amazement; then she touched the light a little with her finger, and her finger became quite golden. Immediately a great fear fell on her. She shut the door violently, and ran away. Her terror too would not quit her, let her do what she might, and her heart beat continually and would not be still; the gold too stayed on her finger, and would not go away, let her rub it and wash it never so much.

It was not long before the Virgin Mary came back from her journey. She called the girl before her, and asked to have the keys of heaven back. When the maiden gave her the bunch, the Virgin looked into her eyes and said, "Hast thou not opened the thirteenth door also?" "No," she replied. Then she laid her hand on the girl's heart, and felt how it beat and beat, and saw right well that she had disobeyed her order and had opened the door. Then she said once again, "Art thou certain that thou hast not done it?" "Yes," said the girl, for the second time. Then she perceived the finger which had become golden from touching the fire of heaven, and saw well that the child had sinned, and said for the third time, "Hast thou not done it?" "No," said the girl for the third time. Then said the Virgin Mary, "Thou hast not obeyed me, and besides that thou hast lied, thou art no longer worthy to be in heaven."

Then the girl fell into a deep sleep, and when she

awoke she lay on the earth below, and in the midst of a wilderness. She wanted to cry out, but she could bring forth no sound. She sprang up and wanted to run away, but whithersoever she turned herself, she was continually held back by thick hedges of thorns through which she could not break. In the desert, in which she was imprisoned, there stood an old hollow tree, and this had to be her dwelling-place. Into this she crept when night came, and here she slept. Here, too, she found a shelter from storm and rain, but it was a miserable life, and bitterly did she weep when she remembered how happy she had been in heaven, and how the angels had played with her. Roots and wild berries were her only food, and for these she sought as far as she could go. In the autumn she picked up the fallen nuts and leaves, and carried them into the hole. The nuts were her food in winter, and when snow and ice came, she crept amongst the leaves like a poor little animal that she might not freeze. Before long her clothes were all torn, and one bit of them after another fell off her. As soon, however, as the sun shone warm again, she went out and sat in front of the tree, and her long hair covered her on all sides like a mantle. Thus she sat year after year, and felt the pain and misery of the world. One day, when the trees were once more clothed in fresh green, the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and followed a roe, and as it had fled into the thicket which shut in this bit of the forest, he got off his horse, tore the bushes asunder, and cut himself a path with his sword. When he had at last forced his way through, he saw a wonderfully beautiful maiden sitting under the tree; and she sat there and was entirely covered with her golden hair down to her very feet. He stood still and looked at her full of surprise, then he spoke to her and said, "Who art thou? Why art thou sitting here in the wilderness?" But she gave no answer, for she could not open her mouth. The King continued, "Wilt thou go with me to my castle?" Then she just nodded her head a little. The King took her in his arms, carried her to his horse, and rode home with her, and when he reached the royal castle he caused her to be dressed in beautiful garments, and gave her all things in abundance. Although she could

not speak, she was still so beautiful and charming that he began to love her with all his heart, and it was not long before he married her.

After a year or so had passed, the Queen brought a son into the world. Thereupon the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night when she lay in her bed alone, and said, "If thou wilt tell the truth and confess that thou didst unlock the forbidden door, I will open thy mouth and give thee back thy speech, but if thou perseverest in thy sin, and deniest obstinately, I will take thy new-born child away with me." Then the Queen was permitted to answer, but she remained hard, and said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin Mary took the new-born child from her arms, and vanished with it. Next morning, when the child was not to be found, it was whispered among the people that the Queen was a man-eater, and had killed her own child. She heard all this and could say nothing to the contrary, but the King would not believe it, for he loved her so much.

When a year had gone by the Queen again bore a son, and in the night the Virgin Mary again came to her, and said, "If thou wilt confess that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee thy child back and untie thy tongue; but if thou continuest in sin and deniest it, I will take away with me this new child also." Then the Queen again said, "No, I did not open the forbidden door;" and the Virgin took the child out of her arms, and away with her to heaven. Next morning, when this child also had disappeared, the people declared quite loudly that the Queen had devoured it, and the King's councillors demanded that she should be brought to justice. The King, however, loved her so dearly that he would not believe it, and commanded the councillors under pain of death not to say any more about it.

The following year the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little daughter, and for the third time the Virgin Mary appeared to her in the night and said, "Follow me." She took the Queen by the hand and led her to heaven, and showed her there her two eldest children, who smiled at her, and were playing with the ball of the world. When the Queen rejoiced thereat, the Virgin Mary said, "Is thy

heart, not yet softened? If thou wilt own that thou openedst the forbidden door, I will give thee back thy two little sons." But for the third time the Queen answered, "No, I did not open the forbidden door." Then the Virgin let her sink down to earth once more, and took from her likewise her third child.

Next morning, when the loss was reported abroad, all the people cried loudly, "The Queen is a man-eater! She must be judged," and the King was no longer able to restrain his councillors. Thereupon a trial was held, and as she could not answer, and defend herself, she was condemned to be burnt alive. The wood was got together, and when she was fast bound to the stake, and the fire began to burn round about her, the hard ice of pride melted, her heart was moved by repentance, and she thought, "If I could but confess before my death that I opened the door." Then her voice came back to her, and she cried out loudly, "Yes, Mary, I did it;" and straightway rain fell from the sky and extinguished the flames of fire, and a light broke forth above her, and the Virgin Mary descended with the two little sons by her side, and the new-born daughter in her arms. She spoke kindly to her, and said, "He who repents his sin and acknowledges it, is forgiven." Then she gave her the three children, untied her tongue, and granted her happiness for her whole life.

4.—THE STORY OF THE YOUTH WHO WENT FORTH TO LEARN WHAT FEAR WAS.

A CERTAIN father had two sons, the elder of whom was sharp and sensible, and could do everything, but the younger was stupid and could neither learn nor understand anything, and when people saw him they said, "There's a fellow who will give his father some trouble!" When anything had to be done, it was always the elder who was forced to do it; but if his father bade him fetch anything when it was late, or in the night-time, and the way led through the churchyard, or any other dismal

place, he answered, "Oh, no, father, I'll not go there, it makes me shudder!" for he was afraid. Or when stories were told by the fire at night which made the flesh creep, the listeners often said, "Oh, it makes us shudder!" The younger sat in a corner and listened with the rest of them, and could not imagine what they could mean. "They are always saying, 'It makes me shudder, it makes me shudder!'" It does not make me shudder," thought he. "That, too, must be an art of which I understand nothing!"

Now it came to pass that his father said to him one day, "Hearken to me, thou fellow in the corner there, thou art growing tall and strong, and thou too must learn something by which thou canst earn thy living. Look how thy brother works, but thou dost not even earn thy salt." "Well, father," he replied, "I am quite willing to learn something—indeed, if it could but be managed, I should like to learn how to shudder. I don't understand that at all yet." The elder brother smiled when he heard that, and thought to himself, "Good God, what a block-head that brother of mine is! He will never be good for anything as long as he lives! He who wants to be a sickle must bend himself betimes."

The father sighed, and answered him, "Thou shalt soon learn what it is to shudder, but thou wilt not earn thy living by that."

Soon after this the sexton came to the house on a visit, and the father bewailed his trouble, and told him how his younger son was so backward in every respect that he knew nothing and learnt nothing. "Just think," said he, "when I asked him how he was going to earn his bread, he actually wanted to learn to shudder." "If that be all," replied the sexton, "he can learn that with me. Send him to me, and I will soon polish him." The father was glad to do it, for he thought, "It will train the boy a little." The sexton therefore took him into his house, and he had to ring the bell. After a day or two, the sexton awoke him at midnight, and bade him arise and go up into the church tower and ring the bell. "Thou shalt soon learn what shuddering is," thought he, and secretly went there before him; and when the boy was at the top of

the tower and turned round, and was just going to take hold of the bell rope, he saw a white figure standing on the stairs opposite to the sounding hole. "Who is there?" cried he, but the figure made no reply, and did not move or stir. "Give an answer," cried the boy, "or take thyself off, thou hast no business here at night."

The sexton, however, remained standing motionless that the boy might think he was a ghost. The boy cried a second time, "What dost thou want here?—speak if thou art an honest fellow, or I will throw thee down the steps!" The sexton thought, "he can't intend to be as bad as his words," uttered no sound and stood as if he were made of stone. Then the boy called to him for the third time, and as that was also to no purpose, he ran against him and pushed the ghost down the stairs, so that it fell down ten steps and remained lying there in a corner. Thereupon he rang the bell, went home, and without saying a word went to bed, and fell asleep. The sexton's wife waited a long time for her husband, but he did not come back. At length she became uneasy, and wakened the boy, and asked, "Dost thou not know where my husband is? He went up the tower before thou didst." "No, I don't know," replied the boy, "but some one was standing by the sounding hole on the other side of the steps, and as he would neither give an answer nor go away, I took him for a scoundrel, and threw him downstairs, just go there and you will see if it was he, I should be sorry if it were." The woman ran away and found her husband, who was lying moaning in the corner, and had broken his leg.

She carried him down, and then with loud screams she hastened to the boy's father. "Your boy," cried she, "has been the cause of a great misfortune! He has thrown my husband down the steps and made him break his leg. Take the good-for-nothing fellow away from our house." The father was terrified, and ran thither and scolded the boy. "What wicked tricks are these?" said he, "the devil must have put this into thy head." "Father," he replied, "do listen to me. I am quite innocent. He was standing there by night like one who is intending to do some evil. I did not know who it was, and I entreated him three times either to speak or to go away." "Ah,"

said the father, "I have nothing but unhappiness with thee. Go out of my sight. I will see thee no more."

"Yes, father, right willingly, wait only until it is day. Then will I go forth and learn how to shudder, and then I shall, at any rate, understand one art which will support me." "Learn what thou wilt," spake the father, "it is all the same to me. Here are fifty thalers for thee. Take these and go into the wide world, and tell no one from whence thou comest, and who is thy father, for I have reason to be ashamed of thee." "Yes, father, it shall be as you will. If you desire nothing more than that, I can easily keep it in mind."

When day dawned, therefore, the boy put his fifty thalers into his pocket, and went forth on the great highway, and continually said to himself, "If I could but shudder! If I could but shudder!" Then a man approached who heard this conversation which the youth was holding with himself, and when they had walked a little farther to where they could see the gallows, the man said to him, "Look, there is the tree where seven men have married the ropemaker's daughter, and are now learning how to fly. Sit down below it, and wait till night comes, and thou wilt soon learn how to shudder." "If that is all that is wanted," answered the youth, "it is easily done; but if I learn how to shudder as quickly as that, thou shalt have my fifty thalers. Just come back to me early in the morning." Then the youth went to the gallows, sat down below it, and waited till evening came. And as he was cold, he lighted himself a fire, but at midnight the wind blew so sharply that in spite of his fire, he could not get warm. And as the wind knocked the hanged men against each other, and they moved backwards and forwards, he thought to himself, "Thou shiverest below by the fire, but how those up above must freeze and suffer!" And as he felt pity for them, he raised the ladder, and climbed up, unbound one of them after the other, and brought down all seven. Then he stirred the fire, blew it, and set them all round it to warm themselves. But they sat there and did not stir, and the fire caught their clothes. So he said, "Take care, or I will hang you up again." The dead men, however, did not

hear, but were quite silent, and let their rags go on burning. On this he grew angry, and said, "If you will not take care, I cannot help you, I will not be burnt with you," and he hung them up again each in his turn. Then he sat down by his fire and fell asleep, and next morning the man came to him and wanted to have the fifty thalers, and said, "Well, dost thou know how to shudder?" "No," answered he, "how was I to get to know? Those fellows up there did not open their mouths, and were so stupid that they let the few old rags which they had on their bodies get burnt." Then the man saw that he would not carry away the fifty thalers that day, and went away saying, "One of this kind has never come in my way before."

The youth likewise went his way, and once more began to mutter to himself, "Ah, if I could but shudder! Ah, if I could but shudder!" A waggoner who was striding behind him heard that and asked, "Who art thou?" "I don't know," answered the youth. Then the waggoner asked, "From whence comest thou?" "I know not." "Who is thy father?" "That I may not tell thee." "What is it that thou art always muttering between thy teeth?" "Ah," replied the youth, "I do so wish I could shudder, but no one can teach me how to do it." "Give up thy foolish chatter," said the waggoner. "Come, go with me, I will see about a place for thee." The youth went with the waggoner, and in the evening they arrived at an inn where they wished to pass the night. Then at the entrance of the room the youth again said quite loudly, "If I could but shudder! If I could but shudder!" The host who heard that, laughed and said, "If that is your desire, there ought to be a good opportunity for you here." "Ah, be silent," said the hostess, "so many inquisitive persons have already lost their lives, it would be a pity and a shame if such beautiful eyes as these should never see the daylight again."

But the youth said, "However difficult it may be, I will learn it, and for this purpose indeed have I journeyed forth." He let the host have no rest, until the latter told him, that not far from thence stood a haunted castle where any one could very easily learn what shuddering

was, if he would but watch in it for three nights. The King had promised that he who would venture should have his daughter to wife, and she was the most beautiful maiden the sun shone on. Great treasures likewise lay in the castle, which were guarded by evil spirits, and these treasures would then be freed, and would make a poor man rich enough. Already many men had gone into the castle, but as yet none had come out again. Then the youth went next morning to the King, and said that if he were allowed he would watch three nights in the enchanted castle. The King looked at him, and as the youth pleased him, he said, "Thou mayest ask for three things to take into the castle with thee, but they must be things without life." Then he answered, "Then I ask for a fire, a turning lathe, and a cutting-board with the knife." The King had these things carried into the castle for him during the day. When night was drawing near, the youth went up and made himself a bright fire in one of the rooms, placed the cutting-board and knife beside it, and seated himself by the turning-lathe. "Ah, if I could but shudder!" said he, "but I shall not learn it here either." Towards midnight he was about to poke his fire, and as he was blowing it, something cried suddenly from one corner, "Au, miau! how cold we are!" "You simpletons!" cried he, "what are you crying about? If you are cold, come and take a seat by the fire and warm yourselves." And when he had said that, two great black cats came with one tremendous leap and sat down on each side of him, and looked savagely at him with their fiery eyes. After a short time, when they had warmed themselves, they said, "Comrade, shall we have a game at cards?" "Why not?" he replied, "but just show me your paws." Then they stretched out their claws. "Oh," said he, "what long nails you have! Wait, I must first cut them a little for you." Thereupon he seized them by the throats, put them on the cutting-board and screwed their feet fast. "I have looked at your fingers," said he, "and my fancy for card-playing has gone," and he struck them dead and threw them out into the water. But when he had made away with these two, and was about to sit down again by his fire, out from every hole and corner

came black cats and black dogs with red-hot chains, and more and more of them came until he could no longer stir, and they yelled horribly, and got on his fire, pulled it to pieces, and wanted to put it out. He watched them for a while quietly, but at last when they were going too far, he seized his cutting-knife, and cried, "Away with ye, vermin," and began to cut them down. Part of them ran away, the others he killed, and threw out into the fish-pond. When he came back he blew up the embers of his fire again and warmed himself. And as he thus sat, his eyes would keep open no longer, and he felt a desire to sleep. Then he looked round and saw a great bed in the corner. "That is the very thing for me," said he, and got into it. When he was just going to shut his eyes, however, the bed began to move of its own accord, and went over the whole of the castle. "That's right," said he, "but go faster." Then the bed rolled on as if six horses were harnessed to it, up and down, over thresholds and steps, but suddenly hop, hop, it turned over upside down, and lay on him like a mountain. But he threw quilts and pillows up in the air, got out and said, "Now any one who likes, may drive," and lay down by his fire, and slept till it was day. In the morning the King came, and when he saw him lying there on the ground, he thought the spirits had killed him and he was dead. Then said he, "After all it is a pity,—he is a handsome man." The youth heard it, got up, and said, "It has not come to that yet." Then the King was astonished, but very glad, and asked how he had fared. "Very well indeed," answered he; "one night is over, the two others will get over likewise." Then he went to the innkeeper, who opened his eyes very wide, and said, "I never expected to see thee alive again! Hast thou learnt how to shudder yet?" "No," said he, "it is all in vain. If some one would but tell me!"

The second night he again went up into the old castle, sat down by the fire, and once more began his old song, "If I could but shudder!" When midnight came, an uproar and noise of tumbling about was heard; at first it was low, but it grew louder and louder. Then it was quiet for awhile, and at length with a loud scream, half

a man came down the chimney and fell before him. "Hollo!" cried he, "another half belongs to this. This is too little!" Then the uproar began again, there was a roaring and howling, and the other half fell down likewise. "Wait," said he, "I will just blow up the fire a little for thee." When he had done that and looked round again, the two pieces were joined together, and a frightful man was sitting in his place. "That is no part of our bargain," said the youth, "the bench is mine." The man wanted to push him away; the youth, however, would not allow that, but thrust him off with all his strength, and seated himself again in his own place. Then still more men fell down, one after the other; they brought nine dead men's legs and two skulls, and set them up and played at nine-pins with them. The youth also wanted to play and said, "Hark you, can I join you?" "Yes, if thou hast any money." "Money enough," replied he, "but your balls are not quite round." Then he took the skulls and put them in the lathe and turned them till they were round. "There, now, they will roll better!" said he. "Hurrah! now it goes merrily!" He played with them and lost some of his money, but when it struck twelve, everything vanished from his sight. He lay down and quietly fell asleep. Next morning the King came to enquire after him. "How has it fared with thee this time?" asked he. "I have been playing at nine-pins," he answered, "and have lost a couple of farthings." "Hast thou not shuddered then?" "Eh, what?" said he, "I have made merry. If I did but know what it was to shudder!"

The third night he sat down again on his bench and said quite sadly, "If I could but shudder." When it grew late, six tall men came in and brought a coffin. Then said he, "Ha, ha, that is certainly my little cousin, who only died a few days ago," and he beckoned with his finger, and cried, "Come, little cousin, come." They placed the coffin on the ground, but he went to it and took the lid off, and a dead man lay therein. He felt his face, but it was cold as ice. "Stop," said he, "I will warm thee a little," and went to the fire and warmed his hand and laid it on the dead man's face, but he remained cold. Then he took him out, and sat down by the fire and laid him on

his breast and rubbed his arms that the blood might circulate again. As this also did no good, he thought to himself, "When two people lie in bed together, they warm each other," and carried him to the bed, covered him over and lay down by him. After a short time the dead man became warm too, and began to move. Then said the youth, "See, little cousin, have I not warmed thee?" The dead man, however, got up and cried, "Now will I strangle thee."

"What!" said he, "is that the way thou thankest me? Thou shalt at once go into thy coffin again," and he took him up, threw him into it, and shut the lid. Then came the six men and carried him away again. "I cannot manage to shudder," said he. "I shall never learn it here as long as I live."

Then a man entered who was taller than all others, and looked terrible. He was old, however, and had a long white beard. "Thou wretch," cried he, "thou shalt soon learn what it is to shudder, for thou shalt die." "Not so fast," replied the youth. "If I am to die, I shall have to have a say in it." "I will soon seize thee," said the fiend. "Softly, softly, do not talk so big. I am as strong as thou art, and perhaps even stronger." "We shall see," said the old man. "If thou art stronger, I will let thee go—come, we will try." Then he led him by dark passages to a smith's forge, took an axe, and with one blow struck an anvil into the ground. "I can do that better still," said the youth, and went to the other anvil. The old man placed himself near and wanted to look on, and his white beard hung down. Then the youth seized the axe, split the anvil with one blow, and struck the old man's beard in with it. "Now I have thee," said the youth. "Now it is thou who wilt have to die." Then he seized an iron bar and beat the old man till he moaned and entreated him to stop, and he would give him great riches. The youth drew out the axe and let him go. The old man led him back into the castle, and in a cellar showed him three chests full of gold. "Of these," said he, "one part is for the poor, the other is for the king, the third is thine." In the meantime it struck twelve, and the spirit disappeared; the youth, therefore, was left in darkness. "I shall

still be able to find my way out," said he, and felt about, found the way into the room, and slept there by his fire. Next morning the King came and said, "Now thou must have learnt what shuddering is?" "No," he answered; "what can it be? My dead cousin was here, and a bearded man came and showed me a great deal of money down below, but no one told me what it was to shudder." "Then," said the King, "thou hast delivered the castle, and shalt marry my daughter." "That is all very well," said he, "but still I do not know what it is to shudder!"

Then the gold was brought up and the wedding celebrated; but howsoever much the young King loved his wife, and however happy he was, he still said always, "If I could but shudder—if I could but shudder." And at last she was angry at this. Her waiting-maid said, "I will find a cure for him; he shall soon learn what it is to shudder." She went out to the stream which flowed through the garden, and had a whole bucketful of gudgeons brought to her. At night when the young King was sleeping, his wife was to draw the clothes off him and empty the bucketful of cold water with the gudgeons in it over him, so that the little fishes would sprawl about him. When this was done, he woke up and cried, "Oh, what makes me shudder so?—what makes me shudder so, dear wife? Ah! now I know what it is to shudder!"

5.—THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS.

THERE was once on a time an old goat who had seven little kids, and loved them with all the love of a mother for her children. One day she wanted to go into the forest and fetch some food. So she called all seven to her and said, "Dear children, I have to go into the forest, be on your guard against the wolf; if he come in, he will devour you all—skin, hair, and all. The wretch often disguises himself, but you will know him at once by his rough voice and his black feet." The kids said, "Dear mother, we will take good care of ourselves; you may go away

without any anxiety." Then the old one bleated, and went on her way with an easy mind.

It was not long before some one knocked at the house-door and cried, "Open the door, dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something back with her for each of you." But the little kids knew that it was the wolf, by the rough voice; "We will not open the door," cried they, "thou art not our mother. She has a soft, pleasant voice, but thy voice is rough; thou art the wolf!" Then the wolf went away to a shopkeeper and bought himself a great lump of chalk, ate this and made his voice soft with it. Then he came back, knocked at the door of the house, and cried, "Open the door, dear children, your mother is here and has brought something back with her for each of you." But the wolf had laid his black paws against the window, and the children saw them and cried, "We will not open the door, our mother has not black feet like thee: thou art the wolf!" Then the wolf ran to a baker and said, "I have hurt my feet, rub some dough over them for me." And when the baker had rubbed his feet over, he ran to the miller and said, "Strew some white meal over my feet for me." The miller thought to himself, "The wolf wants to deceive some one," and refused; but the wolf said, "If thou wilt not do it, I will devour thee." Then the miller was afraid, and made his paws white for him. Truly men are like that.

So now the wretch went for the third time to the house-door, knocked at it and said, "Open the door for me, children, your dear little mother has come home, and has brought every one of you something back from the forest with her." The little kids cried, "First show us thy paws that we may know if thou art our dear little mother." Then he put his paws in through the window, and when the kids saw that they were white, they believed that all he said was true, and opened the door. But who should come in but the wolf! They were terrified and wanted to hide themselves. One sprang under the table, the second into the bed, the third into the stove, the fourth into the kitchen, the fifth into the cupboard, the sixth under the washing-bowl, and the seventh into the clock-case. But the wolf found them all, and used no great

ceremony ; one after the other he swallowed them down his throat. The youngest in the clock-case was the only one he did not find. When the wolf had satisfied his appetite he took himself off, laid himself down under a tree in the green meadow outside, and began to sleep. Soon afterwards the old goat came home again from the forest. Ah ! what a sight she saw there ! The house-door stood wide open. The table, chairs, and benches were thrown down, the washing-bowl lay broken to pieces, and the quilts and pillows were pulled off the bed. She sought her children, but they were nowhere to be found. She called them one after another by name, but no one answered. At last, when she came to the youngest, a soft voice cried, " Dear mother, I am in the clock-case." She took the kid out, and it told her that the wolf had come and had eaten all the others. Then you may imagine how she wept over her poor children.

At length in her grief she went out, and the youngest kid ran with her. When they came to the meadow, there lay the wolf by the tree and snored so loud that the branches shook. She looked at him on every side and saw that something was moving and struggling in his gorged body. " Ah, heavens," said she, " is it possible that my poor children whom he has swallowed down for his supper, can be still alive ?" Then the kid had to run home and fetch scissors, and a needle and thread, and the goat cut open the monster's stomach, and hardly had she made one cut, than one little kid thrust its head out, and when she had cut farther, all six sprang out one after another, and were all still alive, and had suffered no injury whatever, for in his greediness the monster had swallowed them down whole. What rejoicing there was ! Then they embraced their dear mother, and jumped like a tailor at his wedding. The mother, however, said, " Now go and look for some big stones, and we will fill the wicked beast's stomach with them while he is still asleep." Then the seven kids dragged the stones thither with all speed, and put as many of them into his stomach as they could get in ; and the mother sewed him up again in the greatest haste, so that he was not aware of anything and never once stirred.

When the wolf at length had had his sleep out, he got

on his legs, and as the stones in his stomach made him very thirsty, he wanted to go to a well to drink. But when he began to walk and to move about, the stones in his stomach knocked against each other and rattled. Then cried he,

“What rumbles and tumbles
Against my poor bones?
I thought 'twas six kids,
But it's naught but big stones.”

And when he got to the well and stooped over the water and was just about to drink, the heavy stones made him fall in and there was no help, but he had to drown miserably. When the seven kids saw that, they came running to the spot and cried aloud, “The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!” and danced for joy round about the well with their mother.

6.—FAITHFUL JOHN.

THERE was once on a time an old king who was ill, and thought to himself, “I am lying on what must be my death-bed.” Then said he, “Tell Faithful John to come to me.” Faithful John was his favourite servant, and was so called, because he had for his whole life long been so true to him. When therefore he came beside the bed, the King said to him, “Most faithful John, I feel my end approaching, and have no anxiety except about my son. He is still of tender age, and cannot always know how to guide himself. If thou dost not promise me to teach him everything that he ought to know, and to be his foster-father, I cannot close my eyes in peace.” Then answered Faithful John, “I will not forsake him, and will serve him with fidelity, even if it should cost me my life.” On this, the old King said, “Now I die in comfort and peace.” Then he added, “After my death, thou shalt show him the whole castle: all the chambers, halls, and vaults, and all the treasures which lie therein. but the last chamber in the long gallery, in which s the picture of the princess of the

Golden Dwelling, shalt thou not show. If he sees that picture, he will fall violently in love with her, and will drop down in a swoon, and go through great danger for her sake, therefore thou must preserve him from that." And when Faithful John had once more given his promise to the old King about this, the King said no more, but laid his head on his pillow, and died.

When the old King had been carried to his grave, Faithful John told the young King all that he had promised his father on his deathbed, and said, "This will I assuredly perform, and will be faithful to thee as I have been faithful to him, even if it should cost me my life." When the mourning was over, Faithful John said to him, "It is now time that thou shouldst see thine inheritance. I will show thee thy father's palace." Then he took him about everywhere, up and down, and let him see all the riches, and the magnificent apartments, only there was one room which he did not open, that in which hung the dangerous picture. The picture was, however, so placed that when the door was opened you looked straight on it, and it was so admirably painted that it seemed to breathe and live, and there was nothing more charming or more beautiful in the whole world. The young king however plainly remarked that Faithful John always walked past this one door, and said, "Why dost thou never open this one for me?" "There is something within it," he replied, "which would terrify thee." But the King answered, "I have seen all the palace, and I will know what is in this room also," and he went and tried to break open the door by force. Then Faithful John held him back and said, "I promised thy father before his death that thou shouldst not see that which is in this chamber, it might bring the greatest misfortune on thee and on me." "Ah, no," replied the young King, "if I do not go in, it will be my certain destruction. I should have no rest day or night until I had seen it with my own eyes. I shall not leave the place now until thou hast unlocked the door."

Then Faithful John saw that there was no help for it now, and with a heavy heart and many sighs, sought out the key from the great bunch. When he had opened the door, he went in first, and thought by standing before

him he could hide the portrait so that the King should not see it in front of him, but what availed that? The King stood on tip-toe and saw it over his shoulder. And when he saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so magnificent and shone with gold and precious stones, he fell fainting on the ground. Faithful John took him up, carried him to his bed, and sorrowfully thought, "The misfortune has befallen us, Lord God, what will be the end of it?" Then he strengthened him with wine, until he came to himself again. The first words the King said were, "Ah, the beautiful portrait! whose is it?" "That is the princess of the Golden Dwelling," answered Faithful John. Then the King continued, "My love for her is so great, that if all the leaves on all the trees were tongues, they could not declare it. I will give my life to win her. Thou art my most Faithful John, thou must help me."

The faithful servant considered within himself for a long time how to set about the matter, for it was difficult even to obtain a sight of the King's daughter. At length he thought of a way, and said to the King, "Everything which she has about her is of gold—tables, chairs, dishes, glasses, bowls, and household furniture. Among thy treasures are five tons of gold; let one of the goldsmiths of the kingdom work these up into all manner of vessels and utensils, into all kinds of birds, wild beasts and strange animals, such as may please her, and we will go there with them and try our luck."

The King ordered all the goldsmiths to be brought to him, and they had to work night and day until at last the most splendid things were prepared. When everything was stowed on board a ship, Faithful John put on the dress of a merchant, and the King was forced to do the same in order to make himself quite unrecognizable. Then they sailed across the sea, and sailed on until they came to the town wherein dwelt the princess of the Golden Dwelling.

Faithful John bade the King stay behind on the ship, and wait for him. "Perhaps I shall bring the princess with me," said he, "therefore see that everything is in order; have the golden vessels set out and the whole ship decorated." Then he gathered together in his apron all kinds of gold things, went on shore and walked straight

to the royal palace. When he entered the courtyard of the palace, a beautiful girl was standing there by the well with two golden buckets in her hand, drawing water with them. And when she was just turning round to carry away the sparkling water she saw the stranger, and asked who he was. So he answered, "I am a merchant," and opened his apron, and let her look in. Then she cried, "Oh, what beautiful gold things!" and put her pails down and looked at the golden wares one after the other. Then said the girl, "The princess must see these, she has such great pleasure in golden things, that she will buy all you have." She took him by the hand and led him upstairs, for she was the waiting-maid. When the King's daughter saw the wares, she was quite delighted and said, "They are so beautifully worked, that I will buy them all of thee." But Faithful John said, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant. The things I have here are not to be compared with those my master has in his ship. They are the most beautiful and valuable things that have ever been made in gold." She wanted to have everything brought to her there, but he said, "There are so many of them that it would take a great many days to do that, and so many rooms would be required to exhibit them, that your house is not big enough." Then her curiosity and longing were still more excited, until at last she said, "Conduct me to the ship, I will go there myself, and behold the treasures of thy master."

On this Faithful John was quite delighted, and led her to the ship, and when the King saw her, he perceived that her beauty was even greater than the picture had represented it to be, and thought no other than that his heart would burst in twain. Then she got into the ship, and the King led her within. Faithful John, however, remained behind with the pilot, and ordered the ship to be pushed off, saying, "Set all sail, till it fly like a bird in air." Within, however, the King showed her the golden vessels, every one of them, also the wild beasts and strange animals. Many hours went by whilst she was seeing everything, and in her delight she did not observe that the ship was sailing away. After she had looked at the last, she thanked the merchant and wanted to go home, but when she came to

the side of the ship, she saw that it was on the deep sea far from land, and hurrying onwards with all sail set. "Ah," cried she in her alarm, "I am betrayed! I am carried away and have fallen into the power of a merchant—I would die rather!" The King, however, seized her hand, and said, "I am not a merchant. I am a king, and of no meaner origin than thou art, and if I have carried thee away with subtlety, that has come to pass because of my exceeding great love for thee. The first time that I looked on thy portrait, I fell fainting to the ground." When the princess of the Golden Dwelling heard that, she was comforted, and her heart was inclined unto him, so that she willingly consented to be his wife.

It happened, however, while they were sailing onwards over the deep sea, that Faithful John, who was sitting on the fore part of the vessel, making music, saw three ravens in the air, which came flying towards them. On this he stopped playing and listened to what they were saying to each other, for that he well understood. One cried, "Oh, there he is carrying home the princess of the Golden Dwelling." "Yes," replied the second, "but he has not got her yet." Said the third, "But he has got her, she is sitting beside him in the ship." Then the first began again, and cried, "What good will that do him? When they reach land a chestnut horse will leap forward to meet him, and the prince will want to mount it, but if he does that, it will run away with him, and rise up into the air with him, and he will never see his maiden more." Spake the second, "But is there no escape?"

"Oh, yes, if any one else gets on it swiftly, and takes out the pistol which must be in its holster, and shoots the horse dead with it, the young King is saved. But who knows that? And whosoever does know it, and tells it to him, will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee." Then said the second, "I know more than that; even if the horse be killed, the young King will still not keep his bride. When they go into the castle together, a wrought bridal garment will be lying there in a dish, and looking as if it were woven of gold and silver; it is, however, nothing but sulphur and pitch, and if he put it on, it will

burn him to the very bone and marrow." Said the third, "Is there no escape at all?"

"Oh, yes," replied the second, "if any one with gloves on seizes the garment and throws it into the fire and burns it, the young King will be saved. But what avails that? Whosoever knows it and tells it to him, half his body will become stone from the knee to the heart."

Then said the third, "I know still more; even if the bridal garment be burnt, the young King will still not have his bride. After the wedding, when the dancing begins and the young Queen is dancing, she will suddenly turn pale and fall down as if dead, and if some one does not lift her up and draw three drops of blood from her right breast and spit them out again, she will die. But if any one who knows that were to declare it, he would become stone from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot." When the ravens had spoken of this together, they flew onwards, and Faithful John had well understood everything, but from that time forth he became quiet and sad, for if he concealed what he had heard from his master, the latter would be unfortunate, and if he discovered it to him, he himself must sacrifice his life. At length, however, he said to himself, "I will save my master, even if it bring destruction on myself."

When therefore they came to shore, all happened as had been foretold by the ravens, and a magnificent chestnut horse sprang forward. "Good," said the King, "he shall carry me to my palace," and was about to mount it when Faithful John got before him, jumped quickly on it, drew the pistol out of the holster, and shot the horse. Then the other attendants of the King, who after all were not very fond of Faithful John, cried, "How shameful to kill the beautiful animal, that was to have carried the King to his palace!" But the King said, "Hold your peace and leave him alone, he is my most faithful John, who knows what may be the good of that!" They went into the palace, and in the hall there stood a dish, and therein lay the bridal garment looking no otherwise than as if it were made of gold and silver. The young king went towards it and was about to take hold of it, but Faithful John pushed him away, seized it with gloves on,

carried it quickly to the fire and burnt it. The other attendants again began to murmur, and said, "Behold, now he is even burning the King's bridal garment!" But the young King said, "Who knows what good he may have done, leave him alone, he is my most faithful John."

And now the wedding was solemnized: the dance began, and the bride also took part in it; then Faithful John was watchful and looked into her face, and suddenly she turned pale and fell to the ground as if she were dead. On this he ran hastily to her, lifted her up and bore her into a chamber—then he laid her down, and knelt and sucked the three drops of blood from her right breast, and spat them out. Immediately she breathed again and recovered herself, but the young King had seen this, and being ignorant why Faithful John had done it, was angry and cried, "Throw him into a dungeon." Next morning Faithful John was condemned, and led to the gallows, and when he stood on high, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one who has to die is permitted before his end to make one last speech; may I too claim the right?" "Yes," answered the King, "it shall be granted unto thee." Then said Faithful John, "I am unjustly condemned, and have always been true to thee," and related how he had hearkened to the conversation of the ravens when on the sea, and how he had been obliged to do all these things in order to save his master. Then cried the King, "Oh, my most faithful John. Pardon, pardon—bring him down." But as Faithful John spoke the last word he had fallen down lifeless and become a stone.

Thereupon the King and the Queen suffered great anguish, and the King said, "Ah, how ill I have requited great fidelity!" and ordered the stone figure to be taken up and placed in his bedroom beside his bed. And as often as he looked on it he wept and said, "Ah, if I could bring thee to life again, my most faithful John." Some time passed and the Queen bore twins, two sons who grew fast and were her delight. Once when the Queen was at church and the two children were sitting playing beside their father, the latter full of grief again looked at the stone figure, sighed and said, "Ah, if I could but bring

thee to life again, my most faithful John." Then the stone began to speak and said, "Thou canst bring me to life again if thou wilt use for that purpose what is dearest to thee." Then cried the King, "I will give everything I have in the world for thee." The stone continued, "If thou wilt cut off the heads of thy two children with thine own hand, and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be restored to life."

The King was terrified when he heard that he himself must kill his dearest children, but he thought of faithful John's great fidelity, and how he had died for him, drew his sword, and with his own hand cut off the children's heads. And when he had smeared the stone with their blood, life returned to it, and Faithful John stood once more safe and healthy before him. He said to the King, "Thy truth shall not go unrewarded," and took the heads of the children, put them on again, and rubbed the wounds with their blood, on which they became whole again immediately, and jumped about, and went on playing as if nothing had happened. Then the King was full of joy, and when he saw the Queen coming he hid Faithful John and the two children in a great cupboard. When she entered, he said to her, "Hast thou been praying in the church?" "Yes," answered she, "but I have constantly been thinking of Faithful John and what misfortune has befallen him through us." Then said he, "Dear wife, we can give him his life again, but it will cost us our two little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The Queen turned pale, and her heart was full of terror, but she said, "We owe it to him, for his great fidelity." Then the King was rejoiced that she thought as he had thought, and went and opened the cupboard, and brought forth Faithful John and the children, and said, "God be praised, he is delivered, and we have our little sons again also," and told her how everything had occurred. Then they dwelt together in much happiness until their death.

7.—THE GOOD BARGAIN.

THERE was once a peasant who had driven his cow to the fair, and sold her for seven thalers. On the way home he had to pass a pond, and already from afar he heard the frogs crying, "Aik, aik, aik, aik." "Well," said he to himself, "they are talking without rhyme or reason, it is seven that I have received, not eight." When he got to the water, he cried to them, "Stupid animals that you are! Don't you know better than that? It is seven thalers and not eight." The frogs, however, stood to their "aik, aik, aik, aik." "Come, then, if you won't believe it, I can count it out to you," and he got his money out of his pocket and counted out the seven thalers, always reckoning four and twenty groschen to a thaler. The frogs, however, would not pay any attention to his reckoning, but still cried, "aik, aik, aik, aik." "What," cried the peasant quite angry, "since you are determined to know better than I, count it yourselves," and threw all the money into the water to them. He stood still and wanted to wait until they were done and had brought him his own again, but the frogs maintained their opinion and cried continually "aik, aik, aik, aik," and besides that, did not throw the money out again. He still waited a long while until evening came on and he was forced to go home. Then he abused the frogs and cried, "You water-splashers, you thick-heads, you goggle-eyes, you have great mouths and can screech till you hurt one's ears, but you cannot count seven thalers! Do you think I'm going to stand here till you get done?" And with that he went away, but the frogs still cried, "aik, aik, aik, aik," after him till he went home quite angry.

After a while he bought another cow, which he killed, and he made the calculation that if he sold the meat well he might gain as much as the two cows were worth, and have the skin into the bargain. When therefore he got to the town with the meat, a great troop of dogs were gathered together in front of the gate, with a large greyhound at the head of them, which jumped at the meat, snuffed at it, and barked, "Wow, wow, wow." As

there was no stopping him, the peasant said to him, "Yes, yes, I know quite well that thou art saying, 'wow, wow, wow,' because thou wantest some of the meat; but I should fare badly if I were to give it to thee." The dog, however, answered nothing but "wow, wow." "Wilt thou promise not to devour it all then, and wilt thou go bail for thy companions?" "Wow, wow, wow," said the dog. "Well, if thou insistest on it, I will leave it for thee; I know thee well, and know who is thy master; but this I tell thee, I must have my money in three days or else it will go ill with thee; thou must just bring it out to me." Thereupon he unloaded the meat and turned back again, the dogs fell upon it and loudly barked, "wow, wow."

The countryman, who heard them from afar, said to himself, "Hark, now they all want some, but the big one is responsible to me for it."

When three days had passed, the countryman thought, "To-night my money will be in my pocket," and was quite delighted. But no one would come and pay it. "There is no trusting any one now," said he; and at last he lost patience, and went into the town to the butcher and demanded his money. The butcher thought it was a joke, but the peasant said, "Jesting apart, I will have my money! Did not the great dog bring you the whole of the slaughtered cow three days ago?" Then the butcher grew angry, snatched a broom-stick and drove him out. "Wait a while," said the peasant, "there is still some justice in the world!" and went to the royal palace and begged for an audience. He was led before the King, who sat there with his daughter, and asked him what injury he had suffered. "Alas!" said he, "the frogs and the dogs have taken from me what is mine, and the butcher has paid me for it with the stick," and he related at full length all that had happened. Thereupon the King's daughter began to laugh heartily, and the King said to him, "I cannot give you justice in this, but you shall have my daughter to wife for it,—in her whole life she has never yet laughed as she has just done at thee, and I have promised her to him who could make her laugh. 'Thou mayst thank God for thy good fortune!'"

“Oh,” answered the peasant, “I will not have her, I have a wife already, and she is one too many for me; when I go home, it is just as bad as if I had a wife standing in every corner.” Then the King grew angry, and said, “Thou art a boor.” “Ah, Lord King,” replied the peasant, “what can you expect from an ox, but beef?” “Stop,” answered the King, “thou shalt have another reward. Be off now, but come back in three days, and then thou shalt have five hundred counted out in full.”

When the peasant went out by the gate, the sentry said, “Thou hast made the King’s daughter laugh, so thou wilt certainly receive something good.” “Yes, that is what I think,” answered the peasant; “five hundred are to be counted out to me.” “Hark thee,” said the soldier, “give me some of it. What canst thou do with all that money?” “As it is thou,” said the peasant, “thou shalt have two hundred; present thyself in three days’ time before the King, and let it be paid to thee.” A Jew, who was standing by and had heard the conversation, ran after the peasant, held him by the coat, and said, “Oh, wonder! what a luck-child thou art! I will change it for thee, I will change it for thee into small coins, what dost thou want with the great thalers?” “Jew,” said the countryman, “three hundred canst thou still have; give it to me at once in coin, in three days from this, thou wilt be paid for it by the King.” The Jew was delighted with the profit, and brought the sum in bad groschen, three of which were worth two good ones. After three days had passed, according to the King’s command, the peasant went before the King. “Pull his coat off,” said the latter, “and he shall have his five hundred.” “Ah!” said the peasant, “they no longer belong to me; I presented two hundred of them to the sentinel, and three hundred the Jew has changed for me, so by right nothing at all belongs to me.” In the meantime the soldier and the Jew entered and claimed what they had gained from the peasant, and they received the blows strictly counted out. The soldier bore it patiently and knew already how it tasted; but the Jew said sorrowfully, “Alas, alas, are these the heavy thalers?” The King could not help laughing at the peasant, and as

all his anger was gone, he said, "As thou hast already lost thy reward before it fell to thy lot, I will give thee something in the place of it. Go into my treasure chamber and get some money for thyself, as much as thou wilt." The peasant did not need to be told twice, and stuffed into his big pockets whatsoever would go in. Afterwards he went to an inn and counted over his money. The Jew had crept after him and heard how he muttered to himself, "That rogue of a king has cheated me after all, why could he not have given me the money himself, and then I should have known what I had? How can I tell now if what I have had the luck to put in my pockets is right or not?" "Good heavens!" said the Jew to himself, "that man is speaking disrespectfully of our lord the King, I will run and inform, and then I shall get a reward, and he will be punished as well."

When the King heard of the peasant's words he fell into a passion, and commanded the Jew to go and bring the offender to him. The Jew ran to the peasant, "You are to go at once to the lord King in the very clothes you have on." "I know what's right better than that," answered the peasant, "I shall have a new coat made first. Dost thou think that a man with so much money in his pocket is to go there in his ragged old coat?" The Jew, as he saw that the peasant would not stir without another coat, and as he feared that if the King's anger cooled, he himself would lose his reward, and the peasant his punishment, said, "I will out of pure friendship lend thee a coat for the short time. What will people not do for love!" The peasant was contented with this, put the Jew's coat on, and went off with him.

The King reproached the countryman because of the evil speaking of which the Jew had informed him. "Ah," said the peasant, "what a Jew says is always false—no true word ever comes out of his mouth! That rascal there is capable of maintaining that I have his coat on."

"What is that?" shrieked the Jew. "Is the coat not mine? Have I not lent it to thee out of pure friendship, in order that thou mightest appear before the lord King?" When the King heard that, he said, "The Jew has

assuredly deceived one or the other of us, either myself or the peasant," and again he ordered something to be counted out to him in hard thalers. The peasant, however, went home in the good coat, with the good money in his pocket, and said to himself, "This time I have hit it!"

8.—THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

THERE was once a wonderful musician, who went quite alone through a forest and thought of all manner of things, and when nothing was left for him to think about, he said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither a good companion for myself." Then he took his fiddle from his back, and played so that it echoed through the trees. It was not long before a wolf came trotting through the thicket towards him. "Ah, here is a wolf coming! I have no desire for him!" said the musician; but the wolf came nearer and said to him, "Ah, dear musician, how beautifully thou dost play! I should like to learn that, too." "It is soon learnt," the musician replied, "thou hast only to do all that I bid thee." "Oh, musician," said the wolf, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." The musician bade him follow, and when they had gone part of the way together, they came to an old oak-tree which was hollow inside, and cleft in the middle. "Look," said the musician, "if thou wilt learn to fiddle, put thy fore paws into this crevice." The wolf obeyed, but the musician quickly picked up a stone and with one blow wedged his two paws so fast that he was forced to stay there like a prisoner. "Stay there until I come back again," said the musician, and went his way.

After a while he again said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither another companion," and took his fiddle and again played in the forest. It was not long before a fox came creeping through the trees towards him. "Ah, there's a fox coming!" said the musician. "I have no

desire for him." The fox came up to him and said, "Oh, dear musician, how beautifully thou dost play! I should like to learn that, too." "That is soon learnt," said the musician. "Thou hast only to do everything that I bid thee." "Oh, musician," then said the fox, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." "Follow me," said the musician; and when they had walked a part of the way, they came to a footpath, with high bushes on both sides of it. There the musician stood still, and from one side bent a young hazel-bush down to the ground, and put his foot on the top of it, then he bent down a young tree from the other side as well, and said, "Now, little fox, if thou wilt learn something, give me thy left front paw." The fox obeyed, and the musician fastened his paw to the left bough. "Little fox," said he, "now reach me thy right paw," and he tied it to the right bough. When he had examined whether they were firm enough, he let go, and the bushes sprang up again, and jerked up the little fox, so that it hung struggling in the air. "Wait there till I come back again," said the musician, and went his way.

Again he said to himself, "Time is beginning to pass heavily with me here in the forest, I will fetch hither another companion," so he took his fiddle, and the sound echoed through the forest. Then a little hare came springing towards him. "Why, a hare is coming," said the musician, "I do not want him." "Ah, dear musician," said the hare, "how beautifully thou dost fiddle; I, too, should like to learn that." "That is soon learnt," said the musician, "thou hast only to do everything that I bid thee."

"Oh, musician," replied the little hare, "I will obey thee as a scholar obeys his master." They went a part of the way together until they came to an open space in the forest, where stood an aspen-tree. The musician tied a long string round the little hare's neck, the other end of which he fastened to the tree. "Now briskly, little hare, run twenty times round the tree!" cried the musician, and the little hare obeyed, and when it had run round twenty times, it had twisted the string twenty times round the trunk of the tree, and the little hare was

caught, and let it pull and tug as it liked, it only made the string cut into its tender neck. "Wait there till I come back," said the musician, and went onwards.

The wolf, in the meantime, had pushed and pulled and bitten at the stone, and had worked so long that he had set his feet at liberty and had drawn them once more out of the cleft. Full of anger and rage he hurried after the musician and wanted to tear him to pieces. When the fox saw him running, he began to lament, and cried with all his might, "Brother wolf, come to my help, the musician has betrayed me!" The wolf drew down the little tree, bit the cord in two, and freed the fox, who went with him to take revenge on the musician. They found the tied-up hare, whom likewise they delivered, and then they all sought the enemy together.

The musician had once more played his fiddle as he went on his way, and this time he had been more fortunate. The sound reached the ears of a poor wood-cutter, who instantly, whether he would or no, gave up his work and came with his hatchet under his arm to listen to the music. "At last comes the right companion," said the musician, "for I was seeking a human being, and no wild beast." And he began and played so beautifully and delightfully that the poor man stood there as if bewitched, and his heart leaped with gladness. And as he thus stood, the wolf, the fox, and the hare came up, and he saw well that they had some evil design. So he raised his glittering axe and placed himself before the musician, as if to say, "Whoso wishes to touch him let him beware, for he will have to do with me!" Then the beasts were terrified and ran back into the forest. The musician, however, played once more to the man out of gratitude, and then went onwards.

9.—THE TWELVE BROTHERS.

THERE were once on a time a king and a queen who lived happily together and had twelve children, but they were all boys. Then said the King to his wife, "If the

thirteenth child which thou art about to bring into the world, is a girl, the twelve boys shall die, in order that her possessions may be great, and that the kingdom may fall to her alone." He caused likewise twelve coffins to be made, which were already filled with shavings, and in each lay the little pillow for the dead, and he had them taken into a locked-up room, and then he gave the Queen the key of it, and bade her not to speak of this to any one.

The mother, however, now sat and lamented all day long, until the youngest son, who was always with her, and whom she had named Benjamin, from the Bible, said to her, "Dear mother, why art thou so sad?"

"Dearest child," she answered, "I may not tell thee." But he let her have no rest until she went and unlocked the room, and showed him the twelve coffins ready filled with shavings. Then she said, "My dearest Benjamin, thy father has had these coffins made for thee and for thy eleven brothers, for if I bring a little girl into the world, you are all to be killed and buried in them." And as she wept while she was saying this, the son comforted her and said, "Weep not, dear mother, we will save ourselves, and go hence." But she said, "Go forth into the forest with thy eleven brothers, and let one sit constantly on the highest tree which can be found, and keep watch, looking towards the tower here in the castle. If I give birth to a little son, I will put up a white flag, and then you may venture to come back, but if I bear a daughter, I will hoist a red flag, and then fly hence as quickly as you are able, and may the good God protect you. And every night I will rise up and pray for you—in winter that you may be able to warm yourself at a fire, and in summer that you may not faint away in the heat."

After she had blessed her sons therefore, they went forth into the forest. They each kept watch in turn, and sat on the highest oak and looked towards the tower. When eleven days had passed and the turn came to Benjamin, he saw that a flag was being raised. It was, however, not the white, but the blood-red flag which announced that they were all to die. When the brothers heard that, they were very angry and said, "Are we all to suffer death for the sake of a girl? We swear that

we will avenge ourselves!—wheresoever we find a girl, her red blood shall flow.”

Thereupon they went deeper into the forest, and in the midst of it, where it was the darkest, they found a little bewitched hut, which was standing empty. Then said they, “Here we will dwell, and thou Benjamin, who art the youngest and weakest, thou shalt stay at home and keep house, we others will go out and get food.” Then they went into the forest and shot hares, wild deer, birds and pigeons, and whatsoever there was to eat; this they took to Benjamin, who had to dress it for them in order that they might appease their hunger. They lived together ten years in the little hut, and the time did not appear long to them.

The little daughter which their mother the Queen had given birth to, was now grown up; she was good of heart, and fair of face, and had a golden star on her forehead. Once, when it was the great washing, she saw twelve men's shirts among the things, and asked her mother, “To whom do these twelve shirts belong, for they are far too small for father?” Then the Queen answered with a heavy heart, “Dear child, these belong to thy twelve brothers.” Said the maiden, “Where are my twelve brothers, I have never yet heard of them?” She replied, “God knows where they are, they are wandering about the world.” Then she took the maiden and opened the chamber for her, and showed her the twelve coffins with the shavings, and pillows for the head. “These coffins,” said she, “were destined for thy brothers, but they went away secretly before thou wert born,” and she related to her how everything had happened; then said the maiden, “Dear mother, weep not, I will go and seek my brothers.”

So she took the twelve shirts and went forth, and straight into the great forest. She walked the whole day, and in the evening she came to the bewitched hut. Then she entered it and found a young boy, who asked, “From whence comest thou, and whither art thou bound?” and was astonished that she was so beautiful, and wore royal garments, and had a star on her forehead. And she answered, “I am a king's daughter, and am seeking my twelve brothers, and I will walk as far as the sky is blue

until I find them." She likewise showed him the twelve shirts which belonged to them. Then Benjamin saw that she was his sister, and said, "I am Benjamin, thy youngest brother." And she began to weep for joy, and Benjamin wept also, and they kissed and embraced each other with the greatest love. But after this he said, "Dear sister, there is still one difficulty. We have agreed that every maiden whom we meet shall die, because we have been obliged to leave our kingdom on account of a girl." Then said she, "I will willingly die, if by so doing I can deliver my twelve brothers."

"No," answered he, "thou shalt not die, seat thyself beneath this tub until our eleven brothers come, and then I will soon come to an agreement with them."

She did so, and when it was night the others came from hunting, and their dinner was ready. And as they were sitting at table, and eating, they asked, "What news is there?" Said Benjamin, "Don't you know anything?" "No," they answered. He continued, "You have been in the forest and I have stayed at home, and yet I know more than you do." "Tell us then," they cried. He answered, "But promise me that the first maiden who meets us shall not be killed." "Yes," they all cried, "she shall have mercy, only do tell us."

Then said he, "Our sister is here," and he lifted up the tub, and the King's daughter came forth in her royal garments with the golden star on her forehead, and she was beautiful, delicate, and fair. Then they were all rejoiced, and fell on her neck, and kissed and loved her with all their hearts.

Now she stayed at home with Benjamin and helped him with the work. The eleven went into the forest and caught game, and deer, and birds, and wood-pigeons that they might have food, and the little sister and Benjamin took care to make it ready for them. She sought for the wood for cooking and herbs for vegetables, and put the pans on the fire so that the dinner was always ready when the eleven came. She likewise kept order in the little house, and put beautifully white clean coverings on the little beds, and the brothers were always contented and lived in great harmony with her.

Once on a time the two at home had prepared a beautiful entertainment, and when they were all together, they sat down and ate and drank and were full of gladness. There was, however, a little garden belonging to the bewitched house wherein stood twelve lily flowers, which are likewise called students.* She wished to give her brothers pleasure, and plucked the twelve flowers, and thought she would present each brother with one while at dinner. But at the self-same moment that she plucked the flowers the twelve brothers were changed into twelve ravens, and flew away over the forest, and the house and garden vanished likewise. And now the poor maiden was alone in the wild forest, and when she looked around, an old woman was standing near her who said, "My child, what hast thou done? Why didst thou not leave the twelve white flowers growing? They were thy brothers, who are now for evermore changed into ravens." The maiden said weeping, "Is there no way of delivering them?"

"No," said the woman, "there is but one in the whole world, and that is so hard that thou wilt not deliver them by it, for thou must be dumb for seven years, and mayst not speak or laugh, and if thou speakest one single word, and only an hour of the seven years is wanting, all is in vain, and thy brothers will be killed by the one word."

Then said the maiden in her heart, "I know with certainty that I shall set my brothers free," and went and sought a high tree and seated herself in it and span, and neither spoke nor laughed. Now it so happened that a king was hunting in the forest, who had a great greyhound which ran to the tree on which the maiden was sitting, and sprang about it, whining, and barking at her. Then the King came by and saw the beautiful King's daughter with the golden star on her brow, and was so charmed with her beauty that he called to ask her if she would be his wife. She made no answer, but nodded a little with her head.

* *Studenten-Nelken*, or *Studenten-Lilien*, are a species of small pinks, and are so called because they are much worn by the students of various universities, in the button-hole of their coats. They are sometimes called *Federnelken* (Feather-pink, or "sop in the wine"). The brothers Grimm themselves, in the notes to "*De drei Vügelkens*," speak of this flower as the narcissus.—Tr.

So he climbed up the tree himself, carried her down, placed her on his horse, and bore her home. Then the wedding was solemnized with great magnificence and rejoicing, but the bride neither spoke nor smiled. When they had lived happily together for a few years, the King's mother, who was a wicked woman, began to slander the young Queen, and said to the King, "This is a common beggar girl whom thou hast brought back with thee. Who knows what impious tricks she practises secretly! Even if she be dumb, and not able to speak, she still might laugh for once; but those who do not laugh have bad consciences." At first the King would not believe it, but the old woman urged this so long, and accused her of so many evil things, that at last the King let himself be persuaded and sentenced her to death.

And now a great fire was lighted in the courtyard in which she was to be burnt, and the King stood above at the window and looked on with tearful eyes, because he still loved her so much. And when she was bound fast to the stake, and the fire was licking at her clothes with its red tongue, the last instant of the seven years expired. Then a whirring sound was heard in the air, and twelve ravens came flying towards the place, and sank downwards, and when they touched the earth they were her twelve brothers, whom she had delivered. They tore the fire asunder, extinguished the flames, set their dear sister free, and kissed and embraced her. And now as she dared to open her mouth and speak, she told the King why she had been dumb, and had never laughed. The King rejoiced when he heard that she was innocent, and they all lived in great unity until their death. The wicked step-mother was taken before the judge, and put into a barrel filled with boiling oil and venomous snakes, and died an evil death.

10.—THE PACK OF RAGAMUFFINS.

THE cock once said to the hen, "It is now the time when the nuts are ripe, so let us go to the hill together and for once eat our fill before the squirrel takes them all away."

“Yes,” replied the hen, “come, we will have some pleasure together.” Then they went away to the hill, and as it was a bright day they stayed till evening. Now I do not know whether it was that they had eaten till they were too fat, or whether they had become proud, but they would not go home on foot, and the cock had to build a little carriage of nut-shells. When it was ready, the little hen seated herself in it and said to the cock, “Thou canst just harness thyself to it.” “I like that!” said the cock, “I would rather go home on foot than let myself be harnessed to it; no, that is not our bargain. I do not mind being coachman and sitting on the box, but drag it myself I will not.”

As they were thus disputing, a duck quacked to them, “You thieving folks, who bade you go to my nut-hill? Wait, you shall suffer for it!” and ran with open beak at the cock. But the cock also was not idle, and fell boldly on the duck, and at last wounded her so with his spurs that she begged for mercy, and willingly let herself be harnessed to the carriage as a punishment. The little cock now seated himself on the box and was coachman, and thereupon they went off in a gallop, with “Duck, go as fast as thou canst.” When they had driven a part of the way they met two foot-passengers, a pin and a needle. They cried “Stop! stop!” and said that it would soon be as dark as pitch, and then they could not go a step further, and that it was so dirty on the road, and asked if they could not get into the carriage for a while. They had been at the tailor’s public-house by the gate, and had stayed too long over the beer. As they were thin people, who did not take up much room, the cock let them both get in, but they had to promise him and his little hen not to step on their feet. Late in the evening they came to an inn, and as they did not like to go further by night, and as the duck also was not strong on her feet, and fell from one side to the other, they went in. The host at first made many objections, his house was already full, besides he thought they could not be very distinguished persons; but at last, as they made pleasant speeches, and told him that he should have the egg which the little hen had laid on the way. and should likewise keep the duck,

which laid one every day, he at length said that they might stay the night. And now they had themselves well served, and feasted and rioted. Early in the morning, when day was breaking, and every one was asleep, the cock awoke the hen, brought the egg, pecked it open, and they ate it together, but they threw the shell on the hearth. Then they went to the needle which was still asleep, took it by the head and stuck it into the cushion of the landlord's chair, and put the pin in his towel, and at last without more ado they flew away over the heath. The duck who liked to sleep in the open air and had stayed in the yard, heard them going away, made herself merry and found a stream, down which she swam, which was a much quicker way of travelling than being harnessed to a carriage. The host did not get out of bed for two hours after this; he washed himself and wanted to dry himself, then the pin went over his face and made a red streak from one ear to the other. After this he went into the kitchen and wanted to light a pipe, but when he came to the hearth the egg-shell darted into his eyes. "This morning everything attacks my head," said he, and angrily sat down on his grandfather's chair, but he quickly started up again and cried, "Woe is me," for the needle had pricked him still worse than the pin, and not in the head. Now he was thoroughly angry, and suspected the guests who had come so late the night before, and when he went and looked about for them, they were gone. Then he made a vow to take no more ragamuffins into his house, for they consume much, pay for nothing, and play mischievous tricks into the bargain by way of gratitude.

11.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

LITTLE brother took his little sister by the hand and said, "Since our mother died we have had no happiness; our step-mother beats us every day, and if we come near her she kicks us away with her foot. Our meals are the hard crusts of bread that are left over; and the little dog under the table is better off, for she

often throws it a nice bit. May Heaven pity us. If our mother only knew! Come, we will go forth together into the wide world."

They walked the whole day over meadows, fields, and stony places; and when it rained the little sister said, "Heaven and our hearts are weeping together." In the evening they came to a large forest, and they were so weary with sorrow and hunger and the long walk, that they lay down in a hollow tree and fell asleep.

The next day when they awoke, the sun was already high in the sky, and shone down hot into the tree. Then the brother said, "Sister, I am thirsty; if I knew of a little brook I would go and just take a drink; I think I hear one running." The brother got up and took the little sister by the hand, and they set off to find the brook.

But the wicked step-mother was a witch, and had seen how the two children had gone away, and had crept after them privily, as witches do creep, and had bewitched all the brooks in the forest.

Now when they found a little brook leaping brightly over the stones, the brother was going to drink out of it, but the sister heard how it said as it ran, "Who drinks of me will be a tiger; who drinks of me will be a tiger." Then the sister cried, "Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wild beast, and tear me to pieces." The brother did not drink, although he was so thirsty, but said, "I will wait for the next spring."

When they came to the next brook the sister heard this also say, "Who drinks of me will be a wolf; who drinks of me will be a wolf." Then the sister cried out, "Pray, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a wolf, and devour me." The brother did not drink, and said, "I will wait until we come to the next spring, but then I must drink, say what you like; for my thirst is too great."

And when they came to the third brook the sister heard how it said as it ran, "Who drinks of me will be a roebuck; who drinks of me will be a roebuck." The sister said, "Oh, I pray you, dear brother, do not drink, or you will become a roebuck, and run away from me." But the brother had knelt down at once by the brook, and had bent down and drunk some of the water, and as soon as

the first drops touched his lips he lay there a young roebuck.

And now the sister wept over her poor bewitched brother, and the little roe wept also, and sat sorrowfully near to her. But at last the girl said, "Be quiet, dear little roe, I will never, never leave you."

Then she untied her golden garter and put it round the roebuck's neck, and she plucked rushes and wove them into a soft cord. With this she tied the little beast and led it on, and she walked deeper and deeper into the forest.

And when they had gone a very long way they came at last to a little house, and the girl looked in; and as it was empty, she thought, "We can stay here and live." Then she sought for leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the roe; and every morning she went out and gathered roots and berries and nuts for herself, and brought tender grass for the roe, who ate out of her hand, and was content and played round about her. In the evening, when the sister was tired, and had said her prayer, she laid her head upon the roebuck's back: that was her pillow, and she slept softly on it. And if only the brother had had his human form it would have been a delightful life.

For some time they were alone like this in the wilderness. But it happened that the King of the country held a great hunt in the forest. Then the blasts of the horns, the barking of dogs, and the merry shouts of the huntsmen rang through the trees, and the roebuck heard all, and was only too anxious to be there. "Oh," said he to his sister, "let me be off to the hunt, I cannot bear it any longer;" and he begged so much that at last she agreed. "But," said she to him, "come back to me in the evening; I must shut my door for fear of the rough huntsmen, so knock and say, "My little sister, let me in!" that I may know you; and if you do not say that, I shall not open the door." Then the young roebuck sprang away; so happy was he and so merry in the open air.

The King and the huntsmen saw the pretty creature, and started after him, but they could not catch him, and when they thought that they surely had him, away he sprang through the bushes and could not be seen. When

it was dark he ran to the cottage, knocked, and said, "My little sister, let me in." Then the door was opened for him, and he jumped in, and rested himself the whole night through upon his soft bed.

The next day the hunt went on afresh, and when the roebuck again heard the bugle-horn, and the ho! ho! of the huntsmen, he had no peace, but said, "Sister, let me out, I must be off." His sister opened the door for him, and said, "But you must be here again in the evening and say your pass-word."

When the King and his huntsmen again saw the young roebuck with the golden collar, they all chased him, but he was too quick and nimble for them. This went on for the whole day, but at last by the evening the huntsmen had surrounded him, and one of them wounded him a little in the foot, so that he limped and ran slowly. Then a hunter crept after him to the cottage and heard how he said, "My little sister, let me in," and saw that the door was opened for him, and was shut again at once. The huntsman took notice of it all, and went to the King and told him what he had seen and heard. Then the King said, "To-morrow we will hunt once more."

The little sister, however, was dreadfully frightened when she saw that her fawn was hurt. She washed the blood off him, laid herbs on the wound, and said, "Go to your bed, dear roe, that you may get well again." But the wound was so slight that the roebuck, next morning, did not feel it any more. And when he again heard the sport outside, he said, "I cannot bear it, I must be there; they shall not find it so easy to catch me." The sister cried, and said, "This time they will kill you, and here am I alone in the forest and forsaken by all the world. I will not let you out." "Then you will have me die of grief," answered the roe; "when I hear the bugle-horns I feel as if I must jump out of my skin." Then the sister could not do otherwise, but opened the door for him with a heavy heart, and the roebuck, full of health and joy, bounded into the forest.

When the King saw him, he said to his huntsman, "Now chase him all day long till night-fall, but take care that no one does him any harm."

As soon as the sun had set, the King said to the huntsmen, "Now come and show me the cottage in the wood;" and when he was at the door, he knocked and called out, "Dear little sister, let me in." Then the door opened, and the King walked in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen. The maiden was frightened when she saw, not her little roe, but a man come in who wore a golden crown upon his head. But the King looked kindly at her, stretched out his hand, and said, "Will you go with me to my palace and be my dear wife?" "Yes, indeed," answered the maiden, "but the little roe must go with me, I cannot leave him." The King said, "It shall stay with you as long as you live, and shall want nothing." Just then he came running in, and the sister again tied him with the cord of rushes, took it in her own hand, and went away with the King from the cottage.

The King took the lovely maiden upon his horse and carried her to his palace, where the wedding was held with great pomp. She was now the Queen, and they lived for a long time happily together; the roebuck was tended and cherished, and ran about in the palace-garden.

But the wicked step-mother, because of whom the children had gone out into the world, thought all the time that the sister had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts in the wood, and that the brother had been shot for a roebuck by the huntsmen. Now when she heard that they were so happy, and so well off, envy and hatred rose in her heart and left her no peace, and she thought of nothing but how she could bring them again to misfortune. Her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, grumbled at her and said, "A Queen! that ought to have been my luck." "Only be quiet," answered the old woman, and comforted her by saying, "when the time comes I shall be ready."

As time went on, the Queen had a pretty little boy, and it happened that the King was out hunting; so the old witch took the form of the chamber-maid, went into the room where the Queen lay, and said to her, "Come, the bath is ready; it will do you good, and give you fresh strength; make haste before it gets cold."

The daughter also was close by; so they carried the weakly Queen into the bath-room, and put her into the bath; then they shut the door and ran away. But in the bath-room they had made a fire of such deadly heat that the beautiful young Queen was soon suffocated.

When this was done the old woman took her daughter, put a nightcap on her head, and laid her in bed in place of the Queen. She gave her too the shape and the look of the Queen, only she could not make good the lost eye. But in order that the King might not see it, she was to lie on the side on which she had no eye.

In the evening when he came home and heard that he had a son he was heartily glad, and was going to the bed of his dear wife to see how she was. But the old woman quickly called out, "For your life leave the curtains closed; the Queen ought not to see the light yet, and must have rest." The King went away, and did not find out that a false Queen was lying in the bed.

But at midnight, when all slept, the nurse, who was sitting in the nursery by the cradle, and who was the only person awake, saw the door open and the true Queen walk in. She took the child out of the cradle, laid it on her arm, and suckled it. Then she shook up its pillow, laid the child down again, and covered it with the little quilt. And she did not forget the roebuck, but went into the corner where it lay, and stroked its back. Then she went quite silently out of the door again. The next morning the nurse asked the guards whether any one had come into the palace during the night, but they answered, "No, we have seen no one."

She came thus many nights and never spoke a word: the nurse always saw her, but she did not dare to tell any one about it.

When some time had passed in this manner, the Queen began to speak in the night, and said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?
Twice shall I come, then never more."

The nurse did not answer, but when the Queen had gone again, went to the King and told him all. The King said, "Ah, heavens! what is this? To-morrow night I

will watch by the child." In the evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the Queen again appeared and said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?
Once will I come, then never more."

And she nursed the child as she was wont to do before she disappeared. The King dared not speak to her, but on the next night he watched again. Then she said—

"How fares my child, how fares my roe?
This time I come, then never more."

Then the King could not restrain himself; he sprang towards her, and said, "You can be none other than my dear wife." She answered, "Yes, I am your dear wife," and at the same moment she received life again, and by God's grace became fresh, rosy, and full of health.

Then she told the King the evil deed which the wicked witch and her daughter had been guilty of towards her. The King ordered both to be led before the judge, and judgment was delivered against them. The daughter was taken into the forest where she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, but the witch was cast into the fire and miserably burnt. And as soon as she was burnt the roebuck changed his shape, and received his human form again, so the sister and brother lived happily together all their lives.

12.—RAPUNZEL.*

THERE were once a man and a woman who had long in vain wished for a child. At length the woman hoped that God was about to grant her desire. These people had a little window at the back of their house from which a splendid garden could be seen, which was full of the most beautiful flowers and herbs. It was, however, surrounded

* Rapunzel, *Campanula rapunculus* (rampion), a congener of the common harebell. It has a long white spindle-shaped root which is eaten raw like a radish, and has a pleasant sweet flavour. Its leaves and young shoots are also used in salads—and so are the roots, sliced.

by a high wall, and no one dared to go into it because it belonged to an enchantress, who had great power and was dreaded by all the world. One day the woman was standing by this window and looking down into the garden, when she saw a bed which was planted with the most beautiful rampion (rapunzel), and it looked so fresh and green that she longed for it, and had the greatest desire to eat some. This desire increased every day, and as she knew that she could not get any of it, she quite pined away, and looked pale and miserable. Then her husband was alarmed, and asked, "What aileth thee, dear wife?" "Ah," she replied, "if I can't get some of the rampion, which is in the garden behind our house, to eat, I shall die." The man, who loved her, thought, "Sooner than let thy wife die, bring her some of the rampion thyself, let it cost thee what it will." In the twilight of evening, he clambered down over the wall into the garden of the enchantress, hastily clutched a handful of rampion, and took it to his wife. She at once made herself a salad of it, and ate it with much relish. She, however, liked it so much—so very much, that the next day she longed for it three times as much as before. If he was to have any rest, her husband must once more descend into the garden. In the gloom of evening, therefore, he let himself down again; but when he had clambered down the wall he was terribly afraid, for he saw the enchantress standing before him. "How canst thou dare," said she with angry look, "to descend into my garden and steal my rampion like a thief? Thou shalt suffer for it!" "Ah," answered he, "let mercy take the place of justice, I only made up my mind to do it out of necessity. My wife saw your rampion from the window, and felt such a longing for it that she would have died if she had not got some to eat." Then the enchantress allowed her anger to be softened, and said to him, "If the case be as thou sayest, I will allow thee to take away with thee as much rampion as thou wilt, only I make one condition, thou must give me the child which thy wife will bring into the world; it shall be well treated, and I will care for it like a mother." The man in his terror consented to everything, and when the woman was brought

to bed, the enchantress appeared at once, gave the child the name of Rapunzel, and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew into the most beautiful child beneath the sun. When she was twelve years old, the enchantress shut her into a tower, which lay in a forest, and had neither stairs nor door, but quite at the top was a little window. When the enchantress wanted to go in, she placed herself beneath this, and cried,

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair to me.”

Rapunzel had magnificent long hair, fine as spun gold, and when she heard the voice of the enchantress she unfastened her braided tresses, wound them round one of the hooks of the window above, and then the hair fell twenty ells down, and the enchantress climbed up by it.

After a year or two, it came to pass that the King's son rode through the forest and went by the tower. Then he heard a song, which was so charming that he stood still and listened. This was Rapunzel, who in her solitude passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound. The King's son wanted to climb up to her, and looked for the door of the tower, but none was to be found. He rode home, but the singing had so deeply touched his heart, that every day he went out into the forest and listened to it. Once when he was thus standing behind a tree, he saw that an enchantress came there, and he heard how she cried,

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair.”

Then Rapunzel let down the braids of her hair, and the enchantress climbed up to her. “If that is the ladder by which one mounts, I will for once try my fortune,” said he, and the next day when it began to grow dark, he went to the tower and cried,

“Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair.”

Immediately the hair fell down and the King's son climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man such as her eyes had never yet beheld, came to her; but the King's son began to talk to her quite like a friend, and told her that his heart had been so stirred that it had let him have no rest, and he had been forced to see her. Then Rapunzel lost her fear, and when he asked her if she would take him for her husband, and she saw that he was young and handsome, she thought, "He will love me more than old Dame Gothel does;" and she said yes, and laid her hand in his. She said, "I will willingly go away with thee, but I do not know how to get down. Bring with thee a skein of silk every time that thou comest, and I will weave a ladder with it, and when that is ready I will descend, and thou wilt take me on thy horse." They agreed that until that time he should come to her every evening, for the old woman came by day. The enchantress remarked nothing of this, until once Rapunzel said to her, "Tell me, Dame Gothel, how it happens that you are so much heavier for me to draw up than the young King's son—he is with me in a moment." "Ah! thou wicked child," cried the enchantress, "What do I hear thee say! I thought I had separated thee from all the world, and yet thou hast deceived me!" In her anger she clutched Rapunzel's beautiful tresses, wrapped them twice round her left hand, seized a pair of scissors with the right, and snip, snap, they were cut off, and the lovely braids lay on the ground. And she was so pitiless that she took poor Rapunzel into a desert where she had to live in great grief and misery.

On the same day, however, that she cast out Rapunzel, the enchantress in the evening fastened the braids of hair which she had cut off to the hook of the window, and when the King's son came and cried,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair,"

she let the hair down. The King's son ascended, but he did not find his dearest Rapunzel above, but the enchantress, who gazed at him with wicked and venomous looks. "Aha!" she cried mockingly, "Thou wouldst fetch thy dearest, but the beautiful bird sits no longer singing

in the nest; the cat has got it, and will scratch out thy eyes as well. Rapunzel is lost to thee; thou wilt never see her more." The King's son was beside himself with pain, and in his despair he leapt down from the tower. He escaped with his life, but the thorns into which he fell, pierced his eyes. Then he wandered quite blind about the forest, ate nothing but roots and berries, and did nothing but lament and weep over the loss of his dearest wife. Thus he roamed about in misery for some years, and at length came to the desert where Rapunzel, with the twins to which she had given birth, a boy and a girl, lived in wretchedness. He heard a voice, and it seemed so familiar to him that he went towards it, and when he approached, Rapunzel knew him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears wetted his eyes and they grew clear again, and he could see with them as before. He led her to his kingdom where he was joyfully received, and they lived for a long time afterwards, happy and contented.

13.—THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

THERE was once a man whose wife died, and a woman whose husband died, and the man had a daughter, and the woman also had a daughter. The girls were acquainted with each other, and went out walking together, and afterwards came to the woman in her house. Then said she to the man's daughter, "Listen, tell thy father that I would like to marry him, and then thou shalt wash thyself in milk every morning, and drink wine, but my own daughter shall wash herself in water and drink water." The girl went home, and told her father what the woman had said. The man said, "What shall I do? Marriage is a joy and also a torment." At length as he could come to no decision, he pulled off his boot, and said, "Take this boot, it has a hole in the sole of it. Go with it up to the loft, hang it on the big nail, and then pour water into it. If it hold the water, then I will again take

a wife, but if it run through, I will not." The girl did as she was ordered, but the water drew the hole together, and the boot became full to the top. She informed her father how it had turned out. Then he himself went up, and when he saw that she was right, he went to the widow and wooed her, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls got up, there stood before the man's daughter, milk for her to wash in and wine for her to drink, but before the woman's daughter stood water to wash herself with and water for drinking. On the second morning, stood water for washing and water for drinking before the man's daughter as well as before the woman's daughter. And on the third morning stood water for washing and water for drinking before the man's daughter, and milk for washing and wine for drinking, before the woman's daughter, and so it continued. The woman became bitterly unkind to her step-daughter, and day by day did her best to treat her still worse. She was envious too because her step-daughter was beautiful and lovable, and her own daughter ugly and repulsive.

Once, in winter, when everything was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and vale lay covered with snow, the woman made a frock of paper, called her step-daughter, and said, "Here, put on this dress and go out into the wood, and fetch me a little basketful of strawberries,—I have a fancy for some." "Good heavens!" said the girl, "no strawberries grow in winter! The ground is frozen, and besides the snow has covered everything. And why am I to go in this paper frock? It is so cold outside that one's very breath freezes! The wind will blow through the frock, and the thorns will tear it off my body." "Wilt thou contradict me again?" said the stepmother, "See that thou goest, and do not show thy face again until thou hast the basketful of strawberries!" Then she gave her a little piece of hard bread, and said, "This will last thee the day," and thought, "Thou wilt die of cold and hunger outside, and wilt never be seen again by me."

Then the maiden was obedient, and put on the paper frock, and went out with the basket. Far and wide there was nothing but snow, and not a green blade to be

seen. When she got into the wood she saw a small house out of which peeped three little dwarfs.* She wished them good day, and knocked modestly at the door. They cried, "Come in," and she entered the room and seated herself on the bench by the stove, where she began to warm herself and eat her breakfast. The elves said, "Give us, too, some of it." "Willingly," said she, and divided her bit of bread in two, and gave them the half. They asked, "What dost thou here in the forest in the winter time, in thy thin dress?" "Ah," she answered, "I am to look for a basketful of strawberries, and am not to go home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom and said, "Sweep away the snow at the back door with it." But when she was outside, the three little men said to each other, "What shall we give her as she is so good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "My gift is, that she shall every day grow more beautiful." The second said, "My gift is, that gold pieces shall fall out of her mouth every time she speaks." The third said, "My gift is, that a king shall come and take her to wife."

The girl, however, did as the little men had bidden her, swept away the snow behind the little house with the broom, and what did she find but real ripe strawberries, which came up quite dark-red out of the snow! In her joy she hastily gathered her basket full, thanked the little men, shook hands with each of them, and ran home to take her step-mother what she had longed for so much. When she went in and said good-evening, a piece of gold at once fell out of her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the wood, but with every word she spoke, gold pieces fell from her mouth, until very soon the whole room was covered with them. "Now look at her arrogance," cried the step-sister, "to throw about gold in that way!" but she was secretly envious of it, and wanted to go into the forest also to seek strawberries. The mother said, "No, my dear little daughter, it is too

* In the original *Haulemännerchen*—i.e., *Höhlen-Waldmännlein*. They are so called because they live in caves in the forests. They are little dwarfs with large heads, and are supposed to steal unbaptized children.—Tr.

cold, thou mightest die of cold." However, as her daughter let her have no peace, the mother at last yielded, made her a magnificent dress of fur, which she was obliged to put on, and gave her bread-and-butter and cake with her.

The girl went into the forest and straight up to the little house. The three little elves peeped out again, but she did not greet them, and without looking round at them and without speaking to them, she went awkwardly into the room, seated herself by the stove, and began to eat her bread-and-butter and cake. "Give us some of it," cried the little men; but she replied, "There is not enough for myself, so how can I give it away to other people?" When she had done eating, they said, "There is a broom for thee, sweep all clean for us outside by the back-door." "Humph! Sweep for yourselves," she answered, "I am not your servant." When she saw that they were not going to give her anything, she went out by the door. Then the little men said to each other, "What shall we give her as she is so naughty, and has a wicked envious heart, that will never let her do a good turn to any one?" The first said, "I grant that she may grow uglier every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she says, a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she may die a miserable death." The maiden looked for strawberries outside, but as she found none, she went angrily home. And when she opened her mouth, and was about to tell her mother what had happened to her in the wood, with every word she said, a toad sprang out of her mouth, so that every one was seized with horror of her.

Then the step-mother was still more enraged, and thought of nothing but how to do every possible injury to the man's daughter, whose beauty, however, grew daily greater. At length she took a cauldron, set it on the fire, and boiled yarn in it. When it was boiled, she flung it on the poor girl's shoulder, and gave her an axe in order that she might go on the frozen river, cut a hole in the ice, and rinse the yarn. She was obedient, went thither and cut a hole in the ice; and while she was in the midst of her cutting, a splendid carriage came driving up, in which sat the King. The carriage stopped, and the King

asked, "My child, who art thou, and what art thou doing here?" "I am a poor girl, and I am rinsing yarn." Then the King felt compassion, and when he saw that she was so very beautiful, he said to her, "Wilt thou go away with me?" "Ah, yes, with all my heart," she answered, for she was glad to get away from the mother and sister.

So she got into the carriage and drove away with the King, and when they arrived at his palace, the wedding was celebrated with great pomp, as the little men had granted to the maiden. When a year was over, the young Queen bore a son, and as the step-mother had heard of her great good-fortune, she came with her daughter to the palace and pretended that she wanted to pay her a visit. Once, however, when the King had gone out, and no one else was present, the wicked woman seized the Queen by the head, and her daughter seized her by the feet, and they lifted her out of the bed, and threw her out of the window into the stream which flowed by. Then the ugly daughter laid herself in the bed, and the old woman covered her up over her head. When the King came home again and wanted to speak to his wife, the old woman cried, "Hush, hush, that can't be now, she is lying in a violent perspiration; you must let her rest to-day." The King suspected no evil, and did not come back again till next morning; and as he talked with his wife and she answered him, with every word a toad leaped out, whereas formerly a piece of gold had fallen out. Then he asked what that could be, but the old woman said that she had got that from the violent perspiration, and would soon lose it again. During the night, however, the scullion saw a duck come swimming up the gutter, and it said,

"King, what art thou doing now?
Sleepest thou, or wakest thou?"

And as he returned no answer it said,

"And my guests, What may they do?"

The scullion said,

"They are sleeping soundly, too."

Then it asked again,

"What does little baby mine?"

He answered,

“Sleepeth in her cradle fine.”

Then she went upstairs in the form of the Queen, nursed the baby, shook up its little bed, covered it over, and then swam away again down the gutter in the shape of a duck. She came thus for two nights; on the third, she said to the scullion, “Go and tell the King to take his sword and swing it three times over me on the threshold.” Then the scullion ran and told this to the King, who came with his sword and swung it thrice over the spirit, and at the third time, his wife stood before him strong, living, and healthy as she had been before. Thereupon the King was full of great joy, but he kept the Queen hidden in a chamber until the Sunday, when the baby was to be christened. And when it was christened he said, “What does a person deserve who drags another out of bed and throws him in the water?” “The wretch deserves nothing better,” answered the old woman, “than to be taken and put in a barrel stuck full of nails, and rolled down hill into the water.” “Then,” said the King, “Thou hast pronounced thine own sentence;” and he ordered such a barrel to be brought, and the old woman to be put into it with her daughter, and then the top was hammered on, and the barrel rolled down hill until it went into the river.

14.—THE THREE SPINNERS.

THERE was once a girl who was idle and would not spin, and let her mother say what she would, she could not bring her to it. At last the mother was once so overcome with anger and impatience, that she beat her, on which the girl began to weep loudly. Now at this very moment the Queen drove by, and when she heard the weeping she stopped her carriage, went into the house and asked the mother why she was beating her daughter so that the cries could be heard out on the road? Then the woman was ashamed to reveal the laziness of her

daughter and said, "I cannot get her to leave off spinning. She insists on spinning for ever and ever, and I am poor, and cannot procure the flax." Then answered the Queen, "There is nothing that I like better to hear than spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels are humming. Let me have your daughter with me in the palace, I have flax enough, and there she shall spin as much as she likes." The mother was heartily satisfied with this, and the Queen took the girl with her. When they had arrived at the palace, she led her up into three rooms which were filled from the bottom to the top with the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she, "and when thou hast done it, thou shalt have my eldest son for a husband, even if thou art poor. I care not for that, thy indefatigable industry is dowry enough." The girl was secretly terrified, for she could not have spun the flax, no, not if she had lived till she was three hundred years old, and had sat at it every day from morning till night. When therefore she was alone, she began to weep, and sat thus for three days without moving a finger. On the third day came the Queen, and when she saw that nothing had been spun yet, she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin because of her great distress at leaving her mother's house. The Queen was satisfied with this, but said when she was going away, "To-morrow thou must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again, she did not know what to do, and in her distress went to the window. Then she saw three women coming towards her, the first of whom had a broad flat foot, the second had such a great underlip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They remained standing before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was amiss with her? She complained of her trouble, and then they offered her their help and said, "If thou wilt invite us to the wedding, not be ashamed of us, and wilt call us thine aunts, and likewise wilt place us at thy table, we will spin up the flax for thee, and that in a very short time." "With all my heart," she replied, "do but come in and begin the work at once." Then she let in the three strange women, and cleared a place in the first room, where they seated

themselves and began their spinning. The one drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other wetted the thread, the third twisted it, and struck the table with her finger, and as often as she struck it, a skein of thread fell to the ground that was spun in the finest manner possible. The girl concealed the threespinners from the Queen, and showed her whenever she came the great quantity of spun thread, until the latter could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty she went to the second, and at last to the third, and that too was quickly cleared. Then the three women took leave and said to the girl, "Do not forget what thou hast promised us,—it will make thy fortune."

When the maiden showed the Queen the empty rooms, and the great heap of yarn, she gave orders for the wedding, and the bridegroom* rejoiced that he was to have such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her mightily. "I have three aunts," said the girl, "and as they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my good fortune; allow me to invite them to the wedding, and let them sit with us at table." The Queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should we not allow that?" Therefore when the feast began, the three women entered in strange apparel, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear aunts." "Ah," said the bridegroom, "how comest thou by these odious friends?" Thereupon he went to the one with the broad flat foot, and said, "How do you come by such a broad foot?" "By treading," she answered, "by treading." Then the bridegroom went to the second, and said, "How do you come by your falling lip?" "By licking," she answered, "by licking." Then he asked the third, "How do you come by your broad thumb?" "By twisting the thread," she answered, "by twisting the thread." On this the King's son was alarmed and said, "Neither now nor ever shall my beautiful bride touch a spinning-wheel." And thus she got rid of the hateful flax-spinning.

* Braütigam, betrothed. The old English brýdguma had the same signification, and was only applied to a betrothed man, just as brýd, bride, was only applied to a betrothed woman.—TR.

15.—HÄNSEL AND GRETHEL.

HARD by a great forest dwelt a poor wood-cutter with his wife and his two children. The boy was called Hänsel and the girl Grethel. He had little to bite and to break, and once when great scarcity fell on the land, he could no longer procure daily bread. Now when he thought over this by night in his bed, and tossed about in his anxiety, he groaned and said to his wife, "What is to become of us? How are we to feed our poor children, when we no longer have anything even for ourselves?" "I'll tell you what, husband," answered the woman, "Early to-morrow morning we will take the children out into the forest to where it is the thickest, there we will light a fire for them, and give each of them one piece of bread more, and then we will go to our work and leave them alone. They will not find the way home again, and we shall be rid of them." "No, wife," said the man, "I will not do that; how can I bear to leave my children alone in the forest?—the wild animals would soon come and tear them to pieces." "O, thou fool!" said she, "Then we must all four die of hunger, thou mayest as well plane the planks for our coffins," and she left him no peace until he consented. "But I feel very sorry for the poor children, all the same," said the man.

The two children had also not been able to sleep for hunger, and had heard what their step-mother had said to their father. Grethel wept bitter tears, and said to Hänsel, "Now all is over with us." "Be quiet, Grethel," said Hänsel, "do not distress thyself, I will soon find a way to help us." And when the old folks had fallen asleep, he got up, put on his little coat, opened the door below, and crept outside. The moon shone brightly, and the white pebbles which lay in front of the house glittered like real silver pennies. Hänsel stooped and put as many of them in the little pocket of his coat as he could possibly get in. Then he went back and said to Grethel, "Be comforted, dear little sister, and sleep in peace, God will not forsake us," and he lay down again in his bed. When day dawned, but before the sun had risen,

the woman came and awoke the two children, saying, "Get up, you sluggards! we are going into the forest to fetch wood." She gave each a little piece of bread, and said, "There is something for your dinner, but do not eat it up before then, for you will get nothing else." Grethel took the bread under her apron, as Hänsel had the stones in his pocket. Then they all set out together on the way to the forest. When they had walked a short time, Hänsel stood still and peeped back at the house, and did so again and again. His father said, "Hänsel, what art thou looking at there and staying behind for? Mind what thou art about, and do not forget how to use thy legs." "Ah, father," said Hänsel, "I am looking at my little white cat, which is sitting up on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me." The wife said, "Fool, that is not thy little cat, that is the morning sun which is shining on the chimneys." Hänsel, however, had not been looking back at the cat, but had been constantly throwing one of the white pebble-stones out of his pocket on the road.

When they had reached the middle of the forest, the father said, "Now, children, pile up some wood, and I will light a fire that you may not be cold." Hänsel and Grethel gathered brushwood together, as high as a little hill. The brushwood was lighted, and when the flames were burning very high the woman said, "Now, children, lay yourselves down by the fire and rest, we will go into the forest and cut some wood. When we have done, we will come back and fetch you away."

Hänsel and Grethel sat by the fire, and when noon came, each ate a little piece of bread, and as they heard the strokes of the wood-axe they believed that their father was near. It was, however, not the axe, it was a branch which he had fastened to a withered tree which the wind was blowing backwards and forwards. And as they had been sitting such a long time, their eyes shut with fatigue, and they fell fast asleep. When at last they awoke, it was already dark night. Grethel began to cry and said, "How are we to get out of the forest now?" But Hänsel comforted her and said, "Just wait a little, until the moon has risen, and then we will soon find the way." And when the full moon had risen, Hänsel took his little

sister by the hand, and followed the pebbles which shone like newly-coined silver pieces, and showed them the way.

They walked the whole night long, and by break of day came once more to their father's house. They knocked at the door, and when the woman opened it and saw that it was Hänsel and Grethel, she said, "You naughty children, why have you slept so long in the forest?—we thought you were never coming back at all!" The father, however, rejoiced, for it had cut him to the heart to leave them behind alone.

Not long afterwards, there was once more great scarcity in all parts, and the children heard their mother saying at night to their father, "Everything is eaten again, we have one half loaf left, and after that there is an end. The children must go, we will take them farther into the wood, so that they will not find their way out again; there is no other means of saving ourselves!" The man's heart was heavy, and he thought "it would be better for thee to share the last mouthful with thy children." The woman, however, would listen to nothing that he had to say, but scolded and reproached him. He who says A must say B, likewise, and as he had yielded the first time, he had to do so a second time also.

The children were, however, still awake and had heard the conversation. When the old folks were asleep, Hänsel again got up, and wanted to go out and pick up pebbles, but the woman had locked the door, and Hänsel could not get out. Nevertheless he comforted his little sister, and said, "Do not cry, Grethel, go to sleep quietly, the good God will help us."

Early in the morning came the woman, and took the children out of their beds. Their bit of bread was given to them, but it was still smaller than the time before. On the way into the forest Hänsel crumbled his in his pocket, and often stood still and threw a morsel on the ground. "Hänsel, why dost thou stop and look round?" said the father, "go on." "I am looking back at my little pigeon which is sitting on the roof, and wants to say good-bye to me," answered Hänsel. "Simpleton!" said the woman, "that is not thy little pigeon, that is the morning sun

that is shining on the chimney." Hänsel, however, little by little, threw all the crumbs on the path.

The woman led the children still deeper into the forest, where they had never in their lives been before. Then a great fire was again made, and the mother said, "Just sit there, you children, and when you are tired you may sleep a little; we are going into the forest to cut wood, and in the evening when we are done, we will come and fetch you away." When it was noon, Grethel shared her piece of bread with Hänsel, who had scattered his by the way. Then they fell asleep and evening came and went, but no one came to the poor children. They did not awake until it was dark night, and Hänsel comforted his little sister and said, "Just wait, Grethel, until the moon rises, and then we shall see the crumbs of bread which I have strewn about, they will show us our way home again." When the moon came they set out, but they found no crumbs, for the many thousands of birds which fly about in the woods and fields, had picked them all up. Hänsel said to Grethel, "We shall soon find the way," but they did not find it. They walked the whole night and all the next day too from morning till evening, but they did not get out of the forest, and were very hungry, for they had nothing to eat but two or three berries, which grew on the ground. And as they were so weary that their legs would carry them no longer, they lay down beneath a tree and fell asleep.

It was now three mornings since they had left their father's house. They began to walk again, but they always got deeper into the forest, and if help did not come soon, they must die of hunger and weariness. When it was mid-day, they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a bough, which sang so delightfully that they stood still and listened to it. And when it had finished its song, it spread its wings and flew away before them, and they followed it until they reached a little house, on the roof of which it alighted; and when they came quite up to the little house they saw that it was built of bread and covered with cakes, but that the windows were of clear sugar. "We will set to work on that," said Hänsel, "and have a good meal. I will eat a bit of the roof, and thou, Grethel, canst eat some

of the window, it will taste sweet." Hänsel reached up above, and broke off a little of the roof to try how it tasted, and Grethel leant against the window and nibbled at the panes. Then a soft voice cried from the room,

"Nibble, nibble, gnaw,
Who is nibbling at my little house?"

The children answered,

"The wind, the wind,
The heaven-born wind,"

and went on eating without disturbing themselves. Hänsel, who thought the roof tasted very nice, tore down a great piece of it, and Grethel pushed out the whole of one round window-pane, sat down, and enjoyed herself with it. Suddenly the door opened, and a very, very old woman, who supported herself on crutches, came creeping out. Hänsel and Grethel were so terribly frightened that they let fall what they had in their hands. The old woman, however, nodded her head, and said, "Oh, you dear children, who has brought you here? Do come in, and stay with me. No harm shall happen to you." She took them both by the hand, and led them into her little house. Then good food was set before them, milk and pancakes, with sugar, apples, and nuts. Afterwards two pretty little beds were covered with clean white linen, and Hänsel and Grethel lay down in them, and thought they were in heaven.

The old woman had only pretended to be so kind; she was in reality a wicked witch, who lay in wait for children, and had only built the little bread house in order to entice them there. When a child fell into her power, she killed it, cooked and ate it, and that was a feast day with her. Witches have red eyes, and cannot see far, but they have a keen scent like the beasts, and are aware when human beings draw near. When Hänsel and Grethel came into her neighbourhood, she laughed maliciously, and said mockingly, "I have them, they shall not escape me again!" Early in the morning before the children were awake, she was already up, and when she saw both of them sleeping and looking so pretty, with

their plump red cheeks, she muttered to herself, "That will be a dainty mouthful!" Then she seized Hänsel with her shrivelled hand, carried him into a little stable, and shut him in with a grated door. He might scream as he liked, that was of no use. Then she went to Grethel, shook her till she awoke, and cried, "Get up, lazy thing, fetch some water, and cook something good for thy brother, he is in the stable outside, and is to be made fat. When he is fat, I will eat him." Grethel began to weep bitterly, but it was all in vain, she was forced to do what the wicked witch ordered her.

And now the best food was cooked for poor Hänsel, but Grethel got nothing but crab-shells. Every morning the woman crept to the little stable, and cried, "Hänsel, stretch out thy finger that I may feel if thou wilt soon be fat." Hänsel, however, stretched out a little bone to her, and the old woman, who had dim eyes, could not see it, and thought it was Hänsel's finger, and was astonished that there was no way of fattening him. When four weeks had gone by, and Hänsel still continued thin, she was seized with impatience and would not wait any longer, "Hola, Grethel," she cried to the girl, "be active, and bring some water. Let Hänsel be fat or lean, to-morrow I will kill him, and cook him." Ah, how the poor little sister did lament when she had to fetch the water, and how her tears did flow down over her cheeks! "Dear God, do help us," she cried. "If the wild beasts in the forest had but devoured us, we should at any rate have died together." "Just keep thy noise to thyself," said the old woman, "all that won't help thee at all."

Early in the morning, Grethel had to go out and hang up the cauldron with the water, and light the fire. "We will bake first," said the old woman, "I have already heated the oven, and kneaded the dough." She pushed poor Grethel out to the oven, from which flames of fire were already darting. "Creep in," said the witch, "and see if it is properly heated, so that we can shut the bread in." And when once Grethel was inside, she intended to shut the oven and let her bake in it, and then she would eat her, too. But Grethel saw what she had in her mind, and said, "I do not know how I am to do it; how do you get in?"

"Silly goose," said the old woman. "The door is big enough; just look, I can get in myself!" and she crept up and thrust her head into the oven. Then Grethel gave her a push that drove her far into it, and shut the iron door, and fastened the bolt. Oh! then she began to howl quite horribly, but Grethel ran away, and the godless witch was miserably burnt to death.

Grethel, however, ran as quick as lightning to Hänsel, opened his little stable, and cried, "Hänsel, we are saved! The old witch is dead!" Then Hänsel sprang out like a bird from its cage when the door is opened for it. How they did rejoice and embrace each other, and dance about and kiss each other! And as they had no longer any need to fear her, they went into the witch's house, and in every corner there stood chests full of pearls and jewels. "These are far better than pebbles!" said Hänsel, and thrust into his pockets whatever could be got in, and Grethel said, "I, too, will take something home with me," and filled her pinafore full. "But now we will go away," said Hänsel, "that we may get out of the witch's forest."

When they had walked for two hours, they came to a great piece of water. "We cannot get over," said Hänsel, "I see no foot-plank, and no bridge." "And no boat crosses either," answered Grethel, "but a white duck is swimming there; if I ask her, she will help us over." Then she cried,

"Little duck, little duck, dost thou see,
Hänsel and Grethel are waiting for thee?
There's never a plank, or bridge in sight,
Take us across on thy back so white."

The duck came to them, and Hänsel seated himself on its back, and told his sister to sit by him. "No," replied Grethel, "that will be too heavy for the little duck; she shall take us across, one after the other." The good little duck did so, and when they were once safely across and had walked for a short time, the forest seemed to be more and more familiar to them, and at length they saw from afar their father's house. Then they began to run, rushed into the parlour, and threw themselves into their father's arms. The man had not known one happy hour since he had left the children in the forest; the woman, however, was dead. Grethel emptied her pinafore until pearls and

precious stones ran about the room, and Hänsel threw one handful after another out of his pocket to add to them. Then all anxiety was at an end, and they lived together in perfect happiness. My tale is done, there runs a mouse, whosoever catches it, may make himself a big fur cap out of it.

16.—THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES.

THERE was once on a time a poor man, who could no longer support his only son. Then said the son, "Dear father, things go so badly with us that I am a burden to you. I would rather go away and see how I can earn my bread." So the father gave him his blessing, and with great sorrow took leave of him. At this time the King of a mighty empire was at war, and the youth took service with him, and with him went out to fight. And when he came before the enemy, there was a battle, and great danger, and it rained shot until his comrades fell on all sides, and when the leader also was killed, those left were about to take flight, but the youth stepped forth, spoke boldly to them, and cried, "We will not let our fatherland be ruined!" Then the others followed him, and he pressed on and conquered the enemy. When the King heard that he owed the victory to him alone, he raised him above all the others, gave him great treasures, and made him the first in the kingdom.

The King had a daughter who was very beautiful, but she was also very strange. She had made a vow to take no one as her lord and husband who did not promise to let himself be buried alive with her if she died first. "If he loves me with all his heart," said she, "of what use will life be to him afterwards?" On her side she would do the same, and if he died first, would go down to the grave with him. This strange oath had up to this time frightened away all wooers, but the youth became so charmed with her beauty that he cared for nothing, but asked her father for her. "But dost thou know what thou must promise?" said the King. "I must be buried with her," he replied, "if I outlive her, but my love is

so great that I do not mind the danger." Then the King consented, and the wedding was solemnized with great splendour.

They lived now for a while happy and contented with each other, and then it befell that the young Queen was attacked by a severe illness, and no physician could save her. And as she lay there dead, the young King remembered what he had been obliged to promise, and was horrified at having to lie down alive in the grave, but there was no escape. The King had placed sentries at all the gates, and it was not possible to avoid his fate. When the day came when the corpse was to be buried, he was taken down into the royal vault with it, and then the door was shut and bolted.

Near the coffin stood a table on which were four candles, four loaves of bread, and four bottles of wine, and when this provision came to an end, he would have to die of hunger. And now he sat there full of pain and grief, ate every day only a little piece of bread, drank only a mouthful of wine, and nevertheless saw death daily drawing nearer. Whilst he thus gazed before him, he saw a snake creep out of a corner of the vault and approach the dead body. And as he thought it came to gnaw at it, he drew his sword and said, "As long as I live, thou shalt not touch her," and hewed the snake in three pieces. After a time a second snake crept out of the hole, and when it saw the other lying dead and cut in pieces, it went back, but soon came again with three green leaves in its mouth. Then it took the three pieces of the snake, laid them together, as they ought to go, and placed one of the leaves on each wound.* Immediately the severed parts joined themselves together, the snake moved, and became alive again, and both of them hastened away together. The leaves were left lying on the ground, and a desire came into the mind of the unhappy man who had been watching all this, to know if the wondrous power of the leaves which had brought the snake to life again, could not likewise be of service to a human being. So

* It is strange that it did not occur to the Brothers Grimm that three leaves were not wanted. The snake was cut in three pieces, and there could only have been *two* wounds.—TR.

he picked up the leaves and laid one of them on the mouth of his dead wife, and the two others on her eyes. And hardly had he done this than the blood stirred in her veins, rose into her pale face, and coloured it again. Then she drew breath, opened her eyes, and said, "Ah, God, where am I?" "Thou art with me, dear wife," he answered, and told her how everything had happened, and how he had brought her back again to life. Then he gave her some wine and bread, and when she had regained her strength, he raised her up and they went to the door and knocked, and called so loudly that the sentries heard it, and told the King. The King came down himself and opened the door, and there he found both strong and well, and rejoiced with them that now all sorrow was over. The young King, however, took the three snake-leaves with him, gave them to a servant and said, "Keep them for me carefully, and carry them constantly about thee; who knows in what trouble they may yet be of service to us!"

A change had, however, taken place in his wife; after she had been restored to life, it seemed as if all love for her husband had gone out of her heart. After some time, when he wanted to make a voyage over the sea, to visit his old father, and they had gone on board a ship, she forgot the great love and fidelity which he had shown her, and which had been the means of rescuing her from death, and conceived a wicked inclination for the skipper. And once when the young King lay there asleep, she called in the skipper and seized the sleeper by the head, and the skipper took him by the feet, and thus they threw him down into the sea. When the shameful deed was done, she said, "Now let us return home, and say that he died on the way. I will extol and praise thee so to my father that he will marry me to thee, and make thee the heir to his crown." But the faithful servant who had seen all that they did, unseen by them, unfastened a little boat from the ship, got into it, sailed after his master, and let the traitors go on their way. He fished up the dead body, and by the help of the three snake-leaves which he carried about with him, and laid on the eyes and mouth, he fortunately brought the young King back to life.

They both rowed with all their strength day and night, and their little boat flew so swiftly that they reached the old King before the others did. He was astonished when he saw them come alone, and asked what had happened to them. When he learnt the wickedness of his daughter he said, "I cannot believe that she has behaved so ill, but the truth will soon come to light," and bade both go into a secret chamber and keep themselves hidden from every one. Soon afterwards the great ship came sailing in, and the godless woman appeared before her father with a troubled countenance. He said, "Why dost thou come back alone? Where is thy husband?" "Ah, dear father," she replied, "I come home again in great grief; during the voyage, my husband became suddenly ill and died, and if the good skipper had not given me his help, it would have gone ill with me. He was present at his death, and can tell you all." The King said, "I will make the dead alive again," and opened the chamber, and bade the two come out. When the woman saw her husband, she was thunderstruck, and fell on her knees and begged for mercy. The King said, "There is no mercy. He was ready to die with thee and restored thee to life again, but thou hast murdered him in his sleep, and shalt receive the reward that thou deservest." Then she was placed with her accomplice in a ship which had been pierced with holes, and sent out to sea, where they soon sank amid the waves.

17.—THE WHITE SNAKE.

A LONG time ago there lived a king who was famed for his wisdom through all the land. Nothing was hidden from him, and it seemed as if news of the most secret things was brought to him through the air. But he had a strange custom; every day after dinner, when the table was cleared, and no one else was present, a trusty servant had to bring him one more dish. It was covered, however, and even the servant did not know what was in it,

neither did any one know, for the King never took off the cover to eat of it until he was quite alone.

This had gone on for a long time, when one day the servant, who took away the dish, was overcome with such curiosity that he could not help carrying the dish into his room. When he had carefully locked the door, he lifted up the cover, and saw a white snake lying on the dish. But when he saw it he could not deny himself the pleasure of tasting it, so he cut off a little bit and put it into his mouth. No sooner had it touched his tongue than he heard a strange whispering of little voices outside his window. He went and listened, and then noticed that it was the sparrows who were chattering together, and telling one another of all kinds of things which they had seen in the fields and woods. Eating the snake had given him power of understanding the language of animals.

Now it so happened that on this very day the Queen lost her most beautiful ring, and suspicion of having stolen it fell upon this trusty servant, who was allowed to go everywhere. The King ordered the man to be brought before him, and threatened with angry words that unless he could before the morrow point out the thief, he himself should be looked upon as guilty and executed. In vain he declared his innocence; he was dismissed with no better answer.

In his trouble and fear he went down into the courtyard and took thought how to help himself out of his trouble. Now some ducks were sitting together quietly by a brook and taking their rest; and, whilst they were making their feathers smooth with their bills, they were having a confidential conversation together. The servant stood by and listened. They were telling one another of all the places where they had been waddling about all the morning, and what good food they had found; and one said in a pitiful tone, "Something lies heavy on my stomach; as I was eating in haste I swallowed a ring which lay under the Queen's window." The servant at once seized her by the neck, carried her to the kitchen, and said to the cook, "Here is a fine duck; pray kill her." "Yes," said the cook, and weighed her in his hand; "she has spared no trouble to fatten herself, and has been waiting to be roasted long enough." So he cut off her

head, and as she was being dressed for the spit, the Queen's ring was found inside her.

The servant could now easily prove his innocence; and the King, to make amends for the wrong, allowed him to ask a favour, and promised him the best place in the court that he could wish for. The servant refused everything, and only asked for a horse and some money for travelling, as he had a mind to see the world and go about a little.

When his request was granted he set out on his way, and one day came to a pond, where he saw three fishes caught in the reeds and gasping for water. Now, though it is said that fishes are dumb, he heard them lamenting that they must perish so miserably, and, as he had a kind heart, he got off his horse and put the three prisoners back into the water. They quivered with delight, put out their heads, and cried to him, "We will remember you and repay you for saving us!"

He rode on, and after a while it seemed to him that he heard a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and heard an ant-king complain, "Why cannot folks, with their clumsy beasts, keep off our bodies? That stupid horse, with his heavy hoofs, has been treading down my people without mercy!" So he turned on to a side path and the ant-king cried out to him, "We will remember you—one good turn deserves another!"

The path led him into a wood, and there he saw two old ravens standing by their nest, and throwing out their young ones. "Out with you, you idle, good-for-nothing creatures!" cried they; "we cannot find food for you any longer; you are big enough, and can provide for yourselves." But the poor young ravens lay upon the ground flapping their wings, and crying, "Oh, what helpless chicks we are! We must shift for ourselves, and yet we cannot fly! What can we do, but lie here and starve?" So the good young fellow alighted and killed his horse with his sword, and gave it to them for food. Then they came hopping up to it, satisfied their hunger, and cried, "We will remember you—one good turn deserves another!"

And now he had to use his own legs, and when he had walked a long way, he came to a large city. There was a great noise and crowd in the streets, and a man rode up on horseback, crying aloud, "The King's daughter wants

a husband ; but whoever sues for her hand must perform a hard task, and if he does not succeed he will forfeit his life." Many had already made the attempt, but in vain ; nevertheless when the youth saw the King's daughter he was so overcome by her great beauty that he forgot all danger, went before the King, and declared himself a suitor.

So he was led out to the sea, and a gold ring was thrown into it, in his sight ; then the King ordered him to fetch this ring up from the bottom of the sea, and added, "If you come up again without it you will be thrown in again and again until you perish amid the waves." All the people grieved for the handsome youth ; then they went away, leaving him alone by the sea.

He stood on the shore and considered what he should do, when suddenly he saw three fishes come swimming towards him, and they were the very fishes whose lives he had saved. The one in the middle held a mussel in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the youth's feet, and when he had taken it up and opened it, there lay the gold ring in the shell. Full of joy he took it to the King, and expected that he would grant him the promised reward.

But when the proud princess perceived that he was not her equal in birth, she scorned him, and required him first to perform another task. She went down into the garden and strewed with her own hands ten sacks-full of millet-seed on the grass : then she said, "To-morrow morning before sunrise these must be picked up, and not a single grain be wanting."

The youth sat down in the garden and considered how it might be possible to perform this task, but he could think of nothing, and there he sat sorrowfully awaiting the break of day, when he should be led to death. But as soon as the first rays of the sun shone into the garden he saw all the ten sacks standing side by side, quite full, and not a single grain was missing. The ant-king had come in the night with thousands and thousands of ants, and the grateful creatures had by great industry picked up all the millet-seed and gathered them into the sacks.

Presently the King's daughter herself came down into the garden, and was amazed to see that the young man had done the task she had given him. But she

could not yet conquer her proud heart, and said, "Although he has performed both the tasks, he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the Tree of Life."

The youth did not know where the Tree of Life stood, but he set out, and would have gone on for ever, as long as his legs would carry him, though he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three kingdoms, he came one evening to a wood, and lay down under a tree to sleep. But he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three ravens flew down to him, perched themselves upon his knee, and said, "We are the three young ravens whom you saved from starving; when we had grown big, and heard that you were seeking the Golden Apple, we flew over the sea to the end of the world, where the Tree of Life stands, and have brought you the apple." The youth, full of joy, set out homewards, and took the Golden Apple to the King's beautiful daughter, who had now no more excuses left to make. They cut the Apple of Life in two and ate it together; and then her heart became full of love for him, and they lived in undisturbed happiness to a great age.

18.—THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

IN a village dwelt a poor old woman, who had gathered together a dish of beans and wanted to cook them. So she made a fire on her hearth, and that it might burn the quicker, she lighted it with a handful of straw. When she was emptying the beans into the pan, one dropped without her observing it, and lay on the ground beside a straw, and soon afterwards a burning coal from the fire leapt down to the two. Then the straw began and said, "Dear friends, from whence do you come here?" The coal replied, "I fortunately sprang out of the fire, and if I had not escaped by main force, my death would

have been certain,—I should have been burnt to ashes.” The bean said, “I too have escaped with a whole skin, but if the old woman had got me into the pan, I should have been made into broth without any mercy, like my comrades.” “And would a better fate have fallen to my lot?” said the straw. “The old woman has destroyed all my brethren in fire and smoke; she seized sixty of them at once, and took their lives. I luckily slipped through her fingers.”

“But what are we to do now?” said the coal.

“I think,” answered the bean, “that as we have so fortunately escaped death, we should keep together like good companions, and lest a new mischance should overtake us here, we should go away together, and repair to a foreign country.”

The proposition pleased the two others, and they set out on their way in company. Soon, however, they came to a little brook, and as there was no bridge or foot-plank, they did not know how they were to get over it. The straw hit on a good idea, and said, “I will lay myself straight across, and then you can walk over on me as on a bridge.” The straw therefore stretched itself from one bank to the other, and the coal, who was of an impetuous disposition, tripped quite boldly on to the newly-built bridge. But when she had reached the middle, and heard the water rushing beneath her, she was, after all, afraid, and stood still, and ventured no farther. The straw, however, began to burn, broke in two pieces, and fell into the stream. The coal slipped after her, hissed when she got into the water, and breathed her last. The bean, who had prudently stayed behind on the shore, could not but laugh at the event, was unable to stop, and laughed so heartily that she burst. It would have been all over with her, likewise, if, by good fortune, a tailor who was travelling in search of work had not sat down to rest by the brook. As he had a compassionate heart he pulled out his needle and thread, and sewed her together. The bean thanked him most prettily, but as the tailor used black thread, all beans since then have a black seam.

19.—THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.*

THERE was once on a time a Fisherman who lived with his wife in a miserable hovel close by the sea, and every day he went out fishing. And once as he was sitting with his rod, looking at the clear water, his line suddenly went down, far down below, and when he drew it up again, he brought out a large Flounder. Then the Flounder said to him, "Hark, you Fisherman, I pray you, let me live, I am no Flounder really, but an enchanted prince. What good will it do you to kill me? I should not be good to eat, put me in the water again, and let me go." "Come," said the Fisherman, "there is no need for so many words about it—a fish that can talk I should certainly let go, anyhow," with that he put him back again into the clear water, and the Flounder went to the bottom, leaving a long streak of blood behind him. Then the Fisherman got up and went home to his wife in the hovel.

"Husband," said the woman, "have you caught nothing to-day?" "No," said the man, "I did catch a Flounder, who said he was an enchanted prince, so I let him go again." "Did you not wish for anything first?" said the woman. "No," said the man; "what should I wish for?" "Ah," said the woman, "it is surely hard to have to live always in this dirty hovel; you might have wished for a small cottage for us. Go back and call him. Tell him we want to have a small cottage, he will certainly give us that." "Ah," said the man, "why should I go there again?" "Why," said the woman, "you did catch him, and you let him go again; he is sure to do it. Go at once." The man still did not quite like to go, but did not like to oppose his wife, and went to the sea.

When he got there the sea was all green and yellow, and no longer so smooth; so he stood and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Isabel,†
Wills not as I'd have her will."

* According to the late William Howitt, this story was communicated to the Brothers Grimm by Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson, who had it from an old woman. See 'Diary of H. C. Robinson.'—TR.

† Isabel.—TR.

Then the Flounder came swimming to him and said, "Well, what does she want, then?" "Ah," said the man, "I did catch you, and my wife says I really ought to have wished for something. She does not like to live in a wretched hovel any longer; she would like to have a cottage." "Go, then," said the Flounder, "she has it already."

When the man went home, his wife was no longer in the hovel, but instead of it there stood a small cottage, and she was sitting on a bench before the door. Then she took him by the hand and said to him, "Just come inside, look, now isn't this a great deal better?" So they went in, and there was a small porch, and a pretty little parlour and bedroom, and a kitchen and pantry, with the best of furniture, and fitted up with the most beautiful things made of tin and brass, whatsoever was wanted. And behind the cottage there was a small yard, with hens and ducks, and a little garden with flowers and fruit. "Look," said the wife, "is not that nice!" "Yes," said the husband, "and so we must always think it,—now we will live quite contented." "We will think about that," said the wife. With that they ate something and went to bed.

Everything went well for a week or a fortnight, and then the woman said, "Hark you, husband, this cottage is far too small for us, and the garden and yard are little; the Flounder might just as well have given us a larger house. I should like to live in a great stone castle; go to the Flounder, and tell him to give us a castle." "Ah, wife," said the man, "the cottage is quite good enough; why should we live in a castle?" "What!" said the woman; "just go there, the Flounder can always do that." "No, wife," said the man, "the Flounder has just given us the cottage, I do not like to go back so soon, it might make him angry." "Go," said the woman, "he can do it quite easily, and will be glad to do it; just you go to him."

The man's heart grew heavy, and he would not go. He said to himself, "It is not right," and yet he went. And when he came to the sea the water was quite purple and dark-blue, and grey and thick, and no longer so

green and yellow, but it was still quiet. And he stood there and said—

“Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will.”

“Well, what does she want, then?” said the Flounder. “Alas,” said the man, half scared, “she wants to live in a great stone castle.” “Go to it, then, she is standing before the door,” said the Flounder.

Then the man went away, intending to go home, but when he got there, he found a great stone palace, and his wife was just standing on the steps going in, and she took him by the hand and said, “Come in.” So he went in with her, and in the castle was a great hall paved with marble, and many servants, who flung wide the doors; and the walls were all bright with beautiful hangings, and in the rooms were chairs and tables of pure gold, and crystal chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and all the rooms and bed-rooms had carpets, and food and wine of the very best were standing on all the tables so that they nearly broke down beneath it. Behind the house, too, there was a great court-yard, with stables for horses and cows, and the very best of carriages; there was a magnificent large garden, too, with the most beautiful flowers and fruit-trees, and a park quite half a mile long, in which were stags, deer, and hares, and everything that could be desired. “Come,” said the woman, “isn't that beautiful?” “Yes, indeed,” said the man, “now let it be; and we will live in this beautiful castle and be content.” “We will consider about that,” said the woman, “and sleep upon it;” there-upon they went to bed.

Next morning the wife awoke first, and it was just daybreak, and from her bed she saw the beautiful country lying before her. Her husband was still stretching himself, so she poked him in the side with her elbow, and said, “Get up, husband, and just peep out of the window. Look you, couldn't we be the King over all that land? Go to the Flounder, we will be the King.” “Ah,

wife," said the man, "why should we be King? I do not want to be King." "Well," said the wife, "if you won't be King, I will; go to the Flounder, for I will be King." "Ah, wife," said the man, "why do you want to be King? I do not like to say that to him." "Why not?" said the woman; "go to him this instant; I must be King!" So the man went, and was quite unhappy because his wife wished to be King. "It is not right; it is not right," thought he. He did not wish to go, but yet he went.

And when he came to the sea, it was quite dark-grey, and the water heaved up from below, and smelt putrid. Then he went and stood by it, and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said the man, "she wants to be King." "Go to her; she is King already."

So the man went, and when he came to the palace, the castle had become much larger, and had a great tower and magnificent ornaments, and the sentinel was standing before the door, and there were numbers of soldiers with kettle-drums and trumpets. And when he went inside the house, everything was of real marble and gold, with velvet covers and great golden tassels. Then the doors of the hall were opened, and there was the court in all its splendour, and his wife was sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a great crown of gold on her head, and a sceptre of pure gold and jewels in her hand, and on both sides of her stood her maids-in-waiting in a row, each of them always one head shorter than the last.

Then he went and stood before her, and said, "Ah, wife, and now you are King." "Yes," said the woman, "now I am King." So he stood and looked at her, and when he had looked at her thus for some time, he said, "And now that you are King, let all else be, now we will wish for nothing more." "Nay, husband," said the woman, quite anxiously, "I find time pass very heavily, I can bear it no longer; go to the Flounder—I am King, but I must be Emperor, too." "Alas, wife, why do you

wish to be Emperor?" "Husband," said she, "go to the Flounder. I will be Emperor." "Alas, wife," said the man, "he cannot make you Emperor; I may not say that to the fish. There is only one Emperor in the land. An Emperor the Flounder cannot make you! I assure you he cannot."

"What!" said the woman, "I am the King, and you are nothing but my husband; will you go this moment? go at once! If he can make a king he can make an emperor. I will be Emperor; go instantly." So he was forced to go. As the man went, however, he was troubled in mind, and thought to himself, "It will not end well; it will not end well! Emperor is too shameless! The Flounder will at last be tired out."

With that he reached the sea, and the sea was quite black and thick, and began to boil up from below, so that it threw up bubbles, and such a sharp wind blew over it that it curdled, and the man was afraid. Then he went and stood by it, and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas, Flounder," said he, "my wife wants to be Emperor." "Go to her," said the Flounder; "she is Emperor already."

So the man went, and when he got there the whole palace was made of polished marble with alabaster figures and golden ornaments, and soldiers were marching before the door blowing trumpets, and beating cymbals and drums; and in the house, barons, and counts, and dukes were going about as servants. Then they opened the doors to him, which were of pure gold. And when he entered, there sat his wife on a throne, which was made of one piece of gold, and was quite two miles high; and she wore a great golden crown that was three yards high, and set with diamonds and carbuncles, and in one hand she had the sceptre, and in the other the imperial orb; and on both sides of her stood the yeomen of the guard in two rows, each being smaller than the one before him.

from the biggest giant, who was two miles high, to the very smallest dwarf, just as big as my little finger. And before it stood a number of princes and dukes.

Then the man went and stood among them, and said, "Wife, are you Emperor now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am Emperor." Then he stood and looked at her well, and when he had looked at her thus for some time, he said, "Ah, wife, be content, now that you are Emperor." "Husband," said she, "why are you standing there? Now, I am Emperor, but I will be Pope too; go to the Flounder." "Alas, wife," said the man, "what will you not wish for? You cannot be Pope; there is but one in Christendom; he cannot make you Pope." "Husband," said she, "I will be Pope; go immediately, I must be Pope this very day." "No, wife," said the man, "I do not like to say that to him; that would not do, it is too much; the Flounder can't make you Pope." "Husband," said she, "what nonsense! if he can make an emperor he can make a pope. Go to him directly. I am Emperor, and you are nothing but my husband; will you go at once?"

Then he was afraid and went; but he was quite faint, and shivered and shook, and his knees and legs trembled. And a high wind blew over the land, and the clouds flew, and towards evening all grew dark, and the leaves fell from the trees, and the water rose and roared as if it were boiling, and splashed upon the shore; and in the distance he saw ships which were firing guns in their sore need, pitching and tossing on the waves. And yet in the midst of the sky there was still a small bit of blue, though on every side it was as red as in a heavy storm. So, full of despair, he went and stood in much fear and said,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said the man, "she wants to be Pope." "Go to her then," said the Flounder; "she is Pope already."

So he went, and when he got there, he saw what seemed to be a large church surrounded by palaces. He pushed

his way through the crowd. Inside, however, everything was lighted up with thousands and thousands of candles, and his wife was clad in gold, and she was sitting on a much higher throne, and had three great golden crowns on, and round about her there was much ecclesiastical splendour; and on both sides of her was a row of candles the largest of which was as tall as the very tallest tower, down to the very smallest kitchen candle, and all the emperors and kings were on their knees before her, kissing her shoe. "Wife," said the man, and looked attentively at her, "are you now Pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am Pope." So he stood and looked at her, and it was just as if he was looking at the bright sun. When he had stood looking at her thus for a short time, he said, "Ah, wife, if you are Pope, do let well alone!" But she looked as stiff as a post, and did not move or show any signs of life. Then said he, "Wife, now that you are Pope, be satisfied, you cannot become anything greater now." "I will consider about that," said the woman. Thereupon they both went to bed, but she was not satisfied, and greediness let her have no sleep, for she was continually thinking what there was left for her to be.

The man slept well and soundly, for he had run about a great deal during the day; but the woman could not fall asleep at all, and flung herself from one side to the other the whole night through, thinking always what more was left for her to be, but unable to call to mind anything else. At length the sun began to rise, and when the woman saw the red of dawn, she sat up in bed and looked at it. And when, through the window, she saw the sun thus rising, she said, "Cannot I, too, order the sun and moon to rise?" "Husband," said she, poking him in the ribs with her elbows, "wake up! go to the Flounder, for I wish to be even as God is." The man was still half asleep, but he was so horrified that he fell out of bed. He thought he must have heard amiss, and rubbed his eyes, and said, "Alas, wife, what are you saying?" "Husband," said she, "if I can't order the sun and moon to rise, and have to look on and see the sun and moon rising, I can't bear it. I shall not know what it is to have another happy hour, unless I can make them

rise myself." Then she looked at him so terribly that a shudder ran over him, and said, "Go at once; I wish to be like unto God." "Alas, wife," said the man, falling on his knees before her, "the Flounder cannot do that; he can make an emperor and a pope; I beseech you, go on as you are, and be Pope." Then she fell into a rage, and her hair flew wildly about her head, and she cried, "I will not endure this, I'll not bear it any longer; wilt thou go?" Then he put on his trousers and ran away like a madman. But outside a great storm was raging, and blowing so hard that he could scarcely keep his feet; houses and trees toppled over, the mountains trembled, rocks rolled into the sea, the sky was pitch black, and it thundered and lightened, and the sea came in with black waves as high as church-towers and mountains, and all with crests of white foam at the top. Then he cried, but could not hear his own words,

"Flounder, flounder in the sea,
Come, I pray thee, here to me;
For my wife, good Ilsabil,
Wills not as I'd have her will."

"Well, what does she want, then?" said the Flounder. "Alas," said he, "she wants to be like unto God." "Go to her, and you will find her back again in the dirty hovel." And there they are living still at this very time.

20.—THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.

ONE summer's morning a little tailor was sitting on his table by the window; he was in good spirits, and sewed with all his might. Then came a peasant woman down the street crying, "Good jams, cheap! Good jams, cheap!" This rang pleasantly in the tailor's ears; he stretched his delicate head out of the window, and called, "Come up here, dear woman; here you will get rid of your goods." The woman came up the three steps to the tailor with her heavy basket, and he made her unpack the whole of the pots for him. He inspected all of them, lifted them up, put his nose to them, and at length said, "The jam seems to me to be good, so weigh

me out four ounces, dear woman, and if it is a quarter of a pound that is of no consequence." The woman who had hoped to find a good sale, gave him what he desired, but went away quite angry and grumbling. "Now, God bless the jam to my use," cried the little tailor, "and give me health and strength;" so he brought the bread out of the cupboard, cut himself a piece right across the loaf and spread the jam over it. "This won't taste bitter," said he, "but I will just finish the jacket before I take a bite." He laid the bread near him, sewed on, and in his joy, made bigger and bigger stitches. In the meantime the smell of the sweet jam ascended so to the wall, where the flies were sitting in great numbers, that they were attracted and descended on it in hosts. "Hola! who invited you?" said the little tailor, and drove the unbidden guests away. The flies, however, who understood no German, would not be turned away, but came back again in ever-increasing companies. Then the little tailor at last lost all patience, and got a bit of cloth from the hole under his work-table, and saying, "Wait, and I will give it to you," struck it mercilessly on them. When he drew it away and counted, there lay before him no fewer than seven, dead and with legs stretched out. "Art thou a fellow of that sort?" said he, and could not help admiring his own bravery. "The whole town shall know of this!" And the little tailor hastened to cut himself a girdle, stitched it, and embroidered on it in large letters, "Seven at one stroke!" "What, the town!" he continued, "The whole world shall hear of it!" and his heart wagged with joy like a lamb's tail. The tailor put on the girdle, and resolved to go forth into the world, because he thought his workshop was too small for his valour. Before he went away, he sought about in the house to see if there was anything which he could take with him; however, he found nothing but an old cheese, and that he put in his pocket. In front of the door he observed a bird which had caught itself in the thicket. It had to go into his pocket with the cheese. Now he took to the road boldly, and as he was light and nimble, he felt no fatigue. The road led him up a mountain, and when he had reached the highest point of it, there sat a

powerful giant looking about him quite comfortably. The little tailor went bravely up, spoke to him, and said, "Good day, comrade, so thou art sitting there overlooking the wide-spread world! I am just on my way thither, and want to try my luck. Hast thou any inclination to go with me?" The giant looked contemptuously at the tailor, and said, "Thou ragamuffin! Thou miserable creature!"

"Oh, indeed?" answered the little tailor, and unbuttoned his coat, and showed the giant the girdle, "There mayst thou read what kind of a man I am!" The giant read, "Seven at one stroke," and thought that they had been men whom the tailor had killed, and began to feel a little respect for the tiny fellow. Nevertheless, he wished to try him first, and took a stone in his hand and squeezed it together so that water dropped out of it. "Do that likewise," said the giant, "if thou hast strength?" "Is that all?" said the tailor, "that is child's play with us!" and put his hand into his pocket, brought out the soft cheese, and pressed it until the liquid ran out of it. "Faith," said he, "that was a little better, wasn't it?" The giant did not know what to say, and could not believe it of the little man. Then the giant picked up a stone and threw it so high that the eye could scarcely follow it. "Now, little mite of a man, do that likewise." "Well thrown," said the tailor, "but after all the stone came down to earth again; I will throw you one which shall never come back at all," and he put his hand into his pocket, took out the bird, and threw it into the air. The bird, delighted with its liberty, rose, flew away and did not come back. "How does that shot please you, comrade?" asked the tailor. "Thou canst certainly throw," said the giant, "but now we will see if thou art able to carry anything properly." He took the little tailor to a mighty oak tree which lay there felled on the ground, and said, "If thou art strong enough, help me to carry the tree out of the forest." "Readily," answered the little man; "take thou the trunk on thy shoulders, and I will raise up the branches and twigs; after all, they are the heaviest." The giant took the trunk on his shoulder, but the tailor seated himself on a branch, and the giant who could not look round, had to carry away the whole tree;

and the little tailor into the bargain : he behind, was quite merry and happy, and whistled the song, "Three tailors rode forth from the gate," as if carrying the tree were child's play. The giant, after he had dragged the heavy burden part of the way, could go no further, and cried, "Hark you, I shall have to let the tree fall!" The tailor sprang nimbly down, seized the tree with both arms as if he had been carrying it, and said to the giant, "Thou art such a great fellow, and yet canst not even carry the tree!"

They went on together, and as they passed a cherry-tree, the giant laid hold of the top of the tree where the ripest fruit was hanging, bent it down, gave it into the tailor's hand, and bade him eat. But the little tailor was much too weak to hold the tree, and when the giant let it go, it sprang back again, and the tailor was hurried into the air with it. When he had fallen down again without injury, the giant said, "What is this? Hast thou not strength enough to hold the weak twig?" "There is no lack of strength," answered the little tailor. "Dost thou think that could be anything to a man who has struck down seven at one blow? I leapt over the tree because the huntsmen are shooting down there in the thicket. Jump as I did, if thou canst do it." The giant made the attempt, but could not get over the tree, and remained hanging in the branches, so that in this also the tailor kept the upper hand.

The giant said, "If thou art such a valiant fellow, come with me into our cavern and spend the night with us." The little tailor was willing, and followed him. When they went into the cave, other giants were sitting there by the fire, and each of them had a roasted sheep in his hand and was eating it. The little tailor looked round and thought, "It is much more spacious here than in my workshop." The giant showed him a bed, and said he was to lie down in it and sleep. The bed was, however, too big for the little tailor; he did not lie down in it, but crept into a corner. When it was midnight, and the giant thought that the little tailor was lying in a sound sleep, he got up, took a great iron bar, cut through the bed with one blow, and thought he had given the grasshopper his finishing stroke. With the earliest dawn the giants went

into the forest, and had quite forgotten the little tailor, when all at once he walked up to them quite merrily and boldly. The giants were terrified, they were afraid that he would strike them all dead, and ran away in a great hurry.

The little tailor went onwards, always following his own pointed nose. After he had walked for a long time, he came to the court-yard of a royal palace, and as he felt weary, he lay down on the grass and fell asleep. Whilst he lay there, the people came and inspected him on all sides, and read on his girdle, "Seven at one stroke." "Ah!" said they, "What does the great warrior here in the midst of peace? He must be a mighty lord." They went and announced him to the King, and gave it as their opinion that if war should break out, this would be a weighty and useful man who ought on no account to be allowed to depart. The counsel pleased the King, and he sent one of his courtiers to the little tailor to offer him military service when he awoke. The ambassador remained standing by the sleeper, waited until he stretched his limbs and opened his eyes, and then conveyed to him this proposal. "For this very reason have I come here," the tailor replied, "I am ready to enter the King's service." He was therefore honourably received, and a separate dwelling was assigned him.

The soldiers, however, were set against the little tailor, and wished him a thousand miles away. "What is to be the end of this?" they said amongst themselves. "If we quarrel with him, and he strikes about him, seven of us will fall at every blow; not one of us can stand against him." They came therefore to a decision, betook themselves in a body to the King, and begged for their dismissal. "We are not prepared," said they, "to stay with a man who kills seven at one stroke." The King was sorry that for the sake of one he should lose all his faithful servants, wished that he had never set eyes on the tailor, and would willingly have been rid of him again. But he did not venture to give him his dismissal, for he dreaded lest he should strike him and all his people dead, and place himself on the royal throne. He thought about it for a long time, and at last found good counsel. He

sent to the little tailor and caused him to be informed that as he was such a great warrior, he had one request to make to him. In a forest of his country lived two giants, who caused great mischief with their robbing, murdering, ravaging, and burning, and no one could approach them without putting himself in danger of death. If the tailor conquered and killed these two giants, he would give him his only daughter to wife, and half of his kingdom as a dowry, likewise one hundred horsemen should go with him to assist him. "That would indeed be a fine thing for a man like me!" thought the little tailor. "One is not offered a beautiful princess and half a kingdom every day of one's life!" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will soon subdue the giants, and do not require the help of the hundred horsemen to do it; he who can hit seven with one blow, has no need to be afraid of two."

The little tailor went forth, and the hundred horsemen followed him. When he came to the outskirts of the forest, he said to his followers, "Just stay waiting here, I alone will soon finish off the giants." Then he bounded into the forest and looked about right and left. After a while he perceived both giants. They lay sleeping under a tree, and snored so that the branches waved up and down. The little tailor, not idle, gathered two pocketsful of stones, and with these climbed up the tree. When he was half-way up, he slipped down by a branch, until he sat just above the sleepers, and then let one stone after another fall on the breast of one of the giants. For a long time the giant felt nothing, but at last he awoke, pushed his comrade, and said, "Why art thou knocking me?" "Thou must be dreaming," said the other, "I am not knocking thee." They laid themselves down to sleep again, and then the tailor threw a stone down on the second. "What is the meaning of this?" cried the other. "Why art thou pelting me?" "I am not pelting thee," answered the first, growling. They disputed about it for a time, but as they were weary they let the matter rest, and their eyes closed once more. The little tailor began his game again, picked out the biggest stone, and threw it with all his might on the breast of the first giant. "That is too bad!" cried he, and sprang

up like a madman, and pushed his companion against the tree until it shook. The other paid him back in the same coin, and they got into such a rage that they tore up trees and belaboured each other so long, that at last they both fell down dead on the ground at the same time. Then the little tailor leapt down. "It is a lucky thing," said he, "that they did not tear up the tree on which I was sitting, or I should have had to spring on to another like a squirrel; but we tailors are nimble." He drew out his sword and gave each of them a couple of thrusts in the breast, and then went out to the horsemen and said, "The work is done; I have given both of them their finishing stroke, but it was hard work! They tore up trees in their sore need, and defended themselves with them, but all that is to no purpose when a man like myself comes, who can kill seven at one blow." "But are you not wounded?" asked the horsemen. "You need not concern yourself about that," answered the tailor, "They have not bent one hair of mine." The horsemen would not believe him, and rode into the forest; there they found the giants swimming in their blood, and all round about, lay the torn-up trees.

The little tailor demanded of the King the promised reward; he, however, repented of his promise, and again bethought himself how he could get rid of the hero. "Before thou receivest my daughter, and the half of my kingdom," said he to him, "thou must perform one more heroic deed. In the forest roams a unicorn which does great harm, and thou must catch it first." "I fear one unicorn still less than two giants. Seven at one blow, is my kind of affair." He took a rope and an axe with him, went forth into the forest, and again bade those who weresent with him to wait outside. He had not to seek long. The unicorn soon came towards him, and rushed directly on the tailor, as if it would spit him on its horn without more ceremony. "Softly, softly; it can't be done as quickly as that," said he, and stood still and waited until the animal was quite close, and then sprang nimbly behind the tree. The unicorn ran against the tree with all its strength, and struck its horn so fast in the trunk that it had not strength enough to draw it out again, and

thus it was caught. "Now, I have got the bird," said the tailor, and came out from behind the tree and put the rope round its neck, and then with his axe he hewed the horn out of the tree, and when all was ready he led the beast away and took it to the King.

The King still would not give him the promised reward, and made a third demand. Before the wedding the tailor was to catch him a wild boar that made great havoc in the forest, and the huntsmen should give him their help. "Willingly," said the tailor, "that is child's play!" He did not take the huntsmen with him into the forest, and they were well pleased that he did not, for the wild boar had several times received them in such a manner that they had no inclination to lie in wait for him. When the boar perceived the tailor, it ran on him with foaming mouth and whetted tusks, and was about to throw him to the ground, but the active hero sprang into a chapel which was near, and up to the window at once, and in one bound out again. The boar ran in after him, but the tailor ran round outside and shut the door behind it, and then the raging beast, which was much too heavy and awkward to leap out of the window, was caught. The little tailor called the huntsmen thither that they might see the prisoner with their own eyes. The hero, however, went to the King, who was now, whether he liked it or not, obliged to keep his promise, and gave him his daughter and the half of his kingdom. Had he known that it was no warlike hero, but a little tailor who was standing before him, it would have gone to his heart still more than it did. The wedding was held with great magnificence and small joy, and out of a tailor a king was made.

After some time the young Queen heard her husband say in his dreams at night, "Boy, make me the doublet, and patch the pantaloons, or else I will rap the yard-measure over thine ears." Then she discovered in what state of life the young lord had been born, and next morning complained of her wrongs to her father, and begged him to help her to get rid of her husband, who was nothing else but a tailor. The King comforted her and said, "Leave thy bed-room door open this night, and

my servants shall stand outside, and when he has fallen asleep shall go in, bind him, and take him on board a ship which shall carry him into the wide world." The woman was satisfied with this; but the King's armour-bearer, who had heard all, was friendly with the young lord, and informed him of the whole plot. "I'll put a screw into that business," said the little tailor. At night he went to bed with his wife at the usual time, and when she thought that he had fallen asleep, she got up, opened the door, and then lay down again. The little tailor, who was only pretending to be asleep, began to cry out in a clear voice, "Boy, make me the doublet and patch me the pantaloons, or I will rap the yard-measure over thine ears. I smote seven at one blow. I killed two giants, I brought away one unicorn, and caught a wild boar, and am I to fear those who are standing outside the room." When these men heard the tailor speaking thus, they were overcome by a great dread, and ran as if the wild huntsman were behind them, and none of them would venture anything further against him. So the little tailor was a king and remained one, to the end of his life.

21.—CINDERELLA.

THE wife of a rich man fell sick, and as she felt that her end was drawing near, she called her only daughter to her bedside and said, "Dear child, be good and pious, and then the good God will always protect thee, and I will look down on thee from heaven and be near thee." Thereupon she closed her eyes and departed. Every day the maiden went out to her mother's grave and wept, and she remained pious and good. When winter came the snow spread a white sheet over the grave, and when the spring sun had drawn it off again, the man had taken another wife.

The woman had brought two daughters into the house with her, who were beautiful and fair of face, but vile and black of heart. Now began a bad time for the poor step-child. "Is the stupid goose to sit in the parlour with us?" said they. "He who wants to eat bread must

earn it; out with the kitchen-wench." They took her pretty clothes away from her, put an old grey bedgown on her, and gave her wooden shoes. "Just look at the proud princess, how decked out she is!" they cried, and laughed, and led her into the kitchen. There she had to do hard work from morning till night, get up before day-break, carry water, light fires, cook and wash. Besides this, the sisters did her every imaginable injury—they mocked her and emptied her peas and lentils into the ashes, so that she was forced to sit and pick them out again. In the evening when she had worked till she was weary she had no bed to go to, but had to sleep by the fireside in the ashes. And as on that account she always looked dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella. It happened that the father was once going to the fair, and he asked his two step-daughters what he should bring back for them. "Beautiful dresses," said one, "Pearls and jewels," said the second. "And thou, Cinderella," said he, "what wilt thou have?" "Father, break off for me the first branch which knocks against your hat on your way home." So he bought beautiful dresses, pearls and jewels for his two step-daughters, and on his way home, as he was riding through a green thicket, a hazel twig brushed against him and knocked off his hat. Then he broke off the branch and took it with him. When he reached home he gave his step-daughters the things which they had wished for, and to Cinderella he gave the branch from the hazel-bush. Cinderella thanked him, went to her mother's grave and planted the branch on it, and wept so much that the tears fell down on it and watered it. It grew, however, and became a handsome tree. Thrice a day Cinderella went and sat beneath it, and wept and prayed, and a little white bird always came on the tree, and if Cinderella expressed a wish, the bird threw down to her what she had wished for.

It happened, however, that the King appointed a festival which was to last three days, and to which all the beautiful young girls in the country were invited, in order that his son might choose himself a bride. When the two step-sisters heard that they too were to appear among the number, they were delighted, called Cinderella and

said, "Comb our hair for us, brush our shoes and fasten our buckles, for we are going to the festival at the King's palace." Cinderella obeyed, but wept, because she too would have liked to go with them to the dance, and begged her step-mother to allow her to do so. "Thou go, Cinderella!" said she; "Thou art dusty and dirty, and wouldst go to the festival? Thou hast no clothes and shoes, and yet wouldst dance!" As, however, Cinderella went on asking, the step-mother at last said, "I have emptied a dish of lentils into the ashes for thee, if thou hast picked them out again in two hours, thou shalt go with us." The maiden went through the back-door into the garden, and called, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come and help me to pick

"The good into the pot,
The bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at last all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the pigeons nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the rest began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good grains into the dish. Hardly had one hour passed before they had finished, and all flew out again. Then the girl took the dish to her step-mother, and was glad and believed that now she would be allowed to go with them to the festival. But the step-mother said, "No, Cinderella, thou hast no clothes and thou canst not dance; thou wouldst only be laughed at." And as Cinderella wept at this, the step-mother said, "If thou canst pick two dishes of lentils out of the ashes for me in one hour, thou shalt go with us." And she thought to herself, "That she most certainly cannot do." When the step-mother had emptied the two dishes of lentils amongst the ashes, the maiden went through the back-door into the garden and cried, "You tame pigeons, you turtle-doves, and all you birds under heaven, come and help me to pick

"The good into the pot,
The bad into the crop."

Then two white pigeons came in by the kitchen-window, and afterwards the turtle-doves, and at length all the birds beneath the sky, came whirring and crowding in, and alighted amongst the ashes. And the doves nodded with their heads and began pick, pick, pick, pick, and the others began also pick, pick, pick, pick, and gathered all the good seeds into the dishes, and before half an hour was over they had already finished, and all flew out again. Then the maiden carried the dishes to the step-mother and was delighted, and believed that she might now go with them to the festival. But the step-mother said, "All this will not help thee; thou goest not with us, for thou hast no clothes and canst not dance; we should be ashamed of thee!" On this she turned her back on Cinderella, and hurried away with her two proud daughters.

As no one was now at home, Cinderella went to her mother's grave beneath the hazel-tree, and cried,

"Shiver and quiver, little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me."

Then the bird threw a gold and silver dress down to her, and slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She put on the dress with all speed, and went to the festival. Her step-sisters and the step-mother however did not know her, and thought she must be a foreign princess, for she looked so beautiful in the golden dress. They never once thought of Cinderella, and believed that she was sitting at home in the dirt, picking lentils out of the ashes. The prince went to meet her, took her by the hand and danced with her. He would dance with no other maiden, and never left loose of her hand, and if any one else came to invite her, he said, "This is my partner."

She danced till it was evening, and then she wanted to go home. But the King's son said, "I will go with thee and bear thee company," for he wished to see to whom the beautiful maiden belonged. She escaped from him, however, and sprang into the pigeon-house. The King's son waited until her father came, and then he told him that the stranger maiden had leapt into the pigeon-house. The old man thought, "Can it be Cinderella?" and they had to bring him an axe and a pickaxe that he might hew

the pigeon-house to pieces, but no one was inside it when they got home Cinderella lay in her dirty among the ashes, and a dim little oil-lamp was b on the mantle-piece, for Cinderella had jumped q down from the back of the pigeon-house and had the little hazel-tree, and there she had taken a beautiful clothes and laid them on the grave, and th had taken them away again, and then she had j herself in the kitchen amongst the ashes in her gown.

Next day when the festival began afresh, and parents and the step-sisters had gone once more, Cinde went to the hazel-tree and said—

“Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me.”

Then the bird threw down a much more beautiful than on the preceding day. And when Cind appeared at the festival in this dress, every one astonished at her beauty. The King's son had w until she came, and instantly took her by the hand danced with no one but her. When others c invited her, he said, “She is my partner.” Whe came she wished to leave, and the King's son her and wanted to see into which house But she sprang away from him, and into behind the house. Therein stood a beautiful which hung the most magnificent pears. She s so nimbly between the branches like a squirrel King's son did not know where she was gone. I until her father came, and said to him, “The maiden has escaped from me, and I believe climbed up the pear-tree.” The father thought be Cinderella?” and had an axe brought and cu down, but no one was on it. And when they go kitchen, Cinderella lay there amongst the ashes, for she had jumped down on the other side of the a taken the beautiful dress to the bird on the little tree, and put on her grey gown.

On the third day, when the parents and sisters ha

Cinderella once more went to her mother's grave and to the little tree—

“Shiver and quiver, my little tree,
Silver and gold throw down over me.”

Now the bird threw down to her a dress which was splendid and magnificent than any she had yet had, the slippers were golden. And when she went to the festival in the dress, no one knew how to speak for astonishment. The King's son danced with her only, and when no one invited her to dance, he said, “She is my true bride.”

When evening came, Cinderella wished to leave, and the King's son was anxious to go with her, but she escaped him so quickly that he could not follow her. The King's son had, however, used a stratagem, and had caused the whole staircase to be smeared with pitch, and there, when she ran down, had the maiden's left slipper remained hanging. The King's son picked it up, and it was small and shiny, and all golden. Next morning, he went with his father, and said to him, “No one shall be my wife but she whose foot this golden slipper fits.” Then were the King's daughters glad, for they had pretty feet. The eldest daughter took the shoe into her room and wanted to try it on, the other stood by. But she could not get her big toe into the shoe and the shoe was too small for her. Then her father gave her a knife and said, “Cut the toe off; when thou art seen thou wilt have no more need to go on thy knees.” The maiden cut the toe off, forced the foot into the shoe, and allowed the pain, and went out to the King's son. He took her on his horse as his bride and rode away. They were, however, obliged to pass the grave, and when they were on the hazel-tree, sat the two pigeons and

“Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There's blood within the shoe,
The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you.”

The King looked at her foot and saw how the blood was coming from it. He turned his horse round and took his true bride home again, and said she was not the true

one, and that the other sister was to put the shoe on. Then this one went into her chamber and got her toes safely into the shoe, but her heel was too large. So her mother gave her a knife and said, "Cut a bit off thy heel; when thou art Queen thou wilt have no more need to go on foot." The maiden cut a bit off her heel, forced her foot into the shoe, swallowed the pain, and went out to the King's son. He took her on his horse as his bride, and rode away with her, but when they passed by the hazel-tree, two little pigeons sat on it and cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
There's blood within the shoe,
The shoe it is too small for her,
The true bride waits for you."

He looked down at her foot and saw how the blood was running out of her shoe, and how it had stained her white stocking. Then he turned his horse and took the false bride home again. "This also is not the right one," said he, "have you no other daughter?" "No," said the man, "There is still a little stunted kitchen-wench which my late wife left behind her, but she cannot possibly be the bride." The King's son said he was to send her up to him; but the mother answered, "Oh no, she is much too dirty, she cannot show herself!" He absolutely insisted on it, and Cinderella had to be called. She first washed her hands and face clean, and then went and bowed down before the King's son, who gave her the golden shoe. Then she seated herself on a stool, drew her foot out of the heavy wooden shoe, and put it into the slipper, which fitted like a glove. And when she rose up and the King's son looked at her face he recognized the beautiful maiden who had danced with him and cried, "That is the true bride!" The step-mother and the two sisters were terrified and became pale with rage; he, however, took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. As they passed by the hazel-tree, the two white doves cried,

"Turn and peep, turn and peep,
No blood is in the shoe,
The shoe is not too small for her,
The true bride rides with you,"

and when they had cried that, the two came flying down

and placed themselves on Cinderella's shoulders, one on the right, the other on the left, and remained sitting there.

When the wedding with the King's son had to be celebrated, the two false sisters came and wanted to get into favour with Cinderella and share her good fortune. When the betrothed couple went to church, the elder was at the right side and the younger at the left, and the pigeons pecked out one eye of each of them. Afterwards as they came back, the elder was at the left, and the younger at the right, and then the pigeons pecked out the other eye of each. And thus, for their wickedness and falsehood, they were punished with blindness as long as they lived.

22.—THE RIDDLE.

THERE was once a King's son who was seized with a desire to travel about the world, and took no one with him but a faithful servant. One day he came to a great forest, and when darkness overtook him he could find no shelter, and knew not where to pass the night. Then he saw a girl who was going towards a small house, and when he came nearer, he saw that the maiden was young and beautiful. He spoke to her, and said, "Dear child, can I and my servant find shelter for the night in the little house?" "Oh, yes," said the girl, in a sad voice, "that you certainly can, but I do not advise you to venture it. Do not go in." "Why not?" asked the King's son. The maiden sighed and said, "My step-mother practises wicked arts; she is ill-disposed to strangers." Then he saw very well that he had come to the house of a witch, but as it was dark, and he could not go farther, and also was not afraid, he entered. The old woman was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, and looked at the stranger with her red eyes. "Good evening," growled she, and pretended to be quite friendly. "Take a seat and rest yourselves." She blew up the fire on which she was cooking something in a small pot. The daughter warned the two to be prudent, to eat nothing, and drink nothing, for the old

woman brewed evil drinks. They slept quietly until early morning. When they were making ready for their departure, and the King's son was already seated on his horse, the old woman said, "Stop a moment, I will first hand you a parting draught." Whilst she fetched it, the King's son rode away, and the servant who had to buckle his saddle tight, was the only one there when the wicked witch came with the drink. "Take that to thy master," said she; but at that instant the glass broke and the poison spirted on the horse, and it was so strong that the animal immediately fell down dead. The servant ran after his master and told him what had happened, but would not leave his saddle behind him, and ran back to fetch it. When, however, he came to the dead horse, a raven was already sitting on it devouring it. "Who knows whether we shall find anything better to-day?" said the servant; so he killed the raven, and took it with him. And now they journeyed onwards into the forest the whole day, but could not get out of it. By nightfall they found an inn and entered it. The servant gave the raven to the innkeeper to make ready for supper. They had, however, stumbled on a den of murderers, and during the darkness twelve of these came, intending to kill the strangers and rob them. Before they set about this work, however, they sat down to supper, and the innkeeper and the witch sat down with them, and together they ate a dish of soup in which was cut up the flesh of the raven. Hardly, however, had they swallowed a couple of mouthfuls, before they all fell down dead, for the raven had communicated to them the poison from the horse-flesh. There was now no one else left in the house but the innkeeper's daughter, who was honest, and had taken no part in their godless deeds. She opened all doors to the stranger and showed him the heaped-up treasures. But the King's son said she might keep everything, he would have none of it, and rode onwards with his servant.

After they had travelled about for a long time, they came to a town in which was a beautiful but proud princess, who had caused it to be proclaimed that whosoever should set her a riddle which she could not guess, that man should be her husband; but if she guessed it, his

head must be cut off. She had three days to guess it in, but was so clever that she always found the answer to the riddle given her, before the appointed time. Nine suitors had already perished in this manner, when the King's son arrived, and, blinded by her great beauty, was willing to stake his life for it. Then he went to her and laid his riddle before her. "What is this?" said he, "One slew none, and yet slew twelve." She did not know what that was, she thought and thought, but she could not find out, she opened her riddle-books, but it was not in them—in short, her wisdom was at an end. As she did not know how to help herself, she ordered her maid to creep into the lord's sleeping-chamber, and listen to his dreams, and thought that he would perhaps speak in his sleep and discover the riddle. But the clever servant had placed himself in the bed instead of his master, and when the maid came there, he tore off from her the mantle in which she had wrapped herself, and chased her out with rods. The second night the King's daughter sent her maid-in-waiting, who was to see if she could succeed better in listening, but the servant took her mantle also away from her, and hunted her out with rods. Now the master believed himself safe for the third night, and lay down in his own bed. Then came the princess herself, and she had put on a misty-grey mantle, and she seated herself near him. And when she thought that he was asleep and dreaming, she spoke to him, and hoped that he would answer in his sleep, as many do, but he was awake, and understood and heard everything quite well. Then she asked, "One slew none, what is that?" He replied, "A raven, which ate of a dead and poisoned horse, and died of it." She inquired further, "And yet slew twelve, what is that?" He answered, "That means twelve murderers, who ate the raven and died of it."

When she knew the answer to the riddle she wanted to steal away, but he held her mantle so fast that she was forced to leave it behind her. Next morning, the King's daughter announced that she had guessed the riddle, and sent for the twelve judges and expounded it before them. But the youth begged for a hearing, and said, "She stole into my room in the night and questioned me, otherwise

she could not have discovered it." The judges said, "Bring us a proof of this." Then were the three mantles brought thither by the servant, and when the judges saw the misty-grey one which the King's daughter usually wore, they said, "Let the mantle be embroidered with gold and silver, and then it will be your wedding-mantle."

23.—THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

ONCE on a time a mouse, a bird, and a sausage became companions, kept house together, lived well and happily with each other, and wonderfully increased their possessions. The bird's work was to fly every day into the forest and bring back wood. The mouse had to carry water, light the fire, and lay the table, but the sausage had to cook.

He who is too well off is always longing for something new. One day, therefore, the bird met with another bird, on the way, to whom it related its excellent circumstances and boasted of them. The other bird, however, called it a poor simpleton for its hard work, but said that the two at home had good times. For when the mouse had made her fire and carried her water, she went into her little room to rest until they called her to lay the cloth. The sausage stayed by the pot, saw that the food was cooking well, and, when it was nearly time for dinner, it rolled itself once or twice through the broth or vegetables and then they were buttered, salted, and ready. When the bird came home and laid his burden down, they sat down to dinner, and after they had had their meal, they slept their fill till next morning, and that was a splendid life.

Next day the bird, prompted by the other bird, would go no more into the wood, saying that he had been servant long enough, and had been made a fool of by them, and that they must change about for once, and try to arrange it in another way. And, though the mouse and the sausage also begged most earnestly, the bird would

have his way, and said it must be tried. They cast lots about it, and the lot fell on the sausage who was to carry wood, the mouse became cook, and the bird was to fetch water.

What happened? The little sausage went out towards the wood, the little bird lighted the fire, the mouse stayed by the pot and waited alone until little sausage came home and brought wood for next day. But the little sausage stayed so long on the road that they both feared something was amiss, and the bird flew out a little way in the air to meet it. Not far off, however, it met a dog on the road who had fallen on the poor sausage as lawful booty, and had seized and swallowed it. The bird charged the dog with an act of barefaced robbery, but it was in vain to speak, for the dog said he had found forged letters on the sausage, on which account its life was forfeited to him.

The bird sadly took up the wood, flew home, and related what he had seen and heard. They were much troubled, but agreed to do their best and remain together. The bird therefore laid the cloth, and the mouse made ready the food, and wanted to dress it, and to get into the pot as the sausage used to do, and roll and creep amongst the vegetables to mix them; but before she got into the midst of them she was stopped, and lost her skin and hair and life in the attempt.

When the bird came to carry up the dinner, no cook was there. In its distress the bird threw the wood here and there, called and searched, but no cook was to be found! Owing to his carelessness the wood caught fire, so a conflagration ensued, the bird hastened to fetch water, and then the bucket dropped from his claws into the well, and he fell down with it, and could not recover himself, but had to drown there.

24.—MOTHER HOLLE.

THERE was once a widow who had two daughters—one of whom was pretty and industrious, whilst the other was ugly and idle. But she was much fonder of the ugly and

idle one, because she was her own daughter; and the other, who was a step-daughter, was obliged to do all the work, and be the Cinderella of the house. Every day the poor girl had to sit by a well, in the highway, and spin and spin till her fingers bled.

Now it happened that one day the shuttle was marked with her blood, so she dipped it in the well, to wash the mark off; but it dropped out of her hand and fell to the bottom. She began to weep, and ran to her step-mother and told her of the mishap. But she scolded her sharply, and was so merciless as to say, "Since you have let the shuttle fall in, you must fetch it out again."

So the girl went back to the well, and did not know what to do; and in the sorrow of her heart she jumped into the well to get the shuttle. She lost her senses; and when she awoke and came to herself again, she was in a lovely meadow where the sun was shining and many thousands of flowers were growing. Along this meadow she went, and at last came to a baker's oven full of bread, and the bread cried out, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I have been baked a long time!" So she went up to it, and took out all the loaves one after another with the bread-shovel. After that she went on till she came to a tree covered with apples, which called out to her, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!" So she shook the tree till the apples fell like rain, and went on shaking till they were all down, and when she had gathered them into a heap, she went on her way.

At last she came to a little house, out of which an old woman peeped; but she had such large teeth that the girl was frightened, and was about to run away.

But the old woman called out to her, "What are you afraid of, dear child? Stay with me; if you will do all the work in the house properly, you shall be the better for it. Only you must take care to make my bed well, and to shake it thoroughly till the feathers fly—for then there is snow on the earth. I am Mother Holle."*

As the old woman spoke so kindly to her, the girl took

* Thus in Hesse, when it snows, they say, "Mother Holle is making her bed."

courage and agreed to enter her service. She attended to everything to the satisfaction of her mistress, and always shook her bed so vigorously that the feathers flew about like snow-flakes. So she had a pleasant life with her; never an angry word; and boiled or roast meat every day.

She stayed some time with Mother Holle, and then she became sad. At first she did not know what was the matter with her, but found at length that it was homesickness: although she was many thousand times better off here than at home, still she had a longing to be there. At last she said to the old woman, "I have a longing for home; and however well off I am down here, I cannot stay any longer; I must go up again to my own people." Mother Holle said, "I am pleased that you long for your home again, and as you have served me so truly, I myself will take you up again." Thereupon she took her by the hand, and led her to a large door. The door was opened, and just as the maiden was standing beneath the doorway, a heavy shower of golden rain fell, and all the gold remained sticking to her, so that she was completely covered over with it.

"You shall have that because you are so industrious," said Mother Holle; and at the same time she gave her back the shuttle which she had let fall into the well. Thereupon the door closed, and the maiden found herself up above upon the earth, not far from her mother's house.

And as she went into the yard the cock was standing by the well-side, and cried—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your golden girl's come back to you!"

So she went in to her mother, and as she arrived thus covered with gold, she was well received, both by her and her sister.

The girl told all that had happened to her; and as soon as the mother heard how she had come by so much wealth, she was very anxious to obtain the same good luck for the ugly and lazy daughter. She had to seat herself by the well and spin; and in order that her shuttle might be stained with blood, she stuck her hand into a thorn

bush and pricked her finger. Then she threw her shuttle into the well, and jumped in after it.

She came, like the other, to the beautiful meadow and walked along the very same path. When she got to the oven the bread again cried, "Oh, take me out! take me out! or I shall burn; I have been baked a long time!" But the lazy thing answered, "As if I had any wish to make myself dirty?" and on she went. Soon she came to the apple-tree, which cried, "Oh, shake me! shake me! we apples are all ripe!" But she answered, "I like that! one of you might fall on my head," and so went on.

When she came to Mother Holle's house she was not afraid, for she had already heard of her big teeth, and she hired herself to her immediately.

The first day she forced herself to work diligently, and obeyed Mother Holle when she told her to do anything, for she was thinking of all the gold that she would give her. But on the second day she began to be lazy, and on the third day still more so, and then she would not get up in the morning at all. Neither did she make Mother Holle's bed as she ought, and did not shake it so as to make the feathers fly up. Mother Holle was soon tired of this, and gave her notice to leave. The lazy girl was willing enough to go, and thought that now the golden rain would come. Mother Holle led her too to the great door; but while she was standing beneath it, instead of the gold a big kettleful of pitch was emptied over her. "That is the reward of your service," said Mother Holle, and shut the door.

So the lazy girl went home; but she was quite covered with pitch, and the cock by the well-side, as soon as he saw her, cried out—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Your pitchy girl's come back to you!"

But the pitch stuck fast to her, and could not be got off as long as she lived.

25.—THE SEVEN RAVENS.

THERE was once a man who had seven sons, and still he had no daughter, however much he wished for one. At length his wife again gave him hope of a child, and when it came into the world it was a girl. The joy was great, but the child was sickly and small, and had to be privately baptized on account of its weakness. The father sent one of the boys in haste to the spring to fetch water for the baptism. The other six went with him, and as each of them wanted to be first to fill it, the jug fell into the well. There they stood and did not know what to do, and none of them dared to go home. As they still did not return, the father grew impatient, and said, "They have certainly forgotten it for some game, the wicked boys!" He became afraid that the girl would have to die without being baptized, and in his anger cried, "I wish the boys were all turned into ravens." Hardly was the word spoken before he heard a whirring of wings over his head in the air, looked up and saw seven coal-black ravens flying away. The parents could not recall the curse, and however sad they were at the loss of their seven sons, they still to some extent comforted themselves with their dear little daughter, who soon grew strong and every day became more beautiful. For a long time she did not know that she had had brothers, for her parents were careful not to mention them before her, but one day she accidentally heard some people saying of herself, "that the girl was certainly beautiful, but that in reality she was to blame for the misfortune which had befallen her seven brothers." Then she was much troubled, and went to her father and mother and asked if it was true that she had had brothers, and what had become of them? The parents now dared keep the secret no longer, but said that what had befallen her brothers was the will of Heaven, and that her birth had only been the innocent cause. But the maiden laid it to heart daily, and thought she must deliver her brothers. She had no rest or peace until she set out secretly, and went forth into the wide world to trace out her brothers

and set them free, let it cost what it might. She took nothing with her but a little ring belonging to her parents as a keepsake, a loaf of bread against hunger, a little pitcher of water against thirst, and a little chair as a provision against weariness.

And now she went continually onwards, far, far, to the very end of the world. Then she came to the sun, but it was too hot and terrible, and devoured little children. Hastily she ran away, and ran to the moon, but it was far too cold, and also awful and malicious, and when it saw the child, it said, "I smell, I smell the flesh of men." On this she ran swiftly away, and came to the stars, which were kind and good to her, and each of them sat on its own particular little chair. But the morning star arose, and gave her the drumstick of a chicken, and said, "If thou hast not that drumstick thou canst not open the Glass mountain, and in the Glass mountain are thy brothers."

The maiden took the drumstick, wrapped it carefully in a cloth, and went onwards again until she came to the Glass mountain. The door was shut, and she thought she would take out the drumstick; but when she undid the cloth, it was empty, and she had lost the good star's present. What was she now to do? She wished to rescue her brothers, and had no key to the Glass mountain. The good sister took a knife, cut off one of her little fingers, put it in the door, and succeeded in opening it. When she had gone inside, a little dwarf came to meet her, who said, "My child, what are you looking for?" "I am looking for my brothers, the seven ravens," she replied. The dwarf said, "The lord ravens are not at home, but if you will wait here until they come, step in." Thereupon the little dwarf carried the ravens' dinner in, on seven little plates, and in seven little glasses, and the little sister ate a morsel from each plate, and from each little glass she took a sip, but in the last little glass she dropped the ring which she had brought away with her.

Suddenly she heard a whirring of wings and a rushing through the air, and then the little dwarf said, "Now the lord ravens are flying home." Then they came, and wanted to eat and drink, and looked for their little plates and glasses. Then said one after the other, "Who has

eaten something from my plate? Who has drunk out of my little glass? It was a human mouth." And when the seventh came to the bottom of the glass, the ring rolled against his mouth. Then he looked at it, and saw that it was a ring belonging to his father and mother, and said, "God grant that our sister may be here, and then we shall be free." When the maiden, who was standing behind the door watching, heard that wish, she came forth, and on this all the ravens were restored to their human form again. And they embraced and kissed each other, and went joyfully home.

26.—LITTLE RED-CAP.*

ONCE upon a time there was a dear little girl who was loved by every one who looked at her, but most of all by her grandmother, and there was nothing that she would not have given to the child. Once she gave her a little cap of red velvet, which suited her so well that she would never wear anything else; so she was always called 'Little Red-Cap.'

One day her mother said to her, "Come, Little Red-Cap, here is a piece of cake and a bottle of wine; take them to your grandmother, she is ill and weak, and they will do her good. Set out before it gets hot, and when you are going, walk nicely and quietly and do not run off the path, or you may fall and break the bottle, and then your grandmother will get nothing; and when you go into her room, don't forget to say, 'Good-morning,' and don't peep into every corner before you do it."

"I will take great care," said Little Red-Cap to her mother, and gave her hand on it.

The grandmother lived out in the wood, half a league

* The English version of this story, the well-known Little Red-Riding-Hood, is probably derived more immediately from the French, 'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge,' as given by Perrault, where it ends with the death of the girl.

from the village, and just as Little Red-Cap entered the wood, a wolf met her. Red-Cap did not know what a wicked creature he was, and was not at all afraid of him.

“Good-day, Little Red-Cap,” said he.

“Thank you kindly, wolf.”

“Whither away so early, Little Red-Cap?”

“To my grandmother’s.”

“What have you got in your apron?”

“Cake and wine; yesterday was baking-day, so poor sick grandmother is to have something good, to make her stronger.”

“Where does your grandmother live, Little Red-Cap?”

“A good quarter of a league farther on in the wood; her house stands under the three large oak-trees, the nut-trees are just below; you surely must know it,” replied Little Red-Cap.

The wolf thought to himself, “What a tender young creature! what a nice plump mouthful—she will be better to eat than the old woman. I must act craftily, so as to catch both.” So he walked for a short time by the side of Little Red-Cap, and then he said, “See, Little Red-Cap, how pretty the flowers are about here—why do you not look round? I believe, too, that you do not hear how sweetly the little birds are singing; you walk gravely along as if you were going to school, while everything else out here in the wood is merry.”

Little Red-Cap raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunbeams dancing here and there through the trees, and pretty flowers growing everywhere, she thought, “Suppose I take grandmother a fresh nosegay; that would please her too. It is so early in the day that I shall still get there in good time;” and so she ran from the path into the wood to look for flowers. And whenever she had picked one, she fancied that she saw a still prettier one farther on, and ran after it, and so got deeper and deeper into the wood.

Meanwhile the wolf ran straight to the grandmother’s house and knocked at the door.

“Who is there?”

“Little Red-Cap,” replied the wolf. “She is bringing cake and wine; open the door.”

"Lift the latch," called out the grandmother, "I am too weak, and cannot get up."

The wolf lifted the latch, the door flew open, and without saying a word he went straight to the grandmother's bed, and devoured her. Then he put on her clothes, dressed himself in her cap, laid himself in bed and drew the curtains.

Little Red-Cap, however, had been running about picking flowers, and when she had gathered so many that she could carry no more, she remembered her grandmother, and set out on the way to her.

She was surprised to find the cottage-door standing open, and when she went into the room, she had such a strange feeling that she said to herself, "Oh dear! how uneasy I feel to-day, and at other times I like being with grandmother so much." She called out, "Good morning," but received no answer; so she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled far over her face, and looking very strange.

"Oh! grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have!"

"The better to hear you with, my child," was the reply.

"But, grandmother, what big eyes you have!" she said.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what large hands you have!"

"The better to hug you with."

"Oh! but, grandmother, what a terrible big mouth you have!"

"The better to eat you with!"

And scarcely had the wolf said this, than with one bound he was out of bed and swallowed up Red-Cap.

When the wolf had appeased his appetite, he lay down again in the bed, fell asleep and began to snore very loud. The huntsman was just passing the house, and thought to himself, "How the old woman is snoring! I must just see if she wants anything." So he went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw that the wolf was lying in it. "Do I find thee here, thou old sinner!" said he. "I have long sought thee!" Then just as he was going to fire at him, it occurred to him that the wolf might have

devoured the grandmother, and that she might still be saved, so he did not fire, but took a pair of scissors, and began to cut open the stomach of the sleeping wolf. When he had made two snips, he saw the little Red-Cap shining, and then he made two snips more, and the little girl sprang out, crying, "Ah, how frightened I have been! How dark it was inside the wolf;" and after that the aged grandmother came out alive also, but scarcely able to breathe. Red-Cap, however, quickly fetched great stones with which they filled the wolf's body, and when he awoke, he wanted to run away, but the stones were so heavy that he fell down at once, and fell dead.

Then all three were delighted. The huntsman drew off the wolf's skin and went home with it; the grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine which Red-Cap had brought, and revived, but Red-Cap thought to herself, "As long as I live, I will never by myself leave the path, to run into the wood, when my mother has forbidden me to do so."

It is also related that once when Red-Cap was again taking cakes to the old grandmother, another wolf spoke to her, and tried to entice her from the path. Red-Cap was, however, on her guard, and went straight forward on her way, and told her grandmother that she had met the wolf, and that he had said "good-morning" to her, but with such a wicked look in his eyes, that if they had not been on the public road she was certain he would have eaten her up. "Well," said the grandmother, "we will shut the door, that he may not come in." Soon afterwards the wolf knocked, and cried, "Open the door, grandmother, I am little Red-Cap, and am fetching you some cakes." But they did not speak, or open the door, so the grey-beard stole twice or thrice round the house, and at last jumped on the roof, intending to wait until Red-Cap went home in the evening, and then to steal after her and devour her in the darkness. But the grandmother saw what was in his thoughts. In front of the house was a great stone trough, so she said to the child, "Take the pail, Red-Cap; I made some sausages yesterday, so carry the water in which I boiled them to the trough." Red-Cap carried until the great trough was quite full. Then the smell of the

sausages reached the wolf, and he sniffed and peeped down, and at last stretched out his neck so far that he could no longer keep his footing and began to slip, and slipped down from the roof straight into the great trough, and was drowned. But Red-Cap went joyously home, and never did anything to harm any one.

27.—THE BREMEN TOWN-MUSICIANS.

A CERTAIN man had a donkey, which had carried the corn-sacks to the mill indefatigably for many a long year; but his strength was going, and he was growing more and more unfit for work. Then his master began to consider how he might best save his keep; but the donkey, seeing that no good wind was blowing, ran away and set out on the road to Bremen. "There," he thought, "I can surely be town-musician." When he had walked some distance, he found a hound lying on the road, gasping like one who had run till he was tired. "What are you gasping so for, you big fellow?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," replied the hound, "as I am old, and daily grow weaker, and no longer can hunt, my master wanted to kill me, so I took to flight; but now how am I to earn my bread?"

"I tell you what," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen, and shall be town-musician there; go with me and engage yourself also as a musician. I will play the lute, and you shall beat the kettledrum."

The hound agreed, and on they went.

Before long they came to a cat, sitting on the path, with a face like three rainy days! "Now then, old shaver, what has gone askew with you?" asked the donkey.

"Who can be merry when his neck is in danger?" answered the cat. "Because I am now getting old, and my teeth are worn to stumps, and I prefer to sit by the fire and spin, rather than hunt about after mice, my

mistress wanted to drown me, so I ran away. But now good advice is scarce. Where am I to go?"

"Go with us to Bremen. You understand night-music, so you can be a town-musician."

The cat thought well of it, and went with them. After this the three fugitives came to a farm-yard, where the cock was sitting upon the gate, crowing with all his might. "Your crow goes through and through one," said the donkey. "What is the matter?"

"I have been foretelling fine weather, because it is the day on which Our Lady washes the Christ-child's little shirts, and wants to dry them," said the cock; "but guests are coming for Sunday, so the housewife has no pity, and has told the cook that she intends to eat me in the soup to-morrow, and this evening I am to have my head cut off. Now I am crowing at full pitch while I can."

"Ah, but red-comb," said the donkey, "you had better come away with us. We are going to Bremen; you can find something better than death everywhere: you have a good voice, and if we make music together it must have some quality!"

The cock agreed to this plan, and all four went on together. They could not, however, reach the city of Bremen in one day, and in the evening they came to a forest where they meant to pass the night. The donkey and the hound laid themselves down under a large tree, the cat and the cock settled themselves in the branches; but the cock flew right to the top, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep he looked round on all the four sides, and thought he saw in the distance a little spark burning; so he called out to his companions that there must be a house not far off, for he saw a light. The donkey said, "If so, we had better get up and go on, for the shelter here is bad." The hound thought that a few bones with some meat on would do him good too!

So they made their way to the place where the light was, and soon saw it shine brighter and grow larger, until they came to a well-lighted robber's house. The donkey, as the biggest, went to the window and looked in.

"What do you see, my grey-horse?" asked the cock. "What do I see?" answered the donkey; "a table covered

with good things to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it enjoying themselves." "That would be the sort of thing for us," said the cock. "Yes, yes; ah, how I wish we were there!" said the donkey.

Then the animals took counsel together how they should manage to drive away the robbers, and at last they thought of a plan. The donkey was to place himself with his fore-feet upon the window-ledge, the hound was to jump on the donkey's back, the cat was to climb upon the dog, and lastly the cock was to fly up and perch upon the head of the cat.

When this was done, at a given signal, they began to perform their music together: the donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed; then they burst through the window into the room, so that the glass clattered! At this horrible din, the robbers sprang up, thinking no otherwise than that a ghost had come in, and fled in a great fright out into the forest. The four companions now sat down at the table, well content with what was left, and ate as if they were going to fast for a month.

As soon as the four minstrels had done, they put out the light, and each sought for himself a sleeping-place according to his nature and to what suited him. The donkey laid himself down upon some straw in the yard, the hound behind the door, the cat upon the hearth near the warm ashes, and the cock perched himself upon a beam of the roof; and being tired with their long walk, they soon went to sleep.

When it was past midnight, and the robbers saw from afar that the light was no longer burning in their house, and all appeared quiet, the captain said, "We ought not to have let ourselves be frightened out of our wits;" and ordered one of them to go and examine the house.

The messenger finding all still, went into the kitchen to light a candle, and, taking the glistening fiery eyes of the cat for live coals, he held a lucifer-match to them to light it. But the cat did not understand the joke, and flew in his face, spitting and scratching. He was dreadfully frightened, and ran to the back-door, but the dog, who lay there, sprang up and bit his leg;

and as he ran across the yard by the straw-heap, the donkey gave him a smart kick with its hind foot. The cock, too, who had been awakened by the noise, and had become lively, cried down from the beam, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then the robber ran back as fast as he could to his captain, and said, "Ah, there is a horrible witch sitting in the house, who spat on me and scratched my face with her long claws; and by the door stands a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a wooden club; and above, upon the roof, sits the judge, who called out, 'Bring the rogue here to me!' so I got away as well as I could."

After this the robbers did not trust themselves in the house again; but it suited the four musicians of Bremen so well that they did not care to leave it any more. And the mouth of him who last told this story is still warm.

28.—THE SINGING BONE.

IN a certain country there was once great lamentation over a wild boar that laid waste the farmers' fields, killed the cattle, and ripped up people's bodies with his tusks. The King promised a large reward to any one who would free the land from this plague; but the beast was so big and strong that no one dared to go near the forest in which it lived. At last the King gave notice that whosoever should capture or kill the wild boar should have his only daughter to wife.

Now there lived in the country two brothers, sons of a poor man, who declared themselves willing to undertake the hazardous enterprise; the elder, who was crafty and shrewd, out of pride; the younger, who was innocent and simple, from a kind heart. The King said, "In order that you may be the more sure of finding the beast, you must go into the forest from opposite sides." So the elder went in on the west side, and the younger on the east.

When the younger had gone a short way, a little man stepped up to him. He held in his hand a black spear and said, "I give you this spear because your heart is pure and good; with this you can boldly attack the wild boar, and it will do you no harm."

He thanked the little man, shouldered the spear, and went on fearlessly.

Before long he saw the beast, which rushed at him; but he held the spear towards it, and in its blind fury it ran so swiftly against it that its heart was cloven in twain. Then he took the monster on his back and went homewards with it to the King.

As he came out at the other side of the wood, there stood at the entrance a house where people were making merry with wine and dancing. His elder brother had gone in here, and thinking that after all the boar would not run away from him, was going to drink until he felt brave. But when he saw his young brother coming out of the wood laden with his booty, his envious, evil heart gave him no peace. He called out to him, "Come in, dear brother, rest and refresh yourself with a cup of wine."

The youth, who suspected no evil, went in and told him about the good little man who had given him the spear wherewith he had slain the boar.

The elder brother kept him there until the evening, and then they went away together, and when in the darkness they came to a bridge over a brook, the elder brother let the other go first; and when he was half-way across he gave him such a blow from behind that he fell down dead. He buried him beneath the bridge, took the boar, and carried it to the King, pretending that he had killed it; whereupon he obtained the King's daughter in marriage. And when his younger brother did not come back he said, "The boar must have killed him," and every one believed it.

But as nothing remains hidden from God, so this black deed also was to come to light.

Years afterwards a shepherd was driving his herd across the bridge, and saw lying in the sand beneath, a snow-white little bone. He thought that it would make a good

mouth-piece, so he clambered down, picked it up, and cut out of it a mouth-piece for his horn. But when he blew through it for the first time, to his great astonishment, the bone began of its own accord to sing :

“ Ah, friend, thou blowest upon my bone!
 Long have I lain beside the water;
 My brother slew me for the boar,
 And took for his wife the King’s young daughter.”

“ What a wonderful horn ! ” said the shepherd; “ it sings by itself; I must take it to my lord the King.” And when he came with it to the King the horn again began to sing its little song. The King understood it all, and caused the ground below the bridge to be dug up, and then the whole skeleton of the murdered man came to light. The wicked brother could not deny the deed, and was sewn up in a sack and drowned. But the bones of the murdered man were laid to rest in a beautiful tomb in the churchyard.

29.—THE DEVIL WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

THERE was once a poor woman who gave birth to a little son; and as he came into the world with a caul on, it was predicted that in his fourteenth year he would have the King’s daughter for his wife. It happened that soon afterwards the King came into the village, and no one knew that he was the King, and when he asked the people what news there was, they answered, “ A child has just been born with a caul on; whatever any one so born undertakes turns out well. It is prophesied, too, that in his fourteenth year he will have the King’s daughter for his wife.”

The King, who had a bad heart, and was angry about the prophecy, went to the parents, and, seeming quite friendly, said, “ You poor people, let me have your child, and I will take care of it.” At first they refused, but when the stranger offered them a large amount of gold

for it, and they thought, "It is a luck-child, and everything must turn out well for it," they at last consented, and gave him the child.

The King put it in a box and rode away with it until he came to a deep piece of water; then he threw the box into it and thought, "I have freed my daughter from her unlooked-for suitor."

The box, however, did not sink, but floated like a boat, and not a drop of water made its way into it. And it floated to within two miles of the King's chief city, where there was a mill, and it came to a stand-still at the mill-dam. A miller's boy, who by good luck was standing there, noticed it and pulled it out with a hook, thinking that he had found a great treasure, but when he opened it there lay a pretty boy inside, quite fresh and lively. He took him to the miller and his wife, and as they had no children they were glad, and said, "God has given him to us." They took great care of the foundling, and he grew up in all goodness.

It happened that once in a storm the King went into the mill, and he asked the mill-folk if the tall youth was their son. "No," answered they, "he's a foundling. Fourteen years ago he floated down to the mill-dam in a box, and the mill-boy pulled him out of the water."

Then the King knew that it was none other than the luck-child which he had thrown into the water, and he said, "My good people, could not the youth take a letter to the Queen; I will give him two gold pieces as a reward?" "Just as the King commands," answered they, and they told the boy to hold himself in readiness. Then the King wrote a letter to the Queen, wherein he said, "As soon as the boy arrives with this letter, let him be killed and buried, and all must be done before I come home."

The boy set out with this letter; but he lost his way, and in the evening came to a large forest. In the darkness he saw a small light; he went towards it and reached a cottage. When he went in, an old woman was sitting by the fire quite alone. She started when she saw the boy, and said, "Whence do you come, and whither are you going?" "I come from the mill," he

answered, "and wish to go to the Queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but as I have lost my way in the forest I should like to stay here over night." "You poor boy," said the woman, "you have come into a den of thieves, and when they come home they will kill you." "Let them come," said the boy, "I am not afraid; but I am so tired that I cannot go any farther:" and he stretched himself upon a bench and fell asleep.

Soon afterwards the robbers came, and angrily asked what strange boy was lying there? "Ah," said the old woman, "it is an innocent child who has lost himself in the forest, and out of pity I have let him come in; he has to take a letter to the Queen." The robbers opened the letter and read it, and in it was written that the boy as soon as he arrived should be put to death. Then the hard-hearted robbers felt pity, and their leader tore up the letter and wrote another, saying, that soon as the boy came, he should be married at once to the King's daughter. Then they let him lie quietly on the bench until the next morning, and when he awoke they gave him the letter, and showed him the right way.

And the Queen, when she had received the letter and read it, did as was written in it, and had a splendid wedding-feast prepared, and the King's daughter was married to the luck-child; and as the youth was handsome and agreeable she lived with him in joy and contentment.

After some time the King returned to his palace and saw that the prophecy was fulfilled, and the luck-child married to his daughter. "How has that come to pass?" said he; "I gave quite another order in my letter."

So the Queen gave him the letter, and said that he might see for himself what was written in it. The King read the letter and saw quite well that it had been exchanged for the other. He asked the youth what had become of the letter entrusted to him, and why he had brought another instead of it. "I know nothing about it," answered he; "it must have been changed in the night, when I slept in the forest." The King said in a passion, "You shall not have everything quite so much your own way; whosoever marries my daughter must

fetch me from hell three golden hairs from the head of the devil; bring me what I want, and you shall keep my daughter." In this way the King hoped to be rid of him for ever. But the luck-child answered, "I will fetch the golden hairs, I am not afraid of the Devil;" thereupon he took leave of them and began his journey.

The road led him to a large town, where the watchman by the gates asked him what his trade was, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered the luck-child. "Then you can do us a favour," said the watchman, "if you will tell us why our market-fountain, which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water?" "That you shall know," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

Then he went farther and came to another town, and there also the gatekeeper asked him what was his trade, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered he. "Then you can do us a favour, and tell us why a tree in our town which once bore golden apples now does not even put forth leaves?" "You shall know that," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

Then he went on and came to a wide river over which he must go. The ferryman asked him what his trade was, and what he knew. "I know everything," answered he. "Then you can do me a favour," said the ferryman, "and tell me why I must always be rowing backwards and forwards, and am never set free?" "You shall know that," answered he; "only wait until I come back."

When he had crossed the water he found the entrance to Hell. It was black and sooty within, and the Devil was not at home, but his grandmother was sitting in a large arm-chair. "What do you want?" said she to him, but she did not look so very wicked. "I should like to have three golden hairs from the devil's head," answered he, "else I cannot keep my wife." "That is a good deal to ask for," said she; "if the devil comes home and finds you, it will cost you your life; but as I pity you, I will see if I cannot help you."

She changed him into an ant and said, "Creep into the folds of my dress, you will be safe there." "Yes," answered he, "so far, so good; but there are three

things besides that I want to know: why a fountain which once flowed with wine has become dry, and no longer gives even water; why a tree which once bore golden apples does not even put forth leaves; and why a ferry-man must always be going backwards and forwards, and is never set free?"

"Those are difficult questions," answered she, "but only be silent and quiet and pay attention to what the devil says when I pull out the three golden hairs."

As the evening came on the devil returned home. No sooner had he entered than he noticed that the air was not pure. "I smell man's flesh," said he; "all is not right here." Then he pried into every corner, and searched, but could not find anything. His grandmother scolded him. "It has just been swept," said she, "and everything put in order, and now you are upsetting it again; you have always got man's flesh in your nose. Sit down and eat your supper."

When he had eaten and drunk he was tired, and laid his head in his grandmother's lap, and before long he was fast asleep, snoring and breathing heavily. Then the old woman took hold of a golden hair, pulled it out, and laid it down near her. "Oh!" cried the devil, "what are you doing?" "I have had a bad dream," answered the grandmother, "so I seized hold of your hair." "What did you dream then?" said the devil. "I dreamed that a fountain in a market-place from which wine once flowed was dried up, and not even water would flow out of it; what is the cause of it?" "Oh, ho! if they did but know it," answered the devil; "there is a toad sitting under a stone in the well; if they killed it, the wine would flow again."

He went to sleep again and snored until the windows shook. Then she pulled the second hair out. "Ha! what are you doing?" cried the devil angrily. "Do not take it ill," said she, "I did it in a dream." "What have you dreamt this time?" asked he. "I dreamt that in a certain kingdom there stood an apple-tree which had once borne golden apples, but now would not even bear leaves. What, think you, was the reason?" "Oh! if they did but know," answered the devil. "A mouse is gnawing

at the root; if they killed this they would have golden apples again, but if it gnaws much longer the tree will wither altogether. But leave me alone with your dreams; if you disturb me in my sleep again you will get a box on the ear."

The grandmother spoke gently to him until he fell asleep again and snored. Then she took hold of the third golden hair and pulled it out. The devil jumped up, roared out, and would have treated her ill, but she quieted him once more and said, "Who can help bad dreams?" "What was the dream, then?" asked he, and was quite curious. "I dreamt of a ferry-man who complained that he must always ferry from one side to the other, and was never released. What is the cause of it?" "Ah! the fool," answered the devil; "when any one comes and wants to go across he must put the oar in his hand, and the other man will have to ferry and he will be free." As the grandmother had plucked out the three golden hairs, and the three questions were answered, she left the old serpent alone, and he slept until daybreak.

When the devil had gone out again the old woman took the ant out of the folds of her dress, and gave the luck-child his human shape again. "There are the three golden hairs for you," said she. "What the Devil said to your three questions, I suppose you heard?" "Yes," answered he, "I heard, and will take care to remember." "You have what you want," said she, "and now you can go your way." He thanked the old woman for helping him in his need, and left hell well content that everything had turned out so fortunately.

When he came to the ferry-man he was expected to give the promised answer." "Ferry me across first," said the luck-child, "and then I will tell you how you can be set free," and when he had reached the opposite shore he gave him the devil's advice: "Next time any one comes, who wants to be ferried over, just put the oar in his hand."

He went on and came to the town wherein stood the unfruitful tree, and there too the watchman wanted an answer. So he told him what he had heard from the devil: "Kill the mouse which is gnawing at its root, and

it will again bear golden apples." Then the watchman thanked him, and gave him as a reward two asses laden with gold, which followed him.

At last he came to the town whose well was dry. He told the watchman what the devil had said: "A toad is in the well beneath a stone; you must find it and kill it, and the well will again give wine in plenty." The watchman thanked him, and also gave him two asses laden with gold.

At last the luck-child got home to his wife, who was heartily glad to see him again, and to hear how well he had prospered in everything. To the King he took what he had asked for, the devil's three golden hairs, and when the King saw the four asses laden with gold he was quite content, and said, "Now all the conditions are fulfilled, and you can keep my daughter. But tell me, dear son-in-law, where did all that gold come from? this is tremendous wealth!" "I was rowed across a river," answered he, "and got it there; it lies on the shore instead of sand." "Can I too fetch some of it?" said the King; and he was quite eager about it. "As much as you like," answered he. "There is a ferry-man on the river; let him ferry you over, and you can fill your sacks on the other side." The greedy King set out in all haste, and when he came to the river he beckoned to the ferry-man to put him across. The ferry-man came and bade him get in, and when they got to the other shore he put the oar in his hand and sprang out. But from this time forth the King had to ferry, as a punishment for his sins. Perhaps he is ferrying still? If he is, it is because no one has taken the oar from him.

30.—THE LOUSE AND THE FLEA.

A LOUSE and a flea kept house together and were brewing beer in an egg-shell. Then the little louse fell in and burnt herself. On this the little flea began to scream loudly. Then said the little room-door, "Little

flea, why art thou screaming?" "Because the louse has burnt herself."

Then the little door began to creak. On this a little broom in the corner said, "Why art thou creaking, little door?" "Have I not reason to creak?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,
The little flea is weeping."

So the little broom began to sweep frantically. Then a little cart passed by and said, "Why art thou sweeping, little broom?" "Have I not reason to sweep?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,
The little flea is weeping,
The little door is creaking."

So the little cart said, "Then I will run," and began to run wildly. Then said the ash-heap by which it ran, "Why art thou running so, little cart?" "Have I not reason to run?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,
The little flea is weeping,
The little door is creaking,
The little broom is sweeping."

The ash-heap said, "Then I will burn furiously," and began to burn in clear flames. A little tree stood near the ash-heap and said, "Ash-heap, why art thou burning?" "Have I not reason to burn?"

"The little louse has burnt herself
The little flea is weeping,
The little door is creaking,
The little broom is sweeping,
The little cart is running."

The little tree said, "Then I will shake myself," and began to shake herself so that all her leaves fell off; a girl who came up with her water-pitcher saw that, and said, "Little tree, why art thou shaking thyself?" "Have I not reason to shake myself?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,
The little flea is weeping,
The little door is creaking,
The little broom is sweeping,
The little cart is running,
The little ash-heap is burning."

On this the girl said, "Then I will break my little water-pitcher," and she broke her little water-pitcher. Then said the little spring from which ran the water, "Girl, why art thou breaking thy water-jug?" "Have I not reason to break my water-jug?"

"The little louse has burnt herself,
The little flea is weeping,
The little door is creaking,
The little broom is sweeping,
The little cart is running,
The little ash-heap is burning,
The little tree is shaking itself."

"Oh, ho!" said the spring, "then I will begin to flow," and began to flow violently. And in the water everything was drowned, the girl, the little tree, the little ash-heap, the little cart, the broom, the little door, the little flea, the little louse, all together.

31.—THE GIRL WITHOUT HANDS.

A CERTAIN miller had little by little fallen into poverty, and had nothing left but his mill and a large apple-tree behind it. Once when he had gone into the forest to fetch wood, an old man stepped up to him whom he had never seen before, and said, "Why dost thou plague thyself with cutting wood, I will make thee rich, if thou wilt promise me what is standing behind thy mill?" "What can that be but my apple-tree?" thought the miller, and said, "Yes," and gave a written promise to the stranger. He, however, laughed mockingly and said, "When three years have passed, I will come and carry away what belongs to me," and then he went. When the miller got home, his wife came to meet him and said, "Tell me, miller, from whence comes this sudden wealth into our house? All at once every box and chest was filled; no one brought it in, and I know not how it happened." He answered, "It comes from a stranger who met me in the forest, and promised me great treasure. I, in return, have promised

him what stands behind the mill; we can very well give him the big apple-tree for it." "Ah, husband," said the terrified wife, "that must have been the devil! He did not mean the apple-tree, but our daughter, who was standing behind the mill sweeping the yard."

The miller's daughter was a beautiful, pious girl, and lived through the three years in the fear of God and without sin. When therefore the time was over, and the day came when the Evil-one was to fetch her, she washed herself clean, and made a circle round herself with chalk. The devil appeared quite early, but he could not come near to her. Angrily, he said to the miller, "Take all water away from her, that she may no longer be able to wash herself, for otherwise I have no power over her." The miller was afraid, and did so. The next morning the devil came again, but she had wept on her hands, and they were quite clean. Again he could not get near her, and furiously said to the miller, "Cut her hands off, or else I cannot get the better of her." The miller was shocked and answered, "How could I cut off my own child's hands?" Then the Evil-one threatened him and said, "If thou dost not do it thou art mine, and I will take thee thyself." The father became alarmed, and promised to obey him. So he went to the girl and said, "My child, if I do not cut off both thine hands, the devil will carry me away, and in my terror I have promised to do it. Help me in my need, and forgive me the harm I do thee." She replied, "Dear father, do with me what you will, I am your child." Thereupon she laid down both her hands, and let them be cut off. The devil came for the third time, but she had wept so long and so much on the stumps, that after all they were quite clean. Then he had to give in, and had lost all right over her.

The miller said to her, "I have by means of thee received such great wealth that I will keep thee most delicately as long as thou livest." But she replied, "Here I cannot stay, I will go forth, compassionate people will give me as much as I require." Thereupon she caused her maimed arms to be bound to her back, and by sunrise she set out on her way, and walked the whole day until night fell. Then she came to a royal garden, and by the shimmering of

the moon she saw that trees covered with beautiful fruits grew in it, but she could not enter, for there was much water round about it. And as she had walked the whole day and not eaten one mouthful, and hunger tormented her, she thought, "Ah, if I were but inside, that I might eat of the fruit, else must I die of hunger!" Then she knelt down, called on God the Lord, and prayed. And suddenly an angel came towards her, who made a dam in the water, so that the moat became dry and she could walk through it. And now she went into the garden and the angel went with her. She saw a tree covered with beautiful pears, but they were all counted. Then she went to them, and to still her hunger, ate one with her mouth from the tree, but no more. The gardener was watching; but as the angel was standing by, he was afraid and thought the maiden was a spirit, and was silent, neither did he dare to cry out, or to speak to the spirit. When she had eaten the pear, she was satisfied, and went and concealed herself among the bushes. The King to whom the garden belonged, came down to it next morning, and counted, and saw that one of the pears was missing, and asked the gardener what had become of it, as it was not lying beneath the tree, but was gone. Then answered the gardener, "Last night, a spirit came in, who had no hands, and ate off one of the pears with its mouth." The King said, "How did the spirit get over the water, and where did it go after it had eaten the pear?" The gardener answered, "Some one came in a snow-white garment from heaven who made a dam, and kept back the water, that the spirit might walk through the moat. And as it must have been an angel, I was afraid, and asked no questions, and did not cry out. When the spirit had eaten the pear, it went back again." The King said, "If it be as thou sayest, I will watch with thee to-night."

When it grew dark the King came into the garden and brought a priest with him, who was to speak to the spirit. All three seated themselves beneath the tree and watched. At midnight the maiden came creeping out of the thicket, went to the tree, and again ate one pear off it with her mouth, and beside her stood the angel in white garments. Then the priest went out to them and said, "Comest thou

from heaven or from earth? Art thou a spirit, or a human being?" She replied, "I am no spirit, but an unhappy mortal deserted by all but God." The King said, "If thou art forsaken by all the world, yet will I not forsake thee." He took her with him into his royal palace, and as she was so beautiful and good, he loved her with all his heart, had silver hands made for her, and took her to wife.

After a year the King had to take the field, so he commended his young Queen to the care of his mother and said, "If she is brought to bed take care of her, nurse her well, and tell me of it at once in a letter." Then she gave birth to a fine boy. So the old mother made haste to write and announce the joyful news to him. But the messenger rested by a brook on the way, and as he was fatigued by the great distance, he fell asleep. Then came the Devil, who was always seeking to injure the good Queen, and exchanged the letter for another, in which was written that the Queen had brought a monster into the world. When the King read the letter he was shocked and much troubled, but he wrote in answer that they were to take great care of the Queen and nurse her well until his arrival. The messenger went back with the letter, but rested at the same place and again fell asleep. Then came the Devil once more, and put a different letter in his pocket, in which it was written that they were to put the Queen and her child to death. The old mother was terribly shocked when she received the letter, and could not believe it. She wrote back again to the King, but received no other answer, because each time the Devil substituted a false letter, and in the last letter it was also written that she was to preserve the Queen's tongue and eyes as a token that she had obeyed.

But the old mother wept to think such innocent blood was to be shed, and had a hind brought by night and cut out her tongue and eyes, and kept them. Then said she to the Queen, "I cannot have thee killed as the King commands, but here thou mayst stay no longer. Go forth into the wide world with thy child, and never come here again." The poor woman tied her child on her back, and went away with eyes full of tears. She came into a great

wild forest, and then she fell on her knees and prayed to God, and the angel of the Lord appeared to her and led her to a little house on which was a sign with the words, "Here all dwell free." A snow-white maiden came out of the little house and said, "Welcome, Lady Queen," and conducted her inside. Then they unbound the little boy from her back, and held him to her breast that he might feed, and then laid him in a beautifully-made little bed. Then said the poor woman, "From whence knowest thou that I was a queen?" The white maiden answered, "I am an angel sent by God, to watch over thee and thy child." The Queen stayed seven years in the little house, and was well cared for, and by God's grace, because of her piety, her hands which had been cut off, grew once more.

At last the King came home again from the war, and his first wish was to see his wife and the child. Then his aged mother began to weep and said, "Thou wicked man, why didst thou write to me that I was to take those two innocent lives?" and she showed him the two letters which the Evil-One had forged, and then continued, "I did as thou badest me," and she showed the tokens, the tongue and eyes. Then the King began to weep for his poor wife and his little son so much more bitterly than she was doing, that the aged mother had compassion on him and said, "Be at peace, she still lives; I secretly caused a hind to be killed, and took these tokens from it; but I bound the child to thy wife's back and bade her go forth into the wide world, and made her promise never to come back here again, because thou wert so angry with her." Then spake the King, "I will go as far as the sky is blue, and will neither eat nor drink until I have found again my dear wife and my child, if in the meantime they have not been killed, or died of hunger."

Thereupon the King travelled about for seven long years, and sought her in every cleft of the rocks and in every cave, but he found her not, and thought she had died of want. During the whole of this time he neither ate nor drank, but God supported him. At length he came into a great forest, and found therein the little house whose sign was, "Here all dwell free." Then forth came the white maiden, took him by the hand, led him in, and said, "Welcome,

Lord King," and asked him from whence he came. He answered, "Soon shall I have travelled about for the space of seven years, and I seek my wife and her child, but cannot find them." The angel offered him meat and drink, but he did not take anything, and only wished to rest a little. Then he lay down to sleep, and put a handkerchief over his face.

Thereupon the angel went into the chamber where the Queen sat with her son, whom she usually called "Sorrowful," and said to her, "Go out with thy child, thy husband hath come." So she went to the place where he lay, and the handkerchief fell from his face. Then said she, "Sorrowful, pick up thy father's handkerchief, and cover his face again." The child picked it up, and put it over his face again. The King in his sleep heard what passed, and had pleasure in letting the handkerchief fall once more. But the child grew impatient, and said, "Dear mother, how can I cover my father's face when I have no father in this world? I have learnt to say the prayer, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' thou hast told me that my father was in Heaven, and was the good God, and how can I know a wild man like this? He is not my father." When the King heard that, he got up, and asked who they were. Then said she, "I am thy wife, and that is thy son, Sorrowful." And he saw her living hands, and said, "My wife had silver hands." She answered, "The good God has caused my natural hands to grow again;" and the angel went into the inner room, and brought the silver hands, and showed them to him. Hereupon he knew for a certainty that it was his dear wife and his dear child, and he kissed them, and was glad, and said, "A heavy stone has fallen from off mine heart." Then the angel of God gave them one meal with her, and after that they went home to the King's aged mother. There were great rejoicings everywhere, and the King and Queen were married again, and lived contentedly to their happy end.

32.—CLEVER HANS.

THE mother of Hans said, "Whither away, Hans?" Hans answered, "To Grethel." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans comes to Grethel, "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What dost thou bring that is good?" "I bring nothing, I want to have something given me." Grethel presents Hans with a needle. Hans says, "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the needle, sticks it into a hay-cart, and follows the cart home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took nothing; had something given me." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a needle." "Where is the needle, Hans?" "Stuck in the hay-cart." "That was ill done, Hans. Thou shouldst have stuck the needle in thy sleeve." "Never mind, I'll do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What dost thou bring that is good?" "I bring nothing, I want to have something given to me." Grethel presents Hans with a knife. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans takes the knife, sticks it in his sleeve, and goes home. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took her nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a knife." "Where is the knife, Hans?" "Stuck in my sleeve." "That's ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have put the knife in thy pocket." "Never mind, will do better next time." "Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good

day, Hans. "What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, I want something given me." Grethel presents Hans with a young goat. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans takes the goat, ties its legs, and puts it in his pocket. When he gets home it is suffocated. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "Took nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "She gave me a goat." "Where is the goat, Hans?" "Put it in my pocket." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have put a rope round the goat's neck." "Never mind, will do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans," "Oh, I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans." Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, I want something given me." Grethel presents Hans with a piece of bacon. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the bacon, ties it to a rope, and drags it away behind him. The dogs come and devour the bacon. When he gets home, he has the rope in his hand, and there is no longer anything hanging to it. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took her nothing, she gave me something." "What did Grethel give thee?" "Gave me a bit of bacon." "Where is the bacon, Hans." "I tied it to a rope, brought it home, dogs took it." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have carried the bacon on thine head." "Never mind, will do better next time." "Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans." "What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, but would have something given." Grethel presents Hans with a calf. "Good-bye, Grethel." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans takes the calf, puts it on his head, and the calf kicks his face. "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took nothing, but had something given me." "What did Grethel give thee?" "A calf." "Where hast thou the calf, Hans?" "I set it on my head and it kicked my face." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have led the calf, and put it in the stall." "Never mind, will do better next time."

"Whither away, Hans?" "To Grethel, mother." "Behave well, Hans." "I'll behave well. Good-bye, mother." "Good-bye, Hans."

Hans comes to Grethel. "Good day, Grethel." "Good day, Hans. What good thing dost thou bring?" "I bring nothing, but would have something given." Grethel says to Hans, "I will go with thee."

Hans takes Grethel, ties her to a rope, leads her to the rack, and binds her fast. Then Hans goes to his mother, "Good evening, mother." "Good evening, Hans. Where hast thou been?" "With Grethel." "What didst thou take her?" "I took her nothing." "What did Grethel give thee?" "She gave me nothing, she came with me." "Where hast thou left Grethel?" "I led her by the rope, tied her to the rack, and scattered some grass for her." "That was ill done, Hans, thou shouldst have cast friendly eyes on her." "Never mind, will do better."

Hans went into the stable, cut out all the calves' and sheep's eyes, and threw them in Grethel's face. Then Grethel became angry, tore herself loose and ran away, and became the bride of Hans.

33.—THE THREE LANGUAGES.

AN aged count once lived in Switzerland, who had an only son, but he was stupid, and could learn nothing. Then said the father, "Hark thee, my son, I can get nothing into thy head, let me try as I will. Thou must go from hence, I will give thee into the care of a celebrated master, who shall see what he can do with thee." The youth was sent into a strange town, and remained a whole year with the master. At the end of this time, he came home again, and his father asked, "Now, my son, what hast thou learnt?" "Father, I have learnt what the dogs say when they bark." "Lord have mercy on us!" cried the father; "is that all thou hast learnt? I will send thee into another town, to another master." The youth was taken thither, and stayed a year with this master likewise. When he came back the father again asked, "My son, what hast thou learnt?" He answered, "Father, I have learnt what the birds say." Then the father fell into a rage and said, "Oh, thou lost man, thou hast spent the precious time and learnt nothing; art thou not ashamed to appear before mine eyes? I will send thee to a third master, but if thou learnest nothing this time also, I will no longer be thy father." The youth remained a whole year with the third master also, and when he came home again, and his father inquired, "My son, what hast thou learnt?" he answered, "Dear father, I have this year learnt what the frogs croak." Then the father fell into the most furious anger, sprang up, called his people thither, and said, "This man is no longer my son, I drive him forth, and command you to take him out into the forest, and kill him." They took him forth, but when they should have killed him, they could not do it for pity, and let him go, and they cut the eyes and the tongue out of a deer that they might carry them to the old man as a token.

The youth wandered on, and after some time came to a fortress where he begged for a night's lodging. "Yes," said the lord of the castle, "if thou wilt pass the

night down there in the old tower, go thither ; but I warn thee, it is at the peril of thy life, for it is full of wild dogs, which bark and howl without stopping, and at certain hours a man has to be given to them, whom they at once devour." The whole district was in sorrow and dismay because of them, and yet no one could do anything to stop this. The youth, however, was without fear, and said, "Just let me go down to the barking dogs, and give me something that I can throw to them ; they will do nothing to harm me." As he himself would have it so, they gave him some food for the wild animals, and led him down to the tower. When he went inside, the dogs did not bark at him, but wagged their tails quite amicably around him, ate what he set before them, and did not hurt one hair of his head. Next morning, to the astonishment of every one, he came out again safe and unharmed, and said to the lord of the castle, "The dogs have revealed to me, in their own language, why they dwell there, and bring evil on the land. They are bewitched, and are obliged to watch over a great treasure which is below in the tower, and they can have no rest until it is taken away, and I have likewise learnt, from their discourse, how that is to be done." Then all who heard this rejoiced, and the lord of the castle said he would adopt him as a son if he accomplished it successfully. He went down again, and as he knew what he had to do, he did it thoroughly, and brought a chest full of gold out with him. The howling of the wild dogs was henceforth heard no more ; they had disappeared, and the country was freed from the trouble.

After some time he took it into his head that he would travel to Rome. On the way he passed by a marsh, in which a number of frogs were sitting croaking. He listened to them, and when he became aware of what they were saying, he grew very thoughtful and sad. At last he arrived in Rome, where the Pope had just died, and there was great difficulty as to whom they should appoint as his successor. They at length agreed that the person should be chosen as pope who should be distinguished by some divine and miraculous token. And just as that was decided on, the young count entered into the church, and suddenly two

snow-white doves flew on his shoulders and remained sitting there. The ecclesiastics recognized therein the token from above, and asked him on the spot if he would be pope. He was undecided, and knew not if he were worthy of this, but the doves counselled him to do it, and at length he said yes. Then was he anointed and consecrated, and thus was fulfilled what he had heard from the frogs on his way, which had so affected him, that he was to be his Holiness the Pope. Then he had to sing a mass, and did not know one word of it, but the two doves sat continually on his shoulders, and said it all in his ear.

34.—CLEVER ELSIE.

THERE was once a man who had a daughter who was called Clever Elsie. And when she had grown up her father said, "We will get her married." "Yes," said the mother, "if only any one would come who would have her." At length a man came from a distance and wooed her, who was called Hans; but he stipulated that Clever Elsie should be really wise. "Oh," said the father, "she's sharp enough;" and the mother said, "Oh, she can see the wind coming up the street, and hear the flies coughing." "Well," said Hans, "if she is not really wise, I won't have her." When they were sitting at dinner and had eaten, the mother said, "Elsie, go into the cellar and fetch some beer." Then Clever Elsie took the pitcher from the wall, went into the cellar, and tapped the lid briskly as she went that the time might not appear long. When she was below she fetched herself a chair, and set it before the barrel so that she had no need to stoop, and did not hurt her back or do herself any unexpected injury. Then she placed the can before her, and turned the tap, and while the beer was running she would not let her eyes be idle, but looked up at the wall, and after much peering here and there, saw a pick-axe exactly above her, which the masons had accidentally left there.

Then Clever Elsie began to weep and said, "If I get

Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and we send him into the cellar here to draw beer, then the pick-axe will fall on his head and kill him." Then she sat and wept and screamed with all the strength of her body, over the misfortune which lay before her. Those upstairs waited for the drink, but Clever Elsie still did not come. Then the woman said to the servant, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie is." The maid went and found her sitting in front of the barrel, screaming loudly. "Elsie, why weepest thou?" asked the maid. "Ah," she answered, "have I not reason to weep? If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and has to draw beer here, the pick-axe will perhaps fall on his head, and kill him." Then said the maid, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down beside her and began loudly to weep over the misfortune. After a while, as the maid did not come back, and those upstairs were thirsty for the beer, the man said to the boy, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie and the girl are." The boy went down, and there sat Clever Elsie and the girl both weeping together. Then he asked, "Why are ye weeping?" "Ah," said Elsie, "have I not reason to weep? If I get Hans, and we have a child, and he grows big, and has to draw beer here, the pick-axe will fall on his head and kill him." Then said the boy, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down by her, and likewise began to howl loudly. Upstairs they waited for the boy, but as he still did not return, the man said to the woman, "Just go down into the cellar and see where Elsie is!" The woman went down, and found all three in the midst of their lamentations, and inquired what was the cause; then Elsie told her also that her future child was to be killed by the pick-axe, when it grew big and had to draw beer, and the pick-axe fell down. Then said the mother likewise, "What a clever Elsie we have!" and sat down and wept with them. The man upstairs waited a short time, but as his wife did not come back and his thirst grew ever greater, he said, "I must go into the cellar myself and see where Elsie is." But when he got into the cellar, and they were all sitting together crying, and he heard the reason, and that Elsie's child was the cause, and that Elsie might

perhaps bring one into the world some day, and that it might be killed by the pick-axe, if it should happen to be sitting beneath it, drawing beer just at the very time when it fell down, he cried, "Oh, what a clever Elsie!" and sat down, and likewise wept with them. The bridegroom stayed upstairs alone for a long time; then as no one would come back he thought, "They must be waiting for me below; I too must go there and see what they are about." When he got down, five of them were sitting screaming and lamenting quite piteously, each out-doing the other. "What misfortune has happened then?" asked he. "Ah, dear Hans," said Elsie, "if we marry each other and have a child, and he is big, and we perhaps send him here to draw something to drink, then the pick-axe which has been left up there might dash his brains out if it were to fall down, so have we not reason to weep?" "Come," said Hans, "more understanding than that is not needed for my household, as thou art such a clever Elsie, I will have thee," and he seized her hand, took her upstairs with him, and married her.

After Hans had had her some time, he said, "Wife, I am going out to work and earn some money for us; go into the field and cut the corn that we may have some bread." "Yes, dear Hans, I will do that." After Hans had gone away, she cooked herself some good broth and took it into the field with her. When she came to the field she said to herself, "What shall I do; shall I shear first, or shall I eat first? Oh, I will eat first." Then she emptied her basin of broth, and when she was fully satisfied, she once more said, "What shall I do? Shall I shear first, or shall I sleep first? I will sleep first." Then she lay down among the corn and fell asleep. Hans had been at home for a long time, but Elsie did not come; then said he, "What a clever Elsie I have; she is so industrious that she does not even come home to eat." As, however, she still stayed away, and it was evening, Hans went out to see what she had cut, but nothing was cut, and she was lying among the corn asleep. Then Hans hastened home and brought a fowler's net with little bells and hung it round about her, and she still went on sleeping. Then he ran home, shut the house-

door, and sat down in his chair and worked. At length, when it was quite dark, Clever Elsie awoke and when she got up there was a jingling all round about her, and the bells rang at each step which she took. Then she was alarmed, and became uncertain whether she really was Clever Elsie or not, and said, "Is it I, or is it not I?" But she knew not what answer to make to this, and stood for a time in doubt; at length she thought, "I will go home and ask if it be I, or if it be not I, they will be sure to know." She ran to the door of her own house, but it was shut; then she knocked at the window and cried, "Hans, is Elsie within?" "Yes," answered Hans, "she is within." Hereupon she was terrified, and said, "Ah, heavens! Then it is not I," and went to another door; but when the people heard the jingling of the bells they would not open it, and she could get in nowhere. Then she ran out of the village, and no one has seen her since.

35.—THE TAILOR IN HEAVEN.

ONE very fine day it came to pass that the good God wished to enjoy himself in the heavenly garden, and took all the apostles and saints with him, so that no one stayed in heaven but Saint Peter. The Lord had commanded him to let no one in during his absence, so Peter stood by the door and kept watch. Before long some one knocked. Peter asked who was there, and what he wanted? "I am a poor, honest tailor who prays for admission," replied a smooth voice. "Honest indeed," said Peter, "like the thief on the gallows! Thou hast been light-fingered and hast snipped folks' clothes away. Thou wilt not get into heaven. The Lord hath forbidden me to let any one in while he is out." "Come, do be merciful," cried the tailor. "Little scraps which fall off the table of their own accord are not stolen, and are not worth speaking about. Look, I am lame, and have blisters on my feet with walking here, I cannot possibly turn back again. Only let me in, and I will do all the rough work. I will

carry the children, and wash their clothes, and wash and clean the benches on which they have been playing, and patch all their torn clothes." Saint Peter let himself be moved by pity, and opened the door of heaven just wide enough for the lame tailor to slip his lean body in. He was forced to sit down in a corner behind the door, and was to stay quietly and peaceably there, in order that the Lord, when he returned, might not observe him and be angry. The tailor obeyed, but once when Saint Peter went outside the door, he got up, and full of curiosity, went round about into every corner of heaven, and inspected the arrangement of every place. At length he came to a spot where many beautiful and delightful chairs were standing, and in the midst was a seat all of gold which was set with shining jewels, likewise it was much higher than the other chairs, and a footstool of gold was before it. It was, however, the seat on which the Lord sat when he was at home, and from which he could see everything which happened on earth. The tailor stood still, and looked at the seat for a long time, for it pleased him better than all else. At last he could master his curiosity no longer, and climbed up and seated himself in the chair. Then he saw everything which was happening on earth, and observed an ugly old woman who was standing washing by the side of a stream, secretly laying two veils on one side for herself. The sight of this made the tailor so angry that he laid hold of the golden footstool, and threw it down to earth through heaven, at the old thief. As, however, he could not bring the stool back again, he slipped quietly out of the chair, seated himself in his place behind the door, and behaved as if he had never stirred from the spot.

When the Lord and master came back again with his heavenly companions, he did not see the tailor behind the door, but when he seated himself on his chair the footstool was missing. He asked Saint Peter what had become of the stool, but he did not know. Then he asked if he had let any one come in. "I know of no one who has been here," answered Peter, "but a lame tailor, who is still sitting behind the door." Then the Lord had the tailor brought before him, and asked him

if he had taken away the stool, and where he had put it? "Oh, Lord," answered the tailor joyously, "I threw it in my anger down to earth at an old woman whom I saw stealing two veils at the washing." "Oh, thou knave," said the Lord, "were I to judge as thou judgest, how dost thou think thou couldst have escaped so long? I should long ago have had no chairs, benches, seats, nay, not even an oven-fork, but should have thrown everything down at the sinners. Henceforth thou canst stay no longer in heaven, but must go outside the door again. Then go where thou wilt. No one shall give punishment here, but I alone, the Lord."

Peter was obliged to take the tailor out of heaven again, and as he had torn shoes, and feet covered with blisters, he took a stick in his hand, and went to "Wait-a-bit," where the good soldiers sit and make merry.

36.—THE WISHING-TABLE, THE GOLD-ASS, AND THE CUDGEL IN THE SACK.

THERE was once upon a time a tailor who had three sons, and only one goat. But as the goat supported the whole of them with her milk, she was obliged to have good food, and to be taken every day to pasture. The sons, therefore, did this, in turn. Once the eldest took her to the church-yard, where the finest herbs were to be found, and let her eat and run about there. At night when it was time to go home he asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,
Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and took hold of the cord round her neck, led her into the stable and tied her up securely. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had as much food as she ought?" "Oh," answered the son, "she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." But the father wished to satisfy himself, and went down

to the stable, stroked the dear animal and asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" The goat answered,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?
Among the graves I leapt about,
And found no food, so went without, meh! meh!"

"What do I hear?" cried the tailor, and ran upstairs and said to the youth, "Hollo, thou liar: thou saidst the goat had had enough, and hast let her hunger!" and in his anger he took the yard-measure from the wall, and drove him out with blows.

Next day it was the turn of the second son, who looked out for a place in the fence of the garden, where nothing but good herbs grew, and the goat cleared them all off. At night when he wanted to go home, he asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,
Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and led her home, and tied her up in the stable. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had as much food as she ought?" "Oh," answered the son, "she has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." The tailor would not rely on this, but went down to the stable and said, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?
Among the graves I leapt about,
And found no food, so went without, meh! meh!"

"The godless wretch!" cried the tailor, "to let such a good animal hunger," and he ran up and drove the youth out of doors with the yard-measure.

Now came the turn of the third son, who wanted to do the thing well, and sought out some bushes with the finest leaves, and let the goat devour them. In the evening when he wanted to go home, he asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The goat answered,

"I have eaten so much,
Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the youth, and led her into the

stable, and tied her up. "Well," said the old tailor, "has the goat had a proper amount of food?" "She has eaten so much, not a leaf more she'll touch." The tailor did not trust to that, but went down and asked, "Goat, hast thou had enough?" The wicked beast answered,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?
Among the graves I leapt about,
And found no leaves, so went without, meh! meh!"

"Oh, the brood of liars!" cried the tailor, "each as wicked and forgetful of his duty as the other! Ye shall no longer make a fool of me," and, quite beside himself with anger, he ran upstairs and belaboured the poor young fellow so vigorously with the yard-measure that he sprang out of the house.

The old tailor was now alone with his goat. Next morning he went down into the stable, caressed the goat and said, "Come, my dear little animal, I will take thee to feed myself." He took her by the rope and conducted her to green hedges, and amongst milfoil, and whatever else goats like to eat. "There thou mayest for once eat to thy heart's content," said he to her, and let her browse till evening. Then he asked, "Goat, art thou satisfied?" she replied,

"I have eaten so much,
Not a leaf more I'll touch, meh! meh!"

"Come home, then," said the tailor, and led her into the stable, and tied her fast. When he was going away, he turned round again and said, "Well, art thou satisfied for once?" But the goat did not behave better to him, and cried,

"Wherewithal should I be satisfied?
Among the graves I leapt about,
And found no leaves, so went without, meh! meh!"

When the tailor heard that, he was shocked, and saw clearly that he had driven away his three sons without cause. "Wait, thou ungrateful creature," cried he, "it is not enough to drive thee forth, I will mark thee so that thou wilt no more dare to show thyself amongst honest tailors." In great haste he ran upstairs, fetched his razor,

lathered the goat's head, and shaved her as clean as the palm of his hand. And as the yard-measure would have been too good for her, he brought the horsewhip, and gave her such cuts with it that she ran away in violent haste.

When the tailor was thus left quite alone in his house he fell into great grief, and would gladly have had his sons back again, but no one knew whither they were gone. The eldest had apprenticed himself to a joiner, and learnt industriously and indefatigably, and when the time came for him to go travelling,* his master presented him with a little table which had no particular appearance, and was made of common wood, but it had one good property; if any one set it out, and said, "Little table, spread thyself," the good little table was at once covered with a clean little cloth, and a plate was there, and a knife and fork beside it, and dishes with boiled meats and roasted meats, as many as there was room for, and a great glass of red wine shone so that it made the heart glad. The young journeyman thought, "With this thou hast enough for thy whole life," and went joyously about the world and never troubled himself at all whether an inn was good or bad, or if anything was to be found in it or not. When it suited him he did not enter an inn at all, but either in the plain, in a wood, a meadow, or wherever he fancied, he took his little table off his back, set it down before him, and said, "Cover thyself," and then everything appeared that his heart desired. At length he took it into his head to go back to his father, whose anger would now be appeased, and who would now willingly receive him with his wishing-table. It came to pass that on his way home, he came one evening to an inn which was filled with guests. They bade him welcome, and invited him to sit and eat with them, for otherwise he would have difficulty in getting anything. "No," answered the joiner, "I will not take the few bites out of your mouths; rather than that, you

* On the completion of his apprenticeship (*Lehrjahre*) a German artisan's travels (*Wanderjahre*) begin. This is a certain period during which he is obliged by law, or custom, to travel about from place to place, to perfect his knowledge of his craft. He cannot become a master until he has gone through this.—Tr.

shall be my guests." They laughed, and thought he was jesting with them; he, however, placed his wooden table in the middle of the room, and said, "Little table, cover thyself." Instantly it was covered with food, so good that the host could never have procured it, and the smell of it ascended pleasantly to the nostrils of the guests. "Fall to, dear friends," said the joiner; and the guests when they saw that he meant it, did not need to be asked twice, but drew near, pulled out their knives and attacked it valiantly. And what surprised them the most was that when a dish became empty, a full one instantly took its place of its own accord. The innkeeper stood in one corner and watched the affair; he did not at all know what to say, but thought, "Thou couldst easily find a use for such a cook as that in thy kitchen." The joiner and his comrades made merry until late into the night; at length they lay down to sleep, and the young apprentice also went to bed, and set his magic table against the wall. The host's thoughts, however, let him have no rest; it occurred to him that there was a little old table in his lumber-room, which looked just like the apprentice's, and he brought it out quite softly, and exchanged it for the wishing-table. Next morning, the joiner paid for his bed, took up his table, never thinking that he had got a false one, and went his way. At mid-day he reached his father, who received him with great joy. "Well, my dear son, what hast thou learnt?" said he to him. "Father, I have become a joiner."

"A good trade," replied the old man; "but what hast thou brought back with thee from thy apprenticeship?" "Father, the best thing which I have brought back with me is this little table." The tailor inspected it on all sides and said, "Thou didst not make a masterpiece * when thou mad'st that; it is a bad old table." "But it is a table which furnishes itself," replied the son. "When I set it out, and tell it to cover itself, the most beautiful dishes stand on it, and a wine also, which gladdens the heart. Just invite all our relations and friends, they shall refresh

* *Masterpiece*—the piece of work which a journeyman has to make at the end of his *Wanderjahre* to prove his right to become a master craftsman.

and enjoy themselves for once, for the table will give them all they require." When the company was assembled, he put his table in the middle of the room and said, "Little table, cover thyself," but the little table did not bestir itself, and remained just as bare as any other table which did not understand language. Then the poor apprentice became aware that his table had been changed, and was ashamed at having to stand there like a liar. The relations, however, mocked him, and were forced to go home without having eaten or drunk. The father brought out his patches again, and went on tailoring, but the son went to a master in the craft.

The second son had gone to a miller and had apprenticed himself to him. When his years were over, the master said, "As thou hast conducted thyself so well, I give thee an ass of a peculiar kind, which neither draws a cart nor carries a sack." "To what use is he put, then?" asked the young apprentice. "He lets gold drop from his mouth," answered the miller. "If thou settest him on a cloth and sayest 'Bricklebrit,' the good animal will drop gold pieces for thee." "That is a fine thing," said the apprentice, and thanked the master, and went out into the world. When he had need of gold, he had only to say "Bricklebrit" to his ass, and it rained gold pieces, and he had nothing to do but pick them off the ground. Wheresoever he went, the best of everything was good enough for him, and the dearer the better, for he had always a full purse. When he had looked about the world for some time, he thought, "Thou must seek out thy father, if thou goest to him with the gold-ass he will forget his anger, and receive thee well." It came to pass that he came to the same public-house in which his brother's table had been exchanged. He led his ass by the bridle, and the host was about to take the animal from him and tie him up, but the young apprentice said, "Don't trouble yourself, I will take my grey horse into the stable, and tie him up myself too, for I must know where he stands." This struck the host as odd, and he thought that a man who was forced to look after his ass himself, could not have much to spend; but when the stranger put his hand in his pocket and brought out two gold pieces, and said he

was to provide something good for him, the host opened his eyes wide, and ran and sought out the best he could muster. After dinner the guest asked what he owed. The host did not see why he should not double the reckoning, and said the apprentice must give two more gold pieces. He felt in his pocket, but his gold was just at an end. "Wait an instant, sir host," said he, "I will go and fetch some money;" but he took the table-cloth with him. The host could not imagine what this could mean, and being curious, stole after him, and as the guest bolted the stable-door, he peeped through a hole left by a knot in the wood. The stranger spread out the cloth under the animal and cried, "Bricklebrit," and immediately the beast began to let gold pieces fall, so that it fairly rained down money on the ground. "Eh, my word," said the host, "ducats are quickly coined there! A purse like that is not amiss." The guest paid his score, and went to bed, but in the night the host stole down into the stable, led away the master of the mint, and tied up another ass in his place. Early next morning the apprentice travelled away with his ass, and thought that he had his gold-ass. At mid-day he reached his father, who rejoiced to see him again, and gladly took him in. "What hast thou made of thyself, my son?" asked the old man. "A miller, dear father," he answered. "What hast thou brought back with thee from thy travels?" "Nothing else but an ass." "There are asses enough here," said the father, "I would rather have had a good goat." "Yes," replied the son, "but it is no common ass, but a gold-ass, when I say 'Bricklebrit,' the good beast opens its mouth and drops a whole sheetful of gold pieces. Just summon all our relations hither, and I will make them rich folks." "That suits me well," said the tailor, "for then I shall have no need to torment myself any longer with the needle," and ran out himself and called the relations together. As soon as they were assembled, the miller bade them make way, spread out his cloth, and brought the ass into the room. "Now watch," said he, and cried, "Bricklebrit," but no gold pieces fell, and it was clear that the animal knew nothing of the art, for every ass does not attain such perfection. Then the poor miller

pulled a long face, saw that he was betrayed, and begged pardon of the relatives, who went home as poor as they came. There was no help for it, the old man had to betake him to his needle once more, and the youth hired himself to a miller.

The third brother had apprenticed himself to a turner, and as that is skilled labour, he was the longest in learning. His brothers, however, told him in a letter how badly things had gone with them, and how the inn-keeper had cheated them of their beautiful wishing-gifts on the last evening before they reached home. When the turner had served his time, and had to set out on his travels, as he had conducted himself so well, his master presented him with a sack and said, "There is a cudgel in it." "I can put on the sack," said he, "and it may be of good service to me, but why should the cudgel be in it? It only makes it heavy." "I will tell thee why," replied the master; "if any one has done anything to injure thee, do but say, 'Out of the sack, Cudgel!' and the cudgel will leap forth among the people, and play such a dance on their backs that they will not be able to stir or move for a week, and it will not leave off until thou sayest, 'Into the sack, Cudgel!'" The apprentice thanked him, put the sack on his back, and when any one came too near him, and wished to attack him, he said, "Out of the sack, Cudgel!" and instantly the cudgel sprang out, and dusted the coat or jacket of one after the other on their backs, and never stopped until it had stripped it off them, and it was done so quickly, that before any one was aware, it was already his own turn. In the evening the young turner reached the inn where his brothers had been cheated. He laid his sack on the table before him, and began to talk of all the wonderful things which he had seen in the world. "Yes," said he, "people may easily find a table which will cover itself, a gold-ass, and things of that kind—extremely good things which I by no means despise—but these are nothing in comparison with the treasure which I have won for myself, and am carrying about with me in my sack there." The inn-keeper pricked up his ears, "What in the world can that be?" thought he; "the sack must be filled with nothing but jewels; I

ought to get them cheap too, for all good things go in threes." When it was time for sleep, the guest stretched himself on the bench, and laid his sack beneath him for a pillow. When the inn-keeper thought his guest was lying in a sound sleep, he went to him and pushed and pulled quite gently and carefully at the sack to see if he could possibly draw it away and lay another in its place. The turner had, however, been waiting for this for a long time, and now just as the inn-keeper was about to give a hearty tug, he cried, "Out of the sack, Cudgel!" Instantly the little cudgel came forth, and fell on the inn-keeper, and gave him a sound thrashing.

The host cried for mercy; but the louder he cried, so much the more heavily the cudgel beat the time on his back, until at length he fell to the ground exhausted. Then the turner said, "If thou dost not give back the table which covers itself, and the gold-ass, the dance shall begin afresh." "Oh, no," cried the host, quite humbly, "I will gladly produce everything, only make the accursed kobold creep back into the sack." Then said the apprentice, "I will let mercy take the place of justice, but beware of getting into mischief again!" So he cried, "Into the sack, Cudgel!" and let him have rest.

Next morning the turner went home to his father with the wishing-table, and the gold-ass. The tailor rejoiced when he saw him once more, and asked him likewise what he had learned in foreign parts. "Dear father," said he, "I have become a turner." "A skilled trade," said the father. "What hast thou brought back with thee from thy travels?"

"A precious thing, dear father," replied the son, "a cudgel in the sack."

"What!" cried the father, "a cudgel! That's worth thy trouble, indeed! From every tree thou canst cut thyself one." "But not one like this, dear father. If I say 'Out of the sack, Cudgel!' the cudgel springs out and leads any one who means ill with me a weary dance, and never stops until he lies on the ground and prays for fair weather. Look you, with this cudgel have I got back the wishing-table and the gold-ass which the thievish inn-

keeper took away from my brothers. Now let them both be sent for, and invite all our kinsmen. I will give them to eat and to drink, and will fill their pockets with gold into the bargain." The old tailor would not quite believe, but nevertheless got the relatives together. Then the turner spread a cloth in the room and led in the gold-ass, and said to his brother, "Now, dear brother, speak to him." The miller said, "Bricklebrit," and instantly the gold pieces fell down on the cloth like a thunder-shower, and the ass did not stop until every one of them had so much that he could carry no more. (I can see in thy face that thou also wouldst have liked to be there.)

Then the turner brought the little table, and said, "Now, dear brother, speak to it." And scarcely had the carpenter said, "Table, cover thyself," than it was spread and amply covered with the most exquisite dishes. Then such a meal took place as the good tailor had never yet known in his house, and the whole party of kinsmen stayed together till far in the night, and were all merry and glad. The tailor locked away needle and thread, yard-measure and goose, in a press, and lived with his three sons in joy and splendour.

(What, however, has become of the goat who was to blame for the tailor driving out his three sons? That I will tell thee. She was ashamed that she had a bald head, and ran to a fox's hole and crept into it. When the fox came home, he was met by two great eyes shining out of the darkness, and was terrified and ran away. A bear met him, and as the fox looked quite disturbed, he said, "What is the matter with thee, brother Fox, why dost thou look like that?" "Ah," answered Redskin, "a fierce beast is in my cave and stared at me with its fiery eyes." "We will soon drive him out," said the bear, and went with him to the cave and looked in, but when he saw the fiery eyes, fear seized on him likewise; he would have nothing to do with the furious beast, and took to his heels. The bee met him, and as she saw that he was ill at ease, she said, "Bear, thou art really pulling a very pitiful face; what has become of all thy gaiety?" "It is all very well for thee to talk," replied the bear, "a furious beast with staring eyes is in Redskin's house, and we

can't drive him out." The bee said, "Bear, I pity thee, I am a poor weak creature whom thou wouldst not turn aside to look at, but still, I believe, I can help thee." She flew into the fox's cave, lighted on the goat's smoothly-shorn head, and stung her so violently, that she sprang up, crying "Meh, meh," and ran forth into the world as if mad, and to this hour no one knows where she has gone.)

37.—THUMBLING.

THERE was once a poor peasant who sat in the evening by the hearth and poked the fire, and his wife sat and span. Then said he, "How sad it is that we have no children! With us all is so quiet, and in other houses it is noisy and lively."

"Yes," replied the wife, and sighed, "even if we had only one, and it were quite small, and only as big as a thumb, I should be quite satisfied, and we would still love it with all our hearts." Now it so happened that the woman fell ill, and after seven months, gave birth to a child, that was perfect in all its limbs, but no longer than a thumb. Then said they, "It is as we wished it to be, and it shall be our dear child;" and because of its size, they called it Thumbling. They did not let it want for food, but the child did not grow taller, but remained as it had been at the first, nevertheless it looked sensibly out of its eyes, and soon showed itself to be a wise and nimble creature, for everything it did turned out well.

One day the peasant was getting ready to go into the forest to cut wood, when he said as if to himself, "How I wish that there was any one who would bring the cart to me!" "Oh, father," cried Thumbling, "I will soon bring the cart, rely on that; it shall be in the forest at the appointed time." The man smiled and said, "How can that be done, thou art far too small to lead the horse by the reins?" "That's of no consequence, father, if my mother will only harness it, I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out to him how he is to go." "Well," answered the man, "for once we will try it."

When the time came, the mother harnessed the horse, and placed Thumbling in its ear, and then the little creature cried "Gee up, gee up!"

Then it went quite properly as if with its master, and the cart went the right way into the forest. It so happened that just as he was turning a corner, and the little one was crying "Gee up," two strange men came towards him. "My word!" said one of them. "What is this? There is a cart coming, and a driver is calling to the horse, and still he is not to be seen!" "That can't be right," said the other, "we will follow the cart and see where it stops." The cart, however, drove right into the forest, and exactly to the place where the wood had been cut. When Thumbling saw his father, he cried to him, "Seest thou, father, here I am with the cart; now take me down." The father got hold of the horse with his left hand, and with the right took his little son out of the ear. Thumbling sat down quite merrily on a straw, but when the two strange men saw him, they did not know what to say for astonishment. Then one of them took the other aside and said, "Hark, the little fellow would make our fortune if we exhibited him in a large town, for money. We will buy him." They went to the peasant and said, "Sell us the little man. He shall be well treated with us." "No," replied the father, "he is the apple of my eye, and all the money in the world cannot buy him from me." Thumbling, however, when he heard of the bargain, had crept up the folds of his father's coat, placed himself on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Father, do give me away, I will soon come back again." Then the father parted with him to the two men for a handsome bit of money. "Where wilt thou sit?" they said to him. "Oh, just set me on the rim of your hat, and then I can walk backwards and forwards and look at the country, and still not fall down." They did as he wished, and when Thumbling had taken leave of his father, they went away with him. They walked until it was dusk, and then the little fellow said, "Do take me down, I want to come down." The man took his hat off, and put the little fellow on the ground by the wayside, and he leapt and crept about a little

between the sods, and then he suddenly slipped into a mouse-hole which he had sought out. "Good evening, gentlemen, just go home without me," he cried to them, and mocked them. They ran thither and stuck their sticks into the mouse-hole, but it was all lost labour. Thumbling crept still farther in, and as it soon became quite dark, they were forced to go home with their vexation and their empty purses.

When Thumbling saw that they were gone, he crept back out of the subterranean passage. "It is so dangerous to walk on the ground in the dark," said he; "how easily a neck or a leg is broken!" Fortunately he knocked against an empty snail-shell. "Thank God!" said he. "In that I can pass the night in safety," and got into it. Not long afterwards, when he was just going to sleep, he heard two men go by, and one of them was saying, "How shall we contrive to get hold of the rich pastor's silver and gold?" "I could tell thee that," cried Thumbling, interrupting them. "What was that?" said one of the thieves in a fright, "I heard some one speaking." They stood still listening, and Thumbling spoke again, and said, "Take me with you, and I'll help you."

"But where art thou?" "Just look on the ground, and observe from whence my voice comes," he replied. There the thieves at length found him, and lifted him up. "Thou little imp, how wilt thou help us?" they said. "A great deal," said he, "I will creep into the pastor's room through the iron bars, and will reach out to you whatever you want to have." "Come then," they said, "and we will see what thou canst do." When they got to the pastor's house, Thumbling crept into the room, but instantly cried out with all his might, "Do you want to have everything that is here?" The thieves were alarmed, and said, "But do speak softly, so as not to waken any one!" Thumbling, however, behaved as if he had not understood this, and cried again, "What do you want? Do you want to have everything that is here?" The cook, who slept in the next room, heard this and sat up in bed, and listened. The thieves, however, had in their fright run some distance away, but at last they took courage, and thought, "The little rascal wants to mock us."

They came back and whispered to him, "Come, be serious, and reach something out to us." Then Thumbling again cried as loudly as he could, "I really will give you everything, only put your hands in." The maid who was listening, heard this quite distinctly, and jumped out of bed and rushed to the door. The thieves took flight, and ran as if the Wild Huntsman were behind them, but as the maid could not see anything, she went to strike a light. When she came to the place with it, Thumbling, unperceived, betook himself to the granary, and the maid, after she had examined every corner and found nothing, lay down in her bed again, and believed that, after all, she had only been dreaming with open eyes and ears.

Thumbling had climbed up among the hay and found a beautiful place to sleep in; there he intended to rest until day, and then go home again to his parents. But he had other things to go through. Truly there is much affliction and misery in this world! When day dawned, the maid arose from her bed to feed the cows. Her first walk was into the barn, where she laid hold of an armful of hay, and precisely that very one in which poor Thumbling was lying asleep. He, however, was sleeping so soundly that he was aware of nothing, and did not awake until he was in the mouth of the cow, who had picked him up with the hay. "Ah, heavens!" cried he, "how have I got into the fulling mill?" but he soon discovered where he was. Then it was necessary to be careful not to let himself go between the teeth and be dismembered, but he was nevertheless forced to slip down into the stomach with the hay. "In this little room the windows are forgotten," said he, "and no sun shines in, neither will a candle be brought." His quarters were especially displeasing to him, and the worst was, more and more hay was always coming in by the door, and the space grew less and less. Then, at length in his anguish, he cried as loud as he could, "Bring me no more fodder, bring me no more fodder." The maid was just milking the cow, and when she heard some one speaking, and saw no one, and perceived that it was the same voice that she had heard in the night, she was so terrified that she slipped off her stool, and spilt the milk. She ran in

the greatest haste to her master, and said, "Oh, heavens, pastor, the cow has been speaking!" "Thou art mad," replied the pastor; but he went himself to the byre to see what was there. Hardly, however, had he set his foot inside than Thumbling again cried, "Bring me no more fodder, bring me no more fodder." Then the pastor himself was alarmed, and thought that an evil spirit had gone into the cow, and ordered her to be killed. She was killed, but the stomach, in which Thumbling was, was thrown on the midden. Thumbling had great difficulty in working his way; however, he succeeded so far as to get some room, but, just as he was going to thrust his head out, a new misfortune occurred. A hungry wolf ran thither, and swallowed the whole stomach at one gulp. Thumbling did not lose courage. "Perhaps," thought he, "the wolf will listen to what I have got to say," and he called to him from out of his stomach, "Dear wolf, I know of a magnificent feast for thee."

"Where is it to be had?" said the wolf.

"In such and such a house; thou must creep into it through the kitchen-sink, and wilt find cakes, and bacon, and sausages, and as much of them as thou canst eat," and he described to him exactly his father's house. The wolf did not require to be told this twice, squeezed himself in at night through the sink, and ate to his heart's content in the larder. When he had eaten his fill, he wanted to go out again, but he had become so big that he could not go out by the same way. Thumbling had reckoned on this, and now began to make a violent noise in the wolf's body, and raged and screamed as loudly as he could. "Wilt thou be quiet," said the wolf, "thou wilt waken up the people!" "Eh, what," replied the little fellow, "thou hast eaten thy fill, and I will make merry likewise," and began once more to scream with all his strength. At last his father and mother were aroused by it, and ran to the room and looked in through the opening in the door. When they saw that a wolf was inside, they ran away, and the husband fetched his axe, and the wife the scythe. "Stay behind," said the man, when they entered the room. "When I have given him a blow, if he is not killed by it, thou must cut him down and hew his body to pieces." Then

Thumbling heard his parents' voices, and cried, "Dear father, I am here; I am in the wolf's body." Said the father, full of joy, "Thank God, our dear child has found us again," and bade the woman take away her scythe, that Thumbling might not be hurt with it. After that he raised his arm, and struck the wolf such a blow on his head that he fell down dead, and then they got knives and scissors and cut his body open, and drew the little fellow forth. "Ah," said the father, "what sorrow we have gone through for thy sake." "Yes, father, I have gone about the world a great deal. Thank heaven, I breathe fresh air again!" "Where hast thou been, then?" "Ah, father, I have been in a mouse's hole, in a cow's stomach, and then in a wolf's; now I will stay with you." "And we will not sell thee again, no, not for all the riches in the world," said his parents, and they embraced and kissed their dear Thumbling. They gave him to eat and to drink, and had some new clothes made for him, for his own had been spoiled on his journey.

38.—THE WEDDING OF MRS. FOX.

FIRST STORY.

THERE was once on a time an old fox with nine tails, who believed that his wife was not faithful to him, and wished to try her. He stretched himself out under the bench, did not move a limb, and behaved as if he were stone dead. Mrs. Fox went up to her room, shut herself in, and her maid, Miss Cat, sat by the fire, and did the cooking. When it became known that the old fox was dead, wooers presented themselves. The maid heard some one standing at the house-door, knocking. She went and opened it, and it was a young fox, who said,

"What may you be about, Miss Cat?
Do you sleep or do you wake?"

She answered,

"I am not sleeping, I am waking,
Wouldst thou know what I am making?"

I am boiling warm beer with butter so nice,
Will the gentleman enter and drink some likewise?"

"No, thank you, miss," said the fox, "what is Mrs. Fox doing?" The maid replied,

"She sits all alone,
And makes her moan,
Weeping her little eyes quite red,
Because old Mr. Fox is dead."

"Do just tell her, miss, that a young fox is here, who would like to woo her." "Certainly, young sir."

The cat goes up the stairs trip, trap,
The door she knocks at tap, tap, tap,
"Mistress Fox, are you inside?"
"Oh yes, my little cat," she cried.
"A wooer he stands at the door out there."
"Tell me what he is like, my dear?"

"But has he nine as beautiful tails as the late Mr. Fox?" "Oh, no," answered the cat, "he has only one."

"Then I will not have him." Miss Cat went downstairs and sent the wooer away. Soon afterwards there was another knock, and another fox was at the door who wished to woo Mrs. Fox. He had two tails, but he did not fare better than the first. After this still more came, each with one tail more than the other, but they were all turned away, until at last one came who had nine tails, like old Mr. Fox. When the widow heard that, she said joyfully to the cat,

"Now open the gates and doors all wide,
And carry old Mr. Fox outside."

But just as the wedding was going to be solemnized, old Mr. Fox stirred under the bench, and cudgelled all the rabble, and drove them and Mrs. Fox out of the house.

SECOND STORY.

WHEN old Mr. Fox was dead, the wolf came as a wooer, and knocked at the door, and the cat who was servant to Mrs. Fox, opened it for him. The wolf greeted her, and said,

"Good day, Mrs. Cat of Kehrewit,
How comes it that alone you sit?
What are you making good?"

The cat replied,

“In milk I’m breaking bread so sweet,
Will the gentleman please to come in and eat?”

“No, thank you, Mrs. Cat,” answered the wolf. “Is Mrs. Fox not at home?”

The cat said,

“She sits upstairs in her room,
Bewailing her sorrowful doom,
Bewailing her trouble so sore,
For old Mr. Fox is no more.”

The wolf answered,

“If she’s in want of a husband now,
Then will it please her to step below?”
The cat runs quickly up the stair,
And lets her tail fly here and there,
Until she comes to the parlour door.
With her five gold rings at the door she knocks,
“Are you within, good Mistress Fox?
If you’re in want of a husband now,
Then will it please you to step below?”

Mrs. Fox asked, “Has the gentleman red stockings on, and has he a pointed mouth?” “No,” answered the cat. “Then he won’t do for me.”

When the wolf was gone, came a dog, a stag, a hare, a bear, a lion, and all the beasts of the forest, one after the other. But one of the good points which old Mr. Fox had possessed, was always lacking, and the cat had continually to send the wooers away. At length came a young fox. Then Mrs. Fox said, “Has the gentleman red stockings on, and has he a little pointed mouth?” “Yes,” said the cat, “he has.” “Then let him come upstairs,” said Mrs. Fox, and ordered the servant to prepare the wedding-feast.

“Sweep me the room as clean as you can,
Up with the window, fling out my old man!
For many a fine fat mouse he brought,
Yet of his wife he never thought,
But ate up every one he caught.”

Then the wedding was solemnized with young Mr. Fox, and there was much rejoicing and dancing; and if they have not left off, they are dancing still.

39.—THE ELVES.

FIRST STORY.

A SHOEMAKER, by no fault of his own, had become so poor that at last he had nothing left but leather for one pair of shoes. So in the evening, he cut out the shoes which he wished to begin to make the next morning, and as he had a good conscience, he lay down quietly in his bed, commended himself to God, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, and was just going to sit down to work, the two shoes stood quite finished on his table. He was astounded, and did not know what to say to it. He took the shoes in his hands to observe them closer, and they were so neatly made that there was not one bad stitch in them, just as if they were intended as a masterpiece. Soon after, too, a buyer came in, and as the shoes pleased him so well, he paid more for them than was customary, and, with the money, the shoemaker was able to purchase leather for two pairs of shoes. He cut them out at night, and next morning was about to set to work with fresh courage; but he had no need to do so, for, when he got up, they were already made, and buyers also were not wanting, who gave him money enough to buy leather for four pairs of shoes. The following morning, too, he found the four pairs made; and so it went on constantly, what he cut out in the evening was finished by the morning, so that he soon had his honest independence again, and at last became a wealthy man. Now it befell that one evening not long before Christmas, when the man had been cutting out, he said to his wife, before going to bed, "What think you if we were to stay up to-night to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" The woman liked the idea, and lighted a candle, and then they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes which were hanging up there, and watched. When it was midnight, two pretty little naked men came, sat down by the shoemaker's table, took all the work which was cut out before them and began to stitch, and sew, and hammer so skilfully and so quickly with their little

fingers that the shoemaker could not turn away his eyes for astonishment. They did not stop until all was done, and stood finished on the table, and then they ran quickly away.

Next morning the woman said, "The little men have made us rich, and we really must show that we are grateful for it. They run about so, and have nothing on, and must be cold. I'll tell thee what I'll do: I will make them little shirts, and coats, and vests, and trousers, and knit both of them a pair of stockings, and do thou, too, make them two little pairs of shoes." The man said, "I shall be very glad to do it;" and one night, when everything was ready, they laid their presents all together on the table instead of the cut-out work, and then concealed themselves to see how the little men would behave. At midnight they came bounding in, and wanted to get to work at once, but as they did not find any leather cut out, but only the pretty little articles of clothing, they were at first astonished, and then they showed intense delight. They dressed themselves with the greatest rapidity, putting the pretty clothes on, and singing,

"Now we are boys so fine to see,
Why should we longer cobblers be?"

Then they danced and skipped and leapt over chairs and benches. At last they danced out of doors. From that time forth they came no more, but as long as the shoemaker lived all went well with him, and all his undertakings prospered.

SECOND STORY.

THERE was once a poor servant-girl, who was industrious and cleanly, and swept the house every day, and emptied her sweepings on the great heap in front of the door. One morning when she was just going back to her work, she found a letter on this heap, and as she could not read, she put her broom in the corner, and took the letter to her master and mistress, and behold it was an invitation from the elves, who asked the girl to hold a child for them at its christening. The girl did not know what to do, but at length, after much persuasion, and as they told her that it was not right to refuse an invitation

of this kind, she consented. Then three elves came and conducted her to a hollow mountain, where the little folks lived. Everything there was small, but more elegant and beautiful than can be described. The baby's mother lay in a bed of black ebony ornamented with pearls, the coverlids were embroidered with gold, the cradle was of ivory, the bath of gold. The girl stood as godmother, and then wanted to go home again, but the little elves urgently entreated her to stay three days with them. So she stayed, and passed the time in pleasure and gaiety, and the little folks did all they could to make her happy. At last she set out on her way home. Then first they filled her pockets quite full of money, and after that they led her out of the mountain again. When she got home, she wanted to begin her work, and took the broom, which was still standing in the corner, in her hand and began to sweep. Then some strangers came out of the house, who asked her who she was, and what business she had there? And she had not, as she thought, been three days with the little men in the mountains, but seven years, and in the meantime her former masters had died.

THIRD STORY.

A CERTAIN mother's child had been taken away out of its cradle by the elves, and a changeling with a large head and staring eyes, which would do nothing but eat and drink, laid in its place. In her trouble she went to her neighbour, and asked her advice. The neighbour said that she was to carry the changeling into the kitchen, set it down on the hearth, light a fire, and boil some water in two egg-shells, which would make the changeling laugh, and if he laughed, all would be over with him. The woman did everything that her neighbour bade her. When she put the egg-shells with water on the fire, the imp said, "I am as old now as the Wester forest, but never yet have I seen any one boil anything in an egg-shell!" And he began to laugh at it. Whilst he was laughing, suddenly came a host of little elves, who brought the right child, set it down on the hearth, and took the changeling away with them.

40.—THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM.

THERE was once on a time a miller, who had a beautiful daughter, and as she was grown up, he wished that she was provided for, and well married. He thought, "If any good suitor comes and asks for her, I will give her to him." Not long afterwards, a suitor came, who appeared to be very rich, and as the miller had no fault to find with him, he promised his daughter to him. The maiden, however, did not like him quite so much as a girl should like the man to whom she is engaged, and had no confidence in him. Whenever she saw, or thought of him, she felt a secret horror. Once he said to her, "Thou art my betrothed, and yet thou hast never once paid me a visit." The maiden replied, "I know not where thy house is." Then said the bridegroom, "My house is out there in the dark forest." She tried to excuse herself, and said she could not find the way there. The bridegroom said, "Next Sunday thou must come out there to me; I have already invited the guests, and I will strew ashes in order that thou mayst find thy way through the forest." When Sunday came, and the maiden had to set out on her way, she became very uneasy, she herself knew not exactly why, and to mark her way she filled both her pockets full of peas and lentils. Ashes were strewn at the entrance of the forest, and these she followed, but at every step she threw a couple of peas on the ground. She walked almost the whole day until she reached the middle of the forest, where it was the darkest, and there stood a solitary house, which she did not like, for it looked so dark and dismal. She went inside it, but no one was within, and the most absolute stillness reigned. Suddenly a voice cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

The maiden looked up, and saw that the voice came from a bird, which was hanging in a cage on the wall. Again it cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

Then the young maiden went on farther from one room to another, and walked through the whole house, but it was entirely empty and not one human being was to be found. At last she came to the cellar, and there sat an extremely aged woman, whose head shook constantly. "Can you not tell me," said the maiden, "if my betrothed lives here?"

"Alas, poor child," replied the old woman, "whither hast thou come? Thou art in a murderer's den. Thou thinkest thou art a bride soon to be married, but thou wilt keep thy wedding with death. Look, I have been forced to put a great kettle on there, with water in it, and when they have thee in their power, they will cut thee to pieces without mercy, will cook thee, and eat thee, for they are eaters of human flesh. If I do not have compassion on thee, and save thee, thou art lost."

Thereupon the old woman led her behind a great hogshead where she could not be seen. "Be as still as a mouse," said she, "do not make a sound, or move, or all will be over with thee. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will escape; I have long waited for an opportunity." Hardly was this done, than the godless crew came home. They dragged with them another young girl. They were drunk, and paid no heed to her screams and lamentations. They gave her wine to drink, three glasses full, one glass of white wine, one glass of red, and a glass of yellow, and with this her heart burst in twain. Thereupon they tore off her delicate raiment, laid her on a table, cut her beautiful body in pieces, and strewed salt thereon. The poor bride behind the cask trembled and shook, for she saw right well what fate the robbers had destined for her. One of them noticed a gold ring on the little finger of the murdered girl, and as it would not come off at once, he took an axe and cut the finger off, but it sprang up in the air, away over the cask and fell straight into the bride's bosom. The robber took a candle and wanted to look for it, but could not find it. Then another of them said, "Hast thou looked behind the great hogshead?" But the old woman cried, "Come and get something to eat, and leave off looking till the morning, the finger won't run away from you."

Then the robbers said, "The old woman is right," and gave up their search, and sat down to eat, and the old woman poured a sleeping-draught in their wine, so that they soon lay down in the cellar, and slept and snored. When the bride heard that, she came out from behind the hogshead, and had to step over the sleepers, for they lay in rows on the ground, and great was her terror lest she should waken one of them. But God helped her, and she got safely over. The old woman went up with her, opened the doors, and they hurried out of the murderers' den with all the speed in their power. The wind had blown away the strewn ashes, but the peas and lentils had sprouted and grown up, and showed them the way in the moonlight. They walked the whole night, until in the morning they arrived at the mill, and then the maiden told her father everything exactly as it had happened.

When the day came when the wedding was to be celebrated, the bridegroom appeared, and the Miller had invited all his relations and friends. As they sat at table, each was bidden to relate something. The bride sat still, and said nothing. Then said the bridegroom to the bride, "Come, my darling, dost thou know nothing? Relate something to us like the rest." She replied, "Then I will relate a dream. I was walking alone through a wood, and at last I came to a house, in which no living soul was, but on the wall there was a bird in a cage which cried,

"Turn back, turn back, young maiden dear,
'Tis a murderer's house you enter here."

And this it cried once more. 'My darling, I only dreamt this. Then I went through all the rooms, and they were all empty, and there was something so horrible about them! At last I went down into the cellar, and there sat a very very old woman, whose head shook; I asked her, 'Does my bridegroom live in this house?' She answered, 'Alas, poor child, thou hast got into a murderer's den, thy bridegroom does live here, but he will hew thee in pieces, and kill thee, and then he will cook thee, and eat thee.' My darling, I only dreamt this.

But the old woman hid me behind a great hogshead, and, scarcely was I hidden, when the robbers came home, dragging a maiden with them, to whom they gave three kinds of wines to drink, white, red, and yellow, with which her heart broke in twain. My darling, I only dreamt this. Thereupon they pulled off her pretty clothes, and hewed her fair body in pieces on a table, and sprinkled them with salt. My darling, I only dreamt this. And one of the robbers saw that there was still a ring on her little finger, and as it was hard to draw off, he took an axe and cut it off, but the finger sprang up in the air, and sprang behind the great hogshead, and fell in my bosom. And there is the finger with the ring!" And with these words she drew it forth, and showed it to those present.

The robber, who had during this story become as pale as ashes, leapt up and wanted to escape, but the guests held him fast, and delivered him over to justice. Then he and his whole troop were executed for their infamous deeds.

41.—HERR KORBES.

THERE were once a cock and a hen who wanted to take a journey together. So the cock built a beautiful carriage, which had four red wheels, and harnessed four mice to it. The hen seated herself in it with the cock, and they drove away together. Not long afterwards they met a cat who said, "Where are you going?" The cock replied, "We are going to the house of Herr Korbes." "Take me with you," said the cat. The cock answered, "Most willingly, get up behind, lest you fall off in front. Take great care not to dirty my little red wheels. And you little wheels, roll on, and you little mice pipe out, as we go forth on our way to the house of Herr Korbes."

After this came a millstone, then an egg, then a duck, then a pin, and at last a needle, who all seated themselves in the carriage, and drove with them. When, however, they reached the house of Herr Korbes, Herr Korbes was

not there. The mice drew the carriage into the barn, the hen flew with the cock upon a perch. The cat sat down by the hearth, the duck on the well-pole.* The egg rolled itself into a towel, the pin stuck itself into the chair-cushion, the needle jumped on to the bed in the middle of the pillow, and the millstone laid itself over the door. Then Herr Korbes came home, went to the hearth, and was about to light the fire, when the cat threw a quantity of ashes in his face. He ran into the kitchen in a great hurry to wash it off, and the duck splashed some water in his face. He wanted to dry it with the towel, but the egg rolled up against him, broke, and glued up his eyes. He wanted to rest, and sat down in the chair, and then the pin pricked him. He fell in a passion, and threw himself on his bed, but as soon as he laid his head on the pillow, the needle pricked him, so that he screamed aloud, and was just going to run out into the wide world in his rage, but when he came to the house-door, the millstone leapt down and struck him dead. Herr Korbes must have been a very wicked man!

42.—THE GODFATHER.

A POOR man had so many children that he had already asked every one in the world to be godfather, and when still another child was born, no one else was left whom he could invite. He knew not what to do, and, in his perplexity, he lay down and fell asleep. Then he dreamt that he was to go outside the gate, and ask the first person who met him to be godfather. When he awoke, he determined to obey his dream, and went outside the gate, and asked the first person who came up to him to be godfather. The stranger presented him with a little glass of water, and said, "This is a wonderful water, with it thou canst heal the sick, only thou must see where Death is standing. If he is standing by the patient's head, give the patient

* Well-pole, a pole used in a very primitive kind of well, to draw up and let down the bucket.—TR.

some of the water and he will be healed, but if Death is standing by his feet, all trouble will be in vain, for the sick man must die." From this time forth, the man could always say whether a patient could be saved or not, and became famous for his skill, and earned a great deal of money. Once he was called in to the child of the King, and when he entered, he saw Death standing by the child's head and cured it with the water, and he did the same a second time, but the third time Death was standing by its feet, and then he knew the child was forced to die.

Once the man thought he would visit the godfather, and tell him how he had succeeded with the water. But when he entered the house, it was such a strange establishment! On the first flight of stairs, the broom and shovel were disputing, and knocking each other about violently. He asked them, "Where does the godfather live?" The broom replied, "One flight of stairs higher up." When he came to the second flight, he saw a heap of dead fingers lying. He asked, "Where does the godfather live?" One of the fingers replied, "One flight of stairs higher." On the third flight lay a heap of dead heads, which again directed him to a flight beyond. On the fourth flight, he saw fishes on the fire, which frizzled in the pans and baked themselves. They, too, said, "One flight of stairs higher." And when he had ascended the fifth, he came to the door of a room and peeped through the keyhole, and there he saw the godfather who had a pair of long horns. When he opened the door and went in, the godfather got into bed in a great hurry and covered himself up. Then said the man, "Sir godfather, what a strange household you have! When I came to your first flight of stairs, the shovel and broom were quarrelling, and beating each other violently."

"How stupid you are!" said the godfather. "That was the boy and the maid talking to each other." "But on the second flight I saw dead fingers lying." "Oh, how silly you are! Those were some roots of scorzonera."* "On the third flight lay a heap of dead men's heads."

* *Scorzonera hispanica*, a plant cultivated for the sake of its long fleshy tapering roots, which are sweet and delicate in flavour, and are boiled like parsnips, and cooked in other ways.—TR.

“Foolish man, those were cabbages.” “On the fourth flight, I saw fishes in a pan, which were hissing and baking themselves.” When he had said that, the fishes came and served themselves up. “And when I got to the fifth flight, I peeped through the keyhole of a door, and there, godfather, I saw you, and you had long, long horns.” “Oh, that is a lie!” The man became alarmed, and ran out, and if he had not, who knows what the godfather would have done to him.

43.—FRAU TRUDE.

THERE was once a little girl who was obstinate and inquisitive, and when her parents told her to do anything, she did not obey them, so how could she fare well? One day she said to her parents, “I have heard so much of Frau Trude, I will go to her some day. People say that everything about her does look so strange, and that there are such odd things in her house, that I have become quite curious!” Her parents absolutely forbade her, and said, “Frau Trude is a bad woman, who does wicked things, and if thou goest to her, thou art no longer our child.” But the maiden did not let herself be turned aside by her parent’s prohibition, and still went to Frau Trude. And when she got to her, Frau Trude said, “Why art thou so pale?” “Ah,” she replied, and her whole body trembled, “I have been so terrified at what I have seen.” “What hast thou seen?” “I saw a black man on your steps.” “That was a collier.” “Then I saw a green man.” “That was a huntsman.” “After that I saw a blood-red man.” “That was a butcher.” “Ah, Frau Trude, I was terrified; I looked through the window and saw not you, but, as I verily believe, the devil himself with a head of fire.” “Oho!” said she, “then thou hast seen the witch in her proper costume. I have been waiting for thee, and wanting thee a long time already; thou shalt give me some light.” Then she changed the girl into a block of wood, and threw it into the fire. And when it was in full blaze she sat down close to it, and warmed herself by it, and said, “That shines bright for once in a way.”

44.—GODFATHER DEATH.

A POOR man had twelve children and was forced to work night and day to give them even bread. When therefore the thirteenth came into the world, he knew not what to do in his trouble, but ran out into the great highway, and resolved to ask the first person whom he met to be godfather. The first to meet him was the good God who already knew what filled his heart, and said to him, "Poor man, I pity thee. I will hold thy child at its christening, and will take charge of it and make it happy on earth." The man said, "Who art thou?" "I am God." "Then I do not desire to have thee for a godfather," said the man; "thou givest to the rich, and leavest the poor to hunger." Thus spake the man, for he did not know how wisely God apportions riches and poverty. He turned therefore away from the Lord, and went farther. Then the Devil came to him and said, "What seekest thou? If thou wilt take me as a godfather for thy child, I will give him gold in plenty and all the joys of the world as well." The man asked, "Who art thou?" "I am the Devil." "Then I do not desire to have thee for godfather," said the man; "thou deceivest men and leadest them astray." He went onwards, and then came Death striding up to him with withered legs, and said, "Take me as godfather." The man asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Death, and I make all equal." Then said the man, "Thou art the right one, thou takest the rich as well as the poor, without distinction; thou shalt be godfather." Death answered, "I will make thy child rich and famous, for he who has me for a friend can lack nothing." The man said, "Next Sunday is the christening; be there at the right time." Death appeared as he had promised, and stood godfather quite in the usual way.

When the boy had grown up, his godfather one day appeared and bade him go with him. He led him forth into a forest, and showed him a herb which grew there, and said, "Now shalt thou receive thy godfather's present. I make thee a celebrated physician. When thou

art called to a patient, I will always appear to thee. If I stand by the head of the sick man, thou mayst say with confidence that thou wilt make him well again, and if thou givest him of this herb he will recover; but if I stand by the patient's feet, he is mine, and thou must say that all remedies are in vain, and that no physician in the world could save him. But beware of using the herb against my will, or it might fare ill with thee."

It was not long before the youth was the most famous physician in the whole world. "He had only to look at the patient and he knew his condition at once, and if he would recover, or must needs die." So they said of him, and from far and wide people came to him, sent for him when they had any one ill, and gave him so much money that he soon became a rich man. Now it so befell that the King became ill, and the physician was summoned, and was to say if recovery were possible. But when he came to the bed, Death was standing by the feet of the sick man, and the herb did not grow which could save him. "If I could but cheat Death for once," thought the physician, "he is sure to take it ill if I do, but, as I am his godson, he will shut one eye; I will risk it." He therefore took up the sick man, and laid him the other way, so that now Death was standing by his head. Then he gave the King some of the herb, and he recovered and grew healthy again. But Death came to the physician, looking very black and angry, threatened him with his finger, and said, "Thou hast overreached me; this time I will pardon it, as thou art my godson; but if thou venturkest it again, it will cost thee thy neck, for I will take thee thyself away with me."

Soon afterwards the King's daughter fell into a severe illness. She was his only child, and he wept day and night, so that he began to lose the sight of his eyes, and he caused it to be made known that whosoever rescued her from death should be her husband and inherit the crown. When the physician came to the sick girl's bed, he saw Death by her feet. He ought to have remembered the warning given by his godfather, but he was so infatuated by the great beauty of the King's daughter, and the happiness of becoming her husband, that he flung all

thought to the winds. He did not see that Death was casting angry glances on him, that he was raising his hand in the air, and threatening him with his withered fist. He raised up the sick girl, and placed her head where her feet had lain. Then he gave her some of the herb, and instantly her cheeks flushed red, and life stirred afresh in her.

When Death saw that for a second time he was defrauded of his own property, he walked up to the physician with long strides, and said, "All is over with thee, and now the lot falls on thee," and seized him so firmly with his ice-cold hand, that he could not resist, and led him into a cave below the earth. There he saw how thousands and thousands of candles were burning in countless rows, some large, others half-sized, others small. Every instant some were extinguished, and others again burnt up, so that the flames seemed to leap hither and thither in perpetual change. "See," said Death, "these are the lights of men's lives. The large ones belong to children, the half-sized ones to married people in their prime, the little ones belong to old people; but children and young folks likewise have often only a tiny candle." "Show me the light of my life," said the physician, and he thought that it would be still very tall. Death pointed to a little end which was just threatening to go out, and said, "Behold, it is there." "Ah, dear godfather," said the horrified physician, "light a new one for me, do it for love of me, that I may enjoy my life, be King, and the husband of the King's beautiful daughter." "I cannot," answered Death, "one must go out before a new one is lighted." "Then place the old one on a new one, that will go on burning at once when the old one has come to an end," pleaded the physician. Death behaved as if he were going to fulfil his wish, and took hold of a tall new candle; but as he desired to revenge himself, he purposely made a mistake in fixing it, and the little piece fell down and was extinguished. Immediately the physician fell on the ground, and now he himself was in the hands of Death.

45.—THUMBLING AS JOURNEYMAN.

A CERTAIN tailor had a son, who happened to be small, and no bigger than a Thumb, and on this account he was always called Thumbling. He had, however, some courage in him, and said to his father, "Father, I must and will go out into the world." "That's right, my son," said the old man, and took a long darning-needle and made a knob of sealing-wax on it at the candle, "and there is a sword for thee to take with thee on the way." Then the little tailor wanted to have one more meal with them, and hopped into the kitchen to see what his lady mother had cooked for the last time. It was, however, just dished up, and the dish stood on the hearth. Then he said, "Mother, what is there to eat to-day?" "See for thyself," said his mother. So Thumbling jumped on to the hearth, and peeped into the dish, but as he stretched his neck in too far the steam from the food caught hold of him, and carried him up the chimney. He rode about in the air on the steam for a while, until at length he sank down to the ground again. Now the little tailor was outside in the wide world, and he travelled about, and went to a master in his craft, but the food was not good enough for him. "Mistress, if you give us no better food," said Thumbling, "I will go away, and early to-morrow morning I will write with chalk on the door of your house, 'Too many potatoes, too little meat! Farewell, Mr. Potato-King.'" "What wouldst thou have forsooth, grasshopper?" said the mistress, and grew angry, and seized a dish-cloth, and was just going to strike him; but my little tailor crept nimbly under a thimble, peeped out from beneath it, and put his tongue out at the mistress. She took up the thimble, and wanted to get hold of him, but little Thumbling hopped into the cloth, and while the mistress was opening it out and looking for him, he got into a crevice in the table. "Ho, ho, lady mistress," cried he, and thrust his head out, and when she began to strike him he leapt down into the drawer. At last, however, she caught him and drove him out of the house.

The little tailor journeyed on and came to a great forest, and there he fell in with a band of robbers who had a design to steal the King's treasure. When they saw the little tailor, they thought, "A little fellow like that can creep through a key-hole and serve as picklock to us." "Hollo," cried one of them, "thou giant Goliath, wilt thou go to the treasure-chamber with us? Thou canst slip thyself in and throw out the money." Thumbling reflected a while, and at length he said "yes," and went with them to the treasure-chamber. Then he looked at the doors above and below, to see if there was any crack in them. It was not long before he espied one which was broad enough to let him in. He was therefore about to get in at once, but one of the two sentries who stood before the door, observed him, and said to the other, "What an ugly spider is creeping there; I will kill it." "Let the poor creature alone," said the other, "it has done thee no harm." Then Thumbling got safely through the crevice into the treasure-chamber, opened the window beneath which the robbers were standing, and threw out to them one thaler after another. When the little tailor was in the full swing of his work, he heard the King coming to inspect his treasure-chamber, and crept hastily into a hiding-place. The King noticed that several solid thalers were missing, but could not conceive who could have stolen them, for locks and bolts were in good condition, and all seemed well guarded. Then he went away again, and said to the sentries, "Be on the watch, some one is after the money." When therefore Thumbling recommenced his labours, they heard the money moving, and a sound of klink, klink, klink. They ran swiftly in to seize the thief, but the little tailor, who heard them coming, was still swifter, and leapt into a corner and covered himself with a thaler, so that nothing could be seen of him, and at the same time he mocked the sentries and cried, "Here am I!" The sentries ran thither, but as they got there, he had already hopped into another corner under a thaler, and was crying, "Ho, ho, here am I!" The watchmen sprang there in haste, but Thumbling had long ago got into a third corner, and was crying, "Ho, ho, here am I!" And thus he made fools of them, and drove them so long round

about the treasure-chamber that they were weary and went away. Then by degrees he threw all the thalers out, despatching the last with all his might, then hopped nimbly upon it, and flew down with it through the window. The robbers paid him great compliments. "Thou art a valiant hero," said they; "wilt thou be our captain?"

Thumbling, however, declined, and said he wanted to see the world first. They now divided the booty, but the little tailor only asked for a kreuzer because he could not carry more.

Then he once more buckled on his sword, bade the robbers good-bye, and took to the road. First, he went to work with some masters, but he had no liking for that, and at last he hired himself as man-servant in an inn. The maids, however, could not endure him, for he saw all that they did secretly, without their seeing him, and he told their master and mistress what they had taken off the plates, and carried away out of the cellar, for themselves. Then said they, "Wait, and we will pay thee off!" and arranged with each other to play him a trick. Soon afterwards when one of the maids was mowing in the garden, and saw Thumbling jumping about and creeping up and down the plants, she mowed him up quickly with the grass, tied all in a great cloth, and secretly threw it to the cows. Now amongst them there was a great black one, who swallowed him down with it without hurting him. Down below, however, it pleased him ill, for it was quite dark, neither was any candle burning. When the cow was being milked he cried,

"Strip, strap, strull,
Will the pail soon be full?"

But the noise of the milking prevented his being understood. After this the master of the house came into the cow-byre and said, "That cow shall be killed to-morrow." Then Thumbling was so alarmed that he cried out in a clear voice, "Let me out first, for I am shut up inside her." The master heard that quite well, but did not know from whence the voice came. "Where art thou?" asked he. "In the black one," answered Thumbling, but the master did not understand what that meant, and went out.

Next morning the cow was killed. Happily Thumbling did not meet with one blow at the cutting up and chopping; he got among the sausage-meat. And when the butcher came in and began his work, he cried out with all his might, "Don't chop too deep, don't chop too deep, I am amongst it." No one heard this because of the noise of the chopping-knife. Now poor Thumbling was in trouble, but trouble sharpens the wits, and he sprang out so adroitly between the blows that none of them touched him, and he got out with a whole skin. But still he could not get away, there was nothing for it, and he had to let himself be thrust into a black-pudding with the bits of bacon. His quarters there were rather confined, and besides that he was hung up in the chimney to be smoked, and there time did hang terribly heavy on his hands.

At length in winter he was taken down again, as the black-pudding had to be set before a guest. When the hostess was cutting it in slices, he took care not to stretch out his head too far lest a bit of it should be cut off; at last he saw his opportunity, cleared a passage for himself, and jumped out.

The little tailor, however, would not stay any longer in a house where he fared so ill, but at once set out on his journey again. But his liberty did not last long. In the open country he met with a fox who snapped him up in a fit of absence. "Hollo, Mr. Fox," cried the little tailor, "it is I who am sticking in your throat, set me at liberty again." "Thou art right," answered the fox. "Thou art next to nothing for me, but if thou wilt promise me the fowls in thy father's yard I will let thee go." "With all my heart," replied Thumbling. "Thou shalt have all the cocks and hens, that I promise thee." Then the fox let him go again, and himself carried him home. When the father once more saw his dear son, he willingly gave the fox all the fowls which he had. "For this I likewise bring thee a handsome bit of money," said Thumbling, and gave his father the kreuzer which he had earned on his travels.

"But why did the fox get the poor chickens to eat?" "Oh, you goose, your father would surely love his child far more than the fowls in the yard!"

46.—FITCHER'S BIRD.

THERE was once a wizard who used to take the form of a poor man, and went to houses and begged, and caught pretty girls. No one knew whither he carried them, for they were never seen more. One day he appeared before the door of a man who had three pretty daughters; he looked like a poor weak beggar, and carried a basket on his back, as if he meant to collect charitable gifts in it. He begged for a little food, and when the eldest daughter came out and was just reaching him a piece of bread, he did but touch her, and she was forced to jump into his basket. Thereupon he hurried away with long strides, and carried her away into a dark forest to his house, which stood in the midst of it. Everything in the house was magnificent; he gave her whatsoever she could possibly desire, and said, "My darling, thou wilt certainly be happy with me, for thou hast everything thy heart can wish for." This lasted a few days, and then he said, "I must journey forth, and leave thee alone for a short time; there are the keys of the house; thou mayst go everywhere and look at everything except into one room, which this little key here opens, and there I forbid thee to go on pain of death." He likewise gave her an egg and said, "Preserve the egg carefully for me, and carry it continually about with thee, for a great misfortune would arise from the loss of it."

She took the keys and the egg, and promised to obey him in everything. When he was gone, she went all round the house from the bottom to the top, and examined everything. The rooms shone with silver and gold, and she thought she had never seen such great splendour. At length she came to the forbidden door; she wished to pass it by, but curiosity let her have no rest. She examined the key, it looked just like any other; she put it in the keyhole and turned it a little, and the door sprang open. But what did she see when she went in? A great bloody basin stood in the middle of the room, and therein lay human beings, dead and hewn to pieces, and hard by

was a block of wood, and a gleaming axe lay upon it. She was so terribly alarmed that the egg which she held in her hand fell into the basin. She got it out and washed the blood off, but in vain, it appeared again in a moment. She washed and scrubbed, but she could not get it out.

It was not long before the man came back from his journey, and the first things which he asked for were the key and the egg. She gave them to him, but she trembled as she did so, and he saw at once by the red spots that she had been in the bloody chamber. "Since thou hast gone into the room against my will," said he, "thou shalt go back into it against thine own. Thy life is ended." He threw her down, dragged her thither by her hair, cut her head off on the block, and hewed her in pieces so that her blood ran on the ground. Then he threw her into the basin with the rest.

"Now I will fetch myself the second," said the wizard, and again he went to the house in the shape of a poor man, and begged. Then the second daughter brought him a piece of bread; he caught her like the first, by simply touching her, and carried her away. She did not fare better than her sister. She allowed herself to be led away by her curiosity, opened the door of the bloody chamber, looked in, and had to atone for it with her life on the wizard's return. Then he went and brought the third sister, but she was clever and crafty. When he had given her the keys and the egg, and had left her, she first put the egg away with great care, and then she examined the house, and at last went into the forbidden room. Alas, what did she behold! Both her sisters lay there in the basin, cruelly murdered, and cut in pieces. But she began to gather their limbs together and put them in order, head, body, arms and legs. And when nothing further was wanting the limbs began to move and unite themselves together, and both the maidens opened their eyes and were once more alive. Then they rejoiced and kissed and caressed each other.

On his arrival, the man at once demanded the keys and the egg, and as he could perceive no trace of any blood on it, he said, "Thou hast stood the test, thou shalt be my bride." He now had no longer any power over her, and was forced to do whatsoever she desired. "Oh,

very well," said she, "thou shalt first take a basketful of gold to my father and mother, and carry it thyself on thy back; in the meantime I will prepare for the wedding. Then she ran to her sisters, whom she had hidden in a little chamber and said, "The moment has come when I can save you. The wretch shall himself carry you home again, but as soon as you are at home send help to me." She put both of them in a basket and covered them quite over with gold, so that nothing of them was to be seen, then she called in the wizard and said to him, "Now carry the basket away, but I shall look through my little window and watch to see if thou stoppest on the way to stand or to rest."

The wizard raised the basket on his back and went away with it, but it weighed him down so heavily that the perspiration streamed from his face. Then he sat down and wanted to rest awhile, but immediately one of the girls in the basket cried, "I am looking through my little window, and I see that thou art resting. Wilt thou go on at once?" He thought his bride was calling that to him; and got up on his legs again. Once more he was going to sit down, but instantly she cried, "I am looking through my little window, and I see that thou art resting. Wilt thou go on directly?" And whenever he stood still, she cried this, and then he was forced to go onwards, until at last, groaning and out of breath, he took the basket with the gold and the two maidens into their parents' house. At home, however, the bride prepared the marriage-feast, and sent invitations to the friends of the wizard. Then she took a skull with grinning teeth, put some ornaments on it and a wreath of flowers, carried it upstairs to the garret-window, and let it look out from thence. When all was ready, she got into a barrel of honey, and then cut the feather-bed open and rolled herself in it, until she looked like a wondrous bird, and no one could recognize her. Then she went out of the house, and on her way she met some of the wedding-guests, who asked,

"O, Fitcher's bird, how com'st thou here?"

"I come from Fitcher's house quite near."

"And what may the young bride be doing?"

"From cellar to garret she's swept all clean,
And now from the window she's peeping, I ween."

At last she met the bridegroom, who was coming slowly back. He, like the others, asked,

“O. Fitcher’s bird, how com’st thou here?”

“I come from Fitcher’s house quite near.”

“And what may the young bride be doing?”

“From cellar to garret she’s swept all clean,
And now from the window she’s peeping, I ween.”

The bridegroom looked up, saw the decked-out skull, thought it was his bride, and nodded to her, greeting her kindly. But when he and his guests had all gone into the house, the brothers and kinsmen of the bride, who had been sent to rescue her, arrived. They locked all the doors of the house, that no one might escape, set fire to it, and the wizard and all his crew had to burn.

47.—THE JUNIPER-TREE.*

It is now long ago, quite two thousand years, since there was a rich man who had a beautiful and pious wife, and they loved each other dearly. They had, however, no children, though they wished for them very much, and the woman prayed for them day and night, but still they had none. Now there was a court-yard in front of their house in which was a juniper-tree, and one day in winter the woman was standing beneath it, paring herself an apple, and while she was paring herself the

* It is difficult to know how to translate *Machandelbaum*. It would seem natural to regard it as the popular pronunciation of *Mandelbaum*, Almond-tree, and thus render it; but in Pritzel and Tessen’s “*Deutschen Volksnamen der Pflanzen*,” *Machandel-bom* is given as “Common Juniper,” and so it is in other dictionaries. The Brothers Grimm themselves say in their notes to this story, “*Machandel, nicht etwa Mandel, sondern Wacholder und zwar bedeutend, weil es ein verjüngender Baum ist und wach so viel als queck, rege, vivas, lebendig, heisst; an andern Orten heisst es Queckholder, Reckholder, Juniperus (von junior, jünger), angelsächs. quicbeam.*” *Quicbeam* or *ewicbeam* is, however, not the Juniper, but the wild or mountain-ash, a tree much better known in folk-lore. Its berries also were said to have possessed rejuvenating power, and all who ate of them were glad of heart.—TR.

apple she cut her finger, and the blood fell on the snow. "Ah," said the woman, and sighed right heavily, and looked at the blood before her, and was most unhappy, "ah, if I had but a child as red as blood and as white as snow!"* And while she thus spake, she became quite happy in her mind, and felt just as if that were going to happen. Then she went into the house, and a month went by and the snow was gone, and two months, and then everything was green, and three months, and then all the flowers came out of the earth, and four months, and then all the trees in the wood grew thicker, and the green branches were all closely entwined, and the birds sang until the wood resounded and the blossoms fell from the trees, then the fifth month passed away and she stood under the juniper-tree, which smelt so sweetly that her heart leapt, and she fell on her knees and was beside herself with joy, and when the sixth month was over the fruit was large and fine, and then she was quite still, and the seventh month she snatched at the juniper-berries and ate them greedily, then she grew sick and sorrowful, then the eighth month passed, and she called her husband to her, and wept and said, "If I die, then bury me beneath the juniper-tree." Then she was quite comforted and happy until the next month was over, and then she had a child as white as snow and as red as blood, and when she beheld it she was so delighted that she died.

Then her husband buried her beneath the juniper-tree, and he began to weep sore; after some time he was more at ease, and though he still wept he could bear it, and after some time longer he took another wife.

By the second wife he had a daughter, but the first wife's child was a little son, and he was as red as blood and as white as snow. When the woman looked at her daughter she loved her very much, but then she looked at the little boy and it seemed to cut her to the heart, for the thought

* The simile here used occurs likewise in the "Ballad of the Gay Goshawk," in the Border minstrelsy:

"The red that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops upon the snaw;
The white that is on her breast so bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw."—TR.

came into her mind that he would always stand in her way, and she was for ever thinking how she could get all the fortune for her daughter, and the Evil One filled her mind with this till she was quite wroth with the little boy, and slapped him here and cuffed him there, until the unhappy child was in continual terror, for when he came out of school he had no peace in any place.

One day the woman had gone upstairs to her room, and her little daughter went up too, and said, "Mother, give me an apple." "Yes, my child," said the woman, and gave her a fine apple out of the chest, but the chest had a great heavy lid with a great sharp iron lock. "Mother," said the little daughter, "is brother not to have one too?" This made the woman angry, but she said, "Yes, when he comes out of school." And when she saw from the window that he was coming, it was just as if the Devil entered into her, and she snatched at the apple and took it away again from her daughter, and said, "Thou shalt not have one before thy brother." Then she threw the apple into the chest, and shut it. Then the little boy came in at the door, and the Devil made her say to him kindly, "My son, wilt thou have an apple?" and she looked so wickedly at him. "Mother," said the little boy, "how dreadful you look! Yes, give me an apple." Then it seemed to her as if she were forced to say to him, "Come with me," and she opened the lid of the chest and said, "Take out an apple for thyself," and while the little boy was stooping inside, the Devil prompted her, and crash! she shut the lid down, and his head flew off and fell among the red apples. Then she was overwhelmed with terror, and thought, "If I could but make them think that it was not done by me!" So she went upstairs to her room to her chest of drawers, and took a white handkerchief out of the top drawer, and set the head on the neck again, and folded the handkerchief so that nothing could be seen, and she set him on a chair in front of the door, and put the apple in his hand.

After this Marlinchen came into the kitchen to her mother, who was standing by the fire with a pan of hot water before her which she was constantly stirring round. "Mother," said Marlinchen, "brother is sitting at the door,

and he looks quite white, and has an apple in his hand. I asked him to give me the apple, but he did not answer me, and I was quite frightened." "Go back to him," said her mother, "and if he will not answer thee, give him a box on the ear." So Marlinchen went to him and said, "Brother, give me the apple." But he was silent, and she gave him a box on the ear, on which his head fell down. Marlinchen was terrified, and began crying and screaming, and ran to her mother, and said, "Alas, mother, I have knocked my brother's head off!" and she wept and wept and could not be comforted. "Marlinchen," said the mother, "what hast thou done? but be quiet and let no one know it; it cannot be helped now, we will make him into black-puddings." Then the mother took the little boy and chopped him in pieces, put him into the pan and made him into black-puddings; but Marlinchen stood by weeping and weeping, and all her tears fell into the pan and there was no need of any salt.

Then the father came home, and sat down to dinner and said, "But where is my son?" And the mother served up a great dish of black-puddings, and Marlinchen wept and could not leave off. Then the father again said, "But where is my son?" "Ah," said the mother, "he has gone across the country to his mother's great uncle; he will stay there awhile." "And what is he going to do there? He did not even say good-bye to me."

"Oh, he wanted to go, and asked me if he might stay six weeks, he is well taken care of there." "Ah," said the man, "I feel so unhappy lest all should not be right. He ought to have said good-bye to me." With that he began to eat and said, "Marlinchen, why art thou crying? Thy brother will certainly come back." Then he said, "Ah, wife, how delicious this food is, give me some more." And the more he ate the more he wanted to have, and he said, "Give me some more, you shall have none of it. It seems to me as if it were all mine." And he ate and ate and threw all the bones under the table, until he had finished the whole. But Marlinchen went away to her chest of drawers, and took her best silk handkerchief out of the bottom drawer, and got all the bones from beneath the table, and tied them up in her

silk handkerchief, and carried them outside the door, weeping tears of blood. Then the juniper-tree began to stir itself, and the branches parted asunder, and moved together again, just as if some one was rejoicing and clapping his hands. At the same time a mist seemed to arise from the tree, and in the centre of this mist it burned like a fire, and a beautiful bird flew out of the fire singing magnificently, and he flew high up in the air, and when he was gone, the juniper-tree was just as it had been before, and the handkerchief with the bones was no longer there. Marlinchen, however, was as gay and happy as if her brother were still alive. And she went merrily into the house, and sat down to dinner and ate.

But the bird flew away and lighted on a goldsmith's house, and began to sing,

“My mother she killed me,
My father he ate me,
My sister, little Marlinchen,
Gathered together all my bones,
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!”

The goldsmith was sitting in his workshop making a gold chain, when he heard the bird which was sitting singing on his roof, and very beautiful the song seemed to him. He stood up, but as he crossed the threshold he lost one of his slippers. But he went away right up the middle of the street with one shoe on and one sock; he had his apron on, and in one hand he had the gold chain and in the other the pincers, and the sun was shining brightly on the street. Then he went right on and stood still, and said to the bird, “Bird,” said he then, “how beautifully thou canst sing! Sing me that piece again.” “No,” said the bird, “I’ll not sing it twice for nothing! Give me the golden chain, and then I will sing it again for thee.” “There,” said the goldsmith, “there is the golden chain for thee, now sing me that song again.” Then the bird came and took the golden chain in his right claw, and went and sat in front of the goldsmith, and sang,

“My mother she killed me,
My father he ate me,

My sister, little Marlinchen,
 Gathered together all my bones,
 Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
 Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
 Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the bird flew away to a shoemaker, and lighted on his roof, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,
 My father he ate me,
 My sister, little Marlinchen,
 Gathered together all my bones,
 Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
 Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
 Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

The shoemaker heard that and ran out of doors in his shirt sleeves, and looked up at his roof, and was forced to hold his hand before his eyes lest the sun should blind him. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully thou canst sing!" Then he called in at his door, "Wife, just come outside, there is a bird, look at that bird, he just can sing well." Then he called his daughter and children, and apprentices, boys and girls, and they all came up the street and looked at the bird and how beautiful he was, and what fine red and green feathers he had, and how like real gold his neck was, and how the eyes in his head shone like stars. "Bird," said the shoemaker, "now sing me that song again." "Nay," said the bird, "I do not sing twice for nothing; thou must give me something." "Wife," said the man, "go to the garret, upon the top shelf there stands a pair of red shoes. bring them down." Then the wife went and brought the shoes. "There, bird," said the man, "now sing me that piece again." Then the bird came and took the shoes in his left claw, and flew back on the roof, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,
 My father he ate me,
 My sister, little Marlinchen,
 Gathered together all my bones,
 Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
 Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
 Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

And when he had sung the whole he flew away. In his right claw he had the chain and the shoes in his left, and he flew far away to a mill, and the mill went "klipp klapp, klipp klapp, klipp klapp," and in the mill sat twenty miller's men hewing a stone, and cutting, hick hack, hick hack, hick hack, and the mill went klipp klapp, klipp klapp, klipp klapp. Then the bird went and sat on a lime-tree which stood in front of the mill, and sang,

"My mother she killed me,"

Then one of them stopped working,

"My father he ate me."

Then two more stopped working and listened to that,

"My sister, little Marlinchen,"

Then four more stopped,

"Gathered together all my bones,
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,"

Now eight only were hewing,

"Laid them beneath"

Now only five,

"The juniper-tree,"

And now only one,

"Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then the last stopped also, and heard the last words. "Bird," said he, "how beautifully thou singest! Let me, too, hear that. Sing that once more for me."

"Nay," said the bird, "I will not sing twice for nothing. Give me the millstone, and then I will sing it again."

"Yes," said he, "if it belonged to me only, thou shouldst have it."

"Yes," said the others, "if he sings again he shall have it." Then the bird came down, and the twenty millers all set to work with a beam and raised the stone up. And the bird stuck his neck through the hole, and put

the stone on as if it were a collar, and flew on to the tree again, and sang,

“My mother she killed me,
 My father he ate me,
 My sister, little Marlinchen,
 Gathered together all my bones,
 Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
 Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
 Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!”

And when he had done singing, he spread his wings, and in his right claw he had the chain, and in his left the shoes, and round his neck the millstone, and he flew far away to his father's house.

In the room sat the father, the mother, and Marlinchen at dinner, and the father said, “How light-hearted I feel, how happy I am!” “Nay,” said the mother, “I feel so uneasy, just as if a heavy storm were coming.” Marlinchen, however, sat weeping and weeping, and then came the bird flying, and as it seated itself on the roof the father said, “Ah, I feel so truly happy, and the sun is shining so beautifully outside, I feel just as if I were about to see some old friend again.” “Nay,” said the woman, “I feel so anxious, my teeth chatter, and I seem to have fire in my veins.” And she tore her stays open, but Marlinchen sat in a corner crying, and held her plate before her eyes and cried till it was quite wet. Then the bird sat on the juniper-tree, and sang,

“My mother she killed me,”

Then the mother stopped her ears, and shut her eyes, and would not see or hear, but there was a roaring in her ears like the most violent storm, and her eyes burnt and flashed like lightning,

“My father he ate me,”

“Ah, mother,” says the man, “that is a beautiful bird! He sings so splendidly, and the sun shines so warm, and there is a smell just like cinnamon.”

“My sister, Marlinchen,”

Then Marlinchen laid her head on her knees and wept

without ceasing, but the man said, "I am going out, I must see the bird quite close." "Oh, don't go," said the woman, "I feel as if the whole house were shaking and on fire." But the man went out and looked at the bird:

"Gathered together all my bones,
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,
Laid them under the juniper-tree,
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

On this the bird let the golden chain fall, and it fell exactly round the man's neck, and so exactly round it that it fitted beautifully. Then he went in and said, "Just look what a fine bird that is, and what a handsome gold chain he has given me, and how pretty he is!" But the woman was terrified, and fell down on the floor in the room, and her cap fell off her head. Then sang the bird once more,

"My mother she killed me,"

"Would that I were a thousand feet beneath the earth so as not to hear that!"

"My father, he ate me,"

Then the woman fell down again as if dead.

"My sister, little Marlinchen."

"Ah," said Marlinchen, "I too will go out and see if the bird will give me anything," and she went out.

"Gathered together all my bones,
Tied them in a silken handkerchief,"

Then he threw down the shoes to her.

"Laid them beneath the juniper-tree,
Kywitt, kywitt, what a beautiful bird am I!"

Then she was light-hearted and joyous, and she put on the new red shoes, and danced and leaped into the house. "Ah," said she, "I was so sad when I went out and now I am so light-hearted; that is a splendid bird, he has given me a pair of red shoes!" "Well," said the woman, and sprang to her feet and her hair stood up like flames of fire, "I feel as if the world were coming to an end! I,

too, will go out and see if my heart feels lighter." And as she went out at the door, crash! the bird threw down the millstone on her head, and she was entirely crushed by it. The father and Marlinchen heard what had happened and went out, and smoke, flames and fire were rising from the place, and when that was over, there stood the little brother, and he took his father and Marlinchen by the hand, and all three were right glad, and they went into the house to dinner, and ate.

48.—OLD SULTAN.

A FARMER once had a faithful dog called Sultan, who had grown old, and lost all his teeth, so that he could no longer hold anything fast. One day the farmer was standing with his wife before the house-door, and said, "To-morrow I intend to shoot Old Sultan, he is no longer of any use."

His wife, who felt pity for the faithful beast, answered, "He has served us so long, and been so faithful, that we might well give him his keep."

"Eh! what?" said the man. "You are not very sharp. He has not a tooth left in his mouth, and not a thief is afraid of him; now he may be off. If he has served us, he has had good feeding for it."

The poor dog, who was lying stretched out in the sun not far off, had heard everything, and was sorry that the morrow was to be his last day. He had a good friend, the wolf, and he crept out in the evening into the forest to him, and complained of the fate that awaited him. "Hark ye, gossip," said the wolf, "be of good cheer, I will help you out of your trouble. I have thought of something. To-morrow, early in the morning, your master is going with his wife to make hay, and they will take their little child with them, for no one will be left behind in the house. They are wont, during work-time, to lay the child under the hedge in the shade; you lay yourself there too, just as if you wished to guard it. Then I will

come out of the wood, and carry off the child. You must rush swiftly after me, as if you would seize it again from me. I will let it fall, and you will take it back to its parents, who will think that you have saved it, and will be far too grateful to do you any harm; on the contrary, you will be in high favour, and they will never let you want for anything again."

The plan pleased the dog, and it was carried out just as it was arranged. The father screamed when he saw the Wolf running across the field with his child, but when Old Sultan brought it back then he was full of joy, and stroked him and said, "Not a hair of yours shall be hurt, you shall eat my bread free as long as you live." And to his wife he said, "Go home at once and make Old Sultan some bread-sop that he will not have to bite, and bring the pillow out of my bed, I will give him that to lie upon."

Henceforward Old Sultan was as well off as he could wish to be.

Soon afterwards the wolf visited him, and was pleased that everything had succeeded so well. "But, gossip," said he, "you will just wink an eye if when I have a chance I carry off one of your master's fat sheep." "Do not reckon upon that," answered the dog; "I will remain true to my master; I cannot agree to that." The wolf, who thought that this could not be spoken in earnest, came creeping about in the night and was going to take away the sheep. But the farmer, to whom the faithful Sultan had told the wolf's plan, caught him and dressed his hide soundly with the flail. The wolf had to pack off, but he cried out to the dog, "Wait a bit, you scoundrel, you shall pay for this."

The next morning the wolf sent the boar to challenge the dog to come out into the forest so that they might settle the affair. Old Sultan could find no one to stand by him but a cat with only three legs, and as they went out together the poor cat limped along, and at the same time stretched out her tail into the air with pain.

The wolf and his friend were already on the spot appointed, but when they saw their enemy coming they thought that he was bringing a sabre with him, for they

mistook the outstretched tail of the cat for one. And when the poor beast hopped on its three legs, they could only think every time that it was picking up a stone to throw at them. So they were both afraid; the wild boar crept into the under-wood and the wolf jumped up a tree.

The dog and the cat, when they came up, wondered that there was no one to be seen. The wild boar, however, had not been able to hide himself altogether; and one of his ears was still to be seen. Whilst the cat was looking carefully about, the boar moved his ear; the cat, who thought it was a mouse moving there, jumped upon it and bit it hard. The boar made a fearful noise and ran away, crying out, "The guilty one is up in the tree." The dog and cat looked up and saw the wolf, who was ashamed of having shown himself so timid, and made friends with the dog.

49.—THE SIX SWANS.

ONCE upon a time, a certain King was hunting in a great forest, and he chased a wild beast so eagerly that none of his attendants could follow him. When evening drew near he stopped and looked around him, and then he saw that he had lost his way. He sought a way out, but could find none. Then he perceived an aged woman with a head which nodded perpetually, who came towards him, but she was a witch. "Good woman," said he to her, "Can you not show me the way through the forest?" "Oh, yes, Lord King," she answered, "that I certainly can, but on one condition, and if you do not fulfil that, you will never get out of the forest, and will die of hunger in it."

"What kind of condition is it?" asked the King.

"I have a daughter," said the old woman, "who is as beautiful as any one in the world, and well deserves to be your consort, and if you will make her your Queen, I will show you the way out of the forest." In the anguish of his heart the King consented, and the old woman led him

to her little hut, where her daughter was sitting by the fire. She received the King as if she had been expecting him, and he saw that she was very beautiful, but still she did not please him, and he could not look at her without secret horror. After he had taken the maiden up on his horse, the old woman showed him the way, and the King reached his royal palace again, where the wedding was celebrated.

The King had already been married once, and had by his first wife, seven children, six boys and a girl, whom he loved better than anything else in the world. As he now feared that the step-mother might not treat them well, and even do them some injury, he took them to a lonely castle which stood in the midst of a forest. It lay so concealed, and the way was so difficult to find, that he himself would not have found it, if a wise woman had not given him a ball of yarn with wonderful properties. When he threw it down before him, it unrolled itself and showed him his path. The King, however, went so frequently away to his dear children that the Queen observed his absence; she was curious and wanted to know what he did when he was quite alone in the forest. She gave a great deal of money to his servants, and they betrayed the secret to her, and told her likewise of the ball which alone could point out the way. And now she knew no rest until she had learnt where the King kept the ball of yarn, and then she made little shirts of white silk, and as she had learnt the art of witchcraft from her mother, she sewed a charm inside them. And once when the King had ridden forth to hunt, she took the little shirts and went into the forest, and the ball showed her the way. The children, who saw from a distance that some one was approaching, thought that their dear father was coming to them, and full of joy, ran to meet him. Then she threw one of the little shirts over each of them, and no sooner had the shirts touched their bodies than they were changed into swans, and flew away over the forest. The Queen went home quite delighted, and thought she had got rid of her step-children, but the girl had not run out with her brothers, and the Queen knew nothing about her. Next day the King went to visit his children, but he found no one

but the little girl. "Where are thy brothers?" asked the King. "Alas, dear father," she answered, "they have gone away and left me alone!" and she told him that she had seen from her little window how her brothers had flown away over the forest in the shape of swans, and she showed him the feathers, which they had let fall in the courtyard, and which she had picked up. The King mourned, but he did not think that the Queen had done this wicked deed, and as he feared that the girl would also be stolen away from him, he wanted to take her away with him. But she was afraid of her step-mother, and entreated the King to let her stay just this one night more in the forest castle.

The poor girl thought, "I can no longer stay here. I will go and seek my brothers." And when night came, she ran away, and went straight into the forest. She walked the whole night long, and next day also without stopping, until she could go no farther for weariness. Then she saw a forest-hut, and went into it, and found a room with six little beds, but she did not venture to get into one of them, but crept under one, and lay down on the hard ground, intending to pass the night there. Just before sunset, however, she heard a rustling, and saw six swans come flying in at the window. They alighted on the ground and blew at each other, and blew all the feathers off, and their swan's skins stripped off like a shirt. Then the maiden looked at them and recognized her brothers, was glad and crept forth from beneath the bed. The brothers were not less delighted to see their little sister, but their joy was of short duration. "Here canst thou not abide," they said to her. "This is a shelter for robbers, if they come home and find thee, they will kill thee." "But can you not protect me?" asked the little sister. "No," they replied, "only for one quarter of an hour each evening can we lay aside our swan's skins and have during that time our human form; after that, we are once more turned into swans." The little sister wept and said, "Can you not be set free?" "Alas, no," they answered, "the conditions are too hard! For six years thou mayst neither speak nor laugh, and in that time thou must sew together six little shirts of star-

wort for us. And if one single word falls from thy lips, all thy work will be lost." And when the brothers had said this, the quarter of an hour was over, and they flew out of the window again as swans.

The maiden, however, firmly resolved to deliver her brothers, even if it should cost her her life. She left the hut, went into the midst of the forest, seated herself on a tree, and there passed the night. Next morning she went out and gathered starwort and began to sew. She could not speak to any one, and she had no inclination to laugh; she sat there and looked at nothing but her work. When she had already spent a long time there it came to pass that the King of the country was hunting in the forest, and his huntsmen came to the tree on which the maiden was sitting. They called to her and said, "Who art thou?" But she made no answer. "Come down to us," said they. "We will not do thee any harm." She only shook her head. As they pressed her further with questions she threw her golden necklace down to them, and thought to content them thus. They, however, did not cease, and then she threw her girdle down to them, and as this also was to no purpose, her garters, and by degrees everything that she had on that she could do without until she had nothing left but her shift. The huntsmen, however, did not let themselves be turned aside by that, but climbed the tree and fetched the maiden down and led her before the King. The King asked, "Who art thou? What art thou doing on the tree?" But she did not answer. He put the question in every language that he knew, but she remained as mute as a fish. As she was so beautiful, the King's heart was touched, and he was smitten with a great love for her. He put his mantle on her, took her before him on his horse, and carried her to his castle. Then he caused her to be dressed in rich garments, and she shone in her beauty like bright daylight, but no word could be drawn from her. He placed her by his side at table, and her modest bearing and courtesy pleased him so much that he said, "She is the one whom I wish to marry, and no other woman in the world." And after some days he united himself to her.

The King, however, had a wicked mother who was dis-

satisfied with this marriage and spoke ill of the young Queen. "Who knows," said she, "from whence the creature who can't speak, comes? She is not worthy of a king!" After a year had passed, when the Queen brought her first child into the world, the old woman took it away from her, and smeared her mouth with blood as she slept. Then she went to the King and accused the Queen of being a man-eater. The King would not believe it, and would not suffer any one to do her any injury. She, however, sat continually sewing at the shirts, and cared for nothing else. The next time, when she again bore a beautiful boy, the false step-mother used the same treachery, but the King could not bring himself to give credit to her words. He said, "She is too pious and good to do anything of that kind; if she were not dumb, and could defend herself, her innocence would come to light." But when the old woman stole away the newly-born child for the third time, and accused the Queen, who did not utter one word of defence, the King could do no otherwise than deliver her over to justice, and she was sentenced to suffer death by fire.

When the day came for the sentence to be executed, it was the last day of the six years during which she was not to speak or laugh, and she had delivered her dear brothers from the power of the enchantment. The six shirts were ready, only the left sleeve of the sixth was wanting. When, therefore, she was led to the stake, she laid the shirts on her arm, and when she stood on high and the fire was just going to be lighted, she looked around and six swans came flying through the air towards her. Then she saw that her deliverance was near, and her heart leapt with joy. The swans swept towards her and sank down so that she could throw the shirts over them, and as they were touched by them, their swan's skins fell off, and her brothers stood in their own bodily form before her, and were vigorous and handsome. The youngest only lacked his left arm, and had in the place of it a swan's wing on his shoulder. They embraced and kissed each other, and the Queen went to the King, who was greatly moved, and she began to speak and said, "Dearest husband, now I may speak and declare to thee that I am innocent, and falsely accused." And she told him of the treachery of the old

woman who had taken away her three children and hidden them. Then to the great joy of the King they were brought thither, and as a punishment, the wicked step-mother was bound to the stake, and burnt to ashes. But the King and the Queen with their six brothers lived many years in happiness and peace.

50.—LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE.

A LONG time ago there were a King and Queen who said every day, "Ah, if only we had a child!" but they never had one. But it happened that once when the Queen was bathing, a frog crept out of the water on to the land, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by you shall have a daughter."

What the frog had said came true, and the Queen had a little girl who was so pretty that the King could not contain himself for joy, and ordered a great feast. He invited not only his kindred, friends and acquaintance, but also the Wise Women, in order that they might be kind and well-disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only twelve golden plates for them to eat out of, one of them had to be left at home.

The feast was held with all manner of splendour, and when it came to an end the Wise Women bestowed their magic gifts upon the baby: one gave virtue, another beauty, a third riches, and so on with everything in the world that one can wish for.

When eleven of them had made their promises, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself for not having been invited, and without greeting, or even looking at any one, she cried with a loud voice, "The King's daughter shall in her fifteenth year prick herself with a spindle, and fall down dead." And, without saying a word more, she turned round and left the room.

They were all shocked; but the twelfth, whose good wish still remained unspoken, came forward, and as she

could not undo the evil sentence, but only soften it, she said, "It shall not be death, but a deep sleep of a hundred years, into which the princess shall fall."

The King, who would fain keep his dear child from the misfortune, gave orders that every spindle in the whole kingdom should be burnt. Meanwhile the gifts of the Wise Women were plenteously fulfilled on the young girl, for she was so beautiful, modest, good-natured, and wise, that every one who saw her was bound to love her.

It happened that on the very day when she was fifteen years old, the King and Queen were not at home, and the maiden was left in the palace quite alone. So she went round into all sorts of places, looked into rooms and bed-chambers just as she liked, and at last came to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow winding-staircase, and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax.

"Good day, old dame," said the King's daughter; "what are you doing there?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded her head. "What sort of thing is that, that rattles round so merrily?" said the girl, and she took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But scarcely had she touched the spindle when the magic decree was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

And, in the very moment when she felt the prick, she fell down upon the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep extended over the whole palace; the King and Queen who had just come home, and had entered the great hall, began to go to sleep, and the whole of the court with them. The horses, too, went to sleep in the stable, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons upon the roof, the flies on the wall; even the fire that was flaming on the hearth became quiet and slept, the roast meat left off frizzling, and the cook, who was just going to pull the hair of the scullery boy, because he had forgotten something, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind fell, and on the trees before the castle not a leaf moved again.

But round about the castle there began to grow a

hedge of thorns, which every year became higher, and at last grew close up round the castle and all over it, so that there was nothing of it to be seen, not even the flag upon the roof. But the story of the beautiful sleeping "Briar-rose," for so the princess was named, went about the country, so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the thorny hedge into the castle.

But they found it impossible, for the thorns held fast together, as if they had hands, and the youths were caught in them, could not get loose again, and died a miserable death.

After long, long years a King's son came again to that country, and heard an old man talking about the thorn-hedge, and that a castle was said to stand behind it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess, named Briar-rose, had been asleep for a hundred years; and that the King and Queen and the whole court were asleep likewise. He had heard, too, from his grandfather, that many kings' sons had already come, and had tried to get through the thorny hedge, but they had remained sticking fast in it, and had died a pitiful death. Then the youth said, "I am not afraid, I will go and see the beautiful Briar-rose." The good old man might dissuade him as he would, he did not listen to his words.

But by this time the hundred years had just passed, and the day had come when Briar-rose was to awake again. When the King's son came near to the thorn-hedge, it was nothing but large and beautiful flowers, which parted from each other of their own accord, and let him pass unhurt, then they closed again behind him like a hedge. In the castle-yard he saw the horses and the spotted hounds lying asleep; on the roof sat the pigeons with their heads under their wings. And when he entered the house, the flies were asleep upon the wall, the cook in the kitchen was still holding out his hand to seize the boy, and the maid was sitting by the black hen which she was going to pluck.

He went on farther, and in the great hall he saw the whole of the court lying asleep, and up by the throne lay the King and Queen.

Then he went on still farther, and all was so quiet that a

breath could be heard, and at last he came to the tower, and opened the door into the little room where Briar-rose was sleeping. There she lay, so beautiful that he could not turn his eyes away; and he stooped down and gave her a kiss. But as soon as he kissed her, Briar-rose opened her eyes and awoke, and looked at him quite sweetly.

Then they went down together, and the King awoke, and the Queen, and the whole court, and looked at each other in great astonishment. And the horses in the courtyard stood up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped up and wagged their tails; the pigeons upon the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the open country; the flies on the wall crept again; the fire in the kitchen burned up and flickered and cooked the meat; the joint began to turn and frizzle again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid plucked the fowl ready for the spit.

And then the marriage of the King's son with Briar-rose was celebrated with all splendour, and they lived contented to the end of their days.

51.—FUNDEVOGEL.*

THERE was once a forester who went into the forest to hunt, and as he entered it he heard a sound of screaming as if a little child were there. He followed the sound, and at last came to a high tree, and at the top of this a little child was sitting, for the mother had fallen asleep under the tree with the child, and a bird of prey had seen it in her arms, had flown down, snatched it away, and set it on the high tree.

The forester climbed up, brought the child down, and thought to himself, "Thou wilt take him home with thee, and bring him up with thy Lina." He took it home, therefore, and the two children grew up together. The one, however, which he had found on a tree was called Funde-

* *i.e.*, Bird-foundling.

vogel, because a bird had carried it away. Fundevogel and Lina loved each other so dearly that when they did not see each other they were sad.

The forester, however, had an old cook, who one evening took two pails and began to fetch water, and did not go once only, but many times, out to the spring. Lina saw this and said, "Hark you, old Sanna, why are you fetching so much water?" "If thou wilt never repeat it to any one, I will tell thee why." So Lina said, no, she would never repeat it to any one, and then the cook said, "Early to-morrow morning, when the forester is out hunting, I will heat the water, and when it is boiling in the kettle, I will throw in Fundevogel, and will boil him in it."

Betimes next morning the forester got up and went out hunting, and when he was gone the children were still in bed. Then Lina said to Fundevogel, "If thou wilt never leave me, I too will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever will I leave thee." Then said Lina, "Then will I tell thee. Last night, old Sanna carried so many buckets of water into the house that I asked her why she was doing that, and she said that if I would promise not to tell any one she would tell me, and I said I would be sure not to tell any one, and she said that early to-morrow morning when father was out hunting, she would set on the kettle full of water, throw thee into it and boil thee; but we will get up quickly, dress ourselves, and go away together."

The two children therefore got up, dressed themselves quickly, and went away. When the water in the kettle was boiling, the cook went into the bed-room to fetch Fundevogel and throw him into it. But when she came in, and went to the beds, both the children were gone. Then she was terribly alarmed, and she said to herself, "What shall I say now when the forester comes home and sees that the children are gone? They must be followed instantly to get them back again."

Then the cook sent three servants after them, who were to run and overtake the children. The children, however, were sitting outside the forest, and when they saw from afar the three servants running, Lina said to

Fundevogel, "Never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever." Then said Lina, "Do thou become a rose-tree, and I the rose upon it." When the three servants came to the forest, nothing was there but a rose-tree and one rose on it, but the children were nowhere. Then said they, "There is nothing to be done here," and they went home and told the cook that they had seen nothing in the forest but a little rose-bush with one rose on it. Then the old cook scolded and said, "You simpletons, you should have cut the rose-bush in two, and have broken off the rose and brought it home with you; go, and do it at once." They had therefore to go out and look for the second time. The children, however, saw them coming from a distance. Then Lina said, "Fundevogel, never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Fundevogel said, "Neither now, nor ever." Said Lina, "Then do thou become a church, and I'll be the chandelier in it." So when the three servants came, nothing was there but a church, with a chandelier in it. They said therefore to each other, "What can we do here, let us go home." When they got home, the cook asked if they had not found them; so they said no, they had found nothing but a church, and that there was a chandelier in it. And the cook scolded them and said, "You fools! why did you not pull the church to pieces, and bring the chandelier home with you?" And now the old cook herself got on her legs, and went with the three servants in pursuit of the children. The children, however, saw from afar that the three servants were coming, and the cook waddling after them. Then said Lina, "Fundevogel, never leave me, and I will never leave thee." Then said Fundevogel, "Neither now, nor ever." Said Lina, "Be a fishpond, and I will be the duck upon it." The cook, however, came up to them, and when she saw the pond she lay down by it, and was about to drink it up. But the duck swam quickly to her, seized her head in its beak and drew her into the water, and there the old witch had to drown. Then the children went home together, and were heartily delighted, and if they are not dead, they are living still.

52.—KING THRUSHBEARD.

A KING had a daughter who was beautiful beyond all measure, but so proud and haughty withal that no suitor was good enough for her. She sent away one after the other, and ridiculed them as well.

Once the King made a great feast and invited thereto, from far and near, all the young men likely to marry. They were all marshalled in a row according to their rank and standing; first came the kings, then the grand-dukes, then the princes, the earls, the barons, and the gentry. Then the King's daughter was led through the ranks, but to every one she had some objection to make; one was too fat, "The wine-cask," she said. Another was too tall, "Long and thin has little in." The third was too short, "Short and thick is never quick." The fourth was too pale, "As pale as death." The fifth too red, "A fighting-cock." The sixth was not straight enough, "A green log dried behind the stove."

So she had something to say against every one, but she made herself especially merry over a good king who stood quite high up in the row, and whose chin had grown a little crooked. "Well," she cried and laughed, "he has a chin like a thrush's beak!" and from that time he got the name of King Thrushbeard.

But the old King, when he saw that his daughter did nothing but mock the people, and despised all the suitors who were gathered there, was very angry, and swore that she should have for her husband the very first beggar that came to his doors.

A few days afterwards a fiddler came and sang beneath the windows, trying to earn a small alms. When the King heard him he said, "Let him come up." So the fiddler came in, in his dirty, ragged clothes, and sang before the King and his daughter, and when he had ended he asked for a trifling gift. The King said, "Your song has pleased me so well that I will give you my daughter there, to wife."

The King's daughter shuddered, but the King said, "I have taken an oath to give you to the very first beggar-man, and I will keep it." All she could say was in vain; the priest was brought, and she had to let herself be wedded to the fiddler on the spot. When that was done the King said, "Now it is not proper for you, a beggar-woman, to stay any longer in my palace, you may just go away with your husband."

The beggar-man led her out by the hand, and she was obliged to walk away on foot with him. When they came to a large forest she asked, "To whom does that beautiful forest belong?" "It belongs to King Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

Afterwards they came to a meadow, and she asked again, "To whom does this beautiful green meadow belong?" "It belongs to King Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

Then they came to a large town, and she asked again, "To whom does this fine large town belong?" "It belongs to King Thrushbeard; if you had taken him, it would have been yours." "Ah, unhappy girl that I am, if I had but taken King Thrushbeard!"

"It does not please me," said the fiddler, "to hear you always wishing for another husband; am I not good enough for you?" At last they came to a very little hut, and she said, "Oh, goodness! what a small house; to whom does this miserable, mean hovel belong?" The fiddler answered, "That is my house and yours, where we shall live together."

She had to stoop in order to go in at the low door. "Where are the servants?" said the King's daughter. "What servants?" answered the beggar-man; "you must yourself do what you wish to have done. Just make a fire at once, and set on water to cook my supper, I am quite tired." But the King's daughter knew nothing about lighting fires or cooking, and the beggar-man had to lend a hand himself to get anything fairly done. When they had finished their scanty meal they went to bed; but he

forced her to get up quite early in the morning in order to look after the house.

For a few days they lived in this way as well as might be, and finished all their provisions. Then the man said, "Wife, we cannot go on any longer eating and drinking here and earning nothing. You must weave baskets." He went out, cut some willows, and brought them home. Then she began to weave, but the tough willows wounded her delicate hands.

"I see that this will not do," said the man; "you had better spin, perhaps you can do that better." She sat down and tried to spin, but the hard thread soon cut her soft fingers so that the blood ran down. "See," said the man, "you are fit for no sort of work; I have made a bad bargain with you. Now I will try to make a business with pots and earthenware; you must sit in the market-place and sell the ware." "Alas," thought she, "if any of the people from my father's kingdom come to the market and see me sitting there, selling, how they will mock me?" But it was of no use, she had to yield unless she chose to die of hunger.

For the first time she succeeded well, for the people were glad to buy the woman's wares because she was good-looking, and they paid her what she asked; many even gave her the money and left the pots with her as well. So they lived on what she had earned as long as it lasted, then the husband bought a lot of new crockery. With this she sat down at the corner of the market-place, and set it out round about her ready for sale. But suddenly there came a drunken hussar galloping along, and he rode right amongst the pots so that they were all broken into a thousand bits. She began to weep, and did not know what to do for fear. "Alas! what will happen to me?" cried she; "what will my husband say to this?"

She ran home and told him of the misfortune. "Who would seat herself at a corner of the market-place with crockery?" said the man; "leave off crying, I see very well that you cannot do any ordinary work, so I have been to our King's palace and have asked whether they cannot find a place for a kitchen-maid, and they have promised me to take you; in that way you will get your food for nothing."

The King's daughter was now a kitchen-maid, and had to be at the cook's beck and call, and do the dirtiest work. In both her pockets she fastened a little jar, in which she took home her share of the leavings, and upon this they lived.

It happened that the wedding of the King's eldest son was to be celebrated, so the poor woman went up and placed herself by the door of the hall to look on. When all the candles were lit, and people, each more beautiful than the other, entered, and all was full of pomp and splendour, she thought of her lot with a sad heart, and cursed the pride and haughtiness which had humbled her and brought her to so great poverty.

The smell of the delicious dishes which were being taken in and out reached her, and now and then the servants threw her a few morsels of them: these she put in her jars to take home.

All at once the King's son entered, clothed in velvet and silk, with gold chains about his neck. And when he saw the beautiful woman standing by the door he seized her by the hand, and would have danced with her; but she refused and shrank with fear, for she saw that it was King Thrushbeard, her suitor whom she had driven away with scorn. Her struggles were of no avail, he drew her into the hall; but the string by which her pockets were hung broke, the pots fell down, the soup ran out, and the scraps were scattered all about. And when the people saw it, there arose general laughter and derision, and she was so ashamed that she would rather have been a thousand fathoms below the ground. She sprang to the door and would have run away, but on the stairs a man caught her and brought her back; and when she looked at him it was King Thrushbeard again. He said to her kindly, "Do not be afraid, I and the fiddler who has been living with you in that wretched hovel are one. For love of you I disguised myself so; and I also was the hussar who rode through your crockery. This was all done to humble your proud spirit, and to punish you for the insolence with which you mocked me."

Then she wept bitterly and said, "I have done great wrong, and am not worthy to be your wife." But he said,

“ Be comforted, the evil days are past ; now we will celebrate our wedding.” Then the maids-in-waiting came and put on her the most splendid clothing, and her father and his whole court came and wished her happiness in her marriage with King Thrushbeard, and the joy now began in earnest. I wish you and I had been there too.

53.—LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

ONCE upon a time in the middle of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky, a queen sat at a window sewing, and the frame of the window was made of black ebony. And whilst she was sewing and looking out of the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And the red looked pretty upon the white snow, and she thought to herself, “ Would that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window-frame.”

Soon after that she had a little daughter, who was as white as snow, and as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony : and she was therefore called Little Snow-white. And when the child was born, the Queen died.

After a year had passed the King took to himself another wife. She was a beautiful woman, but proud and haughty, and she could not bear that any one else should surpass her in beauty. She had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she stood in front of it and looked at herself in it, and said—

“ Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all ? ”

the looking-glass answered—

“ Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all ! ”

Then she was satisfied, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

But Snow-white was growing up, and grew more and

more beautiful; and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as the day, and more beautiful than the Queen herself. And once when the Queen asked her looking-glass—

“Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

it answered—

“Thou art fairer than all who are here, Lady Queen.”
But more beautiful still is Snow-white, as I ween.”

Then the Queen was shocked, and turned yellow and green with envy. From that hour, whenever she looked at Snow-white, her heart heaved in her breast, she hated the girl so much.

And envy and pride grew higher and higher in her heart like a weed, so that she had no peace day or night. She called a huntsman, and said, “Take the child away into the forest; I will no longer have her in my sight. Kill her, and bring me back her heart as a token.” The huntsman obeyed, and took her away; but when he had drawn his knife, and was about to pierce Snow-white's innocent heart, she began to weep, and said, “Ah, dear huntsman, leave me my life! I will run away into the wild forest, and never come home again.”

And as she was so beautiful the huntsman had pity on her and said, “Run away, then, you poor child.” “The wild beasts will soon have devoured you,” thought he, and yet it seemed as if a stone had been rolled from his heart since it was no longer needful for him to kill her. And as a young boar just then came running by he stabbed it, and cut out its heart and took it to the Queen as a proof that the child was dead. The cook had to salt this, and the wicked Queen ate it, and thought she had eaten the heart of Snow-white.

But now the poor child was all alone in the great forest, and so terrified that she looked at every leaf of every tree, and did not know what to do. Then she began to run, and ran over sharp stones and through thorns, and the wild beasts ran past her, but did her no harm.

She ran as long as her feet would go until it was almost evening; then she saw a little cottage and went

into it to rest herself. Everything in the cottage was small, but neater and cleaner than can be told. There was a table on which was a white cover, and seven little plates, and on each plate a little spoon; moreover, there were seven little knives and forks, and seven little mugs. Against the wall stood seven little beds side by side, and covered with snow-white counterpanes.

Little Snow-white was so hungry and thirsty that she ate some vegetables and bread from each plate and drank a drop of wine out of each mug, for she did not wish to take all from one only. Then, as she was so tired, she laid herself down on one of the little beds, but none of them suited her; one was too long, another too short, but at last she found that the seventh one was right, and so she remained in it, said a prayer and went to sleep.

When it was quite dark the owners of the cottage came back; they were seven dwarfs who dug and delved in the mountains for ore. They lit their seven candles, and as it was now light within the cottage they saw that some one had been there, for everything was not in the same order in which they had left it.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?"

The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?"

The third, "Who has been taking some of my bread?"

The fourth, "Who has been eating my vegetables?"

The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?"

The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh, "Who has been drinking out of my mug?"

Then the first looked round and saw that there was a little hole on his bed, and he said, "Who has been getting into my bed?" The others came up and each called out, "Somebody has been lying in my bed too." But the seventh when he looked at his bed saw little Snow-white, who was lying asleep therein. And he called the others, who came running up, and they cried out with astonishment, and brought their seven little candles and let the light fall on little Snow-white. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" cried they, "what a lovely child!" and they were so glad that they did not wake her up, but let her sleep on in the bed. And the seventh dwarf slept with

his companions, one hour with each, and so got through the night.

When it was morning little Snow-white awoke, and was frightened when she saw the seven dwarfs. But they were friendly and asked her what her name was. "My name is Snow-white," she answered. "How have you come to our house?" said the dwarfs. Then she told them that her step-mother had wished to have her killed, but that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run for the whole day, until at last she had found their dwelling. The dwarfs said, "If you will take care of our house, cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, and if you will keep everything neat and clean, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing." "Yes," said Snow-white, "with all my heart," and she stayed with them. She kept the house in order for them; in the mornings they went to the mountains and looked for copper and gold, in the evenings they came back, and then their supper had to be ready. The girl was alone the whole day, so the good dwarfs warned her and said, "Beware of your step-mother, she will soon know that you are here; be sure to let no one come in."

But the Queen, believing that she had eaten Snow-white's heart, could not but think that she was again the first and most beautiful of all; and she went to her looking-glass and said—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

and the glass answered—

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And none is so fair as she."

Then she was astounded, for she knew that the looking-glass never spoke falsely, and she knew that the huntsman had betrayed her, and that little Snow-white was still alive.

And so she thought and thought again how she might kill her, for so long as she was not the fairest in the whole

land, envy let her have no rest. And when she had at last thought of something to do, she painted her face, and dressed herself like an old pedler-woman, and no one could have known her. In this disguise she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, and knocked at the door and cried, "Pretty things to sell, very cheap, very cheap." Little Snow-white looked out of the window and called out, "Good-day, my good woman, what have you to sell?" "Good things, pretty things," she answered; "stay-laces of all colours," and she pulled out one which was woven of bright-coloured silk. "I may let the worthy old woman in," thought Snow-white, and she unbolted the door and bought the pretty laces. "Child," said the old woman, "what a fright you look; come, I will lace you properly for once." Snow-white had no suspicion, but stood before her, and let herself be laced with the new laces. But the old woman laced so quickly and laced so tightly that Snow-white lost her breath and fell down as if dead. "Now I am the most beautiful," said the Queen to herself, and ran away.

Not long afterwards, in the evening, the seven dwarfs came home, but how shocked they were when they saw their dear little Snow-white lying on the ground, and that she neither stirred nor moved, and seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and, as they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the laces; then she began to breathe a little, and after a while came to life again. When the dwarfs heard what had happened they said, "The old pedler-woman was no one else than the wicked Queen; take care and let no one come in when we are not with you."

But the wicked woman when she had reached home went in front of the glass and asked—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

and it answered as before—

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And none is so fair as she."

When she heard that, all her blood rushed to her heart with fear, for she saw plainly that little Snow-white was again alive. "But now," she said, "I will think of something that shall put an end to you," and by the help of witchcraft, which she understood, she made a poisonous comb. Then she disguised herself and took the shape of another old woman. So she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and cried, "Good things to sell, cheap, cheap!" Little Snow-white looked out and said, "Go away; I cannot let any one come in." "I suppose you can look," said the old woman, and pulled the poisonous comb out and held it up. It pleased the girl so well that she let herself be beguiled, and opened the door. When they had made a bargain the old woman said, "Now I will comb you properly for once." Poor little Snow-white had no suspicion, and let the old woman do as she pleased, but hardly had she put the comb in her hair than the poison in it took effect, and the girl fell down senseless. "You paragon of beauty," said the wicked woman, "you are done for now," and she went away.

But fortunately it was almost evening, when the seven dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow-white lying as if dead upon the ground they at once suspected the step-mother, and they looked and found the poisoned comb. Scarcely had they taken it out when Snow-white came to herself, and told them what had happened. Then they warned her once more to be upon her guard and to open the door to no one.

The Queen, at home, went in front of the glass and said—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

then it answered as before—

"Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see,
But over the hills, where the seven dwarfs dwell,
Snow-white is still alive and well,
And none is so fair as she."

When she heard the glass speak thus she trembled and shook with rage. "Snow-white shall die," she cried, "even if it costs me my life!"

Thereupon she went into a quite secret, lonely room, where no one ever came, and there she made a very poisonous apple. Outside it looked pretty, white with a red cheek, so that every one who saw it longed for it; but whoever ate a piece of it must surely die.

When the apple was ready she painted her face, and dressed herself up as a country-woman, and so she went over the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door. Snow-white put her head out of the window and said, "I cannot let any one in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me." "It is all the same to me," answered the woman, "I shall soon get rid of my apples. There, I will give you one."

"No," said Snow-white, "I dare not take anything." "Are you afraid of poison?" said the old woman; "look, I will cut the apple in two pieces; you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." The apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisoned. Snow-white longed for the fine apple, and when she saw that the woman ate part of it she could resist no longer, and stretched out her hand and took the poisonous half. But hardly had she a bit of it in her mouth than she fell down dead. Then the Queen looked at her with a dreadful look, and laughed aloud and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony-wood! this time the dwarfs cannot wake you up again."

And when she asked of the Looking-glass at home—

"Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?"

it answered at last—

"Oh, Queen, in this land thou art fairest of all."

Then her envious heart had rest, so far as an envious heart can have rest.

The dwarfs, when they came home in the evening, found Snow-white lying upon the ground; she breathed no longer and was dead. They lifted her up, looked to see whether they could find anything poisonous, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but it was all of no use; the poor child was dead, and remained

dead. They laid her upon a bier, and all seven of them sat round it and wept for her, and wept three days long.

Then they were going to bury her, but she still looked as if she were living, and still had her pretty red cheeks. They said, "We could not bury her in the dark ground," and they had a transparent coffin of glass made, so that she could be seen from all sides, and they laid her in it, and wrote her name upon it in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they put the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always stayed by it and watched it. And birds came too, and wept for Snow-white; first an owl, then a raven, and last a dove.

And now Snow-white lay a long, long time in the coffin, and she did not change, but looked as if she were asleep; for she was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

It happened, however, that a king's son came into the forest, and went to the dwarfs' house to spend the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain, and the beautiful Snow-white within it, and read what was written upon it in golden letters. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin, I will give you whatever you want for it." But the dwarfs answered, "We will not part with it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Let me have it as a gift, for I cannot live without seeing Snow-white. I will honour and prize her as my dearest possession." As he spoke in this way the good dwarfs took pity upon him, and gave him the coffin.

And now the King's son had it carried away by his servants on their shoulders. And it happened that they stumbled over a tree-stump, and with the shock the poisonous piece of apple which Snow-white had bitten off came out of her throat. And before long she opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, sat up, and was once more alive. "Oh, heavens, where am I?" she cried. The King's son, full of joy, said, "You are with me," and told her what had happened, and said, "I love you more than everything in the world; come with me to my father's palace, you shall be my wife."

And Snow-white was willing, and went with him, and their wedding was held with great show and

splendour. But Snow-white's wicked step-mother was also bidden to the feast. When she had arrayed herself in beautiful clothes she went before the Looking-glass, and said—

“Looking-glass, Looking-glass, on the wall,
Who in this land is the fairest of all?”

the glass answered—

“Oh, Queen, of all here the fairest art thou,
But the young Queen is fairer by far as I trow.”

Then the wicked woman uttered a curse, and was so wretched, so utterly wretched, that she knew not what to do. At first she would not go to the wedding at all, but she had no peace, and must go to see the young Queen. And when she went in she knew Snow-white; and she stood still with rage and fear, and could not stir. But iron slippers had already been put upon the fire, and they were brought in with tongs, and set before her. Then she was forced to put on the red-hot shoes, and dance until she dropped down dead.

54.—THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN.

THERE were once three brothers who had fallen deeper and deeper into poverty, and at last their need was so great that they had to endure hunger, and had nothing to eat or drink. Then said they, “We cannot go on thus, we had better go into the world and seek our fortune.” They therefore set out, and had already walked over many a long road and many a blade of grass, but had not yet met with good luck. One day they arrived in a great forest, and in the midst of it was a hill, and when they came nearer they saw that the hill was all silver. Then spake the eldest, “Now I have found the good luck I wished for, and I desire nothing more.” He took as much of the silver as he could possibly carry, and then turned back and went home again. But the two others said, “We

want something more from good luck than mere silver," and did not touch it, but went onwards. After they had walked for two days longer without stopping, they came to a hill which was all gold. The second brother stopped, took thought with himself, and was undecided. "What shall I do?" said he; "shall I take for myself so much of this gold, that I have sufficient for all the rest of my life, or shall I go farther?" At length he made a decision, and putting as much into his pockets as would go in, said farewell to his brother, and went home. But the third said, "Silver and gold do not move me, I will not renounce my chance of fortune, perhaps something better still will be given me." He journeyed onwards, and when he had walked for three days, he got into a forest which was still larger than the one before, and never would come to an end, and as he found nothing to eat or to drink, he was all but exhausted. Then he climbed up a high tree to find out if up there he could see the end of the forest, but so far as his eye could pierce he saw nothing but the tops of trees. Then he began to descend the tree again, but hunger tormented him, and he thought to himself, "If I could but eat my fill once more!" When he got down he saw with astonishment a table beneath the tree richly spread with food, the steam of which rose up to meet him. "This time," said he, "my wish has been fulfilled at the right moment." And without inquiring who had brought the food, or who had cooked it, he approached the table, and ate with enjoyment until he had appeased his hunger. When he was done, he thought, "It would after all be a pity if the pretty little table-cloth were to be spoilt in the forest here," and folded it up tidily and put it in his pocket. Then he went onwards, and in the evening, when hunger once more made itself felt, he wanted to make a trial of his little cloth, and spread it out and said, "I wish thee to be covered with good cheer again," and scarcely had the wish crossed his lips than as many dishes with the most exquisite food on them stood on the table as there was room for. "Now I perceive," said he, "in what kitchen my cooking is done. Thou shalt be dearer to me than the mountains of silver and gold." For he saw plainly that it was a wishing-cloth. The cloth, however,

was still not enough to enable him to sit down quietly at home; he preferred to wander about the world and pursue his fortune farther.

One night he met, in a lonely wood, a dusty, black charcoal-burner, who was burning charcoal there, and had some potatoes by the fire, on which he was going to make a meal. "Good evening, blackbird!" said the youth. "How dost thou get on in thy solitude?"

"One day is like another," replied the charcoal-burner, "and every night potatoes! Hast thou a mind to have some, and wilt thou be my guest?" "Many thanks," replied the traveller, "I won't rob thee of thy supper; thou didst not reckon on a visitor, but if thou wilt put up with what I have, thou shalt have an invitation."

"Who is to prepare it for thee?" said the charcoal-burner. "I see that thou hast nothing with thee, and there is no one within a two hours' walk who could give thee anything." "And yet there shall be a meal," answered the youth, "and better than any thou hast ever tasted." Thereupon he brought his cloth out of his knapsack, spread it on the ground, and said, "Little cloth, cover thyself," and instantly boiled meat and baked meat stood there, and as hot as if it had just come out of the kitchen. The charcoal-burner stared, but did not require much pressing; he fell to, and thrust larger and larger mouthfuls into his black mouth. When they had eaten everything, the charcoal-burner smiled contentedly, and said, "Hark thee, thy table-cloth has my approval; it would be a fine thing for me in this forest, where no one ever cooks me anything good. I will propose an exchange to thee; there in the corner hangs a soldier's knapsack, which is certainly old and shabby, but in it lie concealed wonderful powers; but, as I no longer use it, I will give it to thee for the table-cloth."

"I must first know what these wonderful powers are," answered the youth.

"That will I tell thee," replied the charcoal-burner; "every time thou tappest it with thy hand, a corporal comes with six men armed from head to foot, and they do whatsoever thou commandest them." "So far as I am concerned," said he, "if nothing else can be done, we will

exchange," and he gave the charcoal-burner the cloth, took the knapsack from the hook, put it on, and bade farewell. When he had walked a while, he wished to make a trial of the magical powers of his knapsack and tapped it. Immediately the seven warriors stepped up to him, and the corporal said, "What does my lord and ruler wish for?"

"March with all speed to the charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth back." They faced to the left, and it was not long before they brought what he required, and had taken it from the charcoal-burner without asking many questions. The young man bade them retire, went onwards, and hoped fortune would shine yet more brightly on him. By sunset he came to another charcoal-burner, who was making his supper ready by the fire. "If thou wilt eat some potatoes with salt, but with no dripping, come and sit down with me," said the sooty fellow.

"No," he replied, "this time thou shalt be my guest," and he spread out his cloth, which was instantly covered with the most beautiful dishes. They ate and drank together, and enjoyed themselves heartily. After the meal was over, the charcoal-burner said, "Up there on that shelf lies a little old worn-out hat which has strange properties: when any one puts it on, and turns it round on his head, the cannons go off as if twelve were fired all together, and they shoot down everything so that no one can withstand them. The hat is of no use to me, and I will willingly give it for thy table-cloth."

"That suits me very well," he answered, took the hat, put it on, and left his table-cloth behind him. Hardly, however, had he walked away than he tapped on his knapsack, and his soldiers had to fetch the cloth back again. "One thing comes on the top of another," thought he, "and I feel as if my luck had not yet come to an end." Neither had his thoughts deceived him. After he had walked on for the whole of one day, he came to a third charcoal-burner, who like the previous ones, invited him to potatoes without dripping. But he let him also dine with him from his wishing-cloth, and the charcoal-burner liked it so well, that at last he offered him a horn for it, which had very different properties from those of

the hat. When any one blew it all the walls and fortifications fell down, and all towns and villages became ruins. He certainly gave the charcoal-burner the cloth for it, but he afterwards sent his soldiers to demand it back again, so that at length he had the knapsack, hat and horn, all three. "Now," said he, "I am a made man, and it is time for me to go home and see how my brothers are getting on."

When he reached home, his brothers had built themselves a handsome house with their silver and gold, and were living in clover. He went to see them, but as he came in a ragged coat, with his shabby hat on his head, and his old knapsack on his back, they would not acknowledge him as their brother. They mocked and said, "Thou givest out that thou art our brother who despised silver and gold, and craved for something still better for himself. He will come in his carriage in full splendour like a mighty king, not like a beggar," and they drove him out of doors. Then he fell into a rage, and tapped his knapsack until a hundred and fifty men stood before him armed from head to foot. He commanded them to surround his brothers' house, and two of them were to take hazel-sticks with them, and beat the two insolent men until they knew who he was. A violent disturbance arose, people ran together, and wanted to lend the two some help in their need, but against the soldiers they could do nothing. News of this at length came to the King, who was very angry, and ordered a captain to march out with his troop, and drive this disturber of the peace out of the town; but the man with the knapsack soon got a greater body of men together, who repulsed the captain and his men, so that they were forced to retire with bloody noses. The King said, "This vagabond is not brought to order yet," and next day sent a still larger troop against him, but they could do even less. The youth set still more men against them, and in order to be done the sooner, he turned his hat twice round on his head, and heavy guns began to play, and the king's men were beaten and put to flight. "And now," said he, "I will not make peace until the King gives me his daughter to wife, and I govern the whole kingdom in

his name." He caused this to be announced to the King, and the latter said to his daughter, "Necessity is a hard nut to crack,—what remains to me but to do what he desires? If I want peace and to keep the crown on my head, I must give thee away."

So the wedding was celebrated, but the King's daughter was vexed that her husband should be a common man, who wore a shabby hat, and put on an old knapsack. She wished much to get rid of him, and night and day studied how she could accomplish this. Then she thought to herself, "Is it possible that his wonderful powers lie in the knapsack?" and she dissembled and caressed him, and when his heart was softened, she said, "If thou wouldst but lay aside that ugly knapsack, it disfigures thee so, that I can't help being ashamed of thee." "Dear child," said he, "this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I have it, there is no power on earth that I am afraid of." And he revealed to her the wonderful virtue with which it was endowed. Then she threw herself in his arms as if she were going to kiss him, but dexterously took the knapsack off his shoulders, and ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped it, and commanded the warriors to seize their former master, and take him out of the royal palace. They obeyed, and the false wife sent still more men after him, who were to drive him quite out of the country. Then he would have been ruined if he had not had the little hat. But his hands were scarcely at liberty before he turned it twice. Immediately the cannon began to thunder, and struck down everything, and the King's daughter herself was forced to come and beg for mercy. As she entreated in such moving terms, and promised amendment, he allowed himself to be persuaded and granted her peace. She behaved in a friendly manner to him, and acted as if she loved him very much, and after some time managed so to befool him, that he confided to her that even if any one got the knapsack into his power, he could do nothing against him so long as the old hat was still his. When she knew the secret, she waited until he was asleep, and then she took the hat away from him, and had it thrown out into the street. But the horn

still remained to him, and in great anger he blew it with all his strength. Instantly all walls, fortifications, towns, and villages, toppled down, and crushed the King and his daughter to death. And had he not put down the horn and had just blown a little longer, everything would have been in ruins, and not one stone would have been left standing on another. Then no one opposed him any longer, and he made himself King of the whole country.

55.—RUMPELSTILTSKIN.

ONCE there was a miller who was poor, but who had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he had to go and speak to the King, and in order to make himself appear important he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold." The King said to the miller, "That is an art which pleases me well; if your daughter is as clever as you say, bring her to-morrow to my palace, and I will try what she can do."

And when the girl was brought to him he took her into a room which was quite full of straw, gave her a spinning-wheel and a reel, and said, "Now set to work, and if by to-morrow morning early you have not spun this straw into gold during the night, you must die." Thereupon he himself locked up the room, and left her in it alone. So there sat the poor miller's daughter, and for her life could not tell what to do; she had no idea how straw could be spun into gold, and she grew more and more miserable, until at last she began to weep.

But all at once the door opened, and in came a little man, and said, "Good evening, Mistress Miller; why are you crying so?" "Alas!" answered the girl, "I have to spin straw into gold, and I do not know how to do it." "What will you give me," said the manikin, "if I do it for you?" "My necklace," said the girl. The little man took the necklace, seated himself in front of the wheel,

and "whirr, whirr, whirr," three turns, and the reel was full; then he put another on, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round, and the second was full too. And so it went on until the morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the reels were full of gold. By daybreak the King was already there, and when he saw the gold he was astonished and delighted, but his heart became only more greedy. He had the miller's daughter taken into another room full of straw, which was much larger, and commanded her to spin that also in one night if she valued her life. The girl knew not how to help herself, and was crying, when the door again opened, and the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw into gold for you?" "The ring on my finger," answered the girl. The little man took the ring, again began to turn the wheel, and by morning had spun all the straw into glittering gold.

The King rejoiced beyond measure at the sight, but still he had not gold enough; and he had the miller's daughter taken into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "You must spin this, too, in the course of this night; but if you succeed, you shall be my wife." "Even if she be a miller's daughter," thought he, "I could not find a richer wife in the whole world."

When the girl was alone the manikin came again for the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I spin the straw for you this time also?" "I have nothing left that I could give," answered the girl. "Then promise me, if you should become Queen, your first child." "Who knows whether that will ever happen?" thought the miller's daughter; and, not knowing how else to help herself in this strait, she promised the manikin what he wanted, and for that he once more spun the straw into gold.

And when the King came in the morning, and found all as he had wished, he took her in marriage, and the pretty miller's daughter became a Queen.

A year after, she had a beautiful child, and she never gave a thought to the manikin. But suddenly he came into her room, and said, "Now give me what you

promised." The Queen was horror-struck, and offered the manikin all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her the child. But the manikin said, "No, something that is living is dearer to me than all the treasures in the world." Then the Queen began to weep and cry, so that the manikin pitied her. "I will give you three days' time," said he; "if by that time you find out my name, then shall you keep your child."

So the Queen thought the whole night of all the names that she had ever heard, and she sent a messenger over the country to inquire, far and wide, for any other names that there might be. When the manikin came the next day, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and said all the names she knew, one after another; but to every one the little man said, "That is not my name." On the second day she had inquiries made in the neighbourhood as to the names of the people there, and she repeated to the manikin the most uncommon and curious. "Perhaps your name is Shortribs, or Sheepshanks, or Laceleg?" but he always answered, "That is not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back again, and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name, but as I came to a high mountain at the end of the forest, where the fox and the hare bid each other good night, there I saw a little house, and before the house a fire was burning, and round about the fire quite a ridiculous little man was jumping: he hopped upon one leg, and shouted—

"To-day I bake, to-morrow brew,

The next I'll have the young Queen's child.

Ha! glad am I that no one knew

That Rumpelstiltskin I am styled."

You may think how glad the Queen was when she heard the name! And when soon afterwards the little man came in, and asked, "Now, Mistress Queen, what is my name?" at first she said, "Is your name Conrad?" "No." "Is your name Harry?" "No."

"Perhaps your name is Rumpelstiltskin?"

"The devil has told you that! the devil has told you that!" cried the little man, and in his anger he

plunged his right foot so deep into the earth that his whole leg went in; and then in rage he pulled at his left leg so hard with both hands that he tore himself in two.

56.—SWEETHEART ROLAND.

THERE was once on a time a woman who was a real witch and had two daughters, one ugly and wicked, and this one she loved because she was her own daughter, and one beautiful and good, and this one she hated, because she was her step-daughter. The step-daughter once had a pretty apron, which the other fancied so much that she became envious, and told her mother that she must and would have that apron. "Be quiet, my child," said the old woman, "and thou shalt have it. Thy step-sister has long deserved death, to-night when she is asleep I will come and cut her head off. Only be careful that thou art at the far-side of the bed, and push her well to the front." It would have been all over with the poor girl if she had not just then been standing in a corner, and heard everything. All day long she dared not go out of doors, and when bed-time had come, the witch's daughter got into bed first, so as to lie at the far side, but when she was asleep, the other pushed her gently to the front, and took for herself the place at the back, close by the wall. In the night, the old woman came creeping in, she held an axe in her right hand, and felt with her left to see if any one was lying at the outside, and then she grasped the axe with both hands, and cut her own child's head off.

When she had gone away, the girl got up and went to her sweetheart, who was called Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out, she said to him, "Hear me, dearest Roland, we must fly in all haste; my step-mother wanted to kill me, but has struck her own child. When daylight comes, and she sees what she has done, we shall be lost." "But," said Roland, "I counsel thee first to take away her magic wand, or we cannot escape if she pursues us." The maiden fetched the magic wand, and

she took the dead girl's head and dropped three drops of blood on the ground, one in front of the bed, one in the kitchen, and one on the stairs. Then she hurried away with her lover. When the old witch got up next morning, she called her daughter, and wanted to give her the apron, but she did not come. Then the witch cried, "Where art thou?" "Here, on the stairs, I am sweeping," answered the first drop of blood. The old woman went out, but saw no one on the stairs, and cried again, "Where art thou?" "Here in the kitchen, I am warming myself," cried the second drop of blood. She went into the kitchen, but found no one. Then she cried again, "Where art thou?" "Ah, here in the bed, I am sleeping," cried the third drop of blood. She went into the room to the bed. What did she see there? Her own child, whose head she had cut off, bathed in her blood. The witch fell into a passion, sprang to the window, and as she could look forth quite far into the world, she perceived her step-daughter hurrying away with her sweetheart Roland. "That shall not serve you," cried she, "even if you have got a long way off, you shall still not escape me." She put on her many league boots, in which she went an hour's walk at every step, and it was not long before she overtook them. The girl, however, when she saw the old woman striding towards her, changed, with her magic wand, her sweetheart Roland into a lake, and herself into a duck swimming in the middle of it. The witch placed herself on the shore, threw bread-crumbs in, and gave herself every possible trouble to entice the duck; but the duck did not let herself be enticed, and the old woman had to go home at night as she had come. On this the girl and her sweetheart Roland resumed their natural shapes again, and they walked on the whole night until daybreak. Then the maiden changed herself into a beautiful flower which stood in the midst of a briar hedge, and her sweetheart Roland into a fiddler. It was not long before the witch came striding up towards them, and said to the musician, "Dear musician, may I pluck that beautiful flower for myself?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I will play to you while you do it." As she was hastily creeping into the hedge and was just going to pluck the flower, for she well knew who the flower was,

he began to play, and whether she would or not, she was forced to dance, for it was a magical dance. The quicker he played, the more violent springs was she forced to make, and the thorns tore her clothes from her body, and pricked her and wounded her till she bled, and as he did not stop, she had to dance till she lay dead on the ground.

When they were delivered, Roland said, "Now I will go to my father and arrange for the wedding." "Then in the meantime I will stay here and wait for thee," said the girl, "and that no one may recognize me, I will change myself into a red stone land-mark." Then Roland went away, and the girl stood like a red land-mark in the field and waited for her beloved. But when Roland got home, he fell into the snares of another, who prevailed on him so far that he forgot the maiden. The poor girl remained there a long time, but at length, as he did not return at all, she was sad, and changed herself into a flower, and thought, "Some one will surely come this way, and trample me down."

It befell, however, that a shepherd kept his sheep in the field, and saw the flower, and as it was so pretty, plucked it, took it with him, and laid it away in his chest. From that time forth, strange things happened in the shepherd's house. When he arose in the morning, all the work was already done, the room was swept, the table and benches cleaned, the fire on the hearth was lighted, and the water was fetched, and at noon, when he came home, the table was laid, and a good dinner served. He could not conceive how this came to pass, for he never saw a human being in his house, and no one could have concealed himself in it. He was certainly pleased with this good attendance, but still at last he was so afraid that he went to a wise woman and asked for her advice. The wise woman said, "There is some enchantment behind it, listen very early some morning if anything is moving in the room, and if thou seest anything, let it be what it may, throw a white cloth over it, and then the magic will be stopped."

The shepherd did as she bade him, and next morning just as day dawned, he saw the chest open, and the flower come out. Swiftly he sprang towards it, and threw a white cloth over it. Instantly the transformation came

to an end, and a beautiful girl stood before him, who owned to him that she had been the flower, and that up to this time she had attended to his housekeeping. She told him her story, and as she pleased him he asked her if she would marry him, but she answered, "No," for she wanted to remain faithful to her sweetheart Roland, although he had deserted her, but she promised not to go away, but to keep house for the shepherd for the future.

And now the time drew near when Roland's wedding was to be celebrated, and then, according to an old custom in the country, it was announced that all the girls were to be present at it, and sing in honour of the bridal pair. When the faithful maiden heard of this, she grew so sad that she thought her heart would break, and she would not go thither, but the other girls came and took her. When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back, until at last she was the only one left, and then she could not refuse. But when she began her song, and it reached Roland's ears, he sprang up and cried, "I know the voice, that is the true bride, I will have no other!" Everything he had forgotten, and which had vanished from his mind, had suddenly come home again to his heart. Then the faithful maiden held her wedding with her sweetheart Roland, and grief came to an end and joy began.

57.—THE GOLDEN BIRD.

In the olden time there was a king, who had behind his palace a beautiful pleasure-garden in which there was a tree that bore golden apples. When the apples were getting ripe they were counted, but on the very next morning one was missing. This was told to the King, and he ordered that a watch should be kept every night beneath the tree.

The King had three sons, the eldest of whom he sent, as soon as night came on, into the garden; but when midnight came he could not keep himself from sleeping, and next morning again an apple was gone.

The following night the second son had to keep watch, it fared no better with him ; as soon as twelve o'clock had struck he fell asleep, and in the morning an apple was gone.

Now it came to the turn of the third son to watch ; and he was quite ready, but the King had not much trust in him, and thought that he would be of less use even than his brothers : but at last he let him go. The youth lay down beneath the tree, but kept awake, and did not let sleep master him. When it struck twelve, something rustled through the air, and in the moonlight he saw a bird coming whose feathers were all shining with gold. The bird alighted on the tree, and had just plucked off an apple, when the youth shot an arrow at him. The bird flew off, but the arrow had struck his plumage, and one of his golden feathers fell down. The youth picked it up, and the next morning took it to the King and told him what he had seen in the night. The King called his council together, and every one declared that a feather like this was worth more than the whole kingdom. "If the feather is so precious," declared the King, "one alone will not do for me ; I must and will have the whole bird !"

The eldest son set out ; he trusted to his cleverness, and thought that he would easily find the Golden Bird. When he had gone some distance he saw a Fox sitting at the edge of a wood, so he cocked his gun and took aim at him. The Fox cried, "Do not shoot me ! and in return I will give you some good counsel. You are on the way to the Golden Bird ; and this evening you will come to a village in which stand two inns opposite to one another. One of them is lighted up brightly, and all goes on merrily within, but do not go into it ; go rather into the other, even though it seems a bad one." "How can such a silly beast give wise advice ?" thought the King's son, and he pulled the trigger. But he missed the Fox, who stretched out his tail and ran quickly into the wood.

So he pursued his way, and by evening came to the village where the two inns were ; in one they were singing and dancing ; the other had a poor,

miserable look. "I should be a fool, indeed," he thought, "if I were to go into the shabby tavern, and pass by the good one." So he went into the cheerful one, lived there in riot and revel, and forgot the bird and his father, and all good counsels.

When some time had passed, and the eldest son for month after month did not come back home, the second set out, wishing to find the Golden Bird. The Fox met him as he had met the eldest, and gave him the good advice of which he took no heed. He came to the two inns, and his brother was standing at the window of the one from which came the music, and called out to him. He could not resist, but went inside and lived only for pleasure.

Again some time passed, and then the King's youngest son wanted to set off and try his luck, but his father would not allow it. "It is of no use," said he, "he will find the Golden Bird still less than his brothers, and if a mishap were to befall him he knows not how to help himself; he is a little wanting at the best." But at last, as he had no peace, he let him go.

Again the Fox was sitting outside the wood, and begged for his life, and offered his good advice. The youth was good-natured, and said, "Be easy, little Fox, I will do you no harm." "You shall not repent it," answered the Fox; "and that you may get on more quickly, get up behind on my tail." And scarcely had he seated himself when the Fox began to run, and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind. When they came to the village the youth got off; he followed the good advice, and without looking round turned into the little inn, where he spent the night quietly.

The next morning, as soon as he got into the open country, there sat the Fox already, and said, "I will tell you further what you have to do. Go on quite straight, and at last you will come to a castle, in front of which a whole regiment of soldiers is lying, but do not trouble yourself about them, for they will all be asleep and snoring. Go through the midst of them straight into the castle, and go through all the rooms, till at last you

will come to a chamber where a Golden Bird is hanging in a wooden cage. Close by, there stands an empty gold cage for show, but beware of taking the bird out of the common cage and putting it into the fine one, or it may go badly with you." With these words the Fox again stretched out his tail, and the King's son seated himself upon it, and away he went over stock and stone till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he came to the castle he found everything as the Fox had said. The King's son went into the chamber where the Golden Bird was shut up in a wooden cage, whilst a golden one stood hard by; and the three golden apples lay about the room. "But," thought he, "it would be absurd if I were to leave the beautiful bird in the common and ugly cage," so he opened the door, laid hold of it, and put it into the golden cage. But at the same moment the bird uttered a shrill cry. The soldiers awoke, rushed in, and took him off to prison. The next morning he was taken before a court of justice, and as he confessed everything, was sentenced to death.

The King, however, said that he would grant him his life on one condition—namely, if he brought him the Golden Horse which ran faster than the wind; and in that case he should receive, over and above, as a reward, the Golden Bird.

The King's son set off, but he sighed and was sorrowful, for how was he to find the Golden Horse? But all at once he saw his old friend the Fox sitting on the road. "Look you," said the Fox, "this has happened because you did not give heed to me. However, be of good courage. I will give you my help, and tell you how to get to the Golden Horse. You must go straight on, and you will come to a castle, where in the stable stands the horse. The grooms will be lying in front of the stable; but they will be asleep and snoring, and you can quietly lead out the Golden Horse. But of one thing you must take heed; put on him the common saddle of wood and leather, and not the golden one, which hangs close by, else it will go ill with you. Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated

himself upon it, and away he went over stock and stone until his hair whistled in the wind.

Everything happened just as the Fox had said; the prince came to the stable in which the Golden Horse was standing, but just as he was going to put the common saddle upon him, he thought, "It will be a shame to such a beautiful beast, if I do not give him the good saddle which belongs to him by right." But scarcely had the golden saddle touched the horse than he began to neigh loudly. The grooms awoke, seized the youth, and threw him into prison. The next morning he was sentenced by the court to death; but the King promised to grant him his life, and the Golden Horse as well, if he could bring back the beautiful princess from the Golden Castle.

With a heavy heart the youth set out; yet luckily for him he soon found the trusty Fox. "I ought only to leave you to your ill-luck," said the Fox, "but I pity you, and will help you once more out of your trouble. This road takes you straight to the Golden Castle, you will reach it by eventide; and at night when everything is quiet the beautiful princess goes to the bathing-house to bathe. When she enters it, run up to her and give her a kiss, then she will follow you, and you can take her away with you; only do not allow her to take leave of her parents first, or it will go ill with you."

Then the Fox stretched out his tail, the King's son seated himself upon it, and away the Fox went, over stock and stone, till his hair whistled in the wind.

When he reached the Golden Castle it was just as the Fox had said. He waited until midnight, when everything lay in deep sleep, and the beautiful princess was going to the bathing-house. Then he sprang out and gave her a kiss. She said that she would like to go with him, but she asked him pitifully, and with tears, to allow her first to take leave of her parents. At first he withstood her prayer, but when she wept more and more, and fell at his feet, he at last gave in. But no sooner had the maiden reached the bedside of her father than he and all the rest in the castle awoke, and the youth was laid hold of and put into prison.

The next morning the King said to him, "Your life is forfeited, and you can only find mercy if you take away the hill which stands in front of my windows, and prevents my seeing beyond it; and you must finish it all within eight days. If you do that you shall have my daughter as your reward."

The King's son began, and dug and shovelled without leaving off, but when after seven days he saw how little he had done, and how all his work was as good as nothing, he fell into great sorrow and gave up all hope. But on the evening of the seventh day the Fox appeared and said, "You do not deserve that I should take any trouble about you; but just go away and lie down to sleep, and I will do the work for you."

The next morning when he awoke and looked out of the window the hill had gone. The youth ran, full of joy, to the King, and told him that the task was fulfilled, and whether he liked it or not, the King had to hold to his word and give him his daughter.

So the two set forth together, and it was not long before the trusty Fox came up with them. "You have certainly got what is best," said he, "but the Golden Horse also belongs to the maiden of the Golden Castle. "How shall I get it?" asked the youth. "That I will tell you," answered the Fox; "first take the beautiful maiden to the King who sent you to the Golden Castle. There will be unheard-of rejoicing; they will gladly give you the Golden Horse, and will bring it out to you. Mount it as soon as possible, and offer your hand to all in farewell; last of all to the beautiful maiden. And as soon as you have taken her hand swing her up on to the horse, and gallop away, and no one will be able to bring you back, for the horse runs faster than the wind."

All was brought to pass successfully, and the King's son carried off the beautiful princess on the Golden Horse.

The Fox did not remain behind, and he said to the youth, "Now I will help you to get the Golden Bird. When you come near to the castle where the Golden Bird is to be found, let the maiden get down, and I will take her into my care. Then ride with the Golden Horse into the castle-yard; there will be great rejoicing at the

sight, and they will bring out the Golden Bird for you. As soon as you have the cage in your hand gallop back to us, and take the maiden away again.

When the plan had succeeded, and the King's son was about to ride home with his treasures, the Fox said, "Now you shall reward me for my help." "What do you require for it?" asked the youth. "When you get into the wood yonder, shoot me dead, and chop off my head and feet."

"That would be fine gratitude," said the King's son. "I cannot possibly do that for you."

The Fox said, "If you will not do it I must leave you, but before I go away I will give you a piece of good advice. Be careful about two things. Buy no gallows'-flesh, and do not sit at the edge of any well." And then he ran into the wood.

The youth thought, "That is a wonderful beast, he has strange whims; who is going to buy gallows'-flesh? and the desire to sit at the edge of a well has never yet seized me."

He rode on with the beautiful maiden, and his road took him again through the village in which his two brothers had remained. There was a great stir and noise, and, when he asked what was going on, he was told that two men were going to be hanged. As he came nearer to the place he saw that they were his brothers, who had been playing all kinds of wicked pranks, and had squandered all their wealth. He inquired whether they could not be set free. "If you will pay for them," answered the people; "but why should you waste your money on wicked men, and buy them free." He did not think twice about it, but paid for them, and when they were set free they all went on their way together.

They came to the wood where the Fox had first met them, and, as it was cool and pleasant within it, whilst the sun shone hotly, the two brothers said, "Let us rest a little by the well, and eat and drink." He agreed, and whilst they were talking he forgot himself, and sat down upon the edge of the well without foreboding any evil. But the two brothers threw him backwards into the well, took the maiden, the Horse, and the Bird, and went home

to their father. "Here we bring you not only the Golden Bird," said they; "we have won the Golden Horse also, and the maiden from the Golden Castle." Then was there great joy; but the Horse would not eat, the Bird would not sing, and the maiden sat and wept.

But the youngest brother was not dead. By good fortune the well was dry, and he fell upon soft moss without being hurt, but he could not get out again. Even in this strait the faithful Fox did not leave him: it came and leapt down to him, and upbraided him for having forgotten its advice. "But yet I cannot give it up so," he said; "I will help you up again into daylight." He bade him grasp his tail and keep tight hold of it; and then he pulled him up.

"You are not out of all danger yet," said the Fox. "Your brothers were not sure of your death, and have surrounded the wood with watchers, who are to kill you if you let yourself be seen." But a poor man was sitting upon the road, with whom the youth changed clothes, and in this way he got to the King's palace.

No one knew him, but the Bird began to sing, the Horse began to eat, and the beautiful maiden left off weeping. The King, astonished, asked, "What does this mean?" Then the maiden said, "I do not know, but I have been so sorrowful and now I am so happy! I feel as if my true bridegroom had come." She told him all that had happened, although the other brothers had threatened her with death if she were to betray anything.

The King commanded that all people who were in his castle should be brought before him; and amongst them came the youth in his ragged clothes; but the maiden knew him at once and fell upon his neck. The wicked brothers were seized and put to death, but he was married to the beautiful maiden and declared heir to the King.

But how did it fare with the poor Fox? Long afterwards the King's son was once again walking in the wood, when the Fox met him and said, "You have everything now that you can wish for, but there is never an end to my misery, and yet it is in your power to free me," and again he asked him with tears to shoot him dead and to chop off his head and feet. So he did it, and scarcely

was it done when the Fox was changed into a man, and was no other than the brother of the beautiful princess, who at last was freed from the magic charm which had been laid upon him. And now nothing more was wanting to their happiness as long as they lived.

58.—THE DOG AND THE SPARROW.

A SHEEP-DOG had not a good master, but, on the contrary, one who let him suffer hunger. As he could stay no longer with him, he went quite sadly away. On the road he met a sparrow who said, "Brother dog, why art thou so sad?" The dog replied, "I am hungry, and have nothing to eat." Then said the sparrow, "Dear brother, come into the town with me, and I will satisfy thy hunger." So they went into the town together, and when they came in front of a butcher's shop the sparrow said to the dog, "Stay there, and I will pick a bit of meat down for thee," and he alighted on the stall, looked about him to see that no one was observing him, and pecked and pulled and tore so long at a piece which lay on the edge, that it slipped down. Then the dog seized it, ran into a corner, and devoured it. The sparrow said, "Now come with me to another shop, and then I will get thee one more piece that thou mayst be satisfied." When the dog had devoured the second piece as well, the sparrow asked, "Brother dog, hast thou now had enough?" "Yes, I have had meat enough," he answered, "but I have had no bread yet." Said the sparrow, "Thou shalt have that also, come with me." Then he took him to a baker's shop, and pecked at a couple of little buns till they rolled down, and as the dog wanted still more, he led him to another stall, and again got bread for him. When that was consumed, the sparrow said, "Brother dog, hast thou now had enough?" "Yes," he replied, "now we will walk awhile outside the town." Then they both went out on to the highway. It was, however, warm weather, and when they had walked a little way the dog said, "I am tired, and would like to sleep." "Well,

do sleep," answered the sparrow, "and in the meantime I will seat myself on a branch." So the dog lay down on the road, and fell fast asleep. Whilst he lay sleeping there, a waggoner came driving by, who had a cart with three horses, laden with two barrels of wine. The sparrow, however, saw that he was not going to turn aside, but was staying in the wheel track in which the dog was lying, so it cried, "Waggoner, don't do it, or I will make thee poor." The waggoner, however, growled to himself, "Thou wilt not make me poor," and cracked his whip and drove the cart over the dog, and the wheels killed him. Then the sparrow cried, "Thou hast driven over my brother dog and killed him, it shall cost thee thy cart and horses." "Cart and horses indeed!" said the waggoner. "What harm canst thou do me?" and drove onwards. Then the sparrow crept under the cover of the cart, and pecked so long at the same bung-hole that he got the bung out, and then all the wine ran out without the driver noticing it. But once when he was looking behind him he saw that the cart was dripping, and looked at the barrels and saw that one of them was empty. "Unfortunate fellow that I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and flew on to the head of one of the horses and pecked his eyes out. When the driver saw that, he drew out his axe and wanted to hit the sparrow, but the sparrow flew into the air, and he hit his horse on the head, and it fell down dead. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and when the driver drove on with the two horses, the sparrow again crept under the cover, and pecked the bung out of the second cask, so all the wine was spilt. When the driver became aware of it, he again cried, "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," but the sparrow replied, "Not unfortunate enough yet," and seated himself on the head of the second horse, and pecked his eyes out. The driver ran up to it and raised his axe to strike, but the sparrow flew in the air and the blow struck the horse, which fell. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am." "Not unfortunate enough yet," said the sparrow, and lighted on the third horse's head, and pecked out his eyes. The driver, in his rage, struck at the

sparrow without looking round, and did not hit him, but killed his third horse likewise. "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am," cried he. "Not unfortunate enough yet," answered the sparrow. "Now will I make thee unfortunate in thy home," and flew away.

The driver had to leave the waggon standing, and full of anger and vexation went home. "Ah," said he to his wife, "what misfortunes I have had! My wine has run out, and the horses are all three dead!" "Alas, husband," she answered, "what a malicious bird has come into the house! It has gathered together every bird there is in the world, and they have fallen on our corn up there, and are devouring it." Then he went upstairs, and thousands and thousands of birds were sitting in the loft and had eaten up all the corn, and the sparrow was sitting in the midst of them. Then the driver cried, "Oh, what an unfortunate man I am?"

"Not unfortunate enough yet!" answered the sparrow; "waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life as well," and flew out.

Then the waggoner had lost all his property, and he went downstairs into the room, sat down behind the stove and was quite furious and bitter. But the sparrow sat outside in front of the window, and cried, "Waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life." Then the waggoner snatched the axe and threw it at the sparrow, but it only broke the window, and did not hit the bird. The sparrow now hopped in, placed itself on the stove and cried, "Waggoner, it shall cost thee thy life." The latter, quite mad and blind with rage, smote the stove in twain, and as the sparrow flew from one place to another so it fared with all his household furniture, looking-glass, benches, table, and at last the walls of his house, and yet he could not hit the bird. At length, however, he caught it with his hand. Then his wife said, "Shall I kill it?" "No," cried he, "that would be too merciful. It shall die much more cruelly," and he took it and swallowed it whole. The sparrow, however, began to flutter about in his body, and fluttered up again into the man's mouth; then it stretched out its head, and cried, "Waggoner, it shall still cost thee thy life." The driver gave the axe to his wife, and said, "Wife, kill the

bird in my mouth for me." The woman struck, but missed her blow, and hit the waggoner right on his head, so that he fell dead. But the sparrow flew up and away.

59.—FREDERICK AND CATHERINE.

THERE was once on a time a man who was called Frederick and a woman called Catherine, who had married each other and lived together as young married folks. One day Frederick said, "I will now go and plough, Catherine; when I come back, there must be some roast meat on the table for hunger, and a fresh draught for thirst." "Just go, Frederick," answered Kate, "just go, I will have all ready for you." Therefore when dinner-time drew near she got a sausage out of the chimney, put it in the frying-pan, put some butter to it, and set it on the fire. The sausage began to fry and to hiss, Catherine stood beside it and held the handle of the pan, and had her own thoughts as she was doing it. Then it occurred to her, "While the sausage is getting done thou couldst go into the cellar and draw beer." So she set the frying-pan safely on the fire, took a can, and went down into the cellar to draw beer. The beer ran into the can and Kate watched it, and then she thought, "Oh, dear! The dog upstairs is not fastened up, it might get the sausage out of the pan. Well thought of." And in a trice she was up the cellar-steps again, but the Spitz had the sausage in its mouth already, and trailed it away on the ground. But Catherine, who was not idle, set out after it, and chased it a long way into the field; the dog, however, was swifter than Catherine and did not let the sausage journey easily, but skipped over the furrows with it. "What's gone is gone!" said Kate, and turned round, and as she had run till she was weary, she walked quietly and comfortably, and cooled herself. During this time the beer was still running out of the cask, for Kate had not turned the tap. And when the can was full and there was no other place for it, it ran into the cellar and did not stop until the whole cask was empty.

As soon as Kate was on the steps she saw the mischance. "Good gracious!" she cried. "What shall I do now to stop Frederick knowing it!" She thought for a while, and at last she remembered that up in the garret was still standing a sack of the finest wheat flour from the last fair, and she would fetch that down and strew it over the beer. "Yes," said she, "he who saves a thing when he ought, has it afterwards when he needs it," and she climbed up to the garret and carried the sack below, and threw it straight down on the can of beer, which she knocked over, and Frederick's draught swam also in the cellar. "It is all right," said Kate, "where the one is the other ought to be also," and she strewed the meal over the whole cellar. When it was done she was heartily delighted with her work, and said, "How clean and wholesome it does look here!" At mid-day home came Frederick: "Now, wife, what have you ready for me?" "Ah, Freddy," she answered, "I was frying a sausage for you, but whilst I was drawing the beer to drink with it, the dog took it away out of the pan, and whilst I was running after the dog, all the beer ran out, and whilst I was drying up the beer with the flour, I knocked over the can as well, but be easy, the cellar is quite dry again." Said Frederick, "Kate, Kate, you should not have done that! to let the sausage be carried off and the beer run out of the cask, and throw out all our flour into the bargain!" "Indeed, Frederick, I did not know that, you should have told me." The man thought, "If my wife is like this, I must look after things more." Now he had got together a good number of thalers which he changed into gold, and said to Catherine, "Look, these are counters for playing games; I will put them in a pot and bury them in the stable under the cow's manger, but mind you keep away from them, or it will be the worse for you." Said she, "Oh, no, Frederick, I certainly will not go." And when Frederick was gone some pedlars came into the village who had cheap earthen-bowls and pots, and asked the young woman if there was nothing she wanted to bargain with them for? "Oh, dear people," said Catherine, "I have no money and can buy nothing, but if you have any use for yellow counters I will buy of you." "Yellow counters,

why not? But just let us see them." "Then go into the stable and dig under the cow's manger, and you will find the yellow counters. I am not allowed to go there." The rogues went thither, dug and found pure gold. Then they laid hold of it, ran away, and left their pots and bowls behind in the house. Catherine thought she must use her new things, and as she had no lack in the kitchen already without these, she knocked the bottom out of every pot, and set them all as ornaments on the paling which went round about the house. When Frederick came and saw the new decorations, he said, "Catherine, what have you been about?" "I have bought them, Frederick, for the counters which were under the cow's manger. I did not go there myself, the pedlars had to dig them out for themselves." "Ah, wife," said Frederick, "what have you done? Those were not counters, but pure gold, and all our wealth; you should not have done that." "Indeed, Frederick," said she, "I did not know that, you should have forewarned me."

Catherine stood for a while and bethought herself; then she said, "Listen, Frederick, we will soon get the gold back again, we will run after the thieves." "Come, then," said Frederick, "we will try it; but take with you some butter and cheese that we may have something to eat on the way." "Yes, Frederick, I will take them." They set out, and as Frederick was the better walker, Catherine followed him. "It is to my advantage," thought she, "when we turn back I shall be a little way in advance." Then she came to a hill where there were deep ruts on both sides of the road. "There one can see," said Catherine, "how they have torn and skinned and galled the poor earth, it will never be whole again as long as it lives," and in her heart's compassion she took her butter and smeared the ruts right and left, that it might not be so hurt by the wheels, and as she was thus bending down in her charity, one of the cheeses rolled out of her pocket down the hill. Said Catherine, "I have made my way once up here, I will not go down again; another may run and fetch it back." So she took another cheese and rolled it down. But the cheeses did not come back, so she let a

third run down, thinking, "Perhaps they are waiting for company, and do not like to walk alone." As all three stayed away she said, "I do not know what that can mean, but it may perhaps be that the third has not found the way, and has gone wrong, I will just send the fourth to call it." But the fourth did no better than the third. Then Catherine was angry, and threw down the fifth and sixth as well, and these were her last. She remained standing for some time watching for their coming, but when they still did not come, she said, "Oh, you are good folks to send in search of death, you stay a fine long time away! Do you think I will wait any longer for you? I shall go my way, you may run after me; you have younger legs than I." Catherine went on and found Frederick, who was standing waiting for her because he wanted something to eat. "Now just let us have what you have brought with you," said he. She gave him the dry bread. "Where have you the butter and the cheeses?" asked the man. "Ah, Freddy," said Catherine, "I smeared the cart-ruts with the butter and the cheeses will come soon; one ran away from me, so I sent the others after to call it." Said Frederick, "You should not have done that, Catherine, to smear the butter on the road, and let the cheeses run down the hill!" "Really, Frederick, you should have told me." Then they ate the dry bread together, and Frederick said, "Catherine, did you make the house safe when you came away?" "No, Frederick, you should have told me to do it before." "Then go home again, and make the house safe before we go any farther, and bring with you something else to eat. I will wait here for you." Catherine went back and thought, "Frederick wants something more to eat, he does not like butter and cheese, so I will take with me a handkerchief full of dried pears and a pitcher of vinegar for him to drink." Then she bolted the upper half of the door fast, but unhinged the lower door, and took it on her back, believing that when she had placed the door in security the house must be well taken care of. Catherine took her time on the way, and thought, "Frederick will rest himself so much the longer." When she had once more got up to him she said, "Here is the house-door for you, Frederick, and now you can

take care of the house yourself." "Oh, heavens," said he, "what a wise wife I have! She takes the under-door off the hinges that everything may run in, and bolts the upper one. It is now too late to go back home again, but since you have brought the door here, you shall just carry it farther." "I will carry the door, Frederick, but the dried pears and the vinegar-jug will be too heavy for me; I will hang them on the door, it may carry them."

And now they went into the forest, and sought the rogues, but did not find them. At length as it grew dark they climbed into a tree and resolved to spend the night there. Scarcely, however, had they sat down at the top of it than the rascals came thither who carry away with them what does not want to go, and find things before they are lost. They sat down under the very tree in which Frederick and Catherine were sitting, lighted a fire, and were about to share their booty. Frederick got down on the other side and collected some stones together. Then he climbed up again with them, and wished to throw them at the thieves and kill them. The stones, however, did not hit them, and the knaves cried, "It will soon be morning, the wind is shaking down the fir-apples." Catherine still had the door on her back, and as it pressed so heavily on her, she thought it was the fault of the dried pears, and said, "Frederick, I must throw the pears down." "No, Catherine, not now," he replied, "they might betray us." "Oh, but, Frederick, I must! They weigh me down far too much." "Do it, then, and be hanged!" Then the dried pears rolled down between the branches, and the rascals below said, "The leaves are falling."

A short time afterwards, as the door was still heavy, Catherine said, "Ah, Frederick, I must pour out the vinegar." "No, Catherine, you must not, it might betray us." "Ah, but, Frederick, I must, it weighs me down far too much." "Then do it and be hanged!" So she emptied out the vinegar, and it besprinkled the robbers. They said amongst themselves, "The dew is already falling." At length Catherine thought, "Can it really be the door which weighs me down so?" and said, "Frederick, I must throw the door down." "No, not

now, Catherine, it might discover us." "Oh, but, Frederick, I must. It weighs me down far too much." "Oh, no, Catherine, do hold it fast." "Ah, Frederick, I am letting it fall!" "Let it go, then, in the devil's name." Then it fell down with a violent clatter, and the rascals below cried, "The devil is coming down the tree!" and they ran away and left everything behind them. Early next morning, when the two came down they found all their gold again, and carried it home.

When they were once more at home, Frederick said, "And now, Catherine, you, too, must be industrious and work." "Yes, Frederick, I will soon do that, I will go into the field and cut corn." When Catherine got into the field, she said to herself, "Shall I eat before I cut, or shall I sleep before I cut? Oh, I will eat first." Then Catherine ate and eating made her sleepy, and she began to cut, and half in a dream cut all her clothes to pieces, her apron, her gown, and her shift. When Catherine awoke again after a long sleep she was standing there half-naked, and said to herself, "Is it I, or is it not I? Alas, it is not I." In the meantime night came, and Catherine ran into the village, knocked at her husband's window, and cried, "Frederick."

"What is the matter?" "I should very much like to know if Catherine is in?" "Yes, yes," replied Frederick, "she must be in and asleep."

Said she, "'Tis well, then I am certainly at home already," and ran away.

Outside Catherine found some vagabonds who were going to steal. Then she went to them and said, "I will help you to steal." The rascals thought that she knew the situation of the place, and were willing. Catherine went in front of the houses, and cried, "Good folks, have you anything? We want to steal." The thieves thought to themselves, "That's a fine way of doing things," and wished themselves once more rid of Catherine. Then they said to her, "Outside the village the pastor has some turnips in the field. Go there and pull up some turnips for us." Catherine went to the ground, and began to pull them up, but was so idle that she did not gather them together. Then a man came by, saw her, and stood still

and thought that it was the devil who was thus rooting amongst the turnips. He ran away into the village to the pastor, and said, "Mr. Pastor, the devil is in your turnip-ground, rooting up turnips." "Ah, heavens," answered the pastor, "I have a lame foot, I cannot go out and drive him away." Said the man, "Then I will carry you on my back," and he carried him out on his back. And when they came to the ground, Catherine arose and stood up her full height. "Ah, the devil!" cried the pastor, and both hurried away, and in his great fright the pastor could run better with his lame foot than the man who had carried him on his back could do with his sound one.

60.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

THERE were once upon a time two brothers, one rich and the other poor. The rich one was a goldsmith and evil-hearted. The poor one supported himself by making brooms, and was good and honourable. The poor one had two children, who were twin brothers and as like each other as two drops of water. The two boys went backwards and forwards to the rich house, and often got some of the scraps to eat. It happened once when the poor man was going into the forest to fetch brush-wood, that he saw a bird which was quite golden and more beautiful than any he had ever before chanced to meet with. He picked up a small stone, threw it at him, and was lucky enough to hit him, but one golden feather only fell down, and the bird flew away. The man took the feather and carried it to his brother, who looked at it and said, "It is pure gold!" and gave him a great deal of money for it. Next day the man climbed into a birch-tree, and was about to cut off a couple of branches when the same bird flew out, and when the man searched he found a nest, and an egg lay inside it, which was of gold. He took the egg home with him, and carried it to his brother, who again said, "It is pure gold," and gave him what it was worth. At last the goldsmith said, "I should indeed like to have

the bird itself." The poor man went into the forest for the third time, and again saw the golden bird sitting on the tree, so he took a stone and brought it down and carried it to his brother, who gave him a great heap of gold for it. "Now I can get on," thought he, and went contentedly home.

The goldsmith was crafty and cunning, and knew very well what kind of a bird it was. He called his wife and said, "Roast me the gold bird, and take care that none of it is lost. I have a fancy to eat it all myself." The bird was, however, no common one, but of so wondrous a kind that whosoever ate his heart and liver found every morning a piece of gold beneath his pillow. The woman made the bird ready, put it on the spit, and let it roast. Now it happened that while it was at the fire, and the woman was forced to go out of the kitchen on account of some other work, the two children of the poor broom-maker ran in, stood by the spit and turned it round once or twice. And as at that very moment two little bits of the bird fell down into the dripping-tin, one of the boys said, "We will eat these two little bits; I am so hungry, and no one will ever miss them." Then the two ate the pieces, but the woman came to them and saw that they were eating something and said, "What have ye been eating?" "Two little morsels which fell out of the bird," answered they. "That must have been the heart and the liver," said the woman, quite frightened, and in order that her husband might not miss them and be angry, she quickly killed a young cock, took out his heart and liver, and put them beside the golden bird. When it was ready, she carried it to the goldsmith, who consumed it all alone, and left none of it. Next morning, however, when he felt beneath his pillow, and expected to bring out the piece of gold, no more gold pieces were there than there had always been.

The two children did not know what a piece of good-fortune had fallen to their lot. Next morning when they arose, something fell rattling to the ground, and when they picked it up there were two gold pieces! They took them to their father, who was astonished and said, "How can that have happened?" When next morning

they again found two, and so on daily, he went to his brother and told him the strange story. The goldsmith at once knew how it had come to pass, and that the children had eaten the heart and liver of the golden bird, and in order to revenge himself, and because he was envious and hard-hearted, he said to the father, "Thy children are in league with the Evil One, do not take the gold, and do not suffer them to stay any longer in thy house, for he has them in his power, and may ruin thee likewise." The father feared the Evil One, and painful as it was to him, he nevertheless led the twins forth into the forest, and with a sad heart left them there.

And now the two children ran about the forest, and sought the way home again, but could not find it, and only lost themselves more and more. At length they met with a huntsman, who asked, "To whom do you children belong?" "We are the poor broom-maker's boys," they replied, and they told him that their father would not keep them any longer in the house because a piece of gold lay every morning under their pillows. "Come," said the huntsman, "that is nothing so very bad, if at the same time you keep honest, and are not idle." As the good man liked the children, and had none of his own, he took them home with him and said, "I will be your father, and bring you up till you are big." They learnt huntsmanship from him, and the piece of gold which each of them found when he awoke, was kept for them by him in case they should need it in the future.

When they were grown up, their foster-father one day took them into the forest with him, and said, "To-day shall you make your trial shot, so that I may release you from your apprenticeship, and make you huntsmen." They went with him to lie in wait and stayed there a long time, but no game appeared. The huntsman, however, looked above him, and saw a covey of wild geese flying in the form of a triangle, and said to one of them, "Shoot me down one from each corner." He did it, and thus accomplished his trial shot. Soon after another covey came flying by in the form of the figure two, and the huntsman bade the other also bring down one from each corner, and his trial shot was likewise successful.

“Now,” said the foster-father, “I pronounce you out of your apprenticeship; you are skilled huntsmen.” Thereupon the two brothers went forth together into the forest, and took counsel with each other and planned something. And in the evening when they had sat down to supper, they said to their foster-father, “We will not touch food, or take one mouthful, until you have granted us a request.” Said he, “What, then, is your request?” They replied, “We have now finished learning, and we must prove ourselves in the world, so allow us to go away and travel.” Then spake the old man joyfully, “You talk like brave huntsmen, that which you desire has been my wish; go forth, all will go well with you.” Thereupon they ate and drank joyously together.

When the appointed day came, their foster-father presented each of them with a good gun and a dog, and let each of them take as many of his saved-up gold pieces as he chose. Then he accompanied them a part of the way, and when taking leave, he gave them a bright knife, and said, “If ever you separate, stick this knife into a tree at the place where you part, and then when one of you goes back, he will be able to see how his absent brother is faring, for the side of the knife which is turned in the direction by which he went, will rust if he dies, but will remain bright as long as he is alive.” The two brothers went still farther onwards, and came to a forest which was so large that it was impossible for them to get out of it in one day. So they passed the night in it, and ate what they had put in their hunting-pouches, but they walked all the second day likewise, and still did not get out. As they had nothing to eat, one of them said, “We must shoot something for ourselves or we shall suffer from hunger,” and loaded his gun, and looked about him. And when an old hare came running up towards them, he laid his gun on his shoulder, but the hare cried,

“Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,
Two little ones to thee I’ll give,”

and sprang instantly into the thicket, and brought two young ones. But the little creatures played so merrily, and were so pretty, that the huntsmen could not find it in

their hearts to kill them. They therefore kept them with them, and the little hares followed behind on foot. Soon after this, a fox crept past; they were just going to shoot it, but the fox cried,

“Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,
Two little ones I'll also give.”

He, too, brought two little foxes, and the huntsmen did not like to kill them either, but gave them to the hares for company, and they followed behind. It was not long before a wolf strode out of the thicket; the huntsmen made ready to shoot him, but the wolf cried,

“Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,
Two little ones I'll likewise give.”

The huntsmen put the two wolves beside the other animals, and they followed behind them. Then a bear came who wanted to trot about a little longer, and cried :

“Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,
Two little ones I, too, will give.”

The two young bears were added to the others, and there were already eight of them. At length who came? A lion came, and tossed his mane. But the huntsmen did not let themselves be frightened and aimed at him likewise, but the lion also said,

“Dear huntsmen, do but let me live,
Two little ones I, too, will give.”

And he brought his little ones to them, and now the huntsmen had two lions, two bears, two wolves, two foxes, and two hares, who followed them and served them. In the meantime their hunger was not appeased by this, and they said to the foxes, “Hark ye, cunning fellows, provide us with something to eat. You are crafty and deep.” They replied, “Not far from here lies a village, from which we have already brought many a fowl; we will show you the way there.” So they went into the village, bought themselves something to eat, had some food given to their beasts, and then travelled

onwards. The foxes, however, knew their way very well about the district and where the poultry-yards were, and were able to guide the huntsmen.

Now they travelled about for a while, but could find no situations where they could remain together, so they said, "There is nothing else for it, we must part." They divided the animals, so that each of them had a lion, a bear, a wolf, a fox, and a hare, then they took leave of each other, promised to love each other like brothers till their death, and stuck the knife which their foster-father had given them, into a tree, after which one went east, and the other west.

The younger, however, arrived with his beasts in a town which was all hung with black crape. He went into an inn, and asked the host if he could accommodate his animals. The innkeeper gave him a stable, where there was a hole in the wall, and the hare crept out and fetched himself the head of a cabbage, and the fox fetched himself a hen, and when he had devoured that got the cock as well, but the wolf, the bear, and the lion could not get out because they were too big. Then the innkeeper let them be taken to a place where a cow was just then lying on the grass, that they might eat till they were satisfied. And when the huntsman had taken care of his animals, he asked the innkeeper why the town was thus hung with black crape? Said the host, "Because our King's only daughter is to die to-morrow." The huntsman inquired if she was "sick unto death?" "No," answered the host, "she is vigorous and healthy, nevertheless she must die!" "How is that?" asked the huntsman. "There is a high hill without the town, whereon dwells a dragon who every year must have a pure virgin, or he lays the whole country waste, and now all the maidens have already been given to him, and there is no longer any one left but the King's daughter, yet there is no mercy for her; she must be given up to him, and that is to be done to-morrow." Said the huntsman, "Why is the dragon not killed?" "Ah," replied the host, "so many knights have tried it, but it has cost all of them their lives. The King has promised that he who conquers the dragon shall have his daughter to wife,

and shall likewise govern the kingdom after his own death."

The huntsman said nothing more to this, but next morning took his animals, and with them ascended the dragon's hill. A little church stood at the top of it, and on the altar three full cups were standing, with the inscription, "Whosoever empties the cups will become the strongest man on earth, and will be able to wield the sword which is buried before the threshold of the door." The huntsman did not drink, but went out and sought for the sword in the ground, but was unable to move it from its place. Then he went in and emptied the cups, and now he was strong enough to take up the sword, and his hand could quite easily wield it. When the hour came when the maiden was to be delivered over to the dragon, the King, the marshal, and courtiers accompanied her. From afar she saw the huntsman on the dragon's hill, and thought it was the dragon standing there waiting for her, and did not want to go up to him, but at last, because otherwise the whole town would have been destroyed, she was forced to go the miserable journey. The King and courtiers returned home full of grief; the King's marshal, however, was to stand still, and see all from a distance.

When the King's daughter got to the top of the hill, it was not the dragon which stood there, but the young huntsman, who comforted her, and said he would save her, led her into the church, and locked her in. It was not long before the seven-headed dragon came thither with loud roaring. When he perceived the huntsman, he was astonished and said, "What business hast thou here on the hill?" The huntsman answered, "I want to fight with thee." Said the dragon, "Many knights have left their lives here, I shall soon have made an end of thee too," and he breathed fire out of seven jaws. The fire was to have lighted the dry grass, and the huntsman was to have been suffocated in the heat and smoke, but the animals came running up and trampled out the fire. Then the dragon rushed upon the huntsman, but he swung his sword until it sang through the air, and struck off three of his heads. Then the dragon grew right

furious, and rose up in the air, and spat out flames of fire over the huntsman, and was about to plunge down on him, but the huntsman once more drew out his sword, and again cut off three of his heads. The monster became faint and sank down, nevertheless it was just going to rush upon the huntsman, but he with his last strength smote its tail off, and as he could fight no longer, called up his animals who tore it in pieces. When the struggle was ended, the huntsman unlocked the church, and found the King's daughter lying on the floor, as she had lost her senses with anguish and terror during the contest. He carried her out, and when she came to herself once more, and opened her eyes, he showed her the dragon all cut to pieces, and told her that she was now delivered. She rejoiced and said, "Now thou wilt be my dearest husband, for my father has promised me to him who kills the dragon." Thereupon she took off her necklace of coral, and divided it amongst the animals in order to reward them, and the lion received the golden clasp. Her pocket-handkerchief, however, on which was her name, she gave to the huntsman, who went and cut the tongues out of the dragon's seven heads, wrapped them in the handkerchief, and preserved them carefully.

That done, as he was so faint and weary with the fire and the battle, he said to the maiden, "We are both faint and weary, we will sleep awhile." Then she said "yes," and they lay down on the ground, and the huntsman said to the lion, "Thou shalt keep watch, that no one surprises us in our sleep," and both fell asleep. The lion lay down beside them to watch, but he also was so weary with the fight, that he called to the bear and said, "Lie down near me, I must sleep a little: if anything comes, waken me." Then the bear lay down beside him, but he also was tired, and called the wolf and said, "Lie down by me, I must sleep a little, but if anything comes, waken me." Then the wolf lay down by him, but he was tired likewise, and called the fox and said, "Lie down by me, I must sleep a little; if anything comes, waken me." Then the fox lay down beside him, but he too was weary, and called the hare and said, "Lie down near me, I must sleep a little, and if anything should come, waken me." Then the hare

sat down by him, but the poor hare was tired too, and had no one whom he could call there to keep watch, and fell asleep. And now the King's daughter, the huntsman, the lion, the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the hare, were all sleeping a sound sleep. The marshal, however, who was to look on from a distance, took courage when he did not see the dragon flying away with the maiden, and finding that all the hill had become quiet, ascended it. There lay the dragon hacked and hewn to pieces on the ground, and not far from it were the King's daughter and a huntsman with his animals, and all of them were sunk in a sound sleep. And as he was wicked and godless he took his sword, cut off the huntsman's head, and seized the maiden in his arms, and carried her down the hill. Then she awoke and was terrified, but the marshal said, "Thou art in my hands, thou shalt say that it was I who killed the dragon." "I cannot do that," she replied, "for it was a huntsman with his animals who did it." Then he drew his sword, and threatened to kill her if she did not obey him, and so compelled her that she promised it. Then he took her to the King, who did not know how to contain himself for joy when he once more looked on his dear child in life, whom he had believed to have been torn to pieces by the monster. The marshal said to him, "I have killed the dragon, and delivered the maiden and the whole kingdom as well, therefore I demand her as my wife, as was promised." The King said to the maiden, "Is what he says true?" "Ah, yes," she answered, "it must indeed be true, but I will not consent to have the wedding celebrated until after a year and a day," for she thought in that time she should hear something of her dear huntsman.

The animals, however, were still lying sleeping beside their dead master on the dragon's hill, and there came a great humble-bee and lighted on the hare's nose, but the hare wiped it off with his paw, and went on sleeping. The humble-bee came a second time, but the hare again rubbed it off and slept on. Then it came for the third time, and stung his nose so that he awoke. As soon as the hare was awake, he roused the fox, and the fox the wolf, and the wolf the bear, and the bear the lion. And when

the lion awoke and saw that the maiden was gone, and his master was dead, he began to roar frightfully and cried, "Who has done that? Bear, why didst thou not waken me?" The bear asked the wolf, "Why didst thou not waken me?" and the wolf the fox, "Why didst thou not waken me?" and the fox the hare, "Why didst thou not waken me?" The poor hare alone did not know what answer to make, and the blame rested with him. Then they were just going to fall upon him, but he entreated them and said, "Kill me not, I will bring our master to life again. I know a mountain on which a root grows which, when placed in the mouth of any one, cures him of all illness and every wound. But the mountain lies two hundred hours' journey from here." The lion said, "In four-and-twenty hours must thou have run thither and have come back, and have brought the root with thee." Then the hare sprang away, and in four-and-twenty hours he was back, and brought the root with him. The lion put the huntsman's head on again, and the hare placed the root in his mouth, and immediately everything united together again, and his heart beat, and life came back. Then the huntsman awoke, and was alarmed when he did not see the maiden, and thought, "She must have gone away whilst I was sleeping, in order to get rid of me." The lion in his great haste had put his master's head on the wrong way round, but the huntsman did not observe it because of his melancholy thoughts about the King's daughter. But at noon, when he was going to eat something, he saw that his head was turned backwards and could not understand it, and asked the animals what had happened to him in his sleep. Then the lion told him that they, too, had all fallen asleep from weariness, and on awaking, had found him dead with his head cut off, that the hare had brought the life-giving root, and that he, in his haste, had laid hold of the head the wrong way, but that he would repair his mistake. Then he tore the huntsman's head off again, turned it round, and the hare healed it with the root.

The huntsman, however, was sad at heart, and travelled about the world, and made his animals dance before people. It came to pass that precisely at the end of one

year he came back to the same town where he had delivered the King's daughter from the dragon, and this time the town was gaily hung with red cloth. Then he said to the host, "What does this mean? Last year the town was all hung with black crape, what means the red cloth to-day?" The host answered, "Last year our King's daughter was to have been delivered over to the dragon, but the marshal fought with it and killed it, and so to-morrow their wedding is to be solemnized, and that is why the town was then hung with black crape for mourning, and is to-day covered with red cloth for joy."

Next day when the wedding was to take place, the huntsman said at mid-day to the inn-keeper, "Do you believe, sir host, that I while with you here to-day shall eat bread from the King's own table?" "Nay," said the host, "I would bet a hundred pieces of gold that that will not come true." The huntsman accepted the wager, and set against it a purse with just the same number of gold pieces. Then he called the hare and said, "Go, my dear runner, and fetch me some of the bread which the King is eating." Now the little hare was the lowest of the animals, and could not transfer this order to any of the others, but had to get on his legs himself. "Alas!" thought he, "if I bound through the streets thus alone, the butchers' dogs will all be after me." It happened as he expected, and the dogs came after him and wanted to make holes in his good skin. But he sprang away, have you never seen one running? and sheltered himself in a sentry-box without the soldier being aware of it. Then the dogs came and wanted to have him out, but the soldier did not understand a jest, and struck them with the butt-end of his gun, till they ran away yelling and howling. As soon as the hare saw that the way was clear, he ran into the palace and straight to the King's daughter, sat down under her chair, and scratched at her foot. Then she said, "Wilt thou get away?" and thought it was her dog. The hare scratched her foot for the second time, and she again said, "Wilt thou get away?" and thought it was her dog. But the hare did not let itself be turned from its purpose, and scratched her for the third time, then she peeped down, and knew the hare by its collar. She took him on her lap, carried him

into her chamber, and said, "Dear Hare, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me to ask for a loaf of bread like that which the King eats." Then she was full of joy and had the baker summoned, and ordered him to bring a loaf such as was eaten by the King. The little hare said, "But the baker must likewise carry it thither for me, that the butchers' dogs may do no harm to me." The baker carried it for him as far as the door of the inn, and then the hare got on his hind legs, took the loaf in his front paws, and carried it to his master. Then said the huntsman, "Behold, sir host, the hundred pieces of gold are mine." The host was astonished, but the huntsman went on to say, "Yes, sir host, I have the bread, but now I will likewise have some of the King's roast meat."

The host said, "I should indeed like to see that," but he would make no more wagers. The huntsman called the fox and said, "My little fox, go and fetch me some roast meat, such as the King eats." The red fox knew the bye-ways better, and went by holes and corners without any dog seeing him, seated himself under the chair of the King's daughter, and scratched her foot. Then she looked down and recognized the fox by its collar, took him into her chamber with her, and said, "Dear Fox, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and has sent me. I am to ask for some roast meat such as the King is eating." Then she made the cook come, who was obliged to prepare a roast joint, the same as was eaten by the King, and to carry it for the fox as far as the door. Then the fox took the dish, waved away with his tail the flies which had settled on the meat, and then carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "bread and meat are here, but now I will also have proper vegetables with it, such as are eaten by the King." Then he called the wolf, and said, "Dear Wolf, go thither and fetch me vegetables such as the King eats." Then the wolf went straight to the palace, as he feared no one, and when he got to the King's daughter's chamber, he twitched at the back of her dress, so that she was forced to look round. She recognized him by his collar, and took him into her

chamber with her, and said, "Dear Wolf, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, I am to ask for some vegetables, such as the King eats." Then she made the cook come, and he had to make ready a dish of vegetables, such as the King ate, and had to carry it for the wolf as far as the door, and then the wolf took the dish from him, and carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "now I have bread and meat and vegetables, but I will also have some pastry to eat like that which the King eats." He called the bear, and said, "Dear Bear, thou art fond of licking anything sweet; go and bring me some confectionery, such as the King eats." Then the bear trotted to the palace, and every one got out of his way, but when he went to the guard, they presented their muskets, and would not let him go into the royal palace. But he got up on his hind legs, and gave them a few boxes on the ears, right and left, with his paws, so that the whole watch broke up, and then he went straight to the King's daughter, placed himself behind her, and growled a little. Then she looked behind her, knew the bear, and bade him go into her room with her, and said, "Dear Bear, what dost thou want?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask for some confectionery such as the King eats." Then she summoned her confectioner, who had to bake confectionery such as the King ate, and carry it to the door for the bear; then the bear first licked up the comfits which had rolled down, and then he stood upright, took the dish, and carried it to his master. "Behold, sir host," said the huntsman, "now I have bread, meat, vegetables and confectionery, but I will drink wine also, and such as the King drinks." He called his lion to him and said, "Dear Lion, thou thyself likest to drink till thou art intoxicated, go and fetch me some wine, such as is drunk by the King." Then the lion strode through the streets, and the people fled from him, and when he came to the watch, they wanted to bar the way against him, but he did but roar once, and they all ran away. Then the lion went to the royal apartment, and knocked at the door with his tail. Then the King's daughter came forth, and was almost afraid of the lion,

but she knew him by the golden clasp of her necklace, and bade him go with her into her chamber, and said, "Dear Lion, what wilt thou have?" He answered, "My master, who killed the dragon, is here, and I am to ask for some wine such as is drunk by the King." Then she bade the cup-bearer be called, who was to give the lion some wine like that which was drunk by the King. The lion said, "I will go with him, and see that I get the right wine." Then he went down with the cup-bearer, and when they were below, the cup-bearer wanted to draw him some of the common wine that was drunk by the King's servants; but the lion said, "Stop, I will taste the wine first," and he drew half a measure, and swallowed it down at one draught. "No," said he, "that is not right." The cup-bearer looked at him askance, but went on, and was about to give him some out of another barrel which was for the King's marshal. The lion said, "Stop, let me taste the wine first," and drew half a measure and drank it. "That is better, but still not right," said he. Then the cup-bearer grew angry and said, "How can a stupid animal like you understand wine?" But the lion gave him a blow behind the ears, which made him fall down by no means gently, and when he had got up again, he conducted the lion quite silently into a little cellar apart, where the King's wine lay, from which no one ever drank. The lion first drew half a measure and tried the wine, and then he said, "That may possibly be the right sort," and bade the cup-bearer fill six bottles of it. And now they went upstairs again, but when the lion came out of the cellar into the open air, he reeled here and there, and was rather drunk, and the cup-bearer was forced to carry the wine as far as the door for him, and then the lion took the handle of the basket in his mouth, and took it to his master. The huntsman said, "Behold, sir host, here have I bread, meat, vegetables, confectionery and wine such as the King has, and now I will dine with my animals," and he sat down and ate and drank, and gave the hare, the fox, the wolf, the bear, and the lion also to eat and to drink, and was joyful, for he saw that the King's daughter still loved him. And when he had finished his dinner, he said, "Sir host, now have I eaten and drunk, as the King

eats and drinks, and now I will go to the King's court and marry the King's daughter." Said the host, "How can that be, when she already has a betrothed husband, and when the wedding is to be solemnized to-day?" Then the huntsman drew forth the handkerchief which the King's daughter had given him on the dragon's hill, and in which were folded the monster's seven tongues, and said, "That which I hold in my hand shall help me to do it." Then the innkeeper looked at the handkerchief, and said, "Whatever I believe, I do not believe that, and I am willing to stake my house and courtyard on it." The huntsman, however, took a bag with a thousand gold pieces, put it on the table, and said, "I stake that on it."

Now the King said to his daughter, at the royal table, "What did all the wild animals want, which have been coming to thee, and going in and out of my palace?" She replied, "I may not tell you, but send and have the master of these animals brought, and you will do well." The King sent a servant to the inn, and invited the stranger, and the servant came just as the huntsman had laid his wager with the innkeeper. Then said he, "Behold, sir host, now the King sends his servant and invites me, but I do not go in this way." And he said to the servant, "I request the Lord King to send me royal clothing, and a carriage with six horses, and servants to attend me." When the King heard the answer, he said to his daughter, "What shall I do?" She said, "Cause him to be fetched as he desires to be, and you will do well." Then the King sent royal apparel, a carriage with six horses, and servants to wait on him. When the huntsman saw them coming, he said, "Behold, sir host, now I am fetched as I desired to be," and he put on the royal garments, took the handkerchief with the dragon's tongues with him, and drove off to the King. When the King saw him coming, he said to his daughter, "How shall I receive him?" She answered, "Go to meet him and you will do well." Then the King went to meet him and led him in, and his animals followed. The King gave him a seat near himself and his daughter, and the marshal, as bridegroom, sat on the other side, but no longer knew the huntsman. And now at this very moment, the seven

heads of the dragon were brought in as a spectacle, and the King said, "The seven heads were cut off the dragon by the marshal, wherefore to-day I give him my daughter to wife." Then the huntsman stood up, opened the seven mouths, and said, "Where are the seven tongues of the dragon?" Then was the marshal terrified, and grew pale and knew not what answer he should make, and at length in his anguish he said, "Dragons have no tongues." The huntsman said, "Liars ought to have none, but the dragon's tongues are the tokens of the victor," and he unfolded the handkerchief, and there lay all seven inside it. And he put each tongue in the mouth to which it belonged, and it fitted exactly. Then he took the handkerchief on which the name of the princess was embroidered, and showed it to the maiden, and asked to whom she had given it, and she replied, "To him who killed the dragon." And then he called his animals, and took the collar off each of them and the golden clasp from the lion, and showed them to the maiden and asked to whom they belonged. She answered, "The necklace and golden clasp were mine, but I divided them among the animals who helped to conquer the dragon." Then spake the huntsman, "When I, tired with the fight, was resting and sleeping, the marshal came and cut off my head. Then he carried away the King's daughter, and gave out that it was he who had killed the dragon, but that he lied I prove with the tongues, the handkerchief, and the necklace." And then he related how his animals had healed him by means of a wonderful root, and how he had travelled about with them for one year, and had at length again come there and had learnt the treachery of the marshal by the inn-keeper's story. Then the King asked his daughter, "Is it true that this man killed the dragon?" And she answered, "Yes, it is true. Now can I reveal the wicked deed of the marshal, as it has come to light without my connivance, for he wrung from me a promise to be silent. For this reason, however, did I make the condition that the marriage should not be solemnized for a year and a day." Then the King bade twelve councillors be summoned who were to pronounce judgment on the marshal,

and they sentenced him to be torn to pieces by four bulls. The marshal was therefore executed, but the King gave his daughter to the huntsman, and named him his viceroy over the whole kingdom. The wedding was celebrated with great joy, and the young King caused his father and his foster-father to be brought, and loaded them with treasures. Neither did he forget the inn-keeper, but sent for him and said, "Behold, sir host, I have married the King's daughter, and your house and yard are mine." The host said, "Yes, according to justice it is so." But the young King said, "It shall be done according to mercy," and told him that he should keep his house and yard, and gave him the thousand pieces of gold as well.

And now the young King and Queen were thoroughly happy, and lived in gladness together. He often went out hunting because it was a delight to him, and the faithful animals had to accompany him. In the neighbourhood, however, there was a forest of which it was reported that it was haunted, and that whosoever did but enter it did not easily get out again. The young King, however, had a great inclination to hunt in it, and let the old King have no peace until he allowed him to do so. So he rode forth with a great following, and when he came to the forest, he saw a snow-white hart, and said to his people, "Wait here until I return, I want to chase that beautiful creature," and he rode into the forest after it, followed only by his animals. The attendants halted and waited until evening, but he did not return, so they rode home, and told the young Queen that the young King had followed a white hart into the enchanted forest, and had not come back again. Then she was in the greatest concern about him. He, however, had still continued to ride on and on after the beautiful wild animal, and had never been able to overtake it; when he thought he was near enough to aim, he instantly saw it bound away into the far distance, and at length it vanished altogether. And now he perceived that he had penetrated deep into the forest, and blew his horn but he received no answer, for his attendants could not hear it. And as night, too, was falling, he saw that he could not

get home that day, so he dismounted from his horse, lighted himself a fire near a tree, and resolved to spend the night by it. While he was sitting by the fire, and his animals also were lying down beside him, it seemed to him that he heard a human voice. He looked round, but could perceive nothing. Soon afterwards, he again heard a groan as if from above, and then he looked up, and saw an old woman sitting in the tree, who wailed unceasingly, "Oh, oh, oh, how cold I am!" Said he, "Come down, and warm thyself if thou art cold." But she said, "No, thy animals will bite me." He answered, "They will do thee no harm, old mother, do come down." She, however, was a witch, and said, "I will throw down a wand from the tree, and if thou strikest them on the back with it, they will do me no harm." Then she threw him a small wand, and he struck them with it, and instantly they lay still and were turned into stone. And when the witch was safe from the animals, she leapt down and touched him also with a wand, and changed him to stone. Thereupon she laughed, and dragged him and the animals into a vault, where many more such stones already lay.

As, however, the young King did not come back at all, the Queen's anguish and care grew constantly greater. And it so happened that at this very time the other brother who had turned to the east when they separated, came into the kingdom. He had sought a situation, and had found none, and had then travelled about here and there, and had made his animals dance. Then it came into his mind that he would just go and look at the knife that they had thrust in the trunk of a tree at their parting, that he might learn how his brother was. When he got there his brother's side of the knife was half rusted, and half bright. Then he was alarmed and thought, "A great misfortune must have befallen my brother, but perhaps I can still save him, for half the knife is still bright." He and his animals travelled towards the west, and when he entered the gate of the town, the guard came to meet him, and asked if he was to announce him to his consort the young Queen, who had for a couple of days been in the greatest sorrow about his

staying away, and was afraid he had been killed in the enchanted forest? The sentries, indeed, thought no otherwise than that he was the young King himself, for he looked so like him, and had wild animals running behind him. Then he saw that they were speaking of his brother, and thought, "It will be better if I pass myself off for him, and then I can rescue him more easily." So he allowed himself to be escorted into the castle by the guard, and was received with the greatest joy. The young Queen indeed thought that he was her husband, and asked him why he had stayed away so long. He answered, "I had lost myself in a forest, and could not find my way out again any sooner." At night he was taken to the royal bed, but he laid a two-edged sword between him and the young Queen; she did not know what that could mean, but did not venture to ask.

He remained in the palace a couple of days, and in the meantime inquired into everything which related to the enchanted forest, and at last he said, "I must hunt there once more." The King and the young Queen wanted to persuade him not to do it, but he stood out against them, and went forth with a larger following. When he had got into the forest, it fared with him as with his brother; he saw a white hart and said to his people, "Stay here, and wait until I return, I want to chase the lovely wild beast," and then he rode into the forest and his animals ran after him. But he could not overtake the hart, and got so deep into the forest that he was forced to pass the night there. And when he had lighted a fire, he heard some one wailing above him, "Oh, oh, oh, how cold I am!" Then he looked up, and the self-same witch was sitting in the tree. Said he, "If thou art cold, come down, little old mother, and warm thyself." She answered, "No, thy animals will bite me." But he said, "They will not hurt thee." Then she cried, "I will throw down a wand to thee, and if thou smitest them with it they will do me no harm." When the huntsman heard that, he had no confidence in the old woman, and said, "I will not strike my animals. Come down, or I will fetch thee." Then she cried, "What dost thou want? Thou shalt not touch me." But he replied, "If thou dost not come, I will shoot thee."

Said she, "Shoot away, I do not fear thy bullets!" Then he aimed, and fired at her, but the witch was proof against all leaden bullets, and laughed, and yelled and cried, "Thou shalt not hit me." The huntsman knew what to do, tore three silver buttons off his coat, and loaded his gun with them, for against them her arts were useless, and when he fired she fell down at once with a scream. Then he set his foot on her and said, "Old witch, if thou dost not instantly confess where my brother is, I will seize thee with both my hands and throw thee into the fire." She was in a great fright, begged for mercy, and said, "He and his animals lie in a vault, turned to stone." Then he compelled her to go thither with him, threatened her, and said, "Old sea-cat, now shalt thou make my brother and all the human beings lying here, alive again, or thou shalt go into the fire!" She took a wand and touched the stones, and then his brother with his animals came to life again, and many others, merchants, artizans, and shepherds, arose, thanked him for their deliverance, and went to their homes. But when the twin brothers saw each other again, they kissed each other and rejoiced with all their hearts. Then they seized the witch, bound her and laid her on the fire, and when she was burnt the forest opened of its own accord, and was light and clear, and the King's palace could be seen at about the distance of a three hours' walk.

Thereupon the two brothers went home together, and on the way told each other their histories. And when the youngest said that he was ruler of the whole country in the King's stead, the other observed, "That I remarked very well, for when I came to the town, and was taken for thee, all royal honours were paid me; the young Queen looked on me as her husband, and I had to eat at her side, and sleep in thy bed." When the other heard that, he became so jealous and angry that he drew his sword, and struck off his brother's head. But when he saw him lying there dead, and saw his red blood flowing, he repented most violently: "My brother delivered me," cried he, "and I have killed him for it," and he bewailed him aloud. Then his hare came and offered to go and bring some of the root of life, and bounded away and brought it while

yet there was time, and the dead man was brought to life again, and knew nothing about the wound.

After this they journeyed onwards, and the youngest said, "Thou lookest like me, hast royal apparel on as I have, and the animals follow thee as they do me; we will go in by opposite gates, and arrive at the same time from the two sides in the aged King's presence." So they separated, and at the same time came the watchmen from the one door and from the other, and announced that the young King and the animals had returned from the chase. The King said, "It is not possible, the gates lie quite a mile apart." In the meantime, however, the two brothers entered the courtyard of the palace from opposite sides, and both mounted the steps. Then the King said to the daughter, "Say which is thy husband. Each of them looks exactly like the other, I cannot tell." Then she was in great distress, and could not tell; but at last she remembered the necklace which she had given to the animals, and she sought for and found her little golden clasp on the lion, and she cried in her delight, "He who is followed by this lion is my true husband." Then the young King laughed and said, "Yes, he is the right one," and they sat down together to table, and ate and drank, and were merry. At night when the young King went to bed, his wife said, "Why hast thou for these last nights always laid a two-edged sword in our bed? I thought thou hadst a wish to kill me." Then he knew how true his brother had been.

61.—THE LITTLE PEASANT.

THERE was a certain village wherein no one lived but really rich peasants, and just one poor one, whom they called the little peasant. He had not even so much as a cow, and still less money to buy one, and yet he and his wife did so wish to have one. One day he said to her, "Hark you, I have a good thought, there is our gossip the carpenter, he shall make us a wooden calf, and paint

it brown, so that it look like any other, and in time it will certainly get big and be a cow." The woman also liked the idea, and their gossip the carpenter cut and planed the calf, and painted it as it ought to be, and made it with its head hanging down as if it were eating.

Next morning when the cows were being driven out, the little peasant called the cow-herd in and said, "Look, I have a little calf there, but it is still small and has still to be carried." The cow-herd said, "All right," and took it in his arms and carried it to the pasture, and set it among the grass. The little calf always remained standing like one which was eating, and the cow-herd said, "It will soon run alone, just look how it eats already!" At night when he was going to drive the herd home again, he said to the calf, "If thou canst stand there and eat thy fill, thou canst also go on thy four legs; I don't care to drag thee home again in my arms." But the little peasant stood at his door, and waited for his little calf, and when the cow-herd drove the cows through the village, and the calf was missing, he inquired where it was. The cow-herd answered, "It is still standing out there eating. It would not stop and come with us." But the little peasant said, "Oh, but I must have my beast back again." Then they went back to the meadow together, but some one had stolen the calf, and it was gone. The cow-herd said, "It must have run away." The peasant, however, said, "Don't tell me that," and led the cow-herd before the mayor, who for his carelessness condemned him to give the peasant a cow for the calf which had run away.

And now the little peasant and his wife had the cow for which they had so long wished, and they were heartily glad, but they had no food for it, and could give it nothing to eat, so it soon had to be killed. They salted the flesh, and the peasant went into the town and wanted to sell the skin there, so that he might buy a new calf with the proceeds. On the way he passed by a mill, and there sat a raven with broken wings, and out of pity he took him and wrapped him in the skin. As, however, the weather grew so bad and there was a storm of rain and wind, he could go no farther, and turned back to the mill and begged for shelter. The miller's wife was alone in the

house, and said to the peasant, "Lay thyself on the straw there," and gave him a slice of bread with cheese on it. The peasant ate it, and lay down with his skin beside him, and the woman thought, "He is tired and has gone to sleep." In the meantime came the parson; the miller's wife received him well, and said, "My husband is out, so we will have a feast." The peasant listened, and when he heard about feasting he was vexed that he had been forced to make shift with a slice of bread with cheese on it. Then the woman served up four different things, roast meat, salad, cakes, and wine.

Just as they were about to sit down and eat, there was a knocking outside. The woman said, "Oh, heavens! It is my husband!" She quickly hid the roast meat inside the tiled stove, the wine under the pillow, the salad on the bed, the cakes under it, and the parson in the cupboard in the entrance. Then she opened the door for her husband, and said, "Thank heaven, thou art back again! There is such a storm, it looks as if the world were coming to an end." The miller saw the peasant lying on the straw, and asked, "What is that fellow doing there?" "Ah," said the wife, "the poor knave came in the storm and rain, and begged for shelter, so I gave him a bit of bread and cheese, and showed him where the straw was." The man said, "I have no objection, but be quick and get me something to eat." The woman said, "But I have nothing but bread and cheese." "I am contented with anything," replied the husband, "so far as I am concerned, bread and cheese will do," and looked at the peasant and said, "Come and eat some more with me." The peasant did not require to be invited twice, but got up and ate. After this the miller saw the skin in which the raven was, lying on the ground, and asked, "What hast thou there?" The peasant answered, "I have a soothsayer inside it." "Can he foretell anything to me?" said the miller. "Why not?" answered the peasant, "but he only says four things, and the fifth he keeps to himself." The miller was curious, and said, "Let him foretell something for once." Then the peasant pinched the raven's head, so that he croaked and made a noise like krr, krr. The miller said, "What did he say?" The peasant answered, "In the

first place, he says that there is some wine hidden under the pillow." "Bless me!" cried the miller, and went there and found the wine. "Now go on," said he. The peasant made the raven croak again, and said, "In the second place, he says that there is some roast meat in the tiled stove." "Upon my word!" cried the miller, and went thither, and found the roast meat. The peasant made the raven prophesy still more, and said, "Thirdly, he says that there is some salad on the bed." "That would be a fine thing!" cried the miller, and went there and found the salad. At last the peasant pinched the raven once more till he croaked, and said, "Fourthly, he says that there are some cakes under the bed." "That would be a fine thing!" cried the miller, and looked there, and found the cakes.

And now the two sat down to the table together, but the miller's wife was frightened to death, and went to bed and took all the keys with her. The miller would have liked much to know the fifth, but the little peasant said, "First, we will quickly eat the four things, for the fifth is something bad." So they ate, and after that they bargained how much the miller was to give for the fifth prophesy, until they agreed on three hundred thalers. Then the peasant once more pinched the raven's head till he croaked loudly. The miller asked, "What did he say?" The peasant replied, "He says that the Devil is hiding outside there in the cupboard in the entrance." The miller said, "The Devil must go out," and opened the house-door; then the woman was forced to give up the keys, and the peasant unlocked the cupboard. The parson ran out as fast as he could, and the miller said, "It was true; I saw the black rascal with my own eyes." The peasant, however, made off next morning by daybreak with the three hundred thalers.

At home the small peasant gradually launched out; he built a beautiful house, and the peasants said, "The small peasant has certainly been to the place where golden snow falls, and people carry the gold home in shovels." Then the small peasant was brought before the Mayor, and bidden to say from whence his wealth came. He answered, "I sold my cow's skin in the town, for three

hundred thalers." When the peasants heard that, they too wished to enjoy this great profit, and ran home, killed all their cows, and stripped off their skins in order to sell them in the town to the greatest advantage. The Mayor, however, said, "But my servant must go first." When she came to the merchant in the town, he did not give her more than two thalers for a skin, and when the others came, he did not give them so much, and said, "What can I do with all these skins?"

Then the peasants were vexed that the small peasant should have thus overreached them, wanted to take vengeance on him, and accused him of this treachery before the Mayor. The innocent little peasant was unanimously sentenced to death, and was to be rolled into the water, in a barrel pierced full of holes. He was led forth, and a priest was brought who was to say a mass for his soul. The others were all obliged to retire to a distance, and when the peasant looked at the priest, he recognized the man who had been with the miller's wife. He said to him, "I set you free from the cupboard, set me free from the barrel." At this same moment up came, with a flock of sheep, the very shepherd who as the peasant knew had long been wishing to be Mayor, so he cried with all his might, "No, I will not do it; if the whole world insists on it, I will not do it!" The shepherd hearing that, came up to him, and asked, "What art thou about? What is it that thou wilt not do?" The peasant said, "They want to make me Mayor, if I will but put myself in the barrel, but I will not do it." The shepherd said, "If nothing more than that is needful in order to be Mayor, I would get into the barrel at once." The peasant said, "If thou wilt get in, thou wilt be Mayor." The shepherd was willing, and got in, and the peasant shut the top down on him; then he took the shepherd's flock for himself, and drove it away. The parson went to the crowd, and declared that the mass had been said. Then they came and rolled the barrel towards the water. When the barrel began to roll, the shepherd cried, "I am quite willing to be Mayor." They believed no otherwise than that it was the peasant who was saying this, and answered, "That is what we intend, but first

thou shalt look about thee a little down below there," and they rolled the barrel down into the water.

After that the peasants went home, and as they were entering the village, the small peasant also came quietly in, driving a flock of sheep and looking quite contented. Then the peasants were astonished, and said, "Peasant, from whence comest thou? Hast thou come out of the water?" "Yes, truly," replied the peasant, "I sank deep, deep down, until at last I got to the bottom; I pushed the bottom out of the barrel, and crept out, and there were pretty meadows on which a number of lambs were feeding, and from thence I brought this flock away with me." Said the peasants, "Are there any more there?" "Oh, yes," said he, "more than I could do anything with." Then the peasants made up their minds that they too would fetch some sheep for themselves, a flock apiece, but the Mayor said, "I come first." So they went to the water together, and just then there were some of the small fleecy clouds in the blue sky, which are called little lambs, and they were reflected in the water, whereupon the peasants cried, "We already see the sheep down below!" The Mayor pressed forward and said, "I will go down first, and look about me, and if things promise well I'll call you." So he jumped in; splash! went the water; he made a sound as if he were calling them, and the whole crowd plunged in after him as one man. Then the entire village was dead, and the small peasant, as sole heir, became a rich man.

62.—THE QUEEN BEE.

Two kings' sons once went out in search of adventures, and fell into a wild, disorderly way of living, so that they never came home again. The youngest, who was called Simpleton, set out to seek his brothers, but when at length he found them they mocked him for thinking that he with his simplicity could get through the world, when they two could not make their way, and yet were so much cleverer. They all three travelled away together, and

came to an ant-hill. The two elder wanted to destroy it, to see the little ants creeping about in their terror, and carrying their eggs away, but Simpleton said, "Leave the creatures in peace; I will not allow you to disturb them." Then they went onwards and came to a lake, on which a great number of ducks were swimming. The two brothers wanted to catch a couple and roast them, but Simpleton would not permit it, and said, "Leave the creatures in peace, I will not suffer you to kill them." At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran out of the trunk of the tree where it was. The two wanted to make a fire beneath the tree, and suffocate the bees in order to take away the honey, but Simpleton again stopped them and said, "Leave the creatures in peace, I will not allow you to burn them." At length the two brothers arrived at a castle where stone horses were standing in the stables, and no human being was to be seen, and they went through all the halls until, quite at the end, they came to a door in which were three locks. In the middle of the door, however, there was a little pane, through which they could see into the room. There they saw a little grey man, who was sitting at a table. They called him, once, twice, but he did not hear; at last they called him for the third time, when he got up, opened the locks, and came out. He said nothing, however, but conducted them to a handsomely-spread table, and when they had eaten and drunk, he took each of them to a bedroom. Next morning the little grey man came to the eldest, beckoned to him, and conducted him to a stone table, on which were inscribed three tasks, by the performance of which the castle could be delivered. The first was that in the forest, beneath the moss, lay the princess's pearls, a thousand in number, which must be picked up, and if by sunset one single pearl was wanting, he who had looked for them would be turned to stone. The eldest went thither, and sought the whole day, but when it came to an end, he had only found one hundred, and what was written on the table came to pass, and he was changed into stone. Next day, the second brother undertook the adventure; it did not, however, fare much

better with him than with the eldest; he did not find more than two hundred pearls, and was changed to stone. At last the turn came to Simpleton also, who sought in the moss. It was, however, so hard to find the pearls, and he got on so slowly, that he seated himself on a stone, and wept. And while he was thus sitting, the King of the ants whose life he had once saved, came with five thousand ants, and before long the little creatures had got all the pearls together, and laid them in a heap. The second task, however, was to fetch out of the lake the key of the King's daughter's bed-chamber. When Simpleton came to the lake, the ducks which he had saved, swam up to him, dived down, and brought the key out of the water. But the third task was the most difficult; from amongst the three sleeping daughters of the King was the youngest and dearest to be sought out. They, however, resembled each other exactly, and were only to be distinguished by their having eaten different sweetmeats before they fell asleep: the eldest a bit of sugar; the second a little syrup; and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then the Queen of the bees, which Simpleton had protected from the fire, came and tasted the lips of all three, and at last she remained sitting on the mouth which had eaten honey, and thus the King's son recognized the right princess. Then the enchantment was at an end; everything was released from sleep, and those who had been turned to stone received once more their natural forms. Simpleton married the youngest and sweetest princess, and after her father's death became King, and his two brothers received the two other sisters.

63.—THE THREE FEATHERS.

THERE was once on a time a King who had three sons, of whom two were clever and wise, but the third did not speak much, and was simple, and was called the Simpleton. When the King had become old and weak, and was thinking of his end, he did not know which of his sons should inherit the kingdom after him. Then he said to them, "Go forth, and he who brings me the most beautiful carpet shall be

King after my death." And that there should be no dispute amongst them, he took them outside his castle, blew three feathers in the air, and said, "You shall go as they fly." One feather flew to the east, the other to the west, but the third flew straight up and did not fly far, but soon fell to the ground. And now one brother went to the right, and the other to the left, and they mocked Simpleton, who was forced to stay where the third feather had fallen. He sat down and was sad, then all at once he saw that there was a trap-door close by the feather. He raised it up, found some steps, and went down them, and then he came to another door, knocked at it, and heard somebody inside calling,

"Little green maiden small,
Hopping hither and thither;
Hop to the door,
And quickly see who is there."

The door opened, and he saw a great, fat toad sitting, and round about her a crowd of little toads. The fat toad asked what he wanted? He answered, "I should like to have the prettiest and finest carpet in the world." Then she called a young one and said,

"Little green maiden small,
Hopping hither and thither,
Hop quickly and bring me
The great box here."

The young toad brought the box, and the fat toad opened it, and gave Simpleton a carpet out of it, so beautiful and so fine, that on the earth above, none could have been woven like it. Then he thanked her, and ascended again. The two others had, however, looked on their youngest brother as so stupid that they believed he would find and bring nothing at all. "Why should we give ourselves a great deal of trouble to search?" said they, and got some coarse handkerchiefs from the first shepherds' wives whom they met, and carried them home to the King. At the same time Simpleton also came back, and brought his beautiful carpet, and when the King saw it he was astonished, and said, "If justice be done, the kingdom belongs to the youngest." But the two others let their

father have no peace, and said that it was impossible that Simpleton, who in everything lacked understanding, should be King, and entreated him to make a new agreement with them. Then the father said, "He who brings me the most beautiful ring shall inherit the kingdom," and led the three brothers out, and blew into the air three feathers, which they were to follow. Those of the two eldest again went east and west, and Simpleton's feather flew straight up, and fell down near the door into the earth. Then he went down again to the fat toad, and told her that he wanted the most beautiful ring. She at once ordered her great box to be brought, and gave him a ring out of it, which sparkled with jewels, and was so beautiful that no goldsmith on earth would have been able to make it. The two eldest laughed at Simpleton for going to seek a golden ring. They gave themselves no trouble, but knocked the nails out of an old carriage-ring, and took it to the King; but when Simpleton produced his golden ring, his father again said, "The kingdom belongs to him." The two eldest did not cease from tormenting the King until he made a third condition, and declared that the one who brought the most beautiful woman home, should have the kingdom. He again blew the three feathers into the air, and they flew as before.

Then Simpleton without more ado went down to the fat toad, and said, "I am to take home the most beautiful woman!" "Oh," answered the toad, "the most beautiful woman! She is not at hand at the moment, but still thou shalt have her." She gave him a yellow turnip which had been hollowed out, to which six mice were harnessed. Then Simpleton said quite mournfully, "What am I to do with that?" The toad answered, "Just put one of my little toads into it." Then he seized one at random out of the circle, and put her into the yellow coach, but hardly was she seated inside it than she turned into a wonderfully beautiful maiden, and the turnip into a coach, and the six mice into horses. So he kissed her, and drove off quickly with the horses, and took her to the King. His brothers came afterwards; they had given themselves no trouble at all to seek beautiful girls, but had brought with them the first peasant women they chanced to meet.

When the King saw them he said, "After my death the kingdom belongs to my youngest son." But the two eldest deafened the King's ears afresh with their clamour, "We cannot consent to Simpleton's being King," and demanded that the one whose wife could leap through a ring which hung in the centre of the hall should have the preference. They thought, "The peasant women can do that easily; they are strong enough, but the delicate maiden will jump herself to death." The aged King agreed likewise to this. Then the two peasant women jumped, and jumped through the ring, but were so stout that they fell, and their coarse arms and legs broke in two. And then the pretty maiden whom Simpleton had brought with him, sprang, and sprang through as lightly as a deer, and all opposition had to cease. So he received the crown, and has ruled wisely for a length of time.

64.—THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

THERE was a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was called Dummling,* and was despised, mocked, and put down on every occasion.

It happened that the eldest wanted to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he went his mother gave him a beautiful sweet cake and a bottle of wine in order that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst.

When he entered the forest there met him a little grey-haired old man who bade him good-day, and said, "Do give me a piece of cake out of your pocket, and let me have a draught of your wine; I am so hungry and thirsty." But the prudent youth answered, "If I give you my cake and wine, I shall have none for myself; be off with you," and he left the little man standing and went on.

But when he began to hew down a tree, it was not long before he made a false stroke, and the axe cut him in the arm, so that he had to go home and have it bound up. And this was the little grey man's doing.

* Simpleton.

After this the second son went into the forest, and his mother gave him, like the eldest, a cake and a bottle of wine. The little old grey man met him likewise, and asked him for a piece of cake and a drink of wine. But the second son, too, said with much reason, "What I give you will be taken away from myself; be off!" and he left the little man standing and went on. His punishment, however, was not delayed; when he had made a few strokes at the tree he struck himself in the leg, so that he had to be carried home.

Then Dummling said, "Father, do let me go and cut wood." The father answered, "Your brothers have hurt themselves with it, leave it alone, you do not understand anything about it." But Dummling begged so long that at last he said, "Just go then, you will get wiser by hurting yourself." His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and with it a bottle of sour beer.

When he came to the forest the little old grey man met him likewise, and greeting him, said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a drink out of your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty." Dummling answered, "I have only cinder-cake and sour beer; if that pleases you, we will sit down and eat." So they sat down, and when Dummling pulled out his cinder-cake, it was a fine sweet cake, and the sour beer had become good wine. So they ate and drank, and after that the little man said, "Since you have a good heart, and are willing to divide what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree, cut it down, and you will find something at the roots." Then the old man took leave of him.

Dummling went and cut down the tree, and when it fell there was a goose sitting in the roots with feathers of pure gold. He lifted her up, and taking her with him, went to an inn where he thought he would stay the night. Now the host had three daughters, who saw the goose and were curious to know what such a wonderful bird might be, and would have liked to have one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought, "I shall soon find an opportunity of pulling out a feather," and as soon as Dummling had

gone out she seized the goose by the wing, but her finger and hand remained sticking fast to it.

The second came soon afterwards, thinking only of how she might get a feather for herself, but she had scarcely touched her sister than she was held fast.

At last the third also came with the like intent, and the others screamed out, "Keep away; for goodness' sake keep away!" But she did not understand why she was to keep away. "The others are there," she thought, "I may as well be there too," and ran to them; but as soon as she had touched her sister, she remained sticking fast to her. So they had to spend the night with the goose.

The next morning Dummling took the goose under his arm and set out, without troubling himself about the three girls who were hanging on to it. They were obliged to run after him continually, now left, now right, just as he was inclined to go.

In the middle of the fields the parson met them, and when he saw the procession he said, "For shame, you good-for-nothing girls, why are you running across the fields after this young man? is that seemly?" At the same time he seized the youngest by the hand in order to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her he likewise stuck fast, and was himself obliged to run behind.

Before long the sexton came by and saw his master, the parson, running on foot behind three girls. He was astonished at this and called out, "Hi! your reverence, whither away so quickly? do not forget that we have a christening to-day!" and running after him he took him by the sleeve, but was also held fast to it.

Whilst the five were trotting thus one behind the other, two labourers came with their hoes from the fields; the parson called out to them and begged that they would set him and the sexton free. But they had scarcely touched the sexton when they were held fast, and now there were seven of them running behind Dummling and the goose.

Soon afterwards he came to a city, where a king ruled who had a daughter who was so serious that no one could make her laugh. So he had put forth a decree that whosoever should be able to make her laugh should marry her. When Dummling heard this, he went with his goose

and all her train before the King's daughter, and as soon as she saw the seven people running on and on, one behind the other, she began to laugh quite loudly, and as if she would never leave off. Thereupon Dummling asked to have her for his wife, and the wedding was celebrated. After the King's death Dummling inherited the kingdom, and lived a long time contentedly with his wife.

65.—ALLERLEIRAUH.

THERE was once on a time a King who had a wife with golden hair, and she was so beautiful that her equal was not to be found on earth. It came to pass that she lay ill, and as she felt that she must soon die, she called the King and said, "If thou wishest to marry again after my death, take no one who is not quite as beautiful as I am, and who has not just such golden hair as I have: this thou must promise me." And after the King had promised her this she closed her eyes and died.

For a long time the King could not be comforted, and had no thought of taking another wife. At length his councillors said, "There is no help for it, the King must marry again, that we may have a Queen." And now messengers were sent about far and wide, to seek a bride who equalled the late Queen in beauty. In the whole world, however, none was to be found, and even if one had been found, still there would have been no one who had such golden hair. So the messengers came home as they went.

Now the King had a daughter, who was just as beautiful as her dead mother, and had the same golden hair. When she was grown up the King looked at her one day, and saw that in every respect she was like his late wife, and suddenly felt a violent love for her. Then he spake to his councillors, "I will marry my daughter, for she is the counterpart of my late wife, otherwise I can find no bride who resembles her." When the councillors heard that, they were shocked, and said, "God has forbidden a father to marry his daughter, no good can come from such a crime, and the kingdom will be involved in the ruin."

The daughter was still more shocked when she became aware of her father's resolution, but hoped to turn him from his design. Then she said to him, "Before I fulfil your wish, I must have three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as bright as the stars; besides this, I wish for a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur and hair joined together, and one of every kind of animal in your kingdom must give a bit of his skin for it." But she thought, "To get that will be quite impossible, and thus I shall divert my father from his wicked intentions." The King, however, did not give it up, and the cleverest maidens in his kingdom had to weave the three dresses, one as golden as the sun, one as silvery as the moon, and one as bright as the stars, and his huntsmen had to catch one of every kind of animal in the whole of his kingdom, and take from it a piece of its skin, and out of these was made a mantle of a thousand different kinds of fur. At length, when all was ready, the King caused the mantle to be brought, spread it out before her, and said, "The wedding shall be to-morrow."

When, therefore, the King's daughter saw that there was no longer any hope of turning her father's heart, she resolved to run away from him. In the night whilst every one was asleep, she got up, and took three different things from her treasures, a golden ring, a golden spinning-wheel, and a golden reel. The three dresses of the sun, moon, and stars she put into a nutshell, put on her mantle of all kinds of fur, and blackened her face and hands with soot. Then she commended herself to God, and went away, and walked the whole night until she reached a great forest. And as she was tired, she got into a hollow tree, and fell asleep.

The sun rose, and she slept on, and she was still sleeping when it was full day. Then it so happened that the King to whom this forest belonged, was hunting in it. When his dogs came to the tree, they snuffed, and ran barking round about it. The King said to the huntsmen, "Just see what kind of wild beast has hidden itself in there." The huntsmen obeyed his order, and when they came back they said, "A wondrous beast is lying in the

hollow tree; we have never before seen one like it. Its skin is fur of a thousand different kinds, but it is lying asleep." Said the King, "See if you can catch it alive, and then fasten it on the carriage, and we will take it with us." When the huntsmen laid hold of the maiden, she awoke full of terror, and cried to them, "I am a poor child, deserted by father and mother; have pity on me, and take me with you." Then said they, "Allerleirauh, thou wilt be useful in the kitchen, come with us, and thou canst sweep up the ashes." So they put her in the carriage, and took her home to the royal palace. There they pointed out to her a closet under the stairs, where no daylight entered, and said, "Hairy animal, there canst thou live and sleep." Then she was sent into the kitchen, and there she carried wood and water, swept the hearth, plucked the fowls, picked the vegetables, raked the ashes, and did all the dirty work.

Allerleirauh lived there for a long time in great wretchedness. Alas, fair princess, what is to become of thee now! It happened, however, that one day a feast was held in the palace, and she said to the cook, "May I go up-stairs for a while, and look on? I will place myself outside the door." The cook answered, "Yes, go, but you must be back here in half-an-hour to sweep the hearth." Then she took her oil-lamp, went into her den, put off her fur-dress, and washed the soot off her face and hands, so that her full beauty once more came to light. And she opened the nut, and took out her dress which shone like the sun, and when she had done that she went up to the festival, and every one made way for her, for no one knew her, and thought no otherwise than that she was a king's daughter. The King came to meet her, gave his hand to her, and danced with her, and thought in his heart, "My eyes have never yet seen any one so beautiful!" When the dance was over she curtsied, and when the King looked round again she had vanished, and none knew whither. The guards who stood outside the palace were called and questioned, but no one had seen her.

She had, however, run into her little den, had quickly taken off her dress, made her face and hands black again,

put on the fur-mantle, and again was Allerleirauh. And now when she went into the kitchen, and was about to get to her work and sweep up the ashes, the cook said, "Leave that alone till morning, and make me the soup for the King; I, too, will go upstairs awhile, and take a look; but let no hairs fall in, or in future thou shalt have nothing to eat." So the cook went away, and Allerleirauh made the soup for the King, and made bread soup and the best she could, and when it was ready she fetched her golden ring from her little den, and put it in the bowl in which the soup was served. When the dancing was over, the King had his soup brought and ate it, and he liked it so much that it seemed to him he had never tasted better. But when he came to the bottom of the bowl, he saw a golden ring lying, and could not conceive how it could have got there. Then he ordered the cook to appear before him. The cook was terrified when he heard the order, and said to Allerleirauh, "Thou hast certainly let a hair fall into the soup, and if thou hast, thou shalt be beaten for it." When he came before the King the latter asked who had made the soup? The cook replied, "I made it." But the King said, "That is not true, for it was much better than usual, and cooked differently." He answered, "I must acknowledge that I did not make it, it was made by the rough animal." The King said, "Go and bid it come up here."

When Allerleirauh came, the King said, "Who art thou?" "I am a poor girl who no longer has any father or mother." He asked further, "Of what use art thou in my palace?" She answered, "I am good for nothing but to have boots thrown at my head." He continued, "Where didst thou get the ring which was in the soup?" She answered, "I know nothing about the ring." So the King could learn nothing, and had to send her away again.

After a while, there was another festival, and then, as before, Allerleirauh begged the cook for leave to go and look on. He answered, "Yes, but come back again in half-an-hour, and make the King the bread soup which he so much likes." Then she ran into her den, washed herself quickly, and took out of the nut the dress which was as silvery as the moon, and put it on. Then she went up

and was like a princess, and the King stepped forward to meet her, and rejoiced to see her once more, and as the dance was just beginning they danced it together. But when it was at end, she again disappeared so quickly that the King could not observe where she went. She, however, sprang into her den, and once more made herself a hairy animal, and went into the kitchen to prepare the bread soup. When the cook had gone up-stairs, she fetched the little golden spinning-wheel, and put it in the bowl so that the soup covered it. Then it was taken to the King, who ate it, and liked it as much as before, and had the cook brought, who this time likewise was forced to confess that Allerleirauh had prepared the soup. Allerleirauh again came before the King, but she answered that she was good for nothing else but to have boots thrown at her head, and that she knew nothing at all about the little golden spinning-wheel.

When, for the third time, the King held a festival, all happened just as it had done before. The cook said, "Faith, rough-skin, thou art a witch, and always puttest something in the soup which makes it so good that the King likes it better than that which I cook," but as she begged so hard, he let her go up at the appointed time. And now she put on the dress which shone like the stars, and thus entered the hall. Again the King danced with the beautiful maiden, and thought that she never yet had been so beautiful. And whilst she was dancing, he contrived, without her noticing it, to slip a golden ring on her finger, and he had given orders that the dance should last a very long time. When it was ended, he wanted to hold her fast by her hands, but she tore herself loose, and sprang away so quickly through the crowd that she vanished from his sight. She ran as fast as she could into her den beneath the stairs, but as she had been too long, and had stayed more than half-an-hour she could not take off her pretty dress, but only threw over it her fur-mantle, and in her haste she did not make herself quite black, but one finger remained white. Then Allerleirauh ran into the kitchen, and cooked the bread soup for the King, and as the cook was away, put her golden reel into it. When the King found the reel at the bottom

of it, he caused Allerleirauh to be summoned, and then he espied the white finger, and saw the ring which he had put on it during the dance. Then he grasped her by the hand, and held her fast, and when she wanted to release herself and run away, her fur-mantle opened a little, and the star-dress shone forth. The King clutched the mantle and tore it off. Then her golden hair shone forth, and she stood there in full splendour, and could no longer hide herself. And when she had washed the soot and ashes from her face, she was more beautiful than any one who had ever been seen on earth. But the King said, "Thou art my dear bride, and we will never more part from each other." Thereupon the marriage was solemnized, and they lived happily until their death.

66.—THE HARE'S BRIDE.

THERE was once a woman and her daughter who lived in a pretty garden with cabbages; and a little hare came into it, and during the winter time ate all the cabbages. Then says the mother to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and chase the hare away." The girl says to the little hare, "Sh-sh, hare, you are still eating up all our cabbages." Says the hare, "Come, maiden, and seat yourself on my little hare's tail, and come with me into my little hare's hut." The girl will not do it. Next day the hare again comes and eats the cabbages, then says the mother to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and drive the hare away." The girl says to the hare, "Sh-sh, little hare, you are still eating all the cabbages." The little hare says, "Maiden, seat thyself on my little hare's tail, and come with me into my little hare's hut." The maiden refuses. The third day the hare comes again, and eats the cabbages. On this the mother says to the daughter, "Go into the garden, and hunt the hare away." Says the maiden, "Sh-sh, little hare, you are still eating all our cabbages." Says the little hare, "Come, maiden, seat thyself on my little hare's tail, and come with me

into my little hare's hut." The girl seats herself on the little hare's tail, and then the hare takes her far away to his little hut, and says, "Now cook green cabbage and millet-seed, and I will invite the wedding-guests." Then all the wedding-guests assembled. (Who were the wedding-guests?) That I can tell you as another told it to me. They were all hares, and the crow was there as parson to marry the bride and bridegroom, and the fox as clerk, and the altar was under the rainbow.

The girl, however, was sad, for she was all alone. The little hare comes and says, "Open the doors, open the doors, the wedding-guests are merry." The bride says nothing, but weeps. The little hare goes away. The little hare comes back and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid, the wedding-guests are hungry." The bride again says nothing, and weeps. The little hare goes away. The little hare comes back and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid, the wedding-guests are waiting." Then the bride says nothing, and the hare goes away, but she dresses a straw-doll in her clothes, and gives her a spoon to stir with, and sets her by the pan with the millet-seed, and goes back to her mother. The little hare comes once more and says, "Take off the lid, take off the lid," and gets up, and strikes the doll on the head so that her cap falls off.

Then the little hare sees that it is not his bride, and goes away and is sorrowful.

67.—THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN.

THERE was once a King's son who was betrothed to a maiden whom he loved very much. And when he was sitting beside her and very happy, news came that his father lay sick unto death, and desired to see him once again before his end. Then he said to his beloved, "I must now go and leave thee, I give thee a ring as a remembrance of me. When I am King, I will return and fetch thee." So he rode away, and when he reached his father, the latter was dangerously ill, and near his death.

He said to him, "Dear son, I wished to see thee once again before my end, promise me to marry as I wish," and he named a certain King's daughter who was to be his wife. The son was in such trouble that he did not think what he was doing, and said, "Yes, dear father, your will shall be done," and thereupon the King shut his eyes, and died.

When therefore the son had been proclaimed King, and the time of mourning was over, he was forced to keep the promise which he had given his father, and caused the King's daughter to be asked in marriage, and she was promised to him. His first betrothed heard of this, and fretted so much about his faithlessness that she nearly died. Then her father said to her, "Dearest child, why art thou so sad? Thou shalt have whatsoever thou wilt." She thought for a moment and said, "Dear father, I wish for eleven girls exactly like myself in face, figure, and size." The father said, "If it be possible, thy desire shall be fulfilled," and he caused a search to be made in his whole kingdom, until eleven young maidens were found who exactly resembled his daughter in face, figure, and size.

When they came to the King's daughter, she had twelve suits of huntsmen's clothes made, all alike, and the eleven maidens had to put on the huntsmen's clothes, and she herself put on the twelfth suit. Thereupon she took leave of her father, and rode away with them, and rode to the court of her former betrothed, whom she loved so dearly. Then she inquired if he required any huntsmen, and if he would take the whole of them into his service. The King looked at her and did not know her, but as they were such handsome fellows, he said "Yes," and that he would willingly take them, and now they were the King's twelve huntsmen.

The King, however, had a lion which was a wondrous animal, for he knew all concealed and secret things. It came to pass that one evening he said to the King, "Thou thinkest thou hast twelve huntsmen?" "Yes," said the King, "they are twelve huntsmen." The lion continued, "Thou art mistaken, they are twelve girls." The King said, "That cannot be true! How wilt thou prove that to me?" "Oh, just let some peas be strewn in thy ante-

chamber," answered the lion, "and then thou wilt soon see it. Men have a firm step, and when they walk over peas none of them stir, but girls trip and skip, and drag their feet, and the peas roll about." The King was well pleased with the counsel, and caused the peas to be strewn.

There was, however, a servant of the King's who favoured the huntsmen, and when he heard that they were going to be put to this test he went to them and repeated everything, and said, "The lion wants to make the King believe that you are girls." Then the King's daughter thanked him, and said to her maidens, "Put on some strength, and step firmly on the peas." So next morning when the King had the twelve huntsmen called before him, and they came into the ante-chamber where the peas were lying, they stepped so firmly on them, and had such a strong, sure walk, that not one of the peas either rolled or stirred. Then they went away again, and the King said to the lion, "Thou hast lied to me, they walk just like men." The lion said, "They have got to know that they were going to be put to the test, and have assumed some strength. Just let twelve spinning-wheels be brought into the ante-chamber some day, and they will go to them and be pleased with them, and that is what no man would do." The King liked the advice, and had the spinning-wheels placed in the ante-chamber.

But the servant, who was well disposed to the huntsmen, went to them, and disclosed the project. Then when they were alone the King's daughter said to her eleven girls, "Put some constraint on yourselves, and do not look round at the spinning-wheels." And next morning when the King had his twelve huntsmen summoned, they went through the ante-chamber, and never once looked at the spinning-wheels. Then the King again said to the lion, "Thou hast deceived me, they are men, for they have not looked at the spinning-wheels." The lion replied, "They have learnt that they were going to be put to the test, and have restrained themselves." The King, however, would no longer believe the lion.

The twelve huntsmen always followed the King to the chase, and his liking for them continually increased. Now it came to pass that once when they were out

hunting, news came that the King's betrothed was approaching. When the true bride heard that, it hurt her so much that her heart was almost broken, and she fell fainting to the ground. The King thought something had happened to his dear huntsman, ran up to him, wanted to help him, and drew his glove off. Then he saw the ring which he had given to his first bride, and when he looked in her face he recognized her. Then his heart was so touched that he kissed her, and when she opened her eyes he said, "Thou art mine, and I am thine, and no one in the world can alter that." He sent a messenger to the other bride, and entreated her to return to her own kingdom, for he had a wife already, and a man who had just found an old dish did not require a new one. Thereupon the wedding was celebrated, and the lion was again taken into favour, because, after all, he had told the truth.

68.—THE THIEF AND HIS MASTER.

HANS wished to put his son to learn a trade, so he went into the church and prayed to our Lord God to know which would be most advantageous for him. Then the clerk got behind the altar, and said, "Thieving, thieving." On this Hans goes back to his son, and tells him he is to learn thieving, and that the Lord God had said so. So he goes with his son to seek a man who is acquainted with thieving. They walk a long time and come into a great forest, where stands a little house with an old woman in it. Hans says, "Do you know of a man who is acquainted with thieving?" "You can learn that here quite well," says the woman, "my son is a master of it." So he speaks with the son, and asks if he knows thieving really well? The master-thief says, "I will teach him well. Come back when a year is over, and then if you recognize your son, I will take no payment at all for teaching him; but if you don't know him, you must give me two hundred thalers."

The father goes home again, and the son learns witch-

craft and thieving, thoroughly. When the year is out, the father is full of anxiety to know how he is to contrive to recognize his son. As he is thus going about in his trouble, he meets a little dwarf, who says, "Man, what ails you, that you are always in such trouble?"

"Oh," says Hans, "a year ago I placed my son with a master-thief who told me I was to come back when the year was out, and that if I then did not know my son when I saw him, I was to pay two hundred thalers; but if I did know him I was to pay nothing, and now I am afraid of not knowing him and can't tell where I am to get the money." Then the dwarf tells him to take a small basket of bread with him, and to stand beneath the chimney. "There on the cross-beam is a basket, out of which a little bird is peeping, and that is your son."

Hans goes thither, and throws a little basket full of black bread in front of the basket with the bird in it, and the little bird comes out, and looks up. "Hollo, my son, art thou here?" says the father, and the son is delighted to see his father, but the master-thief says, "The devil must have prompted you, or how could you have known your son?" "Father, let us go," said the youth.

Then the father and son set out homeward. On the way a carriage comes driving by. Hereupon the son says to his father, "I will change myself into a large greyhound, and then you can earn a great deal of money by me." Then the gentleman calls from the carriage, "My man, will you sell your dog?" "Yes," says the father. "How much do you want for it?" "Thirty thalers." "Eh, man, that is a great deal, but as it is such a very fine dog I will have it." The gentleman takes it into his carriage, but when they have driven a little farther the dog springs out of the carriage through the window, and goes back to his father, and is no longer a greyhound.

They go home together. Next day there is a fair in the neighbouring town, so the youth says to his father, "I will now change myself into a beautiful horse, and you can sell me; but when you have sold me, you must take off my bridle, or I cannot become a man again." Then the father goes with the horse to the fair, and the master-thief comes and buys the horse for a hundred thalers, but the

father forgets, and does not take off the bridle. So the man goes home with the horse, and puts it in the stable. When the maid crosses the threshold, the horse says, "Take off my bridle, take off my bridle." Then the maid stands still, and says, "What, canst thou speak?" So she goes and takes the bridle off, and the horse becomes a sparrow, and flies out at the door, and the wizard becomes a sparrow also, and flies after him. Then they come together and cast lots, but the master loses, and betakes himself to the water and is a fish. Then the youth also becomes a fish, and they cast lots again, and the master loses. So the master changes himself into a cock, and the youth becomes a fox, and bites the master's head off, and he died and has remained dead to this day.

69.—JORINDA AND JORINGEL.*

THERE was once an old castle in the midst of a large and thick forest, and in it an old woman who was a witch dwelt all alone. In the day-time she changed herself into a cat or a screech-owl, but in the evening she took her proper shape again as a human being. She could lure wild beasts and birds to her, and then she killed and boiled and roasted them. If any one came within one hundred paces of the castle he was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the place until she bade him be free. But whenever an innocent maiden came within this circle, she changed her into a bird, and shut her up in a wicker-work cage, and carried the cage into a room in the castle. She had about seven thousand cages of rare birds in the castle.

Now, there was once a maiden who was called Jorinda, who was fairer than all other girls. She and a handsome youth named Joringel had promised to marry each other. They were still in the days of betrothal, and their greatest happiness was being together. One day in order that

* Jorinker, a bird of the titmouse species, Gall. Enc. It is said to be named from its cry. See Jamieson's Dict.—Tr.

they might be able to talk together in quiet they went for a walk in the forest. "Take care," said Joringel, "that you do not go too near the castle."

It was a beautiful evening; the sun shone brightly between the trunks of the trees into the dark green of the forest, and the turtle-doves sang mournfully upon the young boughs of the birch-trees.

Jorinda wept now and then: she sat down in the sunshine and was sorrowful. Joringel was sorrowful too; they were as sad as if they were about to die. Then they looked around them, and were quite at a loss, for they did not know by which way they should go home. The sun was still half above the mountain and half set.

Joringel looked through the bushes, and saw the old walls of the castle close at hand. He was horror-stricken and filled with deadly fear. Jorinda was singing—

"My little bird, with the necklace red,
Sings sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
He sings that the dove must soon be dead,
Sings sorrow, sor— jug, jug, jug."

Joringel looked for Jorinda. She was changed into a nightingale, and sang "jug, jug, jug." A screech-owl with glowing eyes flew three times round about her, and three times cried "to-whoo, to-whoo, to-whoo!"

Joringel could not move: he stood there like a stone, and could neither weep nor speak, nor move hand or foot.

The sun had now set. The owl flew into the thicket, and directly afterwards there came out of it a crooked old woman, yellow and lean, with large red eyes and a hooked nose, the point of which reached to her chin. She muttered to herself, caught the nightingale, and took it away in her hand.

Joringel could neither speak nor move from the spot; the nightingale was gone. At last the woman came back, and said in a hollow voice, "Greet thee, Zachiel. If the moon shines on the cage, Zachiel, let him loose at once." Then Joringel was freed. He fell on his knees before the woman and begged that she would give him back his Jorinda, but she said that he should never have

her again, and went away. He called, he wept, he lamented, but all in vain, "Ah, what is to become of me?"

Joringel went away, and at last came to a strange village; there he kept sheep for a long time. He often walked round and round the castle, but not too near to it. At last he dreamt one night that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which was a beautiful large pearl; that he picked the flower and went with it to the castle, and that everything he touched with the flower was freed from enchantment; he also dreamt that by means of it he recovered his Jorinda.

In the morning, when he awoke, he began to seek over hill and dale if he could find such a flower. He sought until the ninth day, and then, early in the morning, he found the blood-red flower. In the middle of it there was a large dew-drop, as big as the finest pearl.

Day and night he journeyed with this flower to the castle. When he was within a hundred paces of it he was not held fast, but walked on to the door. Joringel was full of joy; he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open. He walked in through the courtyard, and listened for the sound of the birds. At last he heard it. He went on and found the room from whence it came, and there the witch was feeding the birds in the seven thousand cages.

When she saw Joringel she was angry, very angry, and scolded and spat poison and gall at him, but she could not come within two paces of him. He did not take any notice of her, but went and looked at the cages with the birds; but there were many hundred nightingales, how was he to find his Jorinda again?

Just then he saw the old woman quietly take away a cage with a bird in it, and go towards the door.

Swiftly he sprang towards her, touched the cage with the flower, and also the old woman. She could now no longer bewitch any one; and Jorinda was standing there, clasping him round the neck, and she was as beautiful as ever!

70.—THE THREE SONS OF FORTUNE.

A FATHER once called his three sons before him, and he gave to the first a cock, to the second a scythe, and to the third a cat. "I am already aged," said he, "my death is nigh, and I have wished to take thought for you before my end; money I have not, and what I now give you seems of little worth, but all depends on your making a sensible use of it. Only seek out a country where such things are still unknown, and your fortune is made."

After the father's death the eldest went away with his cock, but wherever he came the cock was already known; in the towns he saw him from a long distance, sitting upon the steeples and turning round with the wind, and in the villages he heard more than one crowing; no one would show any wonder at the creature, so that it did not look as if he would make his fortune by it.

At last, however, it happened that he came to an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, and did not even understand how to divide their time. They certainly knew when it was morning or evening, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, not one of them knew how to find out the time.

"Look!" said he, "what a proud creature! it has a ruby-red crown upon its head, and wears spurs like a knight; it calls you three times during the night, at fixed hours, and when it calls for the last time, the sun soon rises. But if it crows by broad daylight, then take notice, for there will certainly be a change of weather."

The people were well pleased; for a whole night they did not sleep, and listened with great delight as the cock at two, four, and six o'clock, loudly and clearly proclaimed the time. They asked if the creature were for sale, and how much he wanted for it? "About as much gold as an ass can carry," answered he. "A ridiculously small price for such a precious creature!" they cried unanimously, and willingly gave him what he had asked.

When he came home with his wealth his brothers were astonished, and the second said, "Well, I will go forth and

see whether I cannot get rid of my scythe as profitably." But it did not look as if he would, for labourers met him everywhere, and they had scythes upon their shoulders as well as he.

At last, however, he chanced upon an island where the people knew nothing of scythes. When the corn was ripe there, they took cannon out to the fields and shot it down. Now this was rather an uncertain affair; many shot right over it, others hit the ears instead of the stems, and shot them away, whereby much was lost, and besides all this it made a terrible noise. So the man set to work and mowed it down so quietly and quickly that the people opened their mouths with astonishment. They agreed to give him what he wanted for the scythe, and he received a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

And now the third brother wanted to take his cat to the right man. He fared just like the others; so long as he stayed on the mainland there was nothing to be done. Every place had cats, and there were so many of them that new-born kittens were generally drowned in the ponds.

At last he sailed over to an island, and it luckily happened that no cats had ever yet been seen there, and that the mice had got the upper hand so much that they danced upon the tables and benches whether the master were at home or not. The people complained bitterly of the plague; the King himself in his palace did not know how to secure himself against them; mice squeaked in every corner, and gnawed whatever they could lay hold of with their teeth. But now the cat began her chase, and soon cleared a couple of rooms, and the people begged the King to buy the wonderful beast for the country. The King willingly gave what was asked, which was a mule laden with gold, and the third brother came home with the greatest treasure of all.

The cat made herself merry with the mice in the royal palace, and killed so many that they could not be counted. At last she grew warm with the work and thirsty, so she stood still, lifted up her head and cried, "Mew! mew!" When they heard this strange cry, the King and all his people were frightened, and in their terror ran all at once

out of the palace. Then the King took counsel what was best to be done; at last it was determined to send a herald to the cat, and demand that she should leave the palace, or if not, she was to expect that force would be used against her. The councillors said, "Rather will we let ourselves be plagued with the mice, for to that misfortune we are accustomed, than give up our lives to such a monster as this." A noble youth, therefore, was sent to ask the cat "whether she would peaceably quit the castle?" But the cat, whose thirst had become still greater, merely answered, "Mew! mew!" The youth understood her to say, "Most certainly not! most certainly not!" and took this answer to the King. "Then," said the councillors, "she shall yield to force." Cannon were brought out, and the palace was soon in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was sitting, she sprang safely out of the window; but the besiegers did not leave off until the whole palace was shot down to the ground.

71.—HOW SIX MEN GOT ON IN THE WORLD.

THERE was once a man who understood all kinds of arts; he served in war, and behaved well and bravely, but when the war was over he received his dismissal, and three farthings for his expenses on the way. "Stop," said he, "I shall not be content with this. If I can only meet with the right people, the King will yet have to give me all the treasure of the country." Then full of anger he went into the forest, and saw a man standing therein who had plucked up six trees as if they were blades of corn. He said to him, "Wilt thou be my servant and go with me?" "Yes," he answered, "but, first, I will take this little bundle of sticks home to my mother," and he took one of the trees, and wrapped it round the five others, lifted the bundle on his back, and carried it away. Then he returned and went with his master, who said, "We two ought to be able to get through the world very well," and when they had walked on for a short while they found a huntsman who was kneeling, had shouldered his gun, and

was about to fire. The master said to him, "Huntsman, what art thou going to shoot?" He answered, "Two miles from here a fly is sitting on the branch of an oak-tree, and I want to shoot its left eye out." "Oh, come with me," said the man, "if we three are together, we certainly ought to be able to get on in the world!" The huntsman was ready, and went with him, and they came to seven windmills whose sails were turning round with great speed, and yet no wind was blowing either on the right or the left, and no leaf was stirring. Then said the man, "I know not what is driving the windmills, not a breath of air is stirring," and he went onwards with his servants, and when they had walked two miles they saw a man sitting on a tree who was shutting one nostril, and blowing out of the other. "Good gracious! what are you doing up there?" He answered, "Two miles from here are seven windmills; look, I am blowing them till they turn round." "Oh, come with me," said the man. "If we four are together, we shall carry the whole world before us!" Then the blower came down and went with him, and after a while they saw a man who was standing on one leg and had taken off the other, and laid it beside him. Then the master said, "You have arranged things very comfortably to have a rest." "I am a runner," he replied, "and to stop myself running far too fast, I have taken off one of my legs, for if I run with both, I go quicker than any bird can fly." "Oh, go with me. If we five are together, we shall carry the whole world before us." So he went with them, and it was not long before they met a man who wore a cap, but had put it quite on one ear. Then the master said to him, "Gracefully, gracefully, don't stick your cap on one ear, you look just like a tom-fool!" "I must not wear it otherwise," said he, "for if I set my hat straight, a terrible frost comes on, and all the birds in the air are frozen, and drop dead on the ground." "Oh, come with me," said the master. "If we six are together, we can carry the whole world before us."

Now the six came to a town where the King had proclaimed that whosoever ran a race with his daughter and won the victory, should be her husband, but whosoever lost it, must lose his head. Then the man presented

himself and said, "I will, however, let my servant run for me." The King replied, "Then his life also must be staked, so that his head and thine are both set on the victory." When that was settled and made secure, the man buckled the other leg on the runner, and said to him, "Now be nimble, and help us to win." It was fixed that the one who was the first to bring some water from a far distant well, was to be the victor. The runner received a pitcher, and the King's daughter one too, and they began to run at the same time, but in an instant, when the King's daughter had got a very little way, the people who were looking on could see no more of the runner, and it was just as if the wind had whistled by. In a short time he reached the well, filled his pitcher with water, and turned back. Half-way home, however, he was overcome with fatigue, and set his pitcher down, lay down himself, and fell asleep. He had, however, made a pillow of a horse's skull which was lying on the ground, in order that he might lie uncomfortably, and soon wake up again. In the meantime the King's daughter, who could also run very well—quite as well as any ordinary mortal can—had reached the well, and was hurrying back with her pitcher full of water, and when she saw the runner lying there asleep, she was glad and said, "My enemy is delivered over into my hands," emptied his pitcher, and ran on. And now all would have been lost if by good luck the huntsman had not been standing at the top of the castle, and had not seen everything with his sharp eyes. Then said he, "The King's daughter shall still not prevail against us;" and he loaded his gun, and shot so cleverly, that he shot the horse's skull away from under the runner's head without hurting him. Then the runner awoke, leapt up, and saw that his pitcher was empty, and that the King's daughter was already far in advance. He did not lose heart, however, but ran back to the well with his pitcher, again drew some water, and was still at home again, ten minutes before the King's daughter. "Behold!" said he, "I have not bestirred myself till now, it did not deserve to be called running before."

But it pained the King, and still more his daughter, that she should be carried off by a common disbanded

soldier like that; so they took counsel with each other how to get rid of him and his companions. Then said the King to her, "I have thought of a way; don't be afraid, they shall not come back again." And he said to them, "You shall now make merry together, and eat and drink," and he conducted them to a room which had a floor of iron, and the doors also were of iron, and the windows were guarded with iron bars. There was a table in the room covered with delicious food, and the King said to them, "Go in, and enjoy yourselves." And when they were inside, he ordered the doors to be shut and bolted. Then he sent for the cook, and commanded him to make a fire under the room until the iron became red-hot. This the cook did, and the six who were sitting at table began to feel quite warm, and they thought the heat was caused by the food; but as it became still greater, and they wanted to get out, and found that the doors and windows were bolted, they became aware that the King must have an evil intention, and wanted to suffocate them. "He shall not succeed, however," said the one with the cap. "I will cause a frost to come, before which the fire shall be ashamed, and creep away." Then he put his cap on straight, and immediately there came such a frost that all heat disappeared, and the food on the dishes began to freeze. When an hour or two had passed by, and the King believed that they had perished in the heat, he had the doors opened to behold them himself. But when the doors were opened, all six were standing there, alive and well, and said that they should very much like to get out to warm themselves, for the very food was fast frozen to the dishes with the cold. Then, full of anger, the King went down to the cook, scolded him, and asked why he had not done what he had been ordered to do. But the cook replied, "There is heat enough there, just look yourself." Then the King saw that a fierce fire was burning under the iron room, and perceived that there was no getting the better of the six in this way.

Again the King considered how to get rid of his unpleasant guests, and caused their chief to be brought and said, "If thou wilt take gold and renounce my daughter, thou shalt have as much as thou wilt."

“Oh, yes, Lord King,” he answered, “give me as much as my servant can carry, and I will not ask for your daughter.”

On this the King was satisfied, and the other continued, “In fourteen days, I will come and fetch it.” Thereupon he summoned together all the tailors in the whole kingdom, and they were to sit for fourteen days and sew a sack. And when it was ready, the strong one who could tear up trees had to take it on his back, and go with it to the King. Then said the King, “Who can that strong fellow be who is carrying a bundle of linen on his back that is as big as a house?” and he was alarmed and said, “What a lot of gold he can carry away!” Then he commanded a ton of gold to be brought; it took sixteen of his strongest men to carry it, but the strong one snatched it up in one hand, put it in his sack, and said, “Why don’t you bring more at the same time?—that hardly covers the bottom!” Then, little by little, the King caused all his treasure to be brought thither, and the strong one pushed it into the sack, and still the sack was not half full with it.” “Bring more,” cried he, “these few crumbs don’t fill it.” Then seven thousand carts with gold had to be gathered together in the whole kingdom, and the strong one thrust them and the oxen harnessed to them into his sack. “I will examine it no longer,” said he, “but will just take what comes, so long as the sack is but full.” When all that was inside, there was still room for a great deal more; then he said, “I will just make an end of the thing; people do sometimes tie up a sack even when it is not full.” So he took it on his back, and went away with his comrades. When the King now saw how one single man was carrying away the entire wealth of the country, he became enraged, and bade his horsemen mount and pursue the six, and ordered them to take the sack away from the strong one. Two regiments speedily overtook the six, and called out, “You are prisoners, put down the sack with the gold, or you will all be cut to pieces!” “What say you?” cried the blower, “that we are prisoners! Rather than that should happen, all of you shall dance about in the air.” And he closed one nostril, and with the other blew on the two regiments.

Then they were driven away from each other, and carried into the blue sky over all the mountains—one here, the other there. One sergeant cried for mercy; he had nine wounds, and was a brave fellow who did not deserve ill-treatment. The blower stopped a little so that he came down without injury, and then the blower said to him, “Now go home to thy King, and tell him he had better send some more horsemen, and I will blow them all into the air.” When the King was informed of this he said, “Let the rascals go. They have the best of it.” Then the six conveyed the riches home, divided it amongst them, and lived in content until their death.

72.—THE WOLF AND THE MAN.

ONCE on a time the fox was talking to the wolf of the strength of man; how no animal could withstand him, and how all were obliged to employ cunning in order to preserve themselves from him. Then the wolf answered, “If I had but the chance of seeing a man for once, I would set on him notwithstanding.” “I can help thee to do that,” said the fox. “Come to me early to-morrow morning, and I will show thee one.” The wolf presented himself betimes, and the fox took him out on the road by which the huntsmen went daily. First came an old discharged soldier. “Is that a man?” inquired the wolf. “No,” answered the fox, “that was one.” Afterwards came a little boy who was going to school. “Is that a man?” “No, that is going to be one.” At length came a hunter with his double-barrelled gun at his back, and hanger by his side. Said the fox to the wolf, “Look, there comes a man, thou must attack him, but I will take myself off to my hole.” The wolf then rushed on the man. When the huntsman saw him he said, “It is a pity that I have not loaded with a bullet,” aimed, and fired his small shot in his face. The wolf pulled a very wry face, but did not let himself be frightened, and attacked him again, on which the huntsman gave him the second barrel. The wolf swallowed his pain, and rushed on the huntsman, but he

drew out his bright hanger, and gave him a few cuts with it right and left, so that, bleeding everywhere, he ran howling back to the fox. "Well, brother wolf," said the fox, "how hast thou got on with man?" "Ah!" replied the wolf, "I never imagined the strength of man to be what it is! First, he took a stick from his shoulder, and blew into it, and then something flew into my face which tickled me terribly; then he breathed once more into the stick, and it flew into my nose like lightning and hail; when I was quite close, he drew a white rib out of his side, and he beat me so with it that I was all but left lying dead." "See what a braggart thou art!" said the fox. "Thou throwest thy hatchet so far that thou canst not fetch it back again!"

73.—THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

THE wolf had the fox with him, and whatsoever the wolf wished, that the fox was compelled to do, for he was the weaker, and he would gladly have been rid of his master. It chanced that once as they were going through the forest, the wolf said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or else I will eat thee thyself." Then the fox answered, "I know a farm-yard where there are two young lambs; if thou art inclined, we will fetch one of them." That suited the wolf, and they went thither, and the fox stole the little lamb, took it to the wolf, and went away. The wolf devoured it, but was not satisfied with one; he wanted the other as well, and went to get it. As, however, he did it so awkwardly, the mother of the little lamb heard him, and began to cry out terribly, and to bleat so that the farmer came running there. They found the wolf, and beat him so mercilessly, that he went to the fox limping and howling. "Thou hast misled me finely," said he; "I wanted to fetch the other lamb, and the country folks surprised me, and have beaten me to a jelly." The fox replied, "Why art thou such a glutton?"

Next day they again went into the country, and the greedy wolf once more said, "Red-fox, get me something

to eat, or I will eat thee thyself." Then answered the fox, "I know a farm-house where the wife is baking pancakes to-night; we will get some of them for ourselves." They went there, and the fox slipped round the house, and peeped and sniffed about until he discovered where the dish was, and then drew down six pancakes and carried them to the wolf. "There is something for thee to eat," said he to him, and then went his way. The wolf swallowed down the pancakes in an instant, and said, "They make one want more," and went thither and tore the whole dish down so that it broke in pieces. This made such a great noise that the woman came out, and when she saw the wolf she called the people, who hurried there, and beat him as long as their sticks would hold together, till with two lame legs, and howling loudly, he got back to the fox in the forest. "How abominably thou hast misled me!" cried he, "the peasants caught me, and tanned my skin for me." But the fox replied, "Why art thou such a glutton?"

On the third day, when they were out together, and the wolf could only limp along painfully, he again said, "Red-fox, get me something to eat, or I will eat thee thyself." The fox answered, "I know a man who has been killing, and the salted meat is lying in a barrel in the cellar; we will get that." Said the wolf, "I will go when thou dost, that thou mayest help me if I am not able to get away." "I am willing," said the fox, and showed him the by-paths and ways by which at length they reached the cellar. There was meat in abundance, and the wolf attacked it instantly and thought, "There is plenty of time before I need leave off!" The fox liked it also, but looked about everywhere, and often ran to the hole by which they had come in, and tried if his body was still thin enough to slip through it. The wolf said, "Dear fox, tell me why thou art running here and there so much, and jumping in and out?"

"I must see that no one is coming," replied the crafty fellow. "Don't eat too much!" Then said the wolf, "I shall not leave until the barrel is empty." In the meantime the farmer, who had heard the noise of the fox's jumping, came into the cellar. When the fox saw him he

was out of the hole at one bound. The wolf wanted to follow him, but he had made himself so fat with eating that he could no longer get through, but stuck fast. Then came the farmer with a cudgel and struck him dead, but the fox bounded into the forest, glad to be rid of the old glutton.

74.—GOSSIP WOLF AND THE FOX.

THE she-wolf brought forth a young one, and invited the fox to be godfather. "After all, he is a near relative of ours," said she, "he has a good understanding, and much talent; he can instruct my little son, and help him forward in the world." The fox, too, appeared quite honest, and said, "Worthy Mrs. Gossip, I thank you for the honour which you are doing me; I will, however, conduct myself in such a way that you shall be repaid for it." He enjoyed himself at the feast, and made merry; afterwards he said, "Dear Mrs. Gossip, it is our duty to take care of the child, it must have good food that it may be strong. I know a sheep-fold from which we might fetch a nice morsel." The wolf was pleased with the ditty, and she went out with the fox to the farm-yard. He pointed out the fold from afar, and said, "You will be able to creep in there without being seen, and in the meantime I will look about on the other side to see if I can pick up a chicken." He, however, did not go there, but sat down at the entrance to the forest, stretched his legs and rested. The she-wolf crept into the stable. A dog was lying there, and it made such a noise that the peasants came running out, caught Gossip Wolf, and poured a strong burning mixture, which had been prepared for washing, over her skin. At last she escaped, and dragged herself outside. There lay the fox, who pretended to be full of complaints, and said, "Ah, dear Mistress Gossip, how ill I have fared, the peasants have fallen on me, and have broken every limb I have; if you do not want me to lie where I am and perish, you must carry me away." The she-wolf herself was only able to go away slowly, but she was in such concern about the fox that she took him on her back, and

slowly carried him perfectly safe and sound to her house. Then the fox cried to her, "Farewell, dear Mistress Gossip, may the roasting you have had do you good," laughed heartily at her, and bounded off.

75.—THE FOX AND THE CAT.

IT happened that the cat met the fox in a forest, and as she thought to herself, "He is clever and full of experience, and much esteemed in the world," she spoke to him in a friendly way. "Good-day, dear Mr. Fox, how are you? How is all with you? How are you getting through this dear season?" The fox, full of all kinds of arrogance, looked at the cat from head to foot, and for a long time did not know whether he would give any answer or not. At last he said, "Oh, thou wretched beard-cleaner, thou piebald fool, thou hungry mouse-hunter, what canst thou be thinking of? Dost thou venture to ask how I am getting on? What hast thou learnt? How many arts dost thou understand?" "I understand but one," replied the cat, modestly. "What art is that?" asked the fox. "When the hounds are following me, I can spring into a tree and save myself." "Is that all?" said the fox. "I am master of a hundred arts, and have into the bargain a sackful of cunning. Thou makest me sorry for thee; come with me, I will teach thee how people get away from the hounds." Just then came a hunter with four dogs. The cat sprang nimbly up a tree, and sat down at the top of it, where the branches and foliage quite concealed her. "Open your sack, Mr. Fox, open your sack," cried the cat to him, but the dogs had already seized him, and were holding him fast. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the cat. "You with your hundred arts are left in the lurch! Had you been able to climb like me, you would not have lost your life."

76.—THE PINK.

THERE was once on a time a Queen to whom God had given no children. Every morning she went into the garden and prayed to God in heaven to bestow on her a son or a daughter. Then an angel from heaven came to her and said, "Be at rest, thou shalt have a son with the power of wishing, so that whatsoever in the world he wishes for, that shall he have." Then she went to the King, and told him the joyful tidings, and when the time was come she gave birth to a son, and the King was filled with gladness. Every morning she went with the child to the garden where the wild beasts were kept, and washed herself there in a clear stream. It happened once when the child was a little older, that it was lying in her arms and she fell asleep. Then came the old cook, who knew that the child had the power of wishing, and stole it away, and he took a hen, and cut it in pieces, and dropped some of its blood on the Queen's apron and on her dress. Then he carried the child away to a secret place, where a nurse was obliged to suckle it, and he ran to the King and accused the Queen of having allowed her child to be taken from her by the wild beasts. When the King saw the blood on her apron, he believed this, fell into such a passion that he ordered a high tower to be built, in which neither sun nor moon could be seen, and had his wife put into it, and walled up. Here she was to stay for seven years without meat or drink, and die of hunger. But God sent two angels from heaven in the shape of white doves, which flew to her twice a day, and carried her food until the seven years were over.

The cook, however, thought to himself, "If the child has the power of wishing, and I am here, he might very easily get me into trouble." So he left the palace and went to the boy, who was already big enough to speak, and said to him, "Wish for a beautiful palace for thyself with a garden, and all else that pertains to it." Scarcely were the words out of the boy's mouth, when everything was there that he had wished for. After a while the cook

said to him, "It is not well for thee to be so alone, wish for a pretty girl as a companion." Then the King's son wished for one, and she immediately stood before him, and was more beautiful than any painter could have painted her. The two played together, and loved each other with all their hearts, and the old cook went out hunting like a nobleman. The thought, however, occurred to him that the King's son might some day wish to be with his father, and thus bring him into great peril. So he went out and took the maiden aside, and said, "To-night when the boy is asleep, go to his bed and plunge this knife into his heart, and bring me his heart and tongue, and if thou dost not do it, thou shalt lose thy life." Thereupon he went away, and when he returned next day she had not done it, and said, "Why should I shed the blood of an innocent boy who has never harmed any one?" The cook once more said, "If thou dost not do it, it shall cost thee thy own life." When he had gone away, she had a little hind brought to her, and ordered her to be killed, and took her heart and tongue, and laid them on a plate, and when she saw the old man coming, she said to the boy, "Lie down in thy bed, and draw the clothes over thee." Then the wicked wretch came in and said, "Where are the boy's heart and tongue?" The girl reached the plate to him, but the King's son threw off the quilt, and said, "Thou old sinner, why didst thou want to kill me? Now will I pronounce thy sentence. Thou shalt become a black poodle and have a gold collar round thy neck, and shalt eat burning coals, till the flames burst forth from thy throat." And when he had spoken these words, the old man was changed into a poodle dog, and had a gold collar round his neck, and the cooks were ordered to bring up some live coals, and these he ate, until the flames broke forth from his throat. The King's son remained there a short while longer, and he thought of his mother, and wondered if she were still alive. At length he said to the maiden, "I will go home to my own country; if thou wilt go with me, I will provide for thee." "Ah," she replied, "the way is so long, and what shall I do in a strange land where I am unknown?" As she did not seem quite willing, and as they could not be parted from

each other, he wished that she might be changed into a beautiful pink, and took her with him. Then he went away to his own country, and the poodle had to run after him. He went to the tower in which his mother was confined, and as it was so high, he wished for a ladder which would reach up to the very top. Then he mounted up and looked inside, and cried, "Beloved mother, Lady Queen, are you still alive, or are you dead?" She answered "I have just eaten, and am still satisfied," for she thought the angels were there. Said he, "I am your dear son, whom the wild beasts were said to have torn from your arms; but I am alive still, and will speedily deliver you." Then he descended again, and went to his father, and caused himself to be announced as a strange huntsman, and asked if he could give him a place. The King said yes, if he was skilful and could get game for him, he should come to him, but that deer had never taken up their quarters in any part of the district or country. Then the huntsman promised to procure as much game for him as he could possibly use at the royal table. So he summoned all the huntsmen together, and bade them go out into the forest with him. And he went with them and made them form a great circle, open at one end where he stationed himself, and began to wish. Two hundred deer and more came running inside the circle at once, and the huntsmen shot them. Then they were all placed on sixty country carts, and driven home to the King, and for once he was able to deck his table with game, after having had none at all for years.

Now the King felt great joy at this, and commanded that his entire household should eat with him next day, and made a great feast. When they were all assembled together, he said to the huntsman, "As thou art so clever, thou shalt sit by me." He replied, "Lord King, your majesty must excuse me, I am a poor huntsman." But the King insisted on it, and said, "Thou shalt sit by me," until he did it. Whilst he was sitting there, he thought of his dearest mother, and wished that one of the King's principal servants would begin to speak of her, and would ask how it was faring with the Queen in the tower, and if she were alive still, or had perished. Hardly had he

formed the wish than the marshal began, and said, "Your majesty, we live joyously here, but how is the Queen living in the tower? Is she still alive, or has she died?" But the King replied, "She let my dear son be torn to pieces by wild beasts; I will not have her named." Then the huntsman arose and said, "Gracious lord father, she is alive still, and I am her son, and I was not carried away by wild beasts, but by that wretch the old cook, who tore me from her arms when she was asleep, and sprinkled her apron with the blood of a chicken." Thereupon he took the dog with the golden collar, and said, "That is the wretch!" and caused live coals to be brought, and these the dog was compelled to devour before the sight of all, until flames burst forth from its throat. On this the huntsman asked the King if he would like to see the dog in his true shape, and wished him back into the form of the cook, in the which he stood immediately, with his white apron, and his knife by his side. When the King saw him he fell into a passion, and ordered him to be cast into the deepest dungeon. Then the huntsman spake further and said, "Father, will you see the maiden who brought me up so tenderly and who was afterwards to murder me, but did not do it, though her own life depended on it?" The King replied, "Yes, I would like to see her." The son said, "Most gracious father, I will show her to you in the form of a beautiful flower," and he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought forth the pink, and placed it on the royal table, and it was so beautiful that the King had never seen one to equal it. Then the son said, "Now will I show her to you in her own form," and wished that she might become a maiden, and she stood there looking so beautiful that no painter could have made her look more so.

And the King sent two waiting-maids and two attendants into the tower, to fetch the Queen and bring her to the royal table. But when she was led in she ate nothing, and said, "The gracious and merciful God who has supported me in the tower, will speedily deliver me." She lived three days more, and then died happily, and when she was buried, the two white doves which had brought her food to the tower, and were angels of heaven, followed

her body and seated themselves on her grave. The aged King ordered the cook to be torn in four pieces, but grief consumed the King's own heart, and he soon died. His son married the beautiful maiden whom he had brought with him as a flower in his pocket, and whether they are still alive or not, is known to God.

77.—CLEVER GRETHEL.

THERE was once a cook named Grethel, who wore shoes with red rosettes, and when she walked out with them on, she turned herself this way and that, and thought, "You certainly are a pretty girl!" And when she came home she drank, in her gladness of heart, a draught of wine, and as wine excites a desire to eat, she tasted the best of whatever she was cooking until she was satisfied, and said, "The cook must know what the food is like."

It came to pass that the master one day said to her, "Grethel, there is a guest coming this evening; prepare me two fowls very daintily." "I will see to it, master," answered Grethel. She killed two fowls, scalded them, plucked them, put them on the spit, and towards evening set them before the fire, that they might roast. The fowls began to turn brown, and were nearly ready, but the guest had not yet arrived. Then Grethel called out to her master, "If the guest does not come, I must take the fowls away from the fire, but it will be a sin and a shame if they are not eaten directly, when they are juiciest." The master said, "I will run myself, and fetch the guest." When the master had turned his back, Grethel laid the spit with the fowls on one side, and thought, "Standing so long by the fire there, makes one hot and thirsty; who knows when they will come? Meanwhile, I will run into the cellar, and take a drink." She ran down, set a jug, said, "God bless it to thy use, Grethel," and took a good drink, and took yet another hearty draught.

Then she went and put the fowls down again to the

fire, basted them, and drove the spit merrily round. But as the roast meat smelt so good, Grethel thought, "Something might be wrong, it ought to be tasted!" She touched it with her finger, and said, "Ah! how good fowls are! It certainly is a sin and a shame that they are not eaten directly!" She ran to the window, to see if the master was not coming with his guest, but she saw no one, and went back to the fowls and thought, "One of the wings is burning! I had better take it off and eat it." So she cut it off, ate it, and enjoyed it, and when she had done, she thought, "the other must go down too, or else master will observe that something is missing." When the two wings were eaten, she went and looked for her master, and did not see him. It suddenly occurred to her, "Who knows? They are perhaps not coming at all, and have turned in somewhere." Then she said, "Hallo, Grethel, enjoy yourself, one fowl has been cut into, take another drink, and eat it up entirely; when it is eaten you will have some peace, why should God's good gifts be spoilt?" So she ran into the cellar again, took an enormous drink and ate up the one chicken in great glee. When one of the chickens was swallowed down, and still her master did not come, Grethel looked at the other and said, "Where one is, the other should be likewise, the two go together; what's right for the one is right for the other; I think if I were to take another draught it would do me no harm." So she took another hearty drink, and let the second chicken rejoin the first.

When she was just in the best of the eating, her master came and cried, "Haste thee, Grethel, the guest is coming directly after me!" "Yes, sir, I will soon serve up," answered Grethel. Meantime the master looked to see that the table was properly laid, and took the great knife, wherewith he was going to carve the chickens, and sharpened it on the steps. Presently the guest came, and knocked politely and courteously at the house-door. Grethel ran, and looked to see who was there, and when she saw the guest, she put her finger to her lips and said, "Hush! hush! get away as quickly as you can, if my master catches you it will be the worse for you; he certainly did ask you to supper, but his intention is to cut

off your two ears. Just listen how he is sharpening the knife for it!" The guest heard the sharpening, and hurried down the steps again as fast as he could. Grethel was not idle; she ran screaming to her master, and cried, "You have invited a fine guest!" "Eh, why, Grethel? What do you mean by that?" "Yes," said she, "he has taken the chickens which I was just going to serve up, off the dish, and has run away with them!" "That's a nice trick!" said her master, and lamented the fine chickens. "If he had but left me one, so that something remained for me to eat." He called to him to stop, but the guest pretended not to hear. Then he ran after him with the knife still in his hand, crying, "Just one, just one," meaning that the guest should leave him just one chicken, and not take both. The guest, however, thought no otherwise than that he was to give up one of his ears, and ran as if fire were burning under him, in order to take them both home with him.

78.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS GRANDSON.

THERE was once a very old man, whose eyes had become dim, his ears dull of hearing, his knees trembled, and when he sat at table he could hardly hold the spoon, and spilt the broth upon the table-cloth or let it run out of his mouth. His son and his son's wife were disgusted at this, so the old grandfather at last had to sit in the corner behind the stove, and they gave him his food in an earthenware bowl, and not even enough of it. And he used to look towards the table with his eyes full of tears. Once, too, his trembling hands could not hold the bowl, and it fell to the ground and broke. The young wife scolded him, but he said nothing and only sighed. Then they bought him a wooden bowl for a few half-pence, out of which he had to eat.

They were once sitting thus when the little grandson of four years old began to gather together some bits of wood upon the ground. "What are you doing there?" asked the

father. "I am making a little trough," answered the child, "for father and mother to eat out of when I am big."

The man and his wife looked at each other for a while, and presently began to cry. Then they took the old grandfather to the table, and henceforth always let him eat with them, and likewise said nothing if he did spill a little of anything.

79.—THE WATER-NIX.

A LITTLE brother and sister were once playing by a well, and while they were thus playing, they both fell in. A water-nix lived down below, who said, "Now I have got you, now you shall work hard for me!" and carried them off with her. She gave the girl dirty tangled flax to spin, and she had to fetch water in a bucket with a hole in it, and the boy had to hew down a tree with a blunt axe, and they got nothing to eat but dumplings as hard as stones. Then at last the children became so impatient, that they waited until one Sunday, when the nix was at church, and ran away. But when church was over, the nix saw that the birds were flown, and followed them with great strides. The children saw her from afar, and the girl threw a brush behind her which formed an immense hill of bristles, with thousands and thousands of spikes, over which the nix was forced to scramble with great difficulty; at last, however, she got over. When the children saw this, the boy threw behind him a comb which made a great hill of combs with a thousand times a thousand teeth, but the nix managed to keep herself steady on them, and at last crossed over that. Then the girl threw behind her a looking-glass which formed a hill of mirrors, and was so slippery that it was impossible for the nix to cross it. Then she thought, "I will go home quickly and fetch my axe, and cut the hill of glass in half." Long before she returned, however, and had hewn through the glass, the children had escaped to a great distance, and the water-nix was obliged to betake herself to her well again.

80.—THE DEATH OF THE LITTLE HEN.

ONCE upon a time the little hen went with the little cock to the nut-hill, and they agreed together that whichever of them found a kernel of a nut should share it with the other. Then the hen found a large, large nut, but said nothing about it, intending to eat the kernel herself. The kernel, however, was so large that she could not swallow it, and it remained sticking in her throat, so that she was alarmed lest she should be choked. Then she cried, "Cock, I entreat thee to run as fast as thou canst, and fetch me some water, or I shall choke." The little cock did run as fast as he could to the spring, and said, "Stream, thou art to give me some water; the little hen is lying on the nut-hill, and she has swallowed a large nut, and is choking." The well answered, "First run to the bride, and get her to give thee some red silk." The little cock ran to the bride and said, "Bride, you are to give me some red silk; I want to give red silk to the well, the well is to give me some water, I am to take the water to the little hen who is lying on the nut-hill and has swallowed a great nut-kernel, and is choking with it." The bride answered, "First run and bring me my little wreath which is hanging to a willow." So the little cock ran to the willow, and drew the wreath from the branch and took it to the bride, and the bride gave him some red silk for it, which he took to the well, who gave him some water for it. Then the little cock took the water to the hen, but when he got there the hen had choked in the meantime, and lay there dead and motionless. Then the cock was so distressed that he cried aloud, and every animal came to lament the little hen, and six mice built a little carriage to carry her to her grave, and when the carriage was ready they harnessed themselves to it, and the cock drove. On the way, however, they met the fox, who said, "Where art thou going, little cock?" "I am going to bury my little hen." "May I drive with thee?" "Yes, but seat thyself at the back of the carriage, for in the front my little horses could not drag thee." Then the fox seated himself at the back, and after that

the wolf, the bear, the stag, the lion, and all the beasts of the forest did the same. Then the procession went onwards, and they reached the stream. "How are we to get over?" said the little cock. A straw was lying by the stream, and it said, "I will lay myself straight across, and then you can drive over me." But when the six mice came to the bridge, the straw slipped and fell into the water, and the six mice all fell in and were drowned. Then they were again in difficulty, and a coal came and said, "I am large enough, I will lay myself across, and you shall drive over me." So the coal also laid itself across the water, but unhappily just touched it, on which the coal hissed, was extinguished and died. When a stone saw that, it took pity on the little cock, wished to help him, and laid itself over the water. Then the cock drew the carriage himself, but when he got it over and reached the shore with the dead hen, and was about to draw over the others who were sitting behind as well, there were too many of them, the carriage ran back, and they all fell into the water together, and were drowned. Then the little cock was left alone with the dead hen; and dug a grave for her and laid her in it, and made a mound above it, on which he sat down and fretted until he died too, and then every one was dead.

81.—BROTHER LUSTIG.

THERE was once on a time a great war, and when it came to an end, many soldiers were discharged. Then Brother Lustig also received his dismissal, and besides that, nothing but a small loaf of contract-bread, and four kreuzers in money, with which he departed. St. Peter had, however, placed himself in his way in the shape of a poor beggar, and when Brother Lustig came up, he begged alms of him. Brother Lustig replied, "Dear beggar-man, what am I to give you? I have been a soldier, and have received my dismissal, and have nothing but this little loaf of contract-bread, and four kreuzers of money; when that is gone, I shall have to beg as well as

you. Still I will give you something." Thereupon he divided the loaf into four parts, and gave the apostle one of them, and a kreuzer likewise. St. Peter thanked him, went onwards, and threw himself again in the soldier's way as a beggar, but in another shape; and when he came up begged a gift of him as before. Brother Lustig spoke as he had done before, and again gave him a quarter of the loaf and one kreuzer. St. Peter thanked him, and went onwards, but for the third time placed himself in another shape as a beggar on the road, and spoke to Brother Lustig. Brother Lustig gave him also the third quarter of bread and the third kreuzer. St. Peter thanked him, and Brother Lustig went onwards, and had but a quarter of the loaf, and one kreuzer. With that he went into an inn, ate the bread, and ordered one kreuzer's worth of beer. When he had had it, he journeyed onwards, and then St. Peter, who had assumed the appearance of a discharged soldier, met and spoke to him thus: "Good day, comrade, canst thou not give me a bit of bread, and a kreuzer to get a drink?" "Where am I to procure it?" answered Brother Lustig; "I have been discharged, and I got nothing but a loaf of ammunition-bread and four kreuzers in money. I met three beggars on the road, and I gave each of them a quarter of my bread, and one kreuzer. The last quarter I ate in the inn, and had a drink with the last kreuzer. Now my pockets are empty, and if thou also hast nothing we can go a-begging together." "No," answered St. Peter, "we need not quite do that. I know a little about medicine, and I will soon earn as much as I require by that." "Indeed," said Brother Lustig, "I know nothing of that, so I must go and beg alone." "Just come with me," said St. Peter, "and if I earn anything, thou shalt have half of it." "All right," said Brother Lustig, so they went away together.

Then they came to a peasant's house inside which they heard loud lamentations and cries; so they went in, and there the husband was lying sick unto death, and very near his end, and his wife was crying and weeping quite loudly. "Stop that howling and crying," said St. Peter, "I will make the man well again," and he took a salve out of his pocket, and healed the sick man in a

moment, so that he could get up, and was in perfect health. In great delight the man and his wife said, "How can we reward you? What shall we give you?" But St. Peter would take nothing, and the more the peasant folks offered him, the more he refused. Brother Lustig, however, nudged St. Peter, and said, "Take something; sure enough we are in need of it." At length the woman brought a lamb and said to St. Peter that he really must take that, but he would not. Then Brother Lustig gave him a poke in the side, and said, "Do take it, you stupid fool; we are in great want of it!" Then St. Peter said at last, "Well, I will take the lamb, but I won't carry it; if thou wilt insist on having it, thou must carry it." "That is nothing," said Brother Lustig, "I will easily carry it," and took it on his shoulder. Then they departed and came to a wood, but Brother Lustig had begun to feel the lamb heavy, and he was hungry, so he said to St. Peter, "Look, that's a good place, we might cook the lamb there, and eat it." "As you like," answered St. Peter, "but I can't have anything to do with the cooking; if thou wilt cook, there is a kettle for thee, and in the meantime I will walk about a little until it is ready. Thou must, however, not begin to eat until I have come back, I will come at the right time." "Well, go, then," said Brother Lustig, "I understand cookery, I will manage it." Then St. Peter went away, and Brother Lustig killed the lamb, lighted a fire, threw the meat into the kettle, and boiled it. The lamb was, however, quite ready, and the apostle Peter had not come back, so Brother Lustig took it out of the kettle, cut it up, and found the heart. "That is said to be the best part," said he, and tasted it, but at last he ate it all up. At length St. Peter returned and said, "Thou mayst eat the whole of the lamb thyself, I will only have the heart, give me that." Then Brother Lustig took a knife and fork, and pretended to look anxiously about amongst the lamb's flesh, but not to be able to find the heart, and at last he said abruptly, "There is none here." "But where can it be?" said the apostle. "I don't know," replied Brother Lustig, "but look, what fools we both are, to seek for the lamb's heart, and neither of us to remember that a lamb

has no heart!" "Oh," said St. Peter, "that is something quite new! Every animal has a heart, why is a lamb to have none?" "No, be assured, my brother," said Brother Lustig, "that a lamb has no heart; just consider it seriously, and then you will see that it really has none." "Well, it is all right," said St. Peter, "if there is no heart, then I want none of the lamb; thou mayst eat it alone." "What I can't eat now, I will carry away in my knapsack," said Brother Lustig, and he ate half the lamb, and put the rest in his knapsack.

They went farther, and then St. Peter caused a great stream of water to flow right across their path, and they were obliged to pass through it. Said St. Peter, "Do thou go first." "No," answered Brother Lustig, "thou must go first," and he thought, "if the water is too deep I will stay behind." Then St. Peter strode through it, and the water just reached to his knee. So Brother Lustig began to go through also, but the water grew deeper and reached to his throat. Then he cried, "Brother, help me!" St. Peter said, "Then wilt thou confess that thou hast eaten the lamb's heart?" "No," said he, "I have not eaten it." Then the water grew deeper still, and rose to his mouth. "Help me, brother," cried the soldier. St. Peter said, "Then wilt thou confess that thou hast eaten the lamb's heart?" "No," he replied, "I have not eaten it." St. Peter, however, would not let him be drowned, but made the water sink and helped him through it.

Then they journeyed onwards, and came to a kingdom where they heard that the King's daughter lay sick unto death. "Hollo, brother!" said the soldier to St. Peter, "this is a chance for us; if we can heal her we shall be provided for, for life!" But St. Peter was not half quick enough for him, "Come, lift your legs, my dear brother," said he, "that we may get there in time." But St. Peter walked slower and slower, though Brother Lustig did all he could to drive and push him on, and at last they heard that the princess was dead. "Now we are done for!" said Brother Lustig; "that comes of thy sleepy way of walking!" "Just be quiet," answered St. Peter, "I can do more than cure sick people; I can bring dead ones to life again." "Well, if thou canst do that," said Brother

Lustig, "it's all right, but thou shouldst earn at least half the kingdom for us by that." Then they went to the royal palace, where every one was in great grief, but St. Peter told the King that he would restore his daughter to life. He was taken to her, and said, "Bring me a kettle and some water," and when that was brought, he bade every one go out, and allowed no one to remain with him but Brother Lustig. Then he cut off all the dead girl's limbs, and threw them in the water, lighted a fire beneath the kettle, and boiled them. And when the flesh had fallen away from the bones, he took out the beautiful white bones, and laid them on a table, and arranged them together in their natural order. When he had done that, he stepped forward and said three times, "In the name of the holy Trinity, dead woman, arise." And at the third time, the princess arose, living, healthy and beautiful. Then the King was in the greatest joy, and said to St. Peter, "Ask for thy reward; even if it were half my kingdom, I would give it thee." But St. Peter said, "I want nothing for it." "Oh, thou tomfool!" thought Brother Lustig to himself, and nudged his comrade's side, and said, "Don't be so stupid! If thou hast no need of anything, I have." St. Peter, however, would have nothing, but as the King saw that the other would very much like to have something, he ordered his treasurer to fill Brother Lustig's knapsack with gold. Then they went on their way, and when they came to a forest, St. Peter said to Brother Lustig, "Now, we will divide the gold." "Yes," he replied, "we will." So St. Peter divided the gold, and divided it into three heaps. Brother Lustig thought to himself, "What craze has he got in his head now? He is making three shares, and there are only two of us!" But St. Peter said, "I have divided it exactly; there is one share for me, one for thee, and one for him who ate the lamb's heart."

"Oh, I ate that!" replied Brother Lustig, and hastily swept up the gold. "You may trust what I say." "But how can that be true," said St. Peter, "when a lamb has no heart?" "Eh, what, brother, what can you be thinking of? Lambs have hearts like other animals, why should they only have none?" "Well, so be it," said

St. Peter, "keep the gold to yourself, but I will stay with you no longer; I will go my way alone." "As you like, dear brother," answered Brother Lustig. "Farewell."

Then St. Peter went a different road, but Brother Lustig thought, "It is a good thing that he has taken himself off, he is a strange saint, after all." Then he had money enough, but did not know how to manage it, squandered it, gave it away, and when some time had gone by, once more had nothing. Then he arrived in a certain country where he heard that the King's daughter was dead. "Oh, ho!" thought he, "that may be a good thing for me; I will bring her to life again, and see that I am paid as I ought to be." So he went to the King, and offered to raise the dead girl to life again. Now the King had heard that a discharged soldier was travelling about and bringing dead persons to life again, and thought that Brother Lustig was the man; but as he had no confidence in him, he consulted his councillors first, who said that he might give it a trial as his daughter was dead. Then Brother Lustig ordered water to be brought to him in a kettle, bade every one go out, cut the limbs off, threw them in the water and lighted a fire beneath, just as he had seen St. Peter do. The water began to boil, the flesh fell off, and then he took the bones out and laid them on the table, but he did not know the order in which to lay them, and placed them all wrong and in confusion. Then he stood before them and said, "In the name of the most holy Trinity, dead maiden, I bid thee arise," and he said this thrice, but the bones did not stir. So he said it thrice more, but also in vain: "Confounded girl that you are, get up!" cried he. "Get up, or it shall be worse for you!" When he had said that, St. Peter suddenly appeared in his former shape as a discharged soldier; he entered by the window and said, "Godless man, what art thou doing? How can the dead maiden arise, when thou hast thrown about her bones in such confusion?" "Dear brother, I have done everything to the best of my ability," he answered. "This once, I will help thee out of thy difficulty, but one thing I tell thee, and that is that if ever thou undertakest anything of the kind again, it will be the worse for thee, and also that thou must neither

demand nor accept the smallest thing from the King for this!" Thereupon St. Peter laid the bones in their right order, said to the maiden three times, "In the name of the most holy Trinity, dead maiden, arise," and the King's daughter arose, healthy and beautiful as before. Then St. Peter went away again by the window, and Brother Lustig was rejoiced to find that all had passed off so well, but was very much vexed to think that after all he was not to take anything for it. "I should just like to know," thought he, "what fancy that fellow has got in his head, for what he gives with one hand he takes away with the other—there is no sense whatever in it!" Then the King offered Brother Lustig whatsoever he wished to have, but he did not dare to take anything; however, by hints and cunning, he contrived to make the King order his knapsack to be filled with gold for him, and with that he departed. When he got out, St. Peter was standing by the door, and said, "Just look what a man thou art; did I not forbid thee to take anything, and there thou hast thy knapsack full of gold!" "How can I help that," answered Brother Lustig, "if people will put it in for me?" "Well, I tell thee this, that if ever thou settest about anything of this kind again thou shalt suffer for it!" "Eh, brother, have no fear now I have money, why should I trouble myself with washing bones?" "Faith," said St. Peter, "the gold will last a long time! In order that after this thou mayst never tread in forbidden paths, I will bestow on thy knapsack this property, namely, that whatsoever thou wishest to have inside it, shall be there. Farewell, thou wilt now never see me more." "Good-bye," said Brother Lustig, and thought to himself, "I am very glad that thou hast taken thyself off, thou strange fellow; I shall certainly not follow thee." But of the magical power which had been bestowed on his knapsack, he thought no more.

Brother Lustig travelled about with his money, and squandered and wasted what he had as before. When at last he had no more than four kreuzers, he passed by an inn and thought, "The money must go," and ordered three kreuzers' worth of wine and one kreuzer's worth of bread for himself. As he was sitting there drinking, the

smell of roast goose made its way to his nose. Brother Lustig looked about and peeped, and saw that the host had two geese standing in the oven. Then he remembered that his comrade had said that whatsoever he wished to have in his knapsack should be there, so he said, "Oh, ho! I must try that with the geese." So he went out, and when he was outside the door, he said, "I wish those two roasted geese out of the oven and in my knapsack," and when he had said that, he unbuckled it and looked in, and there they were inside it. "Ah, that's right!" said he, "now I am a made man!" and went away to a meadow and took out the roast meat. When he was in the midst of his meal, two journeymen came up and looked at the second goose, which was not yet touched, with hungry eyes. Brother Lustig thought to himself, "One is enough for me," and called the two men up and said, "Take the goose, and eat it to my health." They thanked him, and went with it to the inn, ordered themselves a half bottle of wine and a loaf, took out the goose which had been given them, and began to eat. The hostess saw them and said to her husband, "Those two are eating a goose; just look and see if it is not one of ours, out of the oven." The landlord ran thither, and behold the oven was empty! "What!" cried he, "you thievish crew, you want to eat goose as cheap as that? Pay for it this moment; or I will wash you well with green hazel-sap." The two said, "We are no thieves, a discharged soldier gave us the goose, outside there in the meadow." "You shall not throw dust in my eyes that way! the soldier was here—but he went out by the door, like an honest fellow. I looked after him myself; you are the thieves and shall pay!" But as they could not pay, he took a stick, and cudgelled them out of the house.

Brother Lustig went his way and came to a place where there was a magnificent castle, and not far from it a wretched inn. He went to the inn and asked for a night's lodging, but the landlord turned him away, and said, "There is no more room here, the house is full of noble guests." "It surprises me that they should come to you and not go to that splendid castle," said Brother Lustig. "Ah, indeed," replied the host, "but it is no slight matter

to sleep there for a night; no one who has tried it so far, has ever come out of it alive."

"If others have tried it," said Brother Lustig, "I will try it too."

"Leave it alone," said the host, "it will cost you your neck." "It won't kill me at once," said Brother Lustig, "just give me the key, and some good food and wine." So the host gave him the key, and food and wine, and with this Brother Lustig went into the castle, enjoyed his supper, and at length, as he was sleepy, he lay down on the ground, for there was no bed. He soon fell asleep, but during the night was disturbed by a great noise, and when he awoke, he saw nine ugly devils in the room, who had made a circle, and were dancing around him. Brother Lustig said, "Well, dance as long as you like, but none of you must come too close." But the devils pressed continually nearer to him, and almost stepped on his face with their hideous feet. "Stop, you devils' ghosts," said he, but they behaved still worse. Then Brother Lustig grew angry, and cried, "Hola! but I will soon make it quiet," and got the leg of a chair and struck out into the midst of them with it. But nine devils against one soldier were still too many, and when he struck those in front of him, the others seized him behind by the hair, and tore it unmercifully. "Devils' crew," cried he, "it is getting too bad, but wait. Into my knapsack, all nine of you!" In an instant they were in it, and then he buckled it up and threw it into a corner. After this all was suddenly quiet, and Brother Lustig lay down again, and slept till it was bright day. Then came the inn-keeper, and the nobleman to whom the castle belonged, to see how he had fared; but when they perceived that he was merry and well they were astonished, and asked, "Have the spirits done you no harm, then?" "The reason why they have not," answered Brother Lustig, "is because I have got the whole nine of them in my knapsack! You may once more inhabit your castle quite tranquilly, none of them will ever haunt it again." The nobleman thanked him, made him rich presents, and begged him to remain in his service, and he would provide for him as long as he lived. "No," replied

Brother Lustig, "I am used to wandering about, I will travel farther." Then he went away, and entered into a smithy, laid the knapsack, which contained the nine devils on the anvil, and asked the smith and his apprentices to strike it. So they smote with their great hammers with all their strength, and the devils uttered howls which were quite pitiable. When he opened the knapsack after this, eight of them were dead, but one which had been lying in a fold of it, was still alive, slipped out, and went back again to hell. Thereupon Brother Lustig travelled a long time about the world, and those who know them can tell many a story about him, but at last he grew old, and thought of his end, so he went to a hermit who was known to be a pious man, and said to him, "I am tired of wandering about, and want now to behave in such a manner that I shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven." The hermit replied, "There are two roads, one is broad and pleasant, and leads to hell, the other is narrow and rough, and leads to heaven." "I should be a fool," thought Brother Lustig, "if I were to take the narrow, rough road." So he set out and took the broad and pleasant road, and at length came to a great black door, which was the door of Hell. Brother Lustig knocked, and the door-keeper peeped out to see who was there. But when he saw Brother Lustig, he was terrified, for he was the very same ninth devil who had been shut up in the knapsack, and had escaped from it with a black eye. So he pushed the bolt in again as quickly as he could, ran to the devil's lieutenant, and said, "There is a fellow outside with a knapsack, who wants to come in, but as you value your lives don't allow him to enter, or he will wish the whole of hell into his knapsack. He once gave me a frightful hammering when I was inside it." So they called out to Brother Lustig that he was to go away again, for he should not get in there! "If they won't have me here," thought he, "I will see if I can find a place for myself in Heaven, for I must be somewhere." So he turned about and went onwards until he came to the door of Heaven, where he knocked. St. Peter was sitting hard by as door-keeper. Brother Lustig recognised him at once, and thought,

“Here I find an old friend, I shall get on better.” But St. Peter said, “I really believe that thou wantest to come into Heaven.” “Let me in, brother; I must get in somewhere; if they would have taken me into Hell, I should not have come here.” “No,” said St. Peter, “thou shalt not enter.” “Then if thou wilt not let me in, take thy knapsack back, for I will have nothing at all from thee.” “Give it here, then,” said St. Peter. Then Brother Lustig gave him the knapsack into Heaven through the bars, and St. Peter took it, and hung it up beside his seat. Then said Brother Lustig, “And now I wish myself inside my knapsack,” and in a second he was in it, and in Heaven, and St. Peter was forced to let him stay there.

82.—GAMBLING HANSEL.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who did nothing but gamble, and for that reason people never called him anything but Gambling Hansel, and as he never ceased to gamble, he played away his house and all that he had. Now the very day before his creditors were to take his house from him, came the Lord and St. Peter, and asked him to give them shelter for the night. Then Gambling Hansel said, “For my part, you may stay the night, but I cannot give you a bed or anything to eat.” So the Lord said he was just to take them in, and they themselves would buy something to eat, to which Gambling Hansel made no objection. Thereupon St. Peter gave him three groschen, and said he was to go to the baker’s and fetch some bread. So Gambling Hansel went, but when he reached the house where the other gambling vagabonds were gathered together, they, although they had won all that he had, greeted him clamorously, and said, “Hansel, do come in.” “Oh,” said he, “do you want to win the three groschen, too?” On this they would not let him go. So he went in, and played away the three groschen also. Meanwhile St. Peter and the

Lord were waiting, and as he was so long in coming, they set out to meet him. When Gambling Hansel came, however, he pretended that the money had fallen into the gutter, and kept raking about in it all the while to find it, but our Lord already knew that he had lost it in play. St. Peter again gave him three groschen, and now he did not allow himself to be led away once more, but fetched them the loaf. Our Lord then inquired if he had no wine, and he said, "Alack, sir, the casks are all empty!" But the Lord said he was to go down into the cellar, for the best wine was still there. For a long time he would not believe this, but at length he said, "Well, I will go down, but I know that there is none there." When he turned the tap, however, lo and behold, the best of wine ran out! So he took it to them, and the two passed the night there. Early next day our Lord told Gambling Hansel that he might beg three favours. The Lord expected that he would ask to go to Heaven; but Gambling Hansel asked for a pack of cards with which he could win everything, for dice with which he would win everything, and for a tree whereon every kind of fruit would grow, and from which no one who had climbed up, could descend until he bade him do so. The Lord gave him all that he had asked, and departed with St. Peter.

And now Gambling Hansel at once set about gambling in real earnest, and before long he had gained half the world. Upon this St. Peter said to the Lord, "Lord, this thing must not go on, he will win, and thou lose, the whole world. We must send Death to him." When Death appeared, Gambling Hansel had just seated himself at the gaming-table, and Death said, "Hansel, come out a while." But Gambling Hansel said, "Just wait a little until the game is done, and in the meantime get up into that tree out there, and gather a little fruit that we may have something to munch on our way." Thereupon Death climbed up, but when he wanted to come down again, he could not, and Gambling Hansel left him up there for seven years, during which time no one died.

So St. Peter said to the Lord, "Lord, this thing must not go on. People no longer die; we must go ourselves." And they went themselves, and the Lord commanded

Hansel to let Death come down. So Hansel went at once to Death and said to him, "Come down," and Death took him directly and put an end to him. They went away together and came to the next world, and then Gambling Hansel made straight for the door of Heaven, and knocked at it. "Who is there?" "Gambling Hansel." "Ah, we will have nothing to do with him! Begone!" So he went to the door of Purgatory, and knocked once more. "Who is there?" "Gambling Hansel." "Ah, there is quite enough weeping and wailing here without him. We do not want to gamble, just go away again." Then he went to the door of Hell, and there they let him in. There was, however, no one at home but old Lucifer and the crooked devils who had just been doing their evil work in the world. And no sooner was Hansel there than he sat down to gamble again. Lucifer, however, had nothing to lose, but his mis-shapen devils, and Gambling Hansel won them from him, as with his cards he could not fail to do. And now he was off again with his crooked devils, and they went to Hohenfuert and pulled up a hop-pole, and with it went to Heaven and began to thrust the pole against it, and Heaven began to crack. So again St. Peter said, "Lord, this thing cannot go on, we must let him in, or he will throw us down from Heaven." And they let him in. But Gambling Hansel instantly began to play again, and there was such a noise and confusion that there was no hearing what they themselves were saying. Therefore St. Peter once more said, "Lord, this cannot go on, we must throw him down, or he will make all Heaven rebellious." So they went to him at once, and threw him down, and his soul broke into fragments, and went into the gambling vagabonds who are living this very day.

83.—HANS IN LUCK.

HANS had served his master for seven years, so he said to him, "Master, my time is up; now I should be glad to go back home to my mother; give me my wages." The master answered, "You have served me faithfully and honestly; as the service was so shall the reward be;" and he gave Hans a piece of gold as big as his head. Hans pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped up the lump in it, put it on his shoulder, and set out on the way home.

As he went on, always putting one foot before the other, he saw a horseman trotting quickly and merrily by on a lively horse.- "Ah!" said Hans quite loud, "what a fine thing it is to ride!- There you sit as on a chair; you stumble over no stones, you save your shoes, and get on, you don't know how."

The rider, who had heard him, stopped and called out, "Hollo! Hans; why do you go on foot, then?"

"I must," answered he, "for I have this lump to carry home; it is true that it is gold, but I cannot hold my head straight for it, and it hurts my shoulder."

"I will tell you what," said the rider, "we will exchange: I will give you my horse, and you can give me your lump."

"With all my heart," said Hans, "but I can tell you, you will have to crawl along with it."

The rider got down, took the gold, and helped Hans up; then gave him the bridle tight in his hands and said, "If you want to go at a really good pace, you must click your tongue and call out, "Jup! Jup!"

Hans was heartily delighted as he sat upon the horse and rode away so bold and free. After a little while he thought that it ought to go faster, and he began to click with his tongue and call out, "Jup! Jup!" The horse put himself into a sharp trot, and before Hans knew where he was, he was thrown off and lying in a ditch which separated the field from the highway. The horse would have gone off too if it had not been stopped by a country-

man, who was coming along the road and driving a cow before him.

Hans got his limbs together and stood up on his legs again, but he was vexed, and said to the countryman, "It is a poor joke, this riding, especially when one gets hold of a mare like this, that kicks and throws one off, so that one has a chance of breaking one's neck. Never again will I mount it. Now I like your cow, for one can walk quietly behind her, and have, over and above, one's milk, butter and cheese every day without fail. What would I not give to have such a cow." "Well," said the countryman, "if it would give you so much pleasure, I do not mind giving the cow for the horse." Hans agreed with the greatest delight; the countryman jumped upon the horse, and rode quickly away.

Hans drove his cow quietly before him, and thought over his lucky bargain. "If only I have a morsel of bread—and that can hardly fail me—I can eat butter and cheese with it as often as I like; if I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk. Good heart, what more can I want?"

When he came to an inn he made a halt, and in his great content ate up what he had with him—his dinner and supper—and all he had, and with his last few farthings had half a glass of beer. Then he drove his cow onwards along the road to his mother's village.

As it drew nearer mid-day, the heat was more oppressive, and Hans found himself upon a moor which it took about an hour to cross. He felt it very hot and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth with thirst. "I can find a cure for this," thought Hans; "I will milk the cow now and refresh myself with the milk." He tied her to a withered tree, and as he had no pail he put his leather cap underneath; but try as he would, not a drop of milk came. And as he set himself to work in a clumsy way, the impatient beast at last gave him such a blow on his head with its hind foot, that he fell on the ground, and for a long time could not think where he was.

By good fortune a butcher just then came along the road with a wheel-barrow, in which lay a young pig. "What sort of a trick is this?" cried he, and helped the

good Hans up. Hans told him what had happened. The butcher gave him his flask and said, "Take a drink and refresh yourself. The cow will certainly give no milk, it is an old beast; at the best it is only fit for the plough, or for the butcher." "Well, well," said Hans, as he stroked his hair down on his head, "who would have thought it? Certainly it is a fine thing when one can kill a beast like that at home; what meat one has! But I do not care much for beef, it is not juicy enough for me. A young pig like that now is the thing to have; it tastes quite different; and then there are the sausages!"

"Hark ye, Hans," said the butcher, "out of love for you I will exchange, and will let you have the pig for the cow." "Heaven repay you for your kindness!" said Hans as he gave up the cow, whilst the pig was unbound from the barrow, and the cord by which it was tied was put in his hand.

Hans went on, and thought to himself how everything was going just as he wished; if he did meet with any vexation it was immediately set right. Presently there joined him a lad who was carrying a fine white goose under his arm. They said good morning to each other, and Hans began to tell of his good luck, and how he had always made such good bargains. The boy told him that he was taking the goose to a christening-feast. "Just lift her," added he, and laid hold of her by the wings; "how heavy she is—she has been fattened up for the last eight weeks. Whoever has a bit of her when she is roasted will have to wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth." "Yes," said Hans, as he weighed her in one hand, "she is a good weight, but my pig is no bad one."

Meanwhile the lad looked suspiciously from one side to the other, and shook his head. "Look here," he said at length, "it may not be all right with your pig. In the village through which I passed, the Mayor himself had just had one stolen out of its sty. I fear—I fear that you have got hold of it there. They have sent out some people and it would be a bad business if they caught you with the pig; at the very least, you would be shut up in the dark hole."

The good Hans was terrified. "Goodness!" he said,

“help me out of this fix; you know more about this place than I do, take my pig and leave me your goose.” “I shall risk something at that game,” answered the lad, “but I will not be the cause of your getting into trouble.” So he took the cord in his hand, and drove away the pig quickly along a by-path.

The good Hans, free from care, went homewards with the goose under his arm. “When I think over it properly,” said he to himself, “I have even gained by the exchange: first there is the good roast-meat, then the quantity of fat which will drip from it, and which will give me dripping for my bread for a quarter of a year, and lastly the beautiful white feathers; I will have my pillow stuffed with them, and then indeed I shall go to sleep without rocking. How glad my mother will be!”

As he was going through the last village, there stood a scissors-grinder with his barrow; as his wheel whirred he sang—

“I sharpen scissors and quickly grind,
My coat blows out in the wind behind.”

Hans stood still and looked at him; at last he spoke to him and said, “All’s well with you, as you are so merry with your grinding.” “Yes,” answered the scissors-grinder, “the trade has a golden foundation. A real grinder is a man who as often as he puts his hand into his pocket finds gold in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?”

“I did not buy it, but exchanged my pig for it.”

“And the pig?”

“That I got for a cow.”

“And the cow?”

“I took that instead of a horse.”

“And the horse?”

“For that I gave a lump of gold as big as my head.”

“And the gold?”

“Well, that was my wages for seven years’ service.”

“You have known how to look after yourself each time,” said the grinder. “If you can only get on so far as to hear the money jingle in your pocket whenever you stand up, you will have made your fortune.”

“How shall I manage that?” said Hans. “You must be a grinder, as I am; nothing particular is wanted for it but a grindstone, the rest finds itself. I have one here; it is certainly a little worn, but you need not give me anything for it but your goose; will you do it?”

“How can you ask?” answered Hans. “I shall be the luckiest fellow on earth; if I have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket, what need I trouble about any longer?” and he handed him the goose and received the grindstone in exchange. “Now,” said the grinder, as he took up an ordinary heavy stone that lay by him, “here is a strong stone for you into the bargain; you can hammer well upon it, and straighten your old nails. Take it with you and keep it carefully.”

Hans loaded himself with the stones, and went on with a contented heart; his eyes shone with joy. “I must have been born with a caul,” he cried; “everything I want happens to me just as if I were a Sunday-child.”

Meanwhile, as he had been on his legs since daybreak, he began to feel tired. Hunger also tormented him, for in his joy at the bargain by which he got the cow he had eaten up all his store of food at once. At last he could only go on with great trouble, and was forced to stop every minute; the stones, too, weighed him down dreadfully. Then he could not help thinking how nice it would be if he had not to carry them just then.

He crept like a snail to a well in a field, and there he thought that he would rest and refresh himself with a cool draught of water, but in order that he might not injure the stones in sitting down, he laid them carefully by his side on the edge of the well. Then he sat down on it, and was about to stoop and drink, when he made a slip, pushed against the stones, and both of them fell into the water. When Hans saw them with his own eyes sinking to the bottom, he jumped for joy, and then knelt down, and with tears in his eyes thanked God for having shown him this favour also, and delivered him in so good a way, and without his having any need to reproach himself, from those heavy stones which had been the only things that troubled him.

“There is no man under the sun so fortunate as I,”

he cried out. With a light heart and free from every burden he now ran on until he was with his mother at home.

84.—HANS MARRIED.

THERE was once on a time a young peasant named Hans, whose uncle wanted to find him a rich wife. He therefore seated Hans behind the stove, and had it made very hot. Then he fetched a pot of milk and plenty of white bread, gave him a bright newly-coined farthing in his hand, and said, "Hans, hold that farthing fast, crumble the white bread into the milk, and stay where you are, and do not stir from that spot till I come back." "Yes," said Hans, "I will do all that." Then the wooer put on a pair of old patched trousers, went to a rich peasant's daughter in the next village, and said, "Won't you marry my nephew Hans—you will get an honest and sensible man who will suit you?" The covetous father asked, "How is it with regard to his means? Has he bread to break?" "Dear friend," replied the wooer, "my young nephew has a snug berth, a nice bit of money in hand, and plenty of bread to break, besides he has quite as many patches as I have," (and as he spoke, he slapped the patches on his trousers, but in that district small pieces of land were called patches also.) "If you will give yourself the trouble to go home with me, you shall see at once that all is as I have said." Then the miser did not want to lose this good opportunity, and said, "If that is the case, I have nothing further to say against the marriage."

So the wedding was celebrated on the appointed day, and when the young wife went out of doors to see the bridegroom's property, Hans took off his Sunday coat and put on his patched smock-frock and said, "I might spoil my good coat." Then together they went out and wherever a boundary line came in sight, or fields and meadows were divided from each other, Hans pointed with his finger and then slapped either a large or a small patch on his smock-frock, and said, "That patch is mine, and that too, my dearest, just look at it," meaning thereby that

his wife should not stare at the broad land, but look at his garment, which was his own.

“Were you indeed at the wedding?” “Yes, indeed I was there, and in full dress. My head-dress was of snow; then the sun came out, and it was melted. My coat was of cobwebs, and I had to pass by some thorns which tore it off me, my shoes were of glass, and I pushed against a stone and they said, “Klink,” and broke in two.

85.—THE GOLD-CHILDREN.

THERE was once a poor man and a poor woman who had nothing but a little cottage, and who earned their bread by fishing, and always lived from hand to mouth. But it came to pass one day when the man was sitting by the water-side, and casting his net, that he drew out a fish entirely of gold. As he was looking at the fish, full of astonishment, it began to speak and said, “Hark you, fisherman, if you will throw me back again into the water, I will change your little hut into a splendid castle.” Then the fisherman answered, “Of what use is a castle to me, if I have nothing to eat?” The gold fish continued, “That shall be taken care of, there will be a cupboard in the castle in which, when you open it, shall be dishes of the most delicate meats, and as many of them as you can desire.” “If that be true,” said the man, “then I can well do you a favour.” “Yes,” said the fish, “there is, however, the condition that you shall disclose to no one in the world, whosoever he may be, whence your good luck has come, if you speak but one single word, all will be over.” Then the man threw the wonderful fish back again into the water, and went home. But where his hovel had formerly stood, now stood a great castle. He opened wide his eyes, entered, and saw his wife dressed in beautiful clothes, sitting in a splendid room, and she was quite delighted, and said, “Husband, how has all this come to pass? It suits me very well.” “Yes,” said the man, “it suits me too, but I am frightfully hungry, just give me something to eat.” Said the wife,

"But I have got nothing and don't know where to find anything in this new house." "There is no need of your knowing," said the man, "for I see yonder a great cupboard, just unlock it." When she opened it, there stood cakes, meat, fruit, wine, quite a bright prospect.

Then the woman cried joyfully, "What more can you want, my dear?" and they sat down, and ate and drank together. When they had had enough, the woman said, "But, husband, whence come all these riches?" "Alas," answered he, "do not question me about it, for I dare not tell you anything; if I disclose it to any one, then all our good fortune will fly." "Very good," said she, "if I am not to know anything, then I do not want to know anything." However, she was not in earnest; she never rested day or night, and she goaded her husband until in his impatience he revealed that all was owing to a wonderful golden fish which he had caught, and to which in return he had given its liberty. And as soon as the secret was out, the splendid castle with the cupboard immediately disappeared, they were once more in the old fisherman's hut, and the man was obliged to follow his former trade and fish. But fortune would so have it, that he once more drew out the golden fish. "Listen," said the fish, "if you will throw me back into the water again, I will once more give you the castle with the cupboard full of roast and boiled meats; only be firm, for your life's sake don't reveal from whom you have it, or you will lose it all again!" "I will take good care," answered the fisherman, and threw the fish back into the water. Now at home everything was once more in its former magnificence, and the wife was overjoyed at their good fortune, but curiosity left her no peace, so that after a couple of days she began to ask again how it had come to pass, and how he had managed to secure it. The man kept silence for a short time, but at last she made him so angry that he broke out, and betrayed the secret. In an instant the castle disappeared, and they were back again in their old hut. "Now you have got what you want," said he; "and we can gnaw at a bare bone again." "Ah," said the woman, "I had rather not have riches if I am not to know from whom they come, for then I have no peace."

The man went back to fish, and after a while he chanced to draw out the gold fish for a third time. "Listen," said the fish, "I see very well that I am fated to fall into your hands, take me home and cut me into six pieces; give your wife two of them to eat, two to your horse and bury two of them in the ground, then they will bring you a blessing." The fisherman took the fish home with him, and did as it had bidden him. It came to pass, however, that from the two pieces that were buried in the ground two golden lilies sprang up, that the horse had two golden foals, and the fisherman's wife bore two children who were made entirely of gold. The children grew up, became tall and handsome, and the lilies and horses grew likewise. Then they said, "Father, we want to mount our golden steeds and travel out in the world." But he answered sorrowfully, "How shall I bear it if you go away, and I know not how it fares with you?" Then they said, "The two golden lilies remain here. By them you can see how it is with us; if they are fresh, then we are in health; if they are withered, we are ill; if they perish, then we are dead." So they rode forth and came to an inn, in which were many people, and when they perceived the gold-children they began to laugh, and jeer. When one of them heard the mocking he felt ashamed and would not go out into the world, but turned back and went home again to his father. But the other rode forward and reached a great forest. As he was about to enter it, the people said, "It is not safe for you to ride through, the wood is full of robbers who would treat you badly. You will fare ill, and when they see that you are all of gold, and your horse likewise, they will assuredly kill you."

But he would not allow himself to be frightened, and said, "I must and will ride through it." Then he took bear-skins and covered himself and his horse with them, so that the gold was no more to be seen, and rode fearlessly into the forest. When he had ridden onward a little he heard a rustling in the bushes, and heard voices speaking together. From one side came cries of, "There is one," but from the other, "Let him go, 'tis an

idle fellow, as poor and bare as a church-mouse, what should we gain from him?"

So the gold-child rode joyfully through the forest, and no evil befell him. One day he entered a village wherein he saw a maiden, who was so beautiful that he did not believe that any more beautiful than she, existed in the world. And as such a mighty love took possession of him, he went up to her and said, "I love thee with my whole heart, wilt thou be my wife?" He, too, pleased the maiden so much that she agreed and said, "Yes, I will be thy wife, and be true to thee thy whole life long." Then they were married, and just as they were in the greatest happiness, home came the father of the bride, and when he saw that his daughter's wedding was being celebrated, he was astonished, and said, "Where is the bridegroom?" They showed him the gold-child, who, however, still wore his bear-skins. Then the father said wrathfully, "A vagabond shall never have my daughter!" and was about to kill him. Then the bride begged as hard as she could, and said, "He is my husband, and I love him with all my heart!" until at last he allowed himself to be appeased. Nevertheless the idea never left his thoughts, so that next morning he rose early, wishing to see whether his daughter's husband was a common ragged beggar. But when he peeped in, he saw a magnificent golden man in the bed, and the cast-off bear-skins lying on the ground. Then he went back and thought, "What a good thing it was that I restrained my anger! I should have committed a great crime." But the gold-child dreamed that he rode out to the chase of a splendid stag, and when he awoke in the morning, he said to his wife, "I must go out hunting." She was uneasy, and begged him to stay there, and said, "You might easily meet with a great misfortune," but he answered, "I must and will go."

Thereupon he got up, and rode forth into the forest, and it was not long before a fine stag crossed his path exactly according to his dream. He aimed and was about to shoot it, when the stag ran away. He gave chase over hedges and ditches for the whole day without feeling tired, but in the evening the stag vanished from his sight, and when the gold-child looked round him, he was

standing before a little house, wherein was a witch. He knocked, and a little old woman came out and asked, "What are you doing so late in the midst of the great forest?" "Have you not seen a stag?" "Yes," answered she, "I know the stag well," and thereupon a little dog which had come out of the house with her, barked at the man violently. "Wilt thou be silent, thou odious toad," said he, "or I will shoot thee dead." Then the witch cried out in a passion, "What! will you slay my little dog?" and immediately transformed him, so that he lay like a stone, and his bride awaited him in vain, and thought, "That which I so greatly dreaded, which lay so heavily on my heart, has come upon him!" But at home the other brother was standing by the gold-lilies, when one of them suddenly drooped. "Good heavens!" said he, "my brother has met with some great misfortune! I must away to see if I can possibly rescue him." Then the father said, "Stay here, if I lose you also, what shall I do?" But he answered, "I must and will go forth!"

Then he mounted his golden horse, and rode forth and entered the great forest, where his brother lay turned to stone. The old witch came out of her house and called him, wishing to entrap him also, but he did not go near her, but said, "I will shoot you, if you will not bring my brother to life again." She touched the stone, though very unwillingly, with her forefinger, and he was immediately restored to his human shape. But the two gold-children rejoiced, when they saw each other again, kissed and caressed each other, and rode away together out of the forest, the one home to his bride, the other to his father. The father then said, "I knew well that you had rescued your brother, for the golden lily suddenly rose up and blossomed out again." Then they lived happily, and all prospered with them until their death.

86.—THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

THE fox once came to a meadow in which was a flock of fine fat geese, on which he smiled and said, "I come at the nick of time, you are sitting together quite beautifully, so that I can eat you up one after the other." The geese cackled with terror, sprang up, and began to wail and beg piteously for their lives. But the fox would listen to nothing, and said, "There is no mercy to be had! You must die." At length one of them took heart and said, "If we poor geese are to yield up our vigorous young lives, show us the only possible favour and allow us one more prayer, that we may not die in our sins, and then we will place ourselves in a row, so that you can always pick yourself out the fattest." "Yes," said the fox, "that is reasonable, and a pious request. Pray away, I will wait till you are done." Then the first began a good long prayer, for ever saying, "Ga! Ga!" and as she would make no end, the second did not wait until her turn came, but began also, "Ga! Ga!" The third and fourth followed her, and soon they were all cackling together.

When they have done praying, the story shall be continued further, but at present they are still praying without stopping.

NOTES.

1.—THE FROG-KING, OR IRON HENRY.

This comes from Hesse, where there is also another story. A King who had three daughters was ill, and asked for some water from the well in his court-yard. The eldest went down and drew a glassful, but when she held it up to the sun, she saw that it was not clear. She thought this very strange, and was about to empty it again, when a frog appeared in the well, stretched forth its head, and at last jumped on to the edge of it. It then said to her,

“If thou wilt my sweetheart be,
Clear, clear water I'll give to thee;
But if my love thou wilt not be,
I'll make it as muddy as muddy can be.”

“Oh, indeed, who would be the sweetheart of a disgusting frog?” cried the King's daughter, and ran away. When she went back again she told her sisters about the wonderful frog which was in the well and made the water muddy. Then the second went down and drew a glassful, which was also so thick that no one could drink it. The frog again sat on the brink, and said,

“If thou wilt my sweetheart be,
Clear, clear water I'll give to thee.”

“That would be a chance for me!” cried the King's daughter, and ran away. At last the third also went to draw water, but she did not succeed better, and the frog cried to her,

“If thou wilt my sweetheart be,
Clear, clear water I'll give to thee.”

“Very well, then,” she answered laughingly, “I will be your sweetheart; I will really; only draw me some pure water that is fit to drink.” She thought to herself, “What can it signify, it is very easy to please him by saying that; after all, a stupid frog can never be my sweetheart.” The frog had, however, leapt back into the

well, and when the King's daughter again drew some water, it was so clear that the sun was actually sparkling in it for joy. So she took the glass upstairs and said to her sisters, "Why were you so stupid as to be afraid of the frog?" Then the King's daughter thought no more about it, and went to bed quite happy. And when she had lain there a while, but had not fallen asleep, she heard a noise outside the door, and some one sang,

"Open thy door, open thy door,
Princess, youngest princess!
Hast thou forgotten what thou didst say
When I sat by the well this very day,
That thou wouldst my sweetheart be,
If clear, clear water I gave to thee?"

"Why, if that is not my sweetheart the frog!" said the King's child. "Well, as I promised, I will open the door for him." So she got up, and opened the door for him a very little, and then lay down again. The frog hopped after her, and at last hopped on the bottom of the bed to her feet, and stayed lying there, and when the night was over and day dawning, it leapt down and went out by the door. The next night when the King's daughter was in bed, it again crawled to the door, and sang its little song, she again opened the door, and the frog lay for another night at her feet. On the third night it came once more; then she said, "Mind, this is the last time that I shall let thee in; in future it won't happen." Then the frog jumped under her pillow, and she fell asleep. And when she awoke next morning, and expected the frog to hop away again, a handsome young prince was standing before her, who said that he had been the bewitched frog, but was now set free, because she had promised to be his sweetheart. Then they both went to the King, who gave them his blessing; a magnificent wedding was celebrated, and the two other sisters were vexed that they had not taken the frog to be their sweetheart. In a third story from the district of Paderborn, the King's son, after he has been delivered from his frog's shape, gives his betrothed, when he takes leave of her, a handkerchief, on which his name is written in red, and tells her if that should become black it will betoken that he is either dead or unfaithful. One day the princess sees, to her sorrow, that the name really has become black. On this she and her two sisters disguise themselves as troopers, and hire themselves to him. Some people suspect them, and strew peas,* thinking that if they really are girls and fall, they will be afraid, but if they are men they will swear. They have, however, discovered the plot, and when

* *Die Zwölf Jäger*, No. 67, has many features in common with this story.—Tr.

they fall on the peas, they swear. After this when the King's son travels away with the false bride, the three have to ride behind the carriage. On the way, the King's son hears a loud crack, and cries, "Stop; the carriage is breaking!" on this, the true bride behind the carriage, cries, "Alas, no, it is one of my heart-strings which is breaking." Twice more there is a crack, and each time he receives the same answer. Then he remembers the true bride, recognizes her in the disguise of the trooper, and marries her.

This story is one of the oldest in Germany. It was called by the name of *Iron Henry*, from the faithful servant who had caused his sorrowful heart to be bound with iron bands. Rollenhagen thus names it in the *Old German Household Tales*, and Philander von Sittewald refers to it (3. 42) when he says, "Then her heart would lie in my hand, more fast than in an iron band," which occurs in the same proverbial fashion in *Froschmeuseler*. The band of sorrow, the stone which lies on the heart, is spoken of elsewhere. An old Minnesinger says beautifully, "She is stamped on my heart as on steel;" and Heinrich von Sar (*Man.* p. 1. 36) has the expression, "My heart lies in bands." We find in the *Lied von Heinrich dem Löwen*, St. 59, "her heart lay in bands;" in Keller's *Württemberg* (p. 35), "the body bound with iron bands." Wirnt says of the breaking heart,

von sîme tôde sî erschrac
 sô sêre daz ir herze brast
 lûte als ein dürrer ast,
 swâ man den brichet enzwei.*

Wigalois, 7697-82.

In its main features the story is still current in Scotland. In the *Complaynt of Scotland* (written in 1548), the tale of the "wolf of the worldis end," which has unfortunately been entirely lost, is mentioned among other stories, perhaps the Saga of the Northern Fenrir. J. Leyden, in his edition of the *Complaynt* (Edinb. 1801, pp. 234, 235), believes that fragments of it are still existing in various songs and nursery tales, and says that he has heard fragments sung in which the "well of the worldis end" occurred, and was called the "well of Absolom" and "the cauld well sae weary." He connects our story with it, although the well of the world may very easily have worked its way into various traditions, and we perceive in the German no connection with the wolf (or should we in the original read wolf instead of well?) Leyden's words are these: "According to the popular tale, the lady is sent by her stepmother to draw water from the well of the world's end.

* His death shocked her so much that her heart broke with a sound loud as that of a dry bough which is broken in two.

She arrives at the well, after encountering many dangers, but soon perceives that her adventures have not come to a conclusion. A frog emerges from the well, and before it suffers her to draw water, obliges her to betroth herself to the monster, under penalty of being torn to pieces. The lady returns safe, but at midnight the frog-lover appears at the door and demands entrance, according to promise, to the great consternation of the lady and her nurse."

"Open the door, my hinny, my hart,
Open the door, my ain wee thing;
And mind the words that you and I spak,
Down in the meadow at the well-spring."

The frog is admitted, and addresses her :

"Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
Take me up on your knee, my dearie,
And mind the words that you and I spak
At the cauld well sae weary."

The frog is finally disenchanted, and appears in his original form as a prince.

It is likewise deserving of notice that the name of Henry for a servant, has something about it that is popular, as is fully shown in our edition of *Der arme Heinrich*, 213-216.

[This story bears some resemblance to the ballad of Earl Mar's daughter. She went out to play and saw a dove sitting in a tree, which she persuaded to come down by promising it a cage of gold and silver. The bird flew down and alighted on her head. She took it home and kept it daintily, but when night came a handsome youth stood by her side, who told her that he was the dove she had brought home, and that his mother was a queen skilled in witchcraft, who had turned him into a dove to charm such maidens as herself, and that he loved her and would live and die with her. She entreated him never to leave her.

For six years he lived in her bower, and she bore him seven sons, but whenever one was born he instantly flew away with it, and gave it into his mother's care. After twenty-three years a great lord came to court the maiden, who refused him, and said she was content to dwell alone with her bird cow-me-doo. Hereupon the Earl swore he would kill the bird. The bird heard of this, and flew to his mother's castle beyond the sea, and told her that next day his wife, the mother of his seven sons, was to be married to another. The mother changed twenty-four stalwart men into storks, the seven sons into swans, and cow-me-doo into a hawk, and the birds flew over the sea to Earl Mar's castle, seized the men and bound them to trees, and then seized the maiden and carried her away with them.—TR.]

2.—THE CAT AND MOUSE IN PARTNERSHIP.

From Hesse, where it is also told of the cock and hen. These found a precious stone in the dirt, sold it to a jeweller, and bought a pot of grease with the proceeds, which they put on a shelf for winter. The hen, however, by degrees emptied it secretly, and when that came to light, the cock was quite furious, and pecked his hen to death. Afterwards, in great repentance and sorrow, he buried her, as in the story of the *Death of the Hen* (No. 80). There is also a story about the cock and the hen in Pomerania, where the children are named, Top-off, Half-done, and Upside-down,* see Firmenich's *Völkerstimmen*, pp. 91, 92. It is also told of the fox and cock, who found a honey-pot. The children at their christening received the significant names, Top-off, Half-done, Quite-done. See Müllenhoff, No. 28, *The Fox and the Bear*. In Norwegian in Asbjørnsen, No. 17, there is also *The Bear and the Fox*. In it the names are, Just-begun, Half-eaten, and Cleaned-out. The negro story of the *Hen and Cat*, No. 2, has a similar incident.

3.—OUR LADY'S CHILD.

From Hesse. According to another story, the poor man goes into a forest and is about to hang himself because he cannot support his children. Then comes a black carriage with four black horses; a beautiful maiden dressed in black, alights from it, and tells him that in a thicket in front of his house, he will find a bag of money, and, in return for that, he must give her what is concealed in his house. The man consents, and finds the money, but the thing which is concealed is his yet unborn child. When it is born, the maiden comes and wants to carry it away, but as the mother begs so hard, the maiden leaves it until its twelfth year. Then she takes it away to a black castle, which is furnished magnificently, and the child may go into every part of it except one chamber. For four years the girl is obedient, then she can no longer resist the torment of curiosity, and peeps into the chamber through a crack.

She sees four black maidens, who absorbed in reading, appear alarmed at the instant, but her foster-mother comes out, and says, "I must drive thee away; what wilt thou lose most willingly?" "Speech," replies the girl. She gives her such a blow on the mouth that the blood streams out, and drives her forth. She has to pass the night under a tree, and next morning the King's son finds her there, takes her away with him, and against his mother's will, marries the dumb beauty. When the first child comes into

* It is a custom among village-folks when drinking tea together to turn their cups upside down when they are empty.—Tr.

the world, the wicked mother-in-law takes it and throws it into the water, sprinkles the sick Queen with blood, and gives out that she has devoured her own child. Thus it happens twice more, and then the innocent Queen, who cannot defend herself, is to be burnt. She is already standing in the fire when the black carriage comes; the maiden steps out of it, and goes through the flames, which instantly sink down and are extinguished; reaches the Queen, smites her on the mouth, and thus restores her speech; the other three maidens bring the three children whom they have rescued from the water, the treachery comes to light, and the wicked stepmother is put into a barrel filled with snakes and poisonous adders, and rolled down a hill.

Allied to this are the *Poor Man's Daughter*, in Meier, No. 36, a Norwegian story in Asbjörnsen, No. 8, and *Graamantel*, a Swedish one (see further on). The legend of St. Ottilia has some resemblance to it, as told by Frau Naubert in her *Volksmärchen*, (Part I.) In the *Pentamerone* (1. 8) a goat's face is given as a punishment.

In Wendish compare *The Virgin Mary as Godmother*, Haupt and Schmaler, No. 16, p. 179; in Wallachian, *The Walled-up Mother*, of Schott, No. 2. The root-idea of many doors which may be opened and one which may not, often re-appears and with various introductions, as in *Fitcher's Vogel* (No. 46). As regards each apostle being placed in a shining dwelling, compare the *Hymn in praise of St. Anno*, verse 720, where it is said that the bishops were sitting together in heaven like stars. It is an old incident that maidens who are robbed of their clothes should cover themselves with their long hair. It is related of St. Agnes in the *Bibl. maxima* 27, 82^b; of St. Magdalen, by Petrarch, in Latin verse, and there is a picture of the latter in the *Magasin pittoresque*, 1. 21. In an old Spanish romance a King's daughter sits in an oak, and her long hair covers the whole tree. (Diez's *Ancient Spanish Romances*, 177. Geibel's *Volkslieder und Romanzen der Spanier*, pp. 151, 152).

4.—LEARNING TO FEAR.

This story is generally told in other places with new, or differently arranged, trials of courage, and is allied to the sagas *Brother Lustig* and *Spielhansl*, Nos. 81, 82. Parzival goes in an enchanted bed through the castle, 566, 567, in the same way as the youth who had no fear. The root of this is a Mecklenburgh story. The game of skittles played with dead men's bones, is inserted from a story from the district of Schwalm,* in Hesse. In another from

* This district took its name from the river Schwalm, which rises in the Vogelsberg, in the N.E. of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and joins the Edder near Altenberg, after a northward course of 35 miles.—TR.

Zwehrn it is related that ghosts come and invite the youth to play a game with nine bones and a dead man's head, which he fearlessly accepts, but in which he loses all his money. At midnight the spectres disappear of their own accord. From this also is taken the incident of the corpse being brought in, which he warms in bed. It contains, however, no further trials, and it lacks the jesting conclusion, which, on the other hand, appears in a third Hessian story, where the youth is a tailor, and his master's wife pours a bucket of cold water over him as he is lying in bed. In a fourth tale, this great bravery is ascribed to a youth from the Tyrol. He takes counsel with his father as to what trade will be most profitable for him, and at last resolves to learn how to fear. A new feature in this is, that a spirit comes in by night who is entirely covered with knives, and orders the Tyrolese youth to sit down and have his beard shaved by him, as in the story *Stumme Liebe*, by Musäus, 4. 65-82; and a similar incident is told by Cl. Brentano in his notes on *Die Gründung Prags*. The youth does it without fear, but the ghost when he has shaved him wants to cut his throat as well, but at that very moment the clock strikes twelve, and the ghost disappears. In this part there is a connection with the story of the youth who kills the dragon and cuts out its tongue, by means of which he afterwards makes himself known to be the victor, and wins the King's daughter, as is fully detailed in the story of *The Gold Children* (No. 85). A fifth story from Zwehrn deserves to be given here at full length.

A certain man once lived in the world whose father was a smith, who carried the youth to the grave-yard and to every place where it was terrible, but he never knew what fear was. Then his father said, "When once thou goest out into the world thou wilt soon learn it." He went out, and it chanced that he arrived in a village by night, and as all the houses were shut, he lay down beneath the gallows. And as he saw a man hanging there, he spoke to him, and said, "Why art thou hanging there?" Then the man who was hanging, answered, "I am innocent. The schoolmaster stole the little bell of the alms-bag, and denounced me as the thief. If thou wilt help me to a decent burial, I will present thee with a staff, with which thou canst drive away all spirits. The schoolmaster has concealed the little bell under a great stone in his cellar." When the youth heard that, he got up, went into the village to the schoolmaster's house and knocked. The schoolmaster got up, but would not open his door, because he was afraid, but the other cried, "If thou dost not open the door, I will break it open." So the schoolmaster opened it, and the youth instantly seized him just as he was, in his shirt, took him on his back, and carried him to the judge's house.

Then he cried aloud, "Open your door, I am bringing a thief." When the judge came out, the youth said, "Take down from the gallows the poor sinner outside; he is innocent, and hang up this one in his stead; he stole the little bell from the alms-bag, and it is lying in his cellar, under a great stone." The judge sent thither and the little bell was found, so the schoolmaster was forced to confess the theft. Then the judge pronounced the sentence, that the innocent man should be taken down from the gallows, and honourably buried, and that the thief should be hanged in his place.

The next night when the innocent man was already lying in a Christian grave, the young smith went out once more. Then the spirit came, and presented him with the staff which he had promised him. Said the smith, "Now I will go out into the world, and look for the "Scare-me-well."

It so happened that he arrived in a town where there was a bewitched castle, which no one ever dared to enter. When the King heard that a man had arrived who was afraid of nothing, he caused him to be summoned, and said, "If thou wilt deliver this castle for me, I will make thee so rich that thou shalt know no end to thy possessions." "Oh, yes," answered he, "I'll do it willingly, only some one must show me the way to the castle." Said the King, "I have no keys to it." "I don't want any," he replied, "I will contrive to get inside." Then was he taken thither, and when he reached the first gate, he struck it with his staff, and it sprang open instantly, and behind it lay the keys of the whole castle. He opened the first inside door, and as it opened, the spirits came against him. One of them had horns, another spat fire, and all were black as coal. Then he said, "What queer folks are these! They might be the devil himself! They may all go home with me, and mend my father's fire for him." And when they rushed forward against him, he took his staff, and smote them all together, six of them at a time, and seized them, and pushed them into a room where they could no longer stir. Then he took the keys in his hand again, and opened the second door. There stood a coffin, and a dead man lay in it, and on the ground beside it, was a great black poodle which had a burning chain round its neck. So he went up to it, and struck the coffin with his staff, and said, "Why art thou lying in there, old charcoal-burner?" The dead body rose up, and wanted to terrify him, but he cried, "Out with thee at once." And as the dead man did not come immediately, he seized him, and thrust him among the rest. Then he returned and caught hold of the burning chain, and wound it round himself, crying, "Away with thee!" But the black dog defended itself, and spat fire. Then said he, "If thou canst do that, there is all the more reason for

taking thee with me. Thou also shalt help my father to light his fire." But before he was aware, the dog was gone, and he was most likely the devil.

Now he had still one little key for the last door. As he opened that, twelve black spirits which had horns and breathed fire rushed on him, but he struck them with his staff, dragged them out, and threw them into a water-cistern, the cover of which he shut fast.

"I have laid them to rest," said he, well pleased, "but it has made me warm; I should like a drink after it." So he went into the cellar, tapped some of the old wine which was there, and enjoyed himself. But the King said, "I should just like to know how he has got on," and sent his confessor thither, for no one else dared to trust himself in that bewitched castle. When the confessor, who was crooked and hump-backed, came to the castle and knocked the young smith opened the door for him, but when he saw him in all his deformity, and in his black gown, he cried, "After all, there is another of them left. What dost thou want, thou crooked old devil?" and he locked him up too.

So the King waited one day longer, but as the confessor did not return at all, he sent a number of warriors who were to make their way into the castle by force. The smith said, "Here are some men coming, so I will gladly let them in." They asked him why he had shut up the King's confessor? "Eh! what!" said he. "But how could I know that he was the confessor? And why did he come here in his black gown?" Then the soldiers asked him what they were to say to the King. "That he may come here himself," he replied, "and that the castle is cleared."

When the King heard that, he came full of joy, and found great possessions in jewels, silver-work, and old wine, all of which were once more in his power.

Then he ordered a coat to be made for the young smith, which was entirely of gold. "No," said the smith, "I will not have that; it is the coat of a fool," and threw it away, and said, "But I will not leave the castle until the King has shown me the Scare-me-well; for that I must really get to know." Then the King had a white linen blouse made for him, and in order to do him some good in spite of himself he had a number of pieces of gold sewn inside it. But the young smith said, "That is too heavy for me!" and threw it away, put on his old blouse, and said, "But before I go home to my father I must just see the Scare-me-well." Then he took his staff, and went to the King, who led him up to a cannon. The young smith looked at it well and went round about it, and asked what kind of a thing that was? Said the King, "Stand a little aside," and ordered the cannon to be charged and fired off. When the young smith heard the violent report, he cried, "That was the

Scare-me-well, now I have seen it!" and went home quite content.

A sixth story is from the neighbourhood of Paderborn. Hans continually tells his father that he is afraid of nothing in the world. The father wishes to break him of this, and orders his two daughters to hide themselves at night in the charnel-house, and then he will send out Hans, and they, wrapped in white sheets, are to pelt him with bones, which will soon terrify him. At eleven o'clock the father says, "I have the tooth-ache so badly; Hans, go and fetch me a dead man's bone; but take care of thyself, the bone-house may be haunted." When he gets there, the sisters pelt him with dead men's bones. "Who is throwing things at me?" cries Hans. "If thou dost it again, thou shalt just see!" They pelt him again, and he seizes them, and wrings their necks. Then he takes a bone, and goes home with it. "How hast thou fared, Hans?" says the father. "Well: but there were two white things there, which threw things at me; however, I have wrung their necks." "Alack," cries the father, "they were thy two sisters; go away at once, or thou too, wilt have to die." Hans goes his way into the wide world, and says everywhere, "I am called Hans Fear-naught." He has to watch three nights in a castle, and thus free it from ghosts. The King gives him a soldier as a companion. Hans begs for two bottles of wine and a horsewhip. At night it becomes so cold that the two can bear it no longer. The soldier goes out and is about to light a fire in the stove, when the ghosts wring his neck. Hans stays in the room and warms himself with wine. Then there is a knock. Hans cries, "Come in, if thou hast a head." No one comes, but there is another knock, and then Hans cries, "Come in, even if thou hast no head." Then there is a crackling sound in the beam above, Hans looks up, and sees a mouse-hole; a pot full of tow falls down, and a poodle-dog is formed from this, which grows visibly, and at last becomes a tall man, whose head, however, is not at the top of his body, but under his arm. Hans says to him, "Put thy head on, and we will have a game at cards." The monster obeys, and they play together. Hans loses a thousand thalers, which he promises to pay the next night. Then, however, all happens as on the previous night. A soldier who has once more been given to Hans as a companion is cold, and goes out to light a fire. As he is stooping, his head is cut off. Hans again hears the knocking, and cries, "Come in, either with or without thy head." The ghost comes in with his head under his arm, but has to put it on in order to be able to play again. Hans wins two thousand thalers from the ghost, which he promises to bring the following night. This last night begins in the same way, the soldier who leaves the room in order to light the fire, is thrust into the stove by the spirits, and

is suffocated inside it; the powerful spirit goes to Hans, gives him the thousand thalers he owes him, and tells him he is to take himself off at once, or it will cost him his life, for all the spirits are coming to a great meeting. But Hans will not go, and says, "I will soon show you all the door." The two struggle with each other to see which shall give way, until at last they agree to count three, and that the one who can then first thrust his finger into the key-hole shall stay. Hans counts, and the ghost gets his finger in first, on which Hans fetches a morsel of wood and a hammer, and wedges it tightly in, and then takes his horsewhip and beats him so violently, that the ghost promises never to let either himself or any of his spirits be seen in the castle again, if he may be allowed to remain in the little flower-garden behind the castle. Hans consents to that, and sets him free, on which the ghost and all the spirit-folk run instantly into the garden. The King causes a high wall to be built round it, the castle is delivered, and Hans receives the King's daughter to wife. This story appears again with characteristic variations in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 328-408; in Zingerle, p. 281-290; in Pröhle's, *Kinder und Volksmärchen*, No. 33. In Netherlandish there is *The Bold Soldier*, in Wolf's *Niederländische Sagen*, p. 517. In Swedish, there is Molbech's *Graakappen*, No. 14. In Danish, Molbech's *De Modige Svend*, No. 29.

Besides these, a similar character appears in an Icelandic story. Hreidmar is also apparently a stupid fellow of this kind, who wishes for once to know what rage is, and does get to know it. Goethe has written most thoughtfully about this story; see his Works, 1833, xlv. 274. Works of the *Scandinavian Literature Society*, 1816-17, p. 208, and following.

5.—THE WOLF AND THE LITTLE GOATS.

From the Maine district. In Pomerania, it is said to be related of a child which, during its mother's absence, has been devoured by the children's ghost, which corresponds with Knecht Ruprecht. But the stones which he swallows with the child make the ghost so heavy that he falls down on the ground, and the child springs out again unhurt. It occurs in Alsace, see Stöber's *Volksbüchlein*, p. 100. Boner (No. 33) tells the story quite simply. The mother warns her kid against the wolf, which it refuses to admit when it comes with its voice disguised. The story is still more abridged in an old poem (*Reinhart Fuchs*, 346), in which, however, the kid recognizes the wolf through a chink. So too in Burkard Waldis (Frankfurt, 1563, *Fab.* 24), and in Hulderich Wolgemuth's *Erneuerter Æsopus* (Frankf. 1623). A life-like story comes to us from Transylvania, see Haltrich, No. 33. In Lafontaine (iv. i. 15)

the fable is as simple as in Corrozet, but the former mentions the incident of the white paw which, as in our story, the little kid asks to see; and we remember a fragment of a complete French story. The wolf goes to the miller, stretches out his grey paw, and says,

“Meunier, meunier, trempe-moi ma patte dans ta farine blanche.”

“Non, non! Non, non!”

“Alors je te mange.”

On this the miller does it from fear.

The Nereid, Psamathe, sent the wolf to the flocks of Peleus and Telamon; the wolf devoured them one and all, and was then turned to stone, just as in our story, stones were sewn into him. But the saga of the wolf being turned to stone has a deeper foundation.

6.—FAITHFUL JOHN.

From Zwehrn. There is another story from the Paderborn district. At the bidding of an old woman, a poor peasant invites the first person whom he meets on the road, who is a stranger to him, to stand as godfather. It so happens that this is the King, who therefore holds the child at the christening, and gives him the name of Roland. The Queen has been confined at the same time, and her child called Joseph. When a year has passed by, the King sends for the little Roland, and adopts him as his child. Roland and Joseph grow together, and look on each other as brothers. When they are twenty years of age, the King one day rides away and leaves them the keys of all the rooms, all of which they may open but one. Roland, however, is so curious that on the third day he persuades Joseph to go into the forbidden room with him. It is entirely hung with cloth, but when Roland lifts this up he beholds the portrait of a wonderfully beautiful maiden, and faints at the sight; Joseph carries him out. Roland is restored to consciousness, but from that hour is sick with love, and knows no rest until they both go to the kingdom where the King's daughter lives. She is shut up in a tower for seven years. In the evening she is taken in a closed carriage to her parents, and early in the morning before daybreak back again to the tower. Roland and Joseph cannot see her even once, and have to go home as they came. Then their father gives them four ships; three furnished with cannon, and one with the most beautiful wares. They sail thither, and give out that they are merchants, and Joseph begs the King to make a law that only one person at a time may go on board his ship, as it would otherwise be too much crowded. This is done, and now the King himself comes on board the ship, and after him the Queen, and they buy largely. And as

all the things are so beautiful, their daughter is to see them too. But no sooner has she stepped on board than the anchor is raised, and the lovely bride carried away. The King sends a ship to bring her back again, but that is sunk by the cannon. During the voyage Joseph is one night on the watch, and hears a murmuring, and a voice which cries, "Do you know any news?" "News enough," answers another, "the King's beautiful daughter is stolen away, and is here in this ship; but whosoever intends to have her for his wife must first find some one who will cut the black horse's head off." This alarms Joseph, and the next night, when Roland is going to keep watch, Joseph begs him to sleep instead, and give up the watch to him. Then he again hears the voices. "Do you know any news?" "News enough; the King's daughter is stolen away, and is shut up here in the ship; but whosoever intends to have her to wife, can only succeed if any one can be found who, when the bridegroom is drinking the bride's health, will strike away the glass from his lips so that the fragments fly round about. He, however, who speaks of this will be turned into stone to the height of his heart." Joseph is on the watch on the third night also, and then he hears, "The bridegroom cannot obtain the bride unless some one can be found to cut off the seven heads of the dragon which will be thrust in through the window on the night of the marriage. He, however, who speaks of this will be stone to his head." On the following day they arrive; the King comes to meet them with his people, and brings with him a white horse for Joseph, and a black one for Roland. Joseph mounts his, and cuts the black one's head off. All are astonished and excited, and ask the cause, but he replies, "I may and dare not tell you." In the same way also at the wedding-feast, when Roland is about to drink his bride's health, Joseph strikes the glass away from his lips so that the fragments fly about. At last at night when Roland and his bride are already asleep, Joseph walks with his drawn sword backwards and forwards in the room before the window. Suddenly something begins to roar and bellow, and a dragon thrusts in his seven heads. He cuts them off at one blow, and the blood spirts into the room and fills his boots. The watch hearing the noise, summon the King, who comes, and when he opens the door the blood streams out to meet him, and he sees Joseph with drawn sword. "Alas, what hast thou done, my son?" he cries. Then Joseph cannot do otherwise than tell him all, and is immediately encased in stone, so that no one can see anything of him but his head, which seems to be asleep. In the course of a year the young Queen brings a son into the world, and then she dreams on three successive nights that if Joseph is smeared with the blood of the child he will be set free. She relates her dream to Roland, who summons together all the counsellors of the kingdom, who say that indeed he must sacrifice his

child for the sake of his friend. So the child is christened, and then its head is cut off. Joseph is smeared with the blood of the child, the stone disappears forthwith, and he stands up and says, "Alas, dear brother, why hast thou awakened me? I have slept so sweetly." They tell him all that has passed, and then Joseph says, "Now I must help thee once more," and ties up the dead child in a linen cloth, and goes away with him. When he has already wandered about for three-quarters of a year, and troubled at heart that he can find no help, seats himself beneath a tree, an aged man comes and gives him two small bottles wherein are the water of life, and the water of beauty. Joseph now carries the child home, but is forced to beg, as he has nothing left. After a quarter of a year, he reaches his father's castle, and then he sits down on the bridge and rubs the child first with the water of life, which restores it to life, and then with the water of beauty, which makes it more fresh and beautiful than all others. Thereupon he takes it to its parents, who rejoice over it with all their hearts. There is a third variant in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 383.

It is evidently the saga of the faithful friends, Amicus and Amelius. The one while appearing to wrong the other, in reality gives his life for him; on the other hand, the latter sacrifices his own children in order to bring his friend back to existence, though, by a miracle, these are preserved. The counterpart of the voluntary sacrifice of a pure virgin's life (in *Der arme Heinrich*) is to be found in the story of Hildebrand, the faithful master of Dieterich; and the story of the Child Oney may be said to form a connecting link between them. Compare *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), *Der arme Heinrich*, p. 187, and following, and further indications in *Athis*, p. 46. The fate which in Hartmann's poem is announced by the physician, is here declared by the ravens—birds of destiny. The bridal-shirt* (a woven one, as it is called, in the language of the people, in contradistinction to one which is cut out) which consumes with fire whosoever puts it on, resembles the garment which Dejanira sends to Hercules, and Medea to Glauce. In our story it has apparently so happened that a witch for some reason or other desires to destroy the young King. In the corresponding, but still very individual Italian story (*Pentam.* iv. 9), it is probably the father of the stolen bride who sends misfortune after them by his

* A shirt without seams is probably what is meant. Such garments play a large part for good or for evil, in mythology. When Ragnar Lodbrog went on his last expedition to England, Aslanga his wife, who foreboded evil, gave him a shirt she had woven of fine grey silk in which no stitch had been put. He wore it instead of armour, and none could wound him, though at length he was captured. Finally, he was thrown into a pit full of snakes, none of which would touch him till the shirt was removed. See Ragnar Lodbrog's Saga, 16th chapter.—TR.

curses. A Russian story in Dieterich, p. 38, should be compared, and the Negro story in Kölle (see further on).

A ship is similarly equipped, in the poem of *Gudrun* (1060 and following) on the voyage when Horand has to fetch Hilda.

7.—THE GOOD BARGAIN.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. The amusing trick by which the peasant transfers the beating to the sentinel and the Jew, is similarly related of Tamerlane's fool Nasureddin (Flögel's *Geschichte der Hofnarren*, p. 178), and likewise of the *Pfaffe von Kalenberg*, see the preface to Hagen's *Narrenbuch*, pp. 272-277, and in Flögel, p. 255. It is also told in Sacchetti's 195th story of a countryman who brings back to a King of France his lost hawk. Bertoldo amplifies something of the same kind. The peasant in his story is to have a beating, but he entreats that the head shall be spared. He therefore does not receive the beating, but those who follow him, for he is the head or leader. Bertoldino also appeases the frogs by throwing gold pieces at them. See Hagen's preface to *Morolf*, pp. 18, 19.

8.—THE WONDROUS MUSICIAN.

From Lorsch near Worms. It seems as if the story were not quite perfect; a reason ought to be given why the musician, who, like Orpheus, can entice animals to follow him, treats them so deceitfully. There is a similar story in Transylvania, as Haltrich remarks (No. 50).

9.—THE TWELVE BROTHERS.

From Zwehrn, but there the incident of the maiden noticing the twelve children's shirts and inquiring about her brothers, is wanting. We find it in another, otherwise meagre story, likewise from Hesse. There is a similar incident in *The Six Swans* (No. 49), from German Bohemia. In *Wigalois* a red standard denotes a combat for life and death (6153). Compare in the *Pentamerone*, *The Seven Doves* (iv. 8). In Norwegian, Asbjørnsen, p. 209. Also the Lithuanian story in the report of the meetings of the Viennese Academie der Wissenschaften, xi. 209-212.

10.—THE RAGAMUFFINS.

From Paderborn. It resembles *Herr Korbes* (No. 41) and the *Town Musicians of Bremen* (No. 27). In Pomerania it is united with the story of *The Cat and the Mouse* in Firmenich's *Deutsche Mundarten*, 91, 92.

11.—THE LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.

From two stories from the Maine district which complete each other; in one of them the incident is wanting of the little stag springing into the midst of the chase, and enticing the King by its beauty. According to another version which H. R. von Schröter has communicated to us, the little brother is changed by the step-mother into a fawn, and is hunted by her hounds. It stands by the river, and calls across to the little sister's window,

“Ah, little sister, save me!
The dogs of the lord they chase me;
They chase me, oh! so quickly;
They seek, they seek to rend me,
They wish to drive me to the arrows,
And thus to rob me of my life.”

But the little sister had already been thrown out of the window by the stepmother and changed into a duck, and from the water a voice came to him, saying,

“Patience, dear brother mine,
I lie in the lowest depths,
The earth is the bed I sleep on,
The water it is my coverlid,
Patience, dear brother mine,
I lie in the lowest depths.”

Afterwards when the little sister goes into the kitchen to the cook, and makes herself known to him, she asks

“What do my maids do, do they still spin?
What does my bell do, does it still ring?
What does my little son, does he still smile?”

He replies,

“Thy maids they spin no more,
Thy bell it rings no more,
Thy little son, he weeps right sore.”

Here, as in the story of *The Three Little Men in the Forest* (No. 13), the mother comes out of her grave to suckle and attend to her child, so likewise in the old Danish *Volkslied* (*Danske viser*, 1. 206–208. *Altd. Blätter*, 1. 186.) The Swedish story, which is otherwise identical, lacks this feature. (See further on.) Melusina, after her disappearance, comes to her little sons Dietrich and Raimund, warms them at the fire, and suckles them; the nurses watch her, but dare not speak (*Volksbuch*). The Servian song of the walled-up mother who hushes her child, may be compared with this, and

also a story in *Le Foyer Breton*, of Souvestre, pp. 3, 4, where a mother comes from her grave at night to take care of her children, which are neglected by their stepmother. Although again very different, *La biche au bois*, D'Aulnoy, No. 18, has some affinity to this.

12.—RAPUNZEL.

Fr. Schulz tells this story in his *Kleine Romanen* (Leipzig, 1790), 5, 269–88, only too diffusely, though undoubtedly from oral tradition. It begins in the following manner: A witch has a young girl with her, to whom she entrusts all her keys, but forbids her to enter one room. When, however, impelled by curiosity, she does enter it, she sees the witch sitting in it with two great horns. The girl is now placed, as a punishment, in a high tower which has no door. When the witch brings her food, the girl has to let down from the window her hair, which is twenty yards in length, and by this, the witch ascends. In these stories it frequently occurs that the father, or more usually the mother, in order to gratify a momentary desire, pledges away her coming child. It is often asked for and given, in veiled or mysterious terms; for instance, the mother is to give what she carries beneath her girdle. In the old Norse *Alfskongssage* a similar incident is to be found, (chap. i). Othin grants Signy's wish that she may brew the best beer, in return for which she promises him what is between her and the beer-barrel, namely, the child which she is about to bear. Compare the *Sagabibliothek* of P. E. Müller, ii. 449. In the Danish *Volkeslieder*, for instance, that of the *Wilder Nachtraben*, there are promises of the same kind. Salebad, Firdusi (Schack, p. 191) mounts up by the braids of the maiden's hair which she lets down. In Büsching's *Volkssagen*, p. 287, a story begins with some incidents in common with ours. In the *Pentamerone* it is *Petrosinella*, ii. 1.

13.—THE THREE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOOD.

From two tales, both from Hesse, which complete each other. In the one from Zwehrn, the beginning with the boot being used as a test is wanting. The name of Haulemännerchen by which, in Lower Hesse, the little folks who dwell in caves in the forest (Waldhöhlen), and steal away people's unchristened children, are known; comes from Höhlen-Waldmännlein. In Denmark the common people call them by the very similar name Hyldemænd (Thorlacius, *spec.* 7. 161). The curse on the wicked daughter, that a toad shall spring out of her mouth with each word that she utters, appears in a third story, which we likewise heard in Hesse, and for that reason have inserted. There

is a story with some affinity to this from Austria, *Reward and Punishment*, which is allied to *Frau Holle* (No. 24), and is to be found in Ziska, p. 47, and another in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend* No. 5. Compare Perrault's *Les Fées* No. 1, and in the *Pentamerone* (3. 10), *The three Fairies*.

The punishment of being rolled in a barrel stuck full of nails is an old custom. According to the Dutch Chronicle, Gerhard van Velzen, because he had murdered Count Florens, V. of Holland (1296), was rolled in a barrel of the like kind for the space of three days. The old song says,

“zy deden een vat vol spykers slaan,
daar most zyn edeldom in glyden;
zy rolden hem daar drie dagen lank,
drie dagen voor den noene.”*

When he was taken out of it, and asked how he felt, he answered,

“ik ben noch dezelve man,
die Graaf Floris zyn leven nam.”†

See Casp. Commelin's, *Beschryving van Amsterdam*, i. 86-88. This punishment occurs in a Swedish, and also in a Danish Volkslied (Geyer and Afze ius, 1, No. 3, and *Danske viser*, No. 165).

14.—THE THREE SPINNERS.

From a story from the Principality of Corvei, but it is from Hesse that we have the version with the three women, all of whom are afflicted with some peculiar defect caused by spinning. In the former there are only two extremely aged women, who have become so broad from sitting that they can hardly get into the room. They have thick lips from wetting and licking the thread; and from drawing and pulling it they have ugly fingers, and broad thumbs. The story from Hesse begins differently; for instance, that there was a King who liked nothing so much as spinning, and for that reason, on taking leave before going a journey, he left behind him for his daughters, a great chest full of flax which was to be spun by his return. In order to release them from this, the Queen invited these three misshapen women, and on the King's arrival set them before his eyes. Prätorius, in the *Glückstopf*, pp. 404-

* A tun they hammered full of spikes,
Therein must his worship creep,
They rolled him there for three days long,
Three days before noontide.

† I am still the self-same man
Who took the life of Count Floris.

406, relates the story in the following way: a mother cannot induce her daughter to spin, and for this reason often beats her. A man who on one occasion sees this, asks what is the meaning of it. The mother answers, "I cannot keep her from spinning; she spins away more flax than I can procure." The man says, "Then give her to me to wife; I shall be quite satisfied with her indefatigable industry, even if she bring me nothing else." The mother is heartily delighted, and the man at once gives his betrothed a great provision of flax. At this she is secretly terrified, but she takes it and puts it in her room, and considers what she is to do. Then three women come in front of her window, one so broad with sitting that she cannot get through the door of the room, the second has an enormous nose, the third a broad thumb. They offer their services to her, and promise the bride to spin what has been given to her if, on her wedding-day, she will not be ashamed of them, but will declare that they are her aunts, and place them at her table. She agrees to this, and they spin the flax, for which the bridegroom praises the bride. So when the wedding-day comes, the three horrible women appear also, and the bride pays them great honour, and says they are her aunts. The bridegroom is astonished, and asks how she comes by such repulsive relatives. "Ah," says the bride, "they have all been made like that by spinning. One of them is so broad with sitting, the other has quite licked away her mouth, and that makes her nose stand out so, and the third has twisted the thread so much with her thumb." Thereupon the bridegroom is much troubled, and tells the bride that she shall not spin another thread so long as she lives that she may not become a monster like them.

A third story from Upper Lusatia, by Th. Pesheck, is in BÜSCHING'S *Wöchentliche Nachrichten* i. 355-360; on the whole it corresponds with that of Prætorius. One of the three old women has blear-eyes because the flue of the flax has gone into them, the second has a great mouth reaching from ear to ear from wetting her thread, the third is fat and unshapely with sitting so much at the spinning-wheel. A portion of the story is to be found in MÜLLENHOFF, No 8. In Norwegian, see ASBJÖRNSEN, p. 69. In Swedish, CAVALLIUS, p. 214. The beginning of *Ricdin-Ricdon*, by Mlle. l'HÉRITIER, resembles it, and *Le sette cotenelle*, in the *Pentamerone*, bears some affinity (iv. 4).*

15.—HAENSEL AND GRETTEL.

From different stories current in Hesse. In Swabia it is a wolf which is in the sugar-house. See in CAROLINE STAHL'S *Stories*, p. 92.

* See also SCHLEICHER'S *Lithuanian Tales*, and the story of *Habetrot and attie Mab*, in HENDERSON'S *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*.—TR.

The house of sweetmeats (see further on). Also Pröhle's *Kinder- und Volksmärchen*, No 40. Bechstein, vii. 55. The *Eierkuchenhäuschen*, in Stöber's *elsass. Volksbuch*, p. 102. In Danish the *Pandekagehuset* (see further on). In Swedish, Cavallius, pp. 14, 26. In Hungarian, Stier, p. 43. In Albanian, Hahn, 164, 165. In Servian, Wuk, No 35. The story of *Der Fanggen*, from the Oberinntal in Zingerle's *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, p. 51. Oberlin gives a piece, in the dialect of the district of Lüneville, in his *Essai sur le patois*. Clearly allied too, especially in the beginning, is *Nennillo* and *Nennilla* in the *Pentamerone* (5-8), and so is the first part of *Finette Cendron*, in D'Aulnoy, No. 11. In this there are three King's children who are twice brought home by the cleverness of the youngest; the first time by a thread which had been given to her by a fairy, the second by strewn ashes; the third time, the two elder provide an expedient and scatter peas, but the pigeons eat them, and the children cannot find the way back. In a Tyrolese story, Zingerle, p. 138, as here, the boy who is imprisoned reaches out a bit of stick to the man-eater, instead of his finger; but in a Swedish story his captor is a giant (Cavallius, 31). Hänsel is connected with *Thumbling* (No. 37 and 45), and thus appears in the German stories. There are six children; he is the seventh. When they are in the forest with the man-eater, they have to comb his hair, but Thumbling springs in among it, pulls it, and always comes back again. Afterwards there is the changing the seven crowns during the night for the seven red caps. Thumbling puts all the purses of money and valuables into the seven-league boots. To this group also belongs a Tyrolese story in Zingerle, p. 235, of the Thumbling Hänsel. The old German fable (*Altd. Wälder* iii. 178, 179) of the twelve who go to the giant (Turse), and who are previously warned by his wife, and told to go into the bedroom, is only altered so far as concerns the moral.

16.—THE THREE SNAKE-LEAVES.

From two stories which only differ from each other in trifling matters, the one from Hof am Habichtswald, a village in Lower Hesse, the other from a village near Paderborn. A Greek saga may be traced in it. Polyidus is to restore life to Glaukos, but is unable. The enraged father therefore has him shut up in the tomb with the corpse. Polyidus sees a snake creeping up to the dead body, and kills it. Soon afterwards a second snake comes carrying a herb in its mouth, which it lays on the dead one, by means of which it at once comes to life again. Polyidus quickly snatches the herb, lays it on Glaukos, and he returns to life. See Apollodorus, iii. 3, 1. Compare with this a Hungarian story, in Stier, p. 107, and also a poem by Marie de France *Lai d'Eliduc* (l. 401), where the part of the snakes is played by two weasels (474).

The woman's desire that the survivor shall allow himself to be buried with her, recalls the Norse saga of Asmund and Aswit, who, when they adopted each other as brothers, exchanged a similar promise. Asmund afterwards caused himself to be taken into the barrow with the dead Aswit, but took with him a store of provisions which was sufficient to support him for a time; he was afterwards drawn up by a lucky accident (Suhm's *Fabelzeit*, ii. 178). A similar custom between man and wife is found in Sindbad's voyages (1001 *Nights*, ii. 137). The unfaithfulness of the woman after coming to life again, seems originally only to have been intended to express that she had begun a new life and forgotten the old one.

[It is however commonly believed among the dwellers in the North of Scotland that if you save a man's life he will repay you by doing you some great injury. Sir Walter Scott, as usual, seized on this superstition and used it in one of his stories. Mordaunt is trying to save Cleveland, and Bryce remonstrates with him thus, "Are you mad?" said he, "You that have lived so long in Zetland to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if ye bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" *Pirate*, vol. i. chap. 7.—Tr.]

17.—THE WHITE SNAKE.

From Hanau. The story of the *Queen of the Bees* (No. 62) has some similarity to this. So has another in the *Ammenmärchen* of Vulpius; see also *Soldat Lorenz*, No. 7, in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*. By eating a white snake, one learns to understand the speech of animals, as in the *Saga of the Seeburg* (*Deutsche Sagen*, i. 131). The same result is produced by eating the heart of a dragon or of a bird. See *Donkey Cabbages*, No. 122. According to a Scotch saga, the middle piece of a white snake roasted by the fire gives a knowledge of supernatural things to any one who shall put his finger into the fat which drops from it. See Grant Stewart, pp. 82, 83. Compare with this *The Magic Horse*, in Straparola, iii. 2.

18.—THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

From Cassel, the best and earliest version is to be found in Burkard Waldis, Book 3, Fab. 97 (1542). The *Nugæ venales* (1648, s. l. 12mo.) contain also *Crepundia poetica*, and pp. 32, 33, an abridgement of our story.

"Pruna, faba et stramen rivum transire laborant,
Seque ideo in ripis stramen utrimque locat.
Sic quasi per pontem faba transit, pruna sed urit,
Stramen et in medias praecipitatur aquas.
Hoc cernens nimio risu faba rumpitur ima
Parte sui: hancque quasi tacta pudore tegit."

In a Latin poem of the Middle Ages (MS. Strasburg), the fable of the mouse and the coal travelling occurs with the variation that both make a pilgrimage to church to confess their sins, and, in crossing a little brook, the coal falls in, hisses, and is extinguished. The cat and mouse travel, the straw breaks, and the cat falls into the water, at which the mouse laughs so that she bursts. See Stöber's *elsass: Volksbuch*, 95. In a Wendish story, see Haupt and Schmalzer, p. 160, a coal, a pair of bellows, and a straw, travel together. Compare *Neue Preuss. Provinzialblätter*, i. 226. In Transylvania a duck, a frog, a mill-stone and a red-hot coal travel together, and the two last are drowned. (Haltrich, No 46). The Æsopian fable of the thorn-bush, the diver, and the bat (*Furia*, 124, *Coray* 42) ought to be mentioned.

19.—THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

This story has been excellently well taken down by Runge of Hamburg, in the Pomeranian dialect, and it was kindly communicated to us by Arnim, as early as in the year 1809. It was afterwards printed in Runge's works also. It is often told in Hesse, but imperfectly and with variations. It is called *The History of little Husband Domine* (sometimes also of Hans Dudeldee), and *little Wife Dinderlinde* (Dinderl, Dirne?) Domine complains of his ill luck and goes out to the sea. There a little fish stretches forth its head and says,

“What aileth thee, little man Domine?”

“’Tis hard in a pig-stye to pass my life.”

“Then wish thee a wish, little man Domine.”

“Nay, first must I home to ask my wife.”

He goes home to his wife and asks what he is to wish for. “Wish for a better house for us,” says Dinderlinde. He goes to the sea and cries,

“Little fish, little fish in the sea!”

“What wilt thou, little man Domine?”

And now the wishes begin: first a house, then a garden, then oxen and cows, then lands and kingdoms, and so on to all the treasures of the world. When they have wished for everything they can wish for, the man, says, “Now I should like to be God, and my wife to be the mother of God.” Then the little fish stretches out its head again and cries,

“Wilt thou be the Lord on high?”

Then back with thee to thy pig-stye.”

In Justus Kerner's *Poetical Almanack* for 1812, pp. 50-54, the story is told in a similar way, apparently from a South German version, but the doggerel rhymes are wanting. The fisherman is called

Hans Entender. In Albert Ludwig Grimm's *Kindermärchen* (2nd edit. Heidelberg, 1817) it appears also, but in prose. The fisherman Hans Dudeldee lives with his wife in a hut, and is so poor that they have no window, but are forced to look through a hole, where there has been a knot in the wood. He first begs the fish to give him a house, and so on until he is emperor; at last he desires to be able to make sunshine and rain as God does, whereupon they find themselves sitting in the hut again, looking through the hole in the planks. It is much more meagre as a whole. See *De Kossät und seine Fruu*, in Kuhn, No 6. *The Golden Fish* in Firminich's *Völkerstimmen*, p. 377.

The beginning of the story strikingly reminds us of a story in the *1001 Nights* (l. 107, *Histoire du Pêcheur*), as well as of the Welsh saga of *Taliesin* (compare *Aldd. Wälder*, l. 70). A story from Finland also, given in the *Freimüthiger*, 1834, No. 253-256, has a similar opening, but the development is different. The feature of the wife inciting her husband to seek high dignities is ancient in itself, from Eve and the Etruscan Tanaquil (*Livy*, i. 47), down to Lady Macbeth.

20.—THE VALIANT LITTLE TAILOR.

The first half is taken from two stories from Hesse, which complete each other. The second from the place where the Tailor leaves the giants, and betakes himself to the King's court, is from a somewhat rare little book, *Wegkürzer*, a very amusing and unusually diverting little book by Martinus Montanus of Strasburg (1557, in 12mo. p. 18-25). This part can stand alone, but as it fits naturally to what has gone before, it is here joined to it, and therefore re-written. In the first edition may be seen the unaltered copy. Allusion is made to the story by Fischart, in *Gargantua* (254^b), "I will kill you like the midges, nine at one blow, as the tailor did," and in *Flohhatz* (Dornavius), 39^b.

"Horst nicht vom tapfern Schneiderknecht,*
Der drei in einem Streich zu todt schlecht."

Also in *Simplicissimus* (chap. ii. 28), "and has surpassed the tailor's title, 'seven at one blow.'" And in *Fabelhans* (16, 3) "five at one blow." The number naturally changes; we likewise hear of "nine-and-twenty at one blow." If the giant here squeezes water out of a stone, it perhaps has some reference to a passage in *Bruder Wernher* (M.S. 2. 164^b):

* Hast thou not heard of the bold tailor's apprentice who killed three at one blow?

“und weiz doch wol ê ich ein argen zagen *
getwunge uf milten muot,
daz ich mit riemen liehter twunge einen stein,
daz man in an der âder lieze bluot.”

And a passage in Freiberg's *Tristan* alludes to the tailor's cunning when he takes a cheese instead of a stone,

5190. “und nam den kaese in sîne hant, †
der willetôre Tristrant
grief sô grimmeclich dar in
daz im durch die vinger sîn
ran daz kaesewazzer.”

A part of this story is from a Lower Austrian story in *Ziska*, p. 9. The little tailor begins his journey, and enters the service of the giant, whom in the distance he had taken for a mountain. “What wages am I to have?” he asks. “Three hundred and sixty-five days every year, and, when it is leap-year, one day more,” answers the giant, “does that satisfy thee?” “Yes, all right, one must cut one's coat according to one's cloth.” The giant orders him to fetch a pitcher of water. “What! a jug of water! why not bring the well itself, and the spring too;” says the boastful little tailor. “What!” growls the giant “the fellow can do more than roast apples!—he has a mandrake in his body.” After this he tells the tailor to cut some logs of wood in the forest, and to bring them home. “Hey day, and why not bring the whole forest?” When he has brought the wood, the giant desires him to shoot a couple of wild boars. “And why not rather shoot a thousand of them at once with one shot, and thyself as well?” “What,” says the giant in a fright, “that is enough for to-day; go to bed and sleep.” The next morning the giant goes with the tailor to a marsh which is thickly overgrown with willows. “Now my man, seat thyself on a branch like this, and let me see if thy weight will bend it down.” The tailor seats himself, holds his breath, and makes himself heavy in order to bend the branch; but as he is obliged to breathe again, and as he unfortunately has not got his goose with him, to the giant's delight it springs up with him so high in the air that he is never seen again. The story is spread over the whole of Germany. It is found in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, p. 171–180 In Kuhn, No. 11. In Stöber's *elsass: Volksbuch*, p. 109; in Bechstein, p. 5; in Ernst Meyer, No. 37; Vonbun,

* And know that rather than vent my fierce anger on a person of generous temper, I would crush a stone with my girdle, so that (one) could draw blood from its veins.

† And the willing fool Tristran took the cheese in his hands and pressed it so fiercely, that the whey ran through his fingers.

p. 9; Zingerle, p. 12; Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 47; in Swedish in Cavallius, pp. 1-8; in Norwegian in Asbjörnsen, p. 40; in Danish in Etlar, p. 29, in the tale of a valiant young shoemaker's apprentice. Nyerup describes the rhymed treatment of this version in his work on the Danish Volksbücher (*Almindelig Morsk-absläsning i Danmark og Norge*. Kiøbenhavn, 1816), pp. 241, 242. The hero strikes fifteen flies dead at one blow with his garter, the renown of which great deed is so spread abroad, that a prince takes him into his service, that he may deliver his country from a wild boar. The animal devours a fruit which causes sleep, and is easily killed by the shoemaker. He then overcomes the unicorn, and lastly a bear, which he shuts up in a brickmaker's oven. There is likewise the following characteristic story in Dutch, from a book on folk-lore published in Amsterdam. *Van Kleyn Kobisje, alias Koningh sonder Onderzaten*, p. 7. 14. (King without subjects). It is to be found also as a supplement, in an almost identical form in another Dutch book on folk-lore; Clement Marot, pp. 132-133, under the title of *Hans Onversagt*. "Little Kobisje was sitting by his cutting-board peeling an apple, and left the parings lying on it. He made a fly-killer, and when the flies settled on the apple-parings to eat them; he killed seven at one stroke. He leapt up from the table, imagining that he had performed a valiant deed, and had thus become a great man; sold all he had, and caused a pretty shield to be made for himself on which he had inscribed, "My name is young Kobis the dauntless, I slew seven at one stroke." Then he went to a far-off country where a King ruled; placed his shield on his breast, went behind the King's palace, and lay down on a high hill, where he knew he was accustomed to pass.

At length the sun began to shine brightly, and the King could not imagine what it was that was glittering so, and immediately sent a nobleman thither. When the nobleman came up, he was alarmed when he read, "My name is young Kobis, the Dauntless; I slew seven at one blow." He went back and told the King what he had seen, who instantly sent two or three companies of soldiers thither with the nobleman, to give him courage, and conduct the stranger to court with the respect and honour due to such a knight. They went thither as the King had ordered, and approached and examined him, but none of them would be the first to speak to him. At last one of the crowd was bold enough to take a spear and touch the sole of his shoe with it. Up he sprang with great vigour, and they fell on their knees, and entreated him to be pleased to go to the King, which he did. When he came to the King, he was treated with great respect. Meanwhile he was informed that he might become the King's son-in-law, but that there were three difficult things which he must

first do for him. In the first place there was a wild boar which did a great deal of mischief, and no one could capture it. Secondly, there were three giants, who had made the King's forest so dangerous that any one who traversed it was a dead man. Thirdly, several thousand foreigners had invaded the land, and the realm appeared to be in great peril. He accepted these conditions, and they told him the way to the place where the wild boar lurked. Full of courage he left the court. He was, however, so terrified when he heard the wild boar that he wished himself back again by his cutting-board. The wild boar came rushing on him with such fury that he looked for a safe place to escape to, espied a ruined chapel, and took refuge in it. The wild boar followed him, but with all speed he sprang through the window over the wall, and shut the door of the chapel. No sooner was the wild boar secured, than Kobisje went to the King, who said to him, "How didst thou catch the wild boar?" The other replied, "I seized it with great force by its bristles and flung it into the chapel, but I would not kill it, for I wanted to present it to you." Then there were great rejoicings at court, and he went in search of the giants, and had the good fortune to find them asleep. He took his bag and filled it with stones, climbed up a high tree, and threw a stone at one of them, who thought one of the others had done it, and began to scold, and tell him to leave off throwing stones, or he would box his ears soundly. He threw stones at the second, who likewise began to swear. The third was treated in the same way. He got up, drew his sword, flew at the other, and stabbed him and he fell down on the ground. Then he attacked the other and after a long struggle both fell to the earth exhausted. Kobisje seized the opportunity, came down and took the sword of the dead one and stabbed the two others, cut off their heads, and went back to court again. The King asked him if he had performed the task? He answered, "Yes." On this the King enquired how he had done it. He answered thus, "I took one giant by his legs and belaboured the other with him till he dropped down dead, and I paid off the other in the same coin. And as the one I was holding by the legs was half dead, I struck him with such force against a tree that it flew up six feet high into the air." Again there was great joy at court, and he was held to be the greatest man there. Then he once more made ready, and the nobles of the court with him, and he had an army of brave men of whom he was the general. Having taken leave, he began his third task. He bade the troops march onwards, and followed on horseback. But as he had never ridden on horseback he had great difficulty in keeping his seat. When they had arrived at the place where the enemy was, he ordered his troops to draw up in order of battle, and was soon told that all was ready. He did not know how to turn his horse round, drew the wrong side of the bridle, spurred his

horse, and it went off with him full gallop towards the enemy. As he could not hold the bridle fast, he clutched at a wooden cross by the wayside, which broke off and he held it tightly in his arms. When the enemy perceived him, they thought that he was the Devil, and began to fly, and those who could not escape were drowned. The others unloosed their ships from their moorings and sailed away. After this victory, he returned to his noblemen, and the whole army, and told them of his conquest, and how he had completely routed the enemy. He went to the King, and informed him of the victory, and the King thanked him. Moreover he had him proclaimed his successor to the throne. The wedding-day was fixed, and great preparations were made for it. When the wedding had taken place, he was held in high esteem, and always placed next the King. It happened however that nearly every night Kobisje dreamt that he was sitting by his cutting-board once more, and his mind was always filled with this or that thought about his work, and he cried aloud, "Courage, courage, bestir yourselves, in six or seven hours you will leave off work," for he was fancying that he was giving his apprentices something to cut or sew. The princess was alarmed, for she thought that he must be possessed by the Devil, as he was always babbling, "Courage! courage!" She accused her father of having given her to a book-binder, and not a great lord. The father resolved to place a company of soldiers by his bed-side who were to take him prisoner or kill him if they heard him say this. He however, was warned, and when he was in bed he thus exclaimed, "I have overcome a wild boar, I have killed three giants; I have slain an army of a hundred thousand men, and shall I be afraid of two or three companies of soldiers to-night?" and he jumped out of bed and went fiercely towards them. On hearing him, they fell head over heels from the top of the stairs to the bottom. Those who lay dead, or had lost legs and arms, were very numerous, and those who ran away, took such news to the King, that he said, "My daughter ought to be wiser than to affront such a great knight!" Soon after this, the King became ill and died, leaving the throne to Kobisje, which he accepted, and ruled over the kingdom in peace. The English story of *Jack the Giant Killer* is allied (*Tabart Collection*, 3. 1-37); and No. 17 in Müllenhoff. Also some incidents in a Tyrolese story, Zingerle, p. 108. The Persian story, *Amint the wise* (Kletke's *Märchensaal*, 3. 54) likewise belongs to this group. It is even known among Laplanders (see Nilsson' *Ureinwohner des skand*: Nordens (Stockh. 1843), p. 31. In a Russian ballad in *Wladimir's Tafelrunde* (see further on), Tugarin performs in earnest what the little tailor only pretends to do, and throws a stone so far that it never comes back at all. The saga of the conquered wild-boar is also to be found in the *Buch von den sieben weisen Meistern*, p. 36, 37.

[A very good story, *The Giant and his Boy*, which is told in Rae's *White Sea Peninsula*, ought to be given here. "A boy once served a giant who, wanting to try his strength, took him into the forest. The giant proposed that they should strike their heads against the fir-trees. The boy anticipating this, had made a hole in a tree and covered it with bark. They both ran, the boy burying his head in the tree while the giant only split the bark. 'Well,' said the giant, 'now I have found a boy who is strong.'

"Then the giant wished to try who could shout the loudest. The giant roared till the mountains trembled, and great rocks tumbled down. The boy cut a branch from a tree, saying he would bind it round the giant's head for fear it should burst when he shouted. The giant prayed him not to shout, and said they would try instead who could throw the farthest. He produced a great hammer which he threw so high in the air, that it appeared no larger than a fly. The boy said he was considering which sky to throw the hammer into, and the giant, fearing to lose his hammer, asked the boy not to throw at all.

"In the evening the giant asked him when he slept the soundest, and he answered, at midnight. At midnight the giant came and aimed heavy blows at the bed. In the morning when the boy, in reply to the giant's enquiries, said he had felt some chips falling on his face during the night, the giant thought he had better send him away. This he did, giving him as much money as he could carry." —TR.]

21.—CINDERELLA.

From three stories current in Hesse. One of them from Zwehrn is without the introduction, where the dying mother promises her help to her child, but begins at once with the unhappy life of the step-child—the end also is different. After Cinderella has lived happily with the King for one year, he travels away and leaves all his keys with her, with the order not to open a certain room. When he is gone however, she is persuaded by the false sister to open the forbidden room, wherein they find a well of blood. Into this the wicked sister afterwards throws her, when she is lying ill after the birth of a son. The sister lies down in the bed in her place, but the sentries hear the cry of lamentation, and save the real Queen and the false one is punished. This termination resembles that in the story of *The little Brother and Sister* (No. 11). A fourth from Mecklenburg has an ending which reminds us of the well-known saga of St. Genoveva. Aschenputtel has become Queen, and has taken her step-mother, who is a witch, and her wicked step-sister to live with her. When she gives birth to a son these two lay a dog beside her, and give the child to a gardener who is to kill it; and they do the same thing a second time, but the King

loves her so much that he again says nothing about it. The third time they give the Queen and the child to the gardener who is to kill them, but he takes them into a cave in the forest. As the Queen from grief has no milk, she puts the child to a hind which is in the cave. The child grows, but he becomes wild, and has long hair, and seeks herbs in the forest for his mother. One day he goes to the palace and tells the King about his beautiful mother.* Being asked, "Where is thy beautiful mother, then?" he answers, "In a cave in the forest." "Then I will go there." "Yes, but take a mantle with thee, so that she may be able to dress herself." The King goes there, recognizes her though she is wasted away, and takes her home with him. On the way, two boys with golden hair meet him. "To whom do ye belong?" he asks. "To the gardener." The gardener comes and reveals that they are the King's children whom he had not killed but brought up in his house. The truth comes to light, and the witch and her daughter are punished. A fifth story from the Paderborn district begins thus: A beautiful Countess had a rose in one hand and a snowball in the other, and wished for a child as red as the rose, and as white as the snow. God grants her wish. Once, when she is standing by the window looking out, she is pushed out of it by the nurse. The godless woman, however, screams loudly, and pretends that the Countess has thrown herself out. Then she ensnares the Count by her beauty, and he marries her. She bears him two daughters, and the beautiful red and white step-child has to serve as scullion. She is not allowed to go to church because she has no clothes; then she weeps on her mother's grave, and her mother gives her a key, and bids her open a hollow tree; it opens like a wardrobe; and she finds in it clothes, soap with which to wash herself, and a prayer-book. A Count sees her, and in order to catch her, smears the threshold of the church with pitch. After this all develops itself as in the other stories. A sixth from the neighbourhood of Zittau is given in Büsching's, *Wöchentliche Nachrichten*, i. 139. Aschenputtel is a miller's daughter, and is likewise not allowed to go to church. There is nothing new in it, except that instead of a dove, a dog betrays the false bride, and barks,

"Wu, wu, wu,
Full of blood is the shoe!"

And to the true one:

"Wu, wu, wu,
How well fits the shoe!"

A seventh is found in Hagen's *Erzählungen und Märchen*, ii. 339. The rhymes run thus,

* See "Valentine and Orson."—TR.

“Help to put them in the pot
But not into thy crop.”

“Open thee, open thee, willow-tree,
And give thy silken clothes to me.”

The dog barks,

“Hau, hau, hau, hau, hau,
My lord has not got the right wife.

There is an eighth in Colshorn, No. 44. A ninth in Meier, No. 4.

This story is one of the best known, and is told in all parts.* Murner says, “es soll ein gouch sein wib regieren lassen und meister sin. Nit dass du si alwegen für ein Fusstuch woltest halten, denn si ist dem man uss der siten genummen und nit uss den Füßen, dass si soll ein äschengriddel sin.” *Geuchmat* Strassb. 1519 (first 1515), 4 folio e^b.

In Low German we find Askenpüster, Askenböel, and Askenbüel (*Bremer Wörterb.* i. 29, 30). In Holstein, according to Schütze, Aschenpöselken is derived from pöseln, to seek laboriously (as, for instance, the peas among the ashes). Sudelsödelken, from sölen, sudeln, because it must be destroyed in the dirt.

In Pomerania, Aschpuk, signifies a dirty kitchen-maid (Dähnert). The Hessian dialect corroborates this (see Estor's *Upper Hessian Dictionary*): “Aschenpuddel, an insignificant, dirty girl.” What is more the High German is Aschenbrödel (*Deutsches Wörterbuch*, 581, and Ascherling. In Swabia we find Aschengrittel, Aschengruttel, Aeschengrusel. (Schmid's, *Schwäb. Wörterb.* 29. *Deutsches Wörterbuch* i. 582). In Danish and Swedish it is Askesis, from blowing the ashes (at fise i Asken). In Jamieson, see Assiepet, Ashypet, Ashiepattle, a neglected child employed in the lowest kitchen work.† In Polish Kopciuszek, from Kopec, soot, smoke.

There was also a story in which Aschenprödel was a boy despised by his proud brothers; a similar incident occurs in the story of *The Man with the iron hand* ‡ (No. 136) and in *Aschentagger*, see Zingerle, p. 395. Rollenhagen mentions it in the preface to *Froschmeuseler*, as the wonderful domestic tale “of the despised and pious Aschenpössel and his proud and scornful brethren.”

Oberlin also gives one passage from *Aschenprödel*, in which a

* A foolish man shall let his wife rule and be master. Not that thou wouldst altogether look on her as a door-mat, for she was taken out of the side of man, and not out of his feet, to be an *äschengriddel*.

† Jamieson observes that Ashiepattle is used in this sense in Shetland, and is perhaps derived from Isi askas patti, a little child employed in the lowest kitchen-work.—TR.

‡ Qu. *Der Eisenhans*.—TR.

servant bears this name; and Geiler von Keisersberg calls a despised kitchen-boy an Eschengrüdel and says, "how an Eschengrüdel has everything to do," *Brosamen*, folio 79 a., compare the seventh stave of the fifteen verses. Tauler, in the *Medulla animæ*, says, "I thy stable-boy, and poor Aschenbaltz." Luther, in the *Table-talk*, 1. 16, says "Cain, the godless reprobate, is one of the powerful ones of earth, but the pious and Godfearing Abel has to be the submissive Aschenbrödel—nay, even his servant and be oppressed." In *Agricola*, No. 515, occurs "Does there remain anywhere an Aschenbrödel of whom no one has thought?" No. 594, "Jacob the Aschenbrödel, the spoiled boy." In *Eyering*, 2. 342, is "poor Aschenwedel." Verelius, in the notes to the *Gothreks Sage*, p. 70, speaks of the *Volks Saga*, "*huru Askesisen sick Konungsdottren til hustru*," which also treats of a youth who was kitchen-boy, and won the king's daughter. The proverbs also, *sitia hema i asku, liggia som kattur i hreise und liggia vid arnen*, apply for the most part to King's sons, in the *Wilkinasage*, cap. 91, of Thetleifr, and in the *Refssage* (cap. 9 of the *Gothreks Sage*) from which Verelius wishes to derive all the others. In Asbjörnsen's Norwegian stories an Askepot frequently occurs. In Finnish he is called Tukhame or Tukkimo, from *tukka*, ashes—vide Schiefner, 617. We are likewise reminded of Ulrich von Thürheim's *Starker Rennewart*, who must also have first been a scullion; likewise of Alexius, who lived under the stairs in his father's royal house like a drudge. Vide Görres' *Meisterlieder*, p. 302.

It was a very ancient custom that those who were unhappy should seat themselves amongst the ashes. Odysseus, who, as a stranger entreating help, had spoken with Alkinous, thus seated himself humbly down in the ashes on the hearth, and was then brought forth and set in a high place. 7. 153, 169; compare 11. 191.

It is frequently mentioned that pigeons pick all clean. They are pure, holy creatures, and good spirits. In *Meister Sigheer* (MS. 2, 221^b) we find,

"dem milten bin ich senfte bi*
mit linden sprüchen süezen,
schöne alz ez ein turteletübe habe erlesen."

In Geiler von Keisersberg, "thus the pigeons pick up the very cleanest corn," and therefore when any one has good corn, the saying is, "It is just as if it had been got together by pigeons." *Brosamen*, folio 88^b. In Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst* (1535), chap. 315, folio 60^a, there is a story of a woman who knelt down quite far back in the church and wept from devotion, and the

* I am softly singing to the generous man, sweet and gentle words lovelier than a turtle-dove could gather together.

bishop saw how a dove came and picked up these tears, and then flew away. In the incident of Aschenputtel being sought for and found by means of the lost shoe, we are reminded of the saga of Rhodope, whose shoe having been carried away by an eagle, Psammetichus, into whose breast it had fallen, sent over the whole of Egypt in order to make the owner of it his wife. (*Ælian, Var. lib. 13*).

Gudrun in her misfortunes has to become an Aschenbrödel; she herself although a queen, has to clean the hearth and wipe up the dust with her hair, or else she is beaten. Compare 3986, 3991, 4021, 4077, 4079.

In the *Pentamerone* (1. 6) is *Cenerentola*, in Perrault *Cendrillon, ou la petite pantoufle de verre* (No. 6.) In D'Aulnoy, *Finette Cendron* (No. 10). In Norwegian, see Asbjørnsen, p. 110. In Hungarian, see the second part of *The Three Kings' Daughters*, in Stier, p. 34, and following. In Servian, with special and beautiful variations, see Wuk, No. 32. Schottky expressly says (in Büsching's *Wöchentl. Nachrichten*, 4. 61) that the Servians have a story of Aschenbrödel, which is like the German one. The story of *Allerleirauh* (No. 65) is related to this, and so is that of *Einäuglein*, No. 130.

22.—THE RIDDLE.

From Zwehrn in Lower Hesse. The story of Turandot: she wants to have her riddle guessed, and seeks what she fears, and what will destroy her pride and power. Another story differs in some respects. A King's son sees a maiden whose beauty so attracts him that he follows her, and gets into the house of a witch, whose daughter she is. The maiden herself is well-disposed, and warns him against her mother's magical and poisonous drinks. He rides away, but the mother hurries after him, and wants to give him something to drink. As she cannot get up to him, she gives the glass to the servant, who is to take it to him, but it flies in pieces (compare *Deutsche Sagen*, 2. 319), and the horse, which is sprinkled with poison, falls down dead. The servant runs to his master and tells him what has happened, they go back to fetch the saddle, and a raven is sitting on the horse eating it. The King's son kills the raven, and they take it with them; when they enter the inn, they give it to the innkeeper, who is to roast it. They have however stumbled on a den of murderers, and are shut in. By night the murderers come to take the lives of the strangers, but before doing so, they eat the raven which was roasted for the prince and his servant and all die of it; and now the innkeeper's daughter who means well by them, goes and opens the doors for the strangers, and shows them the abundance of gold and treasure. The King's son says, she shall keep that as a reward, and rides on farther with

his servants, and comes to the town where the King's daughter is to guess the riddle. He gives her this riddle to guess, "One struck none, and yet struck twelve." All the other stories are like this. One in Lassberg's *Liedersaal*, 1. 537, should be compared with it.

23.—THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE SAUSAGE.

From Philander von Sittewald's *Gesichten*, part 2, at the end of the seventh "Vision." The story however still survives by word of mouth, but it is told in many different ways, for instance, it is related of a mouse and sausage without the little bird. One has to cook one week, the other the week after. There is a story from Alsace in Stöber's *Volksbüchlein*, p. 99. See *Gossip Mysel*, and *Gossip Lägerwürstel*, in the *Neue Preuss. Provinzialblätter*, 1. 226.

24.—FRAU HOLLE.

From Hesse and Westphalia. A third story from the Schwalm district connects this story with that of *Hänsel and Gretel*. Two girls were sitting together by a well, spinning; one of them was pretty, the other hideous. The pretty one said, "The one who lets her distaff fall into the water shall go in after it."

Then her distaff fell down, and she was forced to go in after it. When she was below she was however not drowned in the water, but came out in a meadow wherein stood a little pear-tree, to which she said, "Shake thyself, stir thyself," and then the little pear-tree shook and tossed itself about. Then she came to a little calf, and said, "Moo-calf, stoop down." Then the little calf stooped down. Then she came to an oven, and said, "Oven, bake me a roll." Then the oven baked her a roll.*

At length she came to a little house made of pancakes, and as she was hungry she ate some of it, and when she had eaten a hole in it, she looked in and saw a little red woman, who cried, "The wind, the heavenly child! come in and comb my hair." Then she went in and combed the old woman's hair until she fell asleep. Thereupon the girl went into a room full of things made of gold, and put on a golden dress, and went away again. When however she came to the oven again, she said, "Oven, please do not betray me." "No, I will not betray thee." Then she came to the little calf, and at last to the little pear-tree, and to each of them she said, "Betray me not," and each answered, "No, I will not betray thee." Then she came out of the well again, and day was just dawning, and the cock cried, "Our golden girl is coming."

* This story is manifestly imperfect, for the help the tree, the cow, and oven afterwards give the girl is in return for kind services performed by her for them.—Tr.

Soon afterwards the dirty ugly girl's distaff also falls into the well, and she has to go after it. She comes to the pear-tree, the calf, and the oven. She speaks to them as the pretty one had done, but they do not obey her. Then she, too, combs the red old woman's hair until she has fallen asleep, goes into the room and dresses herself all in gold, and is about to go home. She entreats the oven, the calf, and the pear-tree not to betray her, but they answer, "Yes, indeed, we will betray thee." So when the old woman awakes, she hastens after the girl, and they say to her, "If thou runnest, thou wilt yet overtake her." She overtakes the girl and dirties her golden dress for her. When she comes out of the well again day is just dawning and the cock cries, "Our dirty girl is coming." A fourth story from the Paderborn district is most like this, especially in the sympathy which the things the girl has spoken to on her way show her afterwards. She has shaken a little tree, milked a cow which has had its calf stolen from it, and has taken the bread out of the oven. Then in the house she is forced every afternoon to pick the lice off a witch, an ape, and a bear, and for that she receives the most beautiful clothes and a quantity of gold and silver. When she has got all these things, she says, "I will go out and fetch some water." She goes and again finds the door of the well by which she had come down. She opens it and sees the bucket just being let down. She seats herself in it, and is drawn up. As she stays away, the witch, the ape, and the bear send a great black dog after her, which asks everywhere if no one has seen a girl quite covered with silver and gold. But the tree which she shook points with its leaves to another road, the cow which she milked goes another way and nods her head as if she were showing him the right one, and the oven shoots out its flames and points in quite a wrong direction. The dog therefore cannot find the girl. All fares on the contrary very ill with the wicked girl, when she runs away and comes under the tree which she refused to shake: it shakes itself, and throws down a great many dry branches which strike her, the cow she would not milk kicks her, so that at last she arrives above again, bruised and covered with blue marks.

A fifth story, also from Hesse, is different. There was once a woman who had a great affection for her own daughter, and did not at all love her step-daughter, who was a good and pious girl, but treated her very cruelly, and tried to get rid of her. One day she places both of them by a well, and says that they are to spin there, but adds, "If either of you lets her distaff fall down the well, I will throw her in after it." Having said this, she fastens her own daughter's distaff tightly, but her step-daughter's quite loosely. The latter has only spun a very short time, when her distaff falls into the well, and the step-mother is hard-hearted

enough to throw her in after it. She falls deep down, but comes into a magnificent garden and to a house in which there is no one. In the kitchen, the soup is just boiling over, the roast meat just going to burn, and the cakes in the oven are just going to turn black. She quickly takes the soup off the fire, pours water on the roast meat, draws the cakes out of the oven, and puts everything right, and though very hungry, takes nothing but a few crumbs which have fallen off while she was trimming the cakes.

But now comes a water-nixie with frightful hair which has certainly not been combed out for a year, and desires the girl to comb it without twitching it, or pulling a single hair out, which at length, with much dexterity, she accomplishes. The nixie now says that she would much like to keep the girl with her, but cannot do so because she ate the two or three crumbs, but she gives her a ring and other things, and says if at night she turns the ring round she will come to her. The other daughter likewise has now to go to the nixie, and is thrown into the well, but she does everything wrong, does not restrain her hunger, and therefore comes back with evil gifts.

W. Reynitzsch gives a sixth story from Thuringia in his book, *Ueber Truhten und Truhtensteine** (Gotha, 1802), pp. 128-131. The pretty sister, whose distaff has fallen into the well, is pushed down by the wicked ugly one (aischliche). She comes into a wide open country. A little white man goes with her into a green meadow in which a minstrel with his fiddle meets her, receives her singing, and accompanies her. A red cow begs to be milked in order that her udder may not burst; the girl does it. At last they reach a magnificent town; the little man asks by which gate she will enter—the golden gate, or the pitch gate? She chooses the latter out of humility, but is led through the first, where everything is dropping with gold, and her face and clothes become gilded. A maiden asks her where she will live; in the white house, or in the black one? She again says, "In the black one," but is conducted to the white one. Another asks her whether she would prefer to spin gold flax with pretty spinning-girls and have her meals with them, or with cats and snakes. The girl is terrified, but is taken to the golden spinners and eats roast meat with them, and drinks beer and mead. After she has led a delightful life there for some time she is taken back through a golden gate by another little man, and reaches home covered with golden garlands. On her arrival the yellow cock crows "Cock a doodle doo! Cock a doodle doo!" and every one cries, "Here comes Golden Mary." The ugly sister now also lets herself be pushed into the well. Everything happens quite contrariwise with her. A little black man guides her, she passes

* *On Druids and Druidical Stones.*

by a gate of pitch into a misty abode of snakes and toads, where she is not allowed to eat so much as she wants, and has no rest day or night. In the Naubert collection (l. 136-179) the story is on the whole treated in the same way as in the fourth tale from Hesse, and in the same manner as the rest, but it is very pleasantly amplified. There is another method of treatment in Mad. Villeneuve's stories, of which in 1765 a translation appeared in Ulm, under the title, *Die junge Amerikanerin*. The Marmot (Liron), so the step-child is called, has to perform the coarsest work, keep the sheep, and at the same time bring back home with her an appointed quantity of spun thread. The maiden frequently seats herself on the edge of a well, and one day when she is about to wash her face, she falls in. When she comes to herself again, she finds herself in a crystal globe in the hands of a beautiful nixie, whose hair she is obliged to comb, for which she receives a magnificent dress, and whenever she lets down her hair and combs it, bright flowers are to fall from it, and whenever she is in trouble she is to plunge into the well and seek help from the nixie. The nixie likewise gives her a shepherd's crook which will keep off wolves and robbers; a spinning-wheel and distaff, which spin of their own accord, and lastly, a tame beaver able to perform many services. When Marmot comes home one evening with these things, the other daughter also is to get some like them for herself, and she jumps down the well. She falls however, into a morass, and because of her pride receives the gift, that stinking weeds and rushes shall grow out of her head, and that if she pulls one out still more shall grow. Marmot alone can remove the hateful decoration for a day and a night if she combs her, and now she is always obliged to do it. Then follows the further history of Marmot for which other stories are used; she always has to perform something which is dangerous, but by the aid of her magical gifts she does everything safely. In Hesse they say when it snows, "Frau Holle is making her bed;" in Holstein, "St. Peter is shaking up his bed;" or "The angels are picking feathers and down," vide Müllenhoff, p. 583. In Swabian, see Meier, 77. Kuhn, No. 9. Holstein, see Müllenhoff, No. 31, 51. There is a story from Alsace, in Stöber's *Volksbuch*, p. 113. In Norwegian in Asbjörnsen, p. 86. Roumanian, from the Bukowina, in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für Mythologie*, l. 42. In the *Pentamerone*, *The two Cakes* (4, 7). The first story in the *Brunswick Collection* has some affinity. *The proud wild Fir-tree* (*Stolze Föhre*) in Ziska, p. 38, is allied to this; also two Servian tales in Wuk, No. 34, 36. Compare the stories of *Frau Holle* in our *Deutsche Sagen*, vol. ii, and Panzer's *German Mythology*, i. 125, 190. For Norse stories see P. E. Müller's *Sagabibliothek*, i. 274-275.

25.—THE SEVEN RAVENS.

From the Maine district, but the beginning, up to where the little sister goes out into the world, is added from a Viennese story. The former only tells briefly that the three little sons (seven in the latter) play at cards on Sunday, during church time, and on that account are bewitched by their mother, as in a story in E. M. Arndt, where for the same reason they are changed into mice (see further on). The story of the *Six Swans*, No. 49, has some resemblance, in which story, too, the Austrian one is merged. In that we have the ravens in the black and more unhappy form; in the story of the *Twelve Brothers* they also appear in the same way as here, and the whole bears some affinity. We have also a story about the Glass Mountain from Hanau. There was an enchanted princess whom no one could set free, who had not climbed the Glass Mountain whither she was banished. Then a young apprentice came to the inn; a boiled chicken was set before him for dinner, all the bones of which he carefully collected, put them in his pocket, and went towards the Glass Mountain. When he had got there he took out a little bone, stuck it in the mountain, and climbed on it, and then he stuck in one little bone after the other until he had in this way mounted almost to the top. He had only one single step more to make, but the little bone was wanting to do it with, whereupon he cut off his little finger and stuck it in the Glass Mountain, and thus attained the summit and released the princess. Thus does Sivard deliver proud Bryniel af Glarbierget (*Altdän. Lieder*, S. 31), riding up it on his foal. In a song from Ditmars, occurs

“So schalst du my de Glasenburg *
Mit eenen Perd opriden.”

Wolfdieterich is bewitched in a tomb, where, according to the *Dresd. Gedicht*, Str. 289.

vir perg umb in geleit, †
die waren auch glesseine
und waren hel und glatt.”

In the old edition it says (Str. 1171),

“mit glasse was fürware †
burg und grabe überzogen,
es mocht nichts wan zum tore
sein in die burg geflogen.”

* And thus shalt thou ascend the Glass Mountain on horseback.

† Four mountains lay around it, they were also like crystal, and were bright and smooth.

‡ Truly castle and moat were coated with glass, nothing could have entered the gate unless it had flown.

A Glass Mountain occurs in the *Younger Titirel* (Str. 6177) also in other stories, viz. in *Snow-white* (No. 53), in the *Raven* (No. 93), in the *Iron Stove* (127). King Arthur dwells with Morgan le fay, on the Glass island, and it is easy to trace a connection not in words alone, with the Norse Gläsisvoll. In Scotland, walls are still to be found covered as it were with glass (vitrified forts), see *Archæologia Britan.* 4. 242. *Sæmundar Edda*, 2. see 879, Notes.

When the little sister reaches the end of the world, we may compare the observations in the Scottish version of the *Frog King* (No. 1). Fortunatus also travels until at last he can go no farther, with reference to which Nyerup (*Morskabslæsning*, p. 161) quotes the following song,

“gamle Sole ligge der*
og forslidte Maaners Här,
hvoraf Stjerner klippes.”

With this should be compared a song in the *Wunderhorn*, 1; 300. In the *Younger Titirel* it is said,

“swer an der erden ende †
sô tiefe sich geneiget,
der vindet sunder wende
daz er Antarticum wol vingerzeiget 4748.”

Wolfram speaks of a land,

“daz sô nâh der erden orte liget, †
dâ nieman fûrbaz bûwes pfliget,
und dâ der tagesterne ûf gêt
sô nâh, swer dâ ze fuoze stêt
in dunct daz er wol reichte dran.”
Willehalm, 35, 5-9.

Vossius, in his *Abhandlung über die alte Weltkunde*, gives the following fragments. “The Spinning-girls tell of a young tailor’s apprentice who travelled farther and farther, and after manifold adventures with griffins, enchanted princesses, wizard-dwarfs, and fierce mountain-piling giants at last reached the end of the world. He did not find it as it is commonly supposed to be, all boarded up with planks, through the seams of which one sees the holy angels busily engaged in brewing storms, forging lightning, and working

* Old suns are lying there, and a host of waned moons, out of which stars are cut.

† Whosoever bends down deep enough at the world’s end, will find that without turning round, he points his finger to the Antarctic (regions).

‡ That lies so near the end of the earth that no one takes thought for building, and where the morning star rises so near that whoever sets foot there fancies he can almost touch it.

up the old sunshine into new moonlight, and the used-up moon and starlight into northern lights (aurora), rainbows, and the bright twilight of the summer nights. No, the blue vault of heaven sank down on the surface of the earth like a dome. The moon was just rising above the horizon, and the tailor allowed himself the pleasure of touching it with his fore-finger. But it hissed, and skin and flesh were scorched off to the nail." Falk has elaborated this story in his *Osterbüchlein*, pp. 178-252. Compare Kuhn, No. 7. Müllenhoff, No. 3. *Büchlein für die Jugend*, No. 1. Meier, No. 49. Sommer, No. 11. Asbjørnsen, No. 3. *The Seven Doves* in the *Pentamerone*, (4, 8). A Lithuanian story, see Schleicher, pp. 109-112, is allied, and so is a Finnish story, as is remarked by Schiefner, p. 607. A portion of the fable reminds us also of the ancient Danish ballad of Berner Ravn, who was bewitched by his step-mother, and whose sister gave him her little child, that by means of its eyes and heart's blood he might be restored to his human form again.

26.—LITTLE RED CAP.

From the Maine district. See Perrault's *Chaperon Rouge*, whence Tieck's charming elaboration in the *Romantic Poems*. In a Swedish popular song (*Folkviser*, 3. 68, 69) *Jungfrun i Blåskagen* (Black Forest) is a kindred story. A girl is to go across the country to a wake. Her way leads through a dark forest, where the grey wolf meets her. "Ah dear wolf," says she, "do not bite me, and I will give thee my shift sewn with silk." "Thy shift sewn with silk is not what I want, I will have thy young life and blood!" So she offers her silver shoes, and then her golden crown, but all was in vain. In her trouble she climbs up a high oak-tree, but the wolf undermines the root. In her terrible anguish the girl utters a piercing cry. Her lover hears it, saddles his horse, and rides with the swiftness of a bird, but when he arrives at the spot, the oak is lying uprooted, and all that remains of the girl is one bleeding arm.

27.—THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS.

From two stories heard in the district of Paderborn. A third from Zwehrn differs in this respect, that the four animals do not drive the robbers out of the house in a fright, but enter it peaceably, make music, and in return are entertained by them. The robbers then go out in search of booty, and when they return home at midnight the one who is sent first to light up the house meets with the same adventures that in the other stories befel the one who went to reconnoitre. In Rollenhagen's *Froschmeuseler*, book 3, chap. 8, we find our story with the title, *How the ox and the ass together with their companions storm a hut in the forest*.

In our tale the wild beasts of the forest have become robbers. The former is certainly earlier, for in the Latin *Reinhart Fuchs* (*Isengrimus*, 529, and following), is a fable according to which the goat, buck, fox, stag, cock, and goose go a-travelling, establish themselves in a hut in the forest, and play a trick on the wolf who comes to it; as is also related in a story from Transylvania, (See Haltrich, No. 4) with which No. 41 is closely allied. Especially is it to be observed that here the strong, wild, and powerful animals are deceived (as in No. 102,) where dwarfs overreach giants. Rollenhagen is more complete, inasmuch as in his version the ox and the goose also appear, and with regard to this latter, we must particularly notice the good incident of the frightened man's mistaking her beak for a pair of red-hot iron tongs. A Swabian story, the *Robber and the Domestic Animals*, is to be found in Meier, No. 3. Compare as a whole, the establishment in the *Ragamuffins*, No. 10.

28.—THE SINGING BONE.

From Lower Hesse, whence also, though from two different places, we have two other stories. They begin like the story of *The Water of Life*, No. 97. An old King becomes ill and wants to give away his crown, but does not know to which of his three (or two) sons. At length he decides that it shall fall to the one who can catch a bear (or wild boar) with a golden padlock. The eldest goes out and has a horse, a cake, and a bottle of wine to take with him on his way. A little dwarf is sitting under a tree in the forest who asks kindly, "Whither goest thou?" and begs for a little piece of cake. The prince answers haughtily, gives him nothing, and is therefore "ill-wished" by the dwarf, that he shall seek the bear in vain. So he goes home again having done nothing. The second is sent out, but has no better success; and now it is the turn of the youngest, the simpleton, who is ridiculed, and who receives a stick instead of a horse, bread instead of cake, and water in place of wine. In the forest the little man speaks to him also; he answers civilly, and shares his food with him. Then the little man gives him a rope with which he catches the bear, and brings it home. The other story briefly relates that the second son slays the wild boar; the eldest brother sees him coming, goes to meet him, and kills him. The rest of the story is the same. For a fourth story, see Colshorn, No. 71. A fifth from Switzerland is communicated by Wackernagel in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 3. 35, 36. A boy and a girl are sent into the forest to seek a flower, the one who finds it is to have the kingdom. The girl finds it and falls asleep. The brother comes up, kills the sleeping girl, covers her with earth, and goes away. Afterwards a shepherd-boy finds a little bone, and makes a flute of it. The

little bone begins to sing, and gives an account of everything that has been done. A sixth is in Müllenhoff, No. 49.

The same saga occurs in an old Scotch ballad, a harper makes a harp of the breast-bone of the drowned sister, which begins to play of its own accord, and accuses the guilty sister (Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 2. 157-162). In the Faroese ballad on the same subject, we have the incident of the harp-strings being made of the murdered girl's hair; see *Schwedische Volkslieder*, by Geyer and Afzelius, 1. 86. In Polish, see Lewestam, p. 105. See also *The Esthonian Tales* of H. Neus, p. 56. In a Servian story in Wuk, No. 29, an elder-tube used as a flute reveals the mystery. The Bechuanas also, in South Africa, have a similar story.

29.—THE DEVIL WITH THE THREE GOLDEN HAIRS.

From Zwehrn; another story from the Maine district agrees with it on the whole, but is much less complete; three feathers only are demanded by the phoenix-bird, as the Devil is called. A third, also from lower Hesse, contains a portion of the story, and introduces it in this manner. A certain princess sees a wood-cutter at work under her window, and falls in love with him for his beauty. It is decreed that whosoever shall bring three golden hairs out of the Devil's head, shall be her husband. Many princes have already undertaken the enterprise unsuccessfully, and now the wood-cutter, in his love for her, ventures it. There is no difference in the method of working this out—there is a slight variation in the two first questions which are put, why a village-fountain had run dry, and why a fig-tree was no longer green. When he brings the answers he receives in recompense besides gold, two regiments of infantry, and with these he compels the aged King to keep his word. Different, but akin to it, is the Swiss story of the *Vogel Greif*, (No. 165). Büsching's *Volksmärchen* (No. 59) give us an oral tradition also, the conditions with respect to dissolving the enchantment are much increased, and the whole seems diffuse and amplified in the French style. See *The Five Questions* in Wolt's *Hausmärchen*, p. 184. Meier, Nos. 73-79. Pöhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 8. *Die Drachenfedern*, Zingerle, p. 69. There is a beautiful Swedish story in the *Popular Tales of Afzelius* (2. 161-167); a Norwegian story in Asbjörnsen, No. 5; a Wendish in Haupt and Schmalzer; a Hungarian, called *The Brothers*, in Mailáth, No. 8. Compare a Mongolian story, in Gesser Khan, p. 142, and following. Allied to the opening of the story is an old saga of the Emperor Henry III. (see *Deutsche Sagen*, 2, No. 480; see *Gesta Romanorum*, under No. 2). The last part, where the questions are put to the Devil, bears some resemblance to an Italian story in the *Pentamerone* (4. 3). A story in Saxo Grammaticus, in the eighth book, which belongs to this subject, is noteworthy. Thorkill arrives at Utgard, which

is described as like hell. There he snatches from Loki one of his long hairs which shines like fire. Here we may compare P. E. Müller upon Saxo Grammaticus (p. 141, and following), who accepts as a fact that this journey of Thorkill's was written after the introduction of Christianity. The superstition of the caul (pileus naturalis, in Lampridius) is also indigenous in Iceland; a spirit is said to dwell in it which accompanies the child its whole life through, on which account the caul is carefully preserved and concealed. In Belgium it is called the helmet (helm), and according to whether it is red, or pale and blackish in colour, they infer the child's future fortunes (*Del Rio, Disquisitt. magicæ*, 4. 2, 9, 7); compare *Edda Saemundar* 2, Note 653. The Devil's mother or grandmother is spoken of in the German Mythology. Here she is good-natured * and helps the oppressed, as in the English story of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. The giant's daughters also seem kindly disposed to the stranger.

30.—THE LOUSE AND THE FLEA.

From Cassel. It approaches the form of the nursery song, *Es schickt der Herr den Jokel aus, er soll den Hafer schneiden*, &c. Compare No. 16 in Kuhn and Schwartz, and Halliwell's *Nursery Rhymes*.

31.—THE GIRL WITHOUT HANDS.

From two stories current in Hesse which, on the whole, complete and agree with each other. The one from Zwehrn lacks the beginning, and only says that a father wanted to have his own daughter to wife, and as she refused, cut off her hands (and breasts), made her put on a white shirt, and drove her out into the world. The sequel of this story, however, which is told almost in the same way, surpasses the other in internal completeness, only in the former the incident of its being the Devil who changes the letters is retained, whereas here it is the old Queen who is from the very first ill-disposed towards her step-daughter, who does it. There are also the distinguishing features, that before the girl marries the King she keeps the fowls for a while in his courtyard, and that afterwards, when she is driven out with her child on her back into the wild forest, an old man bids her fold her maimed arms thrice round a tree, and while she is doing this, they (and her breasts also) will, by God's grace, grow again of their own accord. He also tells her that the house in which she is to live, will only be allowed to open to him who shall thrice beg for admission for God's sake,

* There is a wild place among the rocks near Wooler, in Northumberland, where the Devil is said to have cooked his grandmother. This seems to imply that there was a sequel to some one of these stories which turn on her helping others to outwit him. In South Wales, too, the witchelm is called the tree on which the Devil hanged his grandmother.—Tr.

which the King, when he comes to it, is afterwards forced to do before he is let in. A third story from the district of Paderborn coincides on the whole with that from Zwehrn. Instead of an angel, a little light which comes down from heaven guides the unhappy maiden. As she is going about in the forest with her stumps of arms, she sees a blind mouse which puts its head into a running stream, and thus receives its sight again. So, weeping and praying, the girl holds her arms under water, and her hands grow once more. A fourth tale from Mecklenburg contains another form of the saga. A certain man had a daughter, still a child, who day and night was always at prayer. He grew angry and forbade her to do it, but she went on praying continually, until at last he cut out her tongue, but she prayed in thought, and embraced the cross with her arms. Then the man became still more angry, and cut off her right hand, but she clasped the cross with her left. He cut off her arm as far as the elbow. Then a man said to her, "Depart, or thy father will cut off thy left arm as well." She was just seven years old, and she walked onwards and ever onwards until in the evening she came to a great house, in front of which a huntsman was standing. She made him understand that she was hungry, and that she wished he would let her go in. The huntsman would willingly have done it, but did not know where to put her; at length he took her to a dog's kennel, where two pet dogs of the rich Count, in whose service he was, were lying. She stayed two years in the kennel, and ate and drank with the dogs. Then the Count remarked how thin the dogs were growing, and asked the huntsman what was the reason, and he confessed that he had taken in a girl who was sharing their food. The Count said that he was to fetch her to him, but the girl would not come; so he himself went down to the dog-kennel and saw her, and said she was to go with him into his castle and he would bring her up. She was then nine years old, and it happened that one day when she was standing by the gate, a poor grey-haired man came and begged for a charitable gift. She gave him something, and then he said, "Thou shalt have thy tongue and thine arm back again," and gave her a staff and said, "Take this staff, and walk straight onwards, it will protect thee from evil, and show thee thy way." So she took the staff and walked on for the space of two years. She reached a lake and drank some of it, and then her tongue came swimming to her and grew fast in her mouth, and then she put the maimed stump into the water, and the arm came and grew fast in its old place, and after that the hand came also. And now she took the staff, and returned to the Count, but she had grown so beautiful that he no longer knew her. She made herself known to him, and they were married.

One can see that this story is the popular source from which in

the middle ages sprang the well-known poems *Mai* and *Beafloer Fair Helena* and others. A fragment of a fourth story from Hesse coincides also strikingly with this. In this the Queen is driven out with her children, and her two fingers are cut off, which the children carry about with them. The children are stolen from her by wild beasts, and serve as scullions, and the mother as a washerwoman.

A story from Meran, in Zingerle, p. 124, which is linked with the story of *The Two Brothers* (No. 60), also belongs to this group. So likewise does No. 36 in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*. *La Penta manomozza*, in the *Pentamerone* (3. 2); two Servian tales (Wuk, Nos. 27-33) are allied, and probably also a Finnish story in Rudbek (1. 140). See Schiefner, 600, 616. An old German tale contains the saga of a king who wishes to have a wife who resembles his daughter. The Pope gives him permission to have the daughter, who refuses him, and is put into a barrel. (*Pfälz. MS. 336, folio 276-286.*) The girl's washing herself clean with her tears occurs also in a Swedish song (Geyer, 3. 37, 38) when the mother comes out of her grave to her children.

“hon tvälla dem så snöhvít
alt uti ögnatår.”

[A story which I have never met with in print, but which was told me by my friend the late James Macdonell, bears a strong resemblance to *Das Mädchen ohne Hände*, No. 31, in so far as the method employed to escape from the power of the Evil One is concerned. The beginning is very different. It is as follows. In a lonely farmhouse, near Tomintoul, Banffshire, dwelt a poor farmer with his wife and family. Things had gone ill with him, and he had for some time not been able “to make all ends meet.” At length he was obliged to let his eldest daughter go out to service. In order to find a place she walked to the hirings held at Grantown, which was several miles from her own home. These hirings were held twice a year at the great Candlemas and Martinmas fairs, and men and women stood in the market-place waiting to find places. She stood all day long, but no one hired her. At last, late in the evening, and bitterly disappointed at losing this chance of helping her family, she went homewards. Her way was a very lonely one, and led her across the spurs of mountains, just as they dipped down into the moorland, and long before she drew near home, darkness fell. Suddenly, as she was hurrying onwards, a man joined her whom she had never before seen. “Good evening, mistress,” said he, “Good evening,” said she, and as he still continued to walk by her side, and talk to her, she told him of the great disappointment she had just met with. “No one has hired you!” cried he. “Why, what wages do you want?” She told him the

amount, and he said, "I will hire you; you shall come to me, and here are your arles" (God's-penny). The girl had been very glad when he said that he would hire her; but as he put the money in her hand, she shivered all over, and felt that there was something awful about this stranger. She took the arles, however, and then he told her that at twelve o'clock on the following night she was to come to him at a place very near her father's house, where four roads met. When she got home she told her father and mother what she had done, and what she thought about this stranger, and they too were much alarmed and convinced that he was the Devil. They sent for the priest, who came in the morning. He, too, said that the stranger was the Devil, but declared that the girl must keep her word with him. So when night came she went to the place where the four roads met, and by the priest's orders, drew a circle, and stood within it, saying always the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria. At midnight there was a loud clap of thunder, and an angry flash of forked lightning, and immediately after a host of horrible black fiends rushed forward against her, screaming and gesticulating as if they would rend her in pieces. Her alarm was intense; but somehow she was just able to remember that the priest had told her never for a moment to cease praying, and making the sign of the cross, and never by any chance to allow herself to be terrified into overstepping the limits of the circle. She was likewise not to turn her back to her enemies. They, for their part, did their utmost to make her leave the circle and to weary her out with terror, that she might lose all power of resisting them. Sometimes they attacked her in front, sometimes behind, rushing madly on her, making the most horrible faces, uttering the most horrible cries, glaring at her with fierce fiery eyes, or seeming about to claw her forth and destroy her. Over and over again she felt as if she must faint for very weariness, or turn and fall into their power, but at length after many hours, a pale light in the sky showed that day would ere long dawn, and a cock crowed, on which all vanished, and she was delivered.—Tr.]

32.—CLEVER HANS.

From the Maine district. There is a similar story in Frei's *Gartengesellschaft* (1557), chap. 1., and one with corresponding incidents, but told in different words, in Kirchhof's *Wendunmut* (1565), 1. No. 81. We give the story from the former book.

In the valley of Geslinger dwelt a very rich widow, who had an only son, who was heavy-headed and dull-witted, and the most foolish of all the dwellers in this valley. This same dolt once upon a time saw at Saarbruck the daughter of a nobleman of high repute. The fool fell in love with her at once, and charged his mother to get this girl to be his wife, or else he would

beat in all the stoves and windows, and break up all the stairs in the house. The mother was well aware what a stupid head her son had, and feared that even if she did seek this young girl in marriage for him, and gave him a large amount of property as well, he would still be such an uncouth ass that nothing could ever be made of him. However, as the girl's parents, though noble and of good family, were so ill off that their poverty made them unable to provide for her in a manner suitable to her station, this part of the wooing was more easily managed. But then the mother feared that as her son was such a great clumsy blockhead, perhaps the girl would not have him, and gave him all kinds of instructions so that he might be able to behave courteously and attentively to the bride. The first time this blockhead has any conversation with the girl she gives him a beautiful pair of gloves of soft Spanish leather. The yokel puts them on, and then it begins to rain heavily; but he keeps the gloves on and goes home; it is all the same to him whether they get wet or not. When he is crossing a plank, he slips off, and falls into the water and mud. He arrives at home very dirty, and his gloves have become mere pulp. He complains to his mother. The good old mother scolds him and says he ought to have wrapped them in his pocket-handkerchief and have thrust them in his breast. Soon afterwards the worthy young goose again goes to see the girl. She enquires about the gloves, and he tells her what has happened. She laughs, notes this first proof of his wisdom, and presents him with a hawk. He takes it, goes home, and remembering his mother's words, strangles the hawk, folds him up in his neckerchief, and puts him in his breast. Having arrived at home, he wants to show his mother the beautiful bird, and draws it out of his breast. The mother again takes him to task, and says that he ought to have carried it carefully on his hand. The yokel goes a third time to see the girl, who asks how the hawk is, and he tells her what he did to it. She thinks "He is an absolute fool!" and seeing plainly that nothing delicate or beautiful is suitable to him, makes him a present of a harrow, which he is to use when he has sown his corn. He has laid to heart his mother's words, and like a stupid fellow carries it home in his hands. His mother is anything but pleased, and says that he should have tied it to a horse and have had it dragged home. At length the girl sees that chrisom and baptism have been thrown away on him, for there is neither reason nor understanding in him, and not knowing how to get rid of the fool, gives him a great piece of bacon and thrusts it in his bosom, and he is quite satisfied. He wants to go home, but is afraid of losing it out of his breast, so he ties it to a horse's tail, mounts the horse, and rides home. Then the dogs run after him and tear the bacon from the horse's tail and devour it. He reaches home, but the bacon is gone. The mother

sees in this more of her son's wisdom, fears the wedding will never take place, goes to the girl's parents, and requests to know the day when the formal demand in marriage can be made; but before she goes away, she earnestly charges him to keep house well, and not to make a great deal of noise, for she has a goose sitting on some eggs. As soon as his mother is out of the house, Hans goes into the cellar, drinks his fill of wine and loses the tap of the cask, and while he is looking for it, all the wine runs out in the cellar. The clever fellow takes a sack of flour and empties it on the wine that his mother may not see it when she comes. Then he goes back to the house and is violently sick. The goose is sitting there on her eggs and is terrified, and cries, "Gaga! gaga!" the stupid fellow is seized with alarm, and thinks the goose is saying, "I will tell about it," and fears she will tattle about how he has behaved in the cellar, so he cuts off her head. He is afraid that the eggs will be destroyed too, and then he will be in a peck of troubles; and thinks it over, and makes up his mind to sit on the eggs himself, but after all thinks he would not be able to manage that as he is not covered with feathers like the goose. He soon has a good thought, undresses himself entirely, smears his body all over with some honey his mother has just made, and then empties a bed and rolls himself all over in the feathers till he looks like a tomtit, and then he sits down upon the goose's eggs and is perfectly quiet lest he should frighten the young geese. While this buffoon is thus sitting, his mother arrives and knocks at the door. The dolt sits on the eggs and will give no answer; she knocks again, so he calls out "Gaga! gaga!" thinking that as he is sitting on young geese (or fools) he can't speak in any other way. At length his mother threatens him so severely that he creeps out of the nest, and lets her in. As soon as she sees him, she thinks it is the Devil himself, and asks what it means, and he tells her everything in the order in which it occurred. The mother is very anxious about this great fool, for the bride is soon to follow, so she tells him she will willingly forgive him, and that he is to behave himself well now for the bride is coming, and that he must receive and greet her in a really friendly manner, and be always casting kind eyes on her. The fool says "Yes, I will do everything I can," washes off the feathers, dresses himself again, goes into the stable, cuts all the sheep's eyes out and puts them in his breast. As soon as the bride comes, he goes to meet her, and throws all the eyes in her face, thinking that is what he has to do. The good young girl is ashamed of being made so dirty, and having her appearance spoilt, perceives the youth's want of sense, and that he will never be fit for anything, goes home again and gives him up. So he was a fool afterwards as he had been a fool before, and is still to this day sitting on young geese to hatch them. I am afraid

however that if ever they come forth they will be young fools. God forbid.

The wise deeds of Clever Hans are sometimes told in one way and sometimes in another, and are either multiplied or diminished. They are given with some variations in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 386, after an oral tradition from Lower Silesia. Akin to this are the stories of *Clever Alice*, No. 34, and of *Catherlieschen*, No. 59, in which occurs the jest related by Frei of the drying up the wine which has run out, with flour. *The Little Grandmother*, in Vogl, p. 93, should be compared with this, also a Tyrolese story in Zingerle, p. 10, and a Swabian in Meier, No. 52. The hatching of the calves in Hans Sachs (2. 4, 138, Kempt edition) is also related to this group. There is also a story of a goat which Hans took to bed, and other things of the same kind. *Bebellii facetiae* (Amst. 1651), 47-49. A nursery song (*Dichtungen aus der Kinderwelt*; Hamburg, 1815) is also related to our story, and has new jests—

By the stream sits little Hans
Carrying out some clever plans.
His little house is burnt with fire,
So he's wearing his rags to make them dryer,
And having fish in plenty caught
The scales alone he home has brought.

Hansel and Grethel,
A merry young pair,
Hansel has no wits,
And she none to spare.

The story of *Foolish Lazy Harry*, which Rollenhagen refers to in the preface to *Froschmeuseler*, is to be found in Hans Sachs (2. 4. 85^c-86^d). Lazy Harry imitates the dog and cat. See *Der alberne Heinz* in Eying (2. 116). Lazy Lenz is mentioned in the *Mägdetröster* (1663), p. 92.

33.—THE THREE LANGUAGES.

From the Upper Valais, related by Hans Truffer from Visp. The Pope was perhaps intended for Silvester II. (Gerbert) of whom Vincent Bellov. (*Spec. hist.* xxiv. 98) says, "ibi (in Seville) didicit et cantus avium et volatus mysterium." But it is also told that at the election of Innocent III. (in the year 1198) three doves flew about the church, and that at length a white one came and perched itself on his right shoulder. See Raumer Hohenstaufen iii. 74.

[Of David, "Father" of the Monks of Rose Valley, it is thus related, "When a boy, his schoolfellows declared that they often saw a white dove teaching and advising him; and in this age every person designed for a Bishop or Saint was so attended when offici-

ating, and the dove continued until the service was ended. In the old woodcuts of the *Golden Legend*, the Popes are uniformly distinguished by a Dove whispering in their ears." *Anglia Sacra* ii. 631.—[Tr.]

34.—CLEVER ALICE.

From Zwehrn. Another story called, *Hansen's Trine*, also from Hesse, likewise begins with lazy Trine asking, "What shall I do; shall I eat, or sleep, or work?" Hans finds her asleep in the room and cuts off her gown as far as her knees, and when she awakes, she is confused about her identity.* On this last point a passage in Joh. Pomarius; *Sächs Chronik*. (1588), p. 14, should be observed, which says, "Whatsoever maid or wife shall be taken in adultery, her clothes shall be cut off beneath her girdle, and she shall be scourged and driven away from amongst the people." As a whole, the story of *Clever Alice* is allied to that of *Catherlieschen*, No. 59, and in one part is identical.

35.—THE TAILOR IN HEAVEN.

From a story in Frei's *Gartengesellschaft*, No. 61, and in Kirchof's *Wendunmut*, 1. No. 230. A story varying a little in trifling points, is to be found in Wickram's *Rollwagen* (Frankfurt, 1590), pp. 98^b. 99^b. Fischart alludes to the story in *Flohhatz* (Dornavius, 390); only, according to him, it was told of St. Peter.

"wie man von Sanct Peter saget,†
der, als er Herr Gott war ein Tag
und Garn sah stehlen eine Magd,
wurf er ihr gleich ein Stuhl zum Schopf,
erwies also sein Peterskopf;
häts solcher Gestalt er lange getrieben,
es wär kein Stuhl im Himmel blieben."

* See the well-known nursery rhyme about the little old woman who fell asleep by the King's highway, and whose petticoats were cut off by the pedlar. In Verstegan, *Camb. Brit.*, vol. iii., p. 260, we read, "If either wife or maid were found in dishonesty, her clothes were cut off round about her beneath the girdle-stead, and she was whipped and turned out to be derided of the people." See also Probert's *Ancient Laws of Cambria*.—Tr.

† As of St. Peter it is told,
In God's place how he sat one day,
And saw a maid steal yarn away.
Into her lap a chair he threw,
And showed his saintly visage too,
If to this pastime more time he had given,
Not a single chair had been left in heaven.

In Hans Sachs (5. 3, 89, Kempt: edition;) it is *Der Schneider mit dem Panier*. The story continues to exist among the people, and Möser mentions it in his *Miscellaneous Writings*, 2. 332 and 2. 235. See *Jan im Himmel*, in Wolf's *Deutsche Sagen und Märchen*, No. 16. Also a Swabian story in Ernst Meier, No. 35. The chair of the Lord, from which one is able to overlook the whole world, strongly reminds us of Odin's seat, named Hlidskiálf, from which he saw everything that took place on earth, and on which others occasionally seated themselves, Freya, for instance, as we are told in the *Edda*. That the Tailor forced his way into heaven with inimical intentions, is shown in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 2. 2.

“der nû den himel hát irkorn *
 der geiselet uns bì unser habe,
 ich führte sêre und wird im zorn
 den flegel wirft er uns her abe.”
 Altmeistergesangb. 3^a.

36.—THE WISHING-TABLE, THE GOLD-ASS, AND THE CUDGEL IN THE SACK.

From Hesse. Another story also from there begins thus. A tailor has three sons, whom he sends out into the world one after the other, to look about them and see if they can learn some honest trade. That they may not go forth quite unprovided, each has a pan-cake and a farthing given to take with him on the way. The eldest goes forth first and comes to a little master, who dwells it is true in a nut-shell, but is immensely rich. The tailor for liberal payment is to watch and take his flock to pasture on the mountains, only the little master tells him, he is not to be allowed to go into a house which stands at the foot of the mountain, from which merry dance music resounds. For a time the tailor keeps the herd quite properly, but in the end he allows himself to be led away, and goes into the forbidden house. So his master discharges him; but as in other respects he has behaved well, he gives him a table that can cover itself with food. With this he goes home, but on the way it is exchanged; he has also eaten his pan-cake, and spent his farthing, and brings nothing back with him but a table that is useless. And now the second son is sent out and comes to the same little master, and has a like fate, and instead of a real gold-donkey, brings a false one with him. On the other hand, the third son stays with the little master for a whole year as the latter desired, and as he has filled his ears with cotton-wool, the house with the music is never dangerous to him. When he takes leave he receives a “Cudgel

* He who has chosen heaven, scourges us (in proportion) to our goods. I very much fear that in his anger he will throw down his scourges on us.

in the sack," with which he gets back the magic things which his brothers have lost and they live very happily with their father, who now rejoices that he did not squander away the little he had on his sons. In *Lina's Märchenbuch*, by Albert Ludwig Grimm, see No. 4, *The Cudgel in the Sack*. Compare with this the story from Meran, in Zingerle, pp. 84 and 185, and a Swabian story, Meier, No. 22. In Danish, see Etlar, p. 150. In Norwegian, Asbjørnsen, p. 43. In Netherlandish, see *Wodana*, No. 5. Hungarian, see Stier, p. 79.

In Polish, see Levestam, p. 105. In Wallachian, Schott, No. 20. To this also belongs a tale from the Zillerthal,* Zingerle, p. 56, which corresponds with the Irish story *The Bottle* (*Elfenmärchen*, No. 9),† and also with the Russian one, *The Gentle Man and the Cross Wife*, in Dietrich, No. 8. The story of the *Knapsack, Hat, and Horn* is also allied with it (No. 54).

[A version of this story is also to be found in Von Hahn's *Modern Greek Household Tales*, and a somewhat similar one, No. 1, in the *Pentamerone* of Basile. Mr. Henderson gives two which are current in the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire, in his *Folklore*.—TR.]

37.—THUMBLING.

From Mühlheim on the Rhine. Belongs to the same class of fables as *Thumbling as Journeyman* (No. 45); compare the notes on that. In Slavonic, see Voel. No. 6. In Roumanian, from the Bukowina in Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 1. 48. In Albanian, see Hahn, 2. pp. 168, 169.

38.—MR. FOX.

Is told in many forms in Hesse and the Maine district: we here give the two most important variations, the others turn on the fact of the old fox being really dead, or only apparently so (as in the old French poem), and whether foxes only, or other animals as well, come to woo the widow. In the latter case her questions are more numerous: "What is the wooer like? Does he, too, wear a red cap?" "Alas, no—a white one," for it was the wolf. "Has he a little red jacket on?" "No, a yellow one," for it was the lion. The speech to the cat at the beginning has also many variations:

"Mistress Cat, Mistress Kit,
Is your fire ready lit?
Is your meat on the spit?
What is Mistress Fox about?"

* In the Tyrol.

† *Irische Elfenmärchen*—a translation from Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*, by W. Grimm, to which he added a Treatise on Elves.—TR.

or

“What are you doing, my dear little cat?”

“I'm sitting here, warming each pit-a-pat;”

afterwards

Away the little cat she went,

With her little tail so bent,

Away she went upstairs.

“Mistress Fox, what a beautiful beast is here,
In shape it is like the most beautiful deer!”

“Alas, no,” answered Mrs. Fox, and made a complimentary discourse upon her former lord, in which she spoke of his many virtues, and howsoever highly the other animals might be gifted, some other thing that the Fox had was always more admired.

39.—THE ELVES.

All three from Hesse. There is a Holstein story like the third in Müllenhoff, p. 313, a Lithuanian in Schleicher, pp. 104, 105. Of the verse in the third story, it should be remarked that in Dähnert's *Platt-deutsches Wörterbuch*, p. 556, very old things are said to be “Old as de Bremer wold” (as old as the forest of Bremer). Schütze, in the Holstein *Idioticon*, 3. 173, 373, has “So oold as de Bremer Woold.” In Müllenhoff—

“ik bün so alt*
as Bernholt (Brennholz)
in den Wolt.”

In Transylvania they say “Alt wie der Kokelfluss,” as old as the river Kokel; see Haltrich, p. 72. In Hungary, according to Weinhold, “old as the Hungarian forest;” see *Deutsche Mythologie*, pp. 437, 438. The third story is also in Colshorn, p. 224, and in a Breton song, *Barzas-Breiz*, 1. 50. The Danes have it likewise, see Thiele's *Dänische Sagen*, 1. 49; where the little fellow says, “Nu har jeg seet tre gang ung Skov paa Tiis Söe”—(I have now thrice seen young trees upon Tiis Söe.) In the Tyrol, he says,

“Ich bin grad nett jetzt so viel Jahr schon alt,†
Als Nadeln hat die Tanne da im Wald.”
“Vonbun. Vorarlberg. Volkssagen,” p. 4.

* “As old am I,
As the logs that lie
Ripe for the fire,
In the forest hard by.”

† “My years are as many at this very minute,
As that pine in the forest has needles in it.”

To this place also belongs No. 6 in the *Irische Elfenmärchen*. Compare the stories of the quiet folk, the benevolent dwarfs, and well-disposed kobolds in the first vol. of our *Deutsche Sagen*. It is a peculiar feature that these little spirits disappear if clothes are given to them. A little sea-dwarf will have none, and vanishes when he receives them. See *Mone's Anzeiger* 1837, p. 175. A fairy man receives a little red coat, is delighted with it, and disappears, see Vonbun, pp. 3, 4.

[Stories of this kind are extremely numerous in the south of Scotland and north of England. The best known is perhaps that of "The cauld lad of Hilton," who devoted himself to undermining the good qualities of the servants at Hilton Castle. His practice was to throw everything into dire confusion in the kitchens and larders if he found these places tidy and clean; and to put everything to rights with the greatest precision if he found them dirty and disorderly. The result of this fancy of his may be imagined.

At length a green cloak and hood were laid for him; it was green because it was supposed his connexion with fairyland would induce him to prefer that colour. He was delighted, but utterly demoralized,

"Here's a cloak and there's a hood,
And the cauld lad of Hilton will do no more good,"

said he, and disappeared for ever.—TR.]

40.—THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM.

From two stories heard in Lower Hesse: in one, ashes are strewn on the road to mark it instead of peas and lentils. A third and less perfect version comes from the district of the Maine. In this it is a king's daughter, to whom the bridegroom shows the way by means of ribbons which he ties to every tree. While she is hidden behind the barrel, the robbers bring in her grandmother and cut off her finger. Compare Carol. Stahl's story of the *Miller's Daughter* (see further on). See Meier, No. 63. No. 33 in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*. In Danish, see Thiele, 2. pp. 12, 13. In Hungarian, Streit, p. 45.*

* In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, with notes by Malone, there is this very similar English story, which is thus alluded to by Benedick in *Much Ado about Nothing*. "Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid that it should be so." Once upon a time there was a young lady (called Lady Mary in the story) who had two brothers. One summer they all went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the

41.—HERR KORBES.

From the district of the Maine, but we have heard it in Hesse also, though the rhyme runs rather differently—

The carriage rolls,
The mouse squeaks,
The cock he nods his beard,
All goes well upon my word.

The *Pack of Ragamuffins* No. 10 is allied to this.

young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day when her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered. At length she opened it and went in. Over the portal of the hall was written, "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." She advanced: over the staircase the same inscription. She went up: over the entrance of a gallery, the same. She proceeded: over the door of a chamber she read: "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold, lest that your heart's blood should run cold." She opened it—it was full of skeletons, tubs full of blood, &c. She retreated in haste. Coming down stairs she saw from a window, Mr. Fox advancing towards the house, with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady upstairs she caught hold of one of the banisters with her hand on which was a rich bracelet, Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword: the hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got home safe to her brother's house. After a few days Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual (whether by invitation or of his own accord this deponent saith not). After dinner, when the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, Lady Mary at length said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. "I dreamt," said she, "that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I thought I would go there one morning. When I came to the house I knocked, but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall was written '*Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.*' But," said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, "*It is not so, nor it was not so;*" then she pursued the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with "*It is not so, nor it was not so,*" till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale and said, "*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so;*" which he continued to repeat at every turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying as usual, "*It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so,*" Lady Mary retorted, "*But it is so, and it was so, and here is the hand I have to show,*" at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap: whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces.—TR.

42.—THE GODFATHER.

This is more complete than in the earlier editions, and is taken from a story in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, pp. 173, 174.

43.—FRAU TRUDE.

A better and more complete version than in the earlier editions. Use has been made of a poem by Meier Teddy in the *Frauentaschenbuch*, 1823, p. 360.

44.—GODFATHER DEATH.

From Hesse; but here oral tradition completes the story by the fact of Death showing the physician the cavern with the life-candles, and warning him. The stratagem by means of which Death punishes his Godson is taken from the rendering of the story in Schilling's *Neue Abendgenossen*, 3. 145, 286, who has also derived it from modern folklore. The age of the story is proved by one of Hans Sachs's Meister Songs in the year 1553, which is to be found in a MS. collection of Meister songs in Berlin (German MSS. No. 22 and following parts. The conclusion is different. Compare a Meister song by Henry Wolf in the year 1644, in another collection (*German MSS.* No. 24 fol. p. 496), in which first the Devil and then Death is rejected by the peasant. Jacob Ayrer, too, has made a Shrove-Tuesday Play of it (the 6th in the theatrical works), called *The Peasant and his Godfather, Death*. First Jesus offers himself as Godfather, but is not accepted by the peasant because he makes one man rich and another poor. Thereupon the Devil comes up whom the peasant likewise rejects (as St. Christopher did when he was in search of a master), because he runs away at the name of the Lord and the holy cross. At length the Devil sends Death to him who treats every one alike, and he stands Godfather to the child, and promises to make him a physician, so that superabundant wealth will come to him:

“bei allen Kranken findst du mich,*
und mich sieht man nicht bei ihn sein,
dann du sollst mich sehen allein.
wenn ich steh' bei des Kranken Füßen
so wird derselbe sterben müssen,
alsdann so nim dich sein nicht an,
sichstu mich aber beim Kopfen stahn,” &c.

* By every sick man I'll be found,
But none my presence shall espy,
And none save thou know I am by.
When by the patient's feet am I,
Be sure of this that he must die.
All care is vain, his life is sped,
But if thou see'st me by his head, &c.

Two apple-pippins concealed in bread are all that he is to give by way of medicine. The peasant has great success with them, but at last Death fetches him himself. This fable, though with peculiar variations (of which the best consists in the fact that it is not the father but the newly-born child itself which receives the gift of healing), is told by Prätorius in the *Glückstopf* (1669, pp. 147-149). See Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 13. According to a story from the Odenwald, in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 365, the physician outwits Death.

The candles with which life is bound up recall *Nornagest* and the still current expressions, "to extinguish the flame of life," or the taper of life. Already in a Greek myth was life connected with a burning faggot. See Grüber's *Mythological Dictionary*, 3. 153. The story specially points to deep-seated ideas; compare Wackernagel in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 6. 280, and following pages. Death and the Devil are evil deities, and both are one, in the same way that hell, the nether world and the kingdom of the dead, run into each other in the story of the Smith.*

But the Evil One, like the good God, is called Father, and "Tatta" The Godfather is not only called Father, but also "Pathe," "Goth," and "Dod," or "Tod." The baptized child is likewise called "Pathe" and "Gothel," hence the confusion between the two in the story: compare *Altdeutsche Wälder*, 1. 104, notes. Grammatically, indeed, the words *tôt* (mors) and *tote* (susceptor baptizati) are carefully distinguished.

45.—THUMBLING AS JOURNEYMAN.

From stories current in the districts of the Maine, Hesse, and Paderborn, which reciprocally complete each other. A continuation or special combination of the detached stories, which belong to this group, contains the story of *Thumbling* (No. 37), see Pröhle's *Kindermärchen* No. 30. Bechstein, p. 131. *The Thumbling* in Carol: Stahl's stories also belong to this group. Compare in the *Tubart Collection*, *The Life and Adventures of Tom Thumb*, 3 37-52 (see further on). A Danish story similar in substance is given by Nyerup (*Morskabsläsning*, pp. 238, 239), Svend Tommling, a being not larger than a thumb, wishes to marry a woman three ells and three quarters high. He comes into the world with a hat on his head and sword at his side, drives the plough, and is caught by a landed proprietor who keeps him in his snuff-box; he springs out and falls on a little pig, which becomes his riding-horse. The Greeks have similar stories of little Thumbs. It is related of Philytas, a poet of Cos, that he wore lead in the soles of his shoes to prevent his being carried away by the wind; of Arcestratus, that

* *Gambling Hünzel*, No. 82.—TR.

when he was captured by the enemy, and placed in the scales, he only weighed as much as an obolus. Comp. *Athenæus*, 12, 77, in Schweighäuser, 4. 551, 552. *Aelian*, *Var.* 9. 14; the Grecian Anthology also (2. 350. LXV. Jacob's *Tempe*, 2, 7) furnishes us with a contribution—

“Plötzlich erhoben vom leisesten Hauch des lispelnden Westwinds,*
 stieg jüngst, leichter als Spreu, Markos zum Aether hinauf.
 Und er hätte die Luft mit rauschender Eile durchsegelt,
 hätte der Spinne Geweb nicht ihm die Füße verstrickt,
 Als er nun hier fünf Tag und Nächte gegangen, ergriff er
 einen der Fäden und stieg langsam zur Erde herab.”

The following, too, are also stories which belong to this group. A certain man was so thin of body that he could jump through the eye of a needle. Another crept nimbly on to the spider's web, which was hanging in the air, and danced skilfully upon it until a spider came, which spun a thread round his neck and throttled him with it. A third was able to pierce a sun-mote with his head, and pass his whole body through it. A fourth was in the habit of riding on an ant, but the ant threw him off and trampled him to death with one foot. A fifth was on one occasion blowing up the fire, and, as in our story, flew up the chimney with the smoke. A sixth was lying by the side of a sleeping man, and as the latter breathed rather heavily, was blown out of the window. Finally a seventh was so small that he dared not go near any one for fear of being drawn in to his nose with the air when he breathed.

In Eucharius Eyering's *Sprichwörter*, 1601, a spider relates,

“Einsmals fieng ich ein Schneider stolz,†
 der war so schwer als Lautenholz,
 der mit eim Schebhut in die Wett
 vom Himmel rab her fallen thet.

* Suddenly raised by the softest breath of the murmuring west wind, Markos, lighter than chaff, mounted not long ago to aether. And he would have sailed through the air with intoxicating swiftness, if his feet had not caught in a spider's web. When he had hung in it for five days and nights, he seized one of the threads and slowly descended to earth.

† Once did I catch a tailor proud,
 Heavy he was as elder-wood,
 From Heaven above he'd run a race,
 With an old straw hat to this place,
 In Heaven he might have stayed no doubt,
 For no one wished to turn him out.
 He fell in my web, hung in a knot,
 Could not get out. I liked it not
 That e'en the straw hat, safe and sound
 Nine days ere him came to the ground.

Er wär auch wohl darinnen blieben,
 niemand hat in heraus getrieben;
 fiel in mein Garn, drin hangen blieb,
 nicht raus kunt komn, war mir nicht lieb,
 dass auch der Schebhut ohngefahr
 neun Tag ehe rabher kam dann er."

In an Austrian popular book, we have Hansel, who is as tall as a thumb, with a beard of an ell in length (Linz, 1815). Modern as this version is, there are still some genuine features in it. He hides himself with his father and mother in the hollow tooth of a whale (see later the Servian story of *The Bear's Son*), and is found there. He terrifies a gambler, who is exclaiming, "May the Devil take me," by hopping out of the chimney on to the seat by the fire all covered with soot, and crying, "Here am I." He sets a plate of peas at night before the door of the innkeeper's daughter's lover, which make him fall with a great noise. When she wants to revenge herself for it, and strews the thorns of some briars about her room for him to walk on, he sees them, picks them up, and puts them in her bed. He has himself placed in a horse's ear, and gives out that it is a horse that speaks; then he escapes by springing into a cheese full of holes, and is thrown out of the window with it.

46.—FITCHER'S BIRD.

From two stories current in Hesse. A third from Hanover varies. A poor wood-cutter who has three daughters goes to his work in the forest, and orders the eldest to bring him his dinner, and in order that she may find the way he will (as in the story of *The Robber Bridegroom*, No. 40, which is as a whole allied) strew it with peas. Three dwarfs however live in the forest, and they hear what the man says to his child, and pick up the peas and strew them on the path which leads to their cave. And now at dinner-time, the girl goes to the forest, finds the path and falls among the dwarfs. She has to be their servant, but in other respects fares well. She is permitted to go into every apartment in the cave but one. And now the story agrees with ours, and the two other sisters are also lured out. When the dwarfs are forced to carry these latter home again in the basket, and she is alone, she plunges into the blood and then into the feathers, and sets a bundle of straw dressed in her clothes by the hearth. As she leaves the cave some foxes meet her who ask, "Dressed-out bird, from whence comest thou?" "From the dwarfs' cave where they are making ready for a wedding." Thereupon the foxes go thither. Some bears meet her who put the same question, and at length the dwarfs also meet her on their way home, and do not recognize her. She gives them all the same answer. When the dwarfs

enter their cave and find the straw figure, they become aware of how they have been deceived, and run after the girl; but they are not able to overtake her before she reaches her father's house. She slips in safely, but the door cuts off her heel. In Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 7, the story is called *Fledervogel* (Flitter-bird). A very similar Finnish story from Karalän is quoted by Schiefer,* p. 609, from Erik Rudbek's Collection (2. 187).

The Icelandic Fitfuglar, Schwimmvogel (swimming-bird), which looked as white as a swan, will help to explain *Fitcher's Vogel*. The wizard himself having to carry the girl home, reminds us of Rosmer in the *Altdänische Lieder* (see p. 201 and the following), who also without being aware of it, carries away on his back the first bride he had stolen. The indelible blood appears likewise in a story in the *Gesta Romanorum*. Four drops of the blood of her innocent child whom she has murdered, fall on a mother's hand, and she cannot remove them, and has always to wear a glove. The fact of a dressed-up doll having to represent the bride is also related in the story of *The Hare's bride* (No. 66), and shows its relationship. Disguising the girl as a bird seems to have some connection with the ancient custom of persons changing themselves into animals. A passage from Becherer's *Thuringian Chronicle*, pp. 307, 308, where it is related of the soldiers of the Emperor Adolf of Nassau that "they found an aged woman whom they stripped naked, smeared with tar, rolled in a feather-bed which they had cut open, and then tied her to a rope and led her round the camp and elsewhere as a bear or strange wild-beast, and then carried her away by night and restored her to her original condition," seems to find an appropriate place here. In Madrid, in the year 1824, a woman who had permitted herself to speak in disrespectful terms of the King, was smeared with oil over her whole body, and covered with all kinds of feathers.

Our story visibly contains the saga of *Bluebeard*. We have indeed heard this in German, and have given it in the first edition, No. 62, but as it only differs from Perrault's *La barbe bleue*, by one or two omissions, and by one peculiar circumstance, and as the French story may have been known at the place where we heard the story, we have, in our uncertainty, not included it again. Sister Anne is wanting, and the part which varies contains this feature that the distressed girl lays the bloody key in hay, and it is a genuine popular belief that hay draws blood out. The story in Meier, No. 38, seems also to be derived from the French. The saga is likewise evidently to be traced in a beautiful popular ballad, *Ulrich and Annchen* (*Wunderhorn*, 1. 274). See Herder's *Volkslieder*, 1. 79, and Gräter's *Idunna*, 1812), where however the

* Qu. Schiefner ?

blue beard is not named. Bluebeard is also the popular name of a man whose beard grows strongly, as in Hamburg (Schütze, *Holst. Idiot.* 1. 112); and here in Cassel, a deformed, half-mad apprentice lad is for the same cause tolerably well known by the name. There is also (like the Norse Blâtand, Blacktooth) a Blackbeard, referable in the first instance to some illness, such as leprosy which can only be cured by bathing in the blood of innocent maidens, hence the inconceivable horror. See *Der arme Heinrich*, p. 173.

We add also a Dutch story from oral tradition which belongs to this place. A shoemaker had three daughters. Once on a time when he had gone out, a great lord came in a splendid carriage, and took one of the girls away with him, who never returned. Then he took away the second in exactly the same way, and lastly the third, who likewise went with him, believing she was about to make her fortune. On the way, when night fell, he asked her,

“The moon shines so bright,
My horses run so light,
Sweet love dost thou repent?”

(“’t maantje schynt zo hel,
myn paardtjes lope zo snel,
soete liefje, rouwt ’t w niet?”) *

“No,” she answered, “why should I repent? I am always safe when with you;” nevertheless she was secretly alarmed. They came into a great forest, and she asked if they would soon reach the end of their journey. “Yes,” he replied, “Dost thou see that light in the distance, there stands my castle.” Then they arrived there and everything was most beautiful. Next day he said to her, “I must go away, but I will only be absent two days; here are the keys of the entire castle, and thou mayst see of what kind of treasures thou art the mistress.” When he had set out on his journey, she went through the whole house and found everything so beautiful that she was perfectly satisfied. At length she came to a cellar wherein sat an old woman scraping intestines. “Well, little mother, what may you be doing?” said the girl. “I am scraping intestines, my child; to-morrow, I will scrape yours for you.” Thereupon the girl was so terrified that she let the key which she was holding in her hand fall into a basin full of blood, which it was not easy to wash off again. “Now,” said the old woman, “Your death is certain, because my lord will see by that key that you have been in this chamber, into which no one is permitted to enter except himself and me.” Then the old

* This recalls the well-known song of the dead rider, which in the Norwegian popular rhyme runs, “maanen skine, dömand grine, värte du ikke räd (*Idunna*, 1812, p. 60). Compare *Altdeutsche Blätter*, i. 194.

woman perceived that at this very moment a cart of hay was going to be driven away from the castle, and said, "If thou would'st save thy life, hide thyself in the hay, and then thou wilt be driven away with it." This she did, and got safely out. When the lord came home however, he asked for the girl. "O," said the old woman, "I had no more work, and as it had to be done tomorrow anyhow, I killed her at once; here is a lock of her hair and her heart, and there too is some blood which is still warm; the dogs have eaten all the rest of her, but I am still cleaning her intestines." So he was satisfied, and believed that the girl was dead. She had, however, arrived at a castle to whose owner the cart of hay had been sold. She sprang out, and told the lord of the castle all that had happened. He asked her to stay there, and after some time gave a feast to the noblemen of the neighbourhood, and the lord of the murder-castle was invited too. The girl was forced to seat herself at table, but her face and dress were so changed that she was not recognizable. When they were all sitting together every one was to tell a story, and when it was the maiden's turn, she related her own. During this the lord of the murder-castle became so very uneasy that he wished to force his way out, but the lord of the castle had him seized and bound. Then he was executed, his murder-castle was pulled down, and the maiden received his treasures. She married the son of the lord of the castle where she had taken refuge, and lived to an old age. In Swedish, compare a popular ballad in Geyer and Afzelius (3. 94.) In Asbjörnson (p. 237) there is a Norwegian tale. In *The Thousand and One Nights*, in the *Story of the third Kalender* (Night 66), the prohibition against entering a certain room in a palace likewise appears, and disregard of it is punished.

47.—THE JUNIPER TREE.

Written down by Runge from oral tradition. According to a story from the Pfalz, communicated to us by Mone, the little sister is placed by the mother near the pan in which the murdered brother is to be cooked. She is strictly forbidden to look inside it, but as the pan is boiling so furiously she just uncovers it, on which the little brother stretches out his hand to her. Thereupon she is seized with terror and instantly covers it, but weeps over what she has seen. When her father's dinner is quite cooked, she has to carry it out into the vineyard to him. She collects the bones and buries them under a wild juniper. Others relate that she threaded them and hung them up in the loft. Then the little brother is changed into a bird, and pipes

"My mother slew me, and I died,
My sister carried me outside,

My father did eat me,
And yet I'm still here,
Kiwitt, kiwitt."

The story is likewise told in the Pfalz with another beginning; the stepmother one day sends the two children into the wood to seek strawberries, and the one who comes home first is to have an apple. Then the little boy ties the little girl to a tree and comes back first, but the mother will not give him anything until he has brought his little sister home. The story is common in Hesse, but is seldom told so circumstantially, the only addition that we derive from thence is that the little sister strings together the bones on a red silken thread. The verse runs,

'My mother she boiled me,
My father he ate me,
My little sister sat under the table,
Picked up all my little bones,
Threw them over the pear-tree
And then a little bird came out
That sings both day and night."

In a Swabian story, otherwise incomplete, Meier, No. 2, we find,

'Chirp, chirp,
What a pretty little bird am I!
My mother she cooked me,
My father he ate me!"

There is a passage in Goethe's *Faust*, p. 225, which our story will help to explain, and which the poet unquestionably took from ancient oral tradition.

"Meine Mutter die Hur,
die mich umgebracht hat,
mein Vater der Schelm
der mich gessen hat,
mein Schwesterlein klein
hub auf die Bein
an einem kühlen Ort,
da ward ich schönes Waldvögelein
fliege fort, fliege fort!"

The story is indigenious in the south of France, in Languedoc and Provence, and its details do not differ from the German one. The bird sings,

"ma marâtre,
pique père,
m'a fait bouillir
et rebouillir.

mon pere
 le laboureur
 m'a mangé
 et rongé.
 ma jeune sœur
 la Lisette,
 m'a pleuré
 et soupiré :
 sous un arbre
 m'a enterré,
 riou, tsiou, tsiou !
 je suis encore en vie."

Feuilleton du Globe, 1830.

No. 146 by C. S.

That the saga is also current in Scotland is proved by the following rhyme, which Leyden has preserved from a nursery tale. The spirit of a child, in the form of a bird, whistles the following verse to its father :

"Pew wew, pew wew (pipi, wiwi),
 My minny me slew."

with which the remarks, by Albert Höfer in the *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung*, 1849, No. 199, should be compared. Lastly, the Bechuanas in South Africa have a kindred story.

Marleenken is Marianchen, Marie Annchen; Machandel* is perhaps not Almond (Mandel) but Wacholder (juniper), and very important, as it is a tree which rejuvenates, and is awake so far as is implied by quick, active, *vivus*, living. In other places it is called Queckholder, Reckholder, *Juniperus* (from junior, younger) Anglo-Saxon, Quicbeam.† The wicked stepmother (an old proverb says, "The Devil is lined with stepmothers") is to be found in many other stories. The beginning where the mother cuts her finger reminds us of *Snow-white*, and of a remarkable passage in *Parzival*, which is explained in *Altd. Wälder*, 1. 1-30. The gathering the bones together occurs in the myth of Osiris and Orpheus, and also in the legend of *Adalbert*; the bringing to life again, in many others, viz., in the story of *Brother Lustig* (No. 81); in *Fitcher's Vogel* (No. 46) in the old

* In Diefenbach's *Hoch und Niederdeutsches Wörterbuch*, under 'Machandelbaum,' we find :

"Machandelbaum, Machandelenbaum, Magand . . . Scabina.

"Machandelbeere, Magandelenbeeren, arciotida = Wacholderbeere Vermittelnde Form : wachanderenberen, Juniperus."—Tr.

† Quicbeam, or cwicbeam, is, however, not the juniper, but the wild, or mountain-ash, a tree whose berries were also said to have possessed rejuvenating power, and a sprig of which, carried about or placed above house or barn doors, was said to "hinder witches of their will." Hence its common name, "witchwood."—Tr.

Danish ballad *Mariböquelle*; in the German saga *Das ertrunkene Kind* (1. St. 62), illusively in *Pfaffe Amis*; in the Negro story of Nanni, who is taught by her mother to eat the flesh of a young chicken, and put its bones and feathers together again. Zeus restores life to the bones of the child which has been eaten, and replaces with ivory the shoulder-blade which Demeter has eaten. See Gruber's *Mythological Dictionary*, 3. 377. Thor collects the bones of the buck which has been eaten, and brings them back to life by shaking them (*Dämesage*, 38). Other stories need not be mentioned. The punishment of a mill-stone falling on the head from above the door is found in the *Edda* in the story of the two dwarfs, Fialar and Galar (Copenhagen edition, p. 84). Compare No. 90.

[A Devonshire story *The Rose-tree*, which is allied to this, is given by Mr. Henderson in his *Folklore of the Northern Counties*. London, 1866. For Almond-tree birth refer to Pausanias, VII. 17.—TR.]

48.—OLD SULTAN.

From two stories which complete each other, one from Lower Hesse, the other from the district of Paderborn. In the latter it is the fox and the bear which are about to have a combat, and the story opens with the tale, so well known from the *Reinecke Vos*, of the fox luring the bear to the honey, and shutting him fast in a tree. The latter then demands to be set free that he may revenge himself. According to a third story, likewise from the region of Paderborn, the fox has the dog and the bee as well as the cat to support him. The bee gets into the ear of the swine which is on the side of the bear, and stings it; the cat catches a mouse and throws it into the bear's open mouth, it bites his tongue, and the two run screaming away. On the second day they arrange that whichever of them can first run up a mountain, shall be lord of the others. The fox has a brother who resembles him so much that they cannot be distinguished from each other; he sends him on in front (as in *The Hedgehog and his Wife*, No. 187), and then begins the race at the same time as the bear, but remains behind intentionally and conceals himself. When the bear reaches the top the fox is there, and the bear thinks that it is the right fox, and cries angrily, "I wish the storm would overwhelm me." A youth is, however, sitting in the very tree under which the bear is standing, who has fled thither to escape when he saw the animals running towards him, and in his terror he lets his axe fall, and it hits the bear's head and kills him. This incident occurs likewise in a story from Transylvania; see Haltrich, No. 14 and No. 34. In a fourth story also from the district of Paderborn a discourse is interwoven in which the bear describes his meeting with a hunts-

man (compare No. 72): "I met a man who made a long, long nose at me (aimed his gun) and spat fire out of it, and black seeds in my face; then I rushed at him, but he pulled a white rib out of his side which was sharp, and struck me on the paws, but I broke it in two, and then he fetched out a black rib (the scabbard), but I contrived to get away." In Wendish, see *The War of the Wolf and the Fox* (No. 8) in Haupt and Schmalzer. In Servian, see *Reinhart Fuchs*, cxciv. In Esthonian, the same, cclxxxv. The story of *The Fox and Horse* (No. 32) is allied to this, and so is the *Willow Wren and the Bear*, (No. 102). Also *The War of the Wasps and the Ass*, in Barachja Nikdani, in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 1. 1, 2; and lastly, *Der kleine Knäpzel* in Haltrich, No. 31. A story of animals in Lassberg's *Liedersaal*, 1, 291, should also be compared, and the eleventh extravaganza, *The Wolf and the Hungry Dog*, in Steinhöwel (1487), pp. 56, 57.

49.—THE SIX SWANS.

From Hesse. It is connected with the story of the *Seven Ravens* (No. 25), only here we have six swans, because the children have been bewitched when perfectly innocent. Another story from German Bohemia links the two stories together. It agrees with the former up to the point where the sister went out into the world with a loaf of bread and a small pitcher of water to seek her brothers. Then it is related that she wandered on day after day for many a mile, and never found the least trace of them, but came at length to an ancient deserted castle, and thought that she might perhaps find something there. But no human being was to be seen in the castle, and yet she saw smoke ascending, and heard a fire crackling. "Where smoke is rising and fire burning, human beings must be living too," thought she, and went onwards. At last she reached a kitchen where seven pans were standing on the hearth, frothing and bubbling up, but no cook was there. "Eh, what is being cooked here?" said the girl, and peeped into the pans, and strange roots and herbs were inside them. "How good these must taste!" said she, and tasted a little bit out of each, and stirred them round thoroughly. She liked cooking, which she had not done for a long time, and the morsel of warm food did her good too, for it was long since she had tasted any. And now she heard a rustling in the air, and seven black ravens came whirring down through the chimney; each laid hold of his little pan and flew with it into the dining-room and began to eat his dinner. The first raven had just eaten a couple of mouthfuls when he said, "It is strange! There is rather less of my food than there ought to be, but it tastes as if it had been cooked by a human hand." "It is the same with mine!" said the second, "What if our little sister should be here?" "Ah!" said the third, "she is the cause of all our misery; we will

pick her eyes out." "What had she to do with it?" said the fourth raven. The fifth said, "I would do nothing to hurt her." "She might perhaps be able to release us," said the sixth, and just as the seventh was crying, "God grant she may be here," she came in by the door of the room for she had been listening to the whole conversation, and could not find it in her heart to wait any longer, so great was her sorrow at seeing her dear brothers changed into such ugly birds. "Do with me even as you will," said she, "I am your sister with the golden cross; tell me if I can set you free." "Yes," said they, "thou canst still set us free, but it is very difficult." She said she was ready, and would gladly do anything, no matter what it was. Then the ravens said, "For seven long years thou must not say one word on pain of death, and during that time must sew for each of us a shirt and a handkerchief, and knit us a pair of stockings, which must not be ready either sooner or later, than the last day of the seven years. This time can, however, not be passed by thee here with us, for we might some time chance to do thee an injury, if the raven nature were to come upon us; or our companionship might some time lead thee away to speak."

So they searched in the forest for a hollow tree for her, placed her inside it at the top that she might remain quiet and alone, procured for her as much flax as was needed, and spinning-gear, and from time to time carried her some food that she might not perish of hunger.

Thus passed one year, a second, and still another; and the good little sister sat still in the hollow tree, and only moved as much as was needful to do her spinning. Then it came to pass that the son of the King to whom the forest belonged, one day commanded a chase in the forest, and by mistake, a pack of hounds got through the briars and bushes to a part where no huntsman had ever been before, and went as far as the hollow tree. There they stood still, because they scented some living creature, and they snuffed and stood barking round about the tree. The hunters however followed the sound and came up, but at first could find no animal that the hounds could have tracked, because the girl sat so still and never moved and she had been there such a length of time that moss had grown all over her, and she was almost like the tree. At length, however, they distinguished the shape of her body, and informed their master that a beast in human shape was sitting in a hollow tree, and neither moved nor uttered any sound. The Prince went up to it, and ordered them to take her out. She let them do as they liked, and never spoke. And when they began to remove the moss from her and to clean her, her white face appeared, and also the cross upon her forehead, so that the Prince was amazed at her beauty, and spoke to her in every language that he knew, that he might learn who she was and how she had got there. But

she remained mute as a fish to all he said, so the Prince took her home with him, gave her into the care of the women-in-waiting, and bade them wash and dress her, which was done, as he had commanded. But if she had been beautiful before, now she shone forth in her rich garments like the bright day, only no word ever passed her lips. Nevertheless, the Prince placed her by his side at table, and was so deeply touched by her appearance and gentle bearing, that in a very few days he wished to marry her, and would have no other on earth. His mother opposed this marriage most vehemently, and said that no one knew for certain whether she was a beast or a human being, for she neither spoke, nor wished to learn to do so, and such a marriage was nothing but a crime. But no talking did any good, the King said, "How can any one doubt that she is a human being? She has a form that is as beautiful as an angel's, and the cross upon her forehead bears witness to her noble origin?" So the marriage was solemnized with much splendour and rejoicing.

As the Prince's wife she lived modestly and industriously in her little chamber, working continually at her spinning-wheel to release her brothers from the curse which lay on them. After half a year, just when she was with child, the Prince had to go away to the wars, and he ordered his mother to take good care of his wife. But his mother was very glad of his absence, and when the hour of the Princess's delivery came, and she brought forth a most beautiful boy, with a cross on his brow like that which she had herself, the old woman gave the child to a servant and ordered him to carry it into the forest and murder it, and bring her its tongue as a token that the deed was done. She wrote a letter to the Prince, in which it was written that his wife, who must herself be looked on by every one as half-beast, had as was to be expected, been delivered of a dog which they had had drowned. Whereupon the Prince replied that she was nevertheless to be treated as his wife until he returned home from the wars, and himself determined what was to be done. In the meantime the servant had gone into the forest with the little boy, and a lioness met him, and he threw the child down to her thinking she would devour it, and he would not need to kill it, but the lioness licked it with her tongue. "If a raging wild beast can feel pity, I am still less able to behave with cruelty," thought the servant, and left the child with the lioness, and took back a dog's tongue to the old Queen. Soon after this the King returned home from the wars, and when he saw how beautiful his wife was, he could not but believe her innocent, nor could he make her undergo any punishment. Next year she was again expecting to have a child; and as the Prince was again on the point of going away, everything happened just as before: the child that was born was taken to the lioness, and was brought up by her.

The aged Princess accused her much more violently, but again the Prince was convinced of her innocence, although she herself dared not utter one syllable in her own justification. But when for the third time all that had happened before occurred again, the Prince believed that he should fall under the displeasure of God if he continued to live any longer with a wife who brought beasts into the world instead of human heirs, so when he came home he commanded that she should be put to death by fire. Now the day of her execution was just the very last of the seven years, and as she was putting in the last stitch she sighed and thought, "Ah Heavens, can the weary time have come to an end!" In the selfsame moment her seven brothers were delivered from the spell, and changed from ravens to men again, and instantly leapt on seven ready-saddled horses, and galloped through the forest. In the midst of it they saw three little boys sitting beside a lioness, each with a golden cross on his forehead. "Those are the children of our dearest sister," said they, and took them up on their horses. When they were riding out of the forest they saw from afar a crowd of people standing, and the pile of wood burning. They made signals with their handkerchiefs, and rode on at a gallop. "Dearest sister, how art thou?" they cried. "Here are thy three children for thee." She was unbound, and as speech was once more permitted to her, she thanked God with a loud voice, and the wicked old woman was burnt to ashes in her stead. Here we see how our story is connected with that of the *Seven Ravens* (No. 25), and with that of *The Twelve Brothers* (No. 9), and how all three belong to the same group, as does a Bohemian story (see further on). In the *Brunswick Collection*, see pp. 349-379, *The Seven Swans*. In Kuhn, No. 10. In Sommer, p. 142. In Meier, No. 7. In Asbjörnson, p. 209. Compare *Altdeutsche Blätter*, 1. 128; and Leo's *Beowulf*, p. 25, and following. The story everywhere shows extreme antiquity, the seven men's shirts seem to be connected with the swan's shirts, which we know from the *Völundarquida*. In connection with this there is also the saga of the boat drawn by swans on the Rhine (*Parcival*, *Lohengrin*, &c.), and the old French *Chevalier au cigne*, where also the last swan is not set free because the gold of its swan's ring is already used up. A ball which unrolls itself, and shows the way, is also to be found in the Russian ballad in *Wladimir's Round Table*, p. 115.

50.—BRIAR ROSE.

From Hesse. The maiden who lies sleeping in a castle surrounded by a wall of thorns, until the right prince before whom the thorns give way, sets her free, is the sleeping Brünhild, who, according to the old Norse saga, is surrounded by a wall of flames through which no one can force his way but Sigurd, who wakens her. The

spindle with which she pricks herself, and which causes her to fall into this sleep, in the Sleep-thorn with which Odin pierces Brünhild: compare *Edda Saemundar*, 2. 186. In the *Pentamerone* (5. 5) it is a bit of the beard of flax. See *La belle au bois dormant*, in Perrault. The sleep of Snow-white is similar. Both the Italian and French stories have the conclusion which is lacking in the German, but appears in the *The wicked Stepmother* (see Fragments, No 5). It is remarkable that amidst the considerable variations between Perrault and Basile (who is the only one who preserves the beautiful incident of the baby sucking the spike of flax out of its sleeping mother's finger), both agree as to the proper names of the children, in so far as the twins in the *Pentamerone* are called Sun and Moon; and in Perrault, Day and Dawn. These names remind us of those of Day, Sun, and Moon, which also occur in juxtaposition in the genealogy of the *Edda*.

51.—FOUNDLING.

From the district of Schwalm in Hesse. It is also told that the cook was the wicked wife of the forester, and the question and answer are differently given, for instance, "You should just have gathered the rose, and the bush would very soon have followed you." Vossius heard the story in his youth, and gives some fragments of it in the notes to his ninth Idyll. There is a similar search for the fugitive in *Rolf Krages Sage*, chap. 2. In Colshorn, No 69. The story of *Dearest Roland*, No 56, is allied to it.

52.—KING THRUSHBEARD.

From three stories current in Hesse and the districts of the Maine and Paderborn. The last has a different beginning. There is nothing in it about the King's forcing his proud daughter to marry the first comer. A handsome musician, however, comes beneath the King's window. The King summons him upstairs, and his song pleases both the King and his daughter. The musician stays a long time at court, and lives opposite the beautiful maiden, so that he can look in at her window and she into his. Once she sees him touching a little golden wheel with his fingers whereupon beautiful sounds proceed from it; so when he comes again, she entreats him to bring the little golden wheel to her, and he has to show her how to play upon it. She learns, and asks her father to give her also such an instrument. All the goldsmiths in the kingdom are summoned together, but not one of them is able to make it. Thereupon the King's daughter is very sad; and when the musician is aware of that, he says that if she is inclined to marry him he will give her the ingenious bit of work, but she disdainfully refuses. After a while

she sees from her window the musician turning a little reel; and while he is doing it the most delightful tones resound; she wants to see it, and asks to have one like it; but the goldsmiths are still less able to produce such a skilful piece of workmanship. And now the handsome musician offers her the little wheel and the reel if she will marry him, and, as her longing for both is so great, she says, yes. Soon, however, repentance comes, and her pride lets her have no rest. She wants to retract her promise, but the King forces her to keep it, and the wedding is celebrated. Then the musician conducts her to the wretched hut in the forest. The rest of the story agrees with ours, and makes it more complete. At the ball when the pan with the food falls down on the ground, she faints with terror. When she awakes, she is lying in a magnificent bed, and the handsome musician is a king. A fourth story has the following peculiarity. The King's daughter made it known that she would give her hand to him who could guess to what species of animal a skin which was stretched out with neither a head nor feet, belonged. It was that of a she-wolf. Thrushbeard learnt the secret, guessed wrongly with great persistence, and then came back disguised as a beggar to guess rightly. Compare No 2. in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*. Also (4. 10) in the *Pentamerone*, *Pride punished*; in Norwegian, *Hakon Borkenbart*, Asbjörnsen, part 2.

Thrushbeard (Drosselbart) is also called "Crumb-beard" (Bröselbart), because the crumbs of bread remain sticking in his beard. A "Brochselhart" appears in a song of Nithard (Benecke's *Beiträge*, p. 291); perhaps it is Brochselbart. The two names are indeed almost convertible, for in Ulfilas a crumb is called *drauhsna*; we may however also derive Drosselbart from Drossel, Drüssel, Rüssel (snout), mouth, nose, or beak, which also would suit the story.

53.—SNOW-WHITE.

From various stories from Hesse, where this story is one of the best known of all, yet even in that district, where High German especially prevails, the Low German name of Sneewitchen is retained, or even corrupted into Schliwitchen. In the opening it is like the story of the *Juniper-tree*; and it is still more like it in another story where the Queen, whilst driving with the King in the sledge, peels an apple, and cuts her finger while doing it. Another beginning of the story is this. A Count and Countess were driving past three heaps of white snow, and the Count said, "How I wish I had a girl as white as this snow!" Soon they came to three pits filled with red blood, and again he spoke, and said, "I wish I had a girl with cheeks as red as this blood." Finally, three black ravens flew by, and he wished for "a girl with hair as black as those ravens."

When they had driven a little farther they met a girl white as snow, red as blood, and with hair as black as the ravens, and this was Snow-white. The Count at once made her come into the carriage and loved her, but the Countess did not, and thought of nothing but how to get rid of her. At last she let her glove fall out and commanded Snow-white to find it again, but in the meantime made the coachman drive quickly away. And now Snow-white was alone and came to the dwarfs, &c. In a third story the only variation is that the Queen drives with Snow-white into the forest, and asks her to gather a nosegay of the beautiful roses there, and while she is doing it, drives away and leaves her alone. In a fourth, it is narrated that after Snow-white's death she is to be burnt by the dwarfs. They wrap her in a sheet, make a pile of wood under a tree, and suspend her over it by cords. Just as they are going to light the fire, the Prince comes, who has her taken down, and carries her away with him in his carriage. The motion of the carriage makes the bit of poisoned apple jump out of her throat and she comes to life. A fifth story has the following variations. A certain King loses his wife, by whom he has an only daughter, named Snow-white, and he takes another by whom he has three daughters. She, too, hates her step-child because of her wondrous beauty, and ill-treats her whenever she can. In a cave in the forest dwell seven dwarfs who kill every maiden who approaches them. The Queen knows this, and as she does not wish to kill Snow-white by direct means, she hopes to get rid of her by taking her to the entrance of their cave, and saying, "Go in there, and wait till I come back." Then she goes away and Snow-white fearlessly enters the cave. The dwarfs come and at first want to kill her, but as she is so beautiful, they let her live, and tell her that in return for this, she must keep house for them. Snow-white, however, has a dog called "Mirror," and now she is gone, it stays in the castle, and is full of grief. The Queen asks it,

"Mirror, mirror beneath the bench,
Look in this land, look in that land,
Who is the fairest in Englland?"

The dog answers, "Snow-white with her seven dwarfs is much more beautiful than my lady Queen with her three daughters." Thus she becomes aware that Snow-white is still living, and makes a poisoned stay-lace. With this she goes to the cave and calls to Snow-white that she is to open the door to her. Snow-white will not do it, because the seven dwarfs have strictly forbidden her to let in any human being, and certainly not the stepmother, who has tried to destroy her. The Queen however tells Snow-white that she has no daughters now, for a knight has robbed her of them, and that she

would like to live with her and dress her prettily. Snow-white pities her and lets her in, and then the Queen laces her with the poisoned stay-lace, and she falls down dead, whereupon the Queen goes away. But the seven dwarfs come and take a knife and cut the stay-lace in two, and Snow-white returns to life again. And now the Queen questions Mirror (the dog) under the bench, and it gives her the same answer. Then she makes a poisoned hair-ribbon, and goes with it, and speaks so movingly to Snow-white, that she again lets her in. The Queen binds the ribbon round Snow-white's hair, and she falls down dead. But the seven dwarfs see what has happened, cut off the hair-ribbon, and she is restored to life. The Queen questions the dog the third time, and receives the same answer. And now she goes with a poisoned apple, and in spite of all the warnings which Snow-white has had from the dwarfs, she is touched by her lamentations, opens the door, and eats some of the apple. Then she dies, and when the dwarfs come they can do nothing for her, and "Mirror," under the bench, tells the Queen that she is now the most beautiful. But the seven dwarfs make a silver coffin, put Snow-white into it, and place it on a tree in front of their cave. A Prince comes by, and asks the dwarfs to give him the coffin, and takes it with him, and when he gets home has her laid upon a bed and dressed as if she were alive, and loves her above measure. A servant has to wait on her continually; but one day he gets angry at having to do this, and says, "The dead maiden is just to be treated as if she were a living one," and gives her a blow on her back, on which the piece of apple comes out of her mouth, and Snow-white is once more alive. A Viennese version of this story gives the following incidents. There are three sisters; Snow-white is the prettiest and youngest. The other two hate her, and send her out into the world with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. Snow-white comes to the glass mountain, and keeps house for the dwarfs. And now, when the two sisters ask the mirror who is the fairest, it answers,

"The fairest is on the Glass mountain,
And she dwells with the little dwarfs."

They send some one thither to poison Snow-white. See *Richilda* in Musäus, where the rhyme runs thus:

"Mirror white, mirror bright,
Mirror, let me have a sight,
Of the fairest girl in Brabant!"

It is also a genuine incident that, in the end, the dwarfs make steel slippers, heat them till they are red-hot, and put them on the feet of the stepmother, who is forced to dance in them until the floor

smokes. In Wallachian, see *The Magic Mirror*, Schott, No. 6. In the *Pentamerone*, the *Kitchen-maid* (2. 8).

There is a remarkable unison between this story and a Norse one, which has already become almost an historical saga. Snafriðr, a most beautiful woman (qveuna friduzt), wife of Harald Harfager, dies, "and her countenance was not in the slightest degree altered, but she was just as rosy as if still in life. The King sat by the corpse and thought she would return to life, and thus he sat for three years." (*Haraldssaga*, chap. 25; *Heimskringla*, 1. 102). For the drops of blood upon the snow, compare the preface to Liebrecht's Translation of the *Pentamerone*, xxi. xxiii. The punishment of having to dance till dead occurs also in a Danish popular saga (Thiele, 1. 130), and the seven gold mountains in a Swedish popular song, in Geyer, 3, 72, 74; and in Firdusi (Görres, 1. 180), there is "on seven mountains must thou alight, where crowds upon crowds of frightful Deevs meet thee."

54.—THE KNAPSACK, THE HAT, AND THE HORN.

From Lower Hesse. Hans Sachs relates a very similar jest, (2. 4, 114, 115), Nuremberg edition, 2. 4. 227. Kempt. edit. St. Peter begs a gift of a trooper, who gives him all that he asks for, namely, three farthings. In recompense for his kindness, St. Peter presents him with a couple of wishing-dice. The trooper goes on his way delighted, and in the evening he sits down under an oak, throws his dice, wishes for a well-filled table, and enjoys himself. In the meantime a peasant comes up on an ass, and says that he has lodged St. Peter for the night, and in return for it he has this morning given him this ass, which is full of troopers; if anyone strikes it on the tail, a trooper falls down. He, however, has a dislike to troopers, for in the Bavarian war they reduced him to poverty. The trooper, on the contrary, is pleased with the ass; he offers the peasant his dice for it, and the exchange is made. The peasant goes away with the dice, and the trooper strikes the ass twice. Two troopers fall out, and with these he pursues the peasant and takes back the dice. He repairs to Sweden, where the King proclaims that whosoever shall prepare for him a royal supper without using coal, wood, or fire, shall in return for it have his daughter to wife. The trooper easily accomplishes it with his dice, but the King refuses to keep his word. The trooper secretly takes his ass away; the King hastens after him with all his court, but the trooper strikes the ass with his fist until a whole company or more of troopers stands before him. Then he throws the dice and wishes for a wall round about them. The King becomes alarmed, and gives him his daughter. The trooper prepares the wedding in the most exquisite manner, but

the ass eats till it makes itself ill, and finally dies. The trooper has its skin tanned, stretched over a drum, and as soon as it is beaten, troopers come running to it.

There is an Austrian story, *The Lucky Brothers*, Ziska, p. 57. A Danish one is contained in a people's newspaper, from Copenhagen (compare Nyerup's *Morskabsläsning*, p. 234); *Lykkens flyvende Fane*; *Historie om tre sattige Skraedere, der ved Pillegrimsreise kom til stor Vaerdighed og Velstand*.

Three poor tailors, who earn little by their trade, take leave of their wives and children, and go out into the world to seek their fortunes. They come to a desert, where there is a mountain in which an enchanter dwells. The mountain is covered with flowers and fruits both in summer and winter, and at mid-day and mid-night these are turned into the finest silver. The eldest tailor fills his bundle and all his pockets with the most beautiful silver flowers and fruits, goes home, throws needle and goose under the table, and becomes a rich merchant. The two others think, "We can return to the mountain at any time when we are inclined; we will seek our luck farther," and travel onwards. They reach a great iron door which opens of its own accord after they have knocked thrice. They enter a garden where there are trees covered with golden apples. The second tailor gathers as many as he can carry away on his back, takes leave of the other, and returns home. There he, too, betakes himself to trade, and becomes a still greater merchant than the first; indeed it is believed that the rich Jew in Hamburg is descended from him. But the third thinks to himself, "The garden with the golden apples will always be there for me, I will try my chance a little longer." He wanders about the wilderness, and when he seeks the garden and the silver mountain again, cannot find them. At last he comes to a great hill, and hears some one playing on a pipe. He goes nearer and finds an old witch, who is piping to a flock of geese, which beat their wings at the sounds, and dance backwards and forwards in front of the old woman. She has already been struggling with Death on this hill for ninety-four years, and cannot die until the geese dance themselves dead, or some Christian comes and kills her with his weapons. As soon as she hears his footsteps, and he is near enough for her to see him, she entreats him, if he is a Christian, to kill her with the club which is lying by her side. The tailor will not do it until she tells him that he will find a cloth beneath her head on which, whenever he desires it, a dainty repast will stand, if he does but say a couple of words. So he gives her a blow on the skull, and seeks and finds the cloth, packs it up immediately in his bundle, and sets out homewards. A trooper meets him and asks him for a piece of bread. The tailor says, "Deliver up thine arms to me, and I will share with thee." The trooper who has

spent all his powder and shot in the war, does that readily, and the tailor spreads his cloth, and treats the hungry warrior. The latter is much pleased with the cloth, and offers the tailor in exchange for it his wonderful cartridge-pouch, from which when anyone taps it on one side, a hundred thousand men on horse and foot come out, and if it is tapped on the other side all kinds of musicians. The tailor consents; but when he gets the cartridge-pouch, he demands ten horsemen who have to gallop after the trooper, and get the cloth back from him. And now the tailor reaches home, and his wife is surprised that he has gained so little during his travels. He goes to his former comrades, who give him such large help that he would have been able to live on it for some time with his wife and child. He, however, invites his comrades to dinner, and begs them not to be too proud to come, and not to despise him when they do. They reproach him with wanting to squander all he has at once, but promise to come. When they arrive at the appointed time, no one is at home but the wife who knows nothing of any guests being expected, and fears that her husband has lost his head. But the tailor comes, and bids his wife to make haste and clean the room. He greets his guests, and begs them to excuse him; he knows they have everything better at their own houses, but he has been anxious to see if their riches have made them proud. They seat themselves at the table, but no dish makes its appearance. Then the tailor spreads his cloth, says his words, and in an instant the table is covered with the most dainty food. "Ha! ha!" think the others. "Is this how it is? Then thou art not so ill off by half as thou wouldst appear," and they swear to love him like brothers until the day of his death. Their host tells them they have no need to give him such assurances, and strikes his cartridge-pouch on one side, and immediately musicians come and make music which is delightful to hear. Then he strikes it on the other side, and bids a hundred thousand soldiers and artillery come forth, and they throw up a wall and carry up pieces of ordnance, and whenever the three tailors drink, they discharge the guns. The Prince dwells four miles away, and hears the thunder and thinking the enemy has come, sends out a trumpeter, who brings back the intelligence that a tailor is keeping his birthday and making merry with some good friends. The Prince goes thither himself, and the tailor regales him by means of his cloth. The Prince likes it, and offers the tailor lands and ample independence for it; but he refuses; he prefers his cloth, for with it he has no care, trouble, or vexation. The Prince makes up his mind very quickly, takes possession of the cloth by force, and goes away. The tailor puts on his cartridge-pouch, and goes with it to the Prince's court, but receives a backful of blows. Then he runs on to the castle wall and bids twenty thousand men come forth and

plant their pieces against the castle and fire on it. Then the Prince has the cloth brought out, and humbly entreats him to stop the firing. So the tailor makes his men return to their quarters, goes home and lives very happily with his two brothers. In Zingerle, it is *The Bag, the Hat, and the Horn*, p. 143; and with peculiar variations, *The Four Cloths*, p. 61. The story of *The Long Nose* in Heinrich von Kleist and Adam Müller's *Phoebus* journal, 1808, 6th part, pp. 8-17, is an affected rendering of this. The conclusion has some resemblance to *Fortunatus*, and the whole story is allied to the story of *Out of the sack, cudgel*, No. 36; to the *Robber's cave*, in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 116; and to a story in Zingerle, p. 73. In Netherlandish, see Wolf's *Wodana*, No. 5. p. 69. In Danish, see Molbech, No. 37. For a Tartar story, see *Relations of Ssidi Kur*. Wallachian, see Schott, No. 54.

55.—RUMPELSTILZCHEN.

From four stories collected in Hesse, which agree with, and in some particulars, complete each other. In one of them, however, the conclusion varies in that the Queen does not send out any emissaries to enquire about strange names; but on the third day the King loses himself when he is out hunting, and accidentally listens to what the mannikin is saying, and hears what he calls himself. A fifth story begins in the following manner: a bundle of flax was given to a little girl to spin into yarn, but what she spun was always golden thread, and not flaxen yarn. On this she became very sad and seated herself on the roof, and spun and spun, but still never anything but gold. Then a little man came walking by, who said, "I will help thee out of thy difficulty; a young prince shall pass by, and shall take thee away with him, and marry thee, but thou must promise me thy first child." Afterwards the Queen's maid goes out and sees the little man riding round the fire on a ladle, and hears his name. When Rumpelstilzchen sees that his secret is discovered, he flies out of the window on the ladle. Besides this, a sixth variant from Hesse may be named, in which nothing is said about spinning. A woman is walking past a garden wherein beautiful cherries are hanging; longs for some of them, and climbs in and eat some; but a black man comes out of the earth, and for this theft she is forced to promise him her child. When it is born, he forces his way through all the guards who have been set by her husband, and will only consent to leave the woman the child, if she can get to know his name. Then the husband follows him and sees him clamber into a cave, which is hung on all sides with ladles, and hears him call himself Flederflitz. See the *Little Staff* in Carol. Stahl's Stories, p. 85. In Müllenhoff, No 8, the mannikin is called Rumpentrumper. In Kletke's *Märchensaal*, No. 3, he is

Hopfenhütel. In Zingerle, No. 36, and Kugler, p. 278, Purzinigele. In Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 23, and in Bechstein's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 20, he is Hipche, Hipche. Compare Colshorn, p. 83. In Swedish see Cavallius, p. 210. Fischart can prove the age of this story, for in *Gargantua* (chap. 25), where a list of games is to be found (under No. 363), there is a game called "Rumpelestilt, or the Poppart." Now people also say "Rumpenstinzchen." Gnomes bear names which are not in use among men, so the mannikin believed himself quite safe when he imposed the condition that his name should be discovered. A being of the same kind (Müllenhoff's *Sagen*, pp. 306 and 578) is called Knirrsicker and Hans Donnerstag, and betrays himself in the same way. A similar story to ours is interwoven with D'Aulnoy's *White Cat*, No. 19. The French *Rivindon in the Dark Tower*, by Mlle. l'Héritier from which is printed a Danish rendering, *en smuk Historie om Rosanie . . . tjent ved Fandens Hielp for Spindepige*. Nyerup, *Morskabsläsning*, p. 173, also belongs to this group.

Millers and miller's daughters appear in numbers of German stories; this we are speaking of reminds us strangely of the Northern Fenia and Menia, who could grind whatsoever was wanted, and who were ordered by King Frode to grind peace and gold. The spinning gold may also refer to the difficult and painful work of preparing gold-wire which is left to poor girls. Thus in the ancient Danish song, *Kämpe Viser*, p. 165, verse 24:

"Nu er min Sorg saa mangefold,*
Som Jongfruer de spinde Guld."

Compare *Wolfdietrich*, Str. 89, and *Iwein*, 6186-6198.

The task of guessing a name occurs also in a Danish saga. (Thiele, 1. 45) where a certain man, in return for services performed, has to give his heart and his eyes to a trolld if he cannot get to know his name. He listens however to the trolld's wife when she is comforting her child, and saying, "To-morrow thy father will come," and at the same time says his name. Besides this there is the saga of *Turandot*, in *The Thousand and one days*. Calaf has guessed all her riddles, but will renounce his rights, if she can guess his name. One of her maids goes cunningly to him and tells him of Turandot's horrible inhumanity, who is going to have him murdered because she cannot guess his riddle. Then he imprudently cries, "Oh, unhappy son of Timurtas, oh Calaf worthy of pity!" Thus Turandot learns his name. A Swedish popular Story of St. Olaf turns upon discovering the name of a spirit in this way. See Gräter's *Iduna*, 3. 60, 61. The incident of demanding the child enters into a great number of myths.

* "Now my sorrows are manifold,
For I'm a maiden who spins gold."

56.—DEAREST ROLAND.

From Hesse. In another saga, which also comes from Hesse, this story is allied to *Hänsel and Grethel*, No. 15. The witch wants to kill and cook Hänsel because he is fat, but Grethel sets him free, and the children run away, but before going, Grethel spits in front of the hearth. So when the witch cries, "Will the water soon be hot?" the spittle answers, "I am just fetching it," and afterwards "It's boiling now," and "I am just bringing it," and between each answer the witch sleeps awhile. The last time she calls, however, when the spittle has dried up, she receives no answer, and gets out of bed, and when she cannot find the children, she puts on her skates and runs after them, but the girl has transformed herself into a pond and her little brother into a duck which is swimming on it. The witch wants to drink up the pond, but she bursts with the water, and is left lying dead. The two resume their human form and go home.

Our story is like *Fundevogel*, No. 51; *The Water Nixie*, No. 79. and *The two Kings' children*, No. 113. The last metamorphosis, when the stepmother perishes in the briar-hedge with dancing, recalls the *Jew among Thorns*, No. 110. Vossius, in the notes to his *Idyll of Riesenhügel*, mentions a story which also has some connection with ours. *Der Riesenwald*, pp. 44-72, in the *Brunswick Collection*, is also akin to this, and No. 6 in Müllenhoff; No. 1. in Kuhn. In Norwegian Asbjørnsen, vol. 2. In Swedish Cavallius, No. 14. In Hungarian, Mailáth's *Zauberhelene*, No. 12; and *the Magic Horse*, in Stier p. 28. Also *The Glass hatchet* in Gaal. p. 53. *The Orange tree* and *The Bee* (No. 8) in D'Aulnoy, and *The Dove* (2. 7) and *Rosella* (3. 9) in the *Pentamerone*, are allied to this. Being turned to stone by grief and pain occurs also in the Danish ballad of Rosmer. It has a deep signification and resembles the numbness which ensues when light and warmth are taken away. Changing yourself into a flower by the wayside when in sorrow, is an incident which appears again in a popular song :

"Ai Annle, lot dos Waene stohn
nahmt aich viel lieber a'n anden Mon."
"Eh wenn ich lo das Waene stohn,
wiel ich lieber ouff de Wagschaed gohn,
diett wiel ich zu aner Feldblum w'an.
* * * * *

Virmeittich's wiel ich schien uofblihn,
Nochmeittichs wiel ich traurich stien;
wo olle Lait vorieba gohn,
diett wiel ich inde traurich stohn."*

* "Ah, Annie, let thy weeping be,
Or take another love to thee."

This story especially belongs to the class in which an ancient ground-work seems to survive. The witch is a giant woman who has captured a couple of the children of the gods and wants to destroy them. When, according to one saga, the maiden spits and the spittle answers, we must, perforce, remember that saga in which earthly shapes are created from the spittle of the gods. But the bean also, which according to the French saga (in D'Aulnoy, No. 8) is baked into a cake, and in Kuhn, is put into a pan on the fire, and gives the answer, represents the creative principle, which in our story is still more clearly expressed by the drops of blood. For the transformations of the fugitives, who, to save themselves continually assume another shape, compare the *Eyrbyggiasage*, c. 20, where Katla is always changing her son in order to protect him.

57.—THE GOLDEN BIRD.

From Hesse; but this story is frequently found here, and also in Paderborn, where it is told in the older but not better form that a certain King had become ill (according to others, blind), and nothing in the world could cure him, until at last he heard (or dreamed), that in a far distant place the phoenix was to be found, and by its piping (or singing) alone could he be cured. And now the sons set out one after the other; and the various stories differ from each other only in the various tasks which the third son has to perform. The singing of the phoenix, being so necessary, is certainly a better foundation. One version also relates that the fox after having at last been shot, vanishes entirely and does not become a man. The fall into the well (instead of which a quarry sometimes occurs), is remarkably allied to the saga of Joseph; the deliverance from it by the Fox to that of Aristomenes (after Pausanias); to *Sindbad* (in *The 1001 Nights*); and to *Gog and Magog* (after Montevilla). The warning to buy no gallows-flesh is also contained in the Knight of Thurn's *Lehre*: "In the third place thou shalt beg off no thief or any other malefactor from death." Agricola's *Sprichwörter* (Wittenb. 1582), 97. There are other stories like this in the Erfurt *Kindermärchen*; pp. 94-150; in Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, pp. 230-242; and in Meier, 5; also in Zingerle, p. 157, but it is weaker

"Oh, if I let my weeping be
 I'd sooner to the wayside go,
 And as a humble field-flower grow.
 * * * * *

Before the noon I'll blossom fair,
 'Fore eve I'll stand so sadly there
 When all the folk are passing by,
 There will I stand so piteously."—TR.

in most of the incidents and in other respects. This saga was, however, known in the north at an early period, and doubtless in other parts of Europe also. *La Petite Grenouille Verte*, the first story in a French collection written in the beginning of the 18th century, and reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, vol. 31 (see further on), is manifestly related to it. In Slavonian, see the *Witch Corva*, No. 1, in Vogl, with which *Troldhelene*, Molbeck, No. 72, should be compared. In Wallachian, see Schott, No. 26. From the Bukowina, by Staufe, in Wolf's *Zeitschrift*, 2. 389. It appears to be also told in Poland (see further on). Perinskjöld, in his catalogue made for Hicke, p. 315, mentions the saga "*af Artus fagra*," and describes its contents thus: "Hist. de tribus fratribus Carolo, Vilhialmo atque Arturo, cogn. fagra, regis Angliæ filiis, qui ad inquirendum Phönicem, ut ea curaretur morbus immedicabilis patris illorum, in ultimas usque Indiæ oras missi sunt." Perhaps some allusion is also made to it in an Anglo-Saxon *Codex*, of which Manley gives a sketch, p. 281, book vi. "Septem constans capitulis, descriptionem tractat felicissimæ cujusdam regionis orientalis et de Phönice quæ ibi invenitur." A later Danish treatment in strophes of six lines has become a popular book, but has no poetical value. Nyerup treats of it (*Morkabslüsnig*, pp. 226-230). An edition is lying before us bearing the same title given there: it varies a little, and nothing is said of its being a translation from the Dutch, which is, indeed, only an assertion. "En meget mærkværdig Historie om Kong Edvard af Engelland, der faldt i en svær Sygdom, men helbrededes ved en viis Qvindes Raad, og det ene ved hans yngste Söns Prins Atti (Arti) Oemhed og Mod, der havde sin Fader saa kjær, at han foretog en Reise til Dronningen af Arabien, tilvendte sig ved List hendes Klenodier, bortførde Dronningens dyrebare Fugl Phönix, og sik til Slutning. . . . Dronningen selv tilægte." Here too the sons are called Carl, Wilhelm and Arthur; nothing is said about the helpful fox, and in almost every respect the German popular story is much superior. There is a Danish story from oral tradition in *Ætlar*, p. 1. We have likewise heard the beginning in the following form as a part of the story of *Dummling*. In front of a King's palace stood a very large pear-tree, which every year bore the most beautiful fruit; but as soon as it ripened it was always carried away in one night, and no one knew who had done it. The King had three sons, and the youngest was called Dummling (Simpleton). The eldest was to watch the tree for one year, which he did most diligently, and the boughs were laden with fruit; but during the last night, and just as they were going to be gathered next day; he was surprised by sleep, and when he awoke every pear was gone, and nothing left but leaves. The second son also watched for a year, but he had no better success than the eldest; during the last night all the pears disappeared. At length it was Dummling's

turn, and during the decisive night he guarded himself against sleep, and saw a white pigeon fly thither which picked off one pear after the other and flew away with it. As it was flying away with the last, Dummling followed, and the pigeon flew into a cleft in the rocks in a high mountain. Dummling looked round and saw a little grey man standing by him, to whom he said, "God bless thee!" The little man replied, "God has blessed me already, for by thy words I am delivered." Then he told Dummling to descend into the cleft, and he would find fortune. He descended and saw the white pigeon caught in a spider's web. As soon as she perceived him, she tore herself loose, and when the last thread was rent asunder, a beautiful maiden stood before him, who was a princess, whom he had likewise set free. Thereupon they married each other.

[Another variant is to be found in Rae's *White Sea Peninsula*. See the story of *Kuobbá the Giant, and the Devil*.—TR.]

58.—THE DOG AND THE SPARROW.

From three slightly differing stories, the most perfect of which is from Zwehrn, and forms the groundwork of this. The second, likewise from Hesse, has a different beginning. A hind had given birth to a young deer, and asked the fox to stand godfather. The fox invited the sparrow as well, and the latter wished to invite the house-dog, who was his especially dear friend. The dog however had been tied up with a rope by his master, because once after a wedding he had come back to the house drunk. So now the sparrow pecked out one thread of the rope after another, until the dog was released; but at the christening-feast he again forgot himself, was overcome by wine, reeled home, and remained lying in the street. And now came the waggoner, who scoffed at the sparrow's warning, drove over the dog, and killed him. The third story, which is from Göttingen, has no introduction at all. It only says that a bird and a dog go out together, and on the great highway come to a deep rut which the dog cannot get over as the bird does, and, as just then a waggoner with some casks of wine comes driving up, the bird entreats him to help the dog over; he, however, does not trouble himself about it, but drives over the poor beast and kills him. Then the bird avenges him. The end of our story is taken from the second Hessian one. An ancient German poem which is allied to this story is given in *Reinhart Fuchs*, p. 290, but is derived from the French *Renart*—compare cxcii. An Esthonian animal story which is also given in *Reinhart Fuchs*, cclxxxiv., is related to our story.

59.—FREDERICK AND CATHARINE.

At the basis of this lies a story from Zwehrn, but the incidents of Catharine compassionately using the butter for the road, and letting

the cheeses roll away, form part of another from Hesse. The jest of the counters and the earthenware pots, occurs in a third story from Fritzlar. In that from Zwehrn the man gives out that he has buried a hare-skin under the cow's manger. Catharine bids the pedlars take this up, whereupon they find the treasure. She hangs the pots which she has bought round about her house on the nails which are sticking in it. A fourth story, from the neighbourhood of Diemel, has various peculiarities. The man goes to his work in the fields, and says to his wife, "Put some meat among the cabbage, and when it is ready bring it out into the field to me." She takes the raw meat, carries it into the field where her cabbages are growing, and puts it among them. The dog soon scents it out, and carries off the meat; she runs after him, catches him, and as a punishment, ties him up at home to the beer-barrel in the cellar, and indeed to the tap. The dog becomes wild and impatient, and pulls the tap out. When the woman comes into the cellar all the beer is swimming about it. Then she dries it up with the flour. She takes with her some vinegar and dried pears, and, in order to secure the house, takes the door off its hinges, puts it on her back, and goes out. Her husband reproaches her for bringing such bad food, but they sit down to eat it. Then they see twelve robbers coming. In their terror they climb up a tree, and, that they may not be discovered, take the food and the door up with them. The robbers come and sit down immediately below them, and begin to divide six bags of gold. They are however, as in our story, frightened away, and the man and his wife drag the bags home. The woman borrows a measure of her neighbour to measure the gold in, and one piece of gold is left sticking in it, which makes the latter suspicious. So the woman tells everything that has happened. And now every one goes into the forest to get gold, but none return, for no one was so stupid as the woman, and the robbers killed all who ventured to show themselves in the forest. The man and the foolish woman lived very happily and free from all care till their death. There is another story in Colshorn, No. 37. In Norwegian in Asbjørnsen, p. 202. The incident of throwing down the door on the rascals is to be found in Kuhn and Schwartz, No. 13. *Vardiello*, in the *Pentamerone* (1. 4), and No. 49 in Morlini, are in some degree allied to this. Two Slavonian stories in Vogl—*The Master Liar*, pp. 64-65, and *Hans at School*, p. 83, where stupid things of another kind are done—should be compared with this.

60.—THE TWO BROTHERS.

For the main lines of our story we are indebted to one from Paderborn, which is the simplest and most natural. The beginning of this has also been told us in Hesse as a fragment, and with some

variations. There we have only two poor orphan broom-maker's boys, who have a little sister to support as well as themselves. The youngest discovers the bird with the golden egg, and sells the egg to a goldsmith. For some time the boy finds an egg every morning, until at last the bird tells him to take him to the goldsmith. The bird sings to the goldsmith that whosoever eats his heart shall be king, and whosoever eats his liver shall every morning find a purse of gold under his pillow. And now the goldsmith is willing to marry the little sister of the poor boys if they will give him the bird. At the wedding however, for which the bird is roasted, the two brothers, who are turning the spit in the kitchen, eat two little bits which have fallen off, and which, though they do not know it, are the heart and liver of the bird. Then, full of anger, the deceived goldsmith drives them out of his house. This part of the story is told with peculiar refinement in a Servian story in Wuk, No. 26; and the Russian story in Dietrich, No. 9, should likewise be compared. From the point where the expelled children reach the forester in the wood we have followed an excellent story, full of details, from the district of Schwalm in Hesse, compared with which that from Paderborn is only a meagre summary. This latter begins only with the incident of the forester having taken into his house two poor children who were begging at his door.

Our story is also told with another remarkable beginning. A certain king has a daughter who is pursued by mice, until at last he knows no other means of saving her but having a tower built in the middle of a great river, to which she is taken. She has one maid with her, and one day, when they are sitting together in the tower, a jet of water springs in through the window. She bids her maid set a tub, which is filled, whereupon the spring of water ceases. Both of them drink some of it, and afterwards each bears a son, one of whom is called Water-Peter and the other Water-Paul. They put both of the children in a small chest, write their names upon it, and let it float down the stream. A fisherman gets it out, brings up the two boys, who are exactly alike, and has them taught huntsmanship. The rest of the story is like ours until the marriage of Water-Peter with a king's daughter; but it is much more meagre. Each has only three animals, a bear, a lion, and a wolf. The old king dies a year afterwards, and Water-Peter receives the kingdom. One day he goes out hunting, loses sight of his attendants, and at night rests with his beasts by a fire. An old cat is sitting on a tree, and asks if she may be allowed to warm herself a little at his fire. When he says yes, she gives him three hairs of her fur, and begs him to lay one hair on each animal, otherwise she will be afraid to come. As soon as he has done this the beasts die. The king is enraged, and is about to kill her, but she says that in that place there is a spring with the water of death and another with

the water of life, and that he is to take some of the latter and pour it over the animals. He does this, and they come to life again. When Water-Peter comes home he finds Water-Paul in his place, and kills him in his jealousy; but when he hears how faithful he has been, and that he has always laid a naked sword between himself and the queen, he fetches some of the water of life, and restores him to life. A fourth story from Hesse calls the two brothers John Water-spring and Caspar Water-spring, and begins thus. A certain king was firmly resolved that his daughter should not marry, and had a house built for her in the greatest solitude in a forest; and there she had to dwell, and never saw any strange man. Near the house however rose a wondrous spring of water, of which the maiden drank, and afterwards bore two boys who exactly resembled each other, and received those names. The rest of the story contains nothing that is new; after the combat with the dragon the defunct John Water-spring is restored to life by the sap of an oak which the ants were fetching for their dead who had been trampled down in the struggle. A fifth story only says by way of a beginning that a golden box, in which two beautiful boys are lying, falls down from heaven into the net which a fisherman has just thrown out. When they have grown up, they learn huntsmanship. The dragon is slain by a poisoned seed which the youth throws down his throat. The princess's betrothed tries to kill the youth by poisoned food, but his animals discover the treachery. Afterwards he is turned to stone by a witch, but the other brother compels her to tell him the means of restoring him to life again. Under a certain stone a wicked snake is lying, which is the cause of the whole enchantment. This snake he has to hew in pieces, roast them at the fire, and smear the petrified brother with the fat. On the other hand a sixth story, from Zwehrn, contains much that is peculiar, but it lacks this introduction, and has nothing in it about the two brothers. Three poor sisters support themselves by means of three goats, which their brother has to take charge of. One day when he is out he meets a forester with three fine dogs; and the youth is delighted with them, and exchanges one of the goats for a dog which is called "Stop him." When he goes home the sisters are full of lamentations; nevertheless he cannot restrain his desire, and next day exchanges another goat for another dog which is called "Seize him," and, on the third day, the third goat for a dog called "Iron and steel breaker." Then the huntsman gives him a gun, a hanger, a powder-horn, and a bag, into the bargain, and he goes out into the world; and a hare, a deer, and a bear become his servants. He goes into a forest, and to a small house wherein sits an aged woman. She says to him, "Do not stay here; this is the dwelling-place of twelve thieves, who will slay thee." He replies, "I have no fear. I trust to my animals." Then he places the hare at the window,

the deer and the bear behind the door of the room, and the three dogs in the stable. The robbers come, pretend to be friendly, and invite him to eat with them. They sit down to table; the robbers lay their knives with the points turned round towards themselves; the huntsman's is laid with the point turned from him, as it ought to be. The robbers say, "Why do you not lay your knife as we lay ours?" "I lay mine like a huntsman, but you lay yours like thieves!" They jump up, and are about to kill him, when the hare knocks at the window, and immediately the deer opens the door, and the three dogs rush in, and the bear likewise, and tear the twelve thieves to pieces. Then the youth goes onwards and reaches a town, which is hung on the first day with white, on the second with red, and on the third with black cloth. He kills the dragon by means of his three dogs, goes away for a year and three days, and then returns and receives the king's daughter. In other respects it agrees with our story, only here it ends with the wedding and the deliverance of the three animals. They urgently entreat the youth to cut off their heads, but for a long time he will not consent to do it; when at last he does, the hare is transformed into a beautiful princess, the deer into a queen, and the bear into a king. This story occurs in *Lina's Story Book*, by A. L. Grimm, pp. 191-311. The twins are called Gentle Spring and Strong Spring. They are Peter and Paul in Zingerle, p. 131, where also a second story is given, p. 260. In Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No. 5, we have *Luck-bird* and *Pitch-bird*. In Meier it is *Hans and the Princess*, Nos. 29 and 58; and there is another version, p. 306. In Wolf's *Hausmärchen*, p. 369. In Kuhn und Schwartz, No. 10. The story is widely spread. In India, compare Somadeva, 2, 142. In Danish, Etlar, p. 18. In Swedish, Cavallius, pp. 78, 85. In Flemish, the *Wodana*, p. 69. In Hungarian, Gaal, No. 9, and Stier, p. 67. In Wallachian, Schott, No. 11. *The Merchant* (1, 7) and *The Doe*, (1, 9), in the *Pentamerone*, also belong to this group, and so does the third story of the tenth night in Straparola; also the beginning of *The Golden Bird* in a French fairy-tale by Count Caylus (*Cabinet des Fées*, 24, 267), and in Bohemian, see *The Twins*, Gerle, 2. 2. Allied to this are *The Gold Children* (No. 85), and a Servian story given by Wuk, No. 29. The Persian saga of *Lohrasp* in Firdusi (Görres, 2, 142) has much affinity with the whole of it.

In this remarkable story two different lines are to be indicated. In the first place the saga of Sigurd is visible in it. The incident of putting the newly-born children in the water, with which the other stories begin, coincides with the tradition in the *Wilkinasage*, according to which Siegfried was laid by his mother in a little glass coffer that rolled into the river and was carried away (compare the story of *The Golden Mountain*). And now comes the cunning and wicked goldsmith, the Reigen of the Norse saga; then the talking-bird,

which is so rich in gold, and is at the same time the prophetic bird, and the worm Fafnir; and then the eating the creature's heart, which gives gold and empire (wisdom), which the smith strives to compass with much cunning, but which Sigurd accomplishes. The instruction in woodcraft corresponds with the instruction which Reigen gives Sigurd. The faithful serving-animals correspond with the horse Grane. Then follows the deliverance of the maiden from the dragon, the maiden being the Kriemhild of the German lay; in the Norse it is by leaping over a wall of flames that the hero wins her.

Yet he leaves her, as Sigurd Brünhild. The brother who has the same form as himself is Gunnar, his brother in arms, with whom Sigurd also exchanges forms; even the placing the swords is there, only in a different connection. Just as the larger and more powerful beasts always entrust the charge to the smaller, until at last the responsibility falls on the poor hare, there is a similar chain of descent, in the more ancient story *Touti Nameh* (Kosegarten from Iken, p. 227), in which the sea-animals and monsters always push off a task upon one still smaller, until at last it is fixed on the frog.

The story also contains the saga of *Die Blutsbrüder*. It is thoroughly elucidated in our edition of *Der arme Heinrich*, pp. 183-197. Both children are born strangely and at the same time. The token at their separation, of the knife stuck into a tree, corresponds with the golden cup of Amicus and Amelius. Originally perhaps it was the knife with which the veins were punctured in order to drink brothership in arms. Compare the notes to the story of *The Water of Life* (No. 97). The one takes the other's place at home and with his wife, but he separates himself from her in their couch by a sword. The illness which attacks one of them, and drives him away from human society, is here the enchantment of the witch, who turns him to stone, an enchantment from which the other brother frees him. For this part of the story see *The Burning Stag*, in Colshorn, No. 74. Compare the story of *Faithful John*, No. 6, and one from Cornwall. (See further on.) As the one brother fights against the dragon, Thor in the northern myth (both in the *Völuspá* and in the *Later Edda*) fights against the Mitgard Snake at the end of the world. He kills it, indeed, but falls dead on the ground with the poison which the snake has spat out against him.

[Prince Bahman gave Princess Perizade a knife, the blade of which would inform her of his health; when it appeared stained with blood he would be dead. See *The Thousand and One Nights* story of the *Three Sisters*.—Tr.]

61.—THE LITTLE PEASANT.

From Zwehrn. Another story, from Hesse, tells of a tailor who makes his fortune in this manner, but it is less complete. It

likewise begins with the tailor finding a benumbed thrush which he afterwards puts to his ear that it may prophesy to him. When he is shut up in the chest on the water, he cries out that on no account will he marry the princess, and thus entices the shepherd to take his place. According to another story, the man is called Herr Hands. The peasants hate him because of his cunning, and in their envy destroy his baking-oven; he, however, carries away some of the remains of it in a sack to a noble lady, and begs her to take care of the sack for him, and says that there are spices, cinnamon, cloves and pepper in it. Then he goes to fetch it away again, and makes a great outcry, and says she has robbed him, whereby he extorts three hundred thalers from her. The peasants see the money being counted out to him, and ask how he has come by it? He says it is for the remains of the oven. Then all the peasants destroy their ovens and carry what is left of them to the town, but fare badly. They want to revenge themselves by killing him; he puts on his mother's clothes, and thus escapes, but his mother is killed. He rolls her in a cask to a doctor, leaves her standing there a while, and then returns and blames him for killing her, and thus obtains a sum of money from the doctor. He tells the peasants that he has got this for his dead mother, on which they all kill their mothers too. Then comes the incident of the shepherd getting into the barrel and being drowned in his place, and of the other peasants all leaping in after him. In the story of *Peasant Kibitz*, which Büsching gives (p. 296), there are also some varying features. Kibitz lets his wife be killed by the peasants, and then sets her up by some railings with a basketful of fruit, and a servant, who has been ordered by his master and mistress to buy something from her, pushes her into the water because she returns no answer. For this Kibitz receives the carriage in which the master was driving, together with all that pertains to it. Obtaining money by mere clamour is also part of the cunning of Gonella (Flögel's *Gesch. der Hofnarren*, p. 309). In the people's book, "*Rutschki or the Bürger of Quarkenquatsch*," various incidents from this story are used, the purchasing the old chest in which the lover is hid for the cow-hide (p. 10), and the setting up the dead wife. Rutschki puts some butter on her lap, and sets her by the side of the well, and the apothecary who wants to buy some, but can obtain no answer from her, shakes her and pushes her down into it, and for that he has to pay Rutschki a thousand thalers (pp. 18, 19). The betrayal of the shepherd at the end is also quite different. Rutschki is condemned to death, and is bolted into a clothes-press, and taken out to the pond; but, as this is frozen over, they leave the press standing, and go away to fetch axes to cut a hole in the ice. While they are absent, Rutschki hears a cattle-dealer going by, and calls out, "I will not drink any wine! I will not drink any wine! I am

not thirsty!" The cattle-dealer asks what he is doing. Rutschki gets him to unbolt the door, and tells him that he has been elected burgomaster, and is quite willing to accept the appointment, for very little work and a salary of five hundred thalers go with it, but that he will on no account comply with the custom that every burgomaster shall, when he takes office, drink to the dregs a great glass of Burgundy, because he never drinks any wine at all. He also says that they have set him out there on the ice in order that the frost may make him long for a warm draught, but that all is in vain, for he will not drink it. The cattle-dealer proposes to exchange his herd for this position, and gets into the press. Rutschki bolts it. The peasants come and cut a hole, and let the press down into it. When they are returning, they meet Rutschki with the cattle, and he tells them that he has found them at the bottom of the pond, and that it is a beautiful land where perpetual summer reigns. And now they all plunge into the water (pp. 22, 23). H. Stahl communicates another version in the *Miternachtblatt*, 1829, No. 35, 36. The poor peasant is called Hick, and lives at Lieberhausen in the county of Gimbornneustadt. His poverty compels him to slaughter his only cow, and he goes to Cologne to sell its hide. As he is going, it begins to rain, so he covers himself with the hide, the bloody side being outwards. A raven lights upon it, and is about to eat. Hick catches it carefully, and takes it with him into the town. He relates his adventure in an inn at Cologne. He twitches the raven's tail and makes him prophesy. The innkeeper buys the prophet at a high price. Hick tells his neighbours that cows' hides are frightfully dear in Cologne. The people of Lieberhausen now kill all their cows, and get nothing by the sale of the hides. Out of revenge they put Hick in a barrel to roll him into the Rhine, but they stop awhile at an inn on the shore. Hick cries from the barrel, "I am to go to Cologne to be bishop," and a shepherd gives him his sheep, and takes his place in the barrel. Hick drives his flock home, and tells the people of Lieberhausen that he has found them in the Rhine, and that the bottom of the river is full of them. Hick advises one of them to jump into the river, and when he has found the sheep, to come to the top again and stretch out both arms as a token. They follow his advice, and when one of them has leaped in, and before drowning stretches out his arms, they all leap, plump, plump, after him. Two stories from the Tyrol in Zingerle have many peculiarities, pp. 5 and 419. There is another in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 15; and two which vary very much in Müllenhoff, Nos. 23 and 24, which repeat the contents of the Latin *Unibos* of the 11th century in the most perfect manner. (Jac. Grimm, *Latein. Gedichte*, p. 354, and notes 382.) The Wallachian story *Bakálá*, No. 22 in Schott, is allied with this.

Solitary jests are narrated separately. Bartoldo prevails on a watchman to open the sack in which he is lying imprisoned, and to creep in himself, by pretending to him that he has only concealed himself because he did not wish to marry a beautiful girl. See Hagen's preface to *Morolf*, p. 19. There is something of the same kind in the Irish story of *Darby Duly* (K. v., K., * 2, 23). The jest of the peasant, the miller, the miller's wife and the parson, is even to be found in the old German poem *Der Kündige Knecht* (Viennese MS. 428, No. 62). The servant tells a story about a wolf, and skilfully alludes to the concealed sheep. See also Eyering (2. 430), and Burkard Waldis. The story of *Old Hildebrand*, No. 95, No. 63, in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, is allied. In Danish there is *Little Klaus and Big Klaus*, in Andersen, in Etlar, p. 134. From Vorarlberg, see Vonbun, p. 36. In the *Pentamerone*, see *The Godfather* (2, 10), in Straparola, *Scarpafico* (1. 3). As for the rest, the peasants—peasants have been in every period of time easily betrayed—are clearly allied to the Lalenbürgers.

62.—THE QUEEN BEE.

From Hesse, where we have also heard another story differing in various ways. A poor soldier offers his services to the King, and promises to win for him the most beautiful maiden. He is royally equipped, and on his way, when he passes by a great forest, he hears the song of many thousands of birds resounding delightfully through the blue air. "Halt, halt!" cries he. "The birds must not be disturbed; they are praising their Creator!" and he orders his coachman to turn round, and drives another way. After this he comes to a field where many thousands of ravens are crying loudly for food. He has a horse unharnessed, killed, and thrown for the ravens to eat. At length he comes to a marsh where a fish is lying pitifully lamenting that it cannot reach any flowing water. The soldier himself conveys it to the water, and the fish wags its tail with joy. When he comes to the princess, three tasks are given him, which he must accomplish. In the first place he must gather together again a peck of poppy-seed which the King has had scattered. The soldier takes a measure, a sack, and some white sheets into the field, and spreads out the sheets there. Presently the birds whose singing he would not disturb, come; pick up the seeds, grain by grain, and carry them to the sheets, and the soldier sets before the King the peck which he has had scattered. In the second place he has to fetch a ring which the King's daughter has dropped into the sea. The fish which he had placed in flowing water brings him the ring from under the fin of a whale, where it had fallen. Thirdly, he is to kill a unicorn which has taken up its abode in a forest, and is doing great damage. The

* Sagen and Märchen von K. von Killinger.—Tr.

soldier goes into the forest, and there the ravens which he rescued from starvation are sitting, and say to him, "Have patience for a little longer, the unicorn has only one good eye, and now he is lying on it, and sleeping; but if he turns round, and sleeps on the bad eye, we will peck out the good one. He will then become furious, but, as he will be blind, he will run against the trees in his fury, and stick fast with his horn." Soon afterwards the animal turns in his sleep, and then he lies on the other side, on which the ravens fly to him, and peck out his good eye. He leaps up and runs against an oak-tree and sticks his horn firmly into it. Then the soldier cuts off his head, carries it to the King, and receives in return for it his beautiful daughter, whom he takes to his master, by whom he is royally rewarded.

In Netherlandish, see *The Grateful Animals*, No 4. in Wolf's *Wodana*. In Hungarian, see Gaal, No 8. In Persian, *Touti-Nameh*, No 21 in Iken. A certain King dies and leaves behind him two sons. The elder usurps the crown; the second leaves the country. He comes to a pond where a snake has caught a frog. He calls the snake, which leaves hold of the frog, and it hops back into the water. In order to compensate the snake, he cuts off a bit of his own flesh. To show their gratitude for these benefits, both the frog and the snake come to him in human form and serve him. The prince enters into the service of a King, whose ring falls into the water when he is fishing, and who orders the prince to get it out again for him. The frog-man reassumes the form of a frog, goes into the water, and brings out the ring. Soon afterwards the King's daughter is bitten by a snake, and no one can save her from death but the snake-man, who sucks out the poison from the wound. Thereupon the King gives the prince his daughter to wife. And now the two faithful servants take leave of him, and make themselves known to him respectively as the frog whose life he had saved, and the snake to whom he had given a piece of his own flesh to eat. See the story of *Livoret* (3, 2) in Straparola. In the Jewish *Maasähbuch* (chap. 143 of Rabbi Chanina), the King first gets to know about the Princess with the Golden Hair, by a single hair which a bird one day (as in *Tristan*), lets fall on his shoulders, and which it has plucked from her head while she was bathing. On his way Chanina shows kindness to a raven, a dog, and a fish. The tasks set him are to procure water from Paradise and from hell, and the grateful raven brings a small pitcherful from both places. Then he has to get a ring out of the sea. The fish prevails upon Leviathan, who has swallowed it, to spit it out on land, but in the meantime a wild boar comes and swallows it. And now the dog attacks the wild boar and tears it in two pieces, and Chanina again finds the ring. The end is entirely different; for instance, when Chanina has brought the bride home to the King he is taken into high favour by

him, and for that reason is murdered by the envious. But the young Queen, who is very much devoted to him, sprinkles him with the water from Paradise, by which he is immediately restored to life. The King wishes to make a trial of this likewise, and orders one of his men to kill him, but the Queen pours the water of hell over him, by which he is immediately burnt to ashes. She says to the people, "See, he was an impious man, or he would have been brought back to life again;" and marries Chanina. There are some more details in Helwig. There is a certain amount of resemblance to *Ferdinand the Faithful*, No. 126. The story of the *White Snake*, No. 17, is like this, and so is *Soldier Lawrence* in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No 7.

63.—THE THREE FEATHERS.

From Zwehrn; but we have frequently heard the story in Hesse, and there are usually variations in the three tasks which are set. Thus the finest linen yarn is demanded, which is given to Dummling (Simpleton) by a spinning-maiden in a subterranean cavern; the most beautiful carpet, which she also weaves for him; and, finally, the most beautiful woman. Dummling has to take a frog and leap into the water with it, on which it changes into the most beautiful girl. Or else a toad is given him, which he has to place on the bench by him as his wife. From thence it springs on to the table, then on the plate, and then, to the horror of all who are dining with him, into the dish. It will only sit quietly when on the salad. Then Dummling has to take hold of it, and lay it in a bed, and then cut it straight through its heart with a sharp sword; something cracks, and a beautiful maiden is lying there, who far surpasses the brides of the brothers in beauty. Afterwards the father gives each of his three sons an apple, and the one who throws it the farthest is to inherit the kingdom. The youngest son's apple flies the farthest, but as he is quite too stupid, the father will not let him have the power, and demands twenty score yards of linen in a nutshell. The eldest travels to Holland, the second to Schleswig, where fine linen was said to be, the third and stupid one goes into the forest, where a nutshell falls from a tree, and in it is the linen. Afterwards the father asks for a dog small enough to jump through his wedding-ring, and then for three hanks of yarn which will go through the eye of a needle, all of which Dummling brings. Or else it is that the one shall inherit the kingdom who brings back with him the most delightful perfume. The stupid one comes to a house where a cat is sitting outside the door, which asks "Why art thou so sad?" "Alas, thou canst not help me!" "Come, let me hear! Tell me what thou art in need of?" The cat procures the best scent for him. The opening of the story is

manifold—the father drives stupid Hans away, because he is too stupid for anything. He goes to the sea-shore, sits down, and weeps. Then comes the toad, who is an enchanted maiden; at her bidding he leaps with her into the water, struggles with her, and wins himself the kingdom, whilst she thus regains her beautiful human form. The *Snake maiden* in the *Deutsche Sagen* (i. 13) should be compared with this. The story is to be found, pp. 271–286, in the *Brunswick Collection*. In Büsching's, p. 268, *Von der Padde*. In Zingerle, p. 348. In D'Aulnoy, *La Chatte Blanche*, No. 19. It is also told in Swedish, in Cavallius, p. 300 (see further on). In Norwegian, in Asbjørnsen, p. 160. In Polish, Lewestam, p. 101. In Albanian, in Hahn, 2. 166, 167. In Servian, in Wuk, No. 11.

For blowing feathers, which are to be followed, the *Aldt. Wälder*, 1. 91, should be seen. Aventin, in the *Bavarian Chronicle*, p. 98b, says, "There is a common proverb, which is generally used by such as wish, or are obliged, to till strange lands. 'I will blow a feather, and where it flies, I will follow.'" Indeed, at this very day, people in Hesse say, "Which way will that man blow his feather? Whither will he go?" Compare also *Völundurs Lied*, where one brother goes east, the second south, and the third stays at home. A similar custom was observed by the discontented Norwegians who left their fatherland under Harald Harfager, and emigrated to Iceland. It frequently happened that on approaching the island the captain threw overboard a piece of a chair which usually stood in the place of honour in the house. This fragment was adorned with a carving of the head of Thor or some other god, and the leader chose the place where it drifted to shore as the central point of the tract of land of which he was about to possess himself. But in the Persian Firdusi something of the same kind can be traced (Görres, i. 136). Sal went to descry the position of the enemy. He shot one arrow straight up towards heaven; he fixed spears in three places; and he shot three arrows across the stream, to serve as signs to the army where to assemble and make the attack.

64.—THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

After a story from Hesse, and another from the neighbourhood of Paderborn. This last has the following variations: when Dummling has shared his food with the little man, the latter says, "Now lie down and sleep a while; and when thou awakest thou wilt find a sledge, to which a little bird is harnessed; and when it cries 'Kisi,' answer only 'Keifes;' and then thou wilt see what will happen." So Dummling lay down, for he was tired; and when he awoke, the sledge with the little bird was standing before him, and he seated himself in it, drove away, and came to a town. Three girls however were looking out of the window of one of the houses, and

they saw the sledge with the little bird; and the eldest exclaimed, "I must have that bird!" but the youngest, who also wanted to have it, could run quicker, and got first into the street, and tried to grasp it. The little bird cried "Kisi!" and Dummling answered "Keifes," on which the girl stuck fast to the sledge, and could not get loose again, but was forced to try to seize the bird continually. And now came the two other sisters, and were held fast. Dummling drove onwards, and they reached a great piece of water, where many washerwomen were standing washing; and when they saw the girls they were angry with them for running after the sledge, and ran up to beat them with their wooden mallets; but they too were held fast, and were still forced to try to strike the girls. Then the parson and clerk came with the holy-water vessel, and they too were made fast, and thus the band grew greater, until Dummling arrived with it in the presence of the king's serious daughter, who laughed at the sight, and whom he now received to wife. The other tasks are not given. See *The Golden Duck*, in Meier, No. 17; and No. 27 in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*. Compare the story, *The Miller and the Cat*, No. 106.

As in this story, every one sticks fast to the goose, or to those who are touching it, so Loki sticks fast to the rod with which he is trying to strike the eagle (Thiasse). The rod, however, sticks to the eagle, and he is dragged away too (*Younger Edda, Dames*, 51). Just as the sons are tested by seeing if they are disposed to share a piece of cake, so Engelhart, in a poem of Konrad von Würzburg's, has three apples given him by his father, and is to give one of them to whomsoever he shall happen to meet; if the stranger eats the whole of it without giving him a piece he is to avoid him, but if the stranger gives him some he is to accept his friendship. The third is the first to behave kindly. Compare in Wyss's *Volkssagen* p. 321; and p. 22, the notes on the test by apples. A man who can drink a pond dry, or eat many thousands of loaves, appears in the *Volksbuch of the Pomeranian Kunigund*; see the story of *The Seven Apprentices who get on in the World*, No 71; and *The Six Servants*, No. 134.

65.—ALLERLEIRAUH.

Consists of stories from Hesse and Paderborn; the last varies in some particulars. The maiden puts the mantle of all kinds of fur—on which moss or whatever else she can pick up in the forest is sewn—over the three bright dresses, and escapes into the forest. Then, for fear of the wild beasts, she climbs up a high tree, and sleeps, resting on the branches. In the morning some wood-cutters come to get wood for the King's court; they cut down the tree on which Allerleirauh is still sleeping, but it falls slowly, so she is not hurt. She awakes in a fright, but when she sees that she is among kind

people she begs them to take her away with them. "Yes," they say; "get into the wood-cart there, hairy animal." They drive to the King's court, and she serves in the kitchen. As she has made some very good soup, the King sends for her, and says, "Thou art indeed a pretty child; come and seat thyself on my chair." Then he lays his head on her lap, and says, "Comb my hair a little." She does it, and henceforth has to do it every noon. One day while she is doing it he sees her shining star-dress glittering through the sleeve of her mantle, and tears it off; there she stands as the most beautiful princess in the world. According to a third story, from the neighbourhood of Paderborn, Allerleirauh pretends to be dumb. The King one day strikes her with the whip, and the fur-mantle is torn, and the gold dress shines through it. The King makes the rent larger, and she is discovered. The punishment of the father, too, follows in both stories. He himself has to pronounce the sentence that he does not deserve to be King any longer. A fourth story begins differently. Allerleirauh is driven away by a step-mother because a foreign prince has given a betrothal ring to her and not to the step-mother's daughter. Afterwards Allerleirauh arrives at the court of her lover, does menial work, and cleans his shoes, but is discovered, as she lays the betrothal ring among the white bread, as in another saga it is put in the strong broth. (Musäus, 2, 188.) When the King will marry no girl whose hair is not like that of the dead Queen, we are reminded of an incident in the *Färöische Sage*, where the bereaved King will marry no one whom the dead Queen's clothes do not fit. *Sagabibliothek*, 2, 481. There is a very flat version of the story in one from the Zillerthal, Zingerle, p. 231. Compare No. 48 in Meier, and No. 10 in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*. The story has some affinity to that of *Aschenputtel*, and Perrault's *Peau d'Ane* belongs to this group; so does the story of *Doralice* in Straparola (1. 4), especially the beginning of it. In the *Pentamerone* see *The She-bear* (2. 6). In Wallachian, *The Emperor's Daughter in the Pig-stye*, No 3 in Schott.

66.—THE HARE'S BRIDE.

From Buckow, in the neighbourhood of Mecklenburg. It has some affinity with *Fitcher's Bird* (No. 46). The enumeration of the people at the wedding is taken from another version of the story, and recalls the Wendish comical song of *The Merry Wedding*, (Herder's *Stimmen der Völker*, p. 139).

67.—THE TWELVE HUNTSMEN.

From Hesse. The incident of the first betrothed being forgotten is repeated in many stories (*Dearest Roland*, *The Singing*,

Soaring Lark, &c.) We will only cite two memorable examples, Duschmanta forgets Sacontala, and Sigurd, Brünhild. See *The Servant*, in the *Pentamerone* (3. 6).

68.—THE MASTER-THIEF.

From Münster. There is a variant from Vienna. A master-wizard tries to find a youth to assist him who can neither read nor write. He asks one whom he meets, "Canst thou read and write?" "Yes," answers the youth. The wizard says, "If thou canst read and write thou wilt be of no use to me." "Oh, you are speaking of reading and writing!" says the youth. "I misunderstood you; I thought you were asking if I could scream and eat; and both these things I understand thoroughly, but of reading and writing I know nothing. The master-wizard thinks, "He will suit me," and, as he likes him in other respects, he takes him. The youth, however, was quick-witted, and knew very well how to read and write, and was only pretending to be stupid. So he remained some time in service, and lent a hand in the wizard's work, but whenever he was out of the way or gone out, the boy secretly read the books of magic and learnt by heart the formulas and rules. This continued until one day the master found him reading one of the books, and saw what had happened. "Wait," cries he; "thou shalt not escape me!" The boy hastily utters a powerful spell, becomes a bird, and flies away. The master as swiftly changes himself into a bird of prey and pursues him. The narrator had forgotten the series of metamorphoses which now followed, but the sequel was that the youth proved cleverer than the master, and whilst the latter was lying before him in the form of a grain of corn, the youth took that of a cock, and swallowed him, by which the magician was lost and annihilated.

There is another form of the tradition in Müllenhoff, No. 27, and in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, No. 26. Incontestably the finest is the story in Straparola, 8, 5, in the complete edition (see further on); but the Danish in Etlar, p. 36, is also very good. In Polish see the Danish collection in Molbech, No. 66, p. 66, and Lewestam, p. 110. In Wallachian, *The Devil and his Pupil*, Schott, No. 18. In Servian, see Wuk, No. 6. The similar, though not identical, transformations of the two magicians in the well-known story in the *Thousand and One Nights* (1, 385, 386), should be remarked. It likewise occurs that one of the magicians changes himself into a pomegranate, the seeds of which the other, who is in the form of a cock, tears out; but, as he has overlooked one seed, the metamorphoses continue. Others are to be found in the stories No. 56, 76, 79, and also in the Welsh saga of *Ceridwen* (Mone, 2. 521.) in which at last a hen devours the seed. Lastly, in *Simplicissimus* (p. 212,

235, Mömpelg. Edition) similar, but seriously intended feats of magic are related. Malagis likewise chances to find the magic books of Baldaris, whom he has regarded as his father, and secretly learns the art of magic from them. Once, when they are seated at table, Baldaris enchants hares and rabbits, which run about after each other; then Malagis causes two beautiful greyhounds to leap upon the table, which chase the little animals and tear them to pieces. Baldaris enchants some water, and every one is compelled to wash his hands in it, but Malagis causes the water to become black, and it sticks to them like pitch. (Heidelberg, MS. folio 19b, 20a.) Compare with this the Hungarian story, *The Glass Hatchet* (Gaal, No 3), where also from the one animal another but a weaker one always arises, and the last is an egg. In the Bohemian story in Gerle (p. 241) the evil spirit changes himself from a dragon into an eagle, and then into a fly; but the fly is caught in the web of a spider, who is a good spirit, and is by him devoured.

69.—JORINDE AND JORINGEL.

From the *Life of Heinrich Stilling*, 1, 104–108. A story told by word of mouth from the Schwalm district varies very slightly. There are two children who go into a great forest. The youth stumbles on the castle of an enchantress, who touches him with her wand and he is changed into a bird. The girl dreams of the flower, and by means of it restores him to his human form. She likewise touches the witch with the flower, and she is transformed into a crow. The children return home; but once when they are playing in the garden the crow comes flying to them, alights on a tree, and the girl brings the flower, touches the crow with it, and thus restores the witch to her own shape.

70.—THE THREE CHILDREN OF FORTUNE.

From Paderborn. Clearly allied to the Lalenbürgers. The last story of the cat is indeed extremely like what we find there (chap. 44). They have never seen a cat before, and buy it at a great price as a mouse-dog, and set fire to the house in which it is, because they believe it will devour man and beast (the vendor had said, something which they had misunderstood). In the chronicle of Albertus von Stade we find p. 1946, the following, which is probably interpolated; “habitaverunt ibi [in Venice] a principio duo concives, unus dives, alter pauper, dives ivit mercatum et requisivit a socio mercimonium. ‘Non habeo,’ pauper ait, ‘præter duos catos,’ hos dives secum assumpsit et casu inter rem venit, ubi locum fere totum mures vastaverant, vendidit catos pro magna pecunia et suo socio per mercatum plurima comparans reportavit.”

In Servian see Wuk, No. 7. *Whittington and his Cat*, is an English story of the same kind.

71.—HOW SIX GO THROUGH THE WORLD.

From Zwehrn. A story from Paderborn is almost exactly like it. The description of the runner is taken from it; in the Hessian story, he had fastened a cannon to his leg to make himself go more slowly. In the Paderborn story there is a Listener besides, who, when he takes the stopping from his ears, can hear the dead under ground singing. A third story from the district of Schwalm is more imperfect, but has some incidents which are special. In it only four men go about together, the Listener, the Runner, the Blower, and the Strong-One. The Runner fetches the game, the Blower blows a blast which drives the people out of the villages, or up the chimneys, and then takes whatsoever is to be found in their houses—bread, meat, and eggs. The Strong-One carries these things away, and the Listener has to be on the look out to hear if the hussars are following them. They go one day to the King's court, and the King's daughter is ill, and can only be cured by a herb that grows a hundred miles off, and must be procured in four-and-twenty hours. It is made known that whosoever brings it shall have as much treasure as he desires. The four comrades undertake the task. The physicians describe the herb exactly, and the Runner sets out. He brings it before the appointed time, and the princess recovers. Thereupon the King asks how much money he wants to have? "As much as my brother (the Strong-One) can carry." The King thinks, "He has some moderation," and says, "Yes," with pleasure. The Strong-One makes himself an enormous sack, sweeps up all the gold in the treasure-chamber, but that is too little, and the King is forced to give all that there is in the whole kingdom. When the Strong-One has gone away with his wealth, the King sends some hussars after him. The Listener hears them coming, the Runner sees if it is true, and when they have marched up, the Blower blows them into the air and none of them are ever heard of or seen again. A popular book, *The History of the Pomeranian Maiden Kunigunda, who, after many strange adventures, became a Queen* (new and improved edition, Elbing, 1804), consists of similar and in some degree identical sagas. Kunigunda also has seven servants; Marrow-bone, who is so strong that in an hour he cuts down a number of trees in a forest, and wants to carry them away as well; Birdswift, who has bound his legs so close together that he is only able to take short steps, otherwise he would outrun the deer and hares and never be able to catch anything; Sharp-shot who has bandaged his eyes, because he sees too clearly, and can see all the game for four miles

round, so that at one shot he hits more than he wishes, and could easily clear all the country of game; Fine-ear, who hears the grass and herbs growing (Heimdallr hears the grass growing in the ground, and the wool growing on the backs of the sheep, *Snorra Edda*, p. 30); the Blower, who when he only blows a little can turn fifty wind-mills; Drink-all, who can empty out a pond; and lastly, Eat-all, who can eat up many thousand loaves. With these seven servants, Kunigunda, disguised as a man, goes through many kinds of adventures. She ties up a dragon, while Drink-all drinks up the pond where the monster quenched its thirst, and fills it with wine, whereby the monster becomes drunk. After this she wins away the treasure of a rich Emperor; one of her seven servants each time fulfilling the imposed conditions. Eat-all eats six heaps of bread; Drink-all drinks all the wells and the water that came through the pipes in the city. A race too, as here, occurs. Bird-swift is stupified with a strong drink, and falls asleep when he ought to be running. His opponent is just reaching the goal when Fine-ear listens, and hears the sleeper snoring two miles off; so Sharp-shot shoots an arrow into the tip of his ear, which awakens him; he be-thinks himself, starts up quickly, and runs so fast that with the arrow still in his ear, he arrives first at the goal. Marrow-bone carries away the treasure they have won; they come to a river over which they cannot carry it as there are no ferry-boats, but Drink-all drinks up the river. The enemy's horsemen follow them, but the Blower raises such a storm that all the boats sink, and not a single man is left. Afterwards the servants quarrel, each declaring that he has done the most, but Kunigunda pacifies them. The whole is interwoven with a love story. Kunigunda, disguised as a man, and bearing the name of Felix, serves the King of Poland. A magician who is favourably disposed to her, has sent her the seven servants, and has also given her an excellent speaking-horse. She secretly falls in love with the King; the Queen, on the other hand, falls in love with her; and because she slights the Queen's love, the latter forces all kinds of dangerous enterprises on her. At length the Queen accuses Kunigunda of having grossly insulted her. She is condemned to death, but then her sex is revealed. The Queen dies of poison, and Kunigunda becomes the King's wife. An Arabian tale, in the continuation of *The 1001 Nights* by Chavis and Cazotte, in the *Cabinet des Fées*, 39, 421-478,* is altogether in

* It was believed to be not genuine, but afterwards Caussin de Perceval found the Arabian manuscript which Chavis took as the foundation which Cazotte repolished. From this source Perceval gives the stories in his continuation of the *Thousand and One Nights* (usually the eighth or ninth vol.), see preface to vol. viii.; but this particular one is not found among them. Chavis must, therefore, have borrowed it from another not yet re-discovered Arabian MS., for its authenticity admits of no doubt.

the spirit of one story. The leader is Rock-splitter (Tranchemont), under whom Drink-all (Pretaboire), Sharp-eye (Percevue), Straight-on (Droitaubut), Air-cleaver (Fendl'air), Strong-back (Bondos), Cloud-grasper (Grippe-nuage), and the Blower (Grossitout), seven in all, practise the arts which their names denote. The fact that they are conquered in spite of these, and that the magician from whom they have received this supernatural strength is annihilated, appears to be a later and intentional alteration for the sake of the moral application.

The story of the *Six Servants* (No. 134) belongs also to this place. In Colshorn, see *Peter Bär*, No. 105, and No. 8 and 31, in Meier. In Müllenhoff, *Rinroth*, p. 453. In Wolf's *Deutsche Sagen*, No. 25. Münchhausen has used this comic saga in his unvarnished *Travels* (London, i.e. Göttingen, 1788, p. 84, and following), but has on the whole told it ill. Thor and his servant Thialfi should also be named here, as well as the enormous dinner of the giant, in the *Altdänische Lieder*, when the bride devours whole oxen, and drinks out of hogsheads. In Norwegian, see Ashbjørnsen, No. 24. In the *Pentamerone*, The Simpleton, (5, 8) is allied; and the story of the *Flea* (1. 5) should be compared. In D'Aulnoy it is called *Belle-Belle ou le Chevalier Fortuné*, and translated into English form, has come into the *Tabart Collection*.

72.—THE WOLF AND THE MAN.

From Paderborn. There is another story from Bavaria. The wolf boasts to the fox that there is nothing in the world that he is afraid of, and that he will devour a horseman, and his horse as well. The fox in order to humble the wolf, whom he secretly fears, will not believe this until he sees it with his own eyes. They conceal themselves in the forest by the roadside. Two small weak men seem to the fox to be too insignificant for the trial, but at last a hussar, with a powerful sabre by his side, comes thither. "That is the right one," says the fox, "thou must set on him." The wolf, to keep his word, springs out and seizes the rider, but he draws his sword out of the scabbard, strikes promptly, and mangles the wolf so terribly that he has great difficulty in returning to the fox, "Well," says the fox, "how did the horseman taste?" "Alas!" replies the wolf in a feeble voice, "I should certainly have devoured him, if he had not had a white tongue behind him, which he pulled out and licked me with so terribly, that I never got to the eating." In an old German 13th century poem (Keller's *Erzählungen*, No 528), a young lion appears. He asks his father if he has ever seen an animal stronger than they. "Yes," answers the old lion, "and man is that animal." A boy comes thither, and the old lion says, "He will be a man." Then a grey-beard comes, and the old one says, "He, too, was once a

man." And now comes a man who has a spear in his hand, and a sword in his belt. The old lion says, "Son, here is one of the kind I spoke of to you." He warns his son not to go too near this one, but the young lion springs on him. The man attacks him with the spear, and then draws his sword and cuts him through the back, and he falls on the ground. The old lion comes up, and the young one says to him, "The long tooth with which the man defended himself was of hard steel, and then he drew a rib out of his side, and dealt me this wound." "There are many children like you who will not obey their fathers and have to bear the consequence," replies the father. The story is also known in Transylvania, see Haltrich, No. 30. Franz von Kobel has treated it in *Poems in the Upper Bavarian dialect* (Munich, 1846, p. 81). But the Negroes also have the story. See *The Lion and the Huntsman*, Kölle, No. 9. Compare the notes to No. 48.

73.—THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

From Hesse. Another story from Schweig, in the province of Treves, contains nothing but the conclusion of the fox persuading the wolf to creep through a narrow hole to drink his fill of milk, and how, after the meal, the fox only returns, and the wolf, who is swollen with eating, has to stay behind and is killed. A third story from Bavaria, has also only this adventure, but after all the wolf escapes with his life. He is thoroughly beaten, however, and is ridiculed by the fox. A fourth from the neighbourhood of Paderborn has also some special incidents. The fox invites the wolf to go under a pear-tree, and he will climb it, and shake down the fruit to him. When the people hear the pears falling, they run to the spot, and beat the wolf while the fox escapes. The fox also invites the wolf to go fishing; the wolf has to let his tail hang down into the pond, and is frozen fast in it. At last, when in revenge, the wolf is determined to devour him, the fox chatters to him about some delicious pancakes, which any one who will roll down the mountain will alight straight upon. He himself rolls down, and as he knows the situation of everything below, he brings a couple of pancakes back with him. When they have consumed these, he conducts the longing wolf to a particular part of the mountain, and says he must roll down there. The wolf obeys him, but rolls straight into the pond, and is drowned. The story from Transylvania, No. 3, in Haltrich is good. Horace, *Ep.* 1, alludes to the fable.

74.—GOSSIP WOLF AND THE FOX.

From German Bohemia. In Wendish, see Haupt and Schmaler, No. 6. It is related with lively circumstantiality by Haltrich, No. 10,

from Transylvania. He calls it the central point of all the stories of the fox and the wolf.

75.—THE FOX AND THE CAT.

From Schweig, in the province of Treves. There is the same saga in an old German poem (*Reinhart Fuchs*, 363), in Nicolaus von Strasburg (Franz Pfeiffer's *German Mystics*, p. 293); also in Hans Sachs (2, 4, 177, Kempten). A Latin story from a manuscript of the 15th century is communicated by W. Wackernagel in Hofmann's *Monatsschrift von und für Schlesien*, 1829, pp. 471, 472. A sack filled with wisdom occurs hereafter, in No. 175; and in a Negro story, Kölle (No. 9), there is a sack in which reason is lying shut up.

76.—THE PINK.

From Zwehrn. Another story, likewise from Hesse, begins differently. The King intends to invite the first person whom he meets, to be godfather. He meets a poor man, who at first refuses to go with him, but follows at last, promises the child the fulfilment of all his wishes as soon as he is eighteen years old, and then disappears. A dwarf conceals himself beneath the table during the christening, and hears everything. He steals the child, accuses the Queen, whom the King causes to be walled up, and goes away with it to a rich merchant, whose daughter he marries. When the prince is eighteen years old, the dwarf is afraid, and wants to persuade his wife to kill him. The remainder of the story agrees with ours, only the dwarf's wife appears no more, and the transformation into a pink is of course also wanting. In a third story from Hesse, there is the following divergence; the christening takes place in a church, the godfather has stood out against any one else being present, but the wicked gardener has stolen in, hears what gift has been promised to the child, and steals it. He sends the child to a forester, under whose care it grows up. The woodman's daughter becomes the youth's sweetheart, whom he takes in the form of a pink, together with the transformed poodle, to the King's court, where he serves as huntsman. He puts the pink in a glass full of water in his window, and when he is alone, he restores her to her human form again. His comrades observe something, and persuade the King to ask for the pink, whereupon the huntsman reveals that he is his son, and everything comes to light. A saying in use among the people seems appropriate here,

“If only my sweetheart a pink could be,
In the window I'd set him (her?) for all to see.”

The song in the *Wunderhorn* (2. 11, 12), should be compared,

where a rose shut up in a room changes itself into a beautiful maiden. *The Myrtle* in the *Pentamerone* (1. 2) is allied.

77.—CLEVER GRETHEL.

From a book, which in Northern Germany is certainly rare, *Ovum paschale, oder neugefärbte Oster Ayr* (newly-dyed Easter-eggs) (Salzburg, 1700, quarto, pp. 23-26); and from a Meistersong in a MS. in the Berlin Library, German MSS., fol. 23, No. 51 (formerly in the possession of Arnim), with the title, *Inn des Marners Hoff-thon die vernascht maid*, and beginning, "Vor kurzen Jarenn sase ein perckrichter im Johanisthal." In Hans Sachs (2. 4, 217b, Kempt: edit.) *Die vernascht Köchin*. Compare Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*. No. xxxvii. and notes vol. 2. See Pauli's *Schimpf und Ernst*, folio 65. We believe that we have also heard the story by word of mouth.

78.—THE GRANDFATHER AND THE GRANDCHILD.

Stilling relates the story thus in his *Life* (2. 8, 9), as we also have often heard it, and it occurs in the *Volkslied aus dem Köhlländchen* * (Meinert, 1. 106). It is also related that the child gathered together the fragments of the earthen platter, and wanted to keep them for his father. An old Meister song (No. 83, in Arnim's MS.) has quite a different version of this fable, and gives a chronicle as its source. An aged King has given his kingdom to his son, but is to keep it as long as he lives. The son marries, and the young Queen complains of the old man's cough. The son makes the father lie under the stairs on the straw, where for many years he has to live no better than the dogs. The grandson grows big, and takes his grandfather meat and drink every day; but once the old man is cold and begs for a horse-cloth. The grandson goes into the stable, takes a good cloth, and angrily cuts it in two. The father asks why he is doing that. "I am taking one half to grandfather, the other I am going to lay by to cover you with some day." A different treatment of this is contained in *Zwey schöne Neue Lieder* (Nuremberg, Val. Neuber), in the Meusebach Library. It begins:

"Zu Rom ein reicher König sass †
Als ich etwan gelesen das,"

* Köhlländchen is a small, narrow valley near the source of the Oder, lying between the slopes of the North Carpathian, and the Troppauer mountains. Meinert says that nature and mankind have specially devoted it to the rearing of cattle, and that the grass grows in such profusion that it seems to spring up even beneath the plough.—TR.

† In Rome there reigned a wealthy king,
As I somewhere have read.

and concludes

“das niemandts sein Elten verschmeht*
warnt treulich Jörg Brentel von Elbogen.”

In Hans Sachs, see the *Half Horse-cloth*, 2. 2, 107, 108. Nuremberg edition. *Wunderhorn*, 2. 269. See an old German story, *the Knight with the Rug*, in Lassberg's *Liedersaal*, 1. 585. Another form of the story is to be found in the *Kolotz MSS.*, p. 145, and in Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, 2. 391. A third by Hufferer is in the same place, 3. 729. An old French Fabliau (Méon. 4. 479, 485) varies only slightly. The son, at the instigation of his wife, drives away his old father, who begs for a coat, which the son refuses; then for a horse-cloth as he is trembling with cold. The son orders his child to go with the old man into the stable and give him one. The grandson cuts it in half, of which the grandfather complains. The grandson, however, excuses himself to his father on the ground that he must keep half of it for him, when he drives him out of the house. Then the son reflects, and takes the grandfather back into the house with all honour. Some stories formed on this by Niccolo Granucci, Sercambi, and the Abbé Le Monnier are pointed out by Hagen, *Gesammtabenteuer* 2. lvi. In Pauli's *Scherz und Ernst* (1535, see chap. 412. Folio 77. In the Danish, *Lystig Skiemt og Alvor*, p. 73, the grandfather begs for a new coat, and the son gives him two yards of stuff to patch the old one with. Thereupon the grandson comes crying because he too wants two yards of stuff. The father gives them to him, and the child hides them under a lath in the roof, and then says he is storing them up for his father when he grows old. Then the other bethinks himself, and behaves better. The following lines from a poem of Walther's should be quoted:

“die jungen habent die alten sô verdrungen,†
nû spottent alsô dar der alten!
ez wirt iu selben noch behalten;
beit unz iuwer jugent zergê:
swaz ir in tuot, daz rechent iuwer jungen.”
23, 36.

79.—THE WATER-NIX.

From Hanau. It is a pursuit of the children by the witch, as in the story of *Dearest Roland* No. 56; she is at the same time Frau Holle, and the wicked one who makes people spin entangled

* Let no one despise his parents

Is the faithful warning of Jörg Brentel von Elbogen.

† The young have so repressed the old, and now they scoff at the old. It will be stored up against you till your youth fades away. Whatever you do to them your young ones will avenge it.

flax, and gives them stones to eat instead of food. For the whole, compare J. Grimm's *Irmenstrasse*.

80.—THE DEATH OF THE HEN.

From Hesse. It varies a little in the *Kinderlieder* in the third vol. of the *Wunderhorn*, p. 232-6. According to a Bavarian tale, the cock runs to the spring and says, "Ah, spring, do give me some water, that my hen may not be choked." The spring says "I'll give you no water until you go to the lime-tree and bring me a leaf." The lime-tree says, "I'll give you no leaf until you go to the bride and bring me a ribbon." The bride says, "I'll give you no ribbon until you go to the hog and bring me a bristle." The hog says, "I'll give you no bristle until you go to the miller and bring me some bran." The miller says, "I'll give you no bran until you go to the farmer and bring me a dumpling." Then the farmer gives him a dumpling, and he satisfies every one, but arrives too late with the water, and weeps himself to death on the grave. According to another story, when the little hen is going to be buried, all beasts who are friends with them—the lion, wolf, fox, &c.—get into the carriage. When it is time to drive off, the flea comes also and begs to be taken in, as he is small and light, and will not make the carriage heavy. But his weight is too much, and the carriage sinks in the mud. See stories from Swabia, in Meier, No. 71 and 80; and from Holstein, in Müllenhoff, No. 30; from Transylvania, in Haltrich, No. 44; Norwegian, in Asbjørnsen, p. 98. There is a Danish popular tale about the Cock Mountain and the Cock Marsh *Antiquarian Annals*, 1. 331.

81.—BROTHER LUSTIG.

Individual parts of this story are told as if they were separate tales, and the connection is almost always more or less weakened. Here we have followed a story which was taken down from the lips of an old woman in Vienna, by George Passy, and is the most complete and lifelike; but the following incident, which was wanting in it, has been supplied from a very similar but much less valuable story from Hesse, viz. that Brother Lustig, after he has eaten the heart, is tested by St. Peter by means of the water which rises as far as his mouth; which still does not bring him to the point of confession. In this latter, too, it is to be remarked that the soldier brings forward a foolish reason for the lamb's having no heart, namely, because it was a black lamb. The Arnim MS. Meister songs contain No. 232, a poem of the year 1550, which belongs to this group. A trooper comes to St. Peter, and they agree to divide with each other what they earn, the latter by preaching, the former by

begging. The trooper hastens to a village where a church is being consecrated, and begs both sleeves full. St. Peter cures the mayor of a fever, who gives him thirty gulden and a cheese for doing it. Both meet in an inn; the trooper shows the food he has got, and asks St. Peter how much he has made by preaching. He brings out his cheese. "Have you only got a cheese?" cries the trooper. St. Peter orders the innkeeper to serve a roasted fowl. The trooper goes into the kitchen and eats its liver. When it comes to table, St. Peter says to the trooper, "I do believe thou hast eaten the liver!" The trooper protests that he has never seen it. Then St. Peter pulls out the thirty gulden, divides them into three parts, and says, "The man who ate the liver shall have the third portion!" Whereupon the trooper immediately sweeps up the money. The story in the *Wegkürzer* (by Martinus Montanus, Strasburg, date not given, but probably in 1551) is much better. The Lord and a merry fellow from Swabia are travelling together. They arrive at a village where the bells are ringing for a wedding and a funeral at the same time. The Lord goes to the latter and the Swabian to the former. The Lord awakens the dead man, for which a hundred gulden are given him. The Swabian fills the glasses at the wedding, for which, when it is over, he receives a kreutzer. Satisfied with his reward he goes away, and when from afar he sees the Lord, he holds up his little kreutzer and shows it off. The Lord laughs at it, and shows him the bag with the hundred gulden, and the Swabian adroitly throws his little kreuzer in among them, and says, "In common! in common! we will have all in common." Then the lamb is killed, and the Swabian eats its liver, and says afterwards, "I declare to God that it had none!" They come to another village, where the bells are again ringing for a wedding and a funeral. And now the Swabian wants to bring the dead man to life again, and earn the hundred gulden, and says if he cannot do it they shall hang him without a trial; but the dead man does not stir. He therefore is to be hanged, but the Lord comes, and says if he will confess that he ate the liver, he will save him. The Swabian however insists on it that the lamb had none. The Lord says, "I will restore the dead man to life, and set thee free if thou wilt tell the truth." But the Swabian cries, "Hang me! Hang me! It had none!" When the Lord sees that there is no moving him, he brings the dead man to life again and sets the Swabian free. Then he divides the money into three portions, and the Swabian cries in a moment, "By God and all the Saints, I did eat it." There are other stories in the *Büchlein für die Jugend*, No. 9, pp. 180-186. In Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, No 16; in Meier, Nos. 10, 62, 78. In Croatian in Vogl's *Grossmütterchen*, p. 27. The proverb, "The Swabian must have eaten the liver all the same," which is quoted in the *Zeitvertreiber* (1668), p. 152; and in Berkenmeyer's *Antiquarius*

(Hamb. 1746), p. 549, refers to this. So does an allusion in Keisersberg, "To take the liver out of the roast meat;" and Fischart in *Flohhatz*, 35^b has

"But I am innocent of this,
Yet I must have eaten the liver,
And have done that great wrong."

82.—GAMBLING HANSEL.

From Weitra in German Bohemia. We give a variant from the neighbourhood of Münster, in the patois in use there. Hans Lustig was a rich man, but had gambled away all that he had in card-playing and now had to suffer evil days. It came to pass that the Lord and St. Peter were on earth and went to his door and knocked, and said, "Good evening, Hans Lustig, may we spend the night with you?" "Why not?" said Hans Lustig, "If you will be content with what I have, but my wife and I have nothing but one bundle of straw; if you are willing to lie on that, you shall have it." "Why not?" said the Lord and Peter, so they sat down and talked of old times. St. Peter said, "Hans Lustig, we are thirsty, fetch us a jug of beer, here is some money." That was what Hans Lustig liked. When he came to the inn, he heard them playing cards and played with them once more, and in an instant his money was lost. "What shall I do now?" thought he, "Now I shall get no beer for those people who are waiting at home, and are so thirsty." He went home and said that he had had a fall and had broken his pitcher. Then St. Peter said, "For this time I will give you more money, but see that you get a pitcher full, for we are terribly thirsty." "How shall I be able to do that," thought he, "if they are still playing at cards?" He went away with his pitcher, stopped his ears so that he could not hear the playing, and came back safely to the house with the beer. When the Lord and St. Peter had drunk it, they felt hungry. "What am I to do?" said the woman, "I have no flour; I must bake a pan-cake of ashes." So they sat down together and ate something, but Hans Lustig always spoke of card-playing, and how delightful it was, and thus he talked until it was time to go to bed. The Lord and St. Peter lay upon a bundle of straw, and Hans Lustig and his wife by the fire. In the morning when they arose, and the Lord and St. Peter were about to go away, the Lord gave Hans Lustig three things; a pack of cards with which he would win everything when he played with them; dice with which he would win everything whenever he threw them; and a fiddle which when he began to play on it, would make every one unable to stir. Hans Lustig once more began to gamble merrily, and won everything. He bought

back his house and yard, and always carried his cards and fiddle about with him. At last he became ill, and Death came, and said, "Hans Lustig, thou must die." "Oh," said he, "Good Death, but first gather me some fruit from the tree which stands in front of my door." When Death was in the tree, Hans Lustig began to play the fiddle, and Death was unable to stir from the tree. Then once more he played merrily with the cards and dice, but one of his relations died and he was forced to go to the funeral. When he was buried, Hans Lustig prayed a very devout Paternoster. "So!" said Death, "I have been on the watch to hear thee pray that; now, thou must go." Hans Lustig died, and knocked at the door of heaven. "Who is there?" "Hans Lustig." "Thou must go to hell." When he got to hell, he knocked. "Who is there?" "Hans Lustig." "What dost thou want here?" "To play at cards." "For what wouldst thou play, then?" "For souls." Hans Lustig played and won a hundred souls. He took them up on his back and knocked at the door of heaven. "Who is there?" "Hans Lustig with a hundred souls, and not one less." "No, you may just go away again." He went back to the door of hell and knocked. "Who is there?" "Hans Lustig who wants to play for souls again." He again won a hundred souls, and again went away with them to heaven, and knocked. "Who is there?" "Hans Lustig with two hundred souls, neither less nor more: just let me have one peep of heaven." So St. Peter opened the door of heaven, and then Hans Lustig threw his pack of cards in. "Oh do let me get my pack of cards back," said he, and he is sitting on his cards to this very day.

That this Bohemian and the Low German story are connected with the foregoing story of Brother Lustig is manifest; in the latter the name is even the same. *The Youth who went out to learn how to shiver*, No. 4, also belongs to this group. A Hessian story from the Schwalm district unites together all three. A poor soldier who has taken in some wayfarers, and shared his black bread with them, receives in return a purse which will never be empty, then a knapsack into which everything that he wishes inside it must go, and thirdly, eternal happiness. The soldier comes to a village where dancing is going on, the inn-keeper's pretty daughter refuses to dance with him, he goes away in a bad temper and meets the Devil, who promises the soldier to change the girl's heart to him so that she shall marry him, and for that the soldier is to give a written promise to be the Devil's property in ten years. The soldier consents, marries the girl, lives happily for a year or two, and has as much money as he wants. Then it occurs to him that the King has never given him a pension which he has earned, and he goes to demand an explanation. The guards will not let him in, but he always wishes them in his knapsack, and gives

them a good beating. The King readily consents to let him live in his palace, and eat and drink with him, but secretly hopes to get rid of him, and persuades him to pass a night in a haunted castle in which, up to that time, every one has lost his life. And now the story passes into that of the *Youth who went out to learn how to shiver*. See notes to that story. He overcomes all the spirits by wishing them in his knapsack. Thus he frees the castle, and discovers a great treasure which he shares with the King. When the ten years are over, the Devil comes, the soldier gives him his child and obtains ten years more. When these are over the Devil comes again, but the soldier wishes him in his knapsack, and now he has him captive. He makes six peasants who were in a barn thresh him furiously; and, not content with that, goes to a smithy where the blacksmith's men have to heat the knapsack red-hot and hammer it out. The Devil is so bruised, that in order to be free, he is glad to promise never to come back again. In the meantime the soldier sees that his end is approaching, and orders his purse and knapsack to be laid in the coffin with him. When after his death he comes to the door of heaven, St. Peter will not allow him to enter. It is true that eternal happiness had been promised him, but he had pledged himself away to the Devil. The soldier goes to hell, but the Devil is terrified, and he too will not let him enter. He goes back to heaven and entreats St. Peter to open the door just wide enough to let him have one peep inside. Hereupon he throws his knapsack in and wishes himself inside it, and then he is in heaven. The hammering out the Devil which occurs here carries us on to another form of this wide-spread saga according to which a smith himself is the bearer of it. First there is a story from Tachau, in German Bohemia, in the dialect peculiar to that place.

Once on a time when the Lord Jesus and St. Peter were on earth, they came to a village where no one lived but very rich peasants. They went from house to house to ask for a lodging, and everywhere the door was shut in their faces. At last they came to a blacksmith's, who was a merry fellow and not particularly pious, and he invited them to come in. They ate and drank, and at day-break when they rose, the Lord told the Smith that he might ask for three things, but that he was not to forget his poor soul, and wish for nothing but temporal things, lest the Devil should some day fetch him. "Let the Lord look after that for me," said the Smith; "and as you are so good as to grant me three wishes, I wish in the first place that my cherry-tree out there in the garden may always go on bearing cherries, and that whosoever climbs up it, may never be able to come down until I permit him. Next, I wish that whosoever sits down in my chair there, may never be able to get out of it until I am willing. Lastly, that no one who creeps into my stove shall be able to get out

of it." The Lord performs what he has promised, but threatens the Smith with hell for being so frivolous, and goes away with St. Peter. The Smith lives merrily until at last the time is up and he has to die. Then the Devil comes to his room and tells him that he must go with him to hell. "Well, then, if it must be so," says the Smith, "I will go with you; but be so good as to go out and climb up my cherry-tree and gather some cherries, that we may have something to eat on our way." Without more ado the good Devil climbs up the tree and picks cherries, but cannot come down again. Then the Smith bursts out laughing, and lets the Devil struggle for a long time in the tree until he promises him that he will never take him away to hell if he will but let him come down from the tree. The Smith releases him from it, and the Devil goes home to hell, and tells what has happened to him. After a while another Devil comes to the Smith, and says that he is to go away with him immediately, and not to imagine that he can overreach him as he had overreached the first. "Ho ho!" says the Smith, "You need not be quite in such an hurry as that; just wait until I have made myself ready, and in the meantime seat yourself on that chair there." This Devil also allows himself to be persuaded, seats himself in the chair, and is not able to get out of it again, until he, like the first, promises to go back to hell alone. When the Devil returns to Lucifer, bringing no Smith with him, Lucifer is angry, scolds the Devil, and says, "Now, I will go myself and bring the Smith, and in the mean time, open the door of hell until I come with him." Lucifer goes to the Smith, and is about to seize him at once and carry him away. But the Smith says, "Oh, Lord Lucifer, I should have come away at once with your devils if I had not been ashamed. Do not you yourself think it will be a disgrace to me if the people see that the Devil is fetching me? I will go to hell most willingly, but that no one may see you taking me, creep into my stove, and I will take it on my shoulders and carry you into hell; it will be a hard task for me, but no harm can happen to you inside it." Lucifer thinks what he says is true; and says to himself, "I can get out of this stove when I like, it will not hold me fast." He creeps in, the Smith takes it on his back, and as he is going through the workshop, he takes the largest hammer with him and walks continually onwards on the road to hell, as Lucifer directs him from the stove. When they are not very far from hell, the Smith puts the stove down on a stone, takes the great hammer, and hammers away most terribly at Lucifer. He cries, "Murder! Murder!" and constantly tries to get out and cannot. But the Smith goes on beating him, and the louder Lucifer cries, the harder the Smith strikes. At length, when the Smith thinks that he has had enough, he opens the stove-door, and lets him out. Lucifer runs off to hell as fast as he can, and the Smith runs after him with the big hammer. When

the devils hear Lucifer screaming, and see him running, they are terrified and run into hell, and Lucifer runs after them and calls to the devils to shut the door of hell quickly behind him, and stop the Smith coming in. In their fright they do not know what kind of bolt to put into the door, and one of them quickly thrusts in his long nose instead of a bolt. The Smith thinks, "As they will not let me into hell, I will go straight to heaven." He knocks at the door of heaven, and when St. Peter comes to the door and sees the good-for-nothing Smith outside it, he is just going to shut it again, but the Smith squeezes himself into the opening and begs St. Peter to let him have just one peep inside. St. Peter lets him look in a little, and then says he is to pack off at once. But when the Smith is once inside, he throws down his leather apron, sits down on it, and says, "Now I am sitting on my own property, and I should like to see any one turn me out." There he is sitting still; and, my dear friends, shall we not be astonished when we get there and see him?

Another story from Hesse runs as follows. The Smith has by his loose life become quite poor, and goes into the forest to hang himself on one of the trees; but a man with a long beard, who has a book in his hand, meets him, and says, "Write thy name in this, and thou shalt have ten years of prosperity, after which thou wilt be mine." "Who art thou?" asks the Smith. "I am the Devil." "What canst thou do?" "I can make myself as tall as a fir-tree and as small as a mouse." "Then let me see thee do it." The Devil exhibits himself as very large and very small, and the Smith inscribes his name in the book. From this time forth he has money in abundance. After a year or two the Devil comes, is satisfied with him, and presents him with a leather bag, which has this property, that whatsoever goes into it cannot get out again until the Smith himself takes it out. When ten years have expired, the Devil appears to take his property into his own possession again. The Smith seems to be ready, and goes out with him, but demands that the Devil, as a proof that he is the right one, shall exhibit himself before him in a large shape and a small one. When he changes himself into a mouse, the Smith seizes him, puts him in the bag, and cudgels him so soundly that he is quite willing to tear the page with the Smith's name out of the great book, if the latter will but take him out of the bag again. Full of rage he goes back to hell, and the Smith is free, and lives happily as long as God permits. When he becomes ill and sees that his death is near, he orders two good long-pointed nails and a hammer to be laid in the coffin with him. When he arrives on high, he knocks at the door of heaven, but St. Peter will not let him in because he had made that compact with the Devil. The Smith turns back, and goes to hell; but the Devil does not want him, because he is sure to do

nothing but make an uproar. The Smith now becomes angry, and makes a great noise, and a small devil is curious and puts his nose a little out of the door. The Smith quickly seizes it, and with one of his nails, nails it to the door of hell. The little devil screeches like a lion's whelp, and a second comes and peeps, and the Smith seizes him by the ear, and takes the other nail, and nails him by the first devil. And now the two scream so terribly that the old Devil himself comes running thither, and is so enraged at the sight that he begins to cry with anger, and runs to God and entreats him to take the Smith to himself, for he is nailing up his devils by their noses and ears until he himself is no longer master in hell. In order to get rid of the Devil, God and St. Peter are forced to take the Smith into heaven, and there he is now in rest and peace.

A third story from Hanover also has its peculiarities. A horseman came to a Smith who had become so poor that he had no longer any iron or coals, and wanted to have his horse shod. The Smith said he would first borrow some iron and coals in the nearest village. "If that is all thou art in need of," said the horseman, "I will soon help thee, only thou must sign this page with thy blood." The Smith agreed to this without any difficulty and went into the room, scratched his finger, and signed it. When he came out again, the yard was filled with iron and coals. He shod the horse, and the horseman rode away again; but the Smith obtained large custom, and soon became a rich man again. One day after this a man came riding on an ass and had it shod. When that was done, the stranger said, "I have no money, but wish for three things and they shall be granted unto thee." So the Smith wished for a chair, in which whosoever sat down should remain sitting; for a pear-tree from which no one who had climbed up should be able to come down without he ordered him to do so; and a bag endowed with the same property. The man on the horse was the Devil, but the one on the ass was St. Peter. When the Devil came and showed the Smith the page which he had signed, and wanted to take him away as his property, the latter made him sit down on the chair, and horsewhipped him until he flew out of the window. He lured the second devil up the pear-tree, and the third into the bag, and drove them both away with blows. When the Smith saw that his death was drawing near, he ordered those near him to tie his leather apron round him. He knocked at the door of hell, but the devils would not have him. He came to the door of heaven, but St. Peter also refused to admit him; he allowed him, however, to look in. Then the Smith threw his leather apron into heaven, seated himself on it, and said that he was sitting on his own property from which no one could drive him.

A fourth presentment of the saga from Southern Germany is contained in the following book, *Sittlich und Seelen nützlich*

Reise nach Bethlehem, von R. P. Attanasy von Dilling, (Sulzbach, 1700, qto.), p. 153, communicated in the *Curiosities* of Vulpius, 3. 422, 425). Christ and St. Peter enter into the house of a blacksmith. His aged wife entertains them to the best of her ability, for which the departing guests wish her all good things, and promise her that she shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Christ wishes to show his gratitude to her husband also, and grants him four wishes. In the first place the Smith wishes that no one shall ever be able to descend from the pear-tree behind his house against his will; secondly, that no one who sits on the block of his anvil shall be able to get up again unless he gives him permission; and in the third place, that no one shall ever be able to get out of the flue of his stove unless he is willing. St Peter is angry at these requests, for he had expected that the Smith would ask to have his salvation assured; being reproached by St. Peter, the Smith however wishes, in the fourth place, that his green cap may always remain his own property, and that whenever he seats himself upon it no power may be able to drive him away from it. When Death comes to the Smith, he entices him to climb the tree, and does not let him descend again until he promises him a respite of twenty years. The second time he sets him on the block of the anvil, and obtains another twenty years. The Devil comes for the third time, and then the Smith gets him to go into the flue of the stove, and then he and his apprentices hammer him to their heart's delight, so that, howling terribly, the Devil promises that to all eternity he will never have anything to do with the Smith. At length his guardian-angel comes and conducts him to hell. The Devil peeps through the small window-pane, shuts it in a great hurry, and will not let him in. Then they go to heaven, where St. Peter also will not allow the Smith to enter. He begs to be allowed to have just the least little peep inside that he may see what it is like. Hardly, however, is the door opened than he throws in his cap, and says, "It is my property and I must fetch it." But once inside, he seats himself on the cap and then remains in heaven.

A fifth story from the neighbourhood of Münster makes the story a local one and the Smith live at Bielefeld. The conclusion has only one or two special incidents, as for instance, that the Smith when turned away by the Devil also goes for the second time to heaven, and stands by the door to see how the blessed ones are admitted by St. Peter. A horseman comes with boots and spurs and wants to go straight in, but the apostle says to him, "Dost thou suppose that men force their way into the kingdom of heaven with boots and spurs; thou must wait?" Then a pious maiden appears, and to her St. Peter at once opens the door, and the Smith makes use of the opportunity, and throws in his leather apron after her. "Why art thou throwing thy dirty leathern apron into

heaven?" says the apostle. "I will fetch it out again," says the Smith, "if it is too bad for you." But when he is in heaven he spreads it out behind the door and seats himself upon it, saying, "Now I am sitting on my own property, and will not stir from it." The apostle says, "After all he has done much good to the poor with his money, so he may stay and sit behind the door."

A sixth story from the neighbourhood of Paderborn likewise speaks of the little Smith of Bielefeld. The Devil has in his presence to make himself as large as an elephant, and as small as a mouse, and the Smith catches him and thrusts him into his glove, out of which he is not able to come, and then he hammers him on the anvil. Afterwards the devils will not let the Smith into hell, and keep their door shut with iron bars. St. Peter also refuses to let him into heaven, so he hovers between heaven and hell like Gambling Hänsel. In the seventh place follows the Saga of the *Smith of Jüterbock*, which is very well given in the German-French which still prevails in some places. (Leipz. edition of 1736, pp. 110-150. Nuremberg, 1772, pp. 80-95). The pious Smith of Jüterbock wore a black and white coat, and one night readily and kindly entertained a holy man, who, before his departure, permitted him to make three requests. In the first place, he begged that his favourite seat by the stove might be endowed with the power of holding fast every unbidden guest until he himself set him free; secondly, that his apple-tree in the garden should likewise hold fast those who should climb up it; thirdly, that no one should be able to get out of his coal-sack whom he himself did not release. Some time afterwards Death comes. He sits upon the chair, and in order to get up again is obliged to bestow ten years more life on the Smith. When this time of truce has expired, Death comes again and climbs the apple-tree. The Smith calls together his apprentices who beat Death unmercifully with iron bars. This time he is only released on condition that he will let the Smith live for ever. Full of trouble and lame in every limb, Death slowly departs. On his way he meets the Devil and laments his sorrows to him. The Devil mocks him, and thinks he himself could very easily manage the Smith. The Smith, however, refuses the Devil a night's lodging; at least, he will not open the house-door, but the Devil may creep in through the keyhole. That is easy to the Devil, only the Smith has held the coal-sack in front of it, and ties up the sack as soon as the Devil is inside it, and then has it well beaten out on the anvil. When they have wearied themselves to their hearts' content with knocking and hammering, the poor belaboured Devil is set free, but has to find his way out by the same hole by which he crept in.

Eighthly, there is a similar saga of the Smith of Apolda (compare Falk's *Grotesken*, 1806, pp. 3-88), who lodged our Lord and St. Peter all night and received the gift of three wishes. In the first place he

wished that the hand of any one who went to his bag of nails should remain sticking in the bag until it fell to pieces. Secondly, that whosoever climbed into his apple-tree should be forced to sit there until the apple-tree mouldered away; thirdly, in the like manner, that whosoever sat down in the arm-chair should not be able to arise from it until the chair fell to pieces. One after another three evil spirits appear who want to carry off the Smith, all of whom he lures into the traps which he has set for them, so they are forced to give him up. At length, however, Death comes and forces him to go away with him, but he obtains the favour of having his hammer laid in the coffin with him. When he comes to the door of heaven, St. Peter will not open it, so the Smith knows what to do, and goes to hell, makes a key, and promises to be handy and useful with all kinds of work in heaven; to shoe St. George's horse, and do things of that kind, until at last he is admitted.

In the ninth place, there is a story from the Wetterau, communicated by Professor Wigand. The Smith tempts the Devil to climb a pear-tree, from which he is to bring down a couple of beautiful golden pears for him, but in which he is held fast. In order to be able to descend, he has to promise the Smith ten years more. When the Devil reappears, the Smith begs him just to fetch him a nail from his nail-box, that he may nail something firmly, but the Devil's hand sticks fast in the box, and he is not released from it until he has promised the Smith twenty years more. When this time, too, has gone by, and the Devil presents himself, the Smith makes him sit upon a seat from which he is not able to rise until he gives the Smith entire freedom. Hereupon the Devil vanishes, and takes the whole of the roof of the house with him.

Lastly, in the tenth place, there is a Bavarian saga of the Smith of Mitterbach, see Schmeller's *Bavarian Dialects*, 493-496, and Panzer's *German Mythology*, p. 94; this also has a cherry-tree from which no one can descend, a seat on which every one must remain sitting unless the Smith wills otherwise; and lastly, a bag out which no one can come without the Smith's leave. To this group also belong a story in Kuhn, No. 8; one in Colshorn, No. 89; in Pröhle's *Kindermärchen*, Nos. 15 and 16; in Zingerle, p. 43; a Netherlandish story in Wolf's *Wodana*, No. 2 (compare the notes, p. 54); and a Norwegian, No. 24, in Asbjörnsen. Kopitar relates, from his childish recollections of Krain, a saga of Sveti Korant. He had an enchanted tree, and whosoever climbed into it could not come down again, by means of which he tricked Death for a long time. When at length he died, the Devil would not admit him into hell, and held the door fast, but the nails on the Devil's fingers projected, and Korant the Smith bent them back, and nailed them fast till the Devil screamed loudly for mercy. Then the Smith went to heaven, where St. Peter also would not allow him to enter. Korant, how-

ever, saw his mantle, which he had once given to a poor man, lying inside, and jumped upon it, crying, "I am on my own land and property." Compare Keller in the Introduction to *Li romans des sept sages*, CLXXXIII. and following, and Hans von Bübel's, *Diocletian*, p. 54.

The printed popular book entitled, *Das bis an den jüngsten Tag währende Elende* (The History of Misery who will live to the Day of Judgment), or as it appears in the French translation, *Histoire nouvelle et divertissement (divertissante?) du bon homme Misère* (Troyes, chez Garnier), agrees for the most part with the story already given in the dialect of Hesse. On the other hand, however, many circumstances point to an Italian origin for this last story, or at all events, De la Riviere heard it related in Italy. The Apostles Peter and Paul arrive in very bad weather in a village, and stumble on a washerwoman who is thanking heaven because the rain is water, and not wine; they knock at the door of a rich man who haughtily drives them away, and are taken in by poor Misery. He only makes the one wish with respect to the pear-tree, which has just been plundered by a thief. The thief is caught, and so are other people besides who climb up out of curiosity to set the lamenting thief free. At length Death comes, and Misery begs him to lend him his scythe, that he may take one of the finest pears away with him; Death, like a good soldier, will not let his arms go out of his own hands, and himself undertakes the task. Misery does not set him free until he has promised to leave him in peace until the day of judgment, and this is why Misery still continues to live on for ever in the world. A fragment from the district of the Maine may be here quoted because it is conceived in the same spirit. The Devil comes to fetch away a certain man who has pledged himself to him, and whose time is up. At the same time, he brings with him a number of carts laden with old shoes. "What are they?" asks the man. "These shoes have been worn out by my spirits in thy service, but now thou art mine," replies the Devil. But the man desires to see the hand-writing in order to recognize it himself, the Devil comes nearer to show it, on which the man approaches it with his mouth, snatches at it and swallows it, and thus he is freed. Lastly, we must remark that Coreb and Fabel in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton* (Tieck's *altengl: Theater* 2), are clearly the characters of our story.

Here is a very perfect instance of the wide circulation and living diversity of a saga. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt; and if we see, in the smith with his hammer, the god Thor, and in Death and the Devil, a clumsy monstrous giant, the whole gains a well-based antique Norse aspect. We find references to it among the Greeks also, where the crafty smith is the cunning Sisyphus in a story which has been preserved by old Pherekydes, and which must

have been known to the singer of the Iliad. Zeus, angry with the aged Sisyphus, seizes the opportunity to fetter him with strong bands, and then no one can die. See Welker on Schwenk's *Etymological Mythology*, Hints, pp. 323, 324. Gruber's *Mythological Dict.* 3. 522. Compare also the Jewish *Days of David, and Death*, Helvicus, 1, No. 12. The story of the *Poor Man and the Rich One*, No. 87, is clearly related to it. (Compare the note). There a good and a bad man made the good and bad wishes. Here a middle-state is depicted. The smith is both good and bad, spiritual and worldly, for which reason he wears a black and white coat. He, in his poverty, gladly entertains the Lord, and stops his ears that he may not for the second time gamble away the money intended for a refreshing draught, and is good-hearted, but sometimes thoughtless. On this account, he is at length allowed to enter into heaven, or, in the more severe instance, placed between heaven and hell. This ending connects the story with the saga of the lansquenets who can find no place in heaven, which is told by Frei in the *Gartengesellschaft*, No. 44, and by H. Kirchhof, in *Wendunmut* (1. No. 108). The Devil will not have them because they bear the red cross on their standards, and St. Peter also will not admit them because they were bloodhounds, robbers of the poor, and blasphemers against God. The captain however reproaches St. Peter with his own treachery to the Lord, until the apostle becomes red with shame, and shows them a village called "Wait a while," between heaven and hell, where they sit and gamble and drink. With this story are connected many others of St. Peter and the lansquenets. Wolf's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, 2. 3, shows how Gambling Hansel belongs to the stormers of heaven. A seat from which no one who has sat down on it can arise again, is already known in the Greek Saga; Hephæstus had such a one made for the witch: see Gruber's *Mythological Dict.* 2, 57, notes. The cunning which the Smith uses against the Devil in order to catch him while prevailing on him to take the form of a mouse, occurs also in the Story of the *Spirit in the Bottle*, No. 99, and in the French *Bluebeard*.

83.—HANS IN LUCK.

Communicated by Aug. Wernicke, in the *Zeitschrift Wünschelruthe*, 1818, No. 33, from oral tradition. It reminds us of the comic tale of Block and the tailor Bock (*Wunderhorn*, 2. 347). Block bought seven yards of cloth for a coat, then it was to be made into a doublet, then a pair of trousers, then stockings, gloves, a thumb-stall, and at last a girdle; but Block did not even get this out of it. It is to be found in Zingerle, p. 152, but with another ending, according to which the bargain turns out to the advantage of Hans. In Norwegian, see Asbjørnsen, p. 105. A Cornish story of Ivan belongs here. (See further on).

84.—HANS MARRIED.

From Prätorius's *Wünschelruthe*, pp. 148, 149, we have often heard the boast founded on the bridegroom's bright farthing told as a joke. The question, "Did you also go to the wedding?" and the answer to it is added from oral tradition. Such jests are often used as conclusions to the stories when they fit them.

85.—THE GOLD CHILDREN.

From the Schwalm district in Hesse. It is in the main the story of the *Two Brothers* (No. 60), but with a distinctive beginning, which links it with the story of the *Fisherman and his Wife*, No. 19. There is another story in Sommer, p. 113, from Thuringia. The notes to No. 60 belong to this also. The marvellous birth, and the complete resemblance of the brothers, appear in this story also. The knife which, in No. 60, is stuck in the tree as a token, is here a lily, as in the story of the *Three Little Birds*, No. 96. Compare the notes on that story. But we find a similar belief and custom in an Indian popular song. Shortly after his marriage, the husband has to leave his beautiful young wife. He plants a Kewra (spike-nard, lavender) in the garden, and bids her observe it closely, and as long as it is green and full of bloom all will be well with him, but if it wither and die, he will have met with some misfortune. See Broughton's *Selections from the Popular Poetry of the Hindoos* (London, 1814), p. 107. Also in the Persian *Touti Nameh* (Iken, No. 4), the wife gives her husband a wreath of flowers to take away with him, and as long as it is fresh she has remained faithful to him, but if it withers she has begun to be untrue.

[In Straparola's *Enchanted Hind*, when Cannelora is departing, his friend Fonzo asks him for a token of his love. He sticks his dagger in the ground and a fountain rises up from the place, which he tells him, will by the state of its water always indicate the conditions of his life; and plunging his sword into the ground, he causes a myrtle to shoot up which will always do the same by the appearance of its leaves and foliage. Keightley's *Popular Fictions*. —Tr.]

Mr. Max Müller says (*Chips from a German Workshop*), "There is in the popular traditions of Central America, the story of the two brothers, who, starting on their dangerous journey to the land of Xilalba, where their father had perished, plant each a cane in the middle of their grandmother's house, that she may know by its flourishing or withering whether they are alive or dead. When a Maori war-party is to start, the priests set up sticks in the ground to represent the warriors, and he whose stick is blown down is to fall in the battle. In British Guiana, when young children are

betrothed, trees are planted by the respective parties in witness of the contract, and if either tree should happen to wither, the child it belongs to is sure to die."—Tr.]

86.—THE FOX AND THE GEESE.

From the neighbourhood of Paderborn. In a beautiful fable, No. 87, in Burkard Waldis, the Goose begs to be allowed to dance once more to her heart's content; as also in Pröhle's *Märchen für die Jugend*, 3. It is also told in Transylvania, see Haltrich, No. 20. It is a puzzling story, which is told instead of the more usual one of the shepherd, who wants to take several hundred sheep across a wide river in a small boat, in which there is always only room for one. Cervantes has, as is well known, used this very well in *Don Quixote*, vol. i. chap. 20; and Avellaneda has tried to outdo him in his continuation, chap. 21, by a similar story of the geese which cross a narrow bridge. It is intrinsically much older. Petrus Alfonsus told it in the *Disciplina clericalis*, p. 129, and Schmidt in the notes gives further information. It is to be found in the Old French *Castoiment*, (Méon's *Fabliaux*, 2. 89-91) and in the *Novelle Antiche*, No. 30. Also in a pretty Low German poem in Haupt's *Zeitschrift*, 5. 469-512. A similar saga lies at the foundation of Æsop's orator Demades (*Furia* 54, *Coray*, 178). The proverb, "If the Wolf (here it is the Fox) teaches the geese to pray, he devours them for school fees," refers to this (Sailer, p. 60) and so does Ofterdingen's speech in the *Krieg auf der Wartburg* (MS. 2, 5a), ("sie,) hânt gense wân sô si den wolf erkennent unde wellent: ûz den ziunen gân."*

* Geese are deluded creatures, for when they see the wolf they wish to get out of the hedge.

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