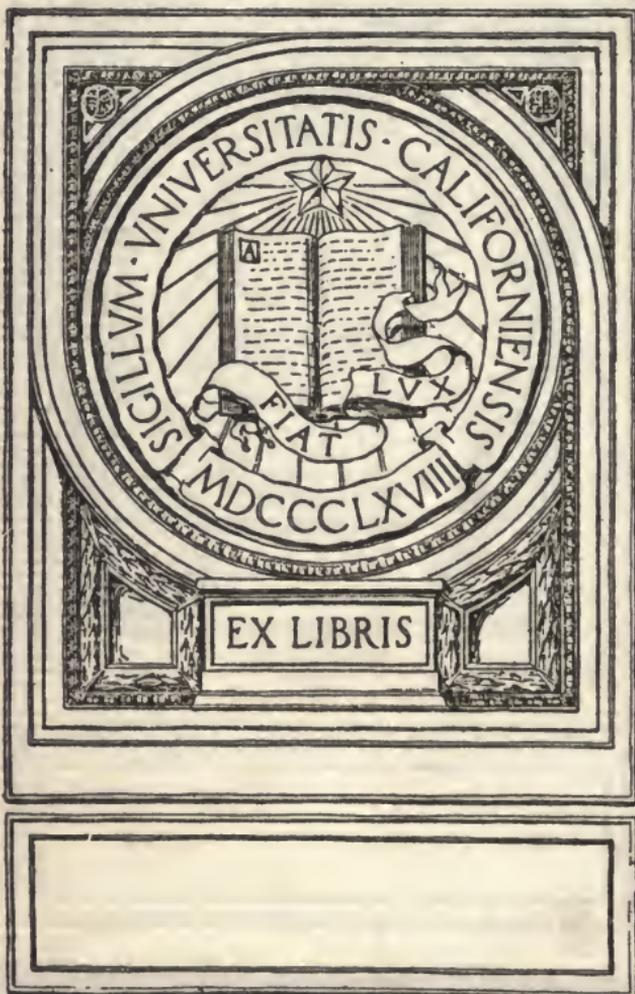


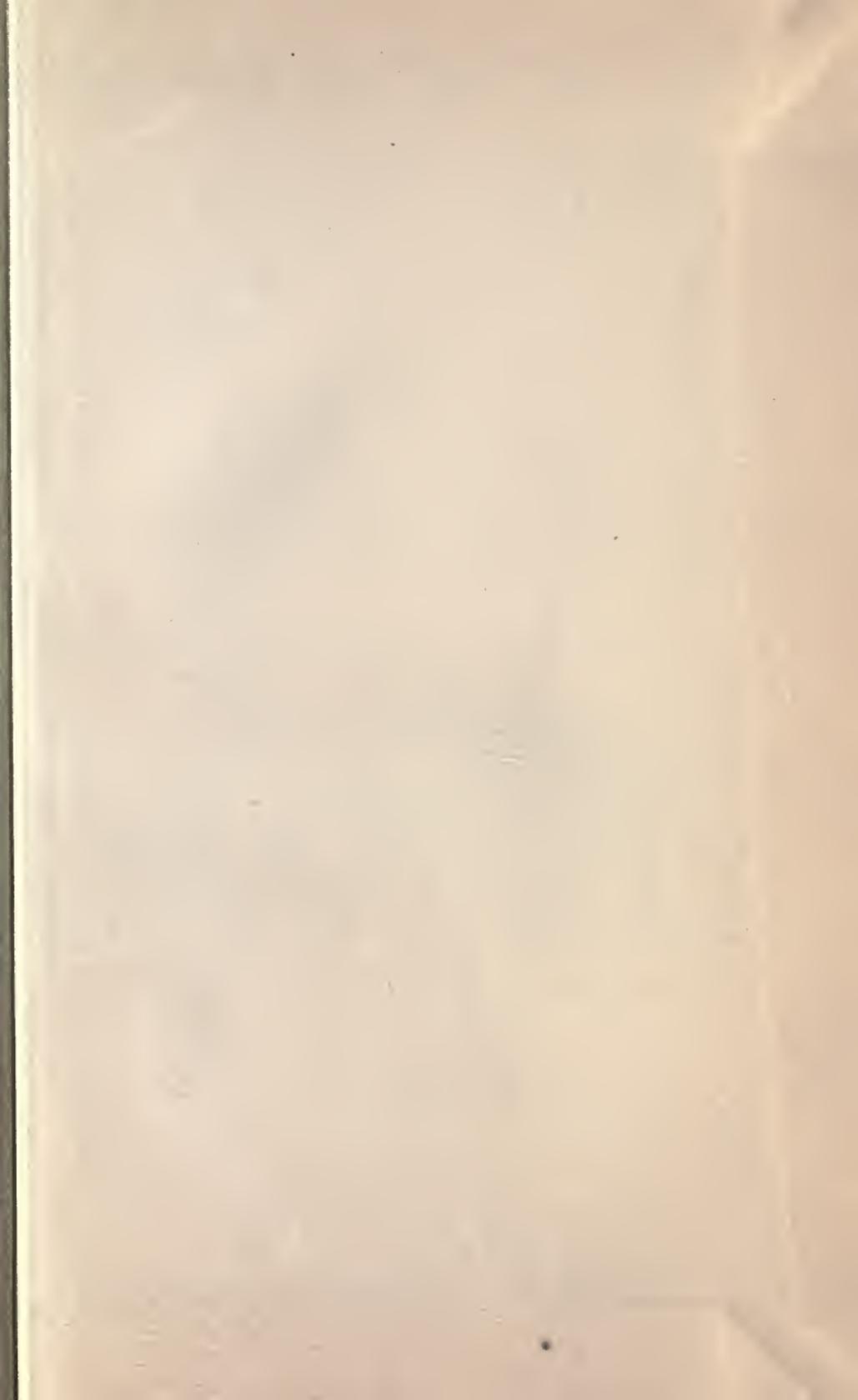


GIFT OF  
Ella Sterling Mighels











B. 111  
THE OLD      ❁      ❁      ❁  
OLD FAIRY TALES

COLLECTED AND EDITED

By MRS. VALENTINE

Author of "Sea Fights and Land Battles," "The Knight's  
Ransom," etc.,

*Fortunio.*



FULLY ILLUSTRATED

A. L. BURT, PUBLISHER,  
52-58 DUANE STREET, NEW YORK.

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Ella Sterling Mighels

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## PREFACE.

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The tales contained in this volume have been the delight of many generations of children, and can, in fact, claim a very distant origin, though they were retold in their present form as late as the age of Louis XIV. They are generally supposed to have come from the East, for they are to be found in varied forms in all the countries of Europe that sent forth Crusaders.

The earliest collection of these stories in prose was made by Straparola, a native of Caravaggio, in the Milanese, and published by him at Venice in his "Notti Piacevoli," in 1550. They were translated into French in 1560, and from them the well-known "Contes des Fées" were principally taken.

As children always like stories to be retold in the same words as far as possible, these tales have not been rewritten (except in two cases); the original translations in their quaint simplicity have been collected, and merely corrected so far as to meet the modern ideas of the kind of tale to be given to children; the old ones being occasionally a little coarse.



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# OLD, OLD FAIRY TALES.

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## GOODY TWO-SHOES.

IN the latter part of the reign of Queen Bess there was an honest, industrious countryman named Meanwell, living upon a small farm which he held under Sir Peter Gripe, a very hard, covetous landlord, who was persuaded by one of his richer tenants, Hugh Graspall, as greedy as himself, to take away the lands held by Meanwell and other poor tenants, and let him have them to increase his own large farm.

When Meanwell was thus cruelly turned out of his little farm, which had enabled him to support a wife and two young children, called Tommy and Margery, he tried in vain to find another cottage with land. Care and misfortune soon shortened his days; and his wife, not long after, followed him to the grave. On her deathbed she did not repine at her losses and sufferings, but humbly prayed that Heaven would watch over and protect her helpless orphans when she should be taken from them. At her death these poor children were left in a sad plight; and as there were but few people in the village of Mouldwell, where they lived, able to befriend them, they could get no regular meals; and had to make all sorts of shifts to keep themselves from starving. At times, indeed, they were obliged to put up with the wild fruits and berries that they picked from the hedges. They were also without proper clothes to keep them warm; and as for shoes, they had not even two pairs between them. Tommy, who had to go about more than his sister, had a pair to himself; but little Margery for a long time wore but one shoe.

These two children in all their trials never ceased to love each other dearly, nor did they forget the good lessons which their kind mother had taught them. And

well did they deserve her anxious love, and the earnest prayers she had offered up to Heaven for their welfare. They never murmured, nor ever thought of taking anything from their neighbors, however hungry they might be, but were always looking out for some sort of work, although but little of that did they get. But this hard lot really befell them for their good; for without it how



could their excellent qualities have been so well brought out, and their praiseworthy conduct have become the talk of the village?

Heaven, indeed, had heard their dying mother's prayers, and had watched over and protected them through all their troubles. Relief was at hand, and better things were in store for them. It happened that Mr. Goodall, the worthy clergyman of the parish, heard of their sad wandering sort of life—for they were with-



Margery ordering a pair of shoes.—Page 3.

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out a home, and had generally to sleep in some barn or outhouse—and so he sent for the two children, and kindly offered to shelter them until they could get regular work to do. Immediately after this unlooked-for blessing had fallen upon them, a gentleman of rank and wealth came from London on a visit at the parsonage; and no sooner did he hear the story of the orphans than his heart warmed toward them, and he resolved to be



their friend. The very first thing he did was to order a pair of shoes to be made for Margery, and he also placed money in her hand to buy good and suitable clothes with. But he did much more than this for Tommy. Not only did he get clothes for him, but he offered to take him to London if he would consent to go, promising to put him in a way to do well by going abroad, after he had acquired sufficient knowledge to fit him for such a step.

When the time arrived for her brother to start off with his generous friend, Margery was in great trouble, and her eyes filling with tears, they embraced each other over and over again; but Tommy, in order to comfort his weeping sister, promised he would not fail to come over

to Mouldwell to see her, when he should return from foreign countries.

After he was gone Margery began to recover her usual cheerfulness. She knew it was of no use to keep on crying; but what helped greatly to put her into good spirits was the pleasure she took in her new shoes. As soon as the old shoemaker brought them she put them on, and ran at once to the clergyman's wife, crying out with glee, as she pointed to them:

"Two shoes, ma'am! See, two shoes!"

These words, "two shoes!" she kept on repeating to everybody she met, and by this means came to be called for a long while after by the name of GOODY TWO-SHOES.

Now Margery was a thoughtful little girl; and after she had lived at the parsonage some time, she noticed more and more how good and wise the clergyman was, and she could only suppose that this was owing to his great learning. The poor girl then felt ashamed of her own ignorance, and was most anxious to learn how to read and write, although at that time in distant country places very little instruction was given to poor children. Mr. Goodall, however, when he found how desirous she was to improve herself in every way kindly taught her what she most wished to know. As he was a clever man, he took care that she should not learn by rote; so, as she advanced, he made her think well over each lesson, and though this made her progress a little slower, she became in good time a better scholar than any of the children who went to the village school. As soon as she found that this was the case she began to reflect that it was her duty to devote some of her spare time, with Mr. Goodall's permission, to the instruction of such poor children as could not go to school. After much thinking and contriving, she hit upon a simple but clever plan to get these ignorant children to attend to her teaching. She knew that the different letters of the alphabet were sufficient to spell every word—only that those used as capital letters were larger than the others. Now as very few books were then printed, and they were scarcely ever to be seen in the hands of poor people, she thought she could get over the difficulty by cutting, with a good knife, out of several pieces of wood, six sets of capital letters like these:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z.

And ten sets of these common letters:

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

When, after much pains and trouble, she had finished all these wooden letters, she managed with some difficulty to borrow an old spelling-book, and, with the help of this, she made her playmates set up the words she wished them to spell. Her usual way with them when she could get several of them together about her was this: Suppose the word to be spelled was "Pudding" (she always chose words at first that sounded pleasantly to her little pupils' ears), one of the children, who were placed in a circle round her, brought the capital letter "P" from the large set; the next picked up "u" from the small set; the next two a "d" each; the next "i," and so on, until the whole word was spelled. Margery, in her simplicity, fancied that the first steps in knowledge ought to be as much like play as possible; and the result proved how right she was, for her little companions were always eager for this "game," as they called it, and were very sorry if they were thrown out by picking up a wrong letter, and had to play no more that morning. Before long not only her poor pupils, but their ignorant parents too, were very thankful for the trouble she took in teaching her playfellows; and as it often happened they could not be spared to be with her of a morning, she would then go round to their different cottages to teach them, carrying her wooden letters in a basket.

On one of these occasions the worthy clergyman asked a friend of his, a substantial yeoman named Rowland, to accompany Margery in her rounds, that he might judge as an eye-witness of the results of her teaching. This good man was much pleased with all he saw and heard; and, as he gave his opinion in writing to Mr. Goodall, we cannot do better than make use of his own words.

"After setting out, Margery and I, we first came to Jerry Hodge's; and no sooner had we tapped at the door than the cottager's wife came out, and when she saw Margery, said, 'Oh, if it isn't little Goody Two-Shoes; and I am right glad to see thee, that I be! Pray come in, and this good gentleman too, that ye may both see

how well our Billy has learned his lessons.' The poor little fellow, I found, could not speak plain; but he had learned all his letters, and was quite able to pick them out and put them together in short words when asked to do so.

"The next place we visited was Widow Giles', who, to protect herself at night, kept a fierce-looking dog, and the moment Margery opened the gate he began barking at a great rate. This called out his mistress, who scolded him sharply for daring to bark at Goody Two-Shoes. After quieting the noisy cur she asked us in, and seemed very proud to show how clever her little Sally was in learning her lessons; indeed, I found the child was very ready at spelling, and she pronounced the words clearly and correctly also.

"We then called at Toby Cook's cottage. Here a number of children were met together to play, who all came round Margery very fondly, and begged her to 'set the game' for them. She then took out her wooden letters from her basket, and asked the girl who was next to her what she was to have for dinner. 'Apple pie,' she answered, and went to look for a capital 'A;' the next two produced a 'p' each, and so they went on until they had spelled 'Apple pie' complete. Other words were given by the children, chiefly the names of things they liked and were used to, such as bread, milk, beef, etc., which were for the most part spelled carefully, very few mistakes having been made, until the game was finished. After this, she set them the following lesson to get by heart:

'He that will thrive  
Must rise by five.'

'Tell me with whom you go,  
And I'll tell what you do.'

'He that has thriven  
May lie till seven.'

'A friend in need  
Is a friend indeed.'

'Truth may be blamed,  
But cannot be shamed.'

Love your friends who are true,  
And your friends will love you.'

"Margery next took me to see Kitty Sullen. This little girl used to be very self-willed and vain, because she could dress more finely than the poor cottagers' children. I was glad to see, however, that she paid at-

tention to Margery's good advice; and I hear it generally reported that Madge has done wonders by setting her an example of humility and kindness, and that she has much softened her stubborn heart.

"On our way homeward we saw a well-dressed gentleman sitting under a couple of great trees, at the corner of the rookery. He had a sort of crutch by him, and seemed to be ailing. But perhaps this was partly put on, that he might try Margery's wit; for as soon as he saw us he called out to her to come near him, and then said,



more in jest than in pain, 'Pray little maid, can you tell me what I must do to get well?' 'Yes, good sir,' she replied readily: 'go to bed when the rooks do, and get up with them at morn; earn, as they do, what you eat; and then you will get health and keep it.' The gentleman seemed quite taken with the good sense of her reply, and with her modest look, too, and begged her to accept a small silver coin as a token of his regard for her merit."

One day, as Margery was coming home from the next village, she met with some wicked, idle boys, who had tied a young raven to a staff and were just about to

make a victim of the poor thing by throwing stones at it. She offered at once to buy the raven for a penny, and this they agreed to. She then brought him home to the parsonage, and gave him the name of Ralph, and a fine bird he was. Madge soon taught him to speak several words, and also to pick up letters and even to spell a word or two.

Some years before Margaret began to teach the poor cottagers' children Sir Walter Welldon, a wealthy knight living in the neighborhood, had set up an elderly widow lady, who had seen better days, in a small school in the village of Mouldwell, that she might teach the children of those who could afford to pay something toward it. This gentlewoman, whose name was Gray, was at length taken seriously ill, and was no longer able to attend to her duties. When Sir Walter heard of this he sent for Mr. Goodall and asked him to look out for some one who would be able and willing to take Mrs. Gray's place as mistress of the school.

The worthy clergyman could not think of one so well qualified for the task as Margery Meanwell, who, though but young, was grave beyond her years, and was growing up to be a comely maiden; and when he told his mind to the knight, Margery was chosen by the latter at once as the successor of poor Mrs. Gray. Sir Walter continued to be very good to the sick widow until she died, which happened shortly afterward. He likewise built a larger schoolhouse for Margery's use. This she needed, for she would have all her old pupils without payment about her that liked to come to the school, as well as the regular scholars belonging to it.

From this time no one called her "Goody Two-Shoes" but generally Mrs. Margery, and she was more and more liked and respected by her neighbors.

Soon after Mrs. Margery had become mistress of school she was lucky enough to save a dove from the hands of some cruel boys, who were tormenting the poor creature, and she called him Tom, in remembrance of her brother now far away, and from whom she had heard no tidings ever since he left her. But in those bygone days writing letters was not much practiced, and there was no such thing as a post office to be seen anywhere. Tom learned to pick up a few letters, but he was not so



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clever as her old favorite Ralph, and of course could not be taught to utter a single word.

About this time a lamb had lost its dam, and its owner was about to have it killed. When Mrs. Margery heard of this she bought the gentle creature of him and brought it home, thinking to please and benefit her pupils by putting such an example before them of going early to bed. Some neighbors, finding how fond of such pets Mrs. Margery was, presented her with a nice playful little dog called Jumper, and also with a skylark. Now, Master Ralph was a shrewd bird, and a bit of a wag too; and when Will the lamb and Carol the lark made their appearance, the knowing fellow picked out the following verse, to the great amusement of everybody:

“Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Mrs. Margery was ever on the lookout to be useful to her neighbors. Knowing more than they did, she was often able to give them good advice, and to save them from losses which they were about to incur through their ignorance. Many of these good folks depended much on their hay. Now, a traveler coming from London had presented Mrs. Margery with a new kind of instrument, a rough-looking barometer, very inferior to those now used, by the help of which she could often guess correctly how the weather would be a day or two beforehand. She made herself so useful, indeed, that they all came to her for advice, and profited by it in often getting in their hay without damage, while much of that in the neighboring villages was spoiled. This caused a great talk about the country; and so provoked were the people of the distant villages at the better luck of the Mouldwell folks that they accused Mrs. Margery of being a witch, and sent old Nicky Noodle, a numskull and a gossiping busybody, to go and tax her with it, and to scrape together whatever evidence he could against her. When this wiseacre saw her at her school door, with her raven on one shoulder and the dove on the other, the lark on her hand, and the lamb and little dog by her side, the sight took his breath away for a time, and he scampered off crying out, “A witch! a witch! a witch!”

She laughed at the simpleton's folly, and called him jocosely a "conjurer" for his pains; but poor Mrs. Margery did not know how much folly and wickedness there was in the world, and she was greatly surprised to find that the half-witted Nicky Noodle had got a warrant against her.

At the meeting of the justices, before whom she was summoned to appear, many of her neighbors were pres-



ent, ready to speak up for her character, if needful. But it turned out that the charge made against her was nothing more than Nicky's idle tale that she was a witch. Nowadays, it seems strange that such a thing could be; but in England, at that period, so fondly styled by some "the good old times," many silly and wicked things were constantly being done, especially by the rich and powerful, against the poor—such things as would not now be borne. Among such old blind follies was a common belief in witchcraft, the practice of which was severely punishable by law; and many a poor harmless old woman, against whom her ignorant neighbors had a spite, has been tortured even to death, on the stupid charge of being a witch.

It happened that among the justices who met to hear

this charge against Mrs. Margery, there was but one silly enough to think there was any ground for it. His name was Shallow, and it was he who had granted the warrant. But she soon silenced him when he kept repeating that she *must* be a witch to foretell the weather, besides harboring many strange creatures about her. After pointing to the friends who had come to speak for her character and her truth, she said very calmly, looking at this weak man full in the face:

“I never supposed that any one here could be so weak as to believe that there was any such thing as a witch. But if I am a witch, here is my charm,” she added, laying her weather-glass upon the table; “this it is alone that has helped me to know the state of the weather. And as for my animal companions, your worship even might profit as I have done by their good example. My tender dove,” she continued, “is a pattern of true love; my watchful raven of forethought; my joyous lark of thankfulness; my gentle lamb of innocence; and my trusty dog of sagacity. If it be witchcraft to have such teachers to remind me of my duties, then, indeed, am I a witch, please your worship—at your service.”

Fortunately her patron, Sir Walter Welldon, one of the justices present, was well acquainted with the use of the new instrument. When he had explained its nature to his foolish brother justice he turned the whole charge into ridicule, and finished by giving Mrs. Margery such a high character for knowledge, prudence, and charity that the bench of justices not only released her at once from the trumpery charge, but gave her their public thanks for the good services she had done in their neighborhood.

One of these gentlemen, Sir Edward Lovell, an intimate friend of Sir Walter's, conceived, indeed, so high an opinion of her virtues and abilities that, having been lately left a widower, he offered her very liberal terms if she would consent to come to his house, take the management of it, and educate his daughter also. She respectfully declined this handsome offer, for she thought it was her duty to continue teaching the children of the poor, who but for her, she feared, would remain in ignorance.

Several months after this Sir Edward fell ill and was

for some time in a state of danger. He then repeated his request that Mrs. Margery would come to take charge of his house, now that he was quite unable to manage it, and look after his dear children. The thoughtful young woman then took counsel with her kind old friend the



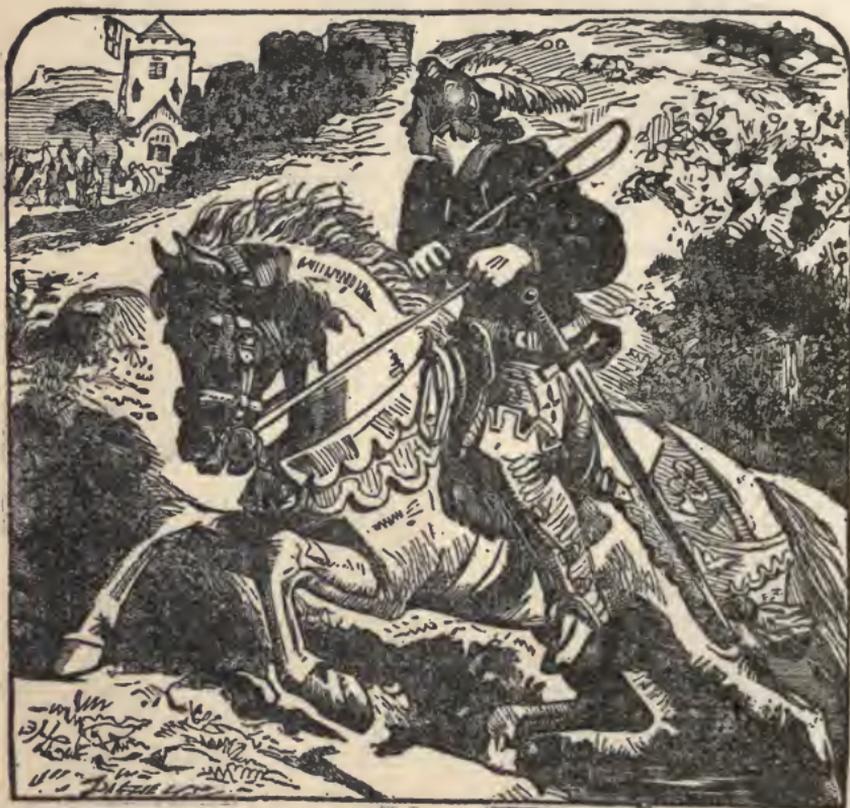
clergyman, and by his advice she agreed to undertake the proposed employment until Sir Edward's restoration to health. She completely won that gentleman's respect and admiration by her skill and tenderness in nursing him during the remainder of his illness, and by the great care she took of his children. All the members of his household loved her for her goodness.

By the time that Sir Edward fully regained his health

he had become more and more attached to Mrs. Margery. He thought she could hardly be matched for propriety of conduct, for good sense, and for sweetness of temper; and with all this he fancied, too, that she had not her equal anywhere for good looks. It was not, then, to be wondered at that when she talked of going back to her school he should feel dull and melancholy, nor that, after due reflection, he should offer her his hand in marriage. We know already how modest and free from vanity and false pride Mrs. Margery was. This proposal, therefore, took her quite by surprise, and so undeserving did she think herself of the honor intended her that at first she was inclined not to accept it, but this her rich suitor would not hear of; and as her true friends, Sir Walter and Mr. Goodall, tried hard to persuade her to accept Sir Edward's hand, telling her she would then be enabled to do many more good works than she had ever done before, she at last yielded. She had not at all objected because she did not like Sir Edward, for she really loved and admired him as he deserved, but only because she feared it was not her duty to leave her old humble friends to be a fine lady.

All things having been settled, and the day fixed, the great folks and others in the neighborhood came in crowds to see the wedding; for glad they were that one who had, ever since she was a child, been so deserving, was to be thus rewarded. Just as the bride and bridegroom were about to enter the church, their friends assembled outside were busily engaged in watching the progress of a horseman handsomely dressed and mounted, and as gay in appearance as a courtier, who was galloping up a distant slope leading to the church, as eagerly as if he wanted to get there before the marriage should take place. When all was in readiness for the holy ceremony to commence, and the clergyman just going to open his book, a strange gentleman, richly dressed, no other, indeed, than the horseman who had been before noticed by the crowd, rushed into the church, calling out that they should stop the marriage. All were astonished at this interruption, particularly the couple about to be united, each of whom the stranger immediately addressed apart. During this parley the bystanders were more and more surprised, especially when they saw Sir

Edward standing almost speechless, and his bride crying and fainting away in the stranger's arms. But this seeming grief was soon over and was presently converted into a flood of joy. This gentleman, so elegantly dressed, proved to be no other than Margery's brother, our former acquaintance, little Tommy, now Mr. Mean-



well, just returned with great honor and profit from a distant foreign country. As soon as the news reached him that his sister was going to be married he resolved to take horse from London, where he then was, and try to reach the spot in time to find out whether it was a suitable match for one so dear to him as Margery was, and to whom he was now able to give a fortune if she needed it. All was soon explained, and the loving couple then returned to the altar and were married, to the satisfaction of all present.

After her happy marriage Lady Lovell continued to

practice all kinds of good. She was not content in giving largely in the way of charity, but she constantly went about visiting the poor, cheering them up and helping them in their troubles, and comforting them in sickness. She took great pains in increasing and improving the school of which she had been the mistress, and placed there a poor but worthy scholar and his wife to preside over it. She lived happily with Sir Edward for many years; and as her life had been regarded as the greatest blessing, so her death was looked upon as the greatest calamity that had befallen the neighborhood for many years.

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## PATTY AND HER PITCHER;

### OR, KINDNESS OF HEART.

PATTY was the most charming little girl in her native village, and so all the neighbors said. Such a character as this it is very difficult to obtain; but when children do get it you may be sure they deserve it. Patty deserved it, for she loved everybody and everything; and in return she was rewarded by the love of all who knew her. The pigeons flew down from their little house to coo round her; the fowls fed from her hand; the cat rolled over her feet and purred out her fondness; and even the steady old dog Bluff amused himself with the strangest antics and gambols whenever he could gain her attention. They all knew very well how kind and good she was, although they could not say so.

She was also very industrious; for when quite a child she used to bustle about and do little things in the handiest manner; and as for sewing, she was the pattern child at the dame's school, where her sampler was hung up in state, that the other children should see what might be done by industry and care.

When she went to the spring that was near, to dip her pitcher into its bright bubbling water, she would warble out her sweet little ballads with a voice that took the attention of all who heard, for her heart was full of joy and she could not restrain her gladness. On one of her

journeys to the spring happened the great event of her life, which I now sit down to write. It will show very clearly that we should always be ready to do a kind action to any one, for love and kindness shown to others always return tenfold to the giver, as it did to her.

Well, then, to begin the story, as I have now told you



all about Patty and her goodness. Patty had filled her pitcher at the spring and was carrying it home (and it was no trifle to carry when full), when, almost in sight of her cottage, she saw a poor old woman sitting upon the trunk of a fallen tree, as if fatigued after a long journey. Her face was as brown as a nut and covered with wrinkles, and her eyes were dull and sunken. On her back was tied a bundle, heavy enough for a strong man to carry. She turned her eyes upon Patty as she approached, and cast eager looks upon the sparkling water

in the pitcher, a draught from which she longed to ask for; and trusting in the good-natured rosy face of Patty, she at last ventured to do so.

"Dear little child," said she in a feeble voice, "let me cool my parched lips with a drink from your pitcher, for I am very old, and faint, and weary."



"To be sure, mother, and welcome," said Patty, lifting it up so that the old woman might readily quench her thirst.

Long and eagerly did the poor creature drink: so long, indeed, that Patty was really quite surprised.

"Thank you, my darling. Heaven will reward you for your kindness to the poor and aged," said the old woman.

"Oh! you're quite welcome, mother," replied Patty, and again went on her way; but she had not proceeded far before she met a large dog, who seemed to be bound

on a long journey, for he was covered with dust, his eyes were red, and his parched tongue was hanging out of his mouth, to catch the cool air. "Poor fellow!" said Patty.

The dog turned round at her kind voice, and stopped to look at her; she held out her hand, and he came near her; she put down her pitcher to caress him, and then he tried to make his way to what his instinct told him was water; she knew what the poor dog wanted, and held the pitcher so that he could drink. He lapped and lapped until she really began to think that he would never leave off. At last he looked up to her face and licked her hand in gratitude; then, after two or three bounds, to show her how refreshed he was, he trotted on his way.

Soon after, she met a group of little children who had been gathering flowers and daisies, and making posies with them. They had been scampering about the fields, and were tired and thirsty. So Patty told them to put their little hands together and make cups of them; then she filled these "handy cups," and made them drink.

"Will you please take this nosegay?" they said, and offered her the prettiest one they had.

"Let me put it in your bosom myself," said the smallest one of the group. Patty stooped down while the grateful child fastened it with a pin to her frock. Each of them received a kiss, and then all ran off to pluck more pretty flowers.

Patty looked into her pitcher, and found that it was more than half-empty, so that she must have all her journey over again, for it was of no use going home with such a drop as that. But then she saw some harebells growing by the dusty roadside, drooping for want of water, so she gave them the benefit of what was left in her pitcher, and the flowers seemed to love her for her kindness.

Back she went, without one thought about her trouble, and soon gained the margin of the spring. She was just about to stoop and dip her pitcher into its transparent depth, when she thought she saw something glistening beneath, which caused her to withdraw her hand. She watched and watched, until she saw a sweet little face looking up to her; and presently there stood before her one of the most beautiful of fairies. She



Patty held the pitcher so that the dog could drink.—Page 18.

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stood upon the water with the same ease as Patty stood on the land, and she was not really higher than the pitcher.

"So, Patty," said she—you see, she knew Patty—"so you have come back again, my dear!"

"Yes, madam," replied Patty, rather alarmed; "yes, madam, because I——"

"I know all about it," said the fairy, stopping her; "and because I know, is the reason that you see me; for I am a friend only to the good and kind; and I come now to make you a very useful present."

"A present!" said Patty, surprised and pleased.

"Yes! and such a one as will be a lasting reward for your goodness of heart toward others, and your little care about yourself. You blush, because you do not remember the many kind things that you have done, and I am the more pleased to see that you think I am giving you too much praise. You forget all those acts of kindness which are the ornament of your life, and this assures me of the pureness of your motives; for it is our duty to forget the good we do to others, and to remember only what they do for us. You have always done so, my dear little Patty. To reward you I will place a spell upon your pitcher, which, for the future, shall always be full of water, or of milk, as you may wish it. It shall also be able to walk and to speak whenever you may require it, and shall always be your firm friend in trouble. Trust to it, and never give way to despair. If, by any mishap, it should be parted from you, it will easily, by its magic power, be able to find you, and be by your side as your adviser and protector. Do not be afraid to accept this at my hands, for I am one of the fairies who oppose all that is evil. You, by your goodness, have acquired the power of seeing me and hearing me speak. Whenever mortals are good enough, this power is given to them, and we appear and present them with some reward that only the virtuous deserve on this earth. So put your pitcher down by your side, Patty." Patty did as she was desired. "Now look into it."

Patty did so, and, to her astonishment, beheld the bright water gradually rising until the pitcher was full to the brim. When she saw it was full she was going to raise it, but found it too heavy for her strength.

“You need not trouble yourself to carry it,” said the fairy, smiling; “it will itself save you all further trouble of that kind.”

With that she touched it with her wand, and the pitcher raised itself upon two very well-shaped legs, made out of the same stone as the brown pitcher itself. As soon as it was firm on its feet it made a very polite bow to Patty as its future mistress.

“Now, Patty,” said the fairy, “follow your pitcher, and you cannot do wrong.”

As she finished speaking she broke into thousands of sparkling drops, and mixed with the bubbling stream, which seemed to bear her away.

Patty rubbed her eyes, in hopes that she should wake from what really appeared a dream. She coughed aloud, then pinched herself, then ran up and down the lane, and at last she was convinced she was awake. But more than all, there stood the brown pitcher on his natty brown legs, waiting for orders what to do.

“Quite ready to start, mistress,” said a voice from the pitcher. Patty screwed up her courage, and said, “Come on, then, pitcher,” and set the example by starting off with a run.

And did not the pitcher follow her in good earnest? Indeed, it ran so fast that it soon overtook her, and ran before her all the way home. But the most wonderful thing was, although it bounded along with long strides and high jumps over the roughest places in the lanes, it did not spill one single drop of water. This puzzled Patty, who, with her utmost care, could never avoid wetting her frock whenever she had tried to run with the pitcher even half-full.

“What will the people think when we get into the village?” thought Patty, as she looked at her strange companion. “I’m sure they will be frightened; and what will my mother and father say when they see what I have brought home?”

“Do not trouble yourself about that,” said the pitcher, who seemed to hear her thoughts; “your parents will soon get accustomed to me, and be rather pleased when they discover my handiness; for you have yet to find out all the good things I can do.”

As he was speaking they came to a very high and difficult stile.

“Shall I help you over?” said Patty, thinking of his short legs.

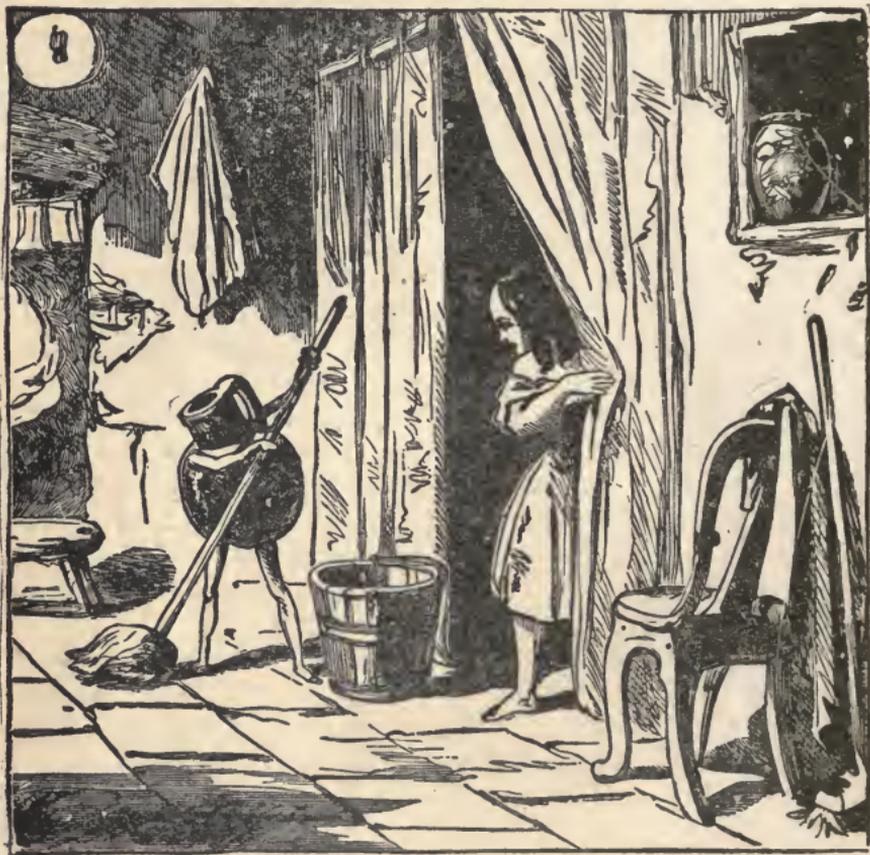
“Oh, dear, no!” said the pitcher; “see how little I require it.”

So saying, he skipped over the stile in the most graceful manner. As he did so a dog that was passing popped his tail between his legs, and after two or three very weak barks, ran away in a dreadful fright. A man, at the same time, was approaching with a slow and pompous walk—for he was the squire of the village—who, upon perceiving the strange pitcher clear the stile in that miraculous manner, was overcome with wonder; but he soon moved pretty quickly when he saw the little legs speeding along toward him. He uttered one loud cry and fled. His hat flew one way, his gold-headed cane another, and his cloak flew up into the air like wings. He had not proceeded far before his legs failed him, and he lay kicking in a furze-bush, roaring for help. Patty could not help laughing, but the pitcher, trotting on with the greatest unconcern, soon reached the cottage door, where he rather astonished Patty’s poor parents. When he entered he sat himself quietly down in the corner where he had been always kept, so that nobody could see his legs. The neighbors, therefore, who had been alarmed by the squire’s account of his fright, and only saw a pitcher like every one had at home, of course thought the old squire a little bit out of his mind.

Patty was awakened next morning by hearing a noise below, as if some one were busy with the furniture. She heard the chairs pushed about, and presently the handle of a pail clinked down as plain as plain could be. So she put on part of her clothes and crept down. The noise still continuing, she peeped through the red curtains that were hung across the room to keep the wind away from their backs when they sat by the fireside; and there she saw, not any thieves, but the pitcher; and what do you think it was doing? Why, mopping the red tiles of the floor, and very well did he handle the mop. And there was the pail full of water by his side, as if he had been a servant-of-all-work all his life; and more wonderful still, there was the fire burning! We can fancy a pitcher of water washing the floor, but cannot imagine its doing anything with a fire except putting it out. But

no! there had he lighted the fire and put the kettle on, which was just singing a most delightful song about the breakfast being nearly ready.

“Good-morning, my good mistress,” said the pitcher, in no way put out. “You need not trouble yourself to do



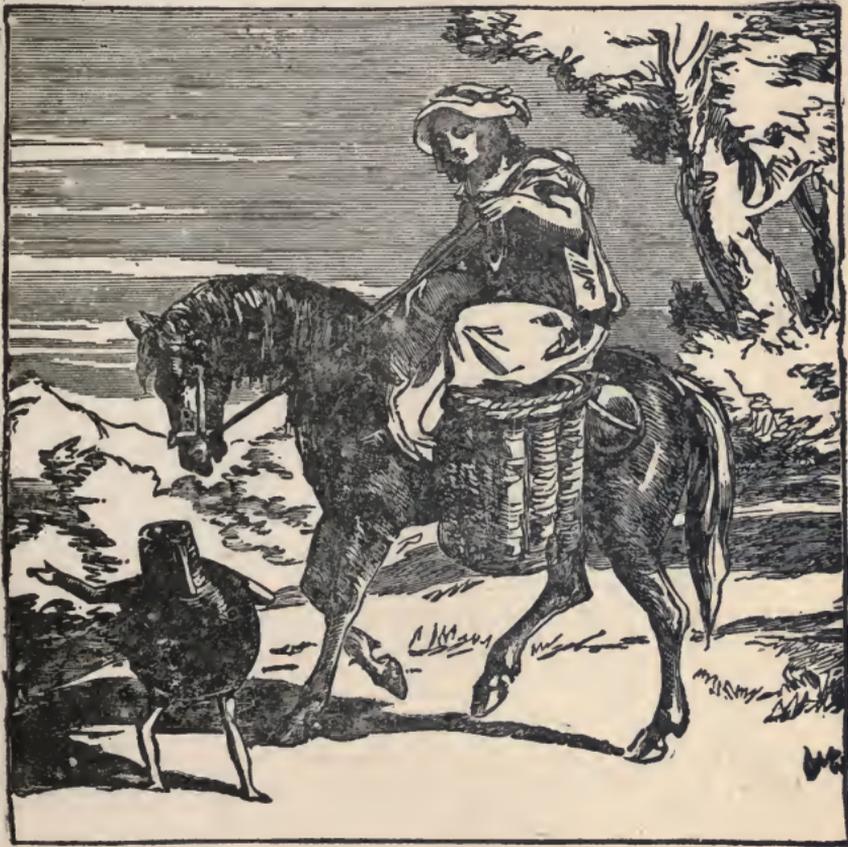
anything but grow and improve yourself; for from henceforth you will have very little labor to do, as I am your very humble servant.”

Was not Patty pleased! for she was growing a tall girl, and felt a great desire to improve herself with her books, which she had had very little time to do, as she had been so much occupied with her household duties.

When Patty was left alone in the evening with the pitcher in the corner, she said how much she was obliged to him, and how much she wished to learn, but wanted

to know what she was to do for books, as she had read the few she possessed a hundred times.

“Oh! that’s very soon remedied,” said the pitcher, “for you have only to wish, and I will yield as much milk as you please. Then you can make butter and cheese, and go and sell it at the market town, and buy as many



books as you like, and have plenty of money to spare for other purposes.”

No sooner said than done. Patty set out all the pans she had and could borrow from her kind neighbors; and, as fast as they came, the pitcher ran about and filled them; so that she soon had plenty of cream for her butter and cheese. She had only to ask, and a good old neighbor lent her a churn, which the pitcher soon found a pair of arms to turn; and such butter was produced as

had not been seen in the village for many a day. Was not Patty pleased, and were not her parents delighted?

The same old farmer lent her a horse and panniers, and early in the morning she started for the market town, the way to which the pitcher pointed out to her. He did not go with her, as he said the people of the town were not used to see brown pitchers, so he should stop at home and look after the cheese. Patty proceeded on her way, looking as happy and as handsome as the best farmer's daughter of them all. So everybody in the market said, where she sold all her butter.

So went on Patty's success until she grew into a pretty, neat young woman; with her old parents living in comfort in one of the best cottages in the village; everybody saying that she deserved her good fortune, and not one single soul envying her: you may guess she was happy indeed.

One evening she was standing in the garden, feeding some of her pigeons, when a handsomely dressed stranger approached the gate, who, after admiring her for a short time, took off his plumed hat in the most graceful manner, and begged her to inform him the nearest way to the next town. When she spoke the music of her voice and her charming modesty seemed to increase the admiration of the stranger. He bowed, and, after a slight hesitation, went on his way.

But that young stranger came again and again, although he knew his way very well to and from the neighboring city. At last she found that it was the way to her heart he was seeking; for he told her parents that he was rich, and wished to have a wife whom everybody spoke well of, since his own wealth left him at liberty to choose for himself, without a desire for any more. The parents smiled as they looked upon the handsome suitor whom they did not think one bit too good for their dear Patty; and so in the course of a short time they were married.

Great joy was in the village on the day of the wedding. If the queen had visited the village there could not have been more gladness of heart. All left off work and made holiday.

Groups of people here and there talked of the kind actions Patty had done. The poor women spoke of the



Early in the morning Patty started for the market town, the pitcher pointing out the way.—Page 24.

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clothes she had made for them, and said, "there never was such a good creature as Patty." Some had received nice little dishes of cookery when they were ill. Many of the girls had been taught to sew and make garments; and the little children had been taught to read. The church was filled with people who loved her and wished to take one last fond look at her sweet face. Garlands of flowers were hung across the road with mottoes such as "Patty the Good," "God bless our friend Patty," "Kind actions never die." And when the married pair started from the church scores of old shoes were flung after them for good luck, with such shouts and huzzas that the village never heard before.

But the stranger who had married Patty took her home to a noble palace, where his forefathers had reigned for many centuries as princes; and the humble little Patty found that her dear husband had made her a princess, and surrounded her with all the luxuries and splendors of her high station.

Did Patty forget her humble home and her old friend the pitcher? No! she did not: the pitcher was with her, but her parents wished to remain in their peaceful home, which their dear child had made so happy by her virtuous industry.

In the splendid state in which Patty now lived the pitcher was as much her servant and benefactor as when he first assisted her in the humble cottage. When the poor came to the palace gates he stood there and poured into their pitchers nourishing soup to support them and their families; and they did not forget to bless the good princess for her kindly thoughts of those who needed her protection and charity so much; and so the pitcher, although now not called upon to work, still continued, in the name of his mistress, to do good to all around.

But even the very best of us cannot escape from envious hearts and evil tongues; and so it fell out to Princess Patty: for we love to call her Patty, although she became a princess. Many of the wicked courtiers, who envied her being loved by the people, whispered slanders into the ears of the prince her husband, who at last was weak enough to listen to them; for they made him afraid by telling him that she was trying to bribe the people, by her charities, to rebel against the rightful prince, and to

place herself on the throne alone; and also that evil spirits helped her; and that the friendly pitcher was one of them.

Alas for human weakness! The prince, at last, was convinced, by their arguments, of her guilt; and, although his heart ached, commanded her to be put into a dungeon in the very depths of the palace, and left her there to mourn. She did not mourn long, for as night came on the pitcher opened her prison doors and aided her in her flight.

"Come," said he, "return to your peaceful home, and show your husband that it is his heart, and not his kingdom, that you covet. He will be sorry for what he has done when he finds that he has lost you."

She followed the pitcher; but they had not proceeded far in their flight when Patty saw that they were pursued by a party of soldiers: she screamed with alarm.

"Be not alarmed, dearest mistress," said the pitcher; "I will stop these pursuers." So saying, he bent over the side of the rock and poured out a cataract of water into the valley through which they were coming. The waters rolled in high waves and swept them from the path, until it became like a large, deep lake. The soldiers swam to the nearest land, glad to save their lives.

That night she slept beneath the humble roof of her parents—their own dear Patty. Early in the morning she was in her own beloved garden with the beautiful flowers, and she tried to be happy and forget the past, by being always at work and by making others happy; but her thoughts would wander to the home of her husband, and she grieved over his unkindness to her, in return for her love to him; and sometimes, in the midst of her tears, she would hope that some fortunate accident might remove the evil thought from his mind, that had caused her so much grief. The pitcher was always by her side, and gave her comfort in her silent sorrow.

The news of Patty's return to her home soon spread through the village, and all came to see once more one whom they had learned to love so much. She told them nothing of her husband's cruel conduct, for she loved him too much to let them think he was unkind.

"Our friend Patty," they said, "has come to visit her parents; we must make her a present."

Many a talk they had about what the present should be. At last they settled it, and all the girls helped to make a beautiful piece of worsted work, wrought with many bright colors, and spread on a handsome frame. The motto worked in it was "KIND ACTIONS TO OTHERS BRING HAPPINESS TO OURSELVES."

Little did they think how much grief was then in Patty's heart. But still the motto was true, as we shall see before we finish the story.

Days and weeks rolled on, but no news reached her from her husband. Had he quite left her? or did he believe that she had been swept away by the torrent which had so nearly drowned his soldiers? She hoped that it was so, for then he might be mourning her as dead; for surely he must have found, long ere this, that the wicked courtiers had spoken falsely.

One fine morning she had risen earlier than usual, for her mind was restless, and she could not sleep. She walked into the pure air, scented with the perfume of flowers, and her fevered brow was refreshed with the cool breeze. Looking round, she beheld her friend the pitcher trimming the flowers like an old gardener who knew his business.

"Good-morning, fair mistress mine," said he. "You are up betimes, for the sun has hardly climbed the distant mountains to peep into our valley; but I am glad to see you so early afoot, as you perceive that I am taking extra care with the garden, for I expect visitors to-day."

"Visitors?" exclaimed Patty, with an inquiring look.

"Yes, visitors," said the pitcher, from whose mouth issued a low chuckling laugh. "I can hear distinctly a footstep in the distance; it comes this way. Listen! it is now near enough for mortal ears to hear."

And so it was; nearer and nearer it came. Presently the figure of a palmer appeared at the wicket gate. He entered; but when he beheld before him the figure of his long-lost Patty he suddenly stopped, and stood quite still, like a statue of surprise. It was indeed her husband the prince!

"That is the visitor I expected," said the pitcher; "he has believed you dead, and has wandered to many places to assuage his grief. At last he has dared to venture to this humble cottage, that he might again see the spot

where he first had the good fortune to meet you. He hoped to console his unhappy mind, and to atone for his crime, by coming where everything would remind him of you and of your virtues and of the fault he has committed in believing that you were trying to get his riches and his kingdom, when he himself was all your world, all your riches, all your enjoyment. Your being alive is the reward for his sincere repentance. He finds you in your first humble sphere, grieving for nothing but the loss of him, hoping for nothing but the return of his love."

The prince rushed forward with a cry of delight, and knelt at Patty's feet. The pitcher, like a discreet friend, placed her hand in his, and then went on with his gardening, leaving the long-separated couple to themselves, who quickly effected a reconciliation with each other.

Patty's parents rejoiced in her newly-found happiness, yet felt a pang of regret when, some days after the happy meeting, the prince proposed that they should return to his kingdom, and that he would send forward a message that his wife should make her entry in triumph.

The pitcher walked out of the cottage and joined the group.

"Prince," said he, "spare yourself the trouble. I am here to give my last service to my mistress. I have rewarded her for the greatest of virtues, *self-denial* and *love for her fellow-creatures*, and the fairy who animated me now recalls me to her water palace: behold!"

As he ceased speaking jets of sparkling water rose high into the air from his mouth, until a broad lake spread over the valley, upon which was borne a gilded barge, rowed by stout boatmen in the prince's livery. It glided to their feet, and they all stepped in. The servants pulled with a good will into the midst of the stream. Still the fountain played from the pitcher's mouth until the stream was swollen into a mighty river, down which they floated until they came in sight of their own castle, standing high up on the rocks on the border of the current. Flags floated from the turrets and booming cannon sent forth their noisy welcome. Crowds of rejoicing vassals stood to receive their much-loved princess, whose happy tears spoke for her to the hearts



The Prince rushed forward with a cry of delight, and knelt at Patty's feet.  
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that knew so well how good she was. The prince and princess lived happily many years over a thriving and contented people, whose love and loyalty were the strongest bulwarks of their throne. The benevolence of the princess, and her charming courtesy and gentleness, gained her the title of "The Gentle Princess," and she was pointed out as a model for the imitation of all the young princesses of the neighboring countries.

The happy pair were blessed with a numerous and beautiful family of sons and daughters, to whom their mother would often relate the story of her early life; for she was not ashamed to confess her former lowly station and humble parentage; and much wonder and delight was always expressed by the younger children at her account of the magic pitcher, and many were the wishes that it would again make its appearance; but these wishes were not to be gratified. The magic pitcher was seen no more; but its history teaches all who read it that

KINDNESS TO OTHERS BRINGS HAPPINESS TO  
OURSELVES.

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BLANCHE AND ROSALAND.

IN a pleasant village some miles from the metropolis, there lived a very good sort of woman, who was much beloved by all her neighbors, because she was always ready to assist every one who was in need. She had received in her youth a better education than the inhabitants of the little village in which she dwelt, and for this reason the poor people looked up to her with a degree of respect.

She was the widow of a very good man, who, when he died, left her with two children. They were very pretty girls; the eldest, on account of the fairness of her complexion, was named Blanche, and the other Rosalind, because her cheeks were like roses, and her lips like coral.

One day, while Goody Hearty sat spinning at the door, she saw a poor old woman going by, leaning on a stick, who had much ado to hobble along. "You seem very

much tired, dame," said she to the old woman; "sit down here, and rest yourself a little;" at the same time she bid her daughters fetch a chair; they both went, but Rosalind ran fastest, and brought one. "Will you please to drink?" said Goody Hearty.

"Thank you," answered the old woman, "I don't care if I do, and methinks if you had anything *nice* that I liked, I could eat a bit."

"You are welcome to the best I have in my house," said Goody Hearty, "but as I am poor, it is homely fare."



She then ordered her daughters to spread a clean cloth on the table, while she went to the cupboard, from whence she took some brown bread and cheese, to which she added a mug of cider. As soon as the old woman was seated at the table, Goody Hearty desired her eldest daughter to go and gather some plums off her own plum-tree, which she had planted herself, and took great delight in. Blanche, instead of obeying her mother readily, grumbled and muttered as she went. "Surely," said she to herself, "I did not take all this care and pains with my plum-tree for that old creature." However,

she durst not refuse gathering a few plums, but she gave them with a very ill-will, and very ungraciously.

“As for you, Rosalind,” said her mother, “you have no fruit to offer this good dame, for your grapes are not ripe.”

“That’s true,” replied Rosalind, “but my hen has



just laid, for I hear her cackle, and if the lady likes a new-laid egg, 'tis very much at her service;” and without staying for an answer she ran to the hen-roost, and brought the egg; but just as she was presenting it to the old woman she turned into a fine beautiful lady!

“Good woman,” said she to Goody Hearty, “I have

long seen your industry, perseverance, and pious resignation, and I will reward your daughters according to their merits; the eldest shall be a great queen, the other shall have a country farm;" with this she struck the house with her stick, which immediately disappeared, and in its room up came a pretty little snug farm. "This, Rosalind," said she, "is your lot; I know I have given each of you what you like best."

Having said this, the fairy went away, leaving both mother and daughters greatly astonished. They went into the farmhouse, and were quite charmed with the neatness of the furniture; the chairs were only wood, but so bright you might see your face in them. The beds were of linen cloth, as white as snow. There were forty sheep in the sheep-pen; four oxen, and four cows, in their stalls; and in the yard all sorts of poultry, hens, ducks, pigeons, etc. There was also a pretty garden, well stocked with flowers, fruit and vegetables. Blanche saw the fairy's gift to her sister without being jealous, and was wholly taken up with the thoughts of being a queen; when all of a sudden she heard some hunters riding by, and going to the gate to see them, she appeared so charming in the king's eyes, who was there, that he resolved to marry her.

When Blanche was a queen she said to her sister Rosalind, "I do not care you should be a farmer; come with me, sister, and I will match you to some great lord."

"I am very much obliged to you, sister," replied Rosalind; "but I am used to a country life, and I prefer to stay where I am."

Queen Blanche arrived at her palace, and was so delighted with her new dignity that she could not sleep for several nights. The first three months her thoughts were wholly engrossed by dress, balls, and plays, so that she thought of nothing else. She was soon accustomed to all this, and nothing now diverted her; on the contrary she found it a great deal of trouble.

The ladies of the court were all very respectful in her presence; but she knew very well that they did not love her, and when out of her sight would often say to one another, "See what airs this little country girl gives herself. His majesty must have a very mean fancy to make

choice of such a consort." These discourses soon reached the king's ears, and made him reflect on what he had done; he began to think he was wrong, and repented his marriage. The courtiers saw this, and accordingly paid little or no respect to Blanche. She was very unhappy, for she had not a single friend to whom she could declare her griefs; she saw it was the fashion at court to betray the dearest friend for interest, to caress and smile upon those they most hated, and to lie every instant; she was obliged to be always serious, because they told her a queen ought to look grave and majestic. She had several children, and all the time there was a physician to inspect whatever she ate or drank, and to order everything she liked off the table; not a grain of salt was allowed to be put in her soup, nor was she permitted to take a walk, though she wished ever so much to do so. Governesses were appointed to her children, who brought them up contrary to her wishes; yet she had not the liberty to find fault. Poor Queen Blanche was dying with grief, and grew so thin that it was sad to see her. She had not seen her sister for three years, because she imagined it would disgrace a person of her rank and dignity to pay a visit to a farmer's wife. Her extreme melancholy made her very ill, and her physicians ordered change of air. She therefore resolved to spend a few days in the country, to divert her uneasiness and improve her health.

Accordingly, she asked the king for leave to go, and he very readily granted it, because he thought he should be rid of her for some time. She set out, and soon arrived at the village. As she drew near Rosalind's house she beheld, at a little distance from the door, a company of shepherds and shepherdesses, who were dancing and making merry. "Alas!" said the queen, sighing, "there once was a time when I used to divert myself like those poor people, and no one found fault with me." The moment Rosalind perceived her sister she ran to embrace her. The queen ordered her carriage to stop, and alighting, rushed into her sister's arms; but Rosalind was grown so plump, and had such an air of content, that the queen, as she looked on her, could not forbear bursting into tears.

Rosalind was married to a farmer's son, who had no

fortune of his own; but then he ever remembered that he was indebted to his wife for everything he had, and he strove to show his gratitude by his obliging behavior. Rosalind had not many servants, but those she had loved her as though she had been their mother, because she used them kindly; she was beloved by all her neighbors, and they all endeavored to show it. She neither had nor wanted much money; corn, wine, and oil were the growth of her farm; her cows supplied her with milk, butter and cheese. The wool of her sheep was spun to clothe herself, her husband, and her two children. They enjoyed perfect health, and when the work of the day was over they spent the evening in all sorts of pastimes.

"Alas!" cried the queen, "the fairy made me a sad present in giving me a crown. Content is not found in magnificent palaces, but in an innocent country life."

Scarce had she done speaking before the fairy appeared.

"In making you a queen," said the fairy, "I did not intend to reward, but punish you for giving me your plums with an ill-will. To be contented and happy, you must, like your sister, possess only what is necessary, and wish for nothing else."

"Ah, madam!" cried Blanche, "you are sufficiently revenged; pray put an end to my distress."

"It is at an end," said the fairy; "the king, who loves you no longer, has just married another wife, and tomorrow his officers will come to forbid you returning any more to the palace."

It happened just as the fairy had foretold, and Blanche passed the remainder of her days with her sister Rosalind in all manner of happiness and content, and never thought again of the court, unless it were to thank the fairy for having brought her back to her native village.

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## FAIRER THAN A FAIRY.

THERE formerly reigned a king who, having already had several children, took it into his head to travel, accompanied by his queen, from one end of his dominions

to the other. Accordingly the royal wanderers went by easy journeys from province to province, making a short stay in each, and after a time arrived at a noble castle situated on the frontiers of their kingdom, where the queen gave birth to a daughter. The little princess was



so miraculously beautiful, even at the moment of her birth, that the courtiers, for once sincere in their admiration of her charms, called her Fairer than a Fairy, and it will soon be manifest that she well deserved so illustrious a name. As soon as the queen was able to quit her room she hastened from the castle to join her husband, who had set off in haste some days before to defend a distant province which was threatened by his enemies.

The queen left the little Fairer (as we shall call her) with her governess, who brought up her young charge

with great care; and, as her father had to sustain a long and cruel war, the princess in retirement had leisure to improve both in mind and person. Her beauty became famous in all the neighboring kingdoms; nothing else was spoken of, and when she had completed her twelfth year she looked more like a goddess than a mere mortal. About this time one of her brothers left the army to visit her during a truce, and the prince and princess formed an inviolable attachment.

Meanwhile the renown of Fairer's beauty, and particularly her name, had so irritated the fairies that they contrived a thousand schemes of vengeance against her, to destroy a beauty that caused them so much jealousy.

The queen of the fairies in the neighborhood was not one of those good fairies who are the protectresses of virtue, and who take a pleasure in doing good. She had, at the end of many centuries, at length attained the honor of royalty by her deep skill and knowledge; but she was very small, and on that account was called Dwarfina.

Accordingly, Dwarfina assembled her council, and made it known that she was resolved to avenge an affront offered to all the handsome persons at her court, and, indeed, to all the world; adding that she intended to leave her palace for a time, in order to visit and carry off this boasted Fairer, who had obtained a reputation so injurious to their charms. No sooner had Dwarfina made known this determination than she hastened to put it into execution; and, having dressed herself in a simple gown, transported herself to the castle in which the object of her journey resided. She soon made herself familiar there, and, by the charms of her conversation, induced the princess' ladies to receive her among them. But Dwarfina was no less astonished than displeased when, having carefully inspected and examined the castle, she became aware, by means of her art, that it was built by a powerful magic, and that there was attached to it, and its gardens and terraces, such a virtue as made it impossible to use any kind of spell or enchantment against its inmates. Fairer's governess was not ignorant of this circumstance; and, although conscious of the invaluable treasure that had been committed to her charge, she lived, consequently, in perfect security, well



Dwarfina took great pains to insinuate herself into the princess' good graces.  
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knowing that no one could injure her precious pupil so long as she should keep within the castle and its gardens. Accordingly, she had expressly forbidden her to quit the palace, and Fairer, who was very prudent and obedient, took care not to disobey this injunction.

Dwarfina took great pains to insinuate herself into the princess' good graces; she taught her several fine kinds of needlework; she amused her by relating the most amusing stories, and neglected nothing that could tend to her delight, until she succeeded so well in her design that the princess soon was never seen without the fairy.

The disguised queen, amid all these cares, never forgot her revenge, but incessantly sought, by stratagem, to entrap Fairer into stepping beyond the castle gates, which was all that she wanted to enable her to carry the hated princess off.

One day they were in the castle garden, when Dwarfina opened a little door, and, having passed into the fields beyond, she performed a thousand antic tricks to amuse the princess and her ladies, but all at once, pretending to be taken ill, she fell as though she swooned. The princess' attendants ran to her assistance, and Fairer herself, in her anxiety, forgot the cautions she had received, and hastened to the spot; but scarcely had the unfortunate princess passed the walls of the castle when Dwarfina arose, seized her rudely by the arm, and, making a circle round them, a thick black cloud appeared, which having cleared away, the earth opened, and from the chasm issued two moles, with wings of rose-leaves, drawing an ebony chariot. Dwarfina seated herself therein, pulling the princess after her, when the chariot mounted into the air with incredible swiftness, and soon disappeared to the young ladies, who, by their tears and cries, made known to every one in the castle the loss they had sustained.

The rapidity with which the chariot rushed through the air made Fairer so giddy that she became for some time almost insensible; at last, recovering herself, she looked downward. What was her terror when she perceived immediately beneath her the vast extent of the fathomless ocean! She uttered a piercing shriek and turned round, when, seeing her dear Dwarfina, she threw her arms round the fairy's neck and embraced her ten-

derly, feeling somewhat tranquilized to find some one near her whom she loved. But, repulsing her rudely, the fairy said: "Away, impertinent! behold in me your mortal enemy. I am the queen of the fairies, and am now about to make you suffer for the arrogance of those who dared to give you your presumptuous name."

Fairer trembled when she heard these words as though a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet, but was still more frightened at the terrible speed at which they were traveling. After awhile the chariot descended into the midst of the magnificent quadrangle of the most superb palace ever beheld.

The sight of so charming a place a little reassured the timid princess, especially when, on alighting from the chariot, she beheld a hundred beautiful young ladies, who hastened courteously to welcome the fairy. So charming an abode did not seem to threaten misfortune, and Fairer received consolation which could not fail to soothe any lady in her great distress, when she remarked that all the young beauties were struck with admiration at beholding her, and heard a confused murmur of praise and envy of her charms; all which naturally pleased her.

Alas! how short are all human pleasures, especially those arising from vanity! Dwarfina imperiously gave orders to her attendants to strip Fairer of her fine clothes, expecting thus to deprive her of a portion of her charms. This was quickly effected, but Dwarfina's rage only increased. What new beauties disclosed themselves! what confusion for all the fairies present! They dressed her in rags, but her simple and natural beauty triumphed over the costly clothes and jewels which surrounded her, and never did she appear more beautiful. Dwarfina, therefore, gave orders for her to be taken away, and ordered the tasks which she had allotted to be given to her at once.

Thereupon two fairies laid hold of the princess and obliged her to accompany them through the most sumptuous apartments that were ever seen. Fairer contemplated them complacently, and, notwithstanding her present situation, she said to herself: "Whatever torments they may prepare for me, my heart whispers that I shall not always be miserable in this charming abode."

Presently they came to a broad black marble staircase

of upward of a thousand steps, which the fairies made Fairer descend: it was so long that the princess thought she must be going to the abysses under the earth. At last she arrived at a small cell wainscoted with ebony, where her companions informed her she must sleep on a little straw which lay in one corner; while in another stood an ounce of bread and a mug of water for her supper. Thence the princess was led into a long gallery, of which the walls, from the ceiling to the floor, were also of black marble, and which were lighted by the feeble rays of five jet lamps, which shed a somber and most gloomy light, rather calculated to inspire terror than comfort. These sorrowful walls were thickly covered from top to bottom with a complete network of spiders' webs, which had the singular property of multiplying the more they were swept away. The two fairies then told the princess that if she did not cleanse the walls of that gallery by daybreak next morning, she would undergo the most terrible punishment. They finally placed a ladder against the wall, and, putting a cane-broom into her hands, desired her to work away, and quitted the gallery. Fairer, unacquainted with the fatality of the spiders' webs, although the gallery was very long, heroically resolved to do her best; so, taking the broom, she stepped lightly up the ladder. Alas! alas! what was her astonishment when, endeavoring to clear the marble of the webs, she found that they only augmented! She wearied herself with exertion; but, finding that it was all in vain, she threw down her broom, descended from the ladder, and, seating herself on the lowest step, burst into tears lamenting her cruel fate. Her sobs were so deep and so numerous that they quite exhausted her strength, and she was on the point of falling on the marble pavement, when her eyes encountered a strong glare of light. The whole length of the gallery became instantly illuminated, and Fairer saw kneeling before her a young man of such handsome features and figure that had it not been for his dress she would have taken him for Cupid himself. She was doubtful whether all this light did not proceed from the young stranger's eyes, so sparkling and brilliant did they appear to her. The young man continued to regard her attentively without rising; at last Fairer said to him in astonishment: "Who are you, gal-

lant stranger? Are you a god?—are you the god of love?” “I am not a god,” answered the youth, “but I have more love in my heart than there is in the whole world besides. I am Pyrrho, son of the queen of fairies; I am in love with you, and am come to your assistance.” With that Pyrrho picked up the broom which Fairer had thrown on the floor, and, touching the cobwebs with it, they immediately changed into a piece of gold-tissue of beautiful workmanship, while the flame of the lamps became strong and bright; then, presenting to the princess a golden key: “You will find,” said Pyrrho, “a keyhole in the largest panel of the wainscot in your closet, into which this key will fit; unlock it very gently. Adieu, fair princess; I quit you only to avoid being suspected of having assisted you. Your task done, you may rest in peace; you will find all that you want in the closet in your prison chamber;” then, kneeling before the princess, Pyrrho kissed her hand and quitted the gallery.

Fairer, more astonished at this adventure than at any of the previous events of the day, returned to her ebony closet. She was looking for the panel which Pyrrho had specified, when she heard the sweetest voice she had ever listened to, complaining in the most tender and sorrowful accents. The princess fancied that the voice must belong to some unfortunate creature, like herself, placed in confinement, to be tormented; she listened, therefore, attentively. “Alas! what shall I do?” said the voice; “I am commanded to change this bushel of acorns into an equal quantity of oriental pearls.”

The princess, less surprised than she would have been two hours before, knocked two or three times against the wainscot, and said aloud: “If hard tasks are set within these walls, miracles likewise are performed: do not despair. But tell me, I entreat you, your history, and I will return your confidence by informing you of mine.”

“I am a king’s daughter,” answered the voice, “and was pronounced beautiful from my birth, at which, however, no fairies were present to assist. You are, I suppose, aware that those capricious beings have an aversion for all who have not been under their protection from the cradle.”

“Alas! I know it but too well,” answered Fairer.

"I am a beauty, like yourself; and the daughter of a king; I am also unfortunate, because I do not owe my beauty to their gifts."

"We are then true companions in affliction," answered the invisible. "But you are in love?"

"It matters not," said Fairer to herself; then she added aloud: "Go on with your story, and do not interrupt yourself to ask me questions."

"I was universally acknowledged to be the fairest creature ever seen," pursued the voice, "and I had many friends and suitors; princes came from far and near, attracted by the renown of my beauty, to demand my hand in marriage. I must tell you that I am called Euryanthe. Among the numerous pretenders to my hand and heart, one young prince was particularly assiduous in his attentions. I returned his affection, and gave him every reason to hope for the fulfillment of his wishes. Our wedding-day was fixed, when the fairies, jealous at seeing me so sought after, and about to be so happy, and unable to endure the thoughts of a mortal's being so, except through themselves, carried me off one day from my father's palace, and conveyed me to my present wretched prison. One of them has visited me to-day to tell me that I shall be strangled to-morrow morning if by that time I have not executed a ridiculous and impracticable task that they have assigned to me; now inform me who you are."

"I shall have told you nearly all," answered the princess, "when I shall have told you my name. I am called 'Fairer than a Fairy.'"

"You are then very, very fair," replied Princess Euryanthe; "I have a great desire to see you."

"I am equally anxious to see you," returned Fairer. "Is there not a door somewhere about here? for I have a little key which may, perhaps, assist us to satisfy our mutual curiosity."

Looking narrowly about, our princess discovered a small keyhole, to which she applied the little golden key, and succeeded in unlocking the door. Having pushed it open, the two princesses' eyes met, and each was much surprised by the wonderful beauty of the other. When their embraces and congratulations were over, Fairer could not forbear laughing to observe that Euryanthe had been very

busily employed in rubbing her acorns with a little white stone, as she had been commanded. She then informed her new friend of the task that had been given her, and that the most charming person she had ever seen had wrought a miracle in her favor.

“But who could it be?” said Euryanthe.

“I think it was a young man,” answered Fairer.

“A young man!” cried Euryanthe; “ah! you blush; you are in love with him.”

“No, not yet,” answered our princess; “but he told me that he is in love with me; and if he really loves me, as he said he did, he will come to your assistance.”

Scarcely had Fairer pronounced these words when the acorns in the bushel began to move, and continued moving, without any apparent cause, for some time, when they were suddenly changed into large pear-shaped pearls, of the first quality, far superior, indeed, to that of the pearl which Queen Cleopatra dissolved in the cup she presented at the celebrated banquet to Mark Antony. Our two princesses were agreeably surprised by this adventure, and Fairer, who began to grow accustomed to such prodigies, taking Euryanthe by the hand, they repassed into her ebony closet. Fairer immediately resumed her search for the panel mentioned by Pyrrho, which she soon discovered, and applying her little golden key thereto, unlocked it, and, pushing open the panel, entered an apartment of which the magnificence surprised and affected her, because she recognized in all she saw marks of her lover's thoughtfulness. The floor was strewn with violets and other sweet-smelling flowers, which exhaled the most fragrant perfume, and in the center of this delightful room stood a table, on which was laid out a most sumptuous entertainment, consisting of rare and delicate viands; while in different parts of the table were little fountains of wine and lemonade, flowing into basins of green porphyry. The young princesses seated themselves unhesitatingly in two chairs of ivory, enriched with emeralds, and ate of this noble feast with good appetite. Their repast finished, the table disappeared and was replaced by a most deliciously perfumed bath, in which having indulged for some time, it vanished, and made way for a superb toilette, and large baskets of gold wire, filled with linen so white that it was a luxury to look on

it. A bed, curiously shaped, but gorgeously furnished, stood at one end of this remarkable apartment, which was bordered by orange-trees in full flower, growing in vases set with emeralds and rubies, while columns of cornelian, disposed at regular distances, supported the golden ceiling, and between each pillar was a splendid crystal mirror, which reached from the cornice to the floor.

Princess Euryanthe, admiring her companion's good fortune, said to her: "Your lover is as powerful as he is deeply enamored, and apparently neglects nothing to gratify your wishes; yours is not a common fate." A musical clock, which stood in the room, now sounded midnight, by repeating twelve times the name of Pyrrho. Fairer blushed, threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, but her repose was interrupted by the image of her lover.

When the morrow came the court of the queen of the fairies was thrown into the utmost astonishment at beholding the gallery perfectly freed from cobwebs, and at sight of the bushel of pearls, while they found each of the princesses quietly seated in her prison chamber. Having assembled in council to determine what tasks should next be given to the objects of their hatred, the fairies commanded Euryanthe to go to the seashore and write on the sand, taking especial care that what she wrote should not be effaced by the waves; while Fairer received orders to go to the foot of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, to ascend to its summit, and to bring thence to them a vase filled with the water of immortality. As there was no means of reaching the top of this mountain without flying, they gave the princess feathers and wax, hoping that, like another Icarus, she would make herself wings, and thereby cause her destruction. Euryanthe and Fairer sighed on hearing these commands, and, having tenderly embraced, they separated, as sorrowfully as though they were certain they should never see each other again. Euryanthe was then conducted to the seashore and Fairer to the foot of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain.

Arrived at her destination, Fairer took the feathers and wax, and vainly attempted to construct something with them in the shape of wings; but after a dozen unsuccessful attempts, her thoughts began to wander to

Pyrrho. "If he really loved me," she said, "he would come again to my assistance." The word assistance had scarcely passed her lips, when Pyrrho appeared before her, looking a thousand times more handsome than on the preceding night. Daylight was in truth singularly favorable to him.

"Do you doubt the strength of my passion?" said he; "is there anything too difficult for me to perform in token of my love?" Pyrrho then requested Fairer to take off her slippers, in which she would not be permitted to approach the fountain of immortality, and suddenly transformed himself into an eagle. The princess could not repress a slight feeling of regret at beholding Pyrrho's charming person so metamorphosed; but the eagle, crouching at her feet and unfolding his wings, soon made her comprehend his object. She seated herself on his back, twining her fair arms round his majestic neck, and he gently rose into the air. It would be no easy matter to pronounce which was the most delighted, Fairer, at escaping death in executing the cruel order she had received from the fairies, or Pyrrho, at being charged with so precious a burden.

The eagle carried the princess gently and safely to the summit of the mountain, where she heard the agreeable concert of a thousand winged songsters who came to do homage to the illustrious bird which had borne her thither. On the very top of the Sugar-Loaf Mountain was a flowery plain, surrounded by groves of tall cedar-trees; and from the center of this plain arose a little rivulet, whose silvery waters meandered over a fine sand, composed of gold dust and seed diamonds. Fairer, kneeling on the bank, took some of the precious water in her hand and tasted it. She then filled her vase, and, turning to her eagle: "Ah!" said she, "how happy should I be could my friend Euryanthe drink of this water." The words had scarcely passed her lips when the eagle flew to the foot of the mountain, seized one of Fairer's slippers, and, returning with it to the stream, filled it, and flew away to the beach, on whose sands the Princess Euryanthe was vainly endeavoring to write in indelible characters.

His mission fulfilled, the eagle returned to Fairer, who reseated herself on his back and expressed a wish to re-



Fairer than fairy  
summons the Rainbow  
snow

A. Ford.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, located in the lower center of the page. The text is written in dark ink on a light-colored, aged paper background.

join her dear friend. Pyrrho, to whom her slightest wish was law, instantly directed his flight toward the beach, where Euryanthe was still occupied with her fruitless labor, the waves effacing whatever she wrote as soon as it was completed.

“What barbarity,” said the princess to Fairer when she saw her, “to command me to achieve an impossibility! But I guess, from your singular mode of traveling, that you have succeeded in obtaining what was required of you.”

Fairer having alighted, and being moved by the sight of her friend’s affliction, turned to her lover and said: “Show me yet another and more convincing proof of your power.”

“Or rather of my love,” interrupted the prince; and, without giving his mistress time to finish her request, he resumed his natural shape.

When Euryanthe saw the beauty of his face and person, surprise and pleasure sparkled in her eyes, while Fairer blushed, yet, by an involuntary movement, turned her face on her lover to conceal her agitation from her friend: “Do as I bid you,” said she, with playful petulance.

Pyrrho saw that he was loved; and, willing to put an end to her anxiety, desired her to read what she would find written on the sand, and disappeared more quickly than a flash of lightning.

At the moment of Pyrrho’s disappearance a wave rolled to Fairer’s feet and, then retiring, discovered a brazen tablet as firmly sunk in the sand as though it had been there from the creation of the world, and to all appearance immovable. The princesses regarded it with wonder, and, while still looking at it, an invisible hand engraved thereon, in deep letters, the following stanzas:

“Vulgar lovers’ oaths and vows  
Are like letters traced in sand;  
The lightest wave that o’er them flows  
Leaves a bare and noteless strand:

“But the love your charms inspire,  
Princess, fairer than a fay,  
Is graven deep, in words of fire,  
On a heart that woos thy sway.”

“And is it really you?” she cried repeatedly, until at last, convinced of her lover’s identity, and mindful of her present misery, she said: “But are you the favorite of the malicious fairy? And do I behold you with a claim to that fine title?”

“Doubt it not,” answered her lover; “it is to that favor that we shall owe the termination of our misfortunes.”

The prince then related to Euryanthe that, in despair at her loss, he had consulted a hermit as to where she then was; that the old man had told him that, when he next saw her, it would be in Fairyland, and had given him the means of finding her. He was, however, stopped in his search by the malicious old fairy, who had conceived a passion for him. “In pursuance of my adviser’s instructions,” continued the prince, “I did not entirely repulse her, and, by my duplicity I gained a complete ascendancy over her mind, became the master of her treasures and the minister of her will. My ancient innamorata has just set out on a journey of eighteen thousand miles, and will not return for a fortnight; we must make the best use of this opportunity for effecting our escape. I know where the fairy keeps her invisible ring, and will go and fetch it. You shall put it on, and will thus be able to quit your dungeon unperceived; I can leave the arcade openly.”

“Do not forget,” said Euryanthe, “the elixir of perpetual youth and beauty; I would drink of it myself and give some to a dear friend of mine.”

The prince laughed.

“And where shall we go?” asked Euryanthe.

“To the Queen of the Fairies,” replied her lover.

“No, not there,” said the princess; “we shall be put to death.”

“The sage who protects me,” pursued he, “counsels me to conduct you to the place whence you were brought if I would insure my happiness; and he has never yet deceived me.”

“Be it so,” said Euryanthe; “let us depart immediately.”

Orontes (so was Euryanthe’s lover called) handed to his mistress a china flagon, which contained the elixir of perpetual youth and beauty. Anxious to appear more

lovely in the prince's eyes, she drank deeply of it, forgetting that the ring which she wore on her finger rendered her invisible. Then, taking Orontes' arm and carrying the flagon in her hand, she traversed thus the whole of the arcade, and reached the fairy queen's palace with her lover.

Arrived there, Euryanthe pulled off the invisible ring and gave it to Orontes. Then the lovely princess became visible to her lover, who, to her great regret, made himself invisible in his turn by putting on the ring, and they then entered Dwarfina's palace.

The fairies looked at each other in the utmost astonishment when they beheld Euryanthe enter with the flagon of elixir. Dwarfina, lowering her brow, said: "Let the insolent be put into close confinement. I see that our stratagems produce no effect, and she must be put to death without any further trouble."

Euryanthe trembled violently when she heard this cruel speech; but Orontes, who was still by her side, bade her be of good cheer.

We will now turn to Fairer than a Fairy (who was conducted to the Forest of Marvels), and state why she was commanded to take the silver-footed hind, and what was her success.

There had been formerly a queen of the fairies who had attained justly that noble distinction. She was fair, amiable, and learned, and had many lovers, whose attentions, however, were thrown away upon her. Occupied as she ever was in protecting virtue, she could not find time for listening to the sighs of her admirers. Of her numerous suitors, there was one whom her indifference rendered particularly miserable; and it will naturally be inferred that he was the one who was most ardent in his passion for the queen.

One day, his entreaties being still unable to move her, he protested, in his despair, that he would kill himself. To this threat she paid no attention, regarding it as the mere bombast so frequently employed by lovers in their threats to their mistresses, and which they are far from ever intending to fulfill. However, she was informed shortly after that he had thrown himself into the sea. An old hermit, under whose care the unfortunate youth had been educated, and who was deeply skilled in magic,

branches over her, forming a kind of canopy to her bed, which was strewed with its blossoms. Two turtle-doves, cooing in a bush hard by, reminded Fairer of her Pyrrho's affection. Strawberries and various other kinds of excellent fruit were growing in profusion near her couch, of which the princess ate heartily, and felt as refreshed as if she had partaken of the choicest viands. When she had satisfied her appetite, "Oh! attentive Pyrrho!" she exclaimed, "but for your timely assistance I must have perished; I no longer murmur at my hard fate, and only wish to see you to make me quite contented."

Fairer would have continued her soliloquy, but at the moment she observed the silver-footed hind resting on its haunches and quietly watching her. She made sure of taking it this time, and having gathered a handful of grass, offered it to the hind, holding her silken halter in the other hand; but the hind skipped onward, and when it had run a little distance from the princess resumed its sitting posture and gazed earnestly on its fair pursuer. The princess passed the whole of the second day in fruitless attempts to catch it, and when night set in passed it as she had passed the preceding. On the third morning she was awakened as before, and that and the following days and nights were spent in the same way. At last, on the fifth morning, when Fairer opened her eyes she fancied it was lighter than usual, and, on looking up, perceived her lover his eyes sparkling with all the love she inspired: he was kneeling near her and kissing her feet. Pleased by his presence and gratified by his respectful attention, "You are come, then, at last," said Fairer; "but though I have not seen you latterly, I have, at least, experienced marks of your goodness."

"Say, rather, of my love, Fairer than a Fairy," interrupted Pyrrho. "My mother suspects that I assist you, and has placed me in confinement, from which I have only escaped for a few moments by the assistance of a kind fairy, my friend. I have only time to assure you of my eternal fidelity, and to add that you will see me again in the evening. If fortune favors us to-morrow, we shall be happy. Adieu."

Pyrrho disappeared, and the silver-footed hind appearing, the princess went in chase of it. When the fifth

night came she perceived, very near to her, a small bright flame, which sufficed to discover her lover. "Here is my fiery wand," said he; "place it before you, and follow unhesitatingly wherever it shall lead you. When it stops you will discover, by its light, a heap of dry leaves. Set fire to the leaves, and fearlessly enter the opening you will then perceive; if you there find the skin of an animal which you recognize, burn it; the stars, our friends, will take care of the rest. Adieu."

Fairer would have been glad to have received more ample instructions, but her lover was gone; so she unhesitatingly placed the wand before her, and followed where it led. It went on before her for more than two hours, and she began to grow very tired, when it stopped, and, by its light, Fairer perceived the heap of dry leaves, to which she immediately set light. The leaves instantly threw up a bright blaze, and discovered a high mountain, with an opening toward its base, nearly concealed by brambles; the princess pushed them aside with her wand, and entered the mouth of the opening. She found herself in total darkness; but, walking forward, presently came to a large and noble hall, handsomely furnished and brilliantly lighted with many chandeliers; but what struck her with most astonishment was to perceive the skins of several wild beasts suspended from golden hooks, which she took at first for the beasts themselves. She gazed on them for some time with fear; when, averting her eyes, she perceived in the middle of the hall a fine tall palm-tree, from a branch of which was hanging the skin of the silver-footed hind.

Fairer was delighted at this sight; she took the skin on the end of her wand, and carried it to the fire she had lighted at the mouth of the grotto. The flames immediately consumed it; and the princess returned joyfully to the hall, and penetrated into a long suit of magnificent apartments. She stopped in one, in which she saw several little beds arranged on a Persian carpet, one of them being of richer materials than the others, and placed under a pavilion of cloth of gold. But she had no time to reflect on the singularity of what she saw, for she suddenly heard loud peals of laughter, and a confused and loud noise of several voices.

Fairer, turning her steps in the direction of these

sounds, entered into a wonderful apartment, in which were seated fifteen young persons of divine beauty. They rose at her entrance, apparently as much surprised at the appearance of the princess as was she at beholding them. The extreme loveliness of her person, too, charmed them all. An attentive silence having succeeded the cries of admiration which burst from them at first, one of the fair fifteen, more beautiful than her companions, advanced with a gay and smiling countenance to meet our charming princess. "I cannot doubt," she said, "that you are my deliverer, as no one ever enters here who is not clothed in the skin of an animal such as you saw suspended in the hall; it has been the fate of all the lovely persons you see around me. After ten days unsuccessfully spent in hunting me, they have all been changed into animals like myself, excepting that during the night we all resume our natural shapes. You, fair princess, but that you were destined to effect my deliverance, would have been transformed into a white rabbit."

"A white rabbit!" cried Fairer. "Oh, madam, I am very happy to have preserved my proper form, and to have disenchanted so charming a person as you appear to be."

"Yes, you have restored us all to liberty," answered the fairy; "let us pass the remainder of this night together, and to-morrow we will repair to my palace to fill all the court with joy and astonishment."

No pen could do justice to the gayety of which that charming abode was on that night the witness, or to the ecstasies of the fair inmates about to be restored to life, so to speak. They were all of the same age as on the day they commenced their hunting expedition in the Forest of Marvels, and the eldest of them was not yet twenty. When the queen was inclined to repose, she invited Fairer to share her bed, and expressed a wish to know her history. The princess related it so affectingly, yet in such artless and truthful expressions, that the fairy resolved from that moment to take her under her protection, and to crown her and her faithful Pyrrho's affection with lasting happiness. Fairer did not forget her friend Euryanthe, for whom the fairy conceived an almost equal affection.

After a lengthened conversation, which they frequently

interrupted by assurances of eternal friendship, the fairy and the princess fell into a profound sleep.

The next day they all set out for the palace, intending agreeably to surprise the fairies. They quitted without regret the Forest of Marvels, and in due time reached their destination. As they approached the outer court their ears were saluted by an agreeable concert, which seemed to proceed from a full and skillful military band. When they entered the quadrangle it was crowded by an immense concourse of people.

"We come in the very nick of time," said the fairy; "this must be some holiday. Let us see what is doing."

The fairy cleared a passage through the throng, and passed on with her troop. Directly she was recognized, loud shouts rent the air, and great was the universal joy at her return; but, continuing to move onward, a strange sight met her eyes. A young maiden, more charming than the graces and as beautiful as Venus, was tied to a stake, and was apparently about to be burned.

Fairer immediately recognized her friend Euryanthe. She uttered a piercing shriek, but her terror and surprise even redoubled when in a moment her friend vanished, and in her place appeared a young man, so handsome that he immediately attracted the looks of all present. Fairer rushed to the spot where the youth was bound, threw herself on his neck, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "It is my brother, it is my brother!"

It was indeed her brother, who was also the favored lover of Euryanthe, and who, fearing that she would be put to death, had given her the invisible ring to enable her to escape from the fate which the cruel Dwarfina had prepared for her.

The brother and sister embraced again and again, and their affectionate caresses were shared by the invisible Euryanthe, whose voice was audible while her person could not be seen. In the meanwhile, the fairies present, astonished beyond measure at these extraordinary events, manifested the utmost joy at the return of their good queen, and, throwing themselves at her feet, kissed her hands and the border of her robe. Some became speechless with astonishment, some wept for joy, while others laughed hysterically. The wicked fairies, or partisans of Dwarfina, also affected to welcome her return

with eagerness, and their policy gave an air of sincerity to their false demonstrations.

Dwarfina herself, furious at her virtuous predecessor's return, concealed her real feelings with an art of which she alone was capable. She at once professed her readiness to abdicate in favor of her rightful queen, who, with a grave and majestic air, demanded in what way the young lady she had just seen had merited the punishment about to have been inflicted, and how long it had become customary to solemnize a cruel death by feasts and rejoicings. Dwarfina made a very clumsy excuse, to which the queen was impatiently listening, when Orontes interrupted her, saying:

"May it please your majesty, the princess was about to be punished for being too lovely; the princess, my sister, has likewise suffered much for the same cause. Behold both the culprits and judge how guilty they are from their looks." Then Orontes requested Euryanthe to pull off her ring, which done, she immediately became visible, her beauty charming all beholders. "They are, as you see, beautiful," pursued Orontes, "and they are also possessed of a thousand amiable qualities which they do not derive from the fairies; these are their only crimes; for these have they been so cruelly persecuted." Then, turning to Dwarfina, Orontes added: "How unjust have you been, madam, to abuse with a tyrannical power all beauty and virtue which do not emanate from yourself!"

The prince was silent. The queen turned to the assembly with a lively air and said: "I demand the guardianship of these three persons, for I feel inclined to make them happy. I am under the deepest obligations to Fairer, and I am sure you will allow that the Queen of the Fairies should never prove ungrateful.

"You shall still reign, madam," pursued the queen, turning to Dwarfina; "this empire is large enough for both of us. To you belongs the sovereignty of the islands in which you were born, and your right shall never be questioned by me. But leave with me your son, who is a party in my plan of happiness for these mortals, and whom I destine to marry Fairer than a Fairy: this union will reconcile us all."

Dwarfina was provoked by the queen's commands, but what could she do? She was the weaker party, and had

only to obey. She was consenting to this proposition with a very bad grace, when the handsome Pyrrho made his appearance, followed by a crowd of noble youths who composed his court. He had come to pay his respects to the queen, and to congratulate her on her return; but, perceiving Fairer as he passed along, he showed by his tender looks that his first homage was paid to her.

The queen, embracing Pyrrho, presented him to Fairer than a Fairy, entreating her to receive him from her hands. The prince's transports may be more easily imagined than described. Fairer, in her joy, did not forget her parents or the good governess from whose care she had been snatched by the wiles of the artful Dwarfina. She expressed a wish, therefore, that they might approve of her choice, and be present at her wedding. In a moment the queen transported the four lovers, herself and court, to the castle, where they found the king and queen still in the deepest distress at the supposed loss of their favorite daughter and of Orontes, who had left them in search of his sister. Delighted at beholding their children once more, they were scarcely less so at perceiving them accompanied by persons so worthy of their choice as Euryanthe and Pyrrho, and immediately consented to their union, thanking the Queen of the Fairies for her favor and protection.

The two marriages were solemnized on one day; and they were so happy in their results that it has been said that Pyrrho and Fairer, Orontes and Euryanthe, are the only two couples who ever really deserved the title of "the happy," and that those who have been since cited as having gained it led the lives of dogs and cats in comparison.

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## THE THREE SOLDIERS AND THE DWARF.

THERE were once three poor soldiers, who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went.

They had journeyed on a long way, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in

their old days, when one evening they reached a deep gloomy wood, through which they must pass; night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in the wood; so to make all as safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched, lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces; when he was tired he was to wake one of the others and sleep in his turn, and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep, and the other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down by the side to keep watch. He had not sat long before, all on a sudden, up came a little man in a red jacket.

“Who’s there?” said he.

“A friend,” said the soldier.

“What sort of friend?”

“An old broken soldier,” said the other, “with his two comrades, who have hardly anything left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself, and partake of what we have.”

“Well, my worthy fellow,” said the little man, “I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning.”

So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that, whenever he put it over his shoulders, anything he wished for would be fulfilled; then the little man made a bow, and walked away.

The second soldier’s turn to watch now came, and the first soon laid himself down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the little man in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way, as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him was always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would.

Then the third soldier’s turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn that would draw crowds around it whenever it was played; and make every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story and showed his treasure; and, as they all liked each other very much and

were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world and for awhile only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on and wished for a castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes; fine gardens and green lawns spread round it, and flocks of sheep and goats and herds of oxen were grazing about; and out



of the gate came a fine coach with three apple-gray horses to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time; but being old soldiers, they could not stay at home always, so they got together all their rich clothes and horses, and servants, and ordered their coach with three horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king. Now this king had an only daughter, and as he took the three soldiers for kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw him with the wonderful purse in his hand; and having asked him what it was, he was foolish enough to tell her: though, indeed, it did not much signify, for she was a witch and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse so like the soldier's that no one would know one from the other, and then asked him to come and see her, and made him

drink some wine that she had got ready for him, till he fell fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse, and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out home, and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it; but to their great sorrow, when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had betrayed him.

"Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?"

"Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back."

So he threw his cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess' chamber. There he found her sitting alone, telling the gold that fell around her in a shower from the purse. But the soldier stood looking at her too long, for the moment she saw him she started up and cried with all her force, "Thieves! thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so without thinking of the ready way of traveling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily in his haste his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades, on foot and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and he took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless troop of foot and horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. Then the king's palace was besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and the cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. And the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her; but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them some way." So she thought of a cunning scheme to

overreach them, and dressed herself out as a poor girl with a basket on her arm; she then set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Among the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd and went into his tent where it hung, and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace; the besieging army went away; the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess; and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when the little man found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part; we cannot live together; let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two to the left; for they said they would rather travel together. Then on he strayed till he came to a wood (now this was the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before); and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, on opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose: when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way; he felt it: it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down before him. It did not stop there, but still it grew and grew. "Mercy!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And, indeed, it had by this time reached the ground as he sat on the grass, and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight, or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a

sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they; so they traced it up, till at last they found their poor comrade lying stretched along under the apple-tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing by, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when up came the little man in the red jacket.

"Why, how now, friend?" said he, laughing; "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to



gather a pear from a tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost, and the nose was soon brought to its proper size, to the poor soldier's joy.

"I will do something more for you yet," said the little man; "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear all will come right again. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did; then look sharp, and you will get what you want of her."

Then they thanked their old friend very heartily for all his kindness, and it was agreed that the poor soldier who had already tried the power of the apple should

undertake the task. So he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, such as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted and wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating, and had already eaten three when she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew, down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom, that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, who said he could cure her; so he chopped up some of the apple, and to punish her a little more gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing all night, and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was to be sure a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than it was when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want of her;" so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will never be cured if you do not own it." Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood.

"Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to

the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good-day, and was soon with his two brothers, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took airings in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

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## THE GIANT WITH THE GOLDEN HAIRS.

THERE was once a poor man and his wife, and they had a son, of whom it was foretold that he should prosper in all that he undertook, and that he should one day marry the king's daughter. The king heard of this; and when he found the parents of the boy were so poor, he was very ill-pleased, and determined that he should never marry his daughter. So he went, disguised as a stranger, to the parents, and asked them whether they would sell him their son.

"No," said they; but as he begged very hard, and said he would give a great deal of money for the child, and would take great care of him, and as they had scarcely bread to eat, they at last agreed, thinking to themselves, "He is a lucky child; no harm will happen to him."

The king took the child, put it into a box, and rode away; but when he came to a deep stream he threw it into the water, saying to himself, "My daughter shall never have you for a husband." So the box floated down the stream, but no water reached the child; till at last, about two miles from the king's capital, it stopped at a mill-dam. The miller soon saw it, and took a long pole, and drew it toward the shore, and finding it heavy, thought it was full of money; but when he opened it he found a pretty little boy. Now the miller and his wife had no children, and they rejoiced to see the foundling, saying: "Heaven has sent it to us;" so they treated the boy very kindly, and brought him up carefully in virtuous principles.

About thirteen years afterward the king came by chance to the mill, and asked the miller if that was his son.

“No,” said he; “I found him, when a babe, in a box in the mill-dam.”

“How long ago?” asked the king.

“About thirteen years,” said the miller.

“Indeed!” said the king. “Can you spare him to carry a letter to the queen? It will give me much pleasure, and I will present him with two gold pieces for his trouble.”

“As your majesty pleases,” said the miller.

Now the king had soon guessed that this was the child



whom he had tried to drown; and he wrote a letter by him to the queen, saying: “As soon as the bearer of this letter reaches you, give orders to kill and bury him, so that all may be over before I return.”

The young man set out with this letter, but missed his way, and came in the evening to a great wood. Though it was quite dark he saw a light afar off, to which he directed his steps, and found that it came from a little cottage. There was no one within except an old woman,

who was alarmed at seeing him and said: "What brings you here, and where are you going?"

"I am going to the queen, to whom I am taking a letter; but I have lost my way, and shall be glad if you will give me a night's rest."

"You are very unlucky," said she, "for this is a robbers' hut; and if the band come back while you are here, they will murder you."

"I am so tired, however," replied he, "that I can go no further;" so he laid the letter on the table, stretched himself out upon a bench, and fell asleep.

When the robbers came home and saw him they asked the old woman who the strange lad was.

"I have given him shelter for charity," said she; "he has a letter to carry to the queen, and has lost his way."

The robbers took up the letter, broke it open, and read the orders contained in it to murder the bearer. Then their leader tore it, and, thinking to play the king a trick, wrote another letter, desiring the queen, as soon as the young man reached her, to marry him to the king's daughter. Meantime they let him sleep on till morning, and then showed him the right way to the queen's palace; who, as soon as she had read the letter, made all ready for the wedding; and as the young man was very handsome, the princess took him willingly for her husband, and they lived happily together.

After awhile the king came back; and when he saw the prediction fulfilled, and that this child of fortune was married to his daughter, he asked eagerly how this had happened, and what his letter had said.

"Dear husband," said the queen, "here is your letter, read it for yourself."

The king took it, and seeing that another letter had been sent instead of his, asked his son-in-law what he had done with the letter which he had given into his charge.

"I know nothing of it," said he; "it must have been taken away in the night while I slept."

Then the king was in a great rage and said: "No man shall have my daughter who does not go down and bring me three golden hairs from the head of the giant who reigns in the wonderful mountain; do this, and you shall have my daughter."

"That I will soon do," said the lucky youth: so he took leave of his wife, and set out on his journey.

By and by our hero came to a great city, where the guard of the gate stopped him, and asked what trade he followed, and what he knew.

"I know everything," said he.

"If that be so," replied they, "be so good as to tell us why our fountain in the market-place, that used to flow with wine, will now not even give water? tell us this, and we will give you two asses laden with gold."

"With all my heart," said he, "when I come back."

He then continued his journey and came to another city, and there the guard also asked him what trade he followed, and what he understood.

"I know everything," answered he.

"Then pray oblige us by saying how it happens that a tree which used to bear golden apples does not now even bear a leaf?"

"Most willingly," said he, "when I return."

His way next led him to the side of a great lake, over which he must pass. The ferryman asked, as the others had done, what was his trade, and what he knew.

"Everything," said he.

"Then," said the other, "pray tell me why it is that I am bound forever to ferry people over this water, and cannot get free? I will reward you handsomely."

"I will tell you all about it," said the young man, "as I come home."

When he had passed the water he came to the great mountain, which looked very black and gloomy. The giant lived in a cave hollowed out of the solid rock. When the youth knocked at the door he found the giant was not at home, but his grandmother was sitting in her easy-chair.

"What do you seek?" said she to the prince.

"Three golden hairs from the giant's head," answered he; "otherwise I shall lose my wife."

"I am sorry for you," said she; "when he returns home I am afraid he will kill you; yet I will try what I can do."

Then she showed him a hole in the wall, and told him to hide himself there; and if he kept himself quite quiet, he might be safe.

"Very well," said he; "but I want also to know why a fountain that used to flow with wine is now dry; why the tree that bore golden apples is now leafless; and why it is that the ferryman cannot get away."

“You ask three questions that are difficult to answer,” said the old lady; “but lie quiet and listen to what the giant says when I pull the golden hairs.”

As soon as night set in the giant himself appeared. When he entered he began to snuff up the air, and cried: “What’s the matter here? surely some stranger is in my cave.”

Then he searched all round in vain; and the old dame scolded and said: “Don’t be turning everything topsy-turvy that I have just set in order.”

Upon this he took his supper, laid his head in her lap, and soon fell asleep, as he was very tired. As soon as he began to snore she seized one of the golden hairs and pulled it out.

“Woman!” cried he, starting up, “what are you about?”

“Oh, I have heard that the fountain in the market-place that used to run with wine has become dry; what can be the reason?”

“Ah! if they but knew that,” said the giant: “under a stone in the fountain sits a toad; when they kill him it will flow again.”

This said, he fell asleep, and snored so loud that the window shook, and then the old lady pulled out another hair.

“What would you be at?” cried he in a rage.

“Don’t be angry,” said she; “I want to ask you another question.”

“What is that?” said he.

“Oh! in a great kingdom there was a fruit-tree that used to bear golden apples, and now it has not even a leaf upon it; what is the reason of that?”

“Aha!” said the giant, “they would like very well to know that secret. At the root of the tree a mouse is gnawing; if they were to kill him the tree would bear golden apples again; if not, it will soon die. Now have done with your questions, and let me sleep in peace; if you wake me again I shall box your ears.”

Then he fell once more asleep; and when she heard him snore she pulled out the third golden hair, and the giant jumped up and was going to make sad work; but she soothed him, and said, “Only this once, and I will never trouble you again. There is a ferryman who is doomed

to ply backward and forward over a lake, and can never be set free; what is the charm that binds him?"

"He is a silly fool!" said the giant. "Let him give the rudder into the hand of the first passenger; he will then be free and the other will take his place. Now let me sleep."

In the morning the giant arose and went out, and the old woman, having released the young man from his prison, gave him the three golden hairs, asked him if he



had heard and understood all that the giant had said, and, on his replying that he had, she sent him on his way.

He now left the mountain and soon came to the ferryman, who knew him again, and asked for the answer which he had said he would give him.

"Ferry me over first," said he, "and then I will tell you."

When the boat reached the other side he told him to give the rudder to the first passenger and then run away.

He came next to the city where the barren tree stood. "Kill the mouse," said he to the watchman, "that gnaws the root, and you will have golden apples again." They

gave him two ass-loads of gold; and he journeyed on to the city where the fountain had dried up, and the guard asked his answer to their question. So he told them to kill the toad; and they thanked him, and gave him also two asses laden with gold.

And now at last the youth reached home, and his wife rejoiced exceedingly to see him, and to hear of his good fortune. He gave the three golden hairs to the king, who could no longer raise any objection to him; and when he saw the four asses laden with gold, cried out in a transport of joy (for he was very fond of money): "Dear son-in-law, where did you find all this gold?"

"Beyond a lake," said the youth, "where, no doubt, there is still plenty to be had."

"Pray tell me," said the king quite anxiously, "may I go and get some too?"

"As much as you please," replied the other; "you will see the ferryman on the lake; tell him to carry you across, and you will soon arrive at the cities whence the gold came."

Away went the greedy old king with all speed; and when he came to the lake he beckoned to the ferryman, who took him into his boat; and when he was about to quit, he put the rudder into his hand and ran off, leaving the old king to ferry away as a punishment.

"And is his majesty plying there still?"

No doubt of it; for who, do you think, would take the rudder out of his hands?

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## BLUE BEARD.

THERE was in former times a very rich gentleman. He had fine town and country houses; his dishes and plates were all of gold or silver; his rooms were hung with embroidered tapestry; his chairs and sofas were covered with the finest damask, and his carriages were all gilt in a grand style. But, unfortunately, this gentleman had a blue beard, which made him so very ugly and frightful that none of the ladies in the parts where he lived would venture to go into his company.

Now a certain lady of rank, who lived very near him,

had two daughters, both eminently beautiful. Blue Beard asked her to bestow one of them upon him for his wife, leaving it to herself to choose which of the two it should be. Both the young ladies said over and over again that they would never marry a man with a blue beard; yet, in order to be as civil as they could, each of them said that she only objected to him because she was loath to hinder her sister from such an honorable match. The truth of the matter was, besides the circumstance of his blue beard, they knew that he had already married several wives, and nobody could tell what had ever become of any of them.

Blue Beard, in order to gain their favor, asked the lady and her daughters, with some of their friends and acquaintances, to accompany him to one of his country villas; the invitation was accepted, and a whole week was passed in nothing but parties for hunting and fishing, music, dancing, feasts, and picnic excursions; no one ever thought of going to bed, and the nights were spent in merry-makings of all kinds. In short, the time rolled on in so much pleasure that the youngest of the two sisters began to think that the beard was not so very blue, and that the gentleman who owned it was a very civil and obliging person. Shortly after their return home the marriage was celebrated.

About a month after the wedding Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to leave her for six weeks at least, as he had some business of importance to transact in the country. He desired her to be sure to indulge herself in every kind of pleasure during his absence; to invite as many of her friends as she liked, to take them into the country if she chose, and to treat them with all sorts of dainties.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two large store-rooms; this is the key of the great box that contains the best gold and silver plate, which we use only for company; this unlocks the strong box in which I keep my money, and this is the key of my diamond and jewel caskets. Here also is the master key to all the rooms in the house; as for this little key, it belongs to the closet at the end of the long gallery on the ground-floor. I give you free leave," he continued, "to open and do what you like with all the rest; but this little closet I forbid

you to enter, or even to put the key into the lock, on any account whatever. If you do not obey me in this particular, but open the closet door, I warn you to expect the most terrible of punishments from my anger.”

The wife promised to obey his orders in the most punctual manner, and Blue Beard, after tenderly embracing her and bidding her adieu, stepped into his carriage and drove away.

When Blue Beard was gone the neighbors and friends of his wife did not wait to be invited, so eager was their curiosity to behold all the riches and rarities that she had become mistress of by her marriage; for none of them had dared to go to the wedding, or to visit her since, on account of the bridegroom's blue beard, which inspired them all with terror. As soon as they arrived they ran over Blue Beard's house from room to room, from closet to closet, from storeroom to storeroom, observing with surprise and delight that each one they came to was richer and more splendid than the one they had just quitted. When they came to the suite of drawing-rooms they could not sufficiently admire the costly grandeur of the tapestry, the gorgeous beds, the rich sofas, the rare cabinets, the brilliant chandeliers, the luxurious chairs and tables, and the noble mirrors; the frames of these last were of silver gilt, superbly chased, and the plates, some being of the finest glass and others sheets of burnished silver, reflected the beholder's figure from head to foot. In a word, nothing could exceed the costly elegance of Blue Beard's furniture, and his wife's acquaintances failed not to admire and envy her good fortune. The wife, meanwhile, was far from thinking about the fine speeches they made to her, and was intent only upon exploring the secrets of the closet on the ground floor that her husband had so strictly forbidden her to open.

At last her curiosity became so great that, without thinking how rude it would be to leave her guests, she slipped away down a private staircase that led to the gallery, and her haste was so great that she was two or three times in danger of falling and breaking her neck. When she reached the closet door she paused to reflect a minute or two on the order her husband had given her, and to consider that her disobedience might perhaps be at-



On beholding this terrible sight the young wife dropped the key on the floor.—Page 73 *Old, Old Fairy Tales.*

Small, faint markings or text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through or a stamp.

tended by fatal consequences. But curiosity to know what the closet contained assailed her so powerfully that she was unable to resist its impulse, and, resolved to gratify it at all hazards, with a trembling hand she put the little key into the lock and turned it, and the door immediately flew wide open.

The room being partially darkened by thick blinds before the windows, she could at first see nothing distinctly; but in a short time, her eyes growing accustomed to the twilight, she perceived that the floor was covered with clotted blood, in which were lying the heads of several dead women, parallel with the walls. These were Blue Beard's unfortunate former wives, whom he had killed one after another.

On beholding this terrible sight the poor young wife was ready to faint with fear, and, in her confusion, the key of the closet, which she had drawn from the lock, fell from her hand on the floor.

When she had a little recovered from her fright she picked up the key, locked the door, and hastened back to her own room, to prepare to amuse her company; but her agitation was so great that her attempts to quell it were vain. Taking notice that the key of the closet had got stained with blood in falling on the floor, she endeavored to cleanse it by wiping it with her handkerchief; but the blood was immovable: in vain she washed it, and even scoured it with sand and brick-dust; the blood still remained on the key, in spite of all her efforts. Well it might, for the key was a fairy key, and there was no means of thoroughly cleansing it; as fast as the blood was rubbed off one side, it made its appearance on the other.

Early that same evening Blue Beard returned home, saying that, before he had got many miles on his journey, he had received letters advising him that the affair he was about to attend in person was settled to his advantage without his presence. His wife said everything she could think of to make him believe she was transported with joy at his sudden return. The next morning he asked her for the keys; she gave them to him, but her hand trembled so violently that Blue Beard was at no loss to guess all that had taken place.

"How is it," said he, "that the key of the closet on the ground floor is not here with the others?"

"I must have left it upstairs on my dressing-table," said the wife.

"Do not fail," replied Blue Beard, "to return it to me by and by."

After walking backward and forward several times, to make believe that she was looking for the key, she at last gave it up with reluctance. Blue Beard, having taken it into his hands and examined it, asked his wife, "How came this blood on the key?"

"I am sure I do not know," answered the poor terrified lady, turning as pale as a corpse.

"You do not know!" returned Blue Beard sternly; "but I know well enough. You have been into the closet on the ground floor. Very well, madam! you shall go there again, for your disobedience, and take your place among the ladies you saw."

The poor young lady threw herself on her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly and displaying all the signs of a true repentance for having disobeyed him, and supplicated his pardon for her first fault in the most affecting terms. Her beauty and distress would have melted a rock; but Blue Beard's heart was harder than a rock.

"No, madam," said he, "you must die this very minute."

"Alas! if I must die," answered she, regarding her relentless husband with streaming eyes, "at least give me a short time to say my prayers."

"You shall have half a quarter of an hour," retorted the cruel Blue Beard, "but not a second more."

When Blue Beard had left her to herself, she called aloud to her sister, and said, "Sister Anne" (that was her sister's name), "prithee run up to the top of the tower and see if my brothers are in sight; they promised to visit me to-day. If you see them, make signs to them to gallop hither as fast as they can."

The sister immediately ascended to the battlements of the tower, and the poor trembling lady cried out to her every moment: "Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see any one coming?"

"I see nothing," answered Sister Anne, "but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

Blue Beard, in the meantime, with a large naked sword in his hand, called out as loud as he could bawl: "Come down at once, or I will fetch you!"

"Grant me one moment, I beseech you," replied his wife, and then called softly to her sister: "Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"Alas!" answered Sister Anne, "I see nothing but the sun which makes a dust, and the grass which looks green."

"Come down, I say, this very moment," vociferated Blue Beard, "or I will come and fetch you."

"I am coming," sobbed the wretched wife, calling again to her sister in a low voice: "Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," answered Sister Anne, "a large cloud of dust a little to the right."

"Do you think it is my brothers?" asked the wife.

"Alas! no, dear sister," answered Anne; "it is only a flock of sheep."

"Will you, or will you not, come down, madam?" roared Blue Beard, foaming with rage.

"Only one short moment more," answered his wife. Then she again called out, for the last time: "Anne! Sister Anne! do you see any one coming?"

"I see," replied Sister Anne, "two men approaching on horseback; but they are still a great distance off."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the poor wife, "it is my brothers."

"I beckon them to make haste," said Sister Anne, "as well as I can."

Blue Beard now bellowed out so loudly for his wife to come downstairs that his voice shook the whole house. The poor young lady, with disheveled hair and tears streaming from her eyes, now came down, and begged him on her knees to spare her life. "It is all of no avail," said Blue Beard, "you shall die."

Seizing her by the hair with one hand, and raising his sword over her head with the other, he was now preparing to strike off her head, when the unfortunate young lady, turning her dying looks on her unrelenting husband, entreated him to stay his hand a moment while she repeated one short prayer. "No, no," said Blue Beard, "recommend your soul to God, for you have not another moment to live."

While he was steadying his arm to make sure of his blow, a loud knocking was heard at the gates, which

made Blue Beard pause a moment to see who it was. The gates flew open, and two officers, in full uniform, rushed into the mansion; they drew their swords and hastened



up to Blue Beard, who, knowing them at a glance to be his wife's brothers, one a dragoon, and the other a hussar, tried to escape from their presence. But the brothers pursued him so nimbly that they overtook him before he had gone twenty steps, and, passing their swords



Blue Beard seized her by the hair, and raised his sword to slay her.—Page 75.  
*Old, Old Fairy Tales.*

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely Arabic or Persian, located at the bottom of the page. The text is arranged in several lines and appears to be a list or a set of notes. The characters are small and closely spaced, typical of historical manuscripts. The text is difficult to decipher due to the cursive style and the fading of the ink on the aged paper.

through his body, laid him dead at their feet. The poor wife, almost as dead as her husband, was unable for some time to embrace and thank her brothers for their timely rescue.

As Blue Beard left no heirs, his wife inherited all his immense wealth. She bestowed part of her vast fortune, as a marriage dowry, on her sister Anne, who was shortly afterward united to a young gentleman who had long loved her. Some of the money she laid out in the purchase of captain's commissions in their respective regiments for her two brothers; and with the residue she endowed a worthy and noble-minded young man, to whom she was shortly afterward married, and whose kind treatment soon made her forget the cruel usage she had received from Blue Beard.

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## DIAMONDS AND TOADS.

THERE was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The eldest was so extremely like her, both in temper and person, that whoever saw the one saw the other also; they were both so very proud and disagreeable that nobody could live with them. The youngest, who was the exact picture of her father in good nature and sweetness of manner, was also the most beautiful creature ever seen. As it is natural to love those who resemble us, the mother doted upon the eldest, and no less hated the youngest. She made her eat in the kitchen, and work all the day with the servants.

Among other things, the poor child was obliged to go twice a day to draw water at a fountain more than a mile and a half distant from the house, and bring home a large pitcher filled with it, as well as she could. One day when she was at the fountain a poor woman came up to her, and asked her to let her drink. "That I will, Goody, most readily," said the sweet-tempered creature: and washing out the pitcher, she filled it at the clearest part of the fountain, and held it to the old woman's mouth that she might drink the more easily.

The old woman having drunk, said to her: "Since you are so pretty, so kind, and so obliging, my dear, I will

bestow on you a gift" (for it was a fairy in disguise who had asked her to drink, just to see how far the little girl's good-nature would go). "I give you," continued she,



"that whenever you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a rose or a diamond."

When the sweet girl got home her mother began to scold her for staying so long at the fountain. "I ask your pardon, mamma," said she, "for not being at home



“Will you give me a drink?” said the poor woman. “That I will,” said the girl.—Page 77.

*Old, Old Fairy Tales.*

Small, faint, illegible markings or text located at the bottom of the page.

sooner," and as she pronounced these words there fell from her lips two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What do I see!" cried the mother, quite astonished; "as sure as anything she drops diamonds and pearls from



her mouth in speaking! My child, how happens this?" This was the first time she had ever called her "My child." The poor girl told her mother all that had befallen her at the fountain, dropping pearls and diamonds from her mouth all the time she was speaking.

"Upon my word," said her mother, "this is very lucky,

truly. I will send my darling thither directly. Fanny, Fanny! Look! Do you see what falls from the mouth of your sister when she speaks? Should not you like to have the same gift bestowed on you? Well, you have only to go to the fountain, and when a poor woman asks you to let her drink, to grant her request in the most civil manner."

"Vastly pretty, truly, it would be to see *me* go and draw water at the fountain! Not I, indeed!" replied the proud creature.

"But I insist upon your going, and this very moment too," answered her mother. The pert girl accordingly set out, taking with her the best silver tankard in the house, and grumbling all the way she went.

She had no sooner reached the fountain than a lady most magnificently dressed came out of a wood just by, and asked her to let her drink. This was the very fairy who had bestowed the rich gift on the youngest sister, and had now taken the dress and manners of a princess to see how far the insolent airs of the haughty creature would go.

"Am I come here," said the ill-bred minx, "to draw water for you? Oh, yes, the best silver tankard in the house was brought on purpose for your ladyship, I suppose! However, you may drink out of it if you have a fancy."

"You are not very obliging," replied the fairy, without putting herself in a passion; "but since you have behaved with so little civility, I give you for a gift that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth either a toad or a viper."

As soon as her mother perceived her coming home she called out: "Well, daughter!"

"Well, mother," answered the pert girl. And as she spoke, two toads and two vipers dropped from her mouth upon the ground.

"Oh!" cried the mother, "what do I see? It is thy sister who is the cause of all this! But she shall pay for it," and instantly she went to look for her that she might beat her.

The poor innocent ran away as fast as she could, and reached a neighboring forest. The king's son, who had been hunting, happened to meet her, and, observing how



"Am I come here," said the ill-bred minx, "to draw water for you?"—Page 80.  
*Old, Old Fairy Tales.*

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very beautiful she was, asked what she was doing all alone in the forest, and why she cried.

“Alas!” said she, sobbing as if her heart would break, “my mother, sir, has turned me out of doors.”

The king’s son, seeing pearls and diamonds fall from her mouth at every word she spoke, desired her to tell him the reason of such a wonder. The pretty creature accordingly related to him all that had befallen her at the fountain.

The prince was so charmed with her beauty and innocence that he fell violently in love with her; and, recollecting also that the gift she possessed was worth much more than the largest marriage portion, conducted her to the palace of the king his father, and married her immediately.

As for her sister, she grew even perter than before, and behaved in all respects so very ill that her own mother was obliged to turn her out of doors; and the miserable creature, after wandering a great way, and vainly trying to prevail on some one to give her food and shelter, went into a wood, and there died of grief and hunger.

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## FORTUNIO.

THERE was once a king named Alfourite, who was both amiable and powerful; but his neighbor, the Emperor Matapa, was still more powerful, and in the last battle they fought against each other had gained a complete victory, leaving the king despoiled of all his treasures; these the emperor conveyed to his own palace, where he was received on his return by the empress with great rejoicings.

In the meantime, King Alfourite was in the greatest affliction for the injury he had sustained, and began to think of making some endeavors to regain what he had lost. He accordingly assembled the small remains of his army, and, to increase its numbers, published a decree that every gentleman and nobleman in his kingdom must come in person to assist him in his enterprise, or, in case of failure, pay a large sum of money,

On the frontiers of his kingdom there lived a nobleman who was eighty years of age; he had once been extremely rich, but through misfortunes was now reduced to a scanty provision for himself and three daughters, who lived with him in a happy and contented retirement. When this old nobleman heard of the king's decree he called his daughters to him, telling them he knew not what to do; "for," said he, "I am too old to engage in the king's army, and to pay the tax would ruin us at once."

"Do not thus afflict yourself, my father," said his daughters; "some remedy may surely be thought of."

"I," said the eldest, "am young and robust, and well accustomed to fatigue; why should not I dress myself like a cavalier, and offer my services to King Alfourite?"

The old lord embraced her tenderly, and, seeing her earnestly bent on the experiment, gave his consent; and as soon as the necessary preparations could be made she set out.

The princess had not proceeded far before she observed an old shepherdess, all in tears, endeavoring to draw one of her sheep out of the ditch, into which it had fallen. "What are you doing, Goody?" said the cavalier.

"Alas!" replied she, "I am trying to save my sheep, which is almost drowned; but I am too weak to get it out."

"You are very unfortunate, truly," answered he, at the same time spurring his horse to ride away.

"Adieu, disguised lady!" said the old shepherdess.

No astonishment could exceed that of the earl's daughter on finding herself discovered. "If this is the case," said she, "I had better return at once, since a single glance at me is sufficient to convince every one that I am not a man."

She accordingly returned, and related the whole to her father and sisters. The second daughter said: "It would not have been thus if I had gone instead of you, for I am both taller and more robust, and I would lay any wager I should have succeeded."

The old lord, on her entreaty, was prevailed on to let his second daughter go on the same errand, who immediately procured a suit of clothes and another horse, and took the road her sister had taken before. The old shep-

herdess was on the same spot, and still engaged in the occupation of drawing out a sheep that was drowning. Our young traveler asked what was the matter. "Unfortunate that I am," replied the old woman, "half my flock have I lost in this manner for want of help."

"Some one will soon come by, no doubt," said the cavalier; and was turning his horse to go, when the old woman cried out:

"Adieu, disguised lady!"

In utter amazement she stopped her horse, saying to herself: "I shall only be laughed at should I proceed, since even a poor old shepherdess, almost blind, discovers me without the smallest difficulty." She therefore followed her sister's example, and returned to her father full of sorrow and disappointment.

When she had related her adventure the youngest sister, who, on account of her amiable disposition, was her father's favorite, entreated that she might not be denied the privilege of trying her fortune as well as her sisters; which at last, after much persuasion, the old lord agreed to: but, as he had expended a good deal of money in equipping his two eldest daughters, he could provide the youngest only with a poor old cart-horse, and the meanest apparel imaginable. When these were ready the old gentleman embraced her tenderly, and she bade both him and her sisters farewell.

Passing through the same field, the old shepherdess again presented herself, employed as before. "What are you about, my good woman?" said this amiable cavalier; "can I be of any service to you?" and perceiving, as he advanced, the sheep struggling in the water, immediately jumped off his horse and pulled it out. Upon this, the old shepherdess turned to him and said:

"Charming stranger, you shall find me grateful for the kindness you have done me. I am a fairy, and know well enough who you are, and I will be your friend."

Accordingly, she touched the ground with her wand, and the most beautiful horse, superbly harnessed, stood before them, and seemed to invite the cavalier to get upon his back.

"The beauty of this horse," continued the fairy, "is his least perfection; for he possesses the rare quality of eating only once a week; and the still rarer, of knowing

the past, the present, and the future. If you wish at any time to know what you ought to do for the best, you have only to consult him; you should therefore regard him as your best friend." The fairy added that if he stood in need of clothes, money, or jewels, he must stamp with his foot upon the ground, when a morocco trunk, containing the article he desired, would instantly make its appearance. "We must next," said she, "supply you with a proper name; and none, I think, can be better than that of Fortunio, since you have had the good fortune to deserve my favor."

Fortunio assured the fairy of his eternal gratitude; he stamped with his foot that he might procure himself a magnificent suit of clothes; he dressed himself, embraced his bountiful friend, and pursued his way to the palace of the king.

At the end of his first day's journey he thought of sending a sum of money to his father, and some jewels to his sisters; he therefore shut himself in his chamber, and stamped loudly with his foot; a trunk immediately appeared—but it was locked, and without a key.

Fortunio was at a loss how to remedy this new perplexity; when suddenly recollecting that Comrade (so the horse was called) could most probably afford him some assistance, he paid him a visit in his stable. "Comrade," said he, "where can I find the key of the trunk filled with money and jewels?"

"In my ear," said Comrade.

Fortunio looked in his ear, and there was the key tied to a piece of green ribbon. He then joyfully opened the trunk, and dispatched the presents.

The next morning he mounted his faithful Comrade and proceeded on his journey. They had not gone far when, passing through a thick forest, they saw a man cutting down trees. Comrade stopped and told his master he had better engage this man, whose name was Strongback, in his service, as a fairy had bestowed on him the gift of carrying what weight he chose upon his back at once. Fortunio approached, and found him extremely willing to accept his offer.

When they had proceeded a little further they saw another man, who was tying his legs together. Comrade again stopped, saying: "Master, you cannot do bet-

ter than to hire this man also; for he has the gift of running ten times faster than a deer; for which reason it is that he is now tying his legs, that he may not run so fast as to leave all the game he is going in pursuit of behind him." Fortunio engaged Lightfoot also, without the least hesitation.

On the following day they perceived a man who was tying a bandage over his eyes. "He, too," said Comrade, "is gifted, for he can see at the distance of a thousand miles; on which account, as he is going to kill game, he wishes to make his sight less perfect, that he may not kill so many at a time as to leave none for the following day; he cannot fail of being useful to us." Fortunio accordingly engaged him without difficulty, and found his name was Marksman.

At a short distance further they saw a man lying on his side and putting his ear to the ground. Fortunio asked Comrade if he too was gifted, and if he thought he could be useful to him.

"Nothing is more certain," answered Comrade. "This man has the gift of hearing in such perfection as none before him ever possessed; his name is Fine-ear, and he is this moment employed in listening to hear if some herbs he stands in need of are now coming up from the earth."

Fortunio thought the gift of Fine-ear more curious than even the rest, and accordingly made him such proposals for entering his service as he thought proper to accept.

When they were on their last day's journey they had the good fortune to meet with another man, who, as well as the rest, was gifted in the most extraordinary manner; for Comrade assured him that he could work windmills with a single breath. "Shall I engage him too?" cried Fortunio.

"You will have reason to be satisfied if you do so," answered Comrade. So Boisterer was instantly engaged.

Just as they were in sight of the city in which the palace stood, they observed two men sitting near each other on the ground. "Ah!" cried Comrade, "no one was ever so fortunate as you, my master; both these men are also gifted; if we had been one minute later no doubt we should have missed them. He who sits near-

est to us is called Gormand, because he can eat a thousand loaves at a mouthful. The other drinks up whole rivers without once stopping to breathe; his name is Tippler; get them both into your service and your good fortune will be complete."

Fortunio did not hesitate a moment in doing as he was desired; so he proceeded to the palace, attended by Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Boisterer, Gormand, and Tippler, who all promised to use their extraordinary talents as he should be pleased to command.

Fortunio then stamped with his foot, and a trunk made its appearance, filled with the richest liveries to fit each of them; which they accordingly put on, and proceeded in great pomp to the king's palace, where Fortunio was most graciously received, and provided with the best apartments it afforded, the king having desired he would rest from his fatigue before he entered into conversation with him.

The next day his majesty requested to speak with Fortunio, who instantly obeyed the summons. He presented him to the princess, his sister; who, having been married when young to a neighboring prince, was now a widow, and was living with her brother to console him in his misfortunes. She received Fortunio very kindly, thinking he was the handsomest prince she had ever beheld. The king asked Fortunio his name and family; and upon hearing he was the son of an earl, who had formerly served in defense of his crown, loaded him with new distinctions, and assured him of his regard.

While preparations were making for the attack that was meditated against the emperor, our young lady remained in the palace; and, being constantly in company with the king, perceived in him so many amiable qualities that she would willingly have offered herself to be his page, if she had not feared that such a proposal might look like want of courage to fight in his army.

But while she was thus thinking she should like to spend her life with the king, the princess, his sister, was thinking she should like to spend hers with Fortunio; for she had fallen exceedingly in love with his uncommon beauty. She loaded him with presents, always spoke to him in the softest manner imaginable, and was in hopes he would discover how much she wished he should feel for her the same affection.

Fortunio, however, appeared perfectly indifferent; and as the king's company was so very dear to him, he constantly left the princess to obtain it; so that at length she said to her favorite companion, Florida: "He is so young and inexperienced that he will never understand how much I love him, if he is not told of it. Go," continued she, "and ask him if he should not like to marry such a princess as I am."

Florida left the princess; but being herself no less in love with Fortunio, "whose condition and age," said she, "are surely more suitable to mine than to the princess'," she used the opportunity to tell him how very peevish the princess was, and how disagreeable she found her situation. Then, returning to her mistress, she told her that all she said made no impression on Fortunio, who, she did not doubt, was in love with some lady of his own country.

The princess sent Florida from time to time upon the same expedition, without the least success. At length she determined to see him herself in private; accordingly, she ordered Florida to watch when he should be walking alone near a small arbor in the garden. She did not wait long for the opportunity she desired; seeing Fortunio near the arbor, she waited till he had entered it, and then proceeded thither. Fortunio on seeing her would have retired; but she desired him to stay and assist her with his arm in walking. The princess at first talked of the fineness of the weather, and the beauty of the gardens and the fountains. At length she said: "You cannot, Fortunio, but be sensible of the great affection I bear you. I am therefore surprised that you do not take advantage of your good fortune, by asking me in marriage of the king, my brother."

Fortunio was thrown into the greatest confusion, which the princess interpreted as a proof that he did not dislike what she had proposed; but what was her surprise and indignation, when, a moment after, he said: "I feel for you, madam, all the respect due to the sister of so amiable a king; but I am not free to marry you." She was red and pale by turns; and after telling him he should repent his coldness, she left him suddenly.

The earl's daughter was now in the greatest perplexity imaginable, and would have found some pretense for ab-

senting herself from the palace till the army should be ready, if she could have left the king without the greatest pain. Her uneasiness every day increased, and she carefully avoided meeting the princess alone.

One day, as the king, the princess, and Fortunio were sitting at their dessert, the king looked very melancholy; and his sister asking him the reason. "You know," said he, "what an affliction has happened in my kingdom. A great dragon has devoured several of my subjects, and many flocks of sheep; his breath poisons the waters of the fountains he approaches, and destroys all the fields of corn through which he passes. Can you, therefore, wonder at my sorrow?"

The princess thought she could not have a better opportunity of revenging herself for the indifference of the young cavalier. "Brother," said she, "here is the brave Fortunio, who would esteem it, no doubt, the highest honor to be permitted to kill this monster, and thus reward the kindness your majesty has been pleased to show him."

Fortunio could not but accept the proffered honor; which the princess was in hopes would be the means of revenging the affront he had offered her, by being the cause of his death. He had no sooner left the room than he went to his faithful Comrade, to know in what manner he should set about the enterprise. "You should go," replied Comrade, "in pursuit of the dragon, as the king requires, and take with you the seven gifted attendants you lately engaged."

Fortunio the next morning waited accordingly on the king and princess to take a formal leave. The king gave him the kindest assurances imaginable, and bade him adieu with the sincerest sorrow for the danger to which he would soon be exposed. The princess tried to seem extremely sorry also, and expressed her wishes to see him return in safety. After this Fortunio, mounted on Comrade and attended by Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Boisterer, Gormand, and Tippler, set out to find the dragon. They were, indeed, of immediate use to him in this undertaking; for Tippler drank up all the rivers, so that they could easily cross from field to field, and catch the rarest kinds of fish for their master's dinner. Lightfoot ran after hares and rabbits; Marksman

shot at partridges and pheasants; Strongback carried them all upon his back; and Fine-ear, by putting his ear to the ground, found out the places where the mushrooms and kitchen herbs were coming out of the ground.

They had not proceeded more than a day's journey when they heard the cries of some peasants that the dragon was eating up as fast as he could. Fortunio im-



mediately asked Comrade what he should do. "Let Fine-ear find out in what place he is," answered Comrade. Fine-ear immediately put his ear to the ground, and informed his master the dragon was seven leagues off. "Then," continued Comrade, "let Tippler drink up all the rivers that are between us, and let Strongback carry wine enough to fill them, and next strew some of the hares and partridges along them." Fortunio then entered a house that stood near to watch the event. In

less than an hour the dragon was in sight, and, smelling the hares and partridges, began to eat voraciously; and finding himself at length thirsty, he drank no less eagerly of the wine; so that in a short time, being quite tipsy, he threw himself on the ground and fell fast asleep. "Now is your time, my good master," said the faithful Comrade. Fortunio immediately approached the dragon, and with a single blow cut off his head, and then commanded Strongback to take him up and carry him to the palace.

The king received Fortunio with the liveliest joy and affection, and the princess, too, disguising as well as she could her disappointment, returned him thanks for the service he had done to the whole kingdom. "At the same time," thinks she to herself, "it shall not be long before I find some better means of being revenged."

Soon after, the king being again extremely sorrowful, the princess inquired the cause as before. "Alas!" said he, "how can I be otherwise, since the emperor has not left me money enough to prepare the army I had intended to send out against him?"

"Brother," answered she, "can you suppose that Fortunio, who was able to do what twenty armies could not have done in killing the dragon, is not also able to oblige the emperor to restore your treasures? I am certain you are most unjust if you believe the contrary."

Fortunio, though he fully understood the malice of the princess, could not but assure his majesty of his earnest desire to make the experiment; upon which the king, after tenderly embracing him and protesting that should any accident befall him in the undertaking he should never again be happy, gave him the necessary instructions for his departure.

Fortunio lost no time in consulting Comrade, saying he feared his destruction was now certain. "Do not, my dear master, thus afflict yourself," said Comrade. "I have long foreseen that this would happen, and I have no doubt you will return from your undertaking as victorious as before. You should give to each of your attendants," continued he, "a new and splendid livery, let them be mounted on handsome horses, and we will set out without delay."

They arrived in a few hours in the city of the emperor,

when, after taking some refreshment, they proceeded to the palace, where Fortunio demanded of him an interview, in which he made a formal claim to all the treasures of King Alfourite. The emperor at this could not restrain a smile. "Do you really think," said he, "that I should so easily resign what I took such pains to obtain? If you had brought an army with you, we might, to be sure, have contended for the victory; but as it is, I would advise you, young cavalier, not to force me to use harsh means in sending you out of my kingdom." Fortunio replied that he meant no incivility, but begged the emperor to consider his request.

"This is really very extraordinary," said the emperor; "however, as your demand is ridiculous enough, I will offer you a condition no less ridiculous. If you can find a man that will eat all the bread that has been provided for the inhabitants of this city for his breakfast, I will grant your request."

Fortunio could scarce contain himself for joy. He replied that he accepted the condition, and sent instantly for Gormand, when, telling him what had passed, he inquired if he was quite sure he could eat the whole. "Never fear, my good master," answered Gormand; "you will see that they will be sooner sorry than I."

When the emperor, the empress, the princess his daughter, and the whole court had seated themselves to witness this extraordinary undertaking, Fortunio advanced with Gormand by his side, and, seeing six great mountains of loaves that almost reached the skies, he began to fear; but looking at Gormand, and seeing how eager he was to begin, he again took courage. When the proper signal was given Gormand attacked the first mountain, and in less than a minute had swallowed the whole; he did the same with the second, and so on to the sixth, which having completely devoured, he told the emperor he must take the liberty to say he had had but a scanty breakfast, considering he was in the dominions of so rich a monarch.

Never was any astonishment so great as that of the spectators; and the inhabitants of the city, who had all assembled to see so singular a sight, now began crying, and said, "We shall have no bread to give our children for many days."

But the emperor's disappointment was still greater; so commanding Fortunio to approach, he said: "Young cavalier, you cannot possibly expect that I should give you the treasures of King Alfourite because you happen to have a servant who is a great eater. However, to show you that I hold you in some consideration, find a man who shall drink up all the rivers, aqueducts, and reservoirs, together with all the wine that is in the cellars of all my subjects, in the space of a minute, and I promise to grant your request."

Fortunio thought his majesty acted very dishonorably, yet he did not hesitate to accept his new proposal. Accordingly Tippler was immediately sent for, and performed his task with equal ease, to the astonishment of the surrounding multitude.

The emperor now looked extremely grave, telling Fortunio that what he had seen, though extremely singular, was not enough to deserve the costly recompense he claimed. "Therefore," continued he, "if you would obtain it, you must find a person who is as swift in running as my daughter." Fortunio, though extremely dissatisfied, was obliged to consent; and, sending for Lightfoot, bade him prepare for running a race with a princess whom no one had ever yet been able to overtake. In the meantime the princess retired to put on the dress and shoes which had been made on purpose for her to run in, and on her return, finding Lightfoot ready for the contest, they prepared to set off at the appointed signal. The princess now called for some of the cordial she was accustomed to drink when she was going to run, upon which Lightfoot observed it would be but just that he should have some too. To this the princess readily consented, and, stepping aside, she dexterously threw into his glass a few drops of a liquid that had the power to throw him into a profound sleep.

The signal being given, the princess set off full speed, while Lightfoot, instead of doing the same, threw himself on the ground and fell fast asleep. The race was several miles long, and the princess had proceeded more than halfway, when Fortunio, seeing her approach the goal without Lightfoot, turned as pale as death, and cried out, "Comrade, I am undone; I see nothing of Lightfoot."

“My lord,” answered Comrade, “Fine-ear shall tell you in a moment how far he is off.” Fine-ear listened, and informed Fortunio that Lightfoot was snoring in the place from which the princess began her race. Then Comrade directed Marksman to shoot an arrow into his ear, which he did so perfectly that Lightfoot started up and, seeing the princess nearly arrived at the goal, set off with such rapidity that he seemed carried by the winds, and, passing the princess, reached it before her.

The emperor was now almost frantic with rage; and recollecting that he had some years ago displeased a fairy, he concluded that the miracles he had seen performed were contrived by her to punish him: he therefore thought it would be useless to propose further experiments; and calling for Fortunio, he said to him, “It cannot be denied that you have accomplished my conditions; take therefore away with you as much of the treasures of King Alfourite as one of your attendants can carry on his back.”

Fortunio desired nothing better; and being instantly admitted to the storerooms which contained them, he commanded Strongback to begin to load himself. Strongback accordingly laid hold at first of five hundred statues of gold, taller than giants, next of ten thousand bags of money, and afterward of as many filled with precious stones; he then took the chariots and horses: in short, he left not a single article that had formerly belonged to King Alfourite.

They then hastened from the palace, and proceeded to King Alfourite’s dominions. No sooner were they on the road than the seven gifted attendants began to ask what recompense they were to have for their services. “The recompense belongs to me,” said Lightfoot; “for if I had not outrun the princess, we might have returned as we came.”

“And, pray,” says Fine-ear, “what would you have done if I had not heard you snore?”

“I think you must both acknowledge,” says Marksman, “that our success was owing to my shooting the arrow exactly into Lightfoot’s ear.”

“I cannot help wondering at your arrogance,” says Strongback; “pray who brought away the treasures? To whom can you be indebted but to me?”

Thus they were going on, when Fortunio interrupted them with saying: "It is true, my friends, you have all performed miracles; but you should leave to the king the care of rewarding you. He sent us to regain his treasures, and not to steal them: but," continued he, "should his majesty fail to reward you, yet you shall have no reason to complain, for I will take upon myself to gratify your largest expectations."

Fortunio arrived in safety with the treasures at the palace of King Alfourite, who beheld him with amazement, and embraced him in the utmost transport; and his bravery so increased the attachment the princess had conceived for him that she that very day desired to speak with him in private, intending once more to question him as to his thoughts concerning her: "For," says she to herself, "when I remind him of the honors I have been the means of his obtaining, how can he do otherwise than return my affection?"

Fortunio received her summons, but sent her for answer that he could not have the pleasure of waiting on her. The princess, enraged by his disdain, ran to the king all in tears, in the middle of the night, and declared that Fortunio had sent Strongback to her chamber to carry her away by force, that he might marry her: that previous to his late enterprise he had himself engaged in a similar attempt. "In short, dear brother," said the artful creature, "nothing but the death of this presumptuous wretch can satisfy my vengeance, or insure my safety."

The king's affliction at hearing this was greater than can be described; and having passed the night in lamenting the cruel necessity to which he was reduced of punishing him, he the next morning ordered him to be taken into custody, and to be tried for the offense.

When the time of trial came it was in vain that Fortunio pleaded his innocence: no one believed it possible for a great princess to invent so wicked a falsehood: so the judges declared him guilty, and condemned him to receive three darts shot into his heart on that very day.

The king left the court shedding many tears; but the cruel princess stayed to see the sentence executed. The officer, approaching Fortunio, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and then opened his shirt, that his heart might be bare

to receive the darts; but no sooner was this done than the snowy whiteness of the bosom that appeared convinced all the beholders that the sufferer was a woman.

Every eye was immediately turned upon the princess, to reproach her with the baseness of her conduct in bringing so false an accusation against an innocent creature, and one, besides, who had shown such an unexampled courage, and done the state such signal services; while she, unable to bear the shame that awaited her, took out of her pocket a sharp knife and plunged it into her heart, saying, "Fortunio is revenged of my injustice."

Fortunio was led in triumph to the palace; and the king, when he had spent some weeks in bewailing the unfortunate end of the princess his sister, made an offer of his hand and crown to Fortunio. Their marriage was celebrated with the greatest pomp. The old earl and his two daughters were sent for on the occasion, and ever after remained at court. The first care of the new queen was to provide a magnificent stable for Comrade, whom she visited daily, and consulted upon all affairs of importance, so that the king never after lost a battle. She settled a handsome pension on Strongback, Lightfoot, Marksman, Fine-ear, Boisterer, Gormand, and Tippler, who all lived together in a splendid castle a few miles in the country, it being agreed between the queen and them that when her majesty should have occasion for their service she should say so to some one in the palace, so that Fine-ear might catch the sound, and send the person she desired.

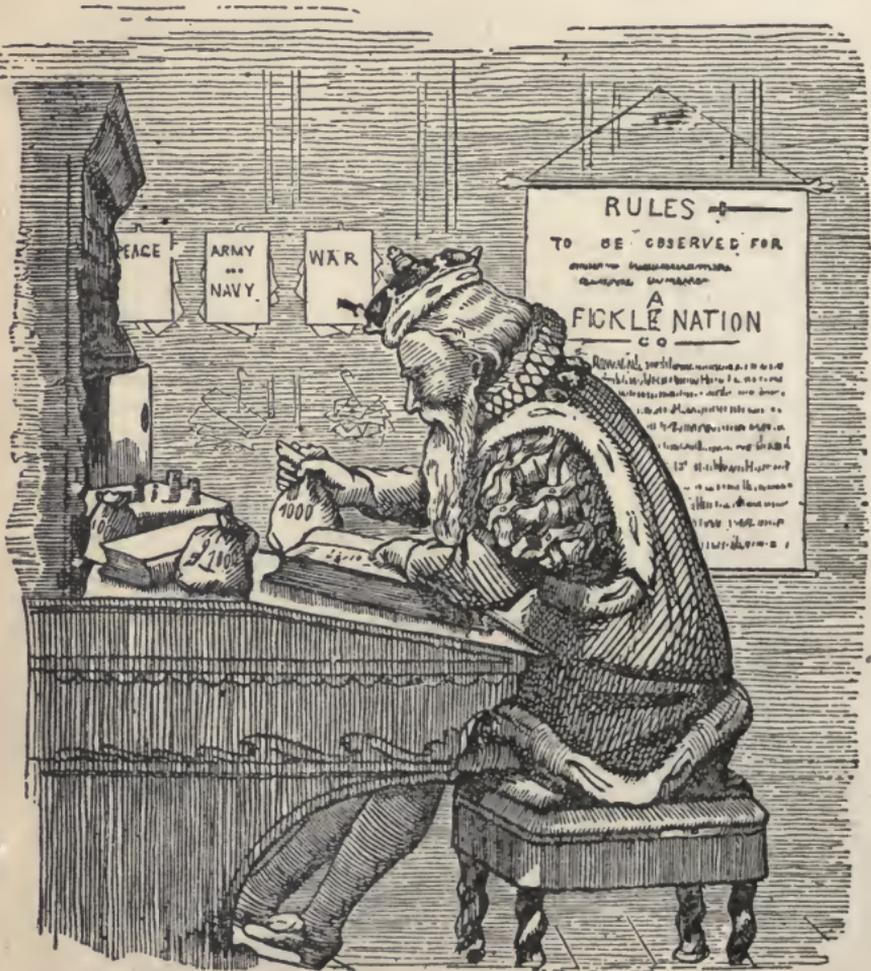
The queen sent an express to invite the old shepherdess to court: but she refused, saying that all she wished was the queen's happiness, and that she should now leave the world with satisfaction.

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## THE STORY OF PRINCE TITO.

THERE was once upon a time a king named Guinguet, who was a great miser. When he wished to marry he sought for a wife not a good or clever woman, but a princess who had a great deal of money and liked to save it. He succeeded in finding this treasure—a miserly and

wealthy wife. They had two sons. The elder was called Tito, the younger Mirtillo. Tito was a charming child, pretty and engaging, but the king and queen took a strong dislike to him when they saw him sharing his toys with other little children. Mirtillo would rather let his bonbons spoil than give them away; he put away his play-



things for fear of spoiling them by playing with them, and when he held anything in his hand he clasped it so closely that even in sleep it could not be taken from him. His parents consequently adored this little reflection of themselves. The princes grew up, and, for fear Tito should spend his money, the king gave him none. One day, as Tito was hunting, one of his attendants, riding

swiftly up to him, knocked down an old woman, who fell into the mud and cried out loudly that her leg was broken; but the young squire who had caused the accident only laughed. Tito indignantly reproached his attendant for being so unfeeling, sprang off his horse, and went, with his favorite page, Eveillé, to the aid of the unfortunate woman. They raised her and, taking each an arm, led her back to her little cottage, which was near the spot.

The prince was in despair at having no money to give the poor creature to atone for the injury done her.

“Of what use is it to be a prince, when one has not the power of doing good?” he said bitterly.

“My prince,” replied Eveillé, “I have a crown, which is at your disposal.”

“Thank you, Eveillé; I will borrow it and pay you when I am king,” said Tito. “I accept your crown for this poor woman.”

When Tito returned to the court the queen, who had heard of the accident, reproved him for “debasing himself by giving personal help to a beggar.”

“Madam,” replied Tito, “I think a prince is never greater than when he is doing good.”

“You are a simpleton for thinking so,” exclaimed his mother.

The next day, under pretense of hunting, Tito rode to the cottage to ask how the old woman was. He found her well, and she thanked him for the charity he had bestowed on her.

“I have a favor to ask of you, my prince,” she added; “I have some nuts and medlars which are very good; I beg you to eat some of them.”

The prince did not like to refuse, lest the old dame should think that he despised her humble offering. He tasted the nuts and medlars, and found them excellent.

“Since you like them,” said the dame, “do me the honor of taking the remainder for your dessert.”

At that moment a hen clucked; the woman ran into the yard and brought in a new-laid egg, which she begged the prince also to accept. He received her gifts very kindly, fearing lest he should hurt her feelings if he refused, and gave her in return four guineas that Eveillé had brought him from his father, who was a rich coun-

try gentleman. The prince on his return home ordered them to give him the egg and nuts for his supper; but on breaking the egg he was astonished to find in it a large diamond; the walnuts and medlars were also full of diamonds. The attendants were very much astonished, and some of them ran at once and told the queen of this singular discovery. She hastened at once to her son's room, and was so charmed at seeing the diamonds that she kissed Tito, and called him "her dear son," for the first time in her life.

"Will you give me these diamonds?" she asked.

"All that I have is at your service, my mother," replied the generous son.

"You are a good boy," exclaimed the queen; "I shall reward you for your kindness."

She went off with the diamonds, and soon after sent the prince four guineas neatly folded in a piece of paper.

The prince's attendants exclaimed loudly that they wondered the queen was not ashamed to send only four guineas in return for a gift of the value of five hundred thousand pounds; but the prince checked them with a frown, and ordered them to leave the room for their want of respect to their sovereign.

The queen meanwhile said to Guinguet:

"It is plain that the old woman Tito helped is a powerful fairy; we must go and see her to-morrow, and we will take Mirtillo with us, for I don't wish her to make a favorite of this stupid boy, who throws away diamonds."

So she ordered the carriages to be cleaned, and that some horses should be hired—for they kept none of their own, to save expense.

They filled one of the two carriages with physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries; and the royal family went in the other. When they had entered the old woman's cabin the queen told her that she had called to apologize for the thoughtlessness of her son's squire.

"My son," she added, "has not the sense to choose good attendants, but I shall order him to discharge that brutal young man."

Then she told the old woman that she had brought the cleverest doctors in the kingdom to cure her injured foot. The old woman answered that her foot was quite well, and that she was much obliged to her majesty for her kindness in coming to see her—a poor old woman.

“Oh!” said the queen, “but we know that you are a great fairy, for you have given Prince Tito a quantity of diamonds.”

“I assure you, madam,” replied the woman, “that I only gave the prince an egg, and some walnuts and medlars. I have a few more at the service of your majesty, if you will deign to accept them.”

“I accept them gratefully,” said the queen, who was charmed at the hope of getting more diamonds. She received the nuts, and embraced the old woman; and the courtiers, following her example, paid great court to the peasant. The queen asked her age.

“I am sixty,” she answered.

“You don’t look forty,” said the queen. “You ought to think of marrying, for you are really very amiable.”

Prince Mirtillo, who was very badly brought up, burst into a loud laugh when he heard his mother speak thus, and said that he hoped he should have the pleasure of dancing at her wedding.

But the good woman did not seem to perceive that he was making fun of her. Then the royal visitors took leave of her and drove home. The queen instantly sent the egg to be cooked, broke the walnuts, and opened the medlars; but instead of finding diamonds she found a little chick in the egg, and the walnuts and medlars were full of worms. The queen flew into a great passion.

“That old woman is a witch,” she cried, “who has ridiculed and mocked me. I will have her put to death.”

She assembled the judges to try the old woman, but Eveillé, who had heard it all, hurried to the cabin to save the poor peasant.

“Good-morning, Page of Old Women,” she said, laughing (for thus the courtiers had named him since he had pulled her out of the mud).

“Ah, my good mother!” said Eveillé, “hasten to seek safety in my father’s house. He is an excellent man—he will hide you willingly; but if you remain here you will be seized and put to death.”

“I am much obliged to you for your kindness,” said the old woman, “but I do not fear the wicked queen;” and she suddenly changed from an old woman to a beautiful fairy. Eveillé was dazzled by her loveliness, and would have thrown himself at her feet, but she prevented him.

"I forbid you," she said, "to tell the prince or any one else what you have seen; but I wish to recompense your charity. Ask me, therefore, for a gift."

"Madam," said the page, "I dearly love my master, Prince Tito; to serve him I will ask of you a great gift. Enable me to become invisible, so that I may know who are his true friends among the courtiers, and protect him from their plots, for he has cruel enemies."

"I grant you this gift," said the fairy; "but now I must pay Tito's debts. Did he not borrow four guineas from your father?"

"He has returned them, madam. He thinks that it is shameful for princes not to pay their debts. He returned the four guineas the moment the queen sent them to him."

"I know that," said the fairy, "but the prince is unhappy because he could not acknowledge the loan by a gift, and it is that debt which I wish to pay. Take this purse, which is full of gold, carry it to your father, and tell him he will always find the same sum in it, provided that he only takes money from it to do good actions."

The fairy then disappeared, and Eveillé carried the purse to his father, and besought him to keep it secret.

The judges called by the queen to try the old woman were, meantime, greatly embarrassed, and said to her: "For what can we try this poor woman? She has not deceived your majesty. She told you that she was poor and had no diamonds."

The queen was furiously angry, and said, "If you will not condemn this wretch, who has mocked me, and put me to the expense of hiring horses and paying doctors, you shall repent it."

The judges thought to themselves, "The queen is a very wicked woman; if we disobey her she will find means to kill us. It is better that an old woman should perish than that we should." So they condemned the old woman to be burned alive as a witch.

There was one judge, however, who would not agree to this verdict. He said that he would rather be burned alive himself than condemn an innocent person.

A few days afterward the queen found false witnesses who declared that this good judge had spoken against her. His office was taken from him, and he, his wife and

children, were reduced to beggary. But Eveillé took a large sum from the fairy purse, and, giving it to the judge, advised him to go and live happily in another country; and he took the advice and went to England, where he lived very happily.

Meantime Eveillé made himself very often invisible (he could do so by a wish), and heard many secrets and much that amused him; but he was too honorable ever to repeat anything he thus overheard.

He was often invisible in the king's cabinet, and one day he heard the queen say to her husband, "Are we not unfortunate in having Tito for our eldest son! We are amassing great treasure, which he will spend when he becomes king. Now Mirtillo would save and increase it. Is there no way to disinherit Tito, and make Mirtillo king?"

"We must see about it," said the king, "and, if we can't prevent Tito's having the crown, we will bury the treasure so that he shan't spend it."

Eveillé heard the courtiers constantly speaking evil of Tito and praising Mirtillo, in order to please the queen; then they would go to Tito and tell him how they had taken his part to the king; but Tito, to whom Eveillé told the truth, only laughed at and despised them. There were, however, four great noblemen at the court who were men of honor; these always took Tito's part, but never told him they had. On the contrary, they advised him to love his parents and be very obedient to the king.

About this time a neighboring king sent ambassadors to Guinguet on an affair of importance. The queen, according to her custom, did not mean that Tito should appear before these strangers. She sent him to a beautiful country house belonging to the king, because, she told him, the ambassadors might wish to see it, and he must do the honors of it to them. Then she prepared for the interview. She had an old velvet petticoat of her own made up for the backs of the robes of Guinguet and Mirtillo; the fronts were made of new velvet; for the queen thought that as the king and prince were seated, no one would see the backs of their dresses. To make them magnificent, she used the diamonds found in the medlars as buttons for the king's robe; she looped up his

cap with the large diamond out of the egg. The diamonds taken from the walnuts were employed as buttons on Mirtillo's collar and sleeves. The king and prince were quite dazzling in the light of the diamonds. Guinguet and his wife sat on their throne, and Mirtillo at their feet. But the ambassadors had hardly entered the room before the large diamond changed to an egg, and the others to walnuts and medlars.

The ambassadors, thinking that Guinguet and his queen had dressed themselves so ridiculously as an insult to their master, left the presence in great anger, saying that their sovereign would soon teach King Guinguet that *he* was not a king of walnuts.

It was in vain that the ministers tried to explain matters to them; they would not listen, and returned to their own country.

Guinguet and his wife were very much ashamed, and very angry.

"It is Tito who has played us this trick," said the queen. "We must disinherit him and leave the crown to Mirtillo."

"I willingly consent to do so," replied the king.

The next moment they heard a voice say: "If you are wicked enough to do it, I will break all your bones."

The king and queen looked at each other with surprise. They could see no one, yet some one spoke close by. It was Eveillé, who was watching over the safety of his master.

Meantime, when King Violent had heard from his ambassadors that Guinguet had turned him into fun and insulted them, he declared war against the miser-king. Guinguet was dreadfully frightened, for he was a great coward; but the queen said: "Don't distress yourself. We will make Tito commander-in-chief. He is rash and brave. He will get killed, and we can then leave the crown to Mirtillo."

The king thought this a capital plan. He appointed Tito general of all his forces, and gave him full power to make war or peace.

Tito, having arrived on the frontiers of the kingdom, resolved to await the enemy there, and employed his troops meanwhile in building a strong fortress in a narrow pass by which alone the country could be entered.

One day as he watched the soldiers at work he became thirsty, and, seeing a house on a mountain opposite, he climbed up it to ask for some water. The master of the house, who was named Abor, gave him some. As the prince was coming down the mountain he saw a very pretty peasant girl sitting down by a trickling brook. She had an expression of great innocence and sweetness in



her dark eyes, and a very modest manner when he spoke to her. She told him that her name was Biby, and that she was Abor's daughter. The prince chatted a long time with her, and after that day called frequently at Abor's house, for he was never so happy as when talking to Biby. She had been well educated, and talked well of books which the prince loved, and he found all her sentiments and opinions good. She appeared also to be a very obedient and loving daughter. So at last Prince Tito said to himself, "If I were my own master I would marry Biby; she is not born a princess, but she has so many virtues that she is worthy to become a queen."

Every day he loved Biby better, and one day he wrote a letter to her to tell her so; but Biby, who knew that she ought not to have letters of which her father did not know, took it at once to Abor. When he had read it he told his daughter that she could not marry a prince; and Biby said that she knew it, and that she would be glad to go away and visit her aunt, who lived at some distance; for she loved the prince, and did not wish to make him do wrong. Abor sent her away the next morning.

Prince Tito was very sorry when he found that she was gone. He told Abor that if Biby would wait he would marry her and make her queen when he was king, and that he would not ask to see her till he was crowned.

At that moment the fairy in all her beauty appeared in the room. The prince was very much surprised, for he had seen her only as an old woman.

"Prince," she said, "I am the old dame you so kindly helped. You are an honorable and excellent young man, and Biby is as good a girl. You shall marry her in two years; but during that time you will have trouble. I promise you that I will pay you a visit the first day of every month, and I will bring Biby with me."

The prince was delighted with this promise, and determined to gain a great deal of glory to please Biby.

King Violent soon afterward offered him battle, and a hard fight ensued. Tito showed great gallantry; he won the day, and took Violent prisoner. His officers advised Tito to seize Violent's kingdom at once; but Tito said, "I will not; his subjects, who love him, would be unhappy under a foreign yoke, and there would be no peace in the kingdom. There would be continual war. No; I will give Violent his liberty, and let him return to his people. He is generous; he will become our friend, and his friendship will be worth more to us than his kingdom."

Tito was right; Violent, set free without paying a ransom, was charmed with Tito's generosity, and swore eternal friendship to his conqueror. Tito returned victorious to his home, but was received by his father with violent reproaches. The king had expected that Violent would have been made to pay a large sum of money, and was furious with his son for not making him pay it. Tito, who loved and respected his father, was so grieved at his displeasure that he became ill.

One day, as he was alone in bed, forgetful that it was the first day in the month, he saw two pretty canaries fly in at the window, and was much surprised when suddenly they changed into the fairy and his dear Biby. He was just thanking the fairy for her visit when they heard steps approaching, and both became again canaries. Immediately afterward the queen entered, followed by some of her attendants, and carrying a great cat in her arms—a pet of hers, because it cost nothing to keep and preserved the food from mice. As soon as the queen saw the canaries she exclaimed that they ought not to be left loose; they would spoil the furniture. The prince said he was going to put them in a cage. She replied that she meant to have them taken at once, as she intended to eat them at dinner. The prince, in despair, besought her to spare them to him. In vain! The courtiers and servants hastened to take the canaries. A valet knocked poor Biby down with a broom. The prince sprang from his couch to save her, but it seemed that he would be too late, for the great cat, escaping from the queen's arms, was about to kill the canary by a blow of her paw, when the fairy, taking the form of a large dog, sprang on her back and strangled her. Then taking herself and giving Biby the shape of a little mouse, they ran into a small hole in the skirting-board and disappeared.

The prince had fainted in his agony lest Biby should be killed; but the queen took no notice of him, she only loudly lamented the fate of her cat. She hurried back to the king and told him that she would kill herself if he did not revenge the death of her pet; that Tito was the friend of sorcerers, and that she should have no rest unless he was disinherited and the throne given to Mirtillo. The king consented, and told her that he would arrest the prince the next day, and have him tried for witchcraft. The faithful Eveillé had made himself invisible and followed the queen; he now hastened to warn the prince. The fright he had suffered had quite cured his fever, and Tito was about to mount his horse and escape, when the fairy again stood before him.

"I am tired," she said, "of the wickedness of your mother, and the weakness of your father. I have at your disposal a large army. Go and take the king and queen in their palace, and put them in prison with Mirtillo; then you will at once ascend the throne and marry Biby."

“Madam,” replied the prince, “you know that I love Biby more than my life, but even the hope of marrying her cannot make me forget the duty I owe to my parents. I would rather die than turn my arms against them.”

“Let me embrace you,” said the fairy; “I did but make trial of your goodness. If you had accepted my offer I would have given you up; but now I am ever your friend, and will give you proof of it. Take the form of an old man, and in this shape travel through your father’s dominions, and see for yourself how many injustices are committed on your poor subjects, so that you may do them justice when you become king. Eveillé shall remain at court to give you warning of all that happens in your absence.”

The prince obeyed the fairy, and in his wanderings saw things that made him shudder. Justice was sold; the governors cruelly oppressed the people; the nobles robbed the peasants, and all was done in the name of the king!

At the end of two years Eveillé wrote to tell him that his father was dead, and that the queen had tried to have his brother crowned, but that the four faithful nobles had opposed it, knowing from Eveillé that Tito lived; and the queen, defeated, had fled with her son into a province that she had persuaded to revolt from its allegiance.

Tito retook his own shape and returned to his capital at once, where he was gladly received and acknowledged as king. Then he wrote respectfully to his mother, offering to her and his brother a good income if she would not encourage the revolt. The queen, who had assembled a great army, answered that she would take nothing less than the crown, which she would tear from his head. But shortly afterward she heard that King Violent had espoused the cause of his friend Tito, and was advancing against her with a large army, undeterred by any of the considerations that stayed Tito’s hand. In despair, she then wrote to her son, accepting his offer of an income.

Thus Tito remained peaceful possessor of the throne. Shortly afterward he married Biby, to the satisfaction of his subjects, who knew her goodness, and strewed their path with flowers, pleased that he had taken a peasant bride. There were no such king and queen before or after in that land as Tito and his queen, who, taught by



BIBY AND PRINCE TITO'S MARRIAGE.

adversity in their youth, could feel for all, and were ever ready to help and console those who needed help or consolation.

Tito, as soon as he had ascended the throne, began to reform abuses, and re-establish order in his dominions. To achieve this result, he gave directions that any who had to complain of injustice were to come before him and state their wrongs, and that not even beggars were to be refused admission to his presence. "For," said this good prince, "I am the father of all my subjects, poor as well as rich." At first the courtiers were not much concerned at hearing this discourse. "The king," they said, "is young; this whim will not last. He will soon tire. Pleasure will engross him, and he will leave the management of his affairs to his favorites."

But they deceived themselves. Tito, by careful management of his time, could do his duty perfectly, and yet find leisure to partake of innocent pleasure, while the punishments inflicted at first on wrongdoers prevented any repetition of such offenses.

He sent ambassadors to King Violent, to thank him for his ready friendship; and that king returned answer that he should be delighted to see Tito again, and that if he (Tito) would go to the borders of his kingdom, Violent would meet him there. As all was tranquil throughout his dominions, Tito willingly consented, for the project was favorable to one he had previously formed—that was to embellish the small dwelling in which he had seen his beloved Biby for the first time. With this intention he ordered his officers to buy all the land surrounding it, but they were not to compel any one to sell his property, for every one, Tito said, ought to be master of even the smallest heritage.

Violent arrived on the frontier, and the two courts were united, and became very brilliant. Violent had brought his only daughter with him. Elise, so she was named, was as beautiful as Biby, and almost as good. Tito had brought with him not only his wife, but also one of his cousins, named Blanche, who was not only fair and gentle, but also very witty. As they were ruralizing the two kings declared that they would cast aside the etiquette of courts, and live on equal terms with their subjects; that the nobles and ladies should sup with the

two kings and the princesses, and that no one should address the kings as "your majesty." If they did so, they were to forfeit a guinea.

It was their first supper in the country, and they had not been seated at table above a quarter of an hour, when a very shabby little old woman appeared in the room. Tito and Eveillé, who at once recognized her, rose to greet her, but by a warning glance she told them that she wished to remain unknown. They therefore simply presented her to Violent as one of their best friends, who had come to ask them for some supper, and Violent bowed courteously.

The old dame without ceremony, however, at once placed herself in an armchair close to Violent's, which no one had dared to take before from respect to the king. As she seated herself she said to the prince, "As our friends' friends are our friends, I am sure you will wish me to be at my ease with you." Violent, who was by nature very haughty, was embarrassed by the familiarity of the old woman; but he concealed his annoyance. They had told the old lady of the fine for styling the kings "your majesty," but she was hardly seated before she said to Violent, "Your majesty appears surprised at the liberty I take, but it is my habit, and I am too old to be cured of it now; therefore your majesty will pardon me."

"A forfeit!" cried Violent. "You owe two guineas."

"Do not distress yourself, your majesty," said the old woman; "I had forgotten that we must not say 'your majesty;' but your majesty forgets that in forbidding people to say 'your majesty,' you impose another kind of restraint on them. They must always be thinking of how to avoid using the common form of respect. However, I now owe you six guineas, and here they are."

And she took out a worn old purse, and threw six guineas on the table. Violent began to get angry, but out of consideration for Tito he restrained himself, and said playfully:

"Well, my good mother, do as you please; whether you address me as 'majesty' or not, I am not less your friend."

"I quite believe you," said the old woman. "That is why I took the liberty of speaking my mind to you. I shall do so whenever there is occasion, for one cannot do

a greater service to one's friends than to tell them when they are in error."

"But you must not rely on my patience," replied Violent. "There are times when I do not choose to receive correction."

"Acknowledge, my prince," said the old woman, "that you are not far off one of those times at present, and that you would give anything to get rid of me. Such are our heroes. They would scorn to show a lack of courage in face of the enemy, or to yield a battle without a brave struggle; but they own calmly that they cannot control their anger, as if it were not more shameful to yield to a passion than to an enemy whom it is sometimes impossible to overcome. But let us change the conversation, since it is not agreeable to you, and allow my pages to enter; they have some gifts to bestow on the company."

At the same instant the old woman struck the table, and there entered by the four open windows four beautiful winged infants. Each of them carried a basketful of jewels of astonishing richness. The king at the same moment casting his eyes on the old woman, was surprised to see that she had changed into a lovely lady, so richly dressed that she dazzled the eyes.

"Ah, madam," he exclaimed, "I recognize you now as the fairy whose medlars and nuts cost a war. Pardon the little respect I have shown you, for I had not the honor of knowing who it was that sat beside me."

"That should show you," said the fairy, "that you are bound to be courteous and attentive to all guests at your own table. But, my prince, to show you that I'm not offended, I wish to make you two presents. The first is this goblet—it is made of a single diamond; but it is not that alone which renders it precious. Every time that you are tempted to fly in a passion, fill this goblet with water, and drink it three times, and you will find your anger give way to reason. If you profit by this gift you will have rendered yourself worthy of the second. I know that you love the Princess Blanche; she likes you, but fears your temper, and will only marry you if you will promise to use this goblet."

Violent, surprised that the fairy should know his faults and inclinations so thoroughly, acknowledged that he

loved Blanche; but he added: "There is an obstacle which opposes our union, even if I could obtain Blanche's consent to it; it will always be a pain to me to marry, for fear of depriving my daughter of a crown."

"That is a generous feeling," said the fairy; "there are few fathers to be found capable of sacrificing their inclinations to the happiness of their children; but that need not prevent your marriage. The King of Mogolan, who was one of my friends, has just died childless, and by my advice he has left his kingdom to Eveillé. Eveillé is not a prince by birth, but he deserves to become one. He loves the Princess Elise, and she is worthy to become the recompense of his fidelity. If her father consents I feel sure that she will accept him without repugnance."

Elise blushed at this speech. It is true that she thought Eveillé very amiable, and that she had listened with pleasure and admiration to the story of his fidelity to his master.

"Madam," said Violent, "we have taken to speaking frankly. I esteem Eveillé, and if the custom of my country did not tie my hands, I should not require a crown for him to give him my daughter. But men, and, above all, kings, should be bound by that which is due to their rank; and it is not the habit of royal fathers to give their daughters to simple gentlemen: I should act contrary to all the traditions of my house if I married mine to one. Elise is descended from one of the most ancient families in the world. You know that for three hundred years we have occupied the throne."

"My prince," said the fairy, "you are ignorant of the fact that the family of Eveillé is as ancient as your own; for you are relatives, and descend from two brothers. In fact, Eveillé has the precedence, for he descends from the elder brother, and your father from the younger."

"If you can prove that," said King Violent, "I swear to give my daughter to Eveillé, even if the subjects of the late King Mogolan should refuse to recognize him as their sovereign."

"Nothing is easier," said the fairy, "than to prove the antiquity of Eveillé's family. He is descended from the eldest of the sons of Japhet, the son of Noah, who established himself in the Peloponnesus. You are descended from the second son of Japhet."

Everybody felt inclined to laugh at this mockery; but Violent flushed with anger, and was about to speak, when the Princess Blanche, who was at his side, presented the diamond goblet to him; he drank of it three times as the fairy directed him, and during the interval he reflected that it was quite true that all had descended from Noah, and that the only difference between those descendants proceeded from their characters. Having emptied his goblet, he said to the fairy:

"I thank you, madam, for having cured me of two great defects: my pride of birth, and my habit of passionate anger. I admire the virtue of the goblet, for while I drank my anger was calmed, and my reflections between the three draughts have completed the task of recalling me to reason."

"I will not deceive you," replied the fairy; "there is no magic in the diamond goblet. I will tell you in what the sorcery of the water consists. It gives time for reflection; and no one who pauses to reflect can become the slave of anger."

"In truth, madam," said Violent, "I have learned more to-day than in my whole previous life. Happy Tito! You will become the greatest king in the world under such a protectress. I beseech you to use your influence with this lady to induce her to become my friend."

"Have I not given you proofs that I am your friend?" said the fairy. "At present let us think only of your marriage, and of that of the Princess Elise."

At this moment a servant informed Tito that the officers he had sent to buy Biby's old home and the adjoining lands wished to speak to him. He commanded them to be admitted. They entered, bringing with them the design of the estate that Tito had given them. They had added to the cottage a large garden and a great park, which would be perfect if they could remove a little house which was exactly in the middle of the finest avenue, and completely spoiled the effect of it.

"And why have you not pulled it down?" asked King Violent.

"Sire," replied the officers, "our king has forbidden us to do violence to any man, and the owner of this small dwelling will not sell it, though we have offered for it four times as much as it is worth."

"If that insolent fellow were my subject I would hang him," said Violent.

"You would first empty your goblet," said the fairy.

"I think even the goblet would not save his life," replied Violent; "is it not horrible that a king should not be master of his own estates, and that he should be obliged to abandon a work he desires to finish through the obstinacy of a man who ought to be too happy to make his fortune by obliging his master?"

"But I shall not abandon my design," said Tito, laughing. "I shall make that house the chief ornament of my park."

"Oh, how can you?" asked Violent; "placed as it is, it will spoil the park."

"This is what I shall do," replied Tito: "I shall build round the house a wall sufficiently high to prevent this man from entering my park, but not so high as to shut out his view, for it would not be just to shut him up in a prison. This wall will continue on both sides, and there will be read on it these words in letters of gold: 'A king who built this wall prefers leaving it, and the cot it incloses, to spoil his park, rather than commit an injustice on one of his subjects by taking from him by force the heritage of his fathers.'"

"Everything I hear amazes me," said Violent; "I confess I had very little idea of the virtues which form heroic men. Yes, Tito; that wall will be the ornament of your park, and your good action will be the ornament of your life. But, madam," to the fairy, "how is it that Tito possesses naturally such great virtues?"

"Great king," said the fairy, "Tito was brought up by parents who detested him. He was subject to perpetual contradiction; he had to submit and give up his own will to that of others, even in things indifferent; and as, during the late king's life, he had neither wealth nor influence, courtiers and flatterers did not deign to spoil him; they would have gained nothing by it. They gave him up to the honest people who loved him for himself alone, and from them he learned that a king is free to do good, but should have his hands tied when he would do harm. You, who became king at twelve years old, never underwent this discipline, or any other. Your guardians only looked to your future favor, and never corrected your

faults. They called your pride proper dignity, your violence vivacity, and thus they spoiled you."

Violent, convinced of the truth of what the fairy told him, and instructed by her in his duties, endeavored to fulfill them, and to conquer his faults. He was encouraged in his efforts by his wife Blanche; by Eveillé, who became his son-in-law; and by Tito, who preserved on the throne the virtues he had learned in the days of adversity.

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## PRINCE FATAL AND PRINCE FORTUNE.

THERE was a queen who had two sweet, pretty little boys; and a fairy who was the queen's intimate friend was invited to stand godmother to them, and make them some gift. "I endow the eldest," said she, "with all manner of misfortunes till he is twenty-five; and I name him Fatal." At these words the queen gave a loud cry, and entreated the fairy to change her gift. "You do not know what you ask," said she to the queen; "if he does not meet with misfortunes he will be wicked."

The queen durst say no more, but begged the fairy to let her choose for her second son. "Perhaps you will choose wrong," replied the fairy; "but no matter, I am willing to grant whatever you ask me for him."

"I wish," said the queen, "that he may succeed in whatever he undertakes—'tis the way for him to be perfect."

"Perhaps you may be mistaken," said the fairy, "and for that reason I grant him this gift no longer than till he is twenty-five."

Nurses were provided for the two young princes; but the very third day the nurse of the eldest prince was taken ill of a fever; he had another, and she fell down and broke his leg; a third became ill, and it being spread abroad that Prince Fatal was unfortunate to his nurses, nobody would nurse him, or so much as come near him. The poor child was hungry, and cried, but met with no pity; at last a mean, homely countrywoman, who was very poor, and had a large family of children, which she could scarcely maintain, came and offered to bring him

up, provided they would give her a large sum of money; and as the king and queen did not love Prince Fatal, they gave her what she asked, and bade her take him home to her village. The youngest prince, who was named Fortune, on the contrary, throve surprisingly: his father and mother doted upon him, and never thought of the eldest. The wicked woman to whom they had given poor Fatal no sooner reached home than she took off his fine swaddling-clothes, to bestow them on a son of her own about Fatal's age; and having wrapped the poor prince in an old petticoat, she carried him into a wood, and left him to be devoured by the wild beasts; but a lioness, that had three young whelps, brought him into her den, and gave him suck; which made him grow so fast and strong that at six months he could run alone. In the meantime the nurse's son, whom she passed for the prince, died, and the king and queen were glad they had got rid of him. Fatal remained in the woods till he was two years old; when a nobleman, an officer of the court, as he was hunting, was astonished to find a lovely boy in the midst of wild beasts. He was moved to pity, took him home, and hearing that a child was wanted as a companion to play with Prince Fortune, he presented Fatal to the queen.

Fortune had a master to teach him to read; but this master was charged, above all things, not to make him cry. The young prince heard this, and cried every time he took his book in hand—so that at five years of age he could hardly tell his letters; while Fatal, on the contrary, read perfectly well, and had already made some progress in writing. To frighten the prince, his master was ordered to whip Fatal whenever Fortune neglected his lesson; so that it was in vain for Fatal to be good, and apply himself to his book—he could not escape punishment: besides, Fortune was so ill-natured and willful that he used his brother very ill, though, indeed, he did not know he was his brother. If Fatal had an apple, or plaything, Fortune would snatch it away. He obliged him to be silent when he wanted to speak, and would make him talk when he wished to hold his tongue; in a word, Fatal was a little martyr, and pitied by no one. And the prince and his small courtiers ridiculed him for his love of study.

They lived together in this manner till their eleventh year, when the queen was amazed at her son's ignorance.

"Certainly," said she, "the fairy has deceived me. I imagined my son would be the most learned that ever was, since I wished him to succeed in whatever he under-



took." Accordingly she went to consult the fairy about the matter, who said to her:

"Madam, you should have desired a willing mind and virtuous inclinations for your son, rather than great talents; all his endeavors are to be wicked, and your majesty is a witness of the great progress he has made." After having said this, she turned from her, and the poor queen returned to her palace in the utmost affliction,

She hastened to reprove Fortune, in order to make him better; but instead of promising amendment, he told her that, if they vexed him, he would starve himself. The



queen at this, frightened out of her senses, took him upon her knee, kissed him, gave him sweetmeats, and assured him that he should not learn anything for a whole week, if he would eat his dinner as usual.

All this time Fatal improved so much that he was quite

a wonder of learning and mildness of temper: he had been so used to be contradicted that, in a manner, he had no will of his own; and he thought himself happy if he could but prevent the ill effects of Fortune's capricious humors; but this sad child, enraged to see that Fatal improved more than himself, could not bear the sight of him, and the tutors, to please their young master, beat poor Fatal every moment. At last this wicked boy told



the queen that he would not have Fatal live with him any longer, and that he would not eat a morsel till he was sent away; so that poor Fatal was turned into the street, no one daring to take him in for fear of displeasing the prince.

He passed the night under a tree, half-dead with cold (as it was winter), with only a morsel of bread for his supper, which some good person or other had given him out of charity. As soon as it was daylight he said to himself, "I will not stay here doing nothing, but try if I cannot get my living till I am big enough to be a soldier. I remember to have read, in history, of several private

soldiers who have afterward been made great generals; and, perhaps, if I behave well, I may have the same good fortune. 'Tis true I have neither father nor mother; but God Himself is the Father of orphans, and He that gave me a lioness for my nurse will surely not forsake me now." Having said this Fatal kneeled down to say his prayers, for he never missed saying them night or morning, and always, when he prayed, he fixed his eyes on the ground, with his hands lifted up and joined together, and neither turned his head this way nor the other.

While Fatal was on his knees a countryman chanced to be going by; and seeing him pray so earnestly, said to himself, "I am sure this must be a good child; I have a great mind to have him to take care of my sheep, and God will bless me for his sake." So he waited till Fatal had ended his prayer, and then said to him: "Little boy, will you come and live with me, and mind my sheep? I will keep you, and take care of you."

"With all my heart," said Fatal, "and I will do all in my power to serve you honestly."

This countryman was a wealthy farmer, and had a great many servants, who wronged their master; and, indeed, so did his wife and children.

They were mightily pleased when they saw Fatal. "For," said they, "this is but a child, and we can do whatever we will with him." But Fatal kept the sheep faithfully, and proved a good little shepherd.

One day the farmer's wife said to him: "Child, my husband is a miser, and never gives me any money; let me take a sheep, and you shall tell him the wolf ran away with it."

"Madam," replied Fatal, "I would with all my heart do anything to serve you, but I had rather die than be a thief and a liar."

"You are a fool," said she; "who will know it?"

"Oh, madam," Fatal answered, "God will know it; for He sees whatever we do, and punishes those that lie and steal."

At these words his mistress lost all patience; she flew upon him, beat him, and tore the hair off his head. The farmer, hearing Fatal cry, came and asked his wife what made her beat him in that manner. "Why, truly," said

she, "because he is a glutton: the little greedy fellow has this morning eaten up a pot of cream which I was going to carry to market."

"Oh, fie," said the farmer, "I cannot bear greedy people;" and immediately he called one of his servants, and ordered him to whip Fatal: and all that the poor boy could say to justify himself signified nothing; his mistress insisted that she saw him eat the cream—and she was believed. After this he was sent into the fields to tend the sheep again, and his mistress went to him, and said: "Well! will you give me one of the sheep now?"

"No, indeed," replied Fatal; "I should be very sorry to do any such thing; you may use me as you please, but you shall never make me be guilty of an untruth."

So, finding him resolute, this wicked woman, out of revenge, set all the other servants against him; they made him stay out late in the fields, and instead of giving him food like the rest, she only sent him bread and water, and, when he came home, laid to his charge all the mischief that was done in the family.

He stayed a year at the farmer's; and though he lay on the ground, and was but very indifferently fed, yet he grew so strong and tall that at thirteen years of age any one would have supposed him to be fifteen: besides, he was so patient that he bore all their ill-usage with the utmost calmness and meekness. One day, while he was at the farm, he heard that the king of a neighboring country was at war, and wanted soldiers. Fatal went and asked his master to let him go; and having got leave, he traveled on foot to this prince's territories, where he enlisted himself under a captain who, though he was a great nobleman, behaved more like a porter or a drayman than a person of quality; he swore, beat his soldiers, and cheated them of their pay—and with this officer Fatal was more miserable than at the farmer's. He had engaged for ten years; and though he saw the greatest number of his comrades desert, yet he would never follow their example. "For," said he, "I have received money to serve ten years, and it would be wronging the king to go away before my time is expired." Notwithstanding this the captain, who was a bad man, used Fatal no better than the rest, yet he could not help esteeming him, because he saw that he always did his duty; and he would

send him on his messages, and intrust him with money, and give him the key of his room whenever he dined abroad, or went into the country; and though he did not love reading, he had a large library, to make people believe he was a man of sense and learning; for in that country they despised an ignorant officer, and looked upon such as did not know something of books, or at least of history, as unfit for any military station of importance.

When Fatal had done his duty as a soldier, instead of going to gamble and drink with his comrades, he would lock himself up in the captain's room, and there endeavor to learn his profession, by reading the lives of great men, till at last he became capable of commanding an army.

He had been seven years enlisted, when his regiment was ordered to the field: his captain took him and six others, and went to reconnoiter a wood; and when they were in the midst of it, the soldiers said one to another: "Let us kill this wicked fellow, who is always caning us, and cheats us of our pay." Fatal represented the baseness of such an action, and dissuaded them from it; but instead of hearkening to him, they said they would kill him and the captain too, and immediately drew their swords. Fatal placed himself before the captain, and fought with so much bravery that he alone slew four of the soldiers. His captain, seeing he owed his life to Fatal, asked his pardon for all the wrong he had done him; and having informed the king of what had happened, Fatal was made a captain, and the king gave him a considerable pension.

Now, none of the soldiers ever wanted to kill Fatal; he loved them as if they were his children, and they had the same affection for him as for a father: instead of defrauding them of their pay, he gave them money out of his own pocket, to encourage them when they behaved well; was careful and tender of them when they were sick or wounded; and never found fault with them out of caprice or ill-humor. About that time a great battle was fought, and the commander-in-chief being slain, all the officers and soldiers fled; but Fatal cried out that he had rather die fighting than fly meanly like a coward; and his soldiers told him they would not forsake him; and their example had so good an effect with the others that they all came back, ranged themselves round Fatal, and

fought with such success that the son of the king of their enemies was taken prisoner. The other king was greatly rejoiced when he heard that he had gained the victory, and told Fatal that he made him general of all his armies. Afterward he presented him to the queen, and to the princess his daughter, who gave him their hands to kiss; but at sight of the princess Fatal was struck motionless like a statue: she was so beautiful that he fell in love with her to distraction; and then he was unhappy indeed, for he thought that such a one as he could have no hope of marrying a great princess: he resolved, for that reason, to conceal his affection, and daily underwent the utmost torture. But it was much worse when he was informed that Fortune was also in love with the Princess Graciosa (for that was her name), having seen her picture, and that an ambassador had arrived to ask her in marriage. Fatal was ready to die with grief; but the Princess Graciosa, who knew that Fortune was a base and wicked prince, entreated her father with such earnestness, not to force her to the match that the ambassador was told the princess did not choose to marry yet. Fortune, who had never been used to be contradicted, fell into a most violent passion when they returned with the princess' answer; and his father, who could not deny him anything, declared war against the father of Graciosa. But he was not much concerned about it. "For," said he, "while Fatal is at the head of my army, I am not at all afraid of being overcome." So, having sent for his general, he told him the affair, and bid him prepare for war. Fatal, at this, threw himself at his feet, and said that he was born in the dominions of Prince Fortune's father, and could not take up arms against his sovereign. But the king was very angry, and threatened to put him to death if he refused to obey him; and, on the contrary, promised to give him his daughter in marriage if he defeated Fortune. This was a sad temptation to poor Fatal. However, at last he resolved to do his duty; and therefore, without saying anything to the king, he quitted the court, and forsook all his riches and great expectations.

Fortune soon after put himself at the head of the army, and took the field; but before five days were at an end he fell ill with fatigue, for he was very delicate and

tender; and having never been used to any hardships, or to take any exercise, he could not bear heat and cold; in short, everything made him ill.

About this time the ambassador who had been sent to demand Graciosa for Fortune, in order to make his court to the prince, told him that he had seen the little boy who had been turned out of his palace at the court of Graciosa's father, and that it was generally reported he



had promised him his daughter in marriage. Fortune, at this piece of intelligence, fell into a most terrible fit of passion; and as soon as he was recovered he set out, fully resolved to dethrone the father of Graciosa, and he promised a great reward to whoever should take Fatal, either dead or alive. Fortune gained several great victories, though he did not fight himself—for he was afraid of being killed—but he had able and experienced commanders. At last he besieged the capital of the enemy, and was preparing to take it by storm, when, on the eve of the intended assault, Fatal was brought before him (for great numbers of people had been sent in search of him), bound in heavy chains. Fortune rejoiced at this opportunity of exercising his revenge, and gave orders for him to be beheaded before they stormed the town, in

sight of the enemy. That very day he gave a grand entertainment to his officers, to celebrate his birthday, the twenty-five years being now complete. The besieged, hearing Fatal was taken, and was to have his head struck off in an hour, resolved to deliver him or perish, for they remembered how kind he had been to them while he was their general: they asked the king's leave to sally out, and were victorious. Fortune's gift of prosperity was now over, and in his flight from the enemy he was killed. The conquerors ran to unbind Fatal; and at the same moment they saw two glittering chariots appear in the air, from one of which a fairy descended; in the other were Fatal's father and mother, who were both fast asleep. They did not awake till just as the chariots touched the ground. The fairy, however, advanced; Fatal was unbound, and addressing the queen, and presenting Fatal to her, she said: "Madam, in this hero behold your eldest son; the misfortunes he has undergone have corrected the defects of his temper, which was naturally violent and unruly; whereas Fortune, who, on the contrary, was born with excellent inclinations, has been utterly spoiled by indulgence and flattery; and God would not permit him to live longer, because he would only have grown more wicked every day he lived. He is just now killed; but to comfort you for his death, know that, impatient of ascending the throne, he was on the point of dethroning his father." The king and queen were greatly astonished, and embraced Fatal very affectionately, having heard great commendations of him. Princess Graciosa and her father were delighted with the discovery of Prince Fatal's rank. He married Graciosa, and they lived together to a good old age, perfectly happy and perfectly virtuous.

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## THE BENEFICENT FROG.

THERE was, once upon a time, a king who sustained for many years a constant war against his neighbors; after many battles his capital was besieged; he was frightened on account of his queen, and entreated her to retire to a castle that he had fortified, and which he had never

visited but once. The queen employed prayers and tears to persuade him to allow her to remain with him; she wished to share his fate, and uttered piercing cries when he gently forced her into her chariot, to hasten her departure; however, he ordered his guards to accompany her, and promised to absent himself secretly as often as he could to visit her. He soothed her with this promise, though it was scarcely probable that he would be able to fulfill it, for the castle was situated at an immense distance from the capital, in the middle of a thick forest; and without being well acquainted with the roads, it was impossible to discover it.

The queen set out, very sorrowful at leaving her husband amid the perils of war; she was conducted by short stages, lest the fatigue of so long a journey should make her ill; at last she arrived at her castle, very uneasy and very low-spirited. After a short repose she wished to amuse herself by walking about the environs of the castle, but she found nothing to make her cheerful; she looked all around her, but could see nothing save immense deserts, which rather increased than diminished her grief; she looked toward them sorrowfully, and sometimes said: "What a difference between my present abode, and the one that I have always hitherto been used to! If I remain here much longer I shall die. To whom shall I speak in this solitude? With whom can I share my grief, and what have I done to deserve banishment from the king? It seems that he wishes me to feel all the bitterness of his absence by exiling me to this disagreeable castle."

In this way would she complain; and although the king wrote to her every day, and sent her very good news about the siege, she became more and more afflicted, and determined to return to her husband; but as the officers who were with her had been ordered not to conduct her back except a courier were sent expressly for her, she kept her resolution secret, and had a little chariot made, in which there was only room for herself, saying that she intended occasionally to go hunting. She herself guided the horses, and followed so closely on the dogs' heels that the huntsmen could not keep up with her; by this means she made herself mistress of her chariot, and consequently had it in her power to go when she liked.

There was but one difficulty, which was, that she did not know the roads of the forest; but she flattered herself that the gods would conduct her safe through; and after having made a few small sacrifices, she said that she intended to have a grand chase, and wished everybody to be there; that she should go in her chariot, and that everybody should take different roads so as to leave no retreat for the wild beasts. This was done. The young queen, who thought soon to see her husband, had dressed herself to great advantage; her hat was covered with feathers of various colors, her vest enriched with precious stones; and her beauty, which was by no means of a common kind, thus set off, made her look like a second Diana.

While the company were all occupied with the pleasures of the chase, she slackened her horses' reins, and encouraged them with her voice and two or three lashes with the whip. After going along at a good round pace, they began to gallop, and then ran away; the chariot seemed to be borne along by the winds, and could hardly be followed with the eye; the poor queen, now that it was unavailing, repented her temerity. "What have I undertaken?" said she; "how was it possible for me to guide horses so high-spirited and unmanageable? Alas! what will become of me? Ah! if the king thought that I was in such danger as this, what would become of him—he who loves me so tenderly, and who only sent me away from his capital city to place me in greater safety? Behold how I have repaid his tender care of me!" The air resounded with her grievous lamentations; she called on the gods, she invoked the fairies to her assistance, but the gods and the fairies had abandoned her; the chariot overturned, she had not strength to jump quickly on the ground, and her foot became jammed between the wheel and the axletree. It may easily be imagined that it was only by a miracle that she escaped with her life from so shocking an accident.

She lay stretched on the ground at the foot of a tree; she had neither pulse nor voice, and her face was covered with blood. She had been a good while in that dreadful condition, when, opening her eyes, she perceived near her a woman of gigantic size, clothed only in a lion's skin, her arms and legs being naked; her hair was con-

fined with a dry serpent-skin, the head of the serpent hanging over her shoulders; she had a club made of stone in her hand which served for a walking-stick to support her, and a quiver full of arrows by her side. Such an extraordinary figure made the queen think that she was dead, for she could not imagine that after such dreadful accidents it was possible for her to be still alive; and speaking in a very low tone: "I am not surprised," said she, "that so much grief is felt at resolving to die, for what one sees in the other world is very terrible."

The giantess, who overheard her, could not help laughing at the queen's idea that she was dead.

"Cheer up," said she to her, "and know that you are among the living; but your destiny will not be the less sorrowful. I am the Fairy Lioness, and my residence is not far from here; you must come and pass your life with me."

The queen looked at her sorrowfully, and said. "If it please you, Mistress Lioness, to conduct me back to my castle, and inform the king what you will accept for my ransom, he loves me so dearly that he will not refuse even half his kingdom."

"No," answered the giantess, "I am rich enough; I have been very dull for some time past at being alone; you have wit, perhaps you may be able to divert me."

As she said these words she took the form of a lioness, and placing the queen on her back, she carried her to the bottom of her terrible cave; when she arrived there she healed the queen's wounds by means of a liquor with which she rubbed her.

How surprised and how grieved was the queen when she found herself in that dreadful abode! It was gained by ten thousand stairs, which led to the center of the earth, where was a large lake of quicksilver, covered with monsters whose various figures might have frightened one less timid than our queen. A few dry roots and horse-chestnuts were all that the Fairy Lioness ever gave the persons who were so unfortunate as to fall into her hands.

When it was almost time for the queen to go to bed the fairy told her that she might make herself a cabin, for that she was going to remain with her all her life. The princess at these words could not restrain her tears.

“Oh! what have I done,” said she, “to deserve being detained here? If my death, which I feel approaching, will give you pleasure, put me to death at once; it is all that I dare hope from your pity; but do not condemn me to a long and miserable existence without my husband.” The lioness laughed at her grief, and told her that she advised her to dry her tears, and try to please her; that if she did not do so she would be the most wretched person in the world. “What must I do, then,” said the queen, “to move your heart?”

“I am fond,” said the fairy to her, “of fly-pies; I wish you to find means of catching enough flies to make me a very large and excellent pie.”

“But,” answered the queen, “I do not see any at all here; and if there were plenty, it is not light enough to catch them; and if I had caught them, I never made any pastry; so that you have given me a task which I cannot fulfill.”

“No matter,” said the unmerciful lioness, “I will have what I wish.”

The queen made no reply; she thought that, in spite of the cruel fairy, she had but one life to lose, and in the state she then was, what had she to fear? Instead, then, of looking for flies, she seated herself under a yew-tree, to weep at her ease.

She might thus have wept for a long time, if she had not heard over her head the sorrowful croaking of a crow. She looked up, and, by the assistance of the little moonlight that lighted the bank, she saw a large crow holding in its bill a frog, which apparently she was about to crunch. “Although nothing happen to save me,” said the queen, “I will not neglect to save the life of a poor frog, which is as much afflicted in its way as I am in mine.” She made use of the first stick that she laid her hand upon, to make the crow let go its hold. The frog fell, lay for some time insensible, and after awhile recovering its frogly spirits: “Beautiful queen,” it said, “you are the only kind person whom I have seen in this place, since curiosity first brought me here.”

“By what miracle are you able to speak, little frog?” answered the queen, “and who are the people whom you see here? For I have seen no one yet.”

“All the monsters with which this lake is covered,”

replied Grenouilletta (that was the frog's name), "have once been in the world, some kings, and others in the confidence of their sovereigns; their fate sends them here awhile, although none of those who come here ever return any better, or corrected for their stay."

"I can easily understand," said the queen, "that the union of many wicked persons will not aid in their reformation; but with regard to you, Mistress Frog, what are you doing here?"

"Curiosity has induced me to come here," replied she; "I am a half-fairy; my power is limited in some things, and very extensive in others; if the Fairy Lioness knew that I were in her dominions she would put me to death."

"But how is it possible," said the queen, "that, fairy or half-fairy, a crow should have been about to devour you?"

"Two words will explain that to you," said the frog. "When I wear my little wreath of roses on my head, in which consists my chief power, I fear nothing; but unfortunately I had left it in the marsh, when that wicked crow pounced upon me. I confess, madam, that but for you I should now have been dead; and since I owe you my life, if anything lies in my power to alleviate yours, you may command me in whatever way you please."

"Alas, my dear frog!" said the queen, "the wicked fairy who holds me in captivity wants me to make her a fly-pie; there are no flies here; if there were any, it is too dark to catch them, and I am in danger of dying under her blows."

"Leave it to me," said the frog; "before long I will furnish you with enough."

She then rubbed her body all over with sugar, then she called out of the pond quite an army of frogs, upward of six thousand of her acquaintance, and they did the same; they then went to a place crowded with flies, for the wicked fairy had thereabout a magazine of them, purposely for tormenting unfortunate persons in her power. When they smelled the sugar they settled on the bodies of the officious frogs, who then made haste back to where the queen was. Never was there such a capture of flies, nor a better pie than the queen made for the Fairy Lioness. When it was presented to her she was not a little

surprised, not understanding by what means the queen had managed to catch so many flies.

The queen, being exposed to all the inclemency of the air, which was poisonous, cut some cypress branches to begin building her little house with. The frog generously came to proffer her assistance, and putting herself at the head of those who had been to fetch the flies, the whole of them assisted the queen to erect a little building, which, when completed, was the prettiest in the world; but the queen had hardly lain down in it when the monsters of the lake, jealous of her repose, came to torment her with the most deafening and horrible din that until then had ever been heard. She arose, dreadfully terrified, and fled, which was just what the monsters wanted. A dragon, who had formerly tyrannized over one of the finest kingdoms in the world, immediately took possession of her little house.

The poor afflicted queen wished to complain of this, but in truth she was only ridiculed; the monsters whooped at her, and the Fairy Lioness told her that if she kept dinning such lamentations in her ears she would soundly beat her. So she was obliged to hold her peace and apply to the frog, who was the most obliging creature in the world. They wept together; for when she had her wreath of roses on she could laugh and cry, the same as an ordinary person. "I feel so strong a friendship for you," said the frog to the queen, "that I will recommence building your little house, though all the monsters of the lake should die with spleen." She immediately set about cutting the wood, and the queen's little rural palace took so short a time to build that she went to bed in it that same night.

The frog, attentive to all the queen's wants, had made her a bed of wild thyme. When the wicked fairy understood that the queen no longer slept upon the ground, she sent for her. "Teli me immediately who are the gods or men who protect you," said she to her. "This land, always watered with rain of fire and sulphur, has never yet produced even the value of a leaf of sage; notwithstanding that, I learn that odoriferous herbs grow under your footsteps!"

"I am ignorant of the cause, madam," answered the queen.

"The humor takes me," said the fairy, "to have a nosegay of the rarest flowers; try if your good fortune will supply you with one; if it does not you shall not need a good flogging; for I often administer floggings, and always do so marvelously well."

The queen began to cry; such threats were not agreeable to her, and the impossibility of finding flowers made her despair.

She returned to her little house; her friend the frog called to see her. "How sorrowful you are!" said she to the queen.

"Alas! dear gossip, is it not enough to make me so? The fairy wants a nosegay of the finest flowers; and where shall I be able to find them? You perceive that there are none here; yet her mandate runs that my life depends upon satisfying her wish."

"Amiable princess," said the frog graciously, "I must try to free you from your embarrassment; there is here a bat, who is the only one with whom I have had any dealings; she is a good creature, and can go faster than I; I will lend her my wreath of roses, by the assistance of which she will be able to find you some flowers."

The queen made her a low courtesy, for there was no means of embracing Grenouilletta.

Grenouilletta immediately went to talk with the bat, who some time afterward returned, concealing under her wings some very beautiful flowers. The queen made haste to take them to the wicked fairy, who was more surprised than ever, not understanding by what miracle the queen was so well befriended upon all occasions. The queen was incessantly devising some means of making her escape. She communicated her wish to the good frog, who said to her: "Permit me, madam, first of all, to consult my little wreath, and we will then act according to its advice." She accordingly took it, and having placed it on some straw, she burned some slips of juniper wood, some capers, and two little green peas, and croaked five times; then the ceremony being finished, she resumed her wreath of roses, to speak like an oracle.

"Fate, which orders all things," said she, "forbids your quitting this place; you will here have a princess more beautiful than the mother of Love; for the rest, do not trouble yourself, as time alone will be able to relieve you."

The queen cast down her eyes, and tears forced their way; but she resolved to trust in her friend. "At least, you will not abandon me," said she to her. The good frog consoled her as well as she was able.

But it is high time to say a few words concerning the king. While his enemies had him besieged in his capital city, he could not be continually sending messengers to the queen; however, having made several sallies and obliged them to retire, he felt much less the happiness of this event, on his own account, than on that of his dear queen, whom he could now recall to his court without danger. He was ignorant of her disaster, none of her officers having dared to go to the city and inform him of it. They had found in the forest the remains of her chariot, and all the Amazonian decorations with which she had adorned herself to go and seek him in, the horses having escaped.

As they had no doubt of her being dead, and as they thought she had been devoured, they did not debate among themselves about the expediency of persuading the king that she had died suddenly. At this fatal news he thought that he himself should die of sorrow; hair torn, tears shed, mournful cries, sobs, sighs, and other sad privileges of widowhood, were indulged in; nothing was neglected on this occasion.

After having spent several days in retirement, he returned to his capital city, dressed in deep mourning, which he felt more in his heart than his clothes testified. All the ambassadors of the kings his neighbors came to condole with him; and after the ceremonials which are inseparable from such an occurrence he applied himself to giving his subjects an interval of quiet, exempting them from war, and procuring for them an extensive commerce.

The queen was ignorant of all this, and she was happier when Heaven blessed her with a little princess, as beautiful as Grenouilletta had foretold; she was named Moufette, and with much difficulty the queen obtained leave of the Fairy Lioness to bring her up, for she was so ferocious that she had a violent longing to eat her.

Moufette, the wonder of her time, was already six months old; when, looking at her with tenderness mixed with sorrow, the queen said incessantly: "Oh! if the

king your father saw you, my poor little baby, how glad he would be! how dear you would be to him! But perhaps at this moment he is beginning to forget me; he believes that we are forever buried in the horrors of death; perhaps, even now, the place in his heart devoted formerly to me is occupied by another."

These sorrowful reflections cost her many tears; the



frog, who loved her sincerely, seeing her thus crying, said to her one day: "If you wish it, madam, I will go and find the king your husband; the journey is long, and I travel slowly; but at last, a little sooner or a little later, I hope to accomplish it."

This proposal could not have been more agreeably received than it was; the queen clasped her hands, and even made Moufette join hers, to show Madam Grenouilletta how obliged she should be if she would undertake the journey. She assured her that the king would

not be ungrateful. "But," continued she, "of what utility will it be to him to know that I am in this sorrowful abode? It will be impossible for him to rescue me from it."

"Madam," replied the frog, "we must for our part do what depends upon us and leave the care of the rest to Heaven."

They then bade each other adieu; the queen wrote to the king, with her own blood, on a little scrap of linen, for she had neither ink nor paper. She entreated him to trust in all respects to the worthy frog who had brought him news of her.

She was a year and four days ascending the ten thousand steps that lay between the black plain, where she had left the queen, to the world, and she was another year forming her equipage; for she was too proud to be willing to appear at a royal court like a sorry frog from the marsh. She had made a little car, large enough to hold conveniently two eggs; it was entirely covered outside with tortoise-shell, and lined with the skins of young lizards. She had fifty maids of honor, who were of those little green frogs which leap about the meadows; each of them was mounted on a snail, on an English saddle, with her leg on the bow, comporting herself to admiration; several water-rats, dressed as pages, to whom she had confided the care of her person, preceded the snails: in a word, nothing was ever so pretty; especially as her wreath of red roses, always fresh and blooming, became her the best in the world. She was rather vain of her errand, which had made her use rouge and patches: it was even said that she was painted, as are most of the ladies of that country; but on inquiry, it was found that it was her enemies who had spread that report of her.

She was seven years on her journey, during which time the queen suffered inexpressible pains and hardships; and but for the fair Moufette, who consoled her, she would have died over and over again. That wonderful little creature never opened her mouth or spoke a word without delighting her mother; she even softened a little the heart of the Fairy Lioness; and at last, after the queen had passed six years in that horrible sojourn, she allowed her to take her daughter a-hunting, provided that all she killed should be for her.

What a pleasure for the poor queen once more to see the sun! She was so unaccustomed to the sight of it that she was fearful of becoming blind. With regard to Moufette, she was so skillful that, though only five or six years old, nothing escaped her aim; by this means the mother and daughter softened a little the fairy's cruelty.

Grenouilletta traveled day and night over hill and dale, and at last arrived near the capital city where the king held his court; she was surprised at seeing, wherever she came, nothing but dancing and feasting; there was laughing, there was singing, and the nearer she approached the town, the greater, she observed, was the joy and festivity. Her majestic equipage surprised everybody; all who saw it followed her, and the crowd became so numerous when she entered the city that she had the greatest difficulty to reach the palace: at that palace everything was magnificent. The king, who had been nine years a widower, had at last yielded to the prayers of his subjects; he was on the point of marrying a princess, certainly less beautiful than his wife, but who, nevertheless, was very charming.

Having quitted the car, the good frog entered the palace, followed by all her *cortège*. She had no occasion to demand an audience: the monarch, his betrothed, and all the princes, were too impatient to know the object of her coming to interrupt her. "Sir," said she, "I do not know whether the news I bring you will give you joy or sorrow; the wedding which is about to take place convinces me of your infidelity to your queen."

"Her memory is always dear to me," said the king, shedding tears which he could not restrain; "but you must know, gentle frog, that kings do not always what they wish; my subjects have been pressing me to marry for these last nine years; I owe them heirs, and accordingly have turned my eyes toward this young princess, who appears to me to be charming in every respect."

"I do not advise you to marry her, for polygamy is a hanging matter; your queen is not dead; here is a letter written with her blood, which she intrusted to me; you have also a little princess, Moufette, who is more beautiful than all the goddesses."

The king took the rag on which the queen had scrawled a few words; he kissed it, he watered it with his

tears, and showed it to all the assembly, saying that he knew very well his wife's handwriting; he asked the frog a thousand questions, which she answered with as much wit as liveliness. The bride-elect and the ambassadors charged with seeing the solemnization of her marriage made very wry faces. "How, sire," said the chief of them, "is it possible that you can, on the assertion of such a reptile as this, break off so solemn a marriage? This scum of the marsh has the insolence to come with a lie in her mouth to your court, and enjoys the pleasure of being listened to!"

"Mister Ambassador," said the frog, "learn that I am not the scum of the marsh; and since I must here display my science, fairies and frogs appear!" All the frogs, rats, snails, lizards, and herself at their head, did appear; but no longer in the shape of those dirty little animals; their figures were tall and majestic, their countenances agreeable, their eyes brighter than stars; each of them wore a crown of precious stones on his head and a royal mantle on his shoulders, made of velvet and lined with ermine, with a long train, which was borne by male and female dwarfs. At the same time trumpets, kettle drums, haut-boys, and drums pierced the clouds with their agreeable and warlike sounds; all the fairies and frogs commenced a ballet, so lightly danced that at their least gambade they leaped as high as the ceiling of the saloon. The attentive king and bride-elect were equally surprised when they saw these honorable merry-andrews all at once metamorphosed into flowers, which danced none the less—jasmine, jonquils, violets, pinks and tuberoses—than when they had had legs and feet. It was an animated flower-bed, the motions of which were equally grateful to the nose and pleasant to the eye. In a moment the flowers vanished, and were replaced by several fountains; their waters, rapidly ascending and falling, formed themselves into a large canal, which took its course at the foot of the palace walls; it was covered with little painted and gilded pleasure-boats, so pretty and elegant that the princess invited her ambassadors to enter them with her, and take a little trip in them. They were very willing, thinking it was all a play, which would at last terminate in a happy wedding.

Directly they had embarked, the pleasure-boats, the

river and all the fountains disappeared; the frogs became frogs again. The king asked for his princess. The frog replied: "Sire, you have no right to any princess but the queen your wife; were I less her friend, I should not have troubled myself about the marriage which you were on the point of contracting; but she has so much merit, and your daughter Moufette is so amiable, that you must not lose a moment in trying to deliver them."

"I must confess to you, Mistress Frog," said the king, "that if I had not believed my wife was dead there is nothing in the world that I would not have done to see her again."

"After the marvels that I have performed in your presence," replied she, "it appears to me that you ought to be convinced of the truth of my assertions. Leave your kingdom under strict orders, and do not defer your departure. Here is a ring that will furnish you with the means of seeing the queen and of speaking to the Fairy Lioness, although she is the most terrible creature in the world."

The king, no longer seeing the princess whom he was to have married, felt his passion for her growing very weak, and, on the contrary, that which he had entertained for the queen gaining new ground.

He set out, unaccompanied by any one, after having made very considerable presents to the frog. "Do not be disheartened," said the latter to him; you will have formidable difficulties to overcome, but I hope you will succeed in attaining your wish." The king, comforted by these words, took no other guide than his ring to seek his dear queen.

As Moufette increased in size, her beauty improved so much that all the monsters of the quicksilver lake fell in love with her; dragons of terrible shape and size humbled themselves at her feet. Although she had constantly seen them, her beautiful eyes could not become accustomed to them; she fled and took refuge in her mother's arms. "Shall we be here long?" said she to her; "will our misfortunes never cease?" The queen gave her good hopes to console her, but in her heart she entertained none herself. The long absence of the frog, her profound silence, so long a period passed without any news from the king—all this, I say, afflicted her excessively and gave her no room to hope

The Fairy Lioness gradually accustomed herself to allow them to go hunting with her; she was dainty, and fond of the game which they killed for her, but the only recompense she gave them was either the feet or the head. What was more valuable, however, was their being permitted to enjoy once more the precious light of day. The fairy took the shape of a lioness; the queen and her daughter seated themselves on her back, and in that way they scoured the woods.

The king, conducted by his ring, happening to stop for a short time in a forest, saw them pass like an arrow from a bow; he was not perceived by them, but though he wished to follow them, they absolutely vanished from his eyes.

Notwithstanding the incessant misfortunes of the queen, her beauty was not changed, and she seemed to him more beautiful than ever. All his former passion rekindled, and, not doubting that the young princess with her was his dear Moufette, he determined to perish a thousand times rather than abandon his design of rescuing them.

The officious ring conducted him to the gloomy abode which had been tenanted by the queen for so many years; he was not a little surprised at descending to the center of the earth, but what he there saw astonished him still more. The Fairy Lioness, who was ignorant of nothing, knew the day and hour when he was destined to arrive. What would she not have given if Fate, in conjunction with herself, had ordered it otherwise! But she resolved at least to oppose all her power to that of the king.

She built in the middle of the quicksilver lake a crystal palace, which floated like a wave; she confined the poor queen and her daughter in it, and then addressed all the monsters who were amorous of Moufette, saying: "You will lose this beautiful princess if you do not interest yourselves with me to defend her against a knight who is coming to carry her off." The monsters promised to neglect nothing that lay in their power; they surrounded the crystal palæe, the lightest of them stationing themselves on the roof and walls, others at the doors, and the remainder in the lake.

The king, by the advice of his faithful ring, went first to the fairy's cavern; she was waiting for him in the

shape of a lioness. Directly he appeared, she sprang upon him; he wielded his sword with bravery that she had not expected, and as she was raising one of her paws to beat him down, he made a cut at one of her joints and exactly hit her knee. She uttered a loud cry and fell; he went up to her, put his knee on her throat, and swore that he would kill her, and, in spite of her invulnerable fury, she could not help being afraid. "What do you wish me to do?" said she to him. "What do you require of me?"

"I mean to punish you," replied he proudly, "for having carried off my wife, and if you do not immediately restore her to me I will strangle you on the spot."

"Lock toward that lake," said she, "and see whether she is in my power."

The king looked in the direction she pointed out to him, and saw the queen and her daughter in the crystal castle, which was floating like a galley without oars or helm on the surface of the quicksilver.

His joy and grief were so great that they had nearly cost him his life. He called them at the top of his voice, and made himself heard by them; but how to reach them? was the question. While he was seeking the means of doing so, the Fairy Lioness disappeared.

He kept running round the shores of the lake; when he arrived on one side, and was very near reaching the transparent palace, it went away from him with incredible swiftness, and his hopes were thus constantly disappointed. The queen, who was fearful that he would presently get tired, called to him not to let his courage fail, that the Fairy Lioness wished to fatigue him, but that true love could not be daunted by any difficulties. Thereupon she and Moufette stretched their hands toward him supplicatingly. At that sight the king felt himself strengthened yet again, and, raising his voice, he swore by Styx and Acheron rather to pass the remainder of his life in that sorrowful place than quit it without them.

He must have possessed great perseverance, for he passed his time very miserably. The earth, covered with brambles and thorns, served him for bed; his only food was wild fruit, more bitter than gall, and he had incessant battles to fight with the monsters of the lake. Husbands who would endure all this for the sake of see-

ing their wives once more were certainly contemporary with the fairies, and his conduct sufficiently distinguishes the epoch of my tale.

Three years passed away without the king having any grounds for hoping to attain his end; he was almost in despair; he resolved a hundred times to throw himself in the lake, and he would have done so if he could have looked upon such conduct as a remedy for the queen and princess' troubles. He was running, according to his usual custom, first to one side then to another, when a frightful dragon called him, and said: "If you are willing to swear to me by your crown and scepter, your royal mantle, your wife and daughter, to give me a certain dainty bit to eat that I am fond of, and which I shall ask you for when I feel inclined for it, I will take you on my wings, and in spite of all the monsters which cover the lake and guard the crystal castle, I engage that between us we will liberate the queen and the Princess Moufette."

"Ah, my dear dragon," cried the king, "I swear to give you, and all your dragonish kind, whatever you please to eat, and will always remain your grateful debtor."

"Do not bind yourself," replied the dragon, "if you do not intend to keep your word; for in that case such terrible misfortunes will happen that you will remember them all the rest of your life."

The king redoubled his protestations; he was dying with impatience to deliver his dear queen; he mounted on the dragon's back, the same as he would have done on the finest horse in the world. The monsters came to meet them and oppose their passage; they fought, and nothing was heard but the sharp hissing of serpents, and nothing seen but sulphur and saltpeter, falling indiscriminately: at last the king reached the castle; the efforts were there renewed; bats, owls, and ravens all opposed his entrance; but the dragon, with his claws, teeth, and tail, crushed to atoms the most daring among them. The queen, on her side, who witnessed that dreadful conflict, by dint of kicking with her feet broke pieces from the walls, and made of them arms to assist her dear husband; they were at last victorious, they met, and the enchantment was dissolved by a thunderbolt, which fell into the lake and dried it up.

The officious dragon disappeared on the instant, with all the other monsters; and the king, without being able to divine by what means, was transported to his capital city: he found himself with the queen and Moufette seated in a magnificent saloon, at a table spread with a delicious repast. Never was astonishment equal to theirs, or joy greater. All their subjects hastened to see their queen and the young princess, who, as a climax to the prodigy, was so superbly dressed that their sight could hardly endure the dazzling luster of the precious stones.

It is easy to imagine that pleasure of all kinds was the chief business of the happy court: there were masquerades, races for rings, tournaments which attracted the greatest princes in the world; and Moufette's beautiful eyes detained them all. Among those who appeared the handsomest and most skillful of them, the Prince Moufy always bore off the palm; nothing was heard but applause, everybody admired him, and the young Moufette, who had till then been always among the dragons and serpents of the lake, could not avoid doing justice to Moufy's merit; he never let a day pass without showing her fresh gallantries; for he was passionately fond of her; and having determined to establish his pretensions, he informed the king and queen that his principality was of an extent and beauty that merited particular attention.

The king told him that Moufette was at liberty to choose herself a husband, and that he would contradict her in nothing; that he must strive to please her, as it was the only means of obtaining his wish. The prince was in ecstasies at this answer; he had learned at several meetings that he was not indifferent to her; and having at last declared himself to her, she told him that if he did not become her husband she would have no one else. Moufy, transported with joy, threw himself at her feet, and conjured her in the most tender terms not to forget the declaration she had made.

He immediately hastened to the king and queen's apartment, and gave them an account of the progress of his passion for Moufette, and begged them not to defer his happiness. They gave their consent with pleasure; for Prince Moufy was so accomplished that he alone seemed worthy of possessing the admirable Moufette. The king wished to betroth them before Moufy returned

to his kingdom, where he had to go to give orders for his marriage; for he would rather never have set out than go away without certain assurances that he should be made happy on his return. The Princess Moufette could not bid him adieu without shedding many tears; she had undefinable sensations which afflicted her; and the queen, seeing the prince overwhelmed with grief, gave him her daughter's portrait, entreating him by the love he bore them both that the entry he was going to order should not be so magnificent as to retard in the least his return. He said: "Madam, I never obeyed you with so much pleasure as I shall on this occasion; my heart is too much interested in it to allow me to neglect the means of making myself happy."

He departed with expedition, and the Princess Moufette, while awaiting his return, occupied herself with music; and the instruments she had learned to play only a few months back, she performed on to admiration. One day as she was in the queen's room the king entered, his face covered with tears; and taking his daughter's hand: "Oh! my child," said he; "oh, unfortunate father, unlucky king, that I am!" He could say no more, sighs choked his utterance; the queen and princess, dreadfully frightened, asked him what was the matter; after awhile he told them that a monstrous giant had just arrived, calling himself ambassador from the dragon of the lake, who, pursuant to the promise exacted by him from the king for aiding him to fight and conquer the monsters, was come to demand the Princess Moufette, to the end of eating her in a pie; that he was bound by a terrible oath to give him whatever he should ask for—and in those days breaking one's word was unknown.

On hearing the sorrowful news, the queen uttered dreadful cries, folding the princess in her arms. "They shall rather take my life," said she, "than persuade me to deliver my daughter to the monster; let him take our kingdom and all that we possess. Unnatural father, could you consent to such a shocking barbarity? What! make my child into a pie! Ah! I cannot endure the thought; send the cruel ambassador here; perhaps my grief may soften him."

The king made no reply, but went to speak to the giant, and led him to the queen's presence. She threw

herself at his feet, and with her daughter conjured him to have pity on them, and persuade the dragon to take all they had but save Moufette's life; but he answered that that did not at all depend on him, and that the dragon was too obstinate and too dainty; that when he took it into his head to eat any delicate morsel the gods themselves could not remove his longing; that he counseled them as a friend to do the thing with a good grace, as otherwise the most dreadful misfortunes might follow. At these words the queen fainted away, and the princess would have done so likewise, only her assistance was necessary to her mother.

This sorrowful news was no sooner spread in the palace than it became known to all the town; nothing was heard but weeping and groans, for Moufette was adored. The king could not decide to give her to the giant; and the giant, who had already been staying several days, began to get tired, and threatened in a dreadful manner. However, the king and queen said: "What worse can happen to us? When the dragon of the lake comes to devour us we shall be no longer afflicted; but if our Moufette is made into a pie we shall be undone." Thereupon the giant informed them that he had received news from his master, and that if the princess was willing to marry a certain nephew of his, he consented to allow her to live; for the rest, that the nephew was a very handsome prince, and that she might live very happily with him.

This proposal soothed a little their majesties' grief; the queen spoke to the princess, but she found her still more averse to this marriage than to death. "I am incapable, madam," said Moufette, "of preserving my life by an act of infidelity; you promised me Prince Moufy, and I will never marry any other. Let me die; the close of my life will secure the peace of your own." The king entered; he said to his daughter all that the fondest tenderness could dictate; she remained unchanged in her sentiments; and finally it was resolved to conduct her to the summit of a high mountain, whence the dragon of the lake was to come and fetch her.

Everything was prepared for this sorrowful sacrifice; the sacrifices of Iphigenia and of Psyche could not have been more mournful; nothing was to be seen but black clothes and pale and doleful countenances. Four hun-

dred young ladies of the highest quality dressed themselves in long white garments, and put on cypress crowns, to accompany her; she was carried in a black velvet open sedan, so that everybody might behold this masterpiece of beauty; her hair was scattered over her shoulders, and tied with crape, and the crown on her head was of jasmine and marigold. She only appeared moved by the grief of the king and queen, who were following, overwhelmed with the most profound grief. The giant, armed at all points, marched by the side of the princess' sedan, and looking at her with a greedy eye, seemed as though he felt pretty certain of eating his share of her. The air resounded with sighs and sobs; the road was flooded with the tears that were shed.

"Ah, frog, frog!" cried the queen, "you have abandoned me! Alas! Why did you grant me your assistance in the gloomy plain, if you refuse it at present? Happy should I have been had I died there! I should not then have seen all my hopes deceived to-day! I should not have seen my dear Moufette on the point of being devoured."

While she was making these lamentations they still kept moving forward, walking, however, very slowly, and at last they arrived at the summit of the fatal mountain. There they redoubled their cries and sorrow to such a degree that nothing ever was so mournful; the giant requested everybody to bid the princess adieu and return. They retired immediately, for in those days people were very unsophisticated, and always did what they could not help doing with a good grace.

The king and queen, when they had reached some distance, ascended another mountain with all their court, that they might thence observe all that happened to the princess; in effect they had not been there long before they saw a dragon nearly a mile and a half long in the air; although he had six large wings, his body was so heavy that he could hardly fly, and it was covered with large blue scales and long fiery darts, his tail being disposed in fifty folds and a half; each of his claws was as large as a windmill, and inside his open jaws was a triple row of teeth as large as those of an elephant.

But as he was gradually advancing, the dear and faithful frog, mounted on a sparrow-hawk, flew rapidly toward

Prince Moufy. She wore her wreath of roses, and though he was locked in his closet she entered it without a key. "What are you doing here, unfortunate lover?" said she. "You are dreaming of the charms of Moufette, who is at this moment exposed to the most terrible misfortune; here, then, is a rose-leaf; by blowing on it I will transform it into an excellent horse, as you shall see." Immediately a white horse made his appearance. She gave him a sword, six ells in length, and lighter than a feather: she clothed him in a single diamond, which fitted him like a suit of clothes: and although it was harder than a rock, it was so flexible that it did not the least constrain his motions in any respect.

"Depart," said Grenouilletta to him; "run, fly to the defense of her whom you love; the horse which I give you will take you where she is; when you have effected her deliverance inform her of the share I have had in it."

"Generous fairy," cried the prince, "I cannot at present manifest all my gratitude; but I declare that I will always be your very faithful slave."

He mounted his horse, which immediately galloped off, and made better speed than three of the best hunters; so that he arrived in a very short time at the summit of the mountain, where he saw his dear princess by herself, and the frightful dragon slowly drawing near. He became furious, and attempted to spring upon the prince; but the six-ells-long sword was of so good a temper that he could handle it just as he liked, sometimes burying it up to the hilt in the monster's body, and at others using it as a whip. The prince would not have failed to feel the strength of his claws, but for the diamond dress, which was impenetrable.

Moufette had recognized him a long way off; for the diamond which covered him was very bright and clear, so that she was seized with the most mortal apprehension of which woman is susceptible: but the king and queen began to feel in their heart a few rays of hope; for it was very extraordinary to see a horse and a prince in a diamond case, armed with a formidable sword, arrive at so opportune a moment, and fight with so much bravery. The king put his hat on his walking-stick, and the queen fastened her handkerchief to the end of a piece of wood, to make signs to the prince and encourage him. All



PRINCE MOUFY'S FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

their *cortège* did the same. But, in fact, it was unnecessary; his courage alone, and the peril to which he saw his mistress exposed, was sufficient to excite him.

What mighty efforts he made! the earth was strewed with darts, claws, horns, wings and scales of the dragon; his blood flowed from a thousand wounds; it was quite blue, and the horse's was quite green, which made a singular combination of colors on the ground. The prince fell five times, always rising again himself; he watched his opportunity to remount his horse, and then such fighting ensued that nothing was ever like it. At last the dragon's strength was exhausted, he fell, and the prince dealt him a wound which left a fearful gash; and what is almost incredible, but is nevertheless as true as the rest of the tale, is, that the most beautiful and charming prince that was ever seen issued forth from that large wound; his coat was of blue velvet with a gold ground, embroidered all over with pearls; on his head he wore a little Greek morion, shaded with white feathers. He ran with open arms, and, embracing Prince Moufy, "What do I not owe you, my generous liberator," said he to him—"you who have just delivered me from the most frightful prison that ever monarch was confined in! I was condemned to that punishment by the Fairy Lioness; sixteen years have I languished there: and her power was such that, in spite of my own will, she would have forced me to devour this adorable princess; conduct me to her feet, that I may explain my misfortune."

Prince Moufy, surprised and delighted with so astounding an adventure, was in no respect behind this prince in complaisance; they hastened to join the beautiful Moufette, who for her part thanked the gods a thousand times for so unexpected a happiness. The king, queen, and all the court were already near her; they were all speaking at once, not one of them being able to distinguish what the others said; there were almost as many tears shed for joy as there had been recently shed for grief. At last, that nothing might be wanting to the happiness of all present, the good frog appeared in the air, mounted on a sparrow-hawk, which had little golden bells attached to its feet. When they heard the tinkle, tinkle, they all looked up; they saw her wreath of roses shine like a little sun, the frog herself being as beautiful

as Aurora. The queen advanced toward her, and took one of her little paws; then the wise frog metamorphosed herself, and appeared like a noble queen; her face was the most agreeable in the world. "I come," cried she, "to crown the fidelity of the Princess Moufette: she preferred exposing her life to changing her sentiments; this example is rare in the present period, but it will be much more so in the ages to come."

She then took two myrtle crowns, and with them crowned the happy pair who loved each other so tenderly; and making three strokes with her wand all the bones of the dragon rose and formed a triumphal arch, in commemoration of the important event which had just taken place.

Then that fair and numerous troop journeyed toward the city, singing wedding-songs, with as much gayety as they had sorrowfully mourned the sacrifice of the princess. The wedding was only deferred until the next day; it may be easily imagined with what joy it was celebrated.

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## THE STORY OF PRINCE SINCERE.

THERE was once upon a time, in the country of Zinzolantines, a king who had an extreme passion for silkworms; he spent whole days in his gardens gathering mulberry leaves for their nourishment; the remainder of his time he spent in his closet, watching those little animals at work, and making skeins of the silk they had spun; for he could find no one to do this to his satisfaction: in fact, no one could perform this office so well as his majesty. He frequently made presents of his skeins to the lords of his court, most of them, of course, silkworm fanciers, as they, like all true courtiers, gloried in imitating their sovereign. Now, what was the consequence of all this? Politeness and wit abandoned an abode where they were so slightly esteemed; rudeness and folly seized upon the youth of the court; and weariness or *ennui* fell to the lot of its fairest ladies. Hopeless of having their charms and accomplishments appreciated by men who only understood and admired the beauty of silkworms and the fineness of their silk, nearly

all the ladies retired into the distant provinces of the kingdom. In one these there was formed a little court, not of princes, not of dukes, nor even of marquises (from all of these ranks the ladies had experienced too much neglect and rudeness), but of persons of a less elevated grade; who, possessing none of the above titles, were not the less worthy men on that account. At this little court were to be found refined tastes and virtuous prin-



ciples; its inhabitants cultivated the sciences, and enjoyed all reasonable pleasures without ever banishing that delicacy which constitutes their principal charm; in a word, they were in all things the exact reverse of those who composed the court of his silk-winding majesty, from which the queen was one of the first who retired. She had a very fine castle, situated in a forest near the seashore; this castle she chose for her residence: and having bade the king adieu, to whom her departure caused no great uneasiness, she set out, accompanied by the two princesses who were the sole fruits of her marriage with the king, and a few of her attendants, of whose zeal and affection she was assured.

The solitude of the castle did not disgust her; she embellished it by tasteful improvements and made it a charming abode by uniting within and about it some of

the most beautiful objects of nature, and the most perfect productions of art. Surrounded by persons whom she loved, she enjoyed in this retirement a tranquil repose to which she had before been a stranger. The princesses also were delighted with their abode. They were fond of music, and among their train were several who cultivated that art with the most brilliant success. These two young ladies were equally beautiful in face as in figure; yet were they not equally amiable. The elder, whose name was Katherine, was proud, envious, revengeful, and cruel. The younger was gentle and affectionate; and her greatest pleasure was to oblige. In her heart and in her mind she had a thousand charming qualities, which made her beloved by all who had the happiness to know her; she consequently deserved the characteristic name of Amy. She was affectionately attached to her sister, though she was not ignorant that she was disliked by her.

One day, after enduring a torrent of reproaches from Katherine, because she would not appear in an unsuitable dress at a masked ball at which a numerous assemblage was expected, Amy took a solitary walk by the seashore to dissipate the sorrow that her sister's ill-humor had engendered. Katherine, filled with anger at her sister's non-compliance with her wishes, went also to walk in a neighboring forest, that she might devise a dress to appear in at the ball which should eclipse in brilliancy that of Amy. Filled with these thoughts, she had walked some distance from the castle without perceiving that she had gone much further than she had intended. Weariness at length obliged her to seat herself at the foot of an old oak tree, whose foliage formed a shade impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Accidentally examining the immense size and thickness of the trunk of this oak, Katherine discovered a little key concealed between the bark and the wood; she took it in her hand, unable to divine what could be its use, and why it was there; and then endeavored to replace it. After trying to do so two or three times unsuccessfully, she pushed the key into a hole that she observed, when immediately the key turned round of itself; a little door flew open which was sunk in the tree with infinite art; and the door being open discovered a staircase. Katherine, curious to know

where it could lead, determined to descend: the first steps were very obscure; but as she descended she noticed with surprise that the staircase was lighted by numerous waxen tapers placed in rock crystal lustres. The princess continued to descend; and, having gone down more than three hundred steps, she came to a magnificently furnished apartment. It will be said that it is astonishing and almost impossible that a young person of her sex should be sufficiently adventurous thus to enter alone into an unknown cavern; but I must inform my readers of a fact of which I possess undoubted evidence, which will cause their wonder to cease, namely, that Katherine wore on her little finger a ring that had been bequeathed to her by her grandfather on his deathbed, which would preserve her, until her twentieth year, from every species of danger. Persuaded, therefore, that she had nothing to fear, she walked onward until she came to a large cabinet, or rather a storeroom, of rare jewels and precious stones. Katherine paused to examine the rarities she saw around her; when her eye, chancing to alight on a bed of cloth of silver standing in a kind of recess or grotto, what was her astonishment to observe, posing thereon, the handsomest young man she had ever beheld; he seemed to be buried in a profound sleep. Katherine approached to consider the sleeper more attentively. This curiosity cost her dearly, for from that moment she was no longer mistress of herself. Convinced (as all pretty women are) that no one could see her without loving her, she did not hesitate to awaken the charming unknown, with the hope of inspiring him with that tenderness which she already felt for him. Accordingly, she made a slight noise in passing into the next apartment, so that he might not think she had awakened him designedly. On entering this room she found a written paper containing the following words:

“She, only, who shall be able to inspire the ugliest of mortals with the passion of love, can make an impression on the heart of the prince who reposes here.”

The Princess Katherine perused this paper several times, and flattered herself that her charms were quite powerful enough to affect the sleeper, without her being obliged to seek out the ugliest of men, in order to inspire him with a hopeless passion. Filled with this self-con-

fidence, she was about to re-enter the cabinet, not doubting that she should find the unknown awake; when a spider's web, through which it was impossible to see any object distinctly, opposed her ingress directly she approached the door. "So slight an obstacle shall not prevent my entrance," said Katherine, and she endeavored to pass; but, notwithstanding all her efforts, she could not succeed in lifting or breaking through the web. Astonished to find such strength in so apparently slight a fabric, she resolved to reascend into the forest, to return to the queen, and have a search made for this ugliest of all ugly men, whom it was necessary to inspire with love ere she could hope to be beloved by the charming person she had just seen. Accordingly, she retraced her steps through all the apartments, ascended the staircase, passed out by the door in the tree, which was remaining open as she had left it; and no sooner was she in the open air than the door closed of itself so effectually that she could not observe exactly where it was, nor could she find the little key again. She walked several times round the oak with this view, but she could not succeed. Desperate at this last circumstance, she turned toward the castle: and, as she was walking on the seashore, observed the Princess Amy, her sister, attentively examining a diamond of surprising size and beauty—a bird had just let it fall on her dress, telling her to keep it very carefully, as it would one day preserve her in a moment of great danger. Katherine, enchanted with the beauty of this admirable jewel, wished to have it in her possession; but attempting to snatch it from Amy, she was prevented by a little man from behind her, whose frightful appearance made both the princesses take flight, and run for shelter into the forest.

The little man was three feet high; his very large and flat head was thatched with lank red hair; his eyes were sunk in his head, and of such small dimensions that they would have been indistinguishable but for the bright red with which they were bordered; his nose was red and pointed; his cheeks hung as low as his breast, and his mouth and chin were graced by a long and bushy red beard. His ill-shapen body was supported by a single leg, on which it was balanced as on a pivot; but so nice was its equilibrium that the slightest breath of wind made

it turn round continually, for which reason he went out in very calm weather only. He did not walk at all, but hopped with wonderful agility; and, by many little hops, he soon arrived wherever he wished to go. Katherine, recovered from the fear that the little monster had occasioned her, soon returned to him; and in an ill-humored tone asked who he was, and what could have made him daring enough to oppose her desires.

“I am a powerful king,” answered the deformed, “and my name is Sincere; reasons, which I cannot disclose to you, have banished me for a time from my dominions; and have obliged me to pass my time in the hollow of a rock, situated not very far from hence. I have seen you several times in this charming neighborhood. I have frequently noticed your unkind proceedings toward the princess, your sister; and I have only just prevented another injury you would have committed in taking from her a diamond, which is her property. My natural love of justice, joined to an impulse that I dare not declare, induced me to take your sister’s part, and to prevent your doing her that wrong.”

Katherine heard the prince’s long answer to her question with extreme impatience; however, she dissembled her anger, on reflecting that the speaker could not possibly be equaled for ugliness, and that consequently she ought to neglect nothing to please him; since it was written, that on that condition only could she inspire a passion for herself in the person whom she now so dearly loved.

Accordingly, assuming a more gentle air, she told Sincere that the rank of king, and the unfortunate condition to which he appeared to be reduced, compelled her to pardon him; that she even desired the honor of his friendship, which she flattered herself he would not refuse. She then invited him to the castle, assuring him that the queen, when she should learn his quality, would doubtless offer him apartments in which he might tranquilly reside, until fortune should cease to persecute him. The king politely thanked her; and told her that he was too well aware of his excessive ugliness to dare to flatter himself with the hope of obtaining the friendship of so beautiful a princess; or of residing at a court where he knew that the deformity of his figure could never be forgiven.

Having expressed himself to this effect, the king made Katherine a bow and hopped away, sighing, and looking toward the amiable Amy, whom the presence of her sister had kept at a short distance during this conference. Amy had, however, overheard her sister's conversation with Sincere, and had been as much surprised at the affected kindness of the Princess Katherine as at her having invited him to the castle; she therefore reluctantly concluded that the princess had only assumed a show of mildness as a cloak to some wicked design. The pity that Amy felt for all who were unforunate made her resolve immediately to warn the king that he should not place too much confidence in her sister's apparent friendship; and it was with some impatience she perceived that her engagements would compel her to defer until the morrow the execution of her project. But the next day, accompanied by a female attendant, Amy left the castle and took the road leading to Sincere's rock; at which she had nearly arrived when she heard some one singing a song, the words of which appeared to be addressed to herself. She stopped to listen. The tone of the voice she heard was so melodious, and so pleased her ear, that she remained riveted to the spot for some time after the song had ceased; until Cicely, her attendant, dispelled her reverie by informing her that Sincere was coming toward them.

Although Amy had made up her mind to regard him without fear, she nevertheless found that she could not look upon him without trembling, and immediately turned away her face. Sincere appeared to observe her emotion with sorrow; but, saluting her very respectfully, he invited her to walk into his rustic palace to repose herself. Amy accepted his courtesy, telling his majesty at the same time that she had come purposely to his grotto that she might inform him of something of great importance. The king offered her his hand as gracefully as he could, and led her toward his grotto, entertaining her with the most lively conversation. The princess could never have imagined a person so ugly as Prince Sincere with a mind so lively and penetrating. Everything he said, too, was pronounced in a tone that so charmed the princess that she could not help wishing over and over again that if ever she had a lover he might

be possessed of the intelligence and graceful spirit of this unfortunate. At last she came to the rock which contained Sincere's grotto. It was carpeted with soft green moss; within it was a table formed by a slab of white marble, of which nature had been the only artificer; while a bed and a few turf seats were the only furniture that Sincere's residence contained. A cascade of fresh and pure water fell from the height of the rock, and formed a small streamlet, whose gentle murmur, with the melodious songs of the nightingales perched among the branches of an orange-tree laden with blossoms and fruit, sounded more charmingly in the princess' ears than the finest concert she had ever heard.

After praising his pleasant retreat, Amy unfolded to Sincere her reasons for paying him this visit. The prince, charmed at the interest she took in what concerned himself, was very eloquent in the expressions of his gratitude; some words even escaped him which made it sufficiently apparent that his heart was filled with the most tender love. Amy remarked them, but feigned not to understand that they were addressed to herself; and, by way of changing the subject of conversation, she informed the king with what satisfaction she had overheard a charming voice shortly before she saw him, and asked him if he were acquainted with the person who sang so well.

"It is a prince who adores you," answered Sincere, "and who would make you an offer of his heart, his hand, and the crown that he will one day wear; but that his form forbids him to hope." Sincere sighed as he said these words.

The princess blushed, and not doubting that it was of himself he spoke, questioned him no further, and became very thoughtful; shortly afterward she quitted the grotto, fearful that her absence might be noticed. She walked in the direction of the palace, observing to Cicely that she thought Sincere was a very intelligent man. "I protest, my dear Cicely," said she, "I feel for him, notwithstanding his deformity, what I never felt for any one before."

"What, madam!" said the astonished attendant, "is it possible that you can regard the little monster with any other feeling than horror; nay, that you should even feel

anything like affection for such a creature? Surely you could never resolve to live with him? What could you do with so hideous a being? The smallest wind makes him turn round like a weathercock."

"Ah!" said the young Princess Amy, "but then he thinks with such vivacity, and speaks with so much eloquence, that I should prefer him to the handsomest man in the world. Handsome men are nearly always wretchedly stupid and too much in love with themselves; they pay greater devotion to their looking-glasses than to our sex—" The princess would have continued, but at that moment she heard a cry that stopped her; and looking on the ground, she saw, with much surprise, a white viper, darting fire from its eyes, which spoke to her as follows: "Madam, you were about to crush me beneath your feet; if I were not so forgiving as I am, I should punish you for your thoughtlessness; but I pardon you, on condition that you place me on the trunk of the large chestnut-tree near you, from the branches of which I have just fallen. One of these days I shall acknowledge the service, for I am a fairy; though, in common with all my sisters, I am obliged to quit my natural shape one day in every week, and assume that form which may be ordained by an old sorcerer, from whom we derive our power; and who punishes us in this way for having, one day while he slept, cut off his beard and mustachios, which were extremely displeasing objects. This evening I shall resume my usual form, and you will hear from me." Amy took the viper tremblingly in her hand when it had ceased to speak, placed it on the tree, and hastily left the spot, unwilling to look again on an animal that had caused her so much fear. She then made the best of her way to the castle, where, on arriving, she learned that Katherine had just dispatched a courier with a message from the queen, inviting King Sincere to come and spend a few days at the palace. This at first alarmed Amy, who was acquainted with her sister's wickedness; but her uneasiness was soon dissipated, for one of Katherine's attendants, to whom that princess had confided her adventure, informed her of what had taken place in the forest.

Sincere was, as you may suppose, surprised at the queen's invitation. His first impulse was courteously to

refuse it; but, on reflecting that by accepting it he would be enabled to see the beautiful princess with whom he was in love every day, he resolved to set out, and hopped into a little calash that had been sent for his accommodation. His arrival was awaited at the castle with great impatience, arising, however, from widely different motives: the ladies of the court being curious to see a man who was unlike all other men; Katherine anxious to make a conquest of him, for the sake of gaining the sleeper; and Amy looking for his arrival in the hope of enabling the wretched man to pass at least some days agreeably.

At last he arrived, and was received with all the honors due to his rank. Katherine, who welcomed him very benignantly, was magnificently dressed, and looked so well that, but for her sister, she might have been pronounced the most beautiful woman in the universe. She was therefore much mortified to observe that, in spite of all her blandishments, Sincere was insensible to her charms, and that his regards were constantly directed toward Amy. Her anger was boundless to think that, having done all in her power to please the ugliest man in the world, she was yet unable to succeed. Whatever offends the self-love of the ladies is never forgiven; accordingly, she became infuriated against the prince and her sister. What would she not have given to have prevented their seeing each other! However, that was impossible; for the king, being at liberty to speak to Amy, availed himself of every opportunity of so doing; while it was obvious that Amy was no unwilling auditor, and could not deny herself the pleasure of listening to Sincere.

As the Princess Amy was one evening walking in an avenue in the park, she observed a ball rolling toward her very quickly: it stopped directly it was within a yard or two of her, and opening of itself, there issued from it a little woman, who continued to increase in size until she was ten or twelve feet high. "I am the Fairy Severe," said she, addressing Amy, "whom you were kind enough to assist a few days ago." Amy recognized her, for the fairy darted fire from her eyes, as did the white viper she had placed upon the tree; and, accordingly, she saluted her very respectfully. Severe proceeded to inform Amy that the friendship she felt for that prin-

cess had induced her to demand her hand in marriage of the queen for the King of the Butterflies, her nephew, who was the most amiable man in the world. "I have just left the queen's closet," concluded the fairy, "and I have obtained your mother's consent. His majesty will arrive here in two or three days, to make you his queen." This information, which would have afforded much pleasure to many princesses, sensibly afflicted the young Amy; she was so much grieved at hearing it that she was unable to utter a word in answer to the fairy. Severe, imagining that joy prevented her speaking, kissed her forehead; then, bidding her adieu, she re-entered her ball, which returned in the direction it had come.

At this moment Cicely brought the princess word that the queen wished to speak with her: accordingly, she hastened to her mother, who, without giving her time to speak, ordered her to prepare herself to receive the King of the Butterflies as her husband at the end of two days. Amy threw herself at her mother's feet, and conjured her to recall the promise she had made to Severe. The queen, however, was inflexible; she dreaded the power of the fairies; and hopeful that Severe would one day confer on her some mark of her friendship, she told her daughter that she would be obeyed. Amy dared not reply, and retired in deep affliction. Katherine, who at any other time would have been jealous of the fairy's preference for her sister, was delighted at the intended match, flattering herself that when Sincere no longer saw Amy, he must fall in love with herself. This sorrowful news was not long in reaching the ears of that unfortunate king, and it affected him to such a degree that he fell dangerously ill. Meanwhile, the day arrived on which the fairy's nephew was to be presented. The queen, the princesses, and all the court went out to receive him; and had no sooner reached the terrace than they perceived afar off a very brilliant-looking kind of cloud, which was rapidly approaching the castle. It immediately struck them that this must be the prince; and the conjecture proved to be well-founded; the King of the Butterflies was coming, seated in a diamond chariot, drawn by upward of ten thousand butterflies, all of a delicate rose color. They were harnessed to the chariot by traces of fine gold thread, interwoven with consummate skill; a

hundred young lords followed their master in calashes of rock-crystal, set with emeralds and rubies, drawn likewise by butterflies; but the latter were quite white. When the king's chariot arrived near the place where the ladies were standing his majesty alighted in their presence, his suit attending him in admirable order. He was richly dressed, and never was dandy more powdered or better curled than his majesty. He must have passed at least three hours at his toilet; and his dread of disarranging his curls made him walk very gently: however, this did not prevent his appearing to great advantage; and everybody admired him, the ladies making observations to each other as to the delicate whiteness of his complexion and hands. Nothing could exceed the symmetry of his shape, with which, indeed, he himself seemed to be not a little enamored. He easily recognized the Princess Amy by a portrait which had been given to him by the fairy; and having approached that young lady, he made her a very formal bow, and presenting his arm, said to her: "This is not a proper place, charming Amy, to compliment you on your beauty, the air is too sultry; is it possible to converse at one's ease on a terrace, exposed to the melting rays of the sun? Therefore, let us enter the palace, and not risk our being turned black as Ethiopians."

With these words, and almost without saluting the queen and the ladies of her suite, the King of the Butterflies turned toward the castle. Having entered, with the Princess Amy and those who accompanied her, into a large saloon which had been prepared for his reception, he threw himself on a sofa, observing that he was stifled with heat; and then he lolled at full length in a position anything but graceful. However, he was polite enough to ask the princess' pardon for his apparent disrespect, assuring her that he was in absolute want of repose; and that he must be a little cooler before he could resolve to speak to her on the important subject of his coming. Thereupon he drew sundry diamond smelling and essence bottles from his pocket, and poured some perfume on his hands; then pulling out two or three jeweled gold boxes, he took snuff, and commenced humming a little air, which having concluded, he asked Amy whether she did not think his equipage was very splendid; and whether

his dress, which he had selected from among two hundred, was to her taste; finishing by relating to her the history of the numberless ladies who were dying of love for him.

It is easy to judge whether such topics were gratifying to the fair Amy—she who preferred wit and good sense to every charm of person, and who was quite different from the generality of her sex, on whom a magnificent suit of clothes, a dashing figure, and a few other equally worthless attractions, make more impression than an amiable heart and an enlightened understanding. Accordingly, she conceived so great an aversion for the King of the Butterflies that she was obliged to quit the saloon, stating that she was unwell, and retire to her apartment, there to conceal her sorrow and her tears.

Although Sincere was unwell, on hearing of Amy's illness he contrived to drag himself to her apartment to inquire after her health. When the Princess Amy saw him she sighed and said: "Ah! prince, why has not the queen destined me to be yours? Are you unable to snatch me from him to whom they would by force unite me?"

Sincere, enraptured, seized her hand, and kissing it tenderly, said: "What! beautiful Amy, is it possible that you would rather live with me than with a prince whose handsome face, person and manners are universally admired? Deformed as I am, can I be so fortunate as not to be hateful to your sight? In mercy answer me; your reply will decide on the happiness or misery of my life."

"Yes, sir," said the charming Amy, "know that I love you. This confession—" She would have spoken further; but Sincere, hopping backward, became gradually smaller and smaller, until at last he was quite invisible. A heavy cloud of smoke then appeared where he had lately stood, which slowly clearing away, the princess discovered an extremely handsome young man, whose looks, at once majestic, benignant and intelligent, inspired her with a certain indescribable emotion, which engaged her heart in his favor the moment their eyes met. The Princess Amy continued for some time to regard him with equal admiration and surprise; but her astonishment increased tenfold when the stranger addressed to her, in the most respectful manner, the following words:

“The charming avowal you have just made, madam, has forever ended my enchantment. I am the Prince Sincere who, under my former wretched form, was rash enough to tell you he adored you.”

Amy recognized him by the tone of his voice, and giving vent to her joy at finding him so different from what he had hitherto appeared, she entreated Sincere to inform her how such a strange metamorphosis had been brought about.

“I am the sovereign,” answered the prince, “of the Island of Sincerity; and when the event I am about to relate to you happened, I was reigning over that island very peaceably, beloved by all my subjects. One day at the chase, as I was very eagerly pursuing a lion which had escaped me several times, I unconsciously lost my way. I found myself in a shady walk; when, on looking around me, I observed a woman shaped exactly, madam, as you have always hitherto seen me. I gazed on her in astonishment; and I could not forbear laughing to see her turn round on her single leg like a weathercock. She perceived my mirth; and, in an angry voice, asked what amused me. Politeness forbade my telling her; but she pressed me so closely that I at last confessed that her singular figure had provoked my laughter. My candor displeased her: she knit her brows; and, after throwing two or three somersaults in the air, said:

“As a punishment for your insolence, I ordain that your form shall become similar to mine; and no power shall restore your proper shape until you meet with a young princess, in whom are united wit, good nature and beauty, for whom you shall feel a violent love; and who, notwithstanding your deformity, shall be inspired with sufficient passion for yourself to make you, unmasked, an avowal of her tenderness. You will, however, resume your natural form during the space of one hour every day; but it shall only take place in a certain cavern situated in a forest in the dominions of the silkworm-fancying king. I ordain, further, that you shall not be permitted to apprise any person whatever of your misfortune, until your enchantment shall be dispelled.’

“I listened very patiently to this threatening speech, believing that it would not be followed by any effects; but what was my grief when, after this frightful fairy

(for fairy she was) had breathed on me, I became as misshapen as herself. My transformation completed, she hopped away laughing with all her might. I dared not return to my palace and state what had occurred, persuaded that I should neither be recognized nor believed. The desire I felt to recover my original form prompted me to travel through many kingdoms and visit many courts, in hopes of finding such a princess as the fairy had mentioned; but my travels were attended by no result. I consequently grew tired of searching, and formed the resolution of leading a solitary life in some retired nook, far removed from the habitations of my fellow-men. I made choice of the rock where you visited me; and I had resided there about a year when I had the happiness of seeing you for the first time. You appeared to me a divinity; I felt that you were the only person who could inspire me with love, though I dared not hope to inspire you with that passion in return; nor could I even think it possible that you could endure to look upon me. I went occasionally to the caverns in the forest, to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing myself, for a few minutes in my natural form, as you now see me. One day, I was surprised at being visited there by the princess your sister; for a talisman opposed the entrance of all mortal into the cavern. I feigned to be asleep, that I might avoid speaking to her, and because I felt that the moment of my restoration to my horrible shape was drawing near; and it took place the moment your sister went into the next apartment. I quitted the cavern by an avenue unknown to all save myself; Katherine, however, left it also in the same manner; for it was impossible for her to re-enter the apartment in which she had seen me.

“She completed her twentieth year while she was in the cavern, and her ring had virtue against talisman until she had attained that age only. There, dearest Amy, is the history of my metamorphosis; it now only remains for me to declare my lasting passion for you, and to entreat you to allow me to solicit your hand of the queen your mother and her majesty’s permission for you to reign over my dominions, where you will find every body zealous to obtain your favor.”

As Sincere ceased to speak, Katherine and Severe, who had overheard the whole of his discourse with Amy, ex-

tered the room; both of them were in transports of rage; the fairy, because Amy preferred another to her nephew; and Katherine, because Sincere, in whom she recognized the charming young man she had seen in the cavern, was in love with her sister. She gave vent to her incensed feelings against the two lovers in a torrent of abusive language; but Severe terminated the dispute by seizing the unfortunate Amy by her flowing ringlets and dragging her through the open window, while the king, in despair, was unable to offer the slightest opposition. The miserable Sincere immediately rushed out of the palace, in spite of Katherine, who would have detained him; and without knowing whither he went, he hastened onward, resolved to take no repose until he should have recovered his dear princess.

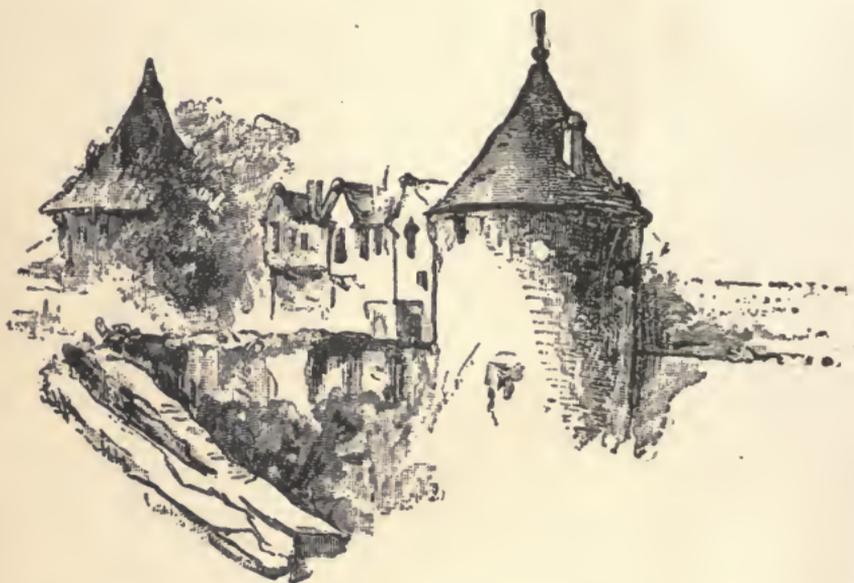
The King of the Butterflies, on being informed of what had transpired, laughed heartily; he thought it a very good joke, and returned to his kingdom. Meanwhile, his good ant dragged Amy along at immense speed; and, after scaling many steep rocks and traversing many wide deserts, arrived at the base of an old tower; the door opened at her bidding, and she entered, pulling the princess after her. Severe made Amy follow her into a large hall full of snails; and told her in a shrill voice that if she would not consent to marry the King of the Butterflies, she must in the space of eight days teach all those snails to dance or become herself a snail. Having made this threat, Severe flew away; and the princess gave way to a violent burst of tears, without feeling the slightest inclination to obey her. Let us leave her to weep over her seemingly hopeless task for the present, and return to King Sincere.

That prince, having passed through several kingdoms, came at last to a thick forest. On walking a short distance into this forest, he perceived a house built entirely of leaves, the door of which standing open, he saw an old woman seated in an armchair reading aloud to three little children. He passed the house without stopping, or taking any notice of it, and was proceeding on his way, when the old woman called after him, crying in a cracked voice and shaking her head: "Prince, you are searching in vain; you will never meet with the Princess Amy until you shall have first found a brilliant frog; an extremely

ugly woman, who is conscious of her want of beauty, and does not attempt to make conquests; and a witless man, who does not flatter himself that he is clever."

King Sincere rightly judged from these words that the speaker was a fairy; so he entreated her to grant him some other and less difficult means of recovering his charming Amy; but she only answered him by grimaces, and burst into a loud fit of laughter.

The disconsolate prince was consequently obliged to proceed onward, though he was extremely fatigued and very much afflicted, and quite unconscious as to the road



he was taking. Before he had gone a hundred yards he met another old woman, who asked him what occasioned his grief. Sincere informed her of his misfortunes, not omitting what the fairy he had just left had said to him, and adding that he could not flatter himself with the hope of ever seeing his beloved Amy again, if it were indeed true that that happiness depended on his finding a brilliant frog. "This," said he, "appears to me to be utterly ridiculous even to seek; the two other conditions would cause me less uneasiness."

"Do not flatter yourself," said the good woman, "they are at least equally difficult to accomplish. However, by diligent searching, you may meet with all three of the

required curiosities; but if at the expiration of a year from this time you shall not have discovered them, take my advice and trouble yourself no further, for your case will be hopeless. Go, I may not tell you more; but do not let my sister, whom you have just quitted, see you again in this vicinity; she is wicked, and you might experience some treachery at her hands. She has only informed you of the conditions on which you are permitted to withdraw your princess from her place of confinement, because she is persuaded that you can never fulfill them."

The king, who had some reason to dread enchantments, hastened away as fast as he could, and traveled through every kingdom in the world, on a horse which he most fortunately found on quitting the wood. In every city, town, village, hamlet and castle that he came to, he made an indefatigable search for ugly old women and stupid men. He found abundance of both, but remarked that none of the ladies were offended with their truth-telling mirrors at the reflection of their ugliness, nay, that they all conceived it to be quite easy to render themselves still attractive by a slight and judicious use of the most renowned cosmetics. Some, whom he saw, painted an inch thick, at least; others wore sundry patches very artfully disposed; and all decorated themselves with flowers and ribbons enough to stock a milliner's *magazin*, and flattered themselves that, in spite of time, they were still very amiable, and that they might dispute the palm of beauty with the fairest and the youngest. This common effect of self-love on the sex did not surprise the prince; he knew that all ladies are endowed from their birth with a tolerably good opinion of themselves. But what did indeed astonish him was, that he found among the men the same self-love equally strong and with such an addition of little weaknesses as would even make the fair sex itself contemptible. He had always heard that man was the most perfect of Nature's works, and he, being a man, had given faith to the aphorism without examining it too closely; but his opinion on this subject was strangely altered by the opportunities which his travels afforded him to study this creature of perfection more attentively. He now observed that the minds of most men were occupied by trifles; that many spent their time wholly at the toilet, at table, at play, or, what is worse, in

Hardly had the fairy pronounced these words, when I was transformed into the creature you see. I applied immediately to a fairy who protected me, but she was not permitted to disenchant me; she described to me, however, the person who alone had power to do so, and told me that he had a white hair in his left eyebrow, bestowed on him by a skillful magician at the moment of his birth, and which enabled him to dispel all enchantments. This fairy has conducted you hither, and it was she who, under the form of a bird, made the Princess Amy a present of the superb diamond; and lastly, she it was who took care to place this brilliant mark on my forehead, and who will enable you to find a witless man who is aware of his stupidity, and a woman who is conscious that her ugliness is insupportable. These two extraordinary persons she has brought hither, fearful that the self-love which reigns in the world should corrupt them, as it has corrupted every one else, and thus destroy your hopes. You will find them in a little cabin at a short distance from this spot; but, prince, before you visit them, pray have the kindness to restore to us our natural shapes, and allow us to pull from your eyebrow the famous hair to whose virtue we shall owe our restoration, as it will be equally necessary to enable you to effect the deliverance of your princess."

Sincere wanted no more entreating, but suffered the hair to be pulled from his eyebrow. He took it from the frog, and touching her and all those around her therewith, they were immediately changed into princes and princesses, very good-looking and very amiable. The queen and her subjects were sufficiently eloquent in their thanks to King Sincere for his kindness. At the moment the transformation took place, the second old woman that the prince had seen in the wood appeared and told Sincere that, as a recompense for the service he had just done her friend, she would, after he had visited the foolish man and the ugly woman (who would give him a herb that he would presently have occasion for), transport him to the place where his beautiful Amy was confined. Accordingly, Severe paid a hasty visit to this singular pair, found them to be such as he was in search of, and received from them the mysterious herb. The kind fairy then took an apple which she changed into a very pretty

carriage; it traveled without horses, at the rate of three hundred miles a minute, and is supposed to have been the first swift carriage invented. She seated herself therein, and placed the prince by her side. Sincere was charmed with this wonderful vehicle, but never will carriage be made to travel fast enough for a lover impatient to rejoin his mistress. Nevertheless, they arrived in an incredibly short space of time at the base of the tower in which the beautiful Amy was confined, weeping over tasks impossible to perform, and which the Fairy Severe had assigned her, to afford herself a pretext for tormenting the lovely princess.

We left Amy in her prison weeping over the apparently hopeless task of teaching a quantity of snails to dance; and we are now going to inform those who feel any curiosity to learn how the princess performed that difficult exploit. For the first seven days she wept unceasingly, and gave herself no trouble about the instruction of the scholars that had been placed under her charge; but on the eighth day, which was that on which the fairy was expected to return for the purpose of changing her into a snail, should she not have succeeded, her grief was redoubled, to think of the time she had thrown away. However, she determined immediately to give the awkward animals some lessons, but soon saw that all her instructions were useless. Persuaded that her fate was inevitable, she thought seriously of putting an end to her existence, for she preferred death to becoming a snail, or marrying the King of the Butterflies. With these thoughts in her mind, the miserable Amy threw open the window with the intention of precipitating herself from it; but, fortunately recalling to her recollection at that moment the ring she had received from a bird, and the words that accompanied the gift, she drew it from her pocket, and regarding it attentively: "Beautiful brilliant," said she, "if you have the power to rescue me from the danger I am in, I entreat you to put a period to my misfortunes." Directly the Princess Amy had pronounced these words, the ring opened, and there issued from it a string of little dancing-masters and violin players; the latter immediately commenced playing, while the dancing masters arranged the snails in sets, and taught them in an instant every kind of dance: then

all the musicians and the masters disappeared. This marvelous occurrence greatly comforted the princess; she wiped away her tears, kissed her ring in a transport of joyful gratitude, and concealed it more carefully than she had previously done, fearful that Severe should learn its value and take it from her.

Hardly had the princess placed her ring securely in her bosom when the wicked fairy arrived, and asked her, with a malignant smile, if her scholars were proficient in the art of dancing.

"You shall see, madam," said Amy, in a mild and timid voice; then opening the door of the hall that contained them, the princess began to sing. On hearing her voice, all the little animals began to dance, and that so prettily, especially the waltz, gallopade, and saraband, that Severe became at once surprised and furious. The poor princess having succeeded so well in this, the merciless fairy gave her other and still more difficult tasks; but Amy performed them all with the assistance of her ring. Her repeated successes so enraged the fairy against her that she shut Amy in a large iron cage, placed her in a yard full of wild and ravenous beasts, and stationed two terrible dragons to guard the door, who made frightful efforts to break open the cage and devour the princess.

The unfortunate princess had been thus confined about a month, when she saw Sincere enter the yard: he had easily obtained admission by touching the door with his herb. Amy shuddered at the danger to which her lover was exposed. Directly Sincere saw his mistress in that cruel situation, he put his hand on his sword with the intention of slaying the two dragons; I say put his hand, because, ere he had time to draw it, the good fairy who had conducted him thither desired him to hold, and to touch them only with the herb which he held in his left hand. Sincere did so, when the dragons immediately fell dead at his feet; and touching the door of the cage with the charmed hair of his eyebrow, he instantaneously felt himself, the princess, and the kind fairy ascend into the air surrounded by a fleecy cloud, which speedily conveyed the trio to the Island of Sincerity.

The king was immediately recognized by his subjects, who testified such joy at their sovereign's return as

showed how severely they must have felt his loss, and how dear he was to them. For his part, in ecstasy at finding himself again with his beloved, he said to her the most passionate things, to which Amy replied with a tenderness quite equal to his own. Sincere instantly dispatched ambassadors to the court of the silkworm-fancying king, to demand the princess in marriage. The ambassadors were not long in executing their commission. On their return they brought intelligence that his silkworm-fancying majesty had blown his brains out with a pistol, about twelve months before, in consequence of being unable to wind an exceedingly entangled skein of silk; that the queen had died six months afterward of the smallpox and that Katherine had poisoned herself on the day of Sincere's departure in search of his mistress. The Princess Amy was very much afflicted on hearing this sorrowful news, and immediately went into mourning for her parents and sister, which she wore for six months. At the expiration of that time she married King Sincere, and they lived together for a long series of years, without experiencing the slightest misfortune, or ceasing to love each other as tenderly as on the day of their wedding.

The beneficent fairy then set out from their court to rejoin Queen Brilliant, her friend; and the hair of the king's eyebrow, which had been to them of such assistance, was set in a golden ring, which Sincere wore ever afterward on the third finger of his left hand, to preserve him from the malice of fairies.

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## PRINCESS ROSETTA.

THERE was once upon a time a king and queen who had two fine boys. As they grew to boyhood they became beautiful as the day; so well were they nurtured that they looked older than they were. The queen never failed to invite the fairies at the birth of her children, and she always begged her visitors to tell her what would happen to them.

After awhile she had a beautiful little girl, who was so pretty that it was impossible to see her without loving

her. Again she invited the fairies, and they came in great state; the chief fairy in a sledge drawn by reindeer, for her home was in the far North. The queen, having regaled all the fairies who came to see her on the occasion, said to them as they were about to leave: "Do not forget your usual custom, but tell me what will happen to Rosetta," which was the little princess' name.

The fairies told her that they had left their conjuring book at home, and that they would come to see her again another time.

"Ah!" said the queen, "that forebodes no good; you do not wish to afflict me by an unhappy prediction; I pray you however, to conceal nothing from me, but tell me all."

They tried hard to excuse themselves, but this only made the queen more anxious to know her daughter's destiny. At last the chief fairy said to her: "We fear, madam, that Rosetta will bring a severe misfortune upon her brothers; that they will even be put to death on her account. This is all we can foretell of this beautiful little girl, and we are very sorry that we have not better news to give you." They then left her; and the queen remained so sorrowful that the king noticed it. He asked her what was the matter. She replied that she had gone too near the fire, and had burned all the flax off her distaff. "Is that all?" said the king. He went to his stores, and brought her more flax than she could have spun in a hundred years.

The queen was still sad, and the king asked her again what was the matter. She told him that as she was walking by the river he had let one of her green satin slippers fall therein. "Is that all?" said the king. He immediately summoned all the shoemakers in his kingdom; and gave the queen ten thousand slippers made of the same material.

Still the queen was not consoled, and the king asked her a third time what was the matter. She said that eating too fast she had swallowed her wedding-ring. The king knew that she was not telling him the truth, for he had the ring about him, so he said to her: "My dear, you are telling a falsehood; here is your ring, which I had in my purse." The lady as may be supposed was vexed to be caught telling an untruth (for it is the most wicked

thing in the world), and she saw that the king was angry; so she told him what the fairies had predicted of the little Rosetta; adding, that if he knew any means of preventing it, he must tell her. The king, much grieved at this, replied: "My dear, I know of no other means of saving our two sons' lives than putting Rosetta to death while she is yet in her cradle." The queen, however, said that she would rather suffer death herself than consent to so cruel an action, and begged her husband to think of some other remedy.

While the king and queen were still thinking on this subject, the queen was told that there was, in a large wood near the town, an old hermit, who lived in a lonely cell; and that he was consulted by people far and near. She said: "I must go then and consult him also, as the fairies have told me the evil, but they have forgotten to tell me the remedy." So the next morning she rose early, mounted a pretty little white mule, whose shoes were of gold, and left the palace accompanied by two of her young ladies, who each rode on a nice horse also. When they were near the wood the queen and her young ladies alighted, and sought the cell where the hermit lived.

He did not like to see women; but when he perceived that it was the queen he said to her: "You are welcome; what do you want with me?" She told him what the fairies had said of Rosetta, and asked his advice. He directed her to shut the princess in a tower, and never allow her to leave it. The queen thanked him, rewarded him liberally, and went back to tell the king.

The king having heard this caused a large tower to be erected, and when it was finished confined his daughter therein; but that she might not be lonely, he, the queen and the two young princes visited her every day. The eldest was called the Prince Royal and the youngest Prince Orlando. They both loved their sister passionately, for she was the fairest and the sweetest-tempered girl that was ever seen; her slightest glance was worth more than a hundred crowns. When she was fifteen years old the Prince Royal said to the king: "Surely, father, my sister is old enough to be married; shall we not soon celebrate her wedding?" Prince Orlando put the same question to the queen, but their majesties

amused them without replying directly on the subject of the marriage.

At last the king and queen were taken very ill, and died nearly the same day. Everybody was very sorrowful, and went into mourning; the bells were also tolled throughout the kingdom. Rosetta was inconsolable at the death of her kind mother.

When the king and queen were buried the noblemen of the kingdom placed the Prince Royal on a golden throne set with diamonds, put a handsome crown on his head, dressed him in violet-colored velvet clothes spangled with suns and moons, and then all the court cried three times: "Long live the king!" Nothing was thought of but rejoicing.

The king and the prince said to one another: "Now that we are the masters, we may surely liberate our sister from the tower where she has been so long and is so melancholy." To reach the tower they had only to cross the garden, in a corner of which it was built, very high indeed, for the deceased king and queen had intended her to reside there all her life.

Rosetta was embroidering a fine gown on a frame which stood before her, but when she saw her brothers she rose, and, taking the king's hand, said: "Good-morrow, sire; now that you are king, and I am your little servant, I entreat you to remove me from this tower, where I am very, very solitary." She then began to cry. The king embraced her, and told her to dry her tears, for he had come to take her to a fine castle. The prince, who had his pockets full of sweetmeats, gave them to Rosetta and said to her:

"Come, let us quit this ugly tower; the king will soon find a husband for you, so do not afflict yourself."

When Rosetta saw the nice garden full of flowers, fountains and fountains she was so surprised that she could not say a word; for she had, till then, never seen anything of the kind. She looked all round, walked a little way, stopped, and then gathered fruit from the trees and flowers from the parterre. Her little dog, Fretillon, who was green like a parrot, had only one ear, and who danced to admiration, ran before her barking "bow, wow, wow," with a thousand leaps and capers.

Fretillon very much amused the company; but all at

once he ran into a little wood. The princess followed him, and never was any one more surprised than she was at seeing in this wood a large peacock, which, with its tail



spread out, appeared to her so beautiful that she could not take her eyes off it. The king and the prince, who soon came up with her, asked her at what she was so much amazed. She showed them the peacock and asked

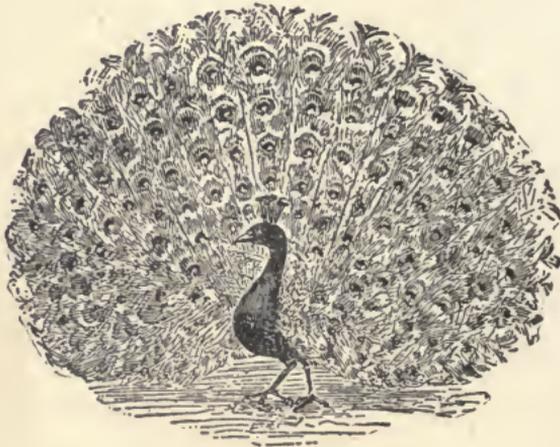
them what it was. They told her that it was a bird of a kind that was sometimes eaten.

“What!” said she, “do they ever kill and eat so beautiful a bird? I declare to you that I will marry no one but the King of the Peacocks; I shall then be queen, and I will take care that no peacocks are eaten.”

It would be impossible to express the king’s astonishment. “But, sister,” said he to her, “where shall we find the King of the Peacocks?”

“Wherever you please, sire,” said she; “but I will marry no one but him.”

After she had taken this resolution the two princes



led her to their castle, where they were obliged to take the peacock also, and put it in her room, for she was very fond of it.

All the ladies who had not seen Rosetta hastened to seek an introduction, to pay their court to her; some brought her sweetmeats, some sugar plums, others rich gowns, fine ribbons, dolls, embroidered shoes, pearls and diamonds; she was feasted everywhere, and she was so well behaved and civil, kissing her hand and courtesying whenever anything was given her, that every one was pleased with her.

While she was discoursing with her company the king and the prince were considering how they should find the King of the Peacocks if there were one in the world. They came to the determination of having a portrait

taken of the Princess Rosetta; and they had it done so beautifully that it only wanted speech. They then said to the princess: "Since you will only marry the King of the Peacocks, we are about to seek him for you, all over the earth. We shall be very glad to find him, and you must take care of our kingdom during our absence."

Rosetta thanked them for the pains they were taking, told them that she would govern the kingdom well, and that while they were gone her only pleasures would be looking at the beautiful peacock and seeing Fretillon dance. They could not help crying when they bade one another adieu.

Behold the two young princes on their journey, asking every one they met: "Pray, do you know the King of the Peacocks?"

They were always answered: "No, gentlemen, no!" They still kept going forward, till at last they got so far that no one had ever been so far before.

They presently arrived at the kingdom of the May-flies (there is no longer such a place to be seen): the May-flies made such a loud humming that the king was afraid he should lose his hearing. He asked the one who appeared to him to be the most intelligent-looking among them whether he knew where the King of the Peacocks was to be found.

"Sire," said the May-fly, "his kingdom is ninety thousand miles from here; you have taken the longest road to reach it."

"How do you know that?" said the king.

"Because," said the May-fly, "we go every year to pass two or three months in their gardens."

Then the king and his brother embraced the May-fly again and again; they became very friendly and dined together; the princes examined with admiration all the curiosities of their country, where the smallest leaf was worth a dollar. They afterward departed to finish their journey, and, as they now knew the road, were not long before they completed it. They observed that all the trees were loaded with peacocks; the place was so full of them that their voices might be heard six miles off.

The king said to his brother: "If the King of the Peacocks is a peacock himself, how will our sister be able to marry him? We should be foolish, too, to consent to the

match. What a splendid alliance would she form for us little peacocks for nephews and nieces!"

The prince was equally grieved. "It is an unfortunáte fancy that occupies her mind," said he; "I cannot think where she learned that there was a King of the Peacocks."

When they arrived at the chief town they observed that it was full of men and women, whose clothes were made of peacocks' feathers; and that peacocks' feathers were displayed everywhere as very fine things. They met the king, who was taking an airing in a beautiful little carriage made of gold and set with diamonds, drawn by twelve peacocks, which were harnessed to it. The King of the Peacocks was so very handsome that our king and the prince were charmed with him; he was fair complexioned, had long light-colored curling hair, and a crown of large peacocks' feathers. When he came up he conjectured that the two princes, as they were dressed differently from the people of the country, were foreigners; and, in order to ascertain, he stopped his carriage and called to them.

The king and the prince went up to him, and, having made an obeisance, said: "Sire, we have come from afar to show you a portrait." They then took from the r portmanteau the large picture of Rosetta.

When the King of the Peacocks had loo'ed at it: "I cannot imagine," said he, "that there is in the world so beautiful a girl."

"The original is a hundred times more beautiful than the picture," said the king.

"Ah! you are joking," said the King of the Peacocks.

"Sire," said the prince, "here is my brother who is a king like you: he is a king and I am a prince, and our sister, whose portrait this is, is the Princess Rosetta, and we are come to ask you whether you are willing to marry her; she is beautiful and very good, and we will give with her a bushel measure full of golden crowns."

"Yes, indeed," said the king, "I will marry her with all my heart; she will want nothing with me, and I will be very fond of her; but I assure you that I expect her to be as fair as her portrait, and if she be in the smallest degree less so I will put you to death."

"Well, we consent," answered Rosetta's two brothers.

“You consent?” said the king. “Go then to prison, and remain there until the princess arrives.”

The princes left him without a murmur, for they were quite certain that Rosetta was more handsome than her portrait.

When they were in prison the king had them well attended to; he went often to see them, and kept in his room Rosetta's portrait, with which he was so infatuated that he slept neither day nor night. As the king and his brother were in prison, they wrote to the princess, desiring her to make herself ready and come with all speed to them, for at last the King of the Peacocks was found, and was awaiting her arrival. They did not inform her that they were prisoners for fear of making her uneasy.

When the princess received the letter she was so transported with joy as to be quite overcome; she told everybody that the King of the Peacocks was found and wished to marry her. Bonfires were lighted, cannons were discharged, and sugar-plums and sweetmeats were universally eaten; and all who came to see the princess during three days were presented with a service of cake and wine. After this liberality, she left her fine dolls to her best friends, and placed the government of her brother's kingdom in the hands of the wisest old men of the capital. She recommended them to take care of all, to spend nothing, and to collect money against the king's return; she begged them to keep her peacock, and took with her only her nurse and her foster-sister with her little green ; Fretillon.

They all embarked in a boat on the sea, taking with them the bushel of golden crowns and a sufficient quantity of clothes to last them ten years, changing them twice a year. They did nothing but laugh and sing. The nurse asked the boatman: “Are we nearing, are we nearing the kingdom of the peacocks?”

“Not yet,” said he.

Once more she asked him: “Are we nearing, are we nearing?”

He said: “Presently, presently.”

Yet again she asked him: “Are we nearing, are we nearing?”

This time he answered: “Yes.”

And when he had said so, the nurse came forward and

seated herself by him, and said to him: "If you wish it, you shall be rich forever."

He answered: "I desire nothing better."

She then continued: "If you wish it, then, you shall gain lots of dollars."

He answered: "I desire nothing better."

"Very well," said she, "to-night, while the princess is asleep, you must assist me to throw her overboard. When she is drowned I will dress my daughter in her fine clothes, and we will take her to the King of the Peacocks, who will be very glad to marry her; and for a reward your neck shall be loaded with diamonds."

The boatman was very much surprised at what the nurse proposed to him. He told her that it would be a pity to drown so beautiful a princess, and that he was very sorry for her. However, she took a bottle of wine, and made him drink so much that he did not know how to refuse her.

Night being come, the princess went to bed as usual; her little Fretillon lay prettily at her feet, without moving a paw. Rosetta was sleeping very soundly, when the wicked nurse, who was watchful enough, left her to fetch the boatman. She brought him where the princess was sleeping; and then, without awakening her, they took her with her feather bed, mattress, sheets and counterpane, while the foster-sister also helped them all she could. They then threw her, bed and all, into the sea, and the princess was sleeping so soundly that she did not awaken.

But most fortunately her couch was made of phoenix feathers, which are very scarce and have this property, that they cannot sink, which caused her to float in her bed as though she had been in a boat. The water, however, gradually wetted her feather bed, then the mattress; and Rosetta, feeling the water, could not tell what it meant.

As she turned she awakened Fretillon. He had an excellent nose and smelled the cod and soles so near that he began barking at them, which awakened all the osher fish. They began swimming about; and the large fishes ran their heads against the princess' bed, which, being held by nothing, turned round and round like a whip-top. Oh! was she not surprised! "Is our boat dancing

on the water?" said she. "I am not generally so ill at ease as I have been to-night." As Fretillon still kept barking, for he was in despair, the wicked nurse and the boatman heard it from a distance, and said: "That is the princess' comical little dog drinking with his mistress to our good health; let us make haste to arrive;" for they were now close to the kingdom of the peacocks.

The king had sent to the seashore a hundred carriages, drawn by all manner of scarce animals; there were lions, bears, stags, wolves, horses, oxen, asses, eagles and peacocks; and the carriage intended for the Princess Rosetta was drawn by six blue apes, who could leap and dance on the tight-rope and play a thousand pretty tricks; their harness was very superb, and was made of crimson velvet, with plates of gold. There were also sixty young ladies, whom the king had chosen to wait on her; their clothes were of various colors, and gold and silver were the least valuable of their ornaments.

The nurse had been at great trouble to decorate her daughter; she had dressed her in Rosetta's finest gown, with a diamond headdress and lots of jewels. But in spite of her pains, her daughter was as ugly as a monkey: her hair was back and greasy; she squinted shockingly; her limbs were crooked; she had a large hump between her shoulders, was bad-tempered, slovenly, and always grumbling.

When the King of the Peacocks' people saw her coming out of the boat, they were so surprised that they could not speak. "Heyday, what is the matter?" said she. "Are you all asleep? Make haste and bring me something to eat. You are low wretches, and I will have you all hanged."

On hearing this, they said among themselves: "What an ugly creature! and she appears to be as wicked as she is ugly. Truly our king will be well married; but I am not surprised when one seeks a wife from the end of the world."

She gave as much trouble as she could, and for no offense she struck and boxed the ears of everybody about her.

As her equipage was very large, she went along very slowly, and carried her head as high as a queen, in her coach. But all the peacocks, who were perched on the

trees to salute her as she passed along, and who had resolved to cry: "Long live beautiful Queen Rosetta," when they saw her so ugly, cried: "Fy, fy, how ugly she is!"

She flew into a violent passion upon this, and said to her guards: "Kill these rascals of peacocks who are abusing me."

The peacocks, however, quickly flew away, and laughed at her.

The roguish boatman, who saw all that passed, said to the nurse: "Gossip, we are not quite right; your daughter ought to be prettier."

She answered: "Silence, blockhead; you will bring some ill-luck on us, with your prattle."

They told the king that the princess was drawing near. "Very well," said he, "did her brothers tell the truth? is she more beautiful than her portrait?"

"Sire," said a courtier, "it is enough if she is as good-looking."

"Yes, indeed," said the king, "I shall be satisfied; let us go and see her;" for he guessed by the noise in the courtyard that she was now very near, though he could not make out exactly what was said, excepting that he thought he heard: "Fy, fy, how ugly she is!" He thought, however, that these cries were applied to some dwarf or beast that she had brought with her; for it never entered his mind that they were speaking of the princess herself.

The portrait of Rosetta was carried at the end of a long pole, without any covering; and the king walked slowly after it, with all his barons, his peacocks, and the ambassadors from the neighboring kingdoms. The King of the Peacocks was very impatient to see his dear Rosetta; but in truth, when he did see her, the sight nearly killed him on the spot; he tore his clothes, put himself into the most violent passion, and would not go near her: she quite frightened him.

"What," said he, "have these two scoundrels that I have in prison had the boldness to make sport of me, and to propose to marry me to such a baboon as that! They shall die. Come! away with this silly woman, her nurse and all who brought them; let them be confined in the round tower."

Meanwhile, the king and his brother, who were prisoners, and knew that it was about the time for their sister to arrive, had put on their finest clothes to receive her. Instead, however, of seeing their prison door opened and themselves set at liberty, as they expected, the jailer came with soldiers, and made them descend into a dark dungeon, full of noxious reptiles, where they were up to their necks in water. No one could be more surprised or sorrowful than they were. "Alas!" said they to each other, "this is a sorrowful wedding for us! what can have been the cause of such a sad misfortune?" They did not know what to think, excepting that they were doomed to death.

They passed three days in this miserable plight. At the end of that time, the King of the Peacocks came to an opening that was in the wall, to reproach them. You have called yourselves king and prince," said he, "to entrap me into a marriage with your sister; but you are wretches who are not worth the water you drink. I am about to give you judges who will soon decide your fate; and the rope is twisting with which I will have you hanged."

"King of the Peacocks," said our king, filled with indignation, "do not proceed so rashly in this affair, for you may yet repent it. I am, like you, a king, and have a fine kingdom, robes and crowns, and plenty of money; you seem to think very lightly of hanging us; have we stolen anything?"

When the king heard him speak so resolutely he knew not what to make of it, and had some thoughts of sparing their lives, and of letting them go with their sister; but his trusty friend, who was a real parasite, encouraged him; saying that if he did not revenge himself all the world would laugh at him, and think him a weak prince indeed. So he swore that he would not forgive them, and ordered their trial to proceed. It did not last long, as to condemn them it was merely necessary to compare the portrait of the real Princess Rosetta with the person assuming the name. They were, therefore, sentenced to be beheaded, for having told the king a lie, in promising to him in marriage a beautiful princess, and only giving him an ugly country girl.

This decree was read very formally to them in prison,

when they protested that they had not told a lie, for that their sister was a princess more beautiful than the day; but that there was something passing which they could not comprehend. They demanded a respite of seven days, stating that in that time something might occur by which their innocence would be established. The King of the Peacocks, who was very angry, would hardly grant them this favor; but at last he did so.

While all this was passing at the court, we must relate what happened to the poor Princess Rosetta. We have stated that when it was daylight she was very much surprised, as was Fretillon also, to find herself out at sea without a boat or any assistance. She cried so pitifully that all the fishes were sorry for her: she knew not what to do or what would become of her. "Certainly," said she, "the King of the Peacocks has ordered me to be thrown into the sea; he has repented his design of marrying me, and to get rid of me decently, he would have me drowned. What a silly man!" continued she; "I should have loved him so well! we should have managed so nicely!" Then she cried still more, for she could not help loving him.

She remained two days floating in this manner from one part of the sea to another, denched to her skin, ready to die with cold, and nearly frozen; indeed, had it not been for little Fretillon, who kept up a little warmth near her heart, she would have died a hundred times. She was dreadfully hungry. She saw oysters in their shells, and took as many as she liked and ate them. Fretillon was not fond of oysters; however, he was obliged to eat some in order to keep himself alive. When night came on Rosetta was very much alarmed, and she said to her dog: "Fretillon, pray keep barking, for fear the soles should eat us up."

He barked all night long, and toward the morning the princess' bed was not very far from the shore. There happened to be thereabout a good old man, who lived by himself in a little cottage, into which no one but himself ever entered; he was very poor, but very careless of the things of this world. When he heard Fretillon bark he was quite surprised, for there were no dogs about there; it struck him therefore that some travelers had lost their way, and he went out kindly to direct them

aright. Suddenly he perceived the princess and Fretillon, who were floating on the sea; the princess, seeing him, stretched her arms toward him and cried: "Good old man, save me, or I shall perish here, where I have been two days languishing."

When he heard her speak so sadly his heart filled with pity for her misfortunes. He immediately fetched from his house a long boathook, with which he walked into the water till it was up to his neck, and was once or twice nearly drowned. At last he succeeded in dragging the bed to the land.

Rosetta and Fretillon were, as may be supposed, very glad to be once more on dry ground. The princess was very thankful to the good old man, and graciously accepted a blanket, which she wrapped around her; then, barefooted, she entered his cottage, where he lighted a little fire of dry straw, and took out of his chest a woman's gown, with shoes and stockings, in which Rosetta dressed herself; and clad even thus as a poor peasant girl, she was as beautiful as the day. Fretillon, enraptured, danced round her for her amusement.

The old man saw very plainly that Rosetta was some grand lady, for her bedclothes were embroidered with gold and silver, and her mattress was covered with satin. He begged her to tell him her story, promising that he would not reveal a word of it without her permission. She told him all from beginning to end, crying bitterly the while; for she still thought that the King of the Peacocks had ordered her to be drowned. "How shall we act, my child?" said the old man to her. "You are a noble princess, used to good living, while I have only back bread and radishes; you will fare but poorly with me, and, if you will take my advice, will permit me to go and tell the King of the Peacocks that you are here; for were he to see you, he would certainly be but too happy to marry you."

"Ah! he is a wicked man," said Rosetta, "and would put me to death. But if you have a little basket, do but tie it round my dog's neck, and it will be very unfortunate if he do not bring us back something to eat."

The old man gave the princess a basket; she tied it to Fretillon's neck, and said to him: "Go to the best saucepan in the city, and bring back whatever is therein."

Fretillon ran to the city; and, as the king's kitchen was the best, he went into it, sought out the best saucepan, cleverly took out the contents, and returned to his mistress. Rosetta then said to him: "Return to the pantry and fetch me the best thing thence." Fretillon went to the king's pantry, and soon returned with some white bread, muscadine wine, fruits and sweetmeats. He was so laden that he could not carry more.

When it was the King of the Peacocks' dinner-time there was nothing in his saucepan or in his pantry; the servants looked at one another and the king went into a violent passion. "What!" said he, "so I am to have no dinner! Let the spit be put to the fire, and let me have some nice roast meat this evening."

The evening being come, the princess said to Fretillon: "Go to the best kitchen in the city and fetch me a nice piece of roast meat." Fretillon did as he was told, and, thinking that the king's was the best kitchen, he very softly entered it while the cooks' backs were turned, and managed slyly to take away all that was on the spit; it looked so delicious that the very sight of it would have given an appetite to a sick man. He returned with his basket full to the princess, who then sent him back again to the pantry, whence he brought all the king's stewed fruit and sugarplums.

The king having had no dinner, was very hungry in the evening and wanted his supper early; but as there as nothing for him, he put himself into a terrible rage and went to bed supperless. The next day at dinner and supper time it was just the same; so that the king was three whole days without eating or drinking anything, because whenever he sat down to eat, his food had all been taken away. His confidant, who was afraid that the king would die, hid himself in a corner of the kitchen, keeping his eyes fixed on the saucepan, which was on the fire boiling. He was soon extremely surprised to see enter the kitchen a little green dog, having only one ear, who went to the pot, took the meat out of it and put it into his basket. Desirous to know where he went to, he followed him out of the town right up to the old man's door. He then returned and revealed all to the king, telling him that it was to a poor peasant that his dinner and supper had gone every day.

The king was very much astonished, and ordered the dog to be sent for. The confidant, in order to make his court to the king, was very willing to show the archers the way. They went accordingly, and found the old man and the princess dining on the king's boiled meat. They were taken and bound with large ropes, and Fretillon the same.

When they had arrived, and the king was informed of it, he said: "To-morrow is the last day I granted to those insulting pretenders, and they shall die with the thieves who have stolen my dinner." He then went into his justice-hall. The old man threw himself upon his knees and said that he would tell him the whole truth. While he was speaking, the king looked at the beautiful princess, and was moved at seeing her tears. But when the good old man declared that she was the Princess Rosetta, and had been thrown into the sea by her wicked attendants, in spite of his weakness from having been so long without food, the king rushed to embrace her, and, untying the ropes with which she was bound, told her that he loved her with all his heart.

The princes, who were immediately sent for, thought that they were about to be put to death, and came very sorrowfully, hanging down their heads; at the same time the nurse and her daughter were sent for. When they met, they all recognized each other; Rosetta threw herself into her brothers' arms: the nurse, her daughter and the boatman, knelt and asked for pardon. The joy was so great that they were forgiven by the king and the princess, and the good old man was handsomely rewarded, always afterward residing in the palace.

Finally, the King of the Peacocks made every satisfaction to our king and his brother, testifying his grief that they had been so long ill-treated. The nurse restored to Rosetta her fine clothes, and the bushel of golden crowns, and the wedding feast lasted a fortnight. Everybody rejoiced, even little Fretillon, who ate nothing on the occasion but partridge wings.

## BABIOLA.

THERE was formerly a queen who would have been entirely happy but for an ungratified desire for children. She spoke of nothing else, and was continually saying that the fairy Fanferluche having attended at her birth, and not having been satisfied with the queen her mother, had gone into a violent passion with her, and had endowed herself, the daughter, with nothing but misfortunes.

One day as she was sitting alone by her fireside, very much afflicted, she saw a little old woman, a span high, come down the chimney. She was riding on a loose bundle of rushes, and wearing in her cap a sprig of hawthorn; her dress was made of the wings of flies, and two walnut shells served her for boots; she sailed in the air, and after going thrice round the chamber stopped before the queen. "You have," said she to her, "for a long time murmured against me, and have accused me as the author of your misfortunes, laying to my charge all that has happened to you; you think, madam, that I am the cause of your having no children: now I am come on purpose to announce to you that you will soon have a daughter, but I fear that she will cost you many tears."

"Ah! noble Fanferluche," cried the queen, "do not refuse me your pity and assistance; I promise you all the services that lie in my power, provided that the princess you announce to me be my comfort, and not my affliction."

"Destiny is more powerful than I am," answered the fairy; "all that I can do to show my affection for you is to give you this sprig of white hawthorn; secure it to your daughter's head the instant she is born, and it will guard her from many dangers." She gave her the sprig of white hawthorn, and vanished like a flash of lightning.

The queen remained sad and thoughtful. "What have I desired," said she—"a daughter who will cost me many tears and sighs? should I not be more happy to have none at all?" The presence of the king, whom she dearly loved, partly dissipated her grief, but she presently took great care to enjoin her most confidential friends to tie on the young princess' head, as soon as she should be

born, the sprig of hawthorn blossom, which she kept in a golden box covered with diamonds, as the thing that she valued more than everything else in the world.

At last the queen gave birth to the most beautiful creature that was ever seen: they used the utmost diligence in tying the hawthorn flower on her head; but no sooner was it done than, wonderful to relate, in an instant she became a little monkey, and began to jump, skip, and leap about the chamber like an ordinary monkey. At this metamorphosis all the ladies uttered dreadful screams, and the queen, still more alarmed, was nearly dying of despair; she desired the ladies to remove the sprig of hawthorn from its head. After a great deal of difficulty they laid hold of the little creature, and removed the fatal flower from her head; but vainly: she was already a monkey, a confirmed monkey, and required neither suckling nor nursing; all that she wanted was filberts, walnuts, or chestnuts.

“Barbarous Fanferluche,” cried the queen sorrowfully, “what have I done to be so cruelly treated by you? What will become of me? What a disgrace will it be to me for all my subjects to think I have given birth unto a monster! What detestation the king will have for such a child!” She burst into tears, and begged her ladies to advise her what she should do in so urgent an affair.

“Madam,” said the senior of her attendants, “the king must be persuaded that the princess is dead, and this monkey must be shut up in a box and thrown into the sea, for it would be a dreadful thing if you were to keep any longer a brute of this kind.”

The queen would hardly consent to this; but on being told that the king was coming to her room, she was so confused and troubled that, without more deliberation, she told her maids of honor to do what they liked with the little monkey.

They then took it into another apartment, inclosed it in a box, and ordered one of the queen’s footmen to throw it into the sea. He immediately set out on his errand. Behold our young princess, then, exposed to extreme danger. The man, seeing that the box was a very nice one, was sorry to part with it, so he seated himself on the seashore, and took the little monkey out with the resolution of killing it, for he did not know that it

was his sovereign's child; but while he held it in his arms he heard a loud noise, which made him turn his head, when he saw an open chariot, resplendent with gold and precious stones, drawn by six unicorns and preceded by a band of military music. On the cushions of the chariot sat a queen, bearing her crown and royal mantle, and holding on her lap her little son, who was four years old.

The footman recognized in this queen his mistress' sister, who had been to congratulate her on the birth of a child; but learning that the young princess was dead, she had very sorrowfully taken her departure on her return to her own kingdom. She was in a profound reverie on the miseries of queens, when her son cried out: "I should like, how I should like, to have that little monkey!" The queen, looking up, saw the prettiest little monkey that was ever beheld. The footman was for hastily making his retreat, but was prevented: the queen gave him a large sum of money for the monkey, which, being gentle and playful, she called Babiola. Thus, notwithstanding our princess' hard fate, she fortunately fell into the hands of the queen her aunt.

When the latter arrived at her court the little prince begged that he might have Babiola as a playmate. He had her dressed like a princess; new clothes were made for her every day, and she was taught to walk on her feet; it was impossible to find a prettier or more agreeable looking little monkey. Her little face was as black as jet with a white frill round her neck, and tufts of red hair round her ears; her little hands were not larger than the wings of a butterfly, and the vivacity of her eyes gave indications of so much talent that there was no occasion for surprise at any of her wonderful actions.

The prince, who was very fond of her, won her heart with his unceasing attentions; she was very careful not to bite him, and whenever she saw him crying she cried too. She had already been four years with the queen when she began to stammer like a child trying to speak; everybody was mightily surprised at this circumstance, but that surprise was changed to utter amazement when she began to talk in a clear and sweet voice, and so distinctly that not a word of what she said was lost. "Wonderful!" cried all the world; "Babiola speaking! Babiola

thinking!" The queen soon wished to have her again for her own amusement, and she was taken to her apartment, to the great sorrow of the prince; he cried a great deal at her loss, and to console him, dogs and cats, birds, squirrels, and even a little horse called Criquetin, which danced the saraband, were given to him; but he would have preferred Babiola to them all fifty times over.

On her side also the change was not agreeable: she was more constrained with the queen than with the prince; she was required to answer like a sibyl to a hundred ingenious and learned questions, which sometimes she could not easily resolve. When a foreign ambassador arrived she was always shown dressed in a velvet or brocade gown with a frill round her neck; when the court was in mourning she wore a long black crape mantle which incommoded her very much; she was not allowed to eat anything for which she felt inclined, a physician always prescribing her food, at which she was not at all pleased, for she was as wayward as might be expected of a little monkey born a princess.

The queen appointed her masters, who well exercised the vivacity of her mind; she excelled in playing on the harpsichord, a marvelously good one having been made for her in an oyster shell: painters came from all the four quarters of the world, and especially from Italy, to take her likeness; her renown spread from pole to pole, for until that time a monkey with the gift of speech had never been heard of.

The prince, graceful and witty, and as handsome as painters represent Cupid, was a prodigy no less extraordinary; he visited Babiola, and sometimes amused himself in her company: their conversations, generally witty and lively, sometimes took a serious and moral turn. Babiola had a heart, and that heart was not metamorphosed like the rest of her little person; she became, then, very fond of the prince—in fact, too fond. The unfortunate Babiola did not know what to do; she passed her nights on the top of a window shutter, or in the chimney corner, and would not go into the basket lined with wadding and feathers, very soft and clean, which had been prepared for her. Her governess (for she had one) often heard her sigh, and sometimes complain and weep; her melancholy increased as her mind expanded,

and she never saw herself in a looking-glass without striving, out of vexation, to break it; so that it was commonly said: "A monkey will always be a monkey; Babiola, with all her talents, cannot rid herself of the malicious temper of her species."

As the prince grew up he became fond of hunting, balls, plays, arms, books; but with regard to the little monkey, he hardly ever mentioned her name. Things progressed very differently on her side; she loved him better at twelve years old than she had loved him at six, and sometimes reproached him for his forgetfulness: he thought that he quite made up for his neglect by giving her a rosy-cheeked apple or some roasted chestnuts. But he very often had her with him when feeling idle and wanting amusement, and the young attendants who came to receive his orders could scarcely help laughing at the grave face that Babiola turned on them.

At last the fame of Babiola's reputation reached the kingdom of the monkeys itself, and King Magotin conceived a violent desire to marry her. With this view he dispatched a famous embassy to ask her of the queen; he had no difficulty in making his prime minister understand his intentions, but the latter would have had infinite trouble to express them, but for the assistance of the parrots and magpies, vulgarly called mags; these chattered a great deal, and the jackdaws who followed the equipage would have been very sorry to prattle a bit less than they.

A large ape, called Mirlifiche, was the head of the embassy: he had a fine carriage built of cards, on which were painted the amors of King Magotin and the monkey Monette, famous in the monkeyian empire; poor Monette died most cruelly under the claw of a wild cat, little accustomed to her frolicsome tricks. The happiness of Magotin and Monette during their marriage was represented, and the sensible grief in which the king had indulged on her decease. Six white rabbits, of an excellent breed, drew this carriage, which was called by way of distinction, the state carriage; it was followed by a chariot constructed of straw, painted with various colors, and which contained the monkeys destined to attend Babiola: you should have seen how they were adorned; they seemed indeed to be going to a wedding. The remainder

of the retinue was composed of little spaniels, small greyhounds, Spanish cats, Muscovy rats, a few hedge-



hogs, cunning weasels, and dainty foxes; some drove the chariots, others carried the baggage. At the head of the whole went Mirlifliche, graver than a Roman dictator,

wiser than Cato, and mounted on a young leveret which ambled better than the nicest English nag.

The queen knew nothing of this magnificent embassy until it arrived at her palace. The bursts of laughter from the people and her guards causing her to look out at the window, she beheld the most extraordinary cavalcade she had ever seen in her life. On its arrival, Mirliche, followed by a considerable number of apes, advanced toward the chariot containing the monkeys, and giving his paw to the large monkey call Gigogna, he assisted her to descend; then loosing the little parrot which was to serve as his interpreter, he awaited that splendid bird's presenting itself to the queen, and asking an audience for himself.

The parrot, gently rising in the air, went to the window at which the queen was standing, and said to her, in the prettiest voice in the world: "Madam, his excellency, Count Mirlifiche, ambassador from the most renowned Magotin, king of all the monkeys, demands an audience of your majesty, to treat on business of the utmost importance."

"My pretty parrot," said the queen, caressing him, "you had better first take something to eat, and a glass of wine, after which I consent to your telling Count Mirlifiche that he is very welcome to my kingdom, with all who accompany him. If his journey hither from Magotia has not too much fatigued him, he may immediately enter my audience chamber, where I shall await him on my throne, with all my court."

At these words the parrot kissed his foot twice, flapped his wings, sang a little air in token of his joy, and resuming his flight, he soon perched on Mirlifiche's shoulder, and whispered in his ear the favorable answer he had just received. Mirlifiche was not insensible to the kindness with which he was received, and immediately desired Margot, a magpie who set himself up for sub-interpreter, to ask one of the queen's officers for a room in which he might repose for a short time, previous to his expected audience. He was immediately shown into an apartment paved with marble, painted and gilded, and altogether one of the neatest in the palace. He had no sooner entered it with part of his suit than, as apes are all very inquisitive searchers, they ferreted out a certain corner

in which divers pots of sweetmeats were arranged; behold our gluttons then, one with a glass jar of apricots, another with a bottle of syrup; one with pastry, another with alicampane. The chattering gentry who composed part of the *cortège* were vexed at seeing a repast in which there was neither hemp-seed nor millet-seed; and a magpie, a mighty great talker flew into the audience chamber, and respectfully approaching the queen: "Madam," said he to her, "I am too devoted a servant of your majesty to be a willing accomplice in the havoc which is making in your nice sweetmeats: Count Mirlifiche has already eaten three boxes himself: he was busily engaged discussing the fourth, without any respect to your majesty, when my heart being moved at so shocking an abuse of your majesty's hospitality, I left to inform you of the fact."

"I thank you kindly, my pretty little magpie," said the queen, smiling; "but I dispense with your anxious zeal for my jars of sweetmeats; I abandon them in honor of Babiola, whom I love with all my heart."

The magpie, rather ashamed of the much ado about nothing which he had made, retired without saying a word.

The ambassador, followed by his suite, shortly after entered the apartment. He was not dressed quite in the fashion of the day: indeed, since the loss of the famous Fagotin, ambassador from the court of the Tuileries to that of King Magotin, and who had cut such a figure in the monkey world, they had had no good model. His hat was pointed at the top, and he wore in it a green feather; he wore a blue paper shoulder-belt covered with gold spangles, large bows of ribbons at his knees, and he carried a walking-stick. Immediately on his entering the room, the parrot, who had the reputation of being a tolerably good poet, having composed a very grave harangue, advanced to the foot of the throne on which the queen was seated, and, addressing himself to Babiola, spoke as follows:

"Know the great power, oh, royal dame,  
Of those all-bright and star-like eyes;  
Magotin feels the tender flame,  
And apes and cats, a loving train,  
Tell in sweet music his young sighs.

The fair Monette, his former love,  
 With a wild cat in combat strove;  
 And when the gentle monkey fell,  
 Magotin loved his queen so well,  
 He vowed eternal truth—for then,  
 He felt he ne'er could love again;  
 But you have made the king forget  
 The fainter charms of Queen Monette.

Sweet long-tail, once Magotin sat  
 Enthroned a very king in fat;  
 But vacant now is half his throne,  
 And naught is left but skin and bone;  
 For (once believe a Poet true)  
 He's dying, monkey dear! for you.  
 Olives and nuts he used to eat,

Such pleasant fruits his realms abound in,  
 He cracked the nuts (his favorite meat),

And threw the shells at all around him.

These were his freaks. Alas, such sport  
 Has ever fled Magotin's court!

Unless you deign, most noble queen,  
 To cure his kingship of the spleen.

Oh, half the riches who can tell,  
 Of the rich realms you'll then reign over?

Figs, raisins, nuts will please you well,  
 You'll be the greatest monkey belle,

And the first monkey be your lover."

During this discourse the queen turned her eyes toward Babiola, who for her part was more disconcerted than she had ever been before in the whole course of her life. The queen was anxious to ascertain the sentiments of Babiola before she made any answer. She, however, told the parrot to give his excellency the ambassador to understand that she favored his king's pretensions, and would further the marriage in all that depended on her. The audience being over, she retired, and was followed into her closet by Babiola. "My little monkey," said the queen to her, "I must confess that I shall be very sorry to part with you, but there would be great danger in denying Magotin, who asks you in marriage, for I have not yet forgotten that his father sent two hundred thousand apes into the field to wage a fierce war against our kingdom, and they devoured so many of our subjects that we were obliged to conclude a shameful peace.

"Then I am to understand, madam," replied Babiola impatiently, "that you have resolved to sacrifice me to this vile monster in order to avoid his anger. I entreat

your majesty, however, to grant me at least a delay of a few days, when I will acquaint you with my final resolution."

"That is but right," said the queen; "but if you take my advice you will determine promptly; consider the honors that await you, the magnificence of the embassy, and the maids of honor who are sent for you."

"I do not know what he may have done for Monette," replied little Babiola disdainfully; "but I know very well that I am but little moved by the sentiments with which he affects to honor me."

Thereupon she arose, and after courtesying gracefully, quitted the closet in search of the prince, to relate her sorrows to him. Directly he saw her he called out: "Well, Babiola, when shall we have the pleasure of dancing at your wedding?"

"I do not know, sir," said she sorrowfully; "but I find myself in so deplorable a condition that it is no longer in my power to withhold my secret from you, and although it puts my delicacy to the blush, I must confess to you that you are the only person whom I could have wished to have for my husband."

"Husband!" said the prince, bursting into a loud laugh—"husband indeed! My little monkey, I am charmed at what you tell me; I hope, however, that you will excuse me if I do take advantage of your confession; for in truth, neither in height, looks, or manners are we quite suited to each other."

"I agree with you," said she; "and most especially our hearts are not alike. You are an ingrate; I have long perceived it, and I am very foolish to feel an affection for a prince who is so little worthy of it."

"But, Babiola," said he, "think now, were we married, what anxiety I should feel to see you at the top of a sycamore tree, hanging from a branch by your tail. Take my advice; let us laugh at this affair for the sake of your honor and my own; marry King Magotin, and in token of the good friendship that subsists between us, send me your first baby."

"It is fortunate for you, sir," added Babiola, "that I am not quite a monkey in my mind; any other than I would have already scratched out your eyes, bitten off your nose, and torn off your ears; but I abandon you

to the reflections that you will one day make on your unworthy conduct." She could say no more, for her governess came in to inform her that the Ambassador Mirlifiche had gone to her apartment with magnificent presents.

They consisted of a toilet of spider's web, embroidered with little glowworms, an egg-shell serving to hold the combs, and a white-heart cherry for a pincushion, all the linen being ornamented with paper lace; there were besides, in a basket, several shells properly arranged, some serving as drops to earrings, others for bodkins, etc., and all as brilliant as diamonds; but better than all these were a dozen boxes of sweetmeats, and a little glass box which contained a nut and an olive; the key of the box, however, was lost, at which Babiola was rather vexed.

The ambassador informed her in grumbling, which is the language made use of in the kingdom of Magotia, that his monarch was more moved with her charms than he had ever been by those of any other monkey; that he was building a palace for her in the topmost branches of a fir tree; that he had sent her these presents, and particularly the nice sweetmeats, to show his attachment. "But," added he, "the strongest proof of his kindness, and the one of which you ought to be most sensible, is, madam, the care he has taken to have his portrait painted, that you may anticipate in some measure the pleasure you will feel on seeing himself." He thereupon displayed the portrait of the King of the Apes seated on a large block of wood eating an apple.

Babiola turned her face on one side so as to look no longer on so disagreeable a figure, and, grumbling two or three times, she gave Mirlifiche to understand that she was obliged to his master for his esteem, but that she had not yet made up her mind whether she would marry or remain single.

Meantime the queen had determined not to incur the monkey's anger; and by no means thinking that any great ceremony was requisite in sending Babiola where she intended she should go, she had everything prepared for her departure. On hearing of this, despair took entire possession of Babiola's mind. The prince's contempt on one hand, the queen's indifference on another, and still

more the idea of such a husband, determined her to make her escape. This was not a very difficult thing, for since she had been able to speak she had not been tied up; she went and came at pleasure, and as often entered her room by the window as by the door.

She made haste therefore to set out, and leaping from tree to tree, and from branch to branch, she reached the bank of a river; the excess of her despair prevented her



fully comprehending the danger she ran in trying to swim across it, so without a moment's consideration she plunged in, and immediately sank to the bottom. As she did not lose her senses, she looked about her, and perceived a magnificent grotto, adorned all over with shells. She entered, and was received by a venerable old man whose long white beard reached below his waist: he was seated on a couch of reeds and flags, he wore on his head a crown of wild poppies, and was reclining against a rock, whence sprang several fountains which augmented the river.

"Ah! what has brought you here, little Babiola?" said he, offering her his hand.

"Sir," answered she, "I am an unfortunate little monkey, and am flying from a frightful ape whom they wish to make my husband."

"I know more of your story than you imagine," added the wise old man; "it is true that you abhor Magotin, but it is no less true that you are in love with a young prince, who returns your love with indifference."

"Ah! sir," cried Babiola, sighing, "let us not speak of him; his remembrance augments my grief."

"He will not always be insensible to love," continued the companion of the fishes. "I know that he is destined for the fairest princess in the world."

"Unfortunate that I am!" said Babiola, "then he will never be mine."

The good man smiled, and said to her: "Do not afflict yourself, my good Babiola, time is a powerful master; only be careful not to lose the little glass box that King Magotin sent you, and as you have got it, by good luck, in your pocket, I need say no more about it to you; here is a crocodile who travels very steadily; seat yourself on its back, and it will conduct you where you ought to go."

"After the obligations that you have imposed on me," said she to him, "I cannot depart without knowing your name."

"I am called Biroqua," said he, "father of the river of that name, which is, as you may perceive, rather large and famous."

Babiola then seated herself on the crocodile's back very confidently, and they traveled for some time on the water: after passing rather a long winding, the crocodile reached the bank. It would have been difficult to find anything more tasteful than its English saddle and the rest of its harness; there were even little pistols in the saddle bow, the holsters for which were made of the shells of crabs.

Babiola was proceeding on her journey with entire confidence in the sage Biroqua's promises, when she suddenly heard a loud noise. Alas! alas! it was the Ambassador Mirlifiche and his retinue, who were returning to Magotia, sorrowful and desolate at Babiola's flight. An ape of this troop had mounted a walnut-tree, and was

knocking down walnuts for the amusement of the retinue, when just as he had reached the highest branches he perceived Babiola, seated on a crocodile which was slowly traveling up the open country. At this sight he uttered such a loud shout that the assembled apes asked him anxiously in their language what was the matter. No sooner had he told them than the parrots, magpies and jackdaws were immediately let loose, and flew to where she was; and on their report the ambassador, the monkeys and the remainder of the equipage hastened to arrest her.

What a misfortune for Babiola! a greater, or more terrible, it would have been difficult to bring upon her; she was obliged to get into the state carriage, which was thereupon surrounded by vigilant monkeys, some foxes, and a cock who perched on the roof and kept watch day and night. An ape leading the crocodile, as a very rare animal, brought up the rear of the cavalcade, which continued its journey to the great grief of Babiola, whose only companion was Madam Gigona, a peevish, ill-tempered monkey.

At the end of three days, which passed without any adventure, the guides lost their way, and they all arrived at a large town of which they did not know the name; but seeing a fine garden, the door of which was open, they halted therein and fell upon everything it contained as though they had been in a conquered country. One cracked walnuts, another gobbled cherries, while a third robbed a plum-tree; in a word, there was not a little monkey-brat among them who did not both eat and lay in a good store.

You must know that this town was the capital of the kingdom in which Babiola had been born; that the queen, her mother, resided there, and that since the misfortune she had experienced in seeing her daughter metamorphosed into a monkey by the sprig of hawthorn, she would not allow either monkey, marmoset or baboon to remain in the kingdom, or anything which might recall the fatal and deplorable adventure to her remembrance. An ape was then looked upon as a disturber of the public peace. Judge, then, of the universal astonishment of the people at seeing a carriage of card arrive, with a chariot of painted straw, and the rest of this most sur-

prising monkey equipage, perhaps the most extraordinary that was ever seen since tales were tales and fairies were fairies.

The news flew like lightning to the palace, and the queen was astounded, fearing that the long-tailed gentry were about to attack her authority. She promptly assembled her council, issued a proclamation condemning them all as guilty of high treason; and not wishing to lose an opportunity of making so famous an example for the future, she sent her guards into the garden, with orders to seize upon all the monkeys. They threw large nets over the trees, and soon brought their chase to a conclusion; and notwithstanding the high respect due to the quality of ambassador, that character suffered so much in the person of Mirlifliche that he was unmercifully thrown to the bottom of a cave and put under a large empty tub, where he and his comrades were imprisoned with the lady-monkeys who had accompanied Babiola.

For her part she felt a secret joy at this turn in her affairs. When misfortunes reach a certain point they cease to afflict, and even death is met without a murmur: this was precisely her situation, her heart being occupied by the image of a prince who despised her, and her mind filled with the frightful idea of King Magotin, whose wife she was about to become.

For the rest, I must not forget to state that her clothes were so pretty, and her manners so uncommon, that those who had taken her stayed to regard her as something marvelous; and when she spoke to them their astonishment was not a little augmented, although they had already heard of the admirable Babiola. The queen who had found her, being unacquainted with her niece's metamorphosis, had frequently written to her sister that she had a very wonderful little monkey, and had requested her to come and see it; but the afflicted queen had always hastily passed over that part of the letter without reading it. The guards, transported with admiration, carried Babiola to a large gallery, and having erected a little throne, she ascended it more like a sovereign than a captive monkey; and the queen accidentally passing, was so forcibly struck with her pretty appearance and the gracious compliments she paid her, that in spite of herself nature spoke in the child's favor.

She took her up in her arms. The little creature, animated on her side with feelings that she had never before experienced, threw herself on the queen's neck and said such tender and engaging things that she struck everybody who heard her with admiration.

"No, great queen," cried she, "it is not the fear of approaching death, with which I learn you have threatened the unfortunate race of monkeys, that terrifies me, or induces me to take the means of pleasing and softening you; the close of my life is not the greatest misfortune that could befall me, and I possess feelings so much above my condition that I should regret even the least step taken to preserve that life; no, madam, it is for yourself alone that I love you. Your crown moves me much less toward you than your merit."

What answer could the queen make to so courteous and complimentary a speech? More dumb than a carp, she stared with surprise, thinking that she was in a dream, and feeling her heart very much affected.

She carried the monkey to her closet. When they were alone she said to her: "Do not delay a moment the relation of your adventures to me; for I feel that of all the animals which people my menageries and which I keep in my palace, you will be the one that I shall love the most: I assure you that on your account I will even pardon the apes who accompany you."

"Ah! madam," cried Babiola; "I ask you nothing for them: my misfortune was to be born a monkey, and the same misfortune has gifted me with a discernment which will make me suffer until my death; for, in a word, what do I not feel when I see myself in a looking-glass, little, ugly, and black, having paws covered with hair, with a long tail and teeth always ready to bite, being conscious at the same time that I have taste, delicacy, and feelings, and do not want intelligence?"

"Are you capable," said the queen, "of feeling an attachment?"

Babiola sighed, but made no answer.

"Oh!" continued the queen, "you must tell me whether you love an ape, a rabbit, or a squirrel; for if you are disengaged I have a dwarf who will be an excellent match for you." At this proposition Babiola put on a disdainful air, at which the queen laughed heartily.

“Do not afflict yourself,” said she to her, “and inform me by what miracle you speak.”

“All that I know of my adventures,” replied Babiola, “is that the queen your sister had no sooner quitted you after the birth and death of the princess your daughter, than she saw, as she was passing the seashore, one of your valets who was on the point of drowning me. I was forcibly taken from him by her order; and by the most unheard-of prodigy in the world, speech and reason came to me. Many masters were appointed to teach me various languages and to play on musical instruments; at last, madam, I became sensible of my misfortunes, and—but what ails you, madam?” cried she, seeing the queen’s countenance pale and covered with a cold perspiration; “whence this extraordinary change which I remark in your person?”

“I am dying,” said the queen, in a feeble and inarticulate voice; “I am dying, my dear and too unfortunate daughter; to-day, then, I have at last recovered you.” At these words she fainted away. The terrified Babiola ran for assistance; the queen’s ladies hastened to give her water, to unlace her stays, and to put her in bed, and Babiola crept into bed with her without observation, being extremely small.

When the queen returned to herself, after the long swoon into which the princess’ discourse had thrown her, she desired to be left alone with the ladies who were acquainted with the secret of her daughter’s fatal birth; and informed them of what had befallen her, at which they were so dismayed that they knew not how to advise her.

She commanded them, however, to tell her what they thought she had better do in so grievous a juncture. Some advised her to have the monkey stifled; others to shut her up in a hole, and a third party to have her sent back again to the sea. The queen cried and sobbed: “She is so clever,” said she, “what a pity to see her reduced to this miserable condition by an enchanted sprig of haw-horn! But,” continued she, “she is my daughter and my blood: it is I who have drawn upon her the wicked Fanferluche’s wrath, and is it just that she should suffer for the hatred that that fairy bears to me?”

“But, madam,” cried her old lady of honor, “we must

save your reputation; what would the world think if you were to declare that a monkey were your child? It is unnatural for so beautiful a person as you to have such children."

The queen lost all patience at hearing her argue in this way, but soon consented, with no less warmth, that it was necessary to exterminate the little monster. At last, however, her majesty resolved to shut up Babiola in a castle, where she would be well nursed and kindly treated during the remainder of her life.

When Babiola heard that the queen intended to put her in prison, she quietly slipped out of the bed, and jumping from the window on to a tree in the garden, she made her escape into a large forest, and left everybody in alarm at not finding her.

She passed the night in the hollow of an oak-tree, in which she had time to reflect on the cruelty of her fate: but what most pained her was the necessity she was under of quitting the queen; however, she preferred being her own mistress in voluntary exile to losing her liberty forever.

On the appearance of daylight she continued her journey without knowing whither she was to go, and considering and reconsidering a thousand times the singularity of so extraordinary an adventure. "What a difference," cried she, "between what I am and what I ought to be!" Tears fell in abundance from the little eyes of poor Babiola.

She, however, journeyed on, sometimes fearful that the queen might pursue her, and sometimes alarmed lest some of the monkeys who had escaped from the cave might seize on and take her against her will to the King Magotin; but still proceeding, without following either road or footpath, she at last arrived at a large desert, in which there was neither house nor tree, fruit, grass nor spring: she entered on it without reflection, and it was not until she began to feel hungry that she discovered, too late, the extent of her imprudence in attempting to travel through such a country.

Two days and two nights she passed without being able to catch even a gnat or a little worm, and fear of death seized her. She became so weak that she swooned and fell on the earth; when remembering the olive and the

nut that were still in the little glass box, she thought that she might make a light repast of them. Joyful at this ray of hope, she picked up a stone, broke the box in pieces and began to eat the olive.

Hardly had she put her teeth therein when an abundance of perfumed oil flowed from it, which falling on her paws, they immediately became the most delicate hands in the world; her surprise, as may be imagined, was extreme. She instantly took some of this oil and rubbed herself all over with it, when, marvelous to relate! she made herself so beautiful that nothing in the world could equal her charms. She felt that she had large eyes, a small mouth, and a handsome nose; she was dying for want of a looking-glass. At last she bethought herself of making one of the largest piece of glass of her broken box. Oh, what joy! oh, what delight! when she saw her own loveliness. Her clothes had changed with herself; her hair fell in a thousand flowing ringlets, and her complexion was as fresh as the flowers in spring.

The first moments of her surprise being passed, her hunger became still more violent, and her sorrow augmented proportionately. "What!" said she, "so beautiful and so young, born princess as I am, must I perish in this desolate spot? Oh, cruel fortune! that hast conducted me here, to what hast thou destined me? Is it to add to afflictions alone, that thou hast wrought so happy and so un hoped-for a change in my person? And thou, O venerable Biroqua! who didst so generously save my life, wilt thou too leave me to perish in this frightful solitude?"

In vain did the poor princess invoke assistance in this solitary desert; not even echo answered to her voice. The want of food tormented her to such a degree that she at last took the nut and cracked it; when, as she threw the shell from her, she was amazed to see issue therefrom architects, painters, masons, upholsterers, sculptors, and all kinds of different workmen. They immediately commenced operations; some designed a palace, others built it, and others furnished it; one party painted the rooms, another cultivated the gardens; all was resplendent with gold and azure. No sooner was this done than a sumptuous repast was served, and sixty princesses, more handsomely dressed than queens, led by

squires, and followed by pages, came and paid Babiola the highest compliments, inviting her to the feast that was awaiting her. It may be supposed that she did not require much persuasion; she immediately advanced toward the saloon, and there, seating herself at the table with a queenly air, she ate like one famished.

No sooner had she risen from table than her treasurers brought into her presence fifteen thousand large coffers, as large as hogsheads, full of gold and diamonds. They asked her if she would allow them to pay the workmen who built her palace. She said that that was but right, but made it a condition that they should also build near it a town, marry and settle therein. To this they all consented, and the town was finished in three-quarters of an hour, although it was fifty times larger than Rome. Behold the numerous prodigies which issued from a little nut!

The princess resolved to send a splendid embassy to the queen her mother, and to take this opportunity of deservedly reproaching the young prince her cousin for his former treatment of her. While taking the necessary measures for this purpose, she amused herself by witnessing ring-races, she always giving the prize; she also went to the theater, hunted and fished; for a river had also been conducted thither. The fame of her beauty soon spread itself over all the earth, and kings from its four quarters came to pay her court; as also giants taller than mountains, and figures smaller than rats.

It happened one day, during a grand festival and tournament, that as several knights were breaking lances, a quarrel arose, and, disregarding of her presence, they fought in earnest. The princess in anger descended from her balcony to ascertain and punish the originators of the strife, and to assist the wounded, when, as the visor of one of these was raised, what were her feelings at seeing the prince her cousin! Though not quite dead, he was so severely injured that she was herself nearly dying with surprise and grief. She had him instantly borne to the finest apartment in the palace, where nothing requisite to effect his cure was wanting; the best medicine, eminent surgeons, nice broth and syrups, all were there. Babiola herself made the bandages and lint, watering them with her tears—tears which might have served as a

balsam for her wounded cousin. Wounded indeed he was in more than one sense of the word; for without reckoning half a dozen sword and as many lance wounds which had pierced him through and through, he had been at that court for some time incognito, and had felt the power of Babiola's eyes to an incurable extent. It is then easy to judge what were his feelings when he read in that amiable princess' countenance that she was in the utmost grief at witnessing the condition to which he was reduced.

I will not stop to repeat to you the terms in which his heart prompted him to thank her for the kindness she had manifested toward him; those who heard him were surprised that so sick a man should be able to show so much passion and gratitude. The Princess Babiola, who blushed more than once at it, begged him to be silent, but his emotion and the ardor of his protestations were so extreme that she saw him suddenly sink in dreadful anguish. Until then she had borne all with firmness; but on seeing him in so terrible a condition she uttered loud cries, tore her hair, and gave everybody reason to think that her heart must be of easy access, since in so short a time it could feel so great a passion for a stranger; for it was not known in Babiola's kingdom that the prince was her cousin, and that she had loved him from her earliest youth.

It appears that, while traveling, the prince was attracted by Babiola's reputation to her court, and being unacquainted with any one there who could introduce him to the princess, he thought that nothing could so well serve his turn as the performance in her presence of five or six heroic feats, such as cutting off the legs, arms or heads of a few knights in a tournament. He found, however, no one complaisant enough to allow him so to do. A rude scuffle then ensued; the strongest party as usual beat the weaker, and to that weaker party unfortunately belonged—as I have already stated—our prince.

Babiola, in despair, ran along the highway without either carriage or guards; she entered a wood, and fainted away at the foot of a tree, whence the Fairy Fanferluche, who never slept, but was always seeking opportunities for evil actions, carried her on a cloud blacker than ink, and which sailed along more swiftly than the wind. The princess remained for some time insensible; when she re-

covered nothing could equal her surprise at finding herself so far from the earth, and so near to the pole. The footing on clouds is not very solid, so that as she ran to and fro she seemed to be treading on feathers, and the cloud separating at times, she had much difficulty to prevent herself from falling; she found no one with whom to share her grief, for the wicked Fanferluche had rendered herself invisible; she had time to think of her dear prince and the condition in which she had left him, and gave way to the most mournful thoughts that can take possession of the mind. "What," cried she, "am I capable of surviving him I love, and of allowing the fear of approaching death to find a place in my heart? Ah! if the sun would scorch me to death with his beams what a good office would he render me; if I could drown myself in the rainbow how happy should I be! But alas! all the zodiac is deaf to my voice; Sagittarius for me has no arrows; for me the Bull no horns, and the Lion no teeth. Perhaps the earth will be more obliging, and will offer to me at least the point of a rock on which I may slay myself. Oh, prince! dear, dear cousin, why art thou not here to witness for thy sake the most tragical leap on which desperate lover ever resolved?" As she finished these words she ran to the end of the cloud and precipitated herself from it, like an arrow shot from an English bow.

All who saw her thought that the moon was falling; and as Cynthia was just then on the wane, several people who adored her, and who remained some time without seeing her again, put on deep mourning for her loss, persuading themselves that the sun, in a fit of jealousy, had done the moon this evil turn.

However great the princess' wish for death, die she did not; she fell into a glass bottle in which the fairies generally keep their ratafia in the sun; but what a bottle! there is not a tower in the world so large. Fortunately it was empty, or she must have been drowned therein like a fly.

The six giants who guarded it immediately recognized Babiola! They were the same who had resided in her court and who loved her, as did all the world but the malignant Fanferluche. She, who did nothing by chance, had transported each of these giants hither on a

flying dragon, and the six dragons guarded the bottle while the giants slept. While Babiola was there she frequently regretted her monkey-skin; she lived like the chameleon on air and dew.

The prison in which she was thus confined was unknown to any one; of course, therefore, the young prince her cousin was ignorant of it, for he was not dead, but unceasingly asked for Babiola. He easily perceived, from the melancholy looks of all who attended on him, that there was some subject of general grief at court; his natural discretion prevented his seeking to learn what it might be, but when convalescent he pressed so earnestly that he was apprised of the princess' loss, for they had not the courage to conceal it longer from him. Those who had seen her enter the wood maintained that she had been devoured by lions; a second party thought she had destroyed herself in despair; and others opined that she had lost her wits, and was wandering over the world.

As this latter opinion was the least terrible, and as it gave the prince a slight ground for hope, he seized upon it; and set out on his horse Criquetin, of whom I have already spoken, but of whom I forgot to say that he was descended from Bucephalus, and one of the best horses of the age in which he flourished. The prince was attended by two of his most faithful followers. Putting the bridle on his horse's neck, the prince allowed him to choose his own road: sometimes he called upon the princess, but in vain. Echo alone replied.

At last he arrived at the bank of a large river. Criquetin was thirsty, and went into it to drink, and the prince continuing to shout at the top of his lungs: "Babiola! beautiful Babiola, where are you?" he heard a voice whose sweetness seemed to charm the waves:

"Advance!" it replied, "and you shall learn where she is."

At these words the prince, as daring as he was affectionate, gave Criquetin two or three thrusts with his spurs, which made him swim onward until he came to a gulf into which the water precipitated itself more rapidly, when the prince sank with his horse to the bottom, thoroughly persuaded that he was on the point of being drowned.



THE PRINCE SEARCHING FOR BABIOLA.

He luckily, however, had arrived at the residence of the good man Biroqua, who was then celebrating the wedding of his daughter with one of the richest and deepest rivers in the country; all the aquatic deities were in his grotto, where the tritons and the sirens were making a charming melody, and the river Biroqua, lightly dressed, was dancing gayly with the Thames, the Seine, the Euphrates, and the Ganges, who had certainly come a long distance to amuse themselves together. Criquetin, who was very polite, stayed very respectfully at the entrance of the grotto, and the prince, still more polite than his horse, made a low bow and asked if it were permitted for a mortal like him to make his appearance in the midst of so distinguished an assembly.

Biroqua spoke with an affable air, and replied that they would feel both honored and gratified by his presence. "I have been waiting for you some days," continued he; "I am in your interests, sir, and those of the princess are likewise dear to me: you must rescue her from the fatal place in which the vindictive Fanferluche has imprisoned her; she is in a bottle."

"Ah; what do you tell me," cried the prince, interrupting him, "my princess in a bottle?"

"Yes," answered the wise old man; "and she is greatly distressed; but I warn you, sir, that it is by no means an easy task to conquer the giants and dragons who guard her, at least if you do not follow my advice. You must leave your good horse here, and mount a winged dolphin which I have been training for you a long time;" he then had the dolphin brought, saddled and bridled, and it pranced and curveted so well that Criquetin was quite jealous of him.

Biroqua and his companions immediately set about arming the prince. They equipped him in a brilliant cuirass of gilded carp-scales; his headpiece consisted of a large periwinkle shell, shaded by a large cod's tail which hung in the form of a handsome plume of heron's feathers; a naiad girded him with an eel, from which hung a formidable sword made of the backbone of a large fish; and he was then presented with a magnificent tortoise-shell as a shield. Thus equipped, not the smallest gudgeon who saw him but conceived that he beheld the god of soles; and verily, the young prince had a certain air that is rarely met with among mortals.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast;” and that of soon finding the charming princess with whom he was in love inspired our prince with a joy that he had been incapable of feeling since her loss. The chronicle whence this authentic tale is extracted relates that he ate with a very good appetite at Biroqua’s table, and that he thanked all the company for their kindness in no common terms; after which he rose from table, bade adieu to Criquetin, then, mounting the winged fish, he immediately set out.

At the close of the day the prince found himself already so high that he entered for the sake of a little rest into the kingdom of the moon. The rarities that he observed there, and which have been so well described by later travelers, would have arrested his serious attention, if he had not had a more pressing object in view; to wit, that of liberating Babiola from the bottle, in which she had then been residing several months.

Day no sooner broke than away he rode on his dolphin again, and long ere noon he had discovered the princess surrounded by the giants and dragons that the fairy, by virtue of her little wand, had retained near her; and so little idea had Fanferluche that any one was powerful enough to free Babiola from captivity that she confidently reposed on the vigilance of her terrible guards, with the certainty of its prolongation.

The lovely Babiola was pitifully looking toward heaven, and addressing there her sorrowful lamentations, when she saw the flying dolphin and the prince who was coming to her deliverance. She could hardly believe her eyes when she saw an armed knight near her bottle, although she knew, from her own experience, that to some persons the most extraordinary things are of easy accomplishment. “May it not be through the malice of some wicked fairies,” said she, “that this knight is thus transported through the air? Alas! how much I pity him, if a bottle or caraffe is destined for his prison as it serves for mine.”

While these reflections occupied her mind, the giants, who perceived the prince over their head and took him for a kite which some little boy in the moon was flying, cried out to each other: “Lay hold of the string! lay hold of the string! it will serve to divert us;” but while,

under this impression, they stooped to pick him up, he fell on them, cut and thrust, and knocked them into as many pieces as a pack of cards cut and thrown to the wind. On hearing the first noise of this encounter, the princess turned her head and recognized her own dear prince. Oh! what joy, to be certain that he was yet alive; but oh! what anxiety, to see him exposed to such perils, fighting in the midst of the terrible giants and dragons which were then attacking him. She uttered fearful cries, and his danger nearly cost her her life.

However, the enchanted fishbone sword, with which Biroqua had armed the prince, struck no useless blows; and the nimble dolphin, rising and stooping just at the proper times, was a marvelous help to the prince; so that in a short time the field was covered with these monsters.

The impatient prince, who saw his princess through the glass, would have broken it in pieces if he had not been fearful of wounding her; so he determined on descending through the neck of the bottle. When he reached the bottom he threw himself at Babiola's feet and respectfully kissed her hand. "Sir," said she to him, "it is well, in order that you may restrain your emotions, that I inform you of the motives which have interested me so tenderly in your preservation. Learn, then, that we are nearly related; that I am the daughter of the queen your aunt; and that same Babiola, whom you found in the form of a little monkey on the seashore; who was weak enough to express for you an attachment; and whom you despised."

"Ah, madam!" cried the prince, "can I believe so unheard-of a prodigy? What! you have been a monkey; you have loved me, and I have known your love and my heart has been capable of refusing the greatest of earthly blessings!"

"Well," replied the princess, smiling at his surprise, "I should now, perhaps, have but a very poor opinion of your taste had you then conceived any attachment for me; but let us depart; I am tired of my prison, and I fear my enemy; let us go to the queen my mother, and inform her of all these extraordinary events, which cannot fail to interest her."

"With all my heart, madam," said the amorous prince; and getting on the winged dolphin's back and taking her

in his arms, "let us go," said he, "and restore to her, in you, the most amiable princess in the world."

The dolphin gently rose in the air, winging his course toward the capital in which the queen was spending her sorrowful existence. The flight of Babiola did not leave her a moment's repose: she could not help thinking of her favorite, and thus continually calling to her remembrance the pretty things that Babiola had said to her; monkey as she was, the queen would have given half her kingdom for another sight of her.

When the prince arrived he disguised himself as an old man, and demanded a private audience of the queen. "Madam," said he, "I have studied from my most tender youth the necromantic art: you may judge of my skill by the fact that I am not ignorant of the hatred that Fanferluche bears toward you, or of its disastrous effects; but dry your tears, madam; for that same Babiola whom you have seen so ugly is now about to be restored to you, the most beautiful princess in the world; provided, however, that you will pardon the queen your sister for the cruel war that she has waged against you, and conclude the peace by marrying the Princess Babiola with the prince your nephew."

"I cannot flatter myself that what you affirm is true," replied the queen, weeping; "wise old man, you wish to soothe my affliction: I have lost my dear daughter, I have no longer a husband, my sister pretends that my kingdom belongs to her; her son is as unjust as his mother, they both persecute me, and I will enter into no alliance with them."

"Fate wills it otherwise," continued he, "and I am commissioned to tell you so."

"Ah! but of what use would it be," added the queen, "to consent to this marriage? The wicked Fanferluche has too much power and is too malicious not to oppose it always."

"Do not alarm yourself on that score, madam," replied the good man; "promise me only that you will not oppose the marriage in question."

"I promise everything," cried the queen, "provided I see my dear daughter once again."

The prince went out and ran to where the princess was awaiting him. She was surprised to see him disguised,

which made it necessary for him to relate to her that for some time past the two queens had had violent altercations, and that there had been much animosity between them; but that at last he had made his aunt consent to his wishes. The princess was in ecstasies: she went to the palace, and all who met her observed so perfect a resemblance in her to the queen her mother that curiosity induced them to follow her to learn who she was.

When the queen perceived her, her heart was so violently agitated that it required no other testimony to prove the truth of what had been told her. The princess threw herself at her mother's feet, and was received by the queen with open arms. After a silence of some moments, drying each other's tears with a thousand kisses, they gave vent to their feelings in all those tender expressions which may be easily imagined on such an occasion: then, turning to her nephew, the queen received him very favorably, and reiterated to him all the promises she had made to the necromancer. She would have said more, but a noise in the courtyard drawing her attention to the window, she had the agreeable surprise of seeing the queen her sister arrive. The prince and princess looking also, recognized near her the venerable Biroqua, and even the good Criquetin, who was also of the party. They, one and all, gave utterance to loud cries of joy; they hastened to embrace each other with inexpressible transport. The nuptials of the prince and the fair Babiola were celebrated immediately, in spite of the wicked Fanferluche, whose power and malice were thus equally confounded.

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## THE THREE BEARS.

IN a certain German forest near the Hartz mountains there lived three exceedingly domestic bears.

There was the Father-bear, the Mother-bear, and a little son. They had a nice little house; a chair each to sit on, a bed to sleep in, and a basin each for milk and honey, which was their favorite food.

The father's were the largest, the mother's were a little smaller, the little bear's were the smallest of all.

"Somebody has been in my bed, and here she is," said the Tiny-Bear.—Page 219.

*Old, Old Fairy Tales.*



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One day they boiled their milk and honey for breakfast, poured it into their basins, and went out for a walk while it cooled.

Now it happened that very near the bears' dwelling lived a woodman's little daughter, all by herself.



She was called Golden Hair. Her father and mother were both dead, so she was quite alone. She kept her small house very neat, made herself a bed of moss and beech leaves, and used to pick berries for her food. Of course the poor little thing had no one to teach her right from wrong, and she lived quite like a little savage in her forest home; only she was a gentle creature, and used to sing like the birds in the trees under which she played.

On the very morning that the three bears went for a walk, Golden Hair also was rambling about the wood.

By and by she came to the bears' house, and as the window was open, she peeped in.



Seeing no one there she lifted the latch and walked into the house. This was very rude of Golden Hair; but then she knew no better.

She saw the three basins, and looked into them, and then, taking up the tiny bear's, she tasted his milk and

honey. She thought it very nice indeed; so she sat down in the little bear's chair to eat it; but the chair was much too small for her, and she broke the seat and fell through, basin and all.

Now this was certainly stealing, but Golden Hair did not know that she ought not to take that which was not her own. A tiny bear may be only a tiny bear, but still he has a right to his own things.

Then Golden Hair went upstairs, and there she saw three beds all in a row. The first was the Father-bear's, the second was the Mother-bear's, the last was the Tiny bear's.

Golden Hair thought that they looked very comfortable, and as she was a little tired, she got into the tiny bear's, and fell asleep.

By and by the bears came home.

Tiny-bear looked at his chair and basin, and said:

"Somebody has been here."

And Father-bear said gruffly:

"Somebody has been here."

And Mother-bear said, not quite so gruffly:

"Somebody has been here."

Then they went to the table and looked at their basins.

And the Father-bear said gruffly:

"Somebody has touched my basin."

And the Mother-bear said less gruffly:

"Somebody has touched my basin."

And Tiny-bear said in a high, shrill voice:

"And somebody has *broken* mine."

Then they all went upstairs and looked in their beds.

"There is no one in my bed," said Father-bear gruffly.

"There is nobody in my bed," said the Mother-bear less gruffly.

"There is a little girl in my bed," squeaked Tiny-bear, "and she has eaten up my breakfast, and broken my chair, and cracked my basin."

The shrill voice of Tiny-bear woke up Golden Hair, and she started out of bed.

The window was open, and she was so frightened that she jumped right out of it at once, and ran away; and the bears went to the window and watched her, and saw her disappear in the forest.

And the Father-bear said gruffly:

“The wolves will eat her.”  
And the Mother-bear said less gruffly:  
“The wolves will eat her.”  
And Tiny-bear squeaked in his shrill voice:



“The wolves will eat her.”  
But they did not.  
Now if you wish very much to know what became of  
Golden Hair, I will tell you.  
As she ran, terrified, through the wood, she fell over

the trunk of a tree, and while she lay on the ground, weeping, a bee buzzed up to her and said:

“Little Golden Hair, what has happened?”

And Golden Hair said:

“I went into the bears’ house, beautiful bee, and ate up some milk and honey; and then I got into Tiny-bear’s bed and fell asleep, and the bears came home and found me; and I was so frightened that I jumped out of the window, and I have just fallen down. If I had not jumped out, I dare say they would have killed me.”

“Very likely,” buzzed the bee; “I dislike bears very much myself, and never cross their threshold. They eat our honey, and have no manners; and then their figures are so very awkward, and their movements *so* uncouth! But you had no right to eat Tiny-bear’s breakfast—that was stealing, and it was wrong. I never take a drop of honey from a flower without asking its leave first.”

Golden Hair sobbed out, “that she did not know it was wrong.”

“Well,” said the bee, “I don’t see how you should, as you have not been taught. We bees have often pitied you. Now I am not rich; I am only an upholsterer bee, and I don’t live in a hive, and I have no queen; but if you like to live with me and be my little girl, I will do all I can for you.”

Golden Hair was very glad to accept this kind offer, for she thought that honey was very nice; and she had no doubt that it would be her food if she lived with the upholsterer bee.

Then the bee showed the child where she lived, in a hollow tree. And Golden Hair thought it was a very fine dwelling, for the bee had hung it all round with curtains cut from red poppy leaves; and it was so clean that you would have been delighted with it.

“Now, Golden Hair,” said the bee, “we cannot endure dirty children. Go and wash yourself in the stream; and wash your frock, and hang it out to dry.”

And Golden Hair did as she was told; and when she was nicely dressed again in a clean white frock, and all her golden hair lay on her shoulders glistening in the sun, she looked very pretty indeed.

And she played all day with the butterflies and birds, and when the sun set she fell asleep.

The next day the bee buzzed in her ear as soon as it was light, and woke her up.

"Golden Hair," she said, as the child sat up and rubbed her sleepy blue eyes, "we can't have idle people here. I hate a drone: get up and work."

"I have nothing to do," said Golden Hair; "I can't make honey."

"But you can do a great many other things! I only wish I had your wonderful hands," said the bee.

"What can I do?" asked Golden Hair.

"I will tell you. Get up and take a wooden spade, and dig up the sweetest flowers in the wood, and plant them here close to my cell; and when no rain comes, water them, and don't let the greedy worms eat them all up, but pick them off the leaves."

Golden Hair did as she was told, but not for very long.

For a silly butterfly came and coaxed her to run a race with him, and laughed at her for grubbing in the ground, and making her hands dirty.

So she ran races, and did not work.

By and by she was hungry, and she said to the butterfly:

"Will you give me some honey for dinner?"

"I have not any honey," he answered; "you could not expect a gentleman like me to provide food. It is quite beneath me. I eat a little bit of leaf here and there."

"Oh! I am so hungry!" sobbed Golden Hair.

"Absurd! How vulgar you are!" sang the butterfly, and he flew away; for, as he told the nearest rose, he hated to see tears; and the rose smiled at his wit, and admired his fine feelings.

Golden Hair went home and found her dinner ready—the purest honey, scented with lilac, and wild thyme, and honeysuckles, and she ate a great deal of it, and thanked the bee.

And the bee said:

"You have not done much work. If I had been as idle as you are, I should have had no dinner to give you."

"It was all the butterfly's fault!" said Golden Hair.

"Nonsense," said the bee, "he could not make you idle unless you chose to be so. Don't tell me! One would get very little done if one could be persuaded to play by every idle insect one saw."

"I will do better to-morrow," said Golden Hair.

"Better begin to-day," answered the bee. "Who can tell if the sun will shine to-morrow?"

So Golden Hair worked all the afternoon, and when night came she felt happy and satisfied, as everybody does when they have done right.

And a kind nightingale, who had been pleased to see her so industrious, came and sat on a bough close by, and sang her to sleep. The next day a robin woke her.

"Get up," he said, "Golden Hair. The lark is singing hymns, and it is a pity you should not join in them; besides, if you don't get up early you will find no worms."

"Thank you," said Golden Hair, "but I don't eat worms; I breakfast on honey."

"That's very well for dessert," said Robin; "but for food I prefer something more substantial."

"I should like a few cherries," sighed Golden Hair.

"There are plenty of strawberries in the wood," said Robin. "If you will come with me, I will show you where they grow."

And he showed Golden Hair a bed of ripe red strawberries growing on a sunny bank. They were quite delicious.

"What a clever bird you are!" said the child, as she ate her breakfast with the robin; "and yet I should not have thought so, judging by your very plain suit, though, to be sure, your breast is a pretty color."

"We must not judge by outside show," said Robin. "Neither I nor the bee are as gay as the butterfly, but I think I may say, without boasting, that we are worth a dozen of him."

And Golden Hair thought so too.

By and by the winter came; the snow fell fast and the bitter wind blew through the trees.

Golden Hair crouched down inside the old tree on the moss, and wept with the cold.

"What a pity it is you have no feathers!" said the robin.

"Go to sleep," said the bee drowsily; "this is the sort of weather for a good nap."

But Golden Hair could not sleep for the cold, and wishing would not give her feathers.

By and by the robin said to the bee;

“Golden Hair ought to go home to her own kind. I have had some crumbs to-day from such good people; I am sure if they knew the child was here, they would help her.”

“But how can we let them know?” said the bee. “You see, their education is so bad that they know nothing of our languages.”

“I will tell the dog,” said Robin; “he is a great philosopher, and can settle ways and means. I often think he is much wiser than his master. A pheasant told me last autumn that the gentlemen can do nothing without him.”

“Do speak to the dog,” said the bee. “I don’t like to see Golden Hair suffer, and do nothing for her.” So the robin told the dog. The dog said:

“Show me where the child is.”

And Robin did so.

And the dog barked and fawned on the little child; and Golden Hair was pleased, and stroked him, and nestled up to him and warmed herself. And the dog lay close beside her, and warmed her with his breath.

And by and by he took some meat from his master’s plate, and brought it to the hungry child.

And the dog’s master said to his wife:

“I wonder where Tray goes every day with a piece of meat?”

And his wife said:

“Why do you not follow him?”

So the next day the gentleman went after his dog, and followed him through the wood till he came to a hollow tree.

And there, inside it, very pale, and cold, and miserable, lay a little child with golden hair. And the dog gave her the meat, while a solitary bee buzzed faintly near, and a robin twittered gratefully from a twig.

The dog’s master went in and took the poor babe in his arms, and spoke to her. But Golden Hair had quite forgotten her own language, and knew only the dialects of the wood. But she wept, and clasped the gentleman’s arm with beseeching hands.

“Poor deserted babe!” he said, embracing her; “I will take you home, and you shall be to me as a daughter.”

And the bee buzzed her contentment; and the robin

sang a lay of rejoicing, and the dog barked and frisked as if he were wild with delight.

So Golden Hair was taken home by the dog's kind master. And he gave her to his wife, and said:

"I have found a wild child in the forest; let her be our own."

And the lady clasped the babe in her arms, and loved her from that day; and they had her christened "Mary." And thus it happened that no one ever knew what had become of Golden Hair.

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## THE GOOD LITTLE MOUSE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and a queen whose mutual affection was so extreme that they formed each other's sole joy. Their sentiments and wishes were always in perfect unison; sometimes they went hunting the hare or the stag, sometimes fishing for sole or carp, but always together; at balls they were always partners; at feasts they ate of the same dish, roast lamb with sugar-plums; they frequently went to the theater or the opera together; they sang duets and played a score of merry tricks for their mutual diversion at home; in a word, they were the happiest king and queen, and theirs was the happiest court on record. The subjects followed their sovereigns' example, and vied with each other in light-heartedness and good-humor. For all these reasons the kingdom was called Happy Land.

At the same time there happened to be in a neighboring state a king of quite an opposite character. He was the declared enemy of pleasure, and thought the more grief the better sport; his looks were sullen, his eyes were hollow, his beard was long and grizzly, his body was thin, his complexion sallow, and his hair black, thick, and as rough as a bear's. This ferocious monarch would amuse himself by shooting at his subjects; he was himself the executioner of criminals, and delighted only in cruel and wicked deeds. When he heard of a kind mother who was very fond of a good little boy or girl, he summoned them to his presence, and either strangled the child, or broke its arms, before its mother's face. His kingdom was called Tearland.

This wicked king, having heard of the happiness of the good King Felix, became so jealous of his neighbor's joy that he resolved to raise a large army and lay waste his dominions.

When everything was ready the bad king, Constantine, advanced toward Happy Land. The news of his coming was not long in reaching the ears of King Felix; he therefore promptly put his kingdom in a state of defense. Queen Felicia was in an agony of fear, and said to her husband, with tears in her eyes:

"Sire, let us take as much money as we can carry, and fly to any place on earth from the threatened danger."

"For shame, madam!" answered Felix; "my duty is to protect my people, and it bids me prefer a glorious death to a life of shame."

He then tenderly kissed his queen, and having assembled and inspected his army, mounted a noble charger and set out to meet the enemy.

Felicia, left alone, gave way to the most heartrending tears and lamentations; and, wringing her hands: "Alas, alas!" said she, "what will become of me should Felix be slain in battle?—a widow and a captive; the wicked king will never spare me in his wrath." These sorrowful thoughts prevented her eating and sleeping. The king wrote to her daily from the camp; and one morning, as she was anxiously watching the arrival of the courier, from the city walls, she saw him approaching the city at full gallop. She hastened to meet him, fearful of some great misfortune, crying out:

"Ho! courier, ho! courier, what news do you bring?"

"The battle is lost," said the messenger, "the king is killed, and the wicked Constantine is on the road hither."

The poor queen fainted away and was carried to bed insensible, where all her ladies in tears surrounded her, some mourning for the loss of a father, others for sons or brothers; there was weeping and wailing and tearing of hair.

Soon the bad king was heard approaching. Heading his unprincipled subjects, he entered the city, sword in hand, and slew without mercy all whom he encountered. The inhabitants fled before him with loud cries, and all who escaped took refuge in the country. With his sword still reeking, the king entered the palace and ascended

to the queen's apartment. When she beheld him in the room she buried herself under the bedclothes, terrified to the last degree. He strode up to the bed, pulled off the clothes, tore the queen's cap from her head, and scattered her long ringlets over her shoulders; then, gathering them in his hand, he dragged her three times round the room, and threw her over his shoulders as if she had been a sack of corn, and in this manner carried her off. Felicia entreated him for mercy, but in vain: he only laughed at her supplications.

The king carried Felicia to his own country, swearing all the way that he was determined to hang her; but, on second thoughts, he determined to spare her life for the present, and if she had a daughter to marry the latter to his son. Anxious to know if she would have a daughter, he sent for a fairy who lived at no great distance from his palace. When she arrived he entertained the fairy better than was his usual custom, and conducted her to the tower, in the upper part of which, in a small and miserably furnished garret, the poor queen was confined. There was no bed, but a wretched, worn-out old mattress only, not worth twopence, on which the desolate Felicia sat and wept day and night.

When the fairy saw her her heart melted with pity; she courtesied to the queen and whispered in her ear as she embraced her: "Do not despair, madam, your misfortunes will not last forever, and I hope to contribute to their speedy termination."

Queen Felicia, somewhat comforted by these words, returned the fairy's embrace, and begged her to take pity on a poor princess who had never disignedly injured any one, but had always endeavored to do all the good in her power. They were conversing together when the wicked king interrupted them with:

"Come, not so many compliments; I brought you hither to tell me whether this slave will have a son or a daughter."

The fairy answered: "She will have a daughter, who will be the fairest and most charming princess ever seen." With that the fairy endowed the princess yet to be born with innumerable virtues and accomplishments.

"If she prove not fair and amiable," said the wicked king, "I will tie her to her mother's neck and hang them

to the branch of a tree, nor shall tears or entreaties induce me to relent."

He then quitted the garret, accompanied by the fairy, without bestowing a look upon the good queen, who was weeping bitterly and saying to herself: "Alas! what will become of me? Should I have a pretty little daughter, he will give her to his monster son; should she be ugly, he will hang us both. To what a miserable extremity am I reduced!"

She had no friend to whom she could confide her trouble, or who might console her. Her jailer gave her daily three parched peas only, with a small allowance of water, and sometimes a very small piece of black bread. She soon therefore became thinner than a herring, and reduced to mere skin and bone.

As she was spinning one evening (for the wicked king, who was very covetous, made her work day and night), she saw a very pretty little mouse creep through a hole into her room. "Alas! my darling," said the wretched Felicia, "there is nothing here for you! three peas a day are my allowance; so if you would not fast, go elsewhere for food." The little mouse ran to and fro, dancing and skipping so gayly that the queen took much pleasure in watching its antics, and was induced to give it the only pea she had left for her supper. "Here, pretty one," she said, "eat this, it is all I have to offer you, but I give it willingly." The words had scarcely passed her lips when she saw on her table a fine plump partridge, admirably dressed with bread sauce, and two boxes of bonbons. "In truth," said Felicia, "a kind action always brings its reward."

With that she ate a little, but having fasted so long she was almost past eating. She threw a sweetmeat to the mouse, who soon began to nibble it, and, when he had done his supper, danced still more prettily than before.

The next morning, when the jailer brought the queen's three peas, which he carried in on a large dish with a cover, by way of ridicule, the little mouse crept softly to the dish and munched them all three, together with the morsel of bread. When it was dinner-time, and the queen found the dish empty, she was somewhat angry with the mouse. "The greedy little creature!" said the hungry Felicia; "if it serve me so to-morrow I shall pine

to death." She was about to put the cover over the empty dish when she found all kinds of nice things in it, and,



rejoicing at this unexpected discovery, quickly began to eat; but while she was eating it came into her mind that

the wicked king would perhaps in a few days put her and her child to death, and she ceased eating to indulge her tears; then, raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed: "What! and is there no means of escape?" As she spoke she observed her little friend playing with two or three long straws: Felicia took them from the mouse and began to plait them. "If I had but enough," said she, "I would make a covered basket large enough to hold my little daughter, and give her through the window to the first charitable person who would take charge of her."

She set to work with a good heart, while the good little mouse took care that she did not want for straw, continuing to drag it into the garret as fast as Felicia could use it, and dancing and skipping for her amusement. At meal-times the queen gave her three peas to the mouse, and received in exchange a good supply of delicious food. Felicia was extremely puzzled to imagine who it could be that sent her so many nice things. As she was one day looking out of the window to try the length of her straw plait, she observed at the foot of the tower a good little woman leaning on a staff, who, directly she saw the queen's face, said to her:

"I am acquainted with your grief, madam, and am willing to assist you."

"Alas! my dear friend," answered the queen, "you will do me a great favor: come every evening under my window, and when my child is born I will lower the dear baby to you; nurse it, and bring it up for me, and when I am able I will amply reward you."

"I am not covetous," answered the old woman, "but am somewhat dainty, and there is nothing pleases my palate better than a nice, fat, plump mouse. If you can catch any such in your garret kill them and throw them to me; I am not ungrateful, and your infant will fare all the better for your kindness."

When Queen Felicia heard this speech she began to cry, and the old woman, after waiting her answer for a few minutes, asked her the cause of her tears. "I grieve," said the poor queen, "because there is only one mouse which comes into my chamber, and it is so pretty and so good that I cannot put it to death."

"What!" answered the old woman in a passion, "could you sacrifice your child for love of a little rogue of a

mouse, who nibbles all that falls in his way? Very well, madam, please yourself, and I wish you much joy with your companion; I shall not want for mice without your assistance." With that the old woman went her way, grumbling and muttering between her teeth.

Although the queen had a nice meal on her table, and although the good little mouse came as usual to skip and dance for her amusement, she kept her eyes riveted on the floor, her heart beating violently, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

That very night she became the mother of a little girl, a miracle of beauty, which, instead of crying, like other children, smiled in her face, holding out her tiny hands as if she had been very rational. The queen caressed and kissed the little stranger very tenderly, saying to herself: "Alas! my poor little darling, if you fall into the wicked king's clutches, it will be all up with you." She then placed her gently in the basket, and pinned to her clothes a scrap of paper, on which was written: "This unfortunate little girl's name is Amietta." In a minute or two she opened the basket again, and thought her infant looked prettier than ever; she kissed her again and burst into tears.

At this moment the good little mouse skipped into the room, and crept into the basket with Amietta. "Ah! little creature," said Felicia, "how dearly have I purchased your life! Perhaps I shall lose my dear Amietta! Who but I would have scrupled to kill you for the dainty old woman's dinner? Well! I could not find it in my heart to do so cruel a deed."

The good little mouse answered the queen in these words: "Do not regret your kindness, madam; I am not quite so unworthy of it as you may imagine."

Fear and astonishment struggled in the queen's breast when she heard the little mouse speak; and her fear not a little increased when she observed its little snout take the form of a face, its little paws become hands and feet, and all at once its whole body increase in size. At last the queen recognized in the now entirely metamorphosed mouse, the fairy who had visited her in company with the wicked king, and who had manifested so much affection for her.

The fairy spoke: "I have tried your heart, and I find

that it is good and generous. We fairies, although possessed of wealth and power, seek, as the greatest treasure upon earth, true friendship, and rarely do we find it."

"Is it possible, fair lady," said the queen, embracing her, "that you, rich and powerful as you are, have any difficulty to find friends?"

"Yes," answered the fairy; "we are loved but for interest, and that is not the kind of love we care for, but when loved as you loved me, as a little mouse, no service is too great to show our affection. Anxious to put your goodness to the test, I assumed the figure of an old woman, and accosted you from the foot of the tower: you know that your heart was proof against the trial." Thereupon the fairy embraced the queen, and having tenderly kissed the little princess three times, she said: "I endow you, sweet child, to be the comfort of your mother, and richer than your father; to reach the age of one hundred years, with undiminished beauty, free from illness, wrinkles, or other appearance of age."

The queen in raptures thanked the beneficent fairy, and entreated her to remove Amietta from the prison, and take care of her; adding that she gave her child freely to be the fairy's daughter.

The fairy accepted the present and thanked Queen Felicia; she placed the baby gently in the basket, and lowered it through the window; but, having waited a few moments to resume the shape of the little mouse, when she descended by the straw plait, the baby was no longer there. She returned hastily to the queen: "All is lost," she said, "my enemy Caucaline has just carried off the princess! you must know she is a cruel fairy who mortally hates me, and, being unfortunately my senior, is more powerful than myself. I know not how I can contrive to withdraw Amietta from her vile clutches."

When the queen heard this sad intelligence her grief was excessive: weeping very bitterly, she conjured her kind friend to endeavor to recover her darling Amietta at all hazards.

Meanwhile the jailer, coming to pay his daily visit to the queen, knew that she had become a mother, and hastened to inform the wicked king, who went straightway to demand the child. Felicia said that a fairy, whose name she did not know, had taken it from her by



The king stamped his foot in a rage. "I promised to hang you," said he, "nor will I delay to keep my word."—Page 233. *Old, Old Fairy Tales.*



force. On hearing this, the wicked king stamped his feet and gnawed his very finger-nails with rage. "I promised," said he, "to hang you, nor will I delay to keep my word." With that he seized the poor queen by the hair of her head, dragged her into a wood, climbed a tall tree, and was on the point of hanging her, when the fairy, having rendered herself invisible, came close beside him, and pushed him down to the ground, dislocating his nose, and breaking four teeth in the fall. The fairy then hastened away with the queen in her flying chariot, and conducted her to a noble castle, where Felicia was carefully nursed, and, but for the loss of her little Amietta, would have been completely happy.

Time slipped away, and the queen's excessive affliction gradually diminished. Fifteen years had passed since the birth of her daughter, when she heard that the wicked king's son had offered his hand to a young girl who kept his father's turkeys, but that she had refused him. It was not a little surprising that a turkey-keeper should refuse to become a princess, with a reasonable prospect of being one day queen. The nuptial dresses too were prepared, and it was to have been so gay a wedding that guests had come to witness it from three hundred miles round. The good little mouse was among these guests; and wishing to see the turkey-keeper at her ease, paid her a visit in the poultry-yard. She found the turkey-keeper seated on a large stone dressed in a coarse stuff petticoat, with neither shoe nor stocking on her feet. Dresses of gold and silver brocade, trimmed with diamonds, pearls, ribbons and the finest lace, were lying near her, trodden under the turkeys' feet, covered with dirt and completely spoiled. Presently the wicked king's son, who was lame, humpbacked, and blind of one eye, approached her, and said rudely: "If you still refuse to have me, I will be the death of you."

The turkey-keeper answered haughtily: "I can never love, nor consent to marry you; you are too ugly, and too much like your cruel father. Leave me in peace with my turkeys; I love them better than all your finery."

The good little mouse gazed on her with admiration, for she was as beautiful as the moon. When the wicked king's son was out of sight the fairy assumed the figure of an old shepherdess, and, accosting the rustic beauty, said:

“Good-morrow, daughter; you have a fine flock of fat turkeys here.”

The young turkey-keeper smiled sweetly on the old dame, and said: “They are trying to persuade me to abandon them for a weary crown; pray assist me with your advice.”

“Daughter,” said the fairy, “a crown is not to be despised; you neither know its value nor importance.”

“So well do I know both the one and the other,” answered the turkey-keeper promptly, “that I am resolved never to share one with an unworthy person; yet I do not know who I am, nor who are my father and mother: I have neither relations nor friends.”

“You have beauty and virtue, my child,” said the wise fairy, “which are more valuable than ten kingdoms: tell me, I entreat you, who placed you here, since you have neither father, mother, relations, nor friends.”

“A fairy,” answered the fair turkey-feeder, “named Caucaline, is the cause of my being in this place: she brought me up from infancy, but treated me so cruelly that one day I resolved to escape from her house, and, after wandering for some time, was resting in a wood, when the wicked king’s son happened to pass that way. He saw me, and asked if I would take care of his poultry: I accepted his offer, and his turkeys were immediately placed under my charge. He came from time to time to see how they thrived, and of course saw me also; when, alas! without the slightest desire on my part for the honor, he fell so desperately in love that I am teased out of my life by his importunities.”

When the fairy had heard this artless tale she began to think that the turkey-keeper must be the Princess Amietta. “What is your name, my dear?” said she.

“I am called Amietta,” answered the rustic.

On hearing this, the fairy could no longer doubt the truth of her surmises; so, throwing her arm round the princess’ neck, she almost devoured her with caresses, and said: “Amietta, I have known you from your birth, and am very glad to find you so pretty and so prudent; but I should like to see you better dressed, as your present appearance is anything but favorable; let me see how you look in these fine clothes.”

Amietta, who was very obedient, immediately com-

plied with the fairy's request: she uncovered her head, when immediately her long hair, which was finer than gossamer, and of the most delicate auburn, fell to the ground in graceful curls; then, taking in the palms of her delicate hands some water from a clear stream that ran near the hen-house, she bathed her face, when her complexion became clear as oriental pearl. Roses seemed to blow upon her cheeks and carnations on her lips; her mild breath was as sweet as the honeysuckle or wild thyme, her form was graceful as the fawn's, while the whiteness of her bosom surpassed that of drifted snow, or the lily of the valley.

When she was dressed the fairy declared her a miracle of beauty, and said: "Who now do you think you are, my dear Amietta?"

"In truth," answered the princess, "I cannot help fancying myself the daughter of some great king."

"Should you be very glad if it were so?" asked the fairy.

"Yes, my dear madam," answered Amietta, courtesying, "I should be very, very glad."

"Very well," said the fairy, "be happy then; I will tell you more to-morrow."

Thereupon the fairy departed, and returned in all diligence to her fine castle, where Queen Felicia was employed spinning silk. "Will it please your majesty," cried the good little mouse, "to wager your spindle and your distaff, that I do not bring you the best news you ever heard?"

"Alas!" answered the queen, "since the death of King Felix, and the loss of my darling Amietta, all the news in this world is nothing to me."

"A truce to your sorrow," said the fairy; "the princess, whom I have just seen, is quite well, and so exceedingly beautiful that it will be her own fault if she do not become a queen."

The good fairy then related all she had learned, and the queen shed tears of joy to hear that her daughter was still alive and so beautiful, but was overwhelmed with sorrow to learn that she was a turkey-keeper.

"When my dear husband and myself were a powerful king and queen, and in the height of our prosperity, we little thought a child of ours would ever be a turkey-keeper!"

"Never mind," said the fairy, "it is a trick of the wicked Caucaline, who, aware of my affection for you, has reduced Amietta to this condition; but I will be equal with my rival yet, and will either restore the princess to her proper rank, or burn my books."

"I have no ambition to see my child married to the wicked king's son," said the queen; "so do not delay to bring her hither."

In the meantime the wicked king's son, repulsed by Amietta in the presence of the good little mouse, was very much enraged against her; and seating himself under the palace wall, he began to cry so loudly that the wicked king overheard him. Throwing up the window, and putting out his head: "What is the matter? What are you making all this noise about?" said he.

"Our turkey-keeper loves me not," answered the son.

"How! loves you not?" said the wicked king; "but I say she shall love you." With that he called his guards, and gave orders for them to bring the turkey-keeper to his presence, adding that he would make her bitterly repent her obstinacy in refusing to love his handsome son.

The guards, in obedience to the orders they had received, went immediately to the turkey-yard, when they found Amietta attired in a superb robe of white satin, embroidered with diamonds and rubies, and tastefully trimmed with ribbon. Never in their lives had they seen so noble looking and beautiful a lady; and believing her to be a princess, they were afraid to speak. "Pray tell me whom you seek?" said Amietta, in a very sweet and amiable voice.

"Madam," they answered, "we come, by the king's orders, in search of a wretched young woman named Amietta."

"Alas!" answered the princess, "that is my name; what would you with me?"

They dared not hesitate to seize her; so, binding her hands and feet with strong cords, they dragged her before the wicked king and his son. When the king saw how very beautiful she was, in spite of himself he was a little moved; indeed, she must have excited the kindest feelings in his bosom if he had not been the most wicked person in the world. When he had surveyed her from

head to foot he said: "So, madam! I hear that you will not consent to marry my son. He is a hundred times too good for you; and, fine as you think yourself, one of his looks is worth more than all your charms. Come, marry him immediately, or I will have you flayed alive."

The princess, trembling like a dove in the net of the fowler, threw herself at his feet, and embracing his knees, said: "Sire, I conjure you to have pity on me; to injure an unprotected girl would be unworthy of your royal dignity. Give me a day or two to reflect, and I will then no longer oppose your wishes."

The son, furious at her not consenting on the spot, would have had her flayed at once; but the king finally resolved to place her in confinement, and she was conducted to a high tower, where she was deprived of the light of the sun.

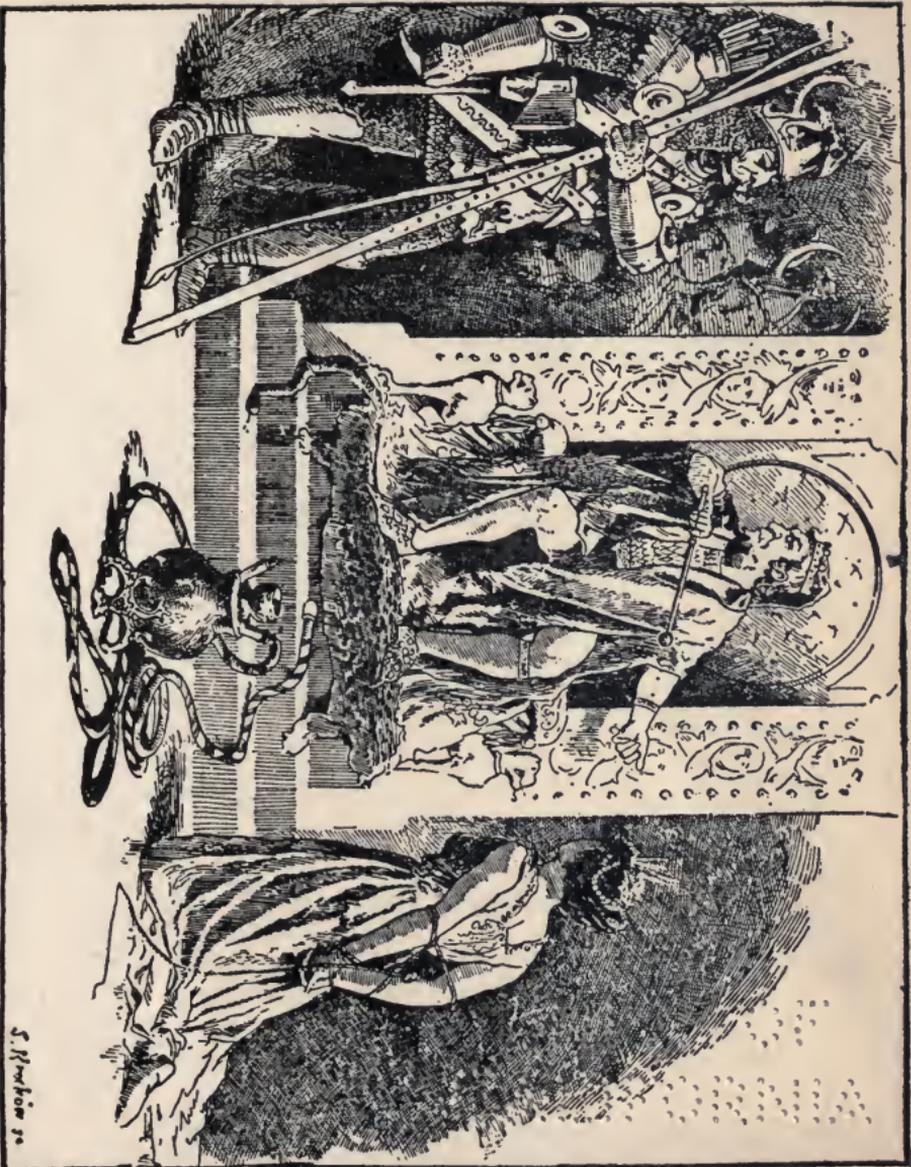
At this crisis the good fairy and the queen arrived in the flying chariot, and soon learned all that had taken place. The queen began to weep bitterly, saying that her misfortunes were interminable, but that she would rather see her daughter dead than married to the wicked king's son. "Be of good cheer," said the fairy, "I am about so to annoy them that you shall be amply avenged."

When the wicked king went to bed the beneficent fairy, having assumed the shape of a mouse, concealed herself under the bolster of his bed, and just as he was falling asleep crept out and gnawed his ear. Muttering an oath, he turned round in bed, when the little mouse gnawed his other ear. The king flew into a passion, and called aloud for help. The attendants entered the room, and found the king with both his ears so severely bitten, and bleeding so fast that all their efforts to stanch the wounds were unavailing. While a diligent search was making for the mouse she paid the wicked king's son a visit, and served him in the same manner. He was soon heard bawling for assistance, and when the servants came into his apartment they beheld him with his ears nearly skinned. The surgeon was sent for, and the good little mouse returned to the wicked king's bedchamber, when she found the king again dozing off to sleep. She now crept up to his nose, and began to nibble with all her might, and when the king covered that with his hands, she applied herself industriously to bite and scratch them

also. "Help, help," cried the king, "I am suffering martyrdom!" And while he was shouting the little mouse crept into his mouth, and nibbled his tongue, lips, and cheeks. The attendants rushed into the room, and found the king looking ghastly, and almost speechless, from the effects of the mouse's little teeth on his tongue. All he could do was to make signs that a mouse was the author of this new mischief, when the mattress, the bolster, and every hole and corner of the room were again searched in vain, for the mouse was off, a second time, to the son, whom she completely blinded, for she gnawed his remaining eye (he was already blind of one). In a transport of fury, with his drawn sword in his hand, he blundered into his father's room, whom he found storming and swearing that he would destroy everything an inch high, and an hour old, if the mouse were not found.

When the king saw his son he stormed also at him; and the latter, whose ears were bound up, not recognizing his father's voice, immediately attacked him. The wicked king, amazed, thrust his sword through the body of his son, and stumbled in his eagerness on his adversary's weapon, which impaled him, and thus father and son rolled on the floor dead at each other's hands. Their subjects, who hated them mortally, and only obeyed them out of fear, no longer dreading their anger, tied cords to their feet and dragged them into the river, saying that they were very glad to be rid of them so easily.

Thus died the wicked King of Tearland, and his equally wicked son. The beneficent fairy hastened to inform the queen of the event, and they went together to the black tower, in which Amietta was confined under more than forty locks. The fairy struck the outer door three times with her little nut-tree wand, when it immediately flew open, as did all the others, and they found the poor princess in the deepest affliction. Throwing herself on her daughter's neck: "My long-lost darling," said the queen, "I am your unfortunate mother, Queen Felicia." Thereupon she communicated to the princess every particular of her history, at which Amietta was so transported with joy that it almost cost her her life. She threw herself at the queen's feet, embraced them, bathed them with her tears, and kissed them again and again. She then tenderly embraced the fairy, who had



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The beautiful princess was bound and dragged before the king.—Page 237.  
Old, Old Fairy Tales.

THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK  
AND  
THE  
HUNTER  
ROBERTS  
INSTITUTE  
OF  
ANATOMY  
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HISTOLOGY  
OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

brought her baskets full of jewels of enormous value, with gold, diamonds, bracelets, pearls, and the portrait of King Felix, set in jewels, which she held up for her inspection. "But we have no time to lose," said she; "now is the time for a master-stroke; let us go to the large hall of the palace, and harangue the people."

The fairy led the way, with a very sedate and serious countenance, wearing a robe with a train more than six ells long; the queen's dress was of blue velvet, covered with gold embroidery, and had a still longer train. In order to make this display, they had brought their richest suits with them; they wore, likewise, crowns on their heads, which sparkled like so many suns. The Princess Amietta followed her mother, looking as modest as Diana, and as beautiful as Venus. They courtesied to all whom they met, gentle or simple. A crowd soon collected about them, anxious to learn who these fair and noble-looking ladies could be. They entered the large hall in which the court was usually held, and when it was as full as it could hold the beneficent fairy told the people that she proposed to give them for their queen the daughter of King Felix of Happy Land, whom she then introduced to their notice; adding, that they would certainly be contented with her government, and that if they accepted her for their sovereign, she, the fairy, would find Amietta a husband as perfect as herself, and would restore cheerfulness to the kingdom, and forever banish melancholy from their hearts. When these words were heard loud shouts of "Long live Amietta, Queen of Tearland, now Happy Land!" resounded from the multitude, and almost split the roof. At the same moment a hundred different musical instruments struck up a lively waltz, and the people joined hands and began to dance round the queen, her daughter, and the benignant fairy, singing with one voice:

All hail to our queen, who brings brightness and joy  
 To the hearts of a people by care long oppressed!  
 Long, long may she live; while each thought we employ,  
 To render her happy by whom we are blessed.  
 A wiser or better earth never has seen;  
 Then, live Amietta; long, long live the queen.

Thus kindly were they welcomed; and never until the time in which we live was there a queen more beloved.

At her coronation, which, as may be expected, was magnificent in the extreme, tables were spread in the



park, collations were served, all present ate, drank, and were merry, and then retired to rest, blessing their youthful queen. Shortly afterward the fairy presented to the gentle Amietta the most handsome prince that

eyes ever looked upon, and what is more, as good as he was handsome. The fairy, who had to seek such a paragon of a husband in a very remote kingdom, brought him in her flying chariot; and so well were they matched that, directly they met, they conceived the most tender and lasting attachment for each other. Magnificent preparations were made for the wedding, and the ceremony was performed with the utmost splendor, and followed by rejoicings, which lasted six months, throughout the kingdom.

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## SEPTIMUS.

THERE was once upon a time a king and queen, who had a very small kingdom to govern. The king was named Petard; he was a very good man, rather blunt, of a weak and limited mind; but otherwise the best king in the world. His subjects were nearly as much masters of his kingdom as himself, for on the most unimportant occasions they gave their advice rather loudly and without its being asked for; and each of them wished his notions on government to be noticed and followed.

The queen was called Gilletta; she had no larger share of talents than her husband, but still her character was mild, timid and inoffensive, which caused her to speak little, and often by sentences only; she paid that submissive deference to the king which a wife usually pays to the husband to whom she owes her fortune.

As Petard was the only child of the king and queen, his father and mother resolved from his birth to marry him to a little princess, the niece of an old fairy, named Gangan, who was at that time the intimate friend of Petard's father and mother. It is true that the princess was not yet come into the world; but, on Gangan's assuring them that she should one day be an accomplished person, all that she required was promised, and an oath was even taken to insure it.

Petard having arrived at twenty-five years of age, thought it would be proper to marry to his own mind; he troubled himself but little about his father and mother's promises, and married, without their consent, an extremely pretty young lady, of whom he was very



THE KING AND HIS MINISTER.

fond. She was only a rich farmer's daughter; but although she was married to a king's son, her natural good sense prevented her becoming vain, that is to say, silly.

The king, Petard's father, angry at that prince's marriage, could not refuse to Gangan the right of avenging the affront which he had put on them both; he accordingly disinherited his son, forbade him ever to appear at his court, and gave him his portion, which it was settled should be a pretty considerable estate, on which his father-in-law was farmer. All the favor that was granted him was leave to erect this little estate into a sovereignty, himself having the title of king and majesty. Shortly after his disgrace his father died; and his mother, having obtained the regency, was not sorry to be unincumbered with a son, who, notwithstanding his want of wit, might have been able to thwart her projects, and to oppose her desire of reigning.

Petard was neither ambitious nor a conqueror; consequently he was not long in accustoming himself to his small estate, and even in becoming very well pleased with it. Small as it was, he reigned therein, as though it were larger; in fact, it was quite as large as was necessary for him, and the titles of king and majesty served him instead of a large kingdom. But as the most bounded minds have always at least their share of vanity, he soon prided himself in imitating the king his father, and created a seneschal, a solicitor-general, and a chamberlain (for in those days chancellors and parliaments were unlike unknown; the kings administered justice themselves, and received in person their revenues). He also coined money, instituted with his seneschal regulations for the police of his little kingdom; his father-in-law Carbuncle being the person whom he honored with the title of seneschal. He was a frank, sincere, and upright man, and was endowed by nature with good common sense and some imagination: accordingly he decided slowly, but nearly always justly; he knew by heart the verses of the poets of his time, and was fond of reciting them. This little appointment did not make him vain; for he continued to make the farm as valuable as before, which so gained him his son-in-law's confidence that his majesty soon was unable to do without him.

Carbuncle visited the king every morning, and tock

his breakfast with him; they talked on business, but the minister would very often say to the king: "Sire, with your permission, you do not understand it; allow me to manage and all will go well; 'let everybody mind his own affairs,' says the poet."

"But," replied the king, "what shall I do, then?"

"Whatever you like," answered Carbuncle; "you can govern your wife and your kitchen-garden; that is all that is required of you."

"In truth, I think that you are right," said the king; "so do as you think fit."

However, to lose nothing on the score of reputation, he always displayed himself on feast-days in a royal cloak of red cloth, printed with flowers-of gold, a cap of the same material, with a gilded wooden scepter, which he had bought of an old strolling player, who had retired from the stage. In accordance with the advice of his seneschal he purchased almanacs, which were forwarded to him every year in the month of July, and which he had regularly bound in fine marble paper with the edges gilt. In the one he learned the proper sowing time, also the season for planting, cutting, grafting, draining and clearing, and he trusted in it so implicitly that he often physicked himself and his queen when they did not want it. In the other he studied political prophecies, with which he was so bewildered that he understood nothing about them. At the end of a few years all these almanacs formed for him quite a little library, of which he was as fond as though it had been equal to the Bodleian, and he and the seneschal alone had keys to it. In the afternoon he employed himself in his royal little kitchen-garden, and in putting in practice what his almanac had taught him in the morning. In the evening he sent for Carbuncle, with whom he played until supper-time, at "beat my neighbor out of doors" or piquet; he then supped in public with the queen, and at ten o'clock everybody was in bed.

Gilletta, on her part, employed herself with the household affairs; she spun with her women, and made with her cows' and goats' milk excellent cheese, and delightful jam tarts for her husband's supper; but, above all, every morning she never failed to knead a little cake of barley flour, which she baked on the hearth, and carried,

with a cream cheese, to her little garden, where she placed it at the foot of a rose-tree, as she had been directed in a dream to do the day after her wedding.



The tranquillity which they both enjoyed in their little kingdom was only disturbed by the wish of having children. They had been married two years, and Petard had begun to despair, when one day as he was in his fruit

garden with his seneschal, the first lady of honor to the queen came and announced to him that he had become a father.

Transported with joy at this intelligence, he embraced the lady with all his heart, and, taking from his finger a fine ring formed of a cat's eye, he presented it to her. He did not stop there, for he gave that evening a grand supper to all the chief men of his kingdom; after which he fired off himself all his artillery, which consisted of twelve arquebuses with locks and six carbines with rods. It is said that at supper his immediate joy made him say things incompatible with his dignity, and that when his seneschal remonstrated with him upon the subject he replied by throwing a large glass of wine in that minister's face, saying: "Many thanks, father-in-law. You are, perhaps, right; but one is not a father every day. However, let us say no more about it, and let us rejoice, for in my place you would, perhaps, act quite as wisely." Carbuncle made no reply, and everybody withdrew from their majesties very well pleased.

As the king was loved by his subjects, rejoicings were duly made the same day and hour all over the kingdom to celebrate this event.

"Everything comes in time to him who can wait," said the queen quietly. For, instead of one child at one birth, she brought Petard seven: three boys, three girls, and then another boy. The last child had the most beautiful eyes that were ever seen, a white skin, and eyebrows, like his hair, black as jet; as he was born with curly hair the king and queen liked him better than the others, and the queen absolutely wished herself to nurse her little Septimus, which was his name.

At the end of eighteen months the three princes became so lively and playful that the nurses could not do anything with them. When they complained to the king he answered them: "Let them alone; when they shall be as old as I am they will not be so lively; I was the same, I who am now speaking to you. All in good time." The three princesses, on the contrary, were gentle; but so dull, so quiet, that they would remain in any places they were put; which caused the king to like his sons best, and the queen to prefer her daughters, except in regard to Septimus, who had none of his broth-

ers' and sisters' defects, and was the prettiest child in the world. He would soon have been spoiled if a kind fairy, unknown to Gangan and even to Gilletta, had not endowed him with an equable and unchangeable character.

When it was necessary to wean the children of their majesties a cabinet council was called, composed of the seneschal, the solicitor-general, the chamberlain, and the nurses, who were also summoned. After a long discussion it was resolved, by the advice of Carbuncle, to use cows' milk for the three boys, and goats' milk for the three girls: this appeared to be a very good and simple means of correcting the vivacity of the princes, and the dullness of the princesses. But when they were older, and it became necessary to give them more substantial food, they consumed such an enormous quantity that the king's revenues were considerably diminished thereby; besides, as the princes had only lost part of their vivacity by their early nourishment, and the princesses had acquired an additional quantity, there was an uproar and frightful quarreling all day long. They fought and pulled each other about, and wore out so many, many clothes that there could hardly be enough found for them. The little Septimus alone was mild and obedient, and his brothers and sisters were always playing him some roguish trick. The king would frequently say to the queen: "Your three daughters grow excessively tall, and by my scepter, I hardly know what I shall do with them; as for my boys, I will give them the care of my farm; but for your daughters, it is different."

To which the queen would answer:

"Sire, let us have patience; for everything comes in time to him who can wait."

While King Petard made himself uneasy, and Queen Gilletta kept herself quiet, their children attained seven years of age. Every one of those who composed their court had already given his advice, or rather his decision, as to the establishment of the princesses and princes, when one morning the queen, who had just kneaded her little cake, perceived on the table a pretty little blue mouse nibbling the dough; her first impulse was to drive it away, but an involuntary feeling withheld her; she watched it attentively, and was much surprised to see it

seize the little cake and carry it up the chimney. Her quietness now gave way to her impatience, and running after the mouse with the intention of taking its booty from it, she saw both disappear, and beheld in their place a little shriveled old woman a foot high at most.



After making several grimaces, and uttering some half-intelligible words, this little hop o' my thumb put the shovel and tongs across each other, described over them with the broom three circles and three triangles, uttered seven short sharp cries, and finished by throwing the broom over her head. The queen, notwithstanding her

fear, did not fail to remark that the old woman, while tracing the circles and triangles, had distinctly pronounced these three words, "confidence, discretion, happiness;" and was trying to discover their meaning, when a voice which she heard in the next room attracted her attention. As she thought it was Septimus' voice, she ran there immediately; but had hardly opened the door when she perceived three large may-flies, each of which held in its paws one of her daughters; and three tall young ladies who had on their backs her three sons. They all immediately passed through the window, singing in chorus and very melodiously:

"Fly away, fly of May;  
Fly away, fly away."

What moved Gilletta most was, to see in the midst of them, Septimus between the blue mouse's paws; they were both in a little car made of a large rose-colored snail-shell, and drawn by two goldfinches, with beautifully streaked feathers. The mouse, who now appeared to be larger than mice generally are, was dressed in a beautiful gown of Persian silk, and a mantle of black velvet, a hood tied under its chin, and had two little blue horns over its forehead. The car, the may-flies and the young ladies went away so quickly that the queen soon lost sight of them. Then, more concerned at the loss of Septimus and her children than at the fairies and their power, she began to call out and to weep with all her might. The king, hearing her grief, ran to the chamber, followed by his seneschal, and was anxious to know what had occurred; but Gilletta's grief was so overwhelming that she could only answer him in these words:

"The may-flies!—the young ladies!—ah! Sire, my children are torn from me!"

The king, who only paid attention to these last words, abruptly quitted Gilletta, and ordered Carbuncle to take two muskets from his antechamber, for he always had half a dozen by him in expectation that he should one day have as many guards. Then, crossing his royal kitchen-garden, he reached the country with the design of pursuing and killing the robbers.

About an hour after he was gone the queen, who had exhausted her tears, and was in the garden sighing for

the loss of her children, heard something humming round her, and saw fall at her feet a piece of paper folded square; she picked it up, opened it precipitately, and read as follows:

“Calm your uneasiness, my dear Gilletta, and remember that your happiness depends on confidence and discretion; you have begun well by your exactitude in giv-



ing me your cakes and cheeses, and my gratitude will do the rest; but always be convinced that ‘everything comes in time to him who can wait,’ and that you may hope everything from your friend,

“THE FAIRY OF THE FIELDS.”

This note, together with her confidence in the power of the fairies, sufficed to calm her inquietude, and, addressing a little linnets which she perceived on a thistle near her: “Linnets, pretty linnets,” said she, “I will do all that you wish, but tell me, I beg of you, as soon as you hear of him, some news of my little Septimus.” At these words the linnets fluttered its wings, sang a few notes, and flew away; and the queen, persuaded that this was as much as to say, “I consent,” thanked it, and made the bird a low courtesy. In the meantime the king and

his seneschal, tired of their useless pursuit, had returned to the house, and finding the queen very tranquil, the king was somewhat offended at her apparent indifference. He asked her several questions to ascertain the cause, to which Gilletta gave no other answer than: "Everything comes in time to him who can wait." This coolness so vexed him that he would have gone into a passion, if his seneschal had not urged on him that Gilletta was right, and that the poet Pibrac had said so before her in one of his couplets, which he forthwith recited. The king, to whom Carbuncle was an oracle, was silent, and listened with attention to a nice little sermon which he then preached to him on the evil of having children, and the vexation and expense that they almost always entail on their parents. "By my scepter," said the king, "my father-in-law is right; and those seven brats would have ruined me, had they remained with me much longer; therefore, many thanks to him or her who has taken them; as they came so are they gone; it is only so much lost time; so let us rejoice and begin again." The queen, who was afraid of saying too much, very prudently said nothing; and the king, having no more to say, returned to his closet and played a game at piquet with his seneschal.

While all this was passing with King Petard, the queen his mother, tiring of her widowhood, which had now lasted an unusually long time, resolved to remarry. With this intention she cast her eyes on a young prince of a neighboring kingdom, sovereign of the Green Isles. He was handsome, well made, and his mind was as pleasing as his person; his pleasures were his only employments; nothing was to be heard of but his extravagances; and it was averred that every pretty woman in his kingdom was deeply in love with him.

His advantageous reputation, together with a portrait of the prince, so turned the head of the queen that she flattered herself with the idea of making him love her and fixing his inconstancy. There was only one difficulty, which was, that she was neither young nor lovely; she was tall and thin, had small eyes, a long and crooked nose, and a large mouth, not entirely without a beard on the upper lip. Such a figure might not be without its advantages to a queen, as it would command respect;

but it was little calculated to inspire love. It is difficult to blind one's self to one's defects, when they reach a certain point; she felt, therefore, in moments of reflection, that, with her person, it would be impossible for her to please the young King of the Green Isles, and that to succeed in so doing she must possess beauty, or, at least, youth; but how to come by it? How to change gray hairs and masculine features for an amiable figure, infantine graces, and an enticing mien? It is true that Gangan, her friend, might have been of great assistance to her in this affair, but as that fairy had several times vainly urged the queen to adopt her niece, and to proclaim her heiress to the crown, she had everything to fear from exciting her choler by such a proposal. The old queen felt all this, hesitated, and struggled, but looked so frequently at the portrait of the handsome Prince of the Green Isles that love at last conquered her fear of the fairy, to whom she communicated her sentiments, conjuring her in the most pressing terms to assist her with her art, and not to refuse her this essential proof of her friendship. She even went so far as to show her the portrait of the young prince, begging her approval of her design. Gangan could not conceal her surprise, but she dissimulated her resentment; she foresaw the bad consequences of protesting openly against this marriage, since the King of the Green Isles, who had nearly ruined his estates in supporting his extravagance, might find it convenient to conclude the union from interested motives, and might oppose her designs by the assistance of a powerful protecting genius of his kingdom; so, pretending to give her hand to this affair, she promised the queen to set to work at making her young again; but she promised herself, at the same time, to deceive the queen, and to put the execution of her will out of her majesty's power.

On the day that the fairy had appointed for the fulfillment of her promises, she appeared dressed in a long flesh-colored and silver satin robe; her headdress was composed entirely of artificial flowers and tinsel trinkets; a little dwarf held the end of her robe, and carried under his left arm a black box. The queen received her with the greatest marks of respect and gratitude, and begged her, after the usual compliments, not to delay

her happiness. The fairy consented, made everybody retire, and ordered her dwarf to shut the doors and windows; then, having taken from her box a vellum book, ornamented with large silver clasps, a wand made of three metals, and a vial which contained a very clear but greenish liquid, she seated the queen on a cushion in the middle of the room, and desired the dwarf to place himself opposite her majesty; then, having traced round them three spiral circles, she read in her book, touched the queen and the dwarf three times with her wand, and sprinkled them with the liquid just spoken of. Then the queen's features began to grow gradually less, and the size of the little dwarf to increase in proportion; so that in less than three minutes they changed figures without feeling the slightest inconvenience. Although the queen was armed with courage, still she could not witness the dwarf's increasing size without some fear; which was so augmented by a bluish flame which rose all at once from the three circles, that she suddenly fainted away; when the fairy, having finished the enchantment, opened a window and disappeared with her page, who, notwithstanding his increased height, still held his mistress' robe and carried the china box.

The first thing that the queen did, after she had regained her senses, was to consult her looking-glass; she there saw, with the utmost pleasure, that her features were charming in the extreme; but did not remark that these same features were those of a little girl of eight or nine years old; that her dress had taken the shape of a girl's cap, furnished with ringlets of fair hair, and that her gown was changed to a frock with short sleeves and a lace apron; all this, added to her slender figure, which the charm had not in the least degree diminished, made her a very droll object; however, she observed it not, for, of all the ideas that she had possessed before the enchantment, those only remained which referred to the Prince of the Green Isles, and to the love which she felt for him. She was, therefore, quite as contented with herself as her courtiers were astonished at her appearance; they knew not what to do even, or what part to take, when the prime-minister, on whom all the great depended, extricated them from their embarrassment, and decided that, so far from contradicting the queen, it

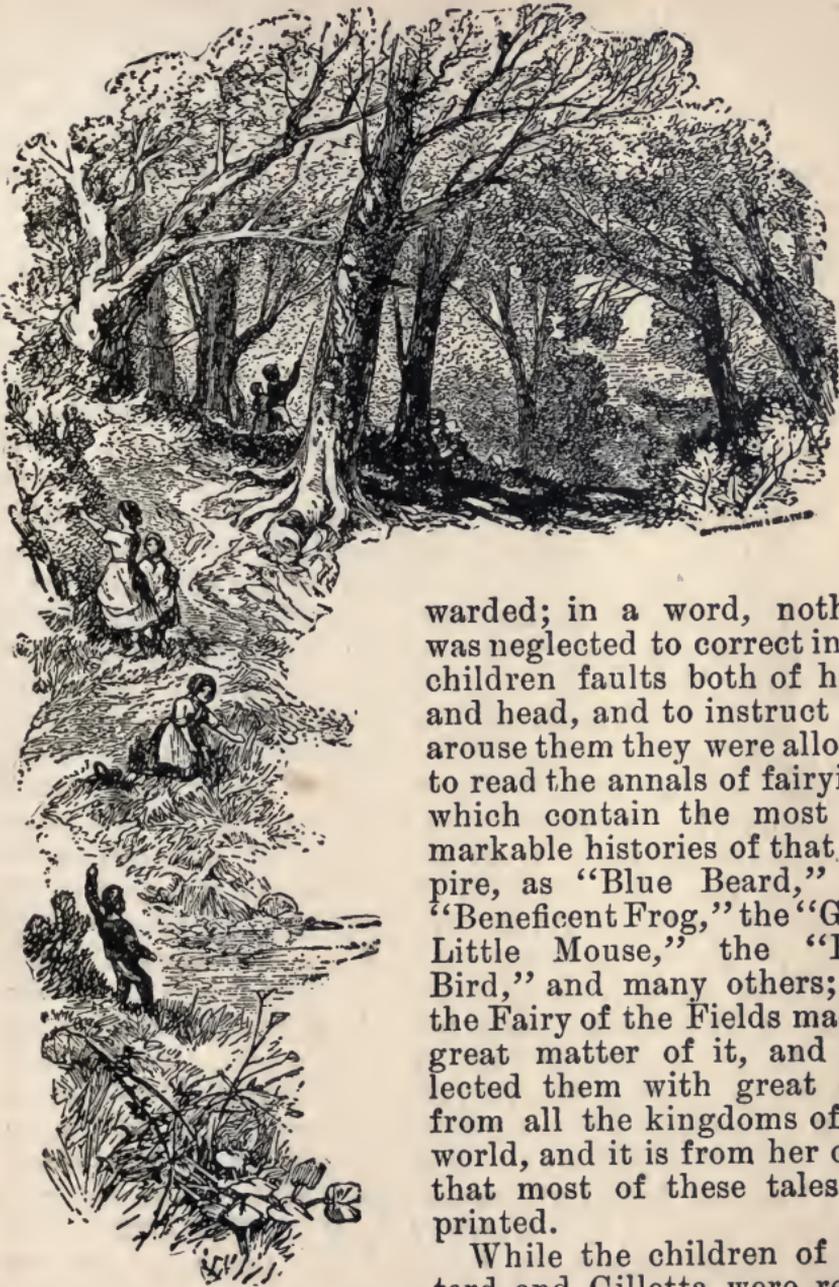
was necessary to flatter her majesty's tastes and humors; and he began by ordering his wife and daughters to conform themselves to her will. Soon, to please the minister, the example was followed, and, in a short time, all the court dressed like the queen, and imitated her in all she did. Every one, even the men, spoke childishly; no one played at any game but puss in the corner, at forfeits, or birds, beasts and fishes. The cooks had to dress nothing but custards, tartlets and little puffs. Nothing was done but dressing and undressing dolls, and at all the games and feasts the only subject of conversation was the King of the Green Isles. The queen spoke of him a hundred times a day, and always called him her little husband. She asked for him continually, and was satisfied for some time with each subterfuge which was used to flatter or deceive her; but at last gayety gave way to caprice, and she felt all the humors of a child who has not obtained what it wants and whose nurse dares not oppose its will. After being amused for some time with so singular an event (for the indolence of a court causes it to amuse itself with anything), people grew tired of the puerilities of this great child; and weary of the constraint, as well as of the complaisance which it was necessary to display, they forsook her court, and it was on the point of being quite abandoned, when it was positively stated in the Court Circular that the King of the Green Isles, who was traveling over the neighboring kingdoms, would soon arrive there. At this news their courage revived. The queen became so gay and cheerful that she did nothing but sing and dance while awaiting the prince's arrival. The happy moment at length arrived; she ran to meet him, and although she was told that it was contrary to etiquette, she actually determined to receive him at the foot of her staircase! but as she was hastily descending she became entangled in her train, which had been recently lengthened in accordance with the fashion, and fell with considerable violence. Although her hands had saved her head, and her nose was only slightly grazed, she was so frightened that she uttered loud cries, and was carried to her chamber, when her face was bathed with Hungary water, and she was only quieted on being informed that her little husband was come to see her, and in truth the prince ap-

peared, but the sight of the queen-child made him burst into such violent fits of laughter that he was obliged to quit the room and even the palace. The queen, who witnessed his departure, began to cry with all her might that she wanted her little husband; he was followed and entreated to return, but ineffectually, for he would not consent; but made the best of his way from a court where everybody appeared to him to be insane. The queen, as may be supposed, was inconsolable; in vain every means was tried to calm her: her ill-humor only became the more insupportable in consequence, and the yoke appeared to press too heavily on those even who liked her best. The majority, ashamed to be the subjects of such a queen, were of opinion that it would be the best to dethrone her, which was about to be done, when Gangan, who only wished to disgust her with marriage, disenchanted her, and restored her original appearance. At the sight of her natural figure she thought of stabbing herself in despair; she had found herself charming under that she had just quitted, and now saw in its place but a face of upward of sixty, and an ugliness which she detested. She never conceived that she had been in the least ridiculous under her late metamorphosis, and had certainly lost none of her love, so that the loss of her youth, and of the Prince of the Green Isles, threw her into a languor which threatened her life, and inspired her at the same time with an implacable hatred for the fairy Gangan. With regard to her subjects, they began to pity her, and to look on these events as a just punishment for the sacrifice she had made of her maternal tenderness and gratitude, at the shrine of ambition and to her insensate desires.

It was about this time that the Fairy of the Fields had taken away the children of Petard and Gilletta. The generous fairy was the protectress of those who were obliged to live in the country, and occupied herself incessantly in preventing or diminishing the misfortunes to which they were destined. She was the better able to protect them, inasmuch as she possessed the friendship and favor of Titania, the queen of the fairies.

The Isle Bambine, which that queen had placed under her government, was the place to which she had transported the four boys and three girls of King Petard and

Queen Gilletta. This isle was inhabited by children only, who, under the protection of the fairies, were well looked after by nurses and their attendants. A perpetual spring reigned there; the trees and meadows were always covered with fruit and flowers, and the ground produced spontaneously all that could please the eye or gratify the palate. The walks were charming, the gardens varied and filled with pretty little carriages of all kinds, drawn by spaniels with long ears. But, nicest and best of all, the walls of the children's rooms were made of sugar-candy, the floors of preserved citron, and the furniture of excellent gingerbread. When they were very good the children might eat of these nice things as much as they pleased, without its diminishing or injuring them in the slightest degree, and besides this, in the streets and walks were to be seen all sorts of pretty little dolls, magnificently dressed, who walked and danced of themselves. The little girls, who were neither proud, nor greedy, nor disobedient, had only to form a wish and immediately sweetmeats and fruits came of themselves to seek them; the dolls threw themselves into their arms and allowed themselves to be dressed and undressed, caressed and punished with unparalleled docility and discretion; but when, on the other hand, these little girls committed any fault, the dolls ran away from them, making faces at those who had called them; the sweetmeats changed into gall, and the dolls' dresses became dirty and slovenly. With regard to the little boys, when they were neither obstinate, story-telling, nor idle, they had little punchinellos, kites, rackets, and playthings for every sport that can be thought of; but when the nurses were discontented, the punchinellos laughed at the naughty boys, bouncing against their noses, and upbraiding them with the faults they had committed; the kites had no wind, the rackets were pierced—in a word, nothing succeeded with them, and the more obstinate they were the worse this was. There were punishments and rewards of some kind or other for all ages; as, for example, one found himself on a donkey, who had expected to be mounted on a little horse nicely caparisoned; or another heard it said of herself: "Ah! how ugly she is; how slovenly she is; how did she come here?" while the good young girls were well dressed, caressed, and re-



warded; in a word, nothing was neglected to correct in the children faults both of heart and head, and to instruct and arouse them they were allowed to read the annals of fairyism, which contain the most remarkable histories of that empire, as "Blue Beard," the "Beneficent Frog," the "Good Little Mouse," the "Blue Bird," and many others; for the Fairy of the Fields made a great matter of it, and collected them with great care from all the kingdoms of the world, and it is from her copy that most of these tales are printed.

While the children of Pe-tard and Gilletta were residing in the Isle of Bambine, every means imaginable was put in practice to overcome the obstinacy of the three boys and the pride of the three girls; but these faults, far from diminishing, only augmented with their years. For

four years, the particular interest which the fairy governess herself took in these children, joined to the cares, the attention and patience of the nurses, had scarcely wrought the slightest perceptible change in their dispositions; when feeling but too strongly that their natural tendencies were too powerful for a simple education, the fairy no longer sought to overcome them by the usual means, but was obliged to have recourse to the violent remedy of a metamorphosis; and in truth, although this extreme measure appears somewhat hard, it was yet indispensable under the circumstances, with a view to the formation of their future characters. The children, notwithstanding their changes, preserved the ideas and sentiments of what they were, and of what they had been; still yielding to the laws of their new state. When the fairy, who had the power of penetrating their thoughts, believed them reclaimed, she restored to them their proper forms and her friendship; and even procured them advantageous establishments. She changed, then, although with considerable pain to her own feelings, the three sons of Petard into punchinellos, and the three girls into dancing dolls, and condemned them to remain as puppets for the space of three years. As she was, however, as satisfied with Prince Septimus as she had been displeased with his brothers and sisters, she did not wish him to be a witness of their disgrace, and resolved to remove him from them. The only difficulty was to find an asylum where he would be safe from the machinations of Gangan: so, to neglect nothing on his account, she thought it would be well to consult with her friend, the queen of the fairies, and take her mature advice on what she was about to do. With this intention she put on her green velvet farthingale, her jonquil-colored satin mantle, and her little blue riding-hood; and with nine white may-flies attached to her gilded wicker post-chaise, their harness being of rose-colored ribbon, she set out with all diligence, and arrived in a short time at the Fortunate Island, where the queen of the fairies ordinarily resided.

Having alighted at the end of a magnificent avenue of orange and citron trees, she entered the courtyard of the castle, where she found, in a row, twenty-four black genii, six feet high, wearing long gowns with trains, and

carrying on the left shoulder a polished steel club; they had behind them seventy-four black ostriches spotted with red and blue, which they held in leashes, keeping a profound silence. These black genii were wicked fairies, condemned to hold these posts as slaves for several ages, according to the nature of their crimes. When they perceived the fairy they saluted her, grounding their clubs on the pavement; and as that was of steel also, it made a clashing sound, and emitted sparks of fire. This honor was rendered to all who, like the Fairy of the Fields, had a government. Having ascended the staircase, which was made of porphyry, jasper, agate and lapis-lazuli, she saw in the first apartment twelve young ladies simply dressed, without hoods; they had only a key chain round their waist, and the half-wand, with which they saluted her as had done the slaves; the fairy returned their salutation, for their employment was such as is generally given to those who are about to be initiated in the art of fairyism. She passed through a long suite of apartments magnificently furnished, and at last reached the queen's antechamber, which she found full of fairies, who were met there from all parts of the world, some on business, others to pay their court to her majesty.

The queen's closet was nearly empty, when she saw the old fairy Gangan come from it. The respect which fairies and all good people ever pay to their sovereign could scarcely prevent her from laughing at the sight of so grotesque a figure as that of Gangan. Over a skirt of green satin, bedizened with blue and gold lace, she wore a large farthingale of the same material, embroidered with rose-colored caterpillars and a half-girdle enriched with emeralds. Hanging to a silver chain, she had a small looking-glass and patch-box, a large watch, and a casket of rare coins; her ears were loaded with two large pearl and ruby drops, and she had on her head a light yellow velvet hood, with an aigrette of amethysts and topazes; a large bouquet of jasmine ornamented the front of her person, and ten or twelve patches, scattered over a faded rouge, covered a wrinkled and dry-rose-leaf-colored skin.

If the Fairy of the Fields was surprised at the ridiculous equipage of Gangan, the latter was not less so at

meeting with her rival, at a moment when she least expected it. She was not ignorant of the protection afforded by the fairy to the children of Petard and Gilletta; but as the place they were then in prevented her giving vent to her resentment, she concealed it as well as she could; and affecting an air of politeness mingled with dignity, said to her:

“What, madam, have you resolved to leave the quiet of the country, to revel in the tumult of a court? you must have had weighty reasons to induce you to make such a sacrifice.”

“The reasons which bring you and myself here are certainly widely different,” interrupted the Fairy of the Fields; “as neither interest nor ambition have ever been motives for the grant of my protection, and as I only yield it to the worthy and grateful.”

“I believe so,” replied Gangan, “turkeys and geese are a very good sort of people.”

“True,” answered the Fairy of the Fields warmly, “much more so than Gangans, for they are not unjust—what say you to that?”

The dispute would not have ended here, if the Fairy of the Fields had not been warned that the queen was alone and wished to speak with her. So the two fairies saluted and parted, as women who perfectly hate each other always do.

Titania, who perceived the emotion that this dispute had raised in her friend, feigned ignorance of its cause, but requested to be informed on the subject. The Fairy of the Fields, pleased to gratify her mistress' curiosity, did not hesitate in revealing the unjust motives of Gangan for persecuting King Petard and Queen Gilletta, and informed her that pity had made her endeavor to thwart the perfidious designs of that fairy. “Your intentions are praiseworthy,” said the queen to her, “and I am glad to see in you this generous zeal in protecting the unfortunate; but I am afraid, notwithstanding, that Gangan will still manage to avenge herself for the kindness you have shown to the good Gilletta and her children. She is wicked, and I often receive complaints in respect to her; but be assured that if she again abuse her power to your injury, I will punish her in a terrible and exemplary manner; I can say no more: the council hour has arrived,

but at my return we will confer together on the means of thwarting your enemy's wicked designs." The queen then left the apartment.

When the Fairy of the Fields was alone she could not resist an inclination to consult her sovereign's books. All the mysteries of fairyism are therein revealed, and by them may be discovered, from day to day, what is passing all over the universe. The queen only had the power of suspending or turning the course of events; holding over fairies the same dominion as the fairies hold over mankind. The protectress of our hero had no sooner opened these books than she read in them distinctly that by the power of Grand Fairyism the perfidious Gangan was at that moment carrying off the young Prince Septimus, and was then transporting him to the inaccessible island in which she had kept her own niece since the hour of her birth. At this sight she at first trembled for the life of her *protégé*, and then for his heart and his sentiments, for she knew that this wicked fairy was more capable of corrupting than of forming the mind. The uneasiness that this event caused her gave way to reflection, and she was considering the means of preventing the consequences of this occurrence, when the queen came from council and rejoined her. From the sorrow which she perceived on her friend's countenance, Titania guessed what had taken place during her absence; and speaking to her said: "You have, I see, satisfied your curiosity; and have learned that which I would have kept from your knowledge. I was unable, it is true, to refuse Gangan the power of Grand Fairyism, since, according to our laws, it is due to her long standing; but the knowledge which I possess of her character has made me limit this power to a certain space of time; be assured, generous fairy, that when that period has elapsed your enemy shall be severely punished if she shall have abused the power which she holds only from our laws and my kindness. However, to give you to-day a proof of my friendship for you, and to place Gilletta's other children, in whom you are interested, out of Gangan's reach, take this vial, and rub them with the liquid it contains. It is invisible-water, and conceals objects from the sight of fairies alone; its charm is such that Gangan, with all her power, cannot overcome it. Go, my dear friend, re-

member always that your queen loves generosity and protects virtue: and ever rely on her protection and tenderness." At these words the fairy respectfully took the queen's hand, kissed it, and departed.

No sooner was she in her island than she made use of the invisible-water. With it she rubbed the three punchinellos and the three dancing-dolls, with the exception of the tips of their noses, which she left visible in order to recognize them herself; then, having given her orders and consulted her books, she set out for Petard's kingdom, where she learned that her presence was necessary.

In truth, when she arrived there, Petard's little state was in sad disorder, and the cause was this: It was now a long time past since the house in which his majesty had resided, and in which his father-in-law, the seneschal, had lived before him, had fallen in on all sides, in spite of the repairs which it had undergone. Petard had resolved, in a consultation with a master mason, whom he had made his chief architect, to rebuild. This crown-officer, not having for some time done anything for their majesties, had completely razed the old building, with the design of commencing a new one, which, according to his account, was to be much more magnificent. The king's savings since the abduction of his children and his annual revenues not, however, being sufficient for the erection of this new edifice, he resolved, at the recommendation of his chamberlain and solicitor-general, to levy a tax, in order to raise the funds necessary to meet the expense of his new palace. His subjects, who had not hitherto paid taxes, murmured loudly, and swore not to do so then; they even threatened to complain of him to the queen-mother. To their discontent, which as usual was not very civilly expressed, were joined the remonstrances of Carbuncle, who insisted that it was ridiculous to make others pay for a thing which could be neither useful nor profitable to them; that his majesty was, in truth, but a man like other men; that having his own property and revenues, he ought not to take those of others for the sake of having more to spend; that, consequently, while he had only the means of building a house, he ought not to have a castle; and that he, who had only a crown, ought to spend a crown only. All these reasons appeared very good to the king; but, at the same

time, the solicitor-general and the chamberlain told him that he was master; that it was not worth while having subjects if they were not made to pay for the trouble that was taken in their government; that they were made to work and kings to spend; and that there was but one seneschal capable of thinking or advising otherwise. The king thought that they also reasoned very justly, and determined, consequently, to levy the tax. However, each of the councilors took his own side of the question, and loudly proclaimed his decision. "They shall not pay," said one party; "They shall be made to pay," said the other. "It shall not be so," said Carbuncle, "I am determined." "It shall," said the solicitor-general, "or I will lose my Latin." At last they made such a hubbub that it would have been impossible to hear one's self speak. The king, who no longer understood what they said and knew not what part to take, left them, and when he was with the queen, said to her:

"Oh! by my scepter, if this continues I will give up governing, and then whoever wishes to be king may; and I will go so far, so far, that I will not hear speak of the kingdom, the people, nor the palace."

"Do not irritate yourself, sire," said the queen to him quietly; "I have already had the honor of telling your majesty that everything comes in time to him who can wait."

"But," said the king, "what do you wish me to wait for? If they who have taken away our children had left us a house instead of them, we should not have been so badly off; but doubtless Gangan has done it all; and, if this continue, we shall have no more houses than we have children." Then he commenced repeating so many tiresome invectives against the fairies that the good Gilletta was much vexed with him.

The fairy, who had witnessed for some time what was passing, and was very anxious for the queen's peace of mind, at last appeared to her in the shape of a linnet, as she had done before; and quieted her with the assurance that she would soon give her convincing proofs of her friendship and protection. Gilletta, transported with joy, kissed her a thousand times, having first asked her permission, entreated her to stop, and promised her, as an inducement, that every day while she resided with her

she should have a little cake made of millet flour, hemp-seed and milk: the fairy agreed, and Gilletta's promises were duly fulfilled. A fortnight after her arrival the king, who generally rose early, was very much surprised to find himself in quite a new house, very convenient and strongly built: I say a house; for it was but a house, and not at all a palace; there was about it neither architecture, painting, sculpture, nor gilding. On the ground floor was a kitchen, a pantry, a dining-room, and an audience-chamber; on the first floor an antechamber, a bedroom, a closet, the queen's wardrobe, and a large closet in a wing for the king, in which his library, of which mention has been made, was already arranged. Above were nice galleries, well ceiled, from which was visible the most beautiful prospect in the world. A dairy had not been forgotten, with all the utensils thereunto appertaining; but the most admirable part of the whole affair was, that the house was well furnished and stored with everything necessary; the furniture was exactly like, both in materials and shape, to that of their majesties, and they could hardly have told it apart, if the one had not been newer than the other. Petard's astonishment may be easily imagined at finding himself in a strange house; but it was considerably increased when, on looking through one of his bedroom windows, he saw, where had been his little royal kitchen-garden, a large grass-plot and bowling-green, at the end of which was a very pretty pond, and a forest of lofty trees. To the right of the bowling-green was a kitchen-garden, stocked with different vegetables, and to the left an orchard planted with all kinds of fruit-trees. He considered all this for some time: but, his surprise giving way to joy, he ran to the queen, who was in bed and still asleep, and waking her, cried: "My dear, my dear, pray get up, and look at our new house and fine gardens. Do you know the meaning of it all? I have not the least idea." The queen hardly gave herself time to put on her petticoat, morning-gown and slippers before she ran to the window with the king, who immediately conducted her all round the apartments and thence to the ground floor, where they found the kitchen and pantry furnished with everything that was necessary. All these marvels only made good King Petard afraid; but the queen, who guessed whence it had

all come, had not the same feeling, but dared not say anything about it. They were in this state when the seneschal, who had been looking for them for an hour in the king's house, entered this, more in the way of the duty of his situation than in the hope of finding their majesties there; he too knew not what to think of a house built in a single night; and although he was less fearful than his son-in-law, he only began to take courage when he found himself in company with them. The king, for his part, was glad enough to see him come in; and, each taking an arm of the queen, they went over the house a second time from top to bottom, and all over the gardens.))

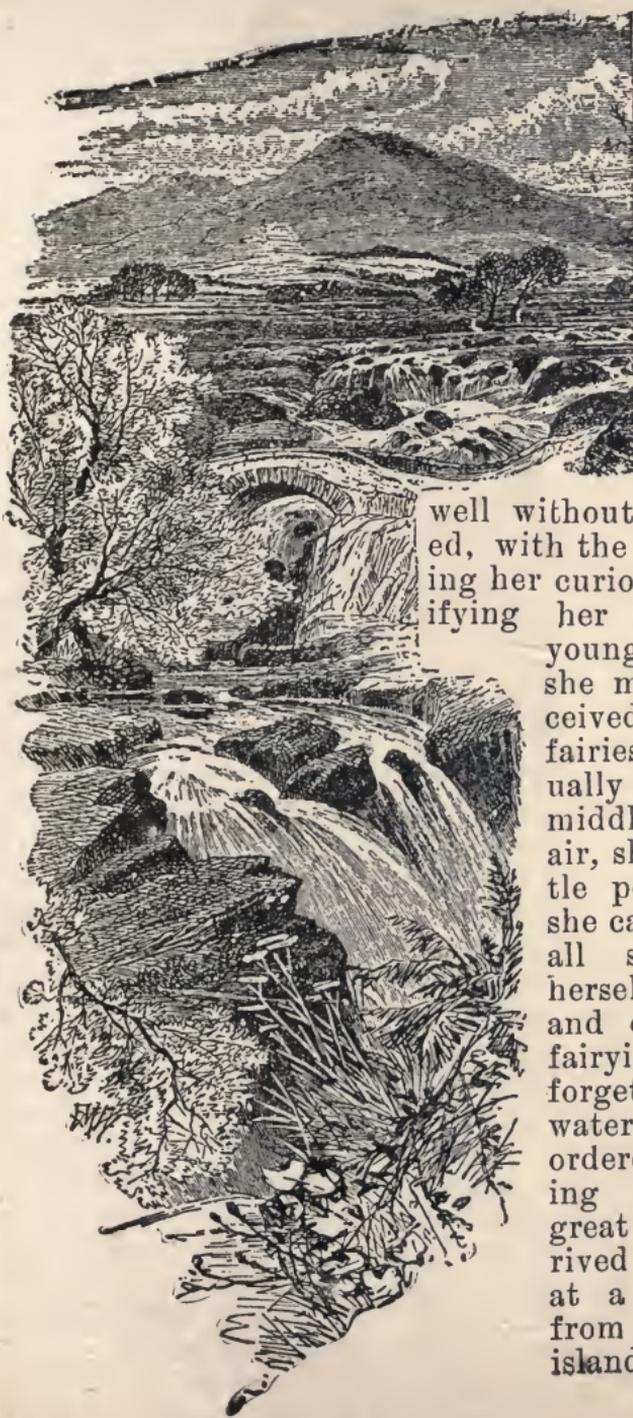
Everybody argued a good deal on the singularity of this occurrence; some were of opinion that their majesties were very bold to reside in a house built by fairies, and so run the risk of being tormented by them; others, on the contrary, held that they did quite right, and that it was to be wished that all the old houses in the kingdom were rebuilt in a similar manner. As one is easily reconciled to comfort and to novelties, after having talked a good deal no more was said about it; and the king gradually grew as accustomed to his new house as though he had lived in it all his life. Thus the question of the tax was no longer discussed; quietness returned to the kingdom of Petard, and union once more existed between the high crown officers. The poor architect alone had half a mind to hang himself, but was at last contented with wishing all genii and fairies at the bottom of the sea, for interfering with his employment, calling them a hundred times magicians and sorcerers.

While the Fairy of the Fields was bringing about all these wonders, she observed in Gilletta so much respect for the fairies, and so much gratitude to her, that, feeling herself more and more interested in that queen's welfare, she could not refuse to make a longer stay at her court than she had originally intended. She reassured the queen also of her children's fate, and explained to her their punishment, and her reasons for proceeding to this extremity; but as true and tender friendship knows how to disguise the most interesting things when a knowledge of them would afflict the person loved, she carefully concealed from her the abduction of her dear

Septimus, and the anxiety she felt for him herself; then, having recommended to her confidence, patience, and discretion, if she wished to attain happiness, she quitted her with regret, to return to her government of the Isle of Bambine.

On her arrival there she was immediately informed of an event of a nature unheard-of since the establishment of the island. The senior nurse, who, during the fairy's absence, had performed the duties of governess, stated to her that some obstinate and unruly children, who had been forgiven upon several occasions, assisted by their friends the dolls, had revolted, and had expressed their determination of no longer obeying their nurses; and that the spirit of rebellion had grown to such an extent in a short time, that its course had been with much difficulty arrested; that she had, therefore, been compelled to exert all her authority, and had begun by imprisoning the dolls in boxes; and that as to the children, she had condemned some to have nothing but dry bread to eat for a fortnight; others to wear their nightcaps in the daytime for a month, and some even to be imprisoned between four chairs, for two hours on each day, until they had publicly asked for pardon. The fairy highly approved of the senior nurse's conduct, and praised her very much for her zeal; but, as an example was necessary, for the maintenance of order, she condemned the most mutinous of the rebels to a transformation of a hundred years, as punches, judies, and dancing dolls; sending them into different parts of the world to work for their livelihood as puppets, and thus to minister to the amusement of all good little girls and boys, and to serve as sights for the people. She proceeded to this extremity with the less regret, as she was informed that her six favorites had taken but a small part in the rebellion. Charmed with the alteration which thus began to appear in them, she made them come before her, and, speaking to the tips of their noses (for she could see no more of them), she reprimanded them, in terms rather mild than severe, and dismissed them with a promise of her friendship and rewards, if she should, in the sequel, have reason to be satisfied with their conduct.

Though this event, and her duty, did not allow her absence from a place where, indeed, her presence seemed



so necessary, yet she could not long contain her feelings on behalf of little Septimus, and her impatience to hear news of him. So soon, therefore, as she thought her little people could go on tolerably

well without her, she departed, with the hope of satisfying her curiosity, and of gratifying her fondness for the young prince. That she might not be perceived by the genii and fairies, who are continually traversing the middle region of the air, she took to her little post-chaise, which she carefully closed on all sides, providing herself with her wand and other articles of fairyism, above all not forgetting the invisible water; then, having ordered her six flying lizards to use great speed, she arrived in a few minutes at a short distance from the inaccessible island. She alighted,

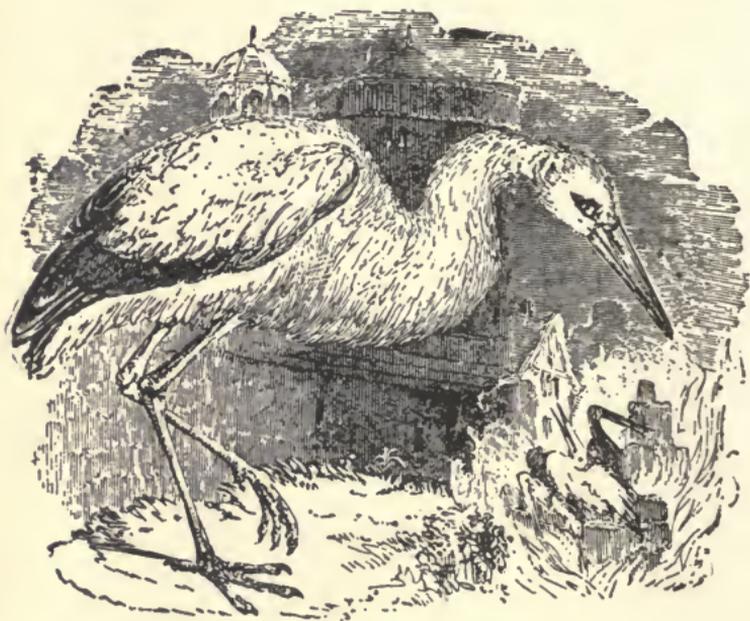
dismissed her chaise, and rubbing herself over with the water just named, she overcame, without being seen, obstacles which, but for this liquid, would have successfully opposed her entrance. Gangan had, in order to prevent genii and fairies from entering her island, surrounded it with a treble inclosure, formed by a rapid torrent, the waters of which rolled over rocks which they had split with their violence, tearing up trunks of trees and dashing the fragments in the waves. The shores of this isle were defended by twenty-four dragons of enormous size; and the flames which they vomited at the sight of fairies or genii reached to the clouds, and uniting, formed an impenetrable wall of fire.

The Fairy of the Fields had hardly been seeking for intelligence as to the fate of Septimus above an hour, when chance afforded her the most favorable opportunity in the world; she saw coming toward her Gangan, accompanied by a Dive, for she was only served by evil genii, and her countenance appeared inflamed with passion, and she spoke very vehemently. Profiting by her invisibility, the Fairy of the Fields resolved to listen, when she heard Gangan speak to her companion nearly as follows: "Yes, my dear Barbarec, you see me in despair; I am about to lose forever the largest kingdom of the universe. The ungrateful mother of Petard has died without even a desire to be reconciled with me; nor is that all, she has bound her subjects by an oath, not only never to receive at my hands a successor to her crown, but even to restore the throne to her son, or to one of her grandsons. I tried to win the people by my kindness, but found everywhere an inveterate hatred against me; they refused my gifts, which they looked on as equally perfidious and treasonable, and they have decided by a unanimous and formal resolution on following the queen's direction, by depriving me of a throne on which I had reckoned to place my niece. It shall not, however, be long ere these ungrateful people feel the effects of my just anger; and, to begin with the principal causes of my disgrace, take from my stables one of my largest griffins, fly to the Isle of Bambine, seize the brothers and sisters of Septimus, and bring them here. Myself will undertake to carry off Petard and Gilletta, and when they are brought together I will transform the king and his queen

into rabbits, and their children into terriers. If a spark of pity which I yet feel for Septimus should abandon me, I will not answer that he also do not feel the effects of my vengeance. Hasten, however, to prepare everything for the execution of my plans, and let us remember, my dear Barbarec, that, having abandoned the laws of the Peris for those of the Dives, we are become the enemies of fairies and of mankind, and that we must neglect nothing to overwhelm them all with the weight of our hatred." The Fairy of the Fields could not hear this discourse without shuddering; she remained for some time motionless; but recalling her senses, and feeling of what consequence it was not to stay any longer in this terrible abode, she hastened to implore the powerful assistance of the queen of the fairies. She immediately left the island, which she had scarcely done when the sky became obscured, the earth trembled, and dreadful groanings, accompanied with thunder and lightning, seemed to announce the speedy destruction of the universe. Shortly afterward the air was restored to calmness; but the day growing still darker and darker, a new spectacle, as terrible as the preceding, succeeded. The twenty-four dragons who guarded the approaches to the isle, making frightful howlings, lanced against each other streams of flame, and strove in fiery combat, which concluded by consuming them all. Day again reappeared, and where the torrent and island had been, nothing was to be seen but a dry and arid rock, while from its summit there flew a black ostrich, carrying on its back Prince Septimus and the little princess, Gangan's niece. These prodigies had not so much overcome the Fairy of the Fields, but that, moved with the situation of these amiable children and her kindness inclining her to follow them, she immediately set out with so much diligence that, in a short time, she overtook the black ostrich. Her first impulse was to take from it the prince and princess; but observing that the bird was directing its flight toward the Fortunate Island, she contented herself with following and watching it at a short distance.

Indeed, in a short time the ostrich alighted on that island, and directed its steps toward the queen of the fairies herself. This sovereign was seated at the entrance of her palace on a golden throne enriched with

jewels, surrounded by her twelve fairies, the twenty-four black genii who have been before mentioned, and by a numerous court. The moment the ostrich approached the throne the Fairy of the Fields seized the prince and princess and placed them at the queen's feet; when Gangan resumed her original shape and proper character, confusion, malice, and despair were depicted by turns on her countenance, and she was in the most cruel suspense



as to what was about to happen, when the queen spoke to her in these words: "The malignity of your mind and the perversity of your heart have, I see, prevented your making a good use of that power which I bestowed upon you. Very far from repairing your first faults by the gift of Grand Fairyism, which the laws and my kindness vouchsafed to you, you have, on the contrary, abused that, and as this abuse now calls for my justice upon you, receive at once the punishment due to your misdeeds. You will lose for two years all power as a fairy, and assuming during that period the shape of a stork, you shall be the slave of my humblest genii." With these words the queen touched her with her scepter, and all the fairies, having held over her their wands in token

of approbation, they pronounced certain words, during which the unfortunate Gangan became a stork, and immediately went to join the other animals of the species.

The queen then summoned the Fairy Judicious, and confided the young prince and princess to her care while they should remain at her court, particularly advising her to form their hearts by cultivating their minds; she embraced Septimus and Feliciana (which was the princess' name), and these amiable children, penetrated with joy and gratitude, quitted her arms with sorrow for those of their guardian Judicious.

They profited so well by their education during the two years they resided with the queen of the fairies, that they obtained the love and admiration of all her court. When the one had reached the age of fourteen, and the other of twelve years, the queen of the fairies resolved to unite them in marriage, and to restore them with the brothers and sisters of Septimus to King Petard and his Queen Gilletta; but at the same time she informed the Fairy of the Fields that, as an example to Septimus and Feliciana, she had resolved that the rebellious children, although now perfectly cured of their faults, should only resume their proper shapes in the presence of the newly married couple, and when they should have arrived at the king their father's palace. Then having determined the time of their departure, she confided to the Fairy of the Fields the six children of whom she had been so careful, and having ordered her to choose for them husbands and wives, she summoned the Fairy Judicious, and charged her to accompany the Prince Septimus and his princess. These amiable children shed tears on quitting her to whom they owed all their happiness, and the generous queen, embracing them tenderly, promised them her friendship, and saw them depart with much sorrow.

They lost no time in repairing to the court of Petard, where that king had been for some days extremely embarrassed. His mother the queen, after languishing for many years, had at last vacated the throne, and deputies had been dispatched from her kingdom inviting her son to accept the crown. They had already asked for an audience, and Petard was greatly puzzled as to the manner in which it should be granted. He was uncertain

whether he ought to receive them standing or seated, on horseback or on foot, and to debate this point the council was assembled, where everybody decided as usual; the seneschal, Carbuncle, maintained that the king ought to be standing, asserting that he had heard that the Emperor Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France were always standing, and that they never seated themselves except to eat and to sleep. The solicitor-general opined that his majesty should be seated, because kings and judges ought always to be at their ease, and that, except a bed, there was nothing so convenient as an armchair. The chamberlain, on the contrary, was of opinion that the king should appear on horseback, alleging that that was the most noble attitude for kings, inasmuch as their statues always thus represented them; each of the councilors maintained as usual his own opinions; they shouted, they quarreled, and would perhaps even have gone further, if the king, raising his voice above theirs, had not said: "Do you intend to leave off? There is surely noise enough about a chair more or less! As I shall meet them, so they shall see me; and as they find me, so they must take me, that is all I know about the matter; but as to becoming their king, many thanks to them, I should go mad with all the cares of royalty which they tell me I should have on my mind. So long flourish my little kingdom; since I am well off with that I will hold fast to it; and they must accommodate themselves as well as they can; however, as they wish to have an audience, an audience they must have, so let them be summoned." The councilors then retired, each murmuring that the king had not taken his advice, and blaming him for always doing as he thought proper for himself.

While they went to fetch the deputies to the presence, his majesty, thinking himself wiser than his council, put on his royal clothes, and seated himself at the foot of his bed, of which he had had the curtains arranged in festoons around the posts; he held in one hand his scepter, in the other his cap and fringed gloves; the queen was at his right hand, on a chair covered with blue serge and ornamented with large gilt nails, with her women behind her. On the left of the king were his high officers, who were nearly all laughing in their sleeves at the singular figure of their king.

When all was arranged the door was opened, and the deputies entered, followed by all the people of King Petard's little state; they made him three deep salaams, which the king and queen acknowledged by three others as profound, and were about to commence their harangue, when a woman of majestic figure entered, leading a young man about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and addressing herself to Gilletta, thus spoke: "Queen, everything comes in time to him who can wait. Your misfortunes are over, and your destiny has changed its course. Behold the prince your son, whom a superior power has protected from the effects of Gangan's wickedness; the perfidious fairy can no longer annoy him, her malice has just been confounded. Receive, at last, your dear son Septimus; and you, deputies, render homage to the lawful successor to the throne of your kindgom." The king, acknowledging his son, took him in his arms and kissed him a thousand times; then hastening to the fairy, he embraced her without paying any regard to her age or character; he did the same with Carbuncle, the solicitor-general, the chamberlain and all who were around him; then, taking off his royal mantle, he put it upon Septimus, gave him his scepter, seated him at the foot of the bed, and began to shout with all his might: "Long live the king!" which was immediately repeated by the nobles, and taken up by all the people, to whom the king kept crying out: "Shout away, you there, shout away!" Meanwhile, the queen, penetrated with joy and gratitude, had fallen at the fairy's feet, embracing her and weeping; when the fairy, having raised her, signified that she wished to speak. Everybody was immediately silent, excepting the king, whose joy was so great that he neither saw nor heard anything, until at last, finding himself out of breath, he also was quieted, and the fairy spoke:

"What you see," said she, "is only a portion of the favors which your friend, the Fairy of the Fields, bestows upon you: she gives you, with the prince, a young and amiable princess, whom the queen of the fairies has destined to be the wife of your king. If the qualities of her mind, and the beauty of her person, are some slight guarantee for the happiness of this favored couple, the mildness of her character and the goodness

of her heart, which I have taken pains to form, may assure to you its duration. Confirm, then, this happy union, and thus deserve the Fairy of the Fields' powerful protection, as well as that of——”

The king would hear no more, but taking the hands of the prince and princess: “Done!” cried he, “I marry them with all my heart, and give to them all my kingdoms and my revenues; as to my other children, I shall trouble myself no more about them; our friend, this good lady of the fields, will not allow them to want for anything; so let us have the wedding and rejoice; you shall all dine with me, though, by the bye, I do not know that I shall have too much to give you; but, as my wife says, ‘everything comes to him who can wait.’ Now, father-in-law,” he continued, turning to Carbuncle, “go to the kitchen, have all killed that is in my poultry-yard, and, above all, let us have good cheer, for I would have this affair well spoken of.”

The seneschal obeyed; but as he was crossing the dining-room he perceived a table laid with twenty-four dishes of the best meats. He went no further, but quickly returned to relate to the king and queen what he had just seen. Everybody, anxious to behold this fairy festival, went immediately to the dining-room, not, however, without some fear, and, consequently, without much ceremony. The sight surprised them greatly at first; they hesitated at tasting the food, but after awhile, taking heart, began to think it looked very nice, and the king, to whom all this cost nothing, set them the example, by eating with all his heart, and drinking bumpers every time the bottle came round to him. It is said that he was not sparing of his old stories and *bons-mots*, but that although the good man often repeated them, and always in the same terms, they were always followed by shouts of laughter.

When they had been at table about two hours violins were heard in the audience-chamber; and as they had all eaten and drank enough, they willingly rose from table. The king, in high good humor, wished for nothing better than a dance, and insisted on opening the ball with the young queen, calling for his favorite dance, which resembled “Sir Roger de Paris.” The violins struck up, and he began; but after putting them out and telling

them they did not know the figure, he gave up in despair, and asked the young prince and princess to dance a minuet, which they did with admirable grace. They were just performing the last obeisance, when six puppets entered the room finely dressed, three as Roman knights, and three as Roman ladies; each of these six puppets had by its side the visible tip of a nose, and the whole *entrée* was conducted by a lady, who was, however, taken little notice of, so much attention did the spectacle of the puppets attract. They all made room to receive them, and the puppets immediately performed a *pas de douze*, in which the six tips of the noses figured admirably. The ballet over, they arranged themselves in a ring, in the same order they had observed on entering. Their conductress placed herself in the center, touched the six tips of the noses with the end of her wand, and immediately there appeared in their places three punchinello's and three dancing dolls.

"Very good, very good," said the king, "all that will do for my grandchildren, and provided they cost me nothing to keep and clothe, I will take care of them with pleasure till the grandchildren come."

"Not so fast, sire," replied the lady; "have patience; 'everything comes in time to him who can wait.'"

Immediately the twelve puppets began to dance again, and the spectators were in the highest degree astonished to see them change perceptibly, and gradually take another face and new dress.

"Mercy on us!" cried the king, "why, there are Harry, Dick and George, my dear! why, surely there are Josephine, Clementina and Arabella, love! no, really I cannot believe it. Oh! by my scepter, but this is admirable!" Then speaking to the conductress: "Hold," said he to her, "I will bet my cap and royal mantle that you are our friend, the lady of the fields; i' faith, you are worth your weight in gold, and here are our children, all ready shod and clad, and as big as their father and mother; but how are we to get them married?"

"I will manage that," replied the Fairy of the Fields, for it was herself, "and it shall be done immediately."

At these words the king, beside himself with joy, took her hand, paid her I know not how many compliments after his fashion, and seated her near Gilletta, to whom

he cried: "This is the lady of the fields, and our very good friend."

The queen, overcome by her feelings, gave herself up completely to all her gratitude to the fairy, and all her tenderness to her children. The fairy then introduced to Gilletta the unknown princes and princesses, who were with her, and proposed them in marriage with her six children. The king and queen consented immediately; all who were present applauded the fairy's choice, and the deputies proclaimed Septimus and Feliciana king and queen. The seven marriages were celebrated in a manner worthy of the wisdom of the Fairy Judicious, and the noble simplicity of the Fairy of the Fields. Septimus gave to each of his brothers and brothers-in-law the government of the largest and most wealthy provinces of his kingdom; and the seven princes set out with their wives, and accompanied by the fairies, who only quitted each on his arrival at their several capitals. They there gave them instructions for the government of their families and provinces: and, after loading them with marks of kindness and generosity, returned each to her own duties.

As for Petard and Gilletta, their children's fortune made them neither ambitious nor jealous, nor did it change their ways of thinking. The pomp and majesty of a grand queen did not agree with Gilletta's simplicity; while Petard's character and genius were not suited to the cares of a large kingdom; and they would not have exchanged, the one his seneschal, his game at piquet, and his kitchen-garden; the other, her spinning-wheel, her dairy, and the friendship of the Fairy of the Fields, for all the grandeur in the world.

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## PRINCE DESIRE AND PRINCESS MIGNONETTA.

THERE was once upon a time a king who was passionately fond of a princess; but she could not be married because she was enchanted. He went to consult a fairy, to ascertain what he ought to do to make the princess love him. The fairy said to him: "You know that the

princess has a large cat, of which she is very fond; well, she can marry that person only who can succeed in treading on her cat's tail."

The prince said to himself: "That will not be very difficult to accomplish;" and he quitted the fairy, determined rather to crush the cat's tail than to fail in treading on it. He hastened to his mistress' palace; Master



Puss came to meet him very consequentially, as was his wont; the king lifted up his foot, but when he thought to have put it on the cat's tail, Puss turned round so quickly that he trod on nothing but the floor. He was a week trying to tread on this fatal tail, which appeared to be full of quicksilver, for it was continually moving. But at last the king had the good fortune to surprise Master Puss one day, when he had his head in a jar in which a rat had taken shelter, and trod upon his tail with all his weight. Puss turned, mewing horribly, and immediately took the shape of a tall man, who, looking at the prince with eyes full of anger, said to him:

"You may now marry the princess, since you have dissolved the enchantment which prevented you; but I will be revenged. You shall have a son who will always be unfortunate, until the time when he shall become aware that his nose is too long, and if you take any umbrage at what I threaten you shall immediately be put to death."

Although the king was frightened at the sight of this tall man, who was an enchanter, he could not help laugh-

ing at his threat. "If my son's nose should be too long," said he to himself, "unless he should be either blind or silly he will certainly be able to see or feel it."

When the enchanter had disappeared the king went to find the princess, who consented to marry him; however, he did not live long with her, for he died eight months after the wedding. A month after his death the queen gave birth to a young prince, who was called "Desire." He had the finest large blue eyes in the world, and a pretty little mouth; but his nose was so large that it covered half his face. The queen was inconsolable when she saw this large nose; but the ladies who were with her told her that the nose was not so large as it appeared to her to be; that it was a Roman nose, and that history averred that all heroes had large noses. The queen, who loved her son to excess, was charmed with this discourse, and by dint of continually looking at Desire, his nose no longer appeared to be so very long. The prince was brought up very carefully, and as soon as he could speak all kinds of shocking stories were told him of people who had short noses. No one was allowed to remain near him whose nose did not a little resemble his own, and the courtiers, to show their respect to the queen and her son, pulled their children's noses several times a day with a view of lengthening them; they had, however, a difficult task, for their sons appeared to have hardly any nose at all near Prince Desire's. When he became old enough to understand it he was instructed in history, and whenever any great prince or handsome princess was mentioned to him, he or she was always spoken of as having a long nose. The room was hung round with pictures, in which all the figures had large noses, and Desire grew so accustomed to regard length of nose as an ornament that he would not for an empire have parted with an atom of his. When he had reached the age of twenty it was thought expedient for him to marry, and the portraits of various princesses were submitted to him. He was in raptures with that of Mignonetta, the daughter of a great king, and heiress to several kingdoms; of the kingdoms, however, Desire thought not at all, he was so much struck with her beauty. The Princess Mignonetta, although he was thus charmed with her, had a little turned-up nose, which harmonized admirably with

her other features, but which very much perplexed the courtiers. They had acquired such a habit of ridiculing small noses that they sometimes could not forbear laughing at that of the princess; but Desire would not suffer a jest on this subject, and he banished two courtiers from his presence who dared to make insinuations against Mignonetta's nose. The others, warned by their fate, were more cautious, and there was one who said to the prince that in truth a man could not be pleasing who had not got a large nose, but that it was not the same in respect to woman; for a wise man who spoke Greek had informed him that he had read in an old manuscript that the fair Cleopatra had the end of her nose turned up. The prince made a magnificent present to the courtier who told him this good news, and dispatched ambassadors to demand Mignonetta in marriage. His proposal was accepted, and he was so anxious to see her that he went more than nine miles on the road to meet her; but as he was just stepping forward to kiss her hand the enchanter appeared, and carried off the princess before his face, leaving him quite inconsolable.

Desire resolved never to re-enter his kingdom until he had discovered Mignonetta. He would not allow any of his courtiers to accompany him, and mounting a good horse, he laid the bridle on his neck and allowed him to choose his own road. The horse presently came to a large plain, which he traversed the whole day without seeing a single house. Both horse and rider were ready to die with hunger; at last, as night was about to set in, they discovered a cave in which a light was burning. Desire entered, and saw a little old woman, who appeared to be more than a hundred years old. She put on her spectacles to look at the prince, but she was a long time adjusting them, for her nose was too short. The prince and the fairy (for it was a fairy), burst out laughing as they looked at each other exclaiming simultaneously: "Oh! what a comical nose!"

"Not so comical as yours," said Desire; "but, madam, let us leave our noses as they are, and have the goodness to give me something to eat, for both I and my poor horse are dying with hunger."

"With all my heart," answered the fairy. "Although your nose is ridiculous, you are not the less the son of

my best friend. I loved the king your father like my own brother; but he had a very handsome nose."

"And what is there wanting in mine?" asked Desire.

"Oh! it wants nothing," answered the fairy; "on the contrary, there is but too much of it; but no matter, a man may be very good and yet have too large a nose. I was saying, then, that I was your father's friend; at that time he frequently came to see me, and you must know that in those days I was very pretty; your father told me so. I must repeat to you a conversation that we had together the last time he saw me."

"Very well, madam," said Desire, "I will listen to you with a great deal of pleasure when I have had my supper; consider, if you please, that I have eaten nothing to-day."

"The poor child is right," said the fairy; "I did not think of that. I will prepare your supper, and while you are eating I will tell you my history in a few words, for I do not like long tales. A long tongue is still more insufferable than a large nose, and I remember when I was young that I was admired for not being a great talker. The queen, my mother, used frequently to have it mentioned to her, for, such as you see me, I am a great king's daughter. My father——"

"Your father ate when he was hungry," said the prince, interrupting her.

"Yes! he did doubtless," said the fairy, "and you also will have your supper in a moment. I was merely going to tell you that my father——"

"But I will not listen to a word until I have something to eat," said the prince, growing angry. He checked himself, however, for he wanted something of the fairy, and said: "I know that the pleasure I should take in listening to you would make me forget my own hunger; but my horse, who will not understand you, is in need of some food."

This compliment made the fairy bridle. "You shall wait no longer," said she to Desire, calling her domestics; "you are very polite, and, in spite of the size of your nose, you are very amiable."

"Plague take the old woman with my nose!" said the prince to himself; "one would have sworn that my mother had stolen what is wanting in hers to make

mine with; if I were not hungry I would leave this plate-a-pace, who fancies that she is a little talker. One must be very stupid not to perceive one's own defects: that comes of her being born a princess; flatterers have spoiled her, and persuaded her that she is a little talker.

While that was passing in the prince's mind, the servants laid the table; and the prince wondered at the fairy, who kept asking them a thousand questions, solely to have the pleasure of talking: he was especially surprised at a waiting-woman, who, in everything that she saw, praised her mistress for her discretion. "Egad!" thought he as he was eating, "I am delighted to have found my way here. This example demonstrates to me how wisely I have acted in not listening to flatterers, who praise us princes very shamelessly, concealing our defects from us or representing them to us as perfections: but as for me, I shall never be their dupe; I know my own defects, Heaven be thanked." Poor Desire quite thought he was right, and little imagined that those who had praised his nose had ridiculed it in their hearts, as the waiting-woman was ridiculing the fairy; for the prince observed that she turned her head aside every now and then to laugh. With regard to himself, he did not say a word, but ate away as fast as he could.

"Prince," said the fairy to him, when he began to be satisfied, "move a little, I entreat you; your nose makes so large a shadow that it prevents me from seeing what is on my plate. By the way, with regard to your father: I went to his court when he was quite a child; but it is forty years since I first retired into this solitude. Tell me a little how things are going on at court now; are the ladies still as fond of running about? In my time they used to go on the same day to the promenade, to the assembly, to the theater, to the ball. But how long your nose is! I cannot grow used to it."

"In truth, madam," answered Desire, "do not say any more about my nose; it is as it is, and in what does it concern you? I am contented with it, and do not wish that it was any shorter; every one to his taste."

"Oh! I perceive now I have hurt your feelings, my poor Desire," said the fairy, "but I did not intend to do so; on the contrary, I am your friend, and I wish to do you a service; but notwithstanding that I cannot help



PRINCE DESIRE PARTING FROM THE QUEEN.

being shocked at your nose; I will not, however, mention it to you again; I will even constrain myself to think that you are snub-nosed; though, in truth, there are materials enough in it to make three reasonable noses."

Desire, who had finished his supper, grew so tired of the fairy's tedious prattle about his nose that he sprang on his horse and rode away from the cavern. He continued his journey; and wherever he went he thought that everybody was mad, for everybody talked about his nose; nevertheless, he had been so accustomed to hear it asserted that his nose was handsome that he could not reconcile himself to the idea that it was too long. The old fairy, who wished to do him a service in spite of himself, determined to shut up Mignonetta in a crystal palace, and place this palace in the prince's road. Desire, transported with joy, strove to break it; but he could not succeed: in despair, he wished to approach near it so as at least to speak to the princess, who, on her part, stretched her hand close to the crystal wall of the palace. He was very anxious to kiss her hand, but turn his head which way he would, he could not place his mouth near it, his nose constantly preventing him. He then perceived for the first time its extraordinary length, and feeling all over it with his hand: "I must confess," said he, "that my nose is too large."

At the moment he pronounced those words the crystal palace vanished, and the fairy appeared leading Mignonetta by the hand, and saying: "Confess that you are greatly obliged to me; I vainly wished to speak to you about your nose, but you would never have acknowledged its defect unless it had become an obstacle to your wishes. In this way self-love conceals from us all the defects of our minds and bodies. In vain reason endeavors to unveil them to us: we can never perceive them until the same self-love that blinds us to them finds them to be opposed to its interests."

Desire, whose nose had become an ordinary nose, profited by this lesson. He asked Mignonetta to become his wife; married her, and they became a sincerely attached couple. They never parted without grief and the tenderest embraces; and in this union of affection they continued till age and death crept on them—the happiest of kings and queens.

## PRINCESS MINIKIN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and a queen who had only one son, in whom they centered all their hopes. He was fourteen years old at the time from which this history commences, and the queen had given up all hopes of having any more children. The prince was handsome to admiration, and learned with facility all that was taught him. The king and queen doted on him, and their subjects made him the object of their tenderest affection; for, though he knew very well what distinction was necessary to observe toward the several persons who approached him, he was affable to all. He was called Zirphil. As he was their only son, the king and queen resolved that he should marry young, that they might hope to see princes, his sons, worthy of wearing their crown, if unfortunately Zirphil should be taken from them.

Search was accordingly made, on foot and on horseback, for a princess worthy of the heir-apparent: but notwithstanding a suitable partner for him could not be found. At last, after many inquiries had thus been made, the queen was informed that a lady, very closely veiled, requested a personal and private interview with her majesty, in order to confer with her on a very important affair. The queen hastened to her throne to receive her, and gave orders for her to be ushered into her presence. The lady, on being admitted, walked up to the queen without removing her large white veil, which reached from her head to her feet, and entirely concealed every part of her person. When she had arrived at the foot of her throne: "I am astonished, O queen!" said she, "that you have even dreamed of marrying your son without consulting me; I am the Fairy Marmotta, and my name is too well known for you not to have heard of me. I am mortally offended, and, as a commencement of your punishment, I command you to marry your son Zirphil to a person whom I have brought hither for that especial purpose." With these words she fumbled in her pocket and pulled out a small toothpick case; this she opened, when there issued from it a little enameled doll, so pretty and so nicely made that the queen, in



PRINCE ZIRPHIL AND HIS FATHER.

spite of her grief, could not forbear admiring its beauty. "This is my god-daughter," continued the fairy, "and I have destined Zirphil from his birth to be her husband."

The queen burst into tears, and conjured Marmotta, by the most tender entreaties, not to expose her to the laughter of her subjects, who would ridicule her indeed if she were to announce to them such a marriage.

"What do you mean by ridicule, madam?" said the fairy. "Ah! we shall see whether they have any occasion to ridicule my god-daughter, and whether your son ought not to adore her. I assure you that she is worthy of him in every respect; that she is small is true, but she has more wit than all the people in your kingdom put together; and when you hear her you will be surprised yourself; for you must know that she can talk, and to some purpose. Come, little Princess Minikin," said she to the doll, "talk a little to your mother-in-law, and show her what you can do."

Then the pretty Minikin skipped on to the queen's tippet, and complimented her in so tender and intelligent a manner that the queen suspended her tears, and affectionately kissed the little princess.

"Here, your majesty," said the fairy, "is my tooth-pick case; you can replace your daughter-in-law therein: I wish your son to accustom himself to her society before he marries her; however, I do not think it will require a very long time. Your obedience may soften my anger; but if you disobey my orders, you, your husband, your son and your kingdom, shall all feel the effects of my resentment; and above all do not fail to replace her very early every evening in the case, for it is of great importance that she does not sit up late."

With these words the fairy lifted up her veil, and the queen fainted away with terror on perceiving a real living marmot, covered with black hair, and having a head as large as an ordinary woman. Her attendants came to her assistance, and when she recovered from her swoon she only saw the case which Marmotta had left.

She was conveyed to bed, and the king was informed of her indisposition; he hastened to her apartment in violent agitation. The queen desired all her attendants to quit the room, and, with a torrent of tears, related what had transpired to his majesty, who would not be-

lieve a word she said until he saw her draw forth the doll from her little case.

“Good Heaven!” cried he, after meditating a few moments, “is it possible that kings are liable to such severe misfortunes? Alas! we are only placed higher than other men to feel more acutely the sorrow and misfortunes inseparable from this life.”

“And to show greater examples of fortitude, sire,” interposed the doll, in a soft and clear voice.

“My dear Minikin,” said the queen, “you talk like an oracle.”

The king took her hand and kissed it. Finally, after an hour’s conversation between these three personages, it was agreed that nothing should as yet be said about the marriage, and that they were to wait until Zirphil, who was then absent for three days on a hunting expedition, should determine to obey the fairy’s orders, which the queen undertook to make known to him.

Meanwhile, the king and queen paid the utmost attention to the little Minikin; she had a highly accomplished mind, she spoke exceedingly well, and with a peculiarly lively turn, which was engaging; however, notwithstanding her animation, her eyes had a certain motionless stare which was not agreeable, and which the queen only overlooked as she began to love the little princess. She was, however, fearful that the prince might conceive an aversion to her on this account. More than a month had passed after Marmotta’s visit, and the queen had not yet dared to introduce Zirphil to his proposed bride, when one morning that prince entered her apartment before she had risen, and, seating himself by her bedside, spoke as follows:

“A few days ago, madam, while I was hunting, the most surprising adventure conceivable befell me, which I would fain have concealed from you; but the secret has become so burdensome to me that I feel I can withhold it from you no longer.

“It is now some days since, that as I was eagerly following a wild boar I became so absorbed in its pursuit as not to observe that I had outstripped all my attendants; when, as I arrived at the outskirts of the forest, I all at once saw the animal precipitate himself into a large opening in the ground, into which my horse plunged

after him. I felt myself descending into the earth for about half an hour, when my horse's hoofs came suddenly in contact with the floor. Looking about me, I saw, instead of the wild boar, which I confess I was somewhat fearful of meeting, a very ugly woman, who begged me to alight from my horse and follow her. I did not hesitate, and giving her my hand, she opened a little door which I had not before perceived, and I entered with her into a green marble saloon, in the middle of which stood a large golden tub, covered by a piece of rich cloth. This she raised, and I saw in the tub a lady of such surpassing loveliness that I could with difficulty preserve myself from falling backward with surprise.

“ ‘Prince Zirphil,’ said the lady, who appeared to be bathing, ‘the Fairy Marmotta has enchanted me here, and it is by your aid alone that I can be freed.’ ”

“ ‘Speak, madam,’ said I, ‘inform me how I can serve you.’ ”

“ ‘You must,’ replied the lady, ‘either pledge yourself to marry me immediately, or scale me alive.’ ”

“My surprise at the first proposition could only be equaled by my horror at the alternative. She observed my embarrassment, and continued:

“ ‘Do not imagine that I am ridiculing you, or that I am making a proposal that you will have any reason to repent accepting. No, Zirphil, do not be alarmed; but I am an unfortunate princess for whom the fairy has conceived a violent hatred, and whom she has metamorphosed into a creature half-woman, half-whale, because I refused to marry her nephew, the King of the Whittings, a young man the ugliness of whose person is only equaled by the wickedness of his actions; the fairy has condemned me to remain in the state in which you now see me until a prince named Zirphil shall have fulfilled one of the conditions I have just proposed to you. To bring this about, I caused my lady-of-honor to take the shape of a wild boar this morning, in order to attract you hither; you know how my design has succeeded. But I must now inform you that you will not be allowed to quit this place until you have complied with either one or the other of my requests; this I cannot avoid, and Citronetta, whom you have already seen, will confirm to you the truth of my words.’ ”

“Conceive, madam,” said Prince Zirphil to the queen, who was listening with the greatest attention, “into what a state this speech threw me. Although I thought that the princess was very beautiful, and although her beauty and misfortunes made her extremely interesting, the idea of a whale princess inspired me with horror; on the other hand, the thought of scaling her alive made me frantic.

“‘But madam,’ said I at length (for the silence into which her discourse had thrown me was becoming as insupportable as it was unmannerly), ‘is there no third means of accomplishing what you desire?’ I had no sooner pronounced these unlucky words than the princess and her attendant began to utter such piercing shrieks and lamentations as almost rent the roof of the saloon. ‘Ingrate! barbarian! tiger! everything that is most ferocious and inhuman!’ said she; ‘you would then add to my punishment the horror of seeing you expire? For know that if you do not resolve at once to comply with my request, the fairy has assured me that you will perish; and that I shall remain in my present condition all my life.’

“Her reproaches pierced my heart; she drew her beautiful arms from the water, and clasped her lily-white hands to entreat me to decide quickly. Citronetta threw herself at my feet and embraced my knees, almost deafening me with her clamorous grief. ‘But how can I marry you?’ said I, ‘how can the ceremony be performed, in the first place?’

“‘Scale me,’ said she tenderly, ‘and do not marry me at all. I shall be quite as well pleased.’

“‘Scale her,’ said the attendant, redoubling her entreaties, ‘and trouble yourself no further.’

“I was in an inexpressible perplexity; and when I attempted to reflect how to act their cries and tears only increased my confusion. At last, after a thousand conflicting thoughts, I looked again on the beautiful whale-princess, and her beauty triumphed. I knelt near the tub, and taking her fair hand: ‘No, adorable princess,’ I exclaimed, ‘I will not scale you; I prefer to marry you.’

“The princess’ joy at hearing these words was visible on her countenance; but it was a modest joy, for she blushed, and with downcast eyes she said:

“‘I shall never forget the service you are about to do

me; I am so penetrated with gratitude to you that you cannot ask me for anything that I will not grant you in return.'

"'Come, lose no time,' cried the impatient Citronetta, 'but inform Prince Zirphil what remains for him to do.'

"'It is only necessary,' said the whale-princess, blushing again, 'for you to give me your ring and to receive mine; here is my hand, receive it as a pledge of my faith.'

"No sooner had I made this tender exchange and kissed her fair hand, than I found myself on my horse, in the middle of the forest, where I was soon rejoined by my attendants, and I returned to the place mute with astonishment. Every evening since this took place I have been transported, without knowing by what means, into the handsome green marble saloon, where I pass the night in company with an invisible person, who says she is my bride, and who converses with me on the subject of our union: but——"

"Ah! my son," interrupted the queen, "and is it possible that you are really married?"

"Yes! but although I am very fond of my wife, madam," resumed the prince, "I would have restrained my passion for her, if I could have disenchanted her without either marrying her or scaling her alive."

As Zirphil pronounced these words, a small voice was heard from the queen's pocket, saying: "Prince Zirphil, you should have scaled her; and your pity will perhaps be fatal to you."

On hearing this voice the prince was quite speechless with astonishment. In vain the queen attempted to conceal the speaker from him: he immediately fumbled in the pocket which was lying on an armchair which stood near the bed, and drew forth the case, which the queen took from his hand and opened. Princess Minikin then stepped from it, and the prince, in surprise, kneeling down by the queen's bedside to look at her more closely, exclaimed: "Would you believe, madam, that this is the miniature counterpart of my beloved whale-princess!" The queen then informed her son of all that had passed on the Fairy Marmotta's visit, at which Zirphil could not forbear showing a surprise not very flattering to Minikin; but she was so good-natured that when she saw the

queen's affliction she kissed her hand and could not refrain from tears. Zirphil was touched by this tender scene, and asked Minikin for her hand to kiss in its turn: with much grace and dignity she extended it to him, and then re-entered her case. When Zirphil had left the queen she rose from her bed to inform the king of what she had heard and of what she had just witnessed, that they might take every reasonable precaution against the probable effect of the fairy's anger.

The following night Prince Zirphil, notwithstanding that his bodyguard had been doubled, was carried off as the clock struck twelve, and found himself, as usual, in company with his invisible princess; but instead of being greeted with kind and tender language, as heretofore, he heard weeping and sounds of grief, and observed that the princess kept a considerable distance from him. He ran after her round the apartment until he was tired, when, seating himself on a sofa, he exclaimed: "What have I been guilty of that I deserve such unkind treatment?"

"I know all," said the whale-princess in a voice choked by sobs. "Ingrate! have you forgotten the tenderness with which you kissed the hand of the Princess Minikin?"

"The tenderness," returned Zirphil quickly; "ah, divine princess, are you so little acquainted with mine as to accuse me on so slight a ground? If I looked at Minikin attentively it was only because her face exactly resembles yours, and, being deprived of the pleasure of seeing you, all that resembles you fills me with delight. Conceal yourself no longer, my dear princess, and be sure that I will look at none but you."

The invisible princess seemed to be consoled by those words, and drawing near the prince: "Forgive me," said she, "this little jealous suspicion; I have reasons enough to dread being separated from you, to be afflicted at anything that seems to forebode that misfortune."

"But," said Zirphil, "can you not inform me why you are not permitted to make yourself visible to me? For, if I have delivered you from Marmotta's tyranny, how is it that you are still under enchantment?"

"Alas!" said the invisible princess, "if you had chosen to scale me we should have been much happier; but you

felt so much horror at that proposition that I dared not press you more."

"By what means," interrupted Zirphil, "is Minikin acquainted with what has happened? for she said nearly the same thing to me."

No sooner had he pronounced these words than the whale-princess uttered a piercing shriek and sprang off the sofa, and the prince, in astonishment, did so too. But what was his terror when he perceived the hideous Marmotta, in the middle of the apartment, holding his beautiful princess by her flowing ringlets: no longer invisible, no longer half a whale. He drew his sword; but his princess, with tears and supplications, entreated him to moderate his anger, as it would be of no avail against the fairy's power, and the horrible Marmotta, gnashing her teeth, there issued from her mouth a violet-colored flame, which singed his whiskers. "Prince Zirphil," said the fairy to him, "a fairy who guards you prevents me from exterminating you, your father, your mother, and all who are related to you; but you shall at least suffer in what is most dear to you for marrying without having consulted me, and your torments, and those of your princess, shall not cease until you are submitted to my power."

As she finished these words the fairy disappeared, together with the princess, the apartment and the palace, and Prince Zirphil found himself in his own room in his nightdress and with his drawn sword in his hand. He was so astonished and so beside himself with anger that he did not observe that it was freezing, for it was then the middle of winter. On hearing his outcries his guards rushed into his chamber and requested him either to go to bed or allow himself to be dressed. He chose the latter, and went straight to the apartment of the queen, who, on her part, had passed the night in the most dreadful anxiety. On going to bed the queen was unable to sleep, and, being troubled with sorrowful thoughts, she resolved to impart them to the little Minikin. With that purpose she took the case; but in vain she shook it—Minikin was no longer there. The queen, fearful that she had lost her in the garden, rose from her bed and gave orders for torches to be lighted and a search to be made immediately; but in vain they searched;

Minikin had vanished, and the queen returned to her bed in a transport of grief, with which she was overwhelmed when her son entered her apartment. He was himself in such affliction that he did not perceive that his mother was in tears. The queen, therefore, when she noticed his agitation, said: "Ah! doubtless you are come to announce some terrible calamity?"

"Yes, madam," answered Zirphil, "I am come to inform you that I wish to live no longer if I do not find my dear princess."

"How, my son!" said the queen, "are you already in love with that unfortunate princess?"

"What! with your Minikin?" said the prince; "is it possible that you can even suspect me? Alas! my dear whale-princess has been torn from me; for her only I wish to live, and Marmotta, the cruel Marmotta, has dragged her from me."

"Ah! my son," said the queen, "I am still more afflicted than you are; for if you are deprived of your whale-princess I have to regret the loss of my Minikin, who since last evening has disappeared from the case." Then the queen and Zirphil related to each other the misfortunes that had befallen them. The king was promptly informed of the queen's despair and outcries, as also of his son's sorrow. He entered the apartment in the midst of the scene we have described, and informed himself of what had occurred. As he was very sagacious, the thought immediately struck him to have Minikin advertised, and to offer a large reward to whoever should bring her to the palace. Everybody thought this an admirable expedient, and the queen herself, notwithstanding her sorrow, was obliged to agree that no one but the most transcendent genius could have hit upon so singularly felicitous a scheme. Accordingly, handbills were printed and distributed, and the queen consoled herself with the hope of soon receiving intelligence of her little princess. As for Zirphil, the loss of Minikin interested him as little as her presence. He came to the resolution of seeking out a certain fairy of whom he had heard, and having obtained permission of the king and queen he set out immediately, attended only by his equerry.

The country in which the fairy lived was situated at an immense distance from that of the prince; but neither

time nor obstacle could stop the amorous impatience of the young Zirphil. He passed through kingdoms and countries out of number. Nothing particular occurred to him, because he was determined that nothing should; for, beautiful as Cupid and brave as a lion, adventures would have befallen him if he had been willing to seek them. At last, after he had been a year on his travel, he arrived at the borders of the desert in which the fairy resided; he alighted from his horse, and left his equerry to await his return in a little hut, with orders not to be impatient for his coming. He entered on the desert, which was indeed frightfully solitary: it was inhabited only by owls, but their dismal screechings did not dismay the soul of our courageous prince. Sustained by his unconquerable intrepidity, and by the hope of meeting with the beneficent fairy, he did not hesitate an instant, but penetrated into that region which until then had never been trodden by mortal feet.

After night had set in, he perceived afar off a light, which made him think that he was approaching the fairy's grotto: for no one but a fairy could reside in that horrible desert. He continued to direct his steps toward it during the whole of the night; and at last, about day-break, he discovered the celebrated grotto. He arrived at the foot of a prodigiously high rock, which seemed to be of fire, such was its brilliancy; it was a carbuncle of such an immense size that the fairy had a very spacious residence therein. When Prince Zirphil had reached her grotto the Fairy Effulgent appeared to him; he prostrated himself before her, when she desired him to rise and follow her into the grotto. "Prince," said she to Zirphil, "a power equal to mine has partly counteracted the happiness with which I endowed you at your birth; but you may expect everything from my protection; you must have as much patience as courage, to overcome Marmotta's wickedness. I can tell you no more."

"At least, madam," answered the prince, "do me the favor to inform me if the beautiful whale-princess is unhappy; and if I may hope to see her again soon."

"She is not unhappy," said Effulgent, "but you cannot hope to see her again until you have pounded her in the mortar of the King of the Whittings."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Zirphil; "is it possible, madam,

that she is in his power? Alas! then I have to dread the effects of his passion for her, in addition to the horror I feel at having to pound her with my own hands!"

"Arm yourself with courage," answered the fairy, "and do not hesitate to obey me; on that all your happiness will depend, as also that of your wife."

"But she will die if I pound her," continued the prince, "and I would sooner suffer death myself——"

"Go," said the fairy, "and make no reply: every moment that you lose adds to Marmotta's fury. Hasten to the King of the Whitings; tell him that you are the page promised him by me; and rely on my protection." Then Effulgent pointed out to him, on a map, his road to the court of the King of the Whitings; and dismissed him, after apprising him that the ring he had received from his whale-princess would instruct him how to act when the king gave him anything difficult to perform. He set out; and, after journeying several days, arrived at a meadow close to the seaside, where there was moored a little sailing-boat, built of mother-of-pearl and ornamented with gold. He looked at his ruby-ring, and saw his shadow sitting in the boat; so he jumped on board; and having unmoored it, the wind drove it out to sea: he was soon out of sight of land, and after being driven before the wind for several hours, the boat stopped at the foot of a crystal castle, built on piles. He sprang on the landing-place, and entered a court which led to a superb vestibule and to a numerous suite of apartments, all the walls of which were of rock-crystal, admirably engraved, presenting the most charming effect imaginable. This castle was the palace of the King of the Whitings; and its only inhabitants were men with fishes' heads. The prince had no doubt as to where he was: he felt his choler rising, but he controlled it to ask of a turbot, who looked like a captain of the guard, where he could find the King of the Whitings. The man-turbot gravely motioned him onward, and Zirphil passed into the guard-room, where he saw a thousand men, with pikes' heads, under arms, who fell into a double rank for him to pass through: at last, after making his way through an infinite crowd of men-fish, he came to the presence-chamber. He did not hear much noise in his progress, for the men-fish were dumb; while he observed that the

greater part of them had heads like the whittings. The prince saw in the anteroom several who appeared to be of high rank, from the crowds which surrounded them, and from their own important looks. Zirphil had reached the king's closet, just as the council, which was composed of twelve men with sharks' heads, was leaving his majesty. Presently, the king himself appeared: he had, like so many of his court, the head of a whiting; but he had also fins on his shoulders, and from the waist downward was a real whiting. He had the gift of speech; and his only garment was a scarf of golden-fish-skin, which looked very splendid. On his head he wore a helmet shaped like a crown, whence depended the tail of a codfish, which served him instead of a plume of feathers. Four men-whittings were carrying him in a bowl made of Japanese porcelain, about the size of a bathing-tub, and which was filled with sea-water. One of the greatest ceremonials at the court, and which was scrupulously exacted by the king, was the refilling of this bowl, twice a day, by the peers and dukes, his attendants. This employment was, however, considered a great honor, and was much sought after.

The King of the Whittings was very tall, and looked more like a monster than anything else. After replying to some of those about him who had brought him petitions, he perceived the prince. "Who are you, my friend?" said his majesty. "What accident has brought a man here?"

"May it please your majesty," answered Zirphil, "I am the page whom the Fairy Efficacious promised to send you."

"Oh! I understand," said the king, laughing and showing his teeth, which looked like those of a saw; "let him be taken to my seraglio, and let all my crawfish be shown him. Every morning he must choose ten from among them, pound them in a mortar, and make me some broth."

Zirphil was conducted to the seraglio, and while reflecting on his singular situation, he saw the doors open and ten or twelve thousand crawfish enter the room and arrange themselves in straight lines, nearly filling the apartment.

The thought struck him that he might be able to dis-

cover his beautiful and unfortunate whale-princess among them; as the hideous Marmotta had ordained that he should pound her in a mortar. "Why should I have to pound them," said he, "except it is to drive me mad? But never mind, let me try to discover her," cried Zirphil; "that I may at least die of grief before her face." Then he asked the crawfish if they would allow him to search among them for one with whom he was acquainted. She who appeared to be the chief mounted on a table and said:

"We are not aware that there is such a one among us, sir, but you may search until it is time for us to return to our pond; where it is absolutely requisite that we should pass the night."

Zirphil commenced his researches; but it was like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, and he only learned from those he interrogated that they were all princesses who had been transformed by the wicked Marmotta. He was inexpressibly grieved on hearing this, and to think that he would have to choose ten of them every day for the king's broth. It was now getting late, and they informed Zirphil that it was time for them to return to their pond, but it was not without pain that the prince could consent to forego the pleasure of searching, however fruitlessly, for his dear princess. He had not been able during the whole day to speak to more than one hundred and fifty; but as he was at least certain that she was not among those, he resolved to take ten from their number: he did so, and having taken them to a man-pike, who was the head-cook, the latter inspected them, and brought Zirphil a green porphyry mortar and a golden pestle, and, having shown the prince how to place them, made signs for him to begin pounding. He was about to do so when the bottom of the mortar opened amid shouts of laughter, and sent forth a bright flame which dazzled the prince's eyes for a moment, and then expired, leaving the bottom of the mortar as before. Zirphil looked into it, but nothing was there; the crawfish had disappeared, at which he was very much astonished, but withal pleased: for he did not relish the idea of having to pound them. The man-pike seemed to regret what had taken place, and wept bitterly.

The prince was as much surprised at seeing the head-

cook's grief as at the laughter of the crawfish; but he could not learn what occasioned either, as the crawfish were gone and the man-pike could not speak.

Prince Zirphil, pondering on what he had witnessed, returned to his pretty apartment, where he no longer saw the crawfish, they having returned to their pond. The next morning, when the crawfish entered, he again sought for his princess, and, not finding her, he chose ten of the finest of them and took them to the kitchen. The same adventure occurred as before: the flame came from the mortar, the crawfish disappeared laughing, and the man-pike wept. A similar occurrence happened every day for three months; but as Zirphil heard no more of the King of the Whittings, his only sorrow was that he could not find his beautiful whale-princess.

One evening, as Zirphil was returning from the kitchen to his room, he had occasion to pass through the palace gardens: as he passed near the palisade which surrounded a charming grove, in the middle of which was an artificial cascade, he heard the sound of voices, which not a little surprised him, for he thought all the inhabitants of that country were dumb, like those he had seen. He walked more softly and heard a voice say: "But, my princess, so surely as you never discover yourself, so surely your husband will never recognize you."

"What would you have me do?" said the other voice, which Zirphil immediately recognized as one which he had so often heard; "the tyranny of Marmotta obliges me to act as I do, and I cannot discover myself without endangering my life and his. The wise Fairy Effulgent, who sent me there conceals me from him, for the purpose of preserving us for each other: it is absolutely necessary that he should pound me, it is an irrevocable decree."

"Whence comes it that the prince must pound you?" said the other; "you have never consented to relate your history to me, though the unfortunate Citronetta, your confidante, would have informed me of it, if she had not been selected last week for the king's broth."

"Alas!" replied the whale-princess, "that unfortunate creature has then already undergone the fate which awaits me. Would that I were in her place! surely she is now in Effulgent's grotto."

"Do," said the other voice, "since it is so fine an even-

ing, inform me why you are submitted to Marmotta's vengeance? I have already told you who I am, and I repeat that I am burning with impatience to learn your history."

"Well," said the princess, "although it will only renew my grief, I cannot refuse to satisfy you; besides, I shall have to speak of Zirphil, and I abandon myself with joy to all that can recall his image to my mind."

It is easy to imagine the prince's joy at overhearing this tender confession: he softly glided into the grove, and, as it was now quite dark, he could neither see nor be seen: he listened, however, with the utmost attention and overheard as follows:

"My father was king of a certain country situated near Mount Caucasus; he governed as well as he could a people of incredible wickedness: insurrections were perpetually shaking his throne, and the windows of his palace were frequently shattered to pieces by stones intended for himself. The queen, my mother, who was very clever and highly accomplished, composed for him harangues to appease the rioters; but if he were successful one day, on the next there was infallibly another insurrection. The judges were tired of condemning to death, and the executioners of hanging and beheading the criminals: at last things arrived at such a crisis that, seeing all his provinces in rebellion, and his people in arms against him, my father resolved to retire into the country, that he might no longer witness the dreadful condition of his affairs. He took his queen with him, and left the kingdom to be governed by one of his ministers: a man wiser and of bolder spirit than the king, my father. Our wicked subjects lighted bonfires at their departure, and the next day strangled the minister, declaring that he wanted to act the king, and that they preferred even their old one to him. My father was not at all flattered by their preference, and did not therefore quit the retirement of his little country-house, where I was born. I was called Minikin because I was very small, and as the king and queen, tired of honors that had cost them so dearly, wished to conceal my birth from me, they brought me up as a shepherdess. At the end of ten years, which appeared to my parents no longer than ten minutes, so contented were they with their retreat, the

fairies who inhabited Mount Caucasus, indignant at the persevering wickedness of the inhabitants of my father's late kingdom, resolved to restore it to order.

"One day as I was tending my flock in the meadow that joined our garden two old shepherdesses accosted me, and entreated me to give them a night's lodging: they looked so weary and so sorrowful that I instantly took compassion on them. 'Come,' said I to them; 'my father, who is a shepherd, will be willing to receive you.' I then ran to our cottage to tell him that they were coming; he went out to meet them, and received them very kindly, as did the queen my mother. I then collected my sheep, and fetched some new milk for our guests; and, while my father was preparing something nice for supper, the queen, who, as I have already told you, was very intelligent, entertained them with her conversation.

"I had a little lamb of which I was excessively fond: my father told me to bring it to him that he might put it down to roast. I was not in the habit of refusing to do as I was desired, so I fetched my lamb immediately; but I was so afflicted that I ran to my mother and burst into tears: she was, however, so much engaged in talking to the good women that she did not observe me. 'What is the matter with the little Minikin?' said one of them, seeing me in tears.

"'Alas! madam,' said I to her, 'my father is about to roast for you my little pet-lamb.'

"'What,' said she who had not spoken, 'is it for us that they are going to be so cruel to the pretty Minikin?' Then, rising from her seat, she struck the floor with her wand, and there instantly appeared a table, on which was spread a magnificent feast; at the same time the two old shepherdesses were transformed into two ladies, so handsome and so glittering with jewels that I was motionless with surprise at seeing them.

"My father and mother immediately began to testify their respect for the two fairies—for you may be sure that fairies they were. Raising them from their feet, where the king and queen had thrown themselves: 'King and queen,' said the more majestic of the two, 'we have known you for a long time; and your misfortunes have excited our pity. Do not think that a high station is exempt from the evils attendant on human life: you

ought to know from experience that the higher the rank, the greater the liability to misfortune; your patience and virtue, however, have lifted you above your hard fate; and it is time they should be rewarded. I am the Fairy Effulgent, and I am come to ask you what can most contribute to your happiness: speak, and do not be afraid of putting our power to the test; consult together, and your wishes shall be accomplished. But do not let your request have reference to Minikin: her destiny is apart from yours. The Fairy Marmotta, jealous of the brilliant career before your daughter, has condemned her to obscurity for a certain period; but Minikin will be better able to appreciate the happiness of life after she shall have known some of its evils: we will protect her and mitigate her fate. This is all we are permitted to unfold to you. Now speak: anything that you can ask shall be granted.'

"The fairies were silent after this harangue. The queen turned to the king and requested him to make answer; for she was in tears at learning that I was destined to be unfortunate: but neither was my father in a condition to speak: he uttered lamentable cries, and I, seeing my parents weep, quitted my lamb, to join my tears to theirs.

"The good fairies, affected by the extreme grief which prevailed in the royal family, spoke a few words apart; then Effulgent, who had already spoken, said to the queen: 'Be consoled, madam; the misfortunes with which Minikin is threatened are not so bad, since they will terminate happily; for, from the moment that the husband we have destined for her shall have performed what Fate shall require of him, Minikin will be happy for the remainder of her life; and our sister will have no further power over either of them: we have allotted her to a prince, who is every way worthy of her. All that remains for us to say is, that it is absolutely necessary you should lower your daughter every morning into the well, and let her bathe there during the space of half an hour. If you scrupulously observe this rule, perhaps your daughter may avoid the misfortune with which she is menaced; and it is at the age of twelve years that her destiny will be fulfilled; if she reach thirteen, without its coming to pass, there will be no longer anything to

fear: so much for Minikin. For yourselves, express but your wishes, and they shall be gratified.”

“The king and queen looked at each other, and, after a short silence, the former requested to be changed into a statue until my thirteen probationary years should be accomplished; while the latter confined her wishes to requesting that the temperature of the well in which I was to be bathed might always be adapted to the season. The fairies, charmed with this excess of tenderness, granted in addition that the well should be filled with orange-flower-water; and that the king, whenever the queen should throw some of this water over him, should resume his natural form, and be changed into a statue again whenever he should wish. Then the fairies took their leave of us, after having praised the king and queen for their moderation.

“They disappeared! and I felt grief for the first time in my life, at seeing the king, my father, become a large statue of black marble. The queen gave way to tears, and I also; but at last, as everything has an end, I ceased to cry, and only thought of consoling my mother; for my mind was highly intellectual, and my heart capable of the deepest feelings. The queen passed nearly all her time at the feet of the statue; and I, after being bathed, according to the fairies’ instructions, went regularly to milk our sheep: this milk formed our principal food, for the queen was too weak to have an appetite for anything else; indeed, it was only her love for me that made her wish to prolong a life which seemed so unfortunate. ‘Alas, my child, my child!’ would she say to me occasionally, ‘of what avail to us has been our high rank?’—for she no longer concealed from me my birth—‘would not a less elevated station have been preferable to a crown attended with such grievous misfortunes? Virtue alone, joined to my affection for you, my dear Minikin, enables me to support them; but there are moments when my soul seems anxious to quit my body, and when I confess that I feel a pleasure in the certainty that I must die.’

“I was regularly bathed every day, and my mother was very much afflicted at seeing the king always remain an inanimate statue; however, she dared not recall him to life, for fear that she should only cause him the grief of witnessing my predicted misfortune. The fairies not

having specified in what way my fate was to affect me, we were in a dreadful state of anxiety, the queen in particular. Her imagination, having a vast field for its exercise, foreboded to her the most frightful misfortunes, and had no bounds to its fears: for my part, I soon ceased to think upon the subject, so true is it that youth is the only season in which we enjoy the present.

“My mother was continually saying that she had a great mind to recall the king to life, which I advised her to do. At last, at the end of six months, seeing that the fairies’ bath had made me very beautiful, and had improved my understanding, which was maturing from day to day, she resolved to gratify herself; in order, as she said, to give the king the pleasure of seeing me: so she desired me to fetch her some water from the well. Accordingly, the next morning, when I had bathed, I brought up with me a jug filled with this miraculous water; and the moment that my mother sprinkled some drops of it on the statue, my father became a man again. The queen threw herself at his feet, to ask his pardon for disturbing his repose. My father raised her and embracing her tenderly, peace was concluded; and she presented to him his daughter.

“The king was delighted with me, and lavished on me a thousand caresses; then, turning to the queen, he asked her if she had any news.

“‘Alas!’ said my mother, ‘how should any reach me in this desert?’

“‘Well, then,’ said the king, ‘you shall hear some from me; for I have not been asleep all this time as you supposed. The fairies who protect us have shown me that my subjects have been terribly punished for their wickedness: my kingdom being transformed into one vast lake, and the inhabitants into so many men-fish. A nephew of the Fairy Marmotta, whom they have placed upon the throne, persecutes them with unceasing cruelty; he eats them up for the slightest offence. At the end of a certain period, the exact duration of which is unknown to me, a prince will come who shall reign in his stead; and in the kingdom, which will be then re-established, Minikin will enjoy a long life of happiness. That is all that I have learned, and I have not passed my time very idly,’ added the king, laughing, ‘to have learned so much.’

“We passed some time very happily indeed. The king and queen, however, were rather sorrowful when they remembered that I was approaching my thirteenth year. As the queen was very careful to bathe me every day, she still hoped that the prediction would not be fulfilled; but who can boast of having evaded his destiny? One morning, the queen having risen early, while she was plucking some flowers to adorn our mantelpiece, for the king was very fond of flowers, she saw crawling from under a tuberosé-tree an ugly animal, something like a marmot. The beast sprang at my mother, and bit her nose, when she fainted away with pain, and the fright caused by so sudden an attack. My father, uneasy at her absence, went to seek her; and you may judge of his horror at finding his wife weltering in her blood, and nearly dead! He uttered frightful cries, which soon brought me to his assistance; and between us we bore the queen to our cottage, and laid her on her bed; where she lay insensible for two hours. At last she began to give signs of returning consciousness; and in a few moments we had the extreme pleasure of seeing her perfectly restored, except that the wound she had received was exceedingly painful. Her first question was, whether I had been bathed; but we had been so much engaged attending to her that I had forgotten my bath. On hearing this, my mother was dreadfully alarmed; but seeing that no accident had as yet befallen me, she soon became tranquil, and related to us the particulars of her misfortune: at which we were very much surprised.

“However, the day passed without any other mischance; the king had taken down his fowling-piece, and made a diligent search after the vile brute, but in vain! he could not find it. The next morning at daybreak, the queen arose and took me to the well. She lowered me therein, as usual, but, alas! O fatal and miserable day! at that moment the sky, although still perfectly serene, echoed with a dreadful thunder; while the day was rendered more brilliant by a fearful lightning, and there issued from a burning cloud, which suddenly arose, a fiery dart which rushed into the well. Terrified, my mother quitted her hold of the cord that held me, and I was precipitated to the bottom of the well; when I immediately became sensible that the lower half of my body



"Minkin," said the girl, addressing the Frog, "I have orders to receive you here."—Page 305.



was transformed into so much of an enormous whale. I swam about for a short time, and then began calling on the queen with all my might. She did not answer, at which I was very much afflicted; and I was crying very bitterly, as much for the loss of my mother as at my metamorphosis, when I felt an unknown power forcing me to descend; and, having arrived at the bottom of the water, I entered a crystal grotto, in which I observed a sort of nymph, shaped like a frog, but exceedingly large,



and rather dirty. However, she smiled when she saw me; and said: 'Minikin, I am the nymph of the bottomless well, and am called Citronetta; I have orders to receive you here, and to make you perform the penance to which you are doomed for having omitted your bath; follow me, and make no reply.' She took hold of my tail, and dragged me unresistingly into a green marble saloon, which was near her grotto; and there placed me in a golden tub full of water, when I began to recover my spirits. The good nymph appeared to be in ecstasies. I informed her of the events of my life, and then begged her to tell me what was become of the king and queen.

“She was about to answer me when a frightful marmot, as large as a human creature, entered the saloon, and froze me with horror. She walked upright on her hind legs, leaning on a golden wand. She came up to the tub, in which I would fain have drowned myself, I was so terrified, and touching me with her wand: ‘Minikin,’ said she to me, ‘you are in my power, and nothing can withdraw you from it, but your obedience, and that of the prince, whom my sisters have destined to be your husband. Listen to me, and divest yourself of your fear, which does not become the daughter of a king. From your infancy I wished to protect you and marry you to my nephew, the King of the Whitings; Effulgent, however, and two or three more of my sisters, had already taken upon themselves to provide you with a husband; and, angry in consequence, I let the effects of my ill-humor fall upon you. Having no power over my sisters; I resolved to punish you for their stubbornness, and so ordained that you should be transformed into a creature, half-woman, half-whale, for at least the half of your life. My sisters cried shame on such injustice, so I was induced to diminish the effects of my vengeance; but for my complaisance, I reserved to myself the determination of marrying you to my nephew. Effulgent, who is somewhat imperious, and whose power is unfortunately superior to mine, would not hear of this reservation, because she had destined you for a prince who was under her protection. I was accordingly obliged to accede to her wishes, notwithstanding my resentment; and all that I could obtain was, that the one who should deliver you from my power should become your husband. These are their portraits,’ added the fairy, handing to me two golden cases; ‘you will know them by their likenesses; and if one of them come to deliver you, it is necessary that he should promise to marry you in your present condition; and in order that you may quit it, he must tear off all your scales one by one, otherwise you will remain half a fish all your life. My nephew will not have the slightest objection to this proposition; but with regard to the *protégé* of Effulgent, he will not at all like the latter condition, for he appears to me to be a very delicate young gentleman. Employ, then, your utmost address to make him scale you; and that achieved, your misfor-

tunes will cease; if, indeed, it be a misfortune to be a very beautiful whale, fat, and well-fed, with water up to your neck.'

"This speech, to which I made no reply, made me very sorrowful, both on account of my metamorphosis, and of the scaling I was doomed to undergo.

"Marmotta disappeared, leaving us the two boxes which contained the portraits. I was weeping at the thoughts of my unfortunate situation, quite regardless of the boxes, when the kind and compassionate Citronetta said: 'Come, let us not lament misfortunes which it is not in our power to remedy. Let us amuse ourselves by examining the portraits.' With that she opened one of the two boxes, and showing it to me, we both uttered a shriek of horror on seeing the portrait of an ugly Whiting, on which, however, the artist had bestowed as much beauty as he could; but still, never in the memory of man was anything seen so frightful. 'Take the detestable object from my sight,' said I, 'I cannot endure to look on it longer. I would sooner remain a whale all my life than marry the horrible Whiting.' My companion did not give me time to finish my imprecations on the monster: 'See,' said she, 'look at this young beauty; I declare that he may scale you whenever he chooses, and you will be but too happy to suffer by his hands!' I quickly turned to see if what she stated were true, and was but too soon convinced. A handsome and agreeable countenance presented itself to my sight; tender and expressive eyes gave a finishing charm to a set of features in themselves noble and majestic. I gazed on this charming portrait with a pleasure of which I was myself unconscious and which I had never felt till then. Citronetta was the first to remark it. 'In good faith,' said she, 'our choice is soon made.' I awakened the good-natured Citronetta twenty times in the course of the night to converse with her about my prince; and she soon found out his name for me, and informed me that he hunted almost every day in the forest under which I was incarcerated. She proposed to me that she should try to entice him to our abode; but I would not consent, although I was dying with anxiety to see it accomplished.

"One day when I was more low-spirited than usual, for love has this peculiarity, that it disposes the tender heart

to melancholy, I saw the frightful Marmotta enter the saloon, accompanied by two persons whom I did not immediately recognize. It instantly struck me that she was bringing her unlucky nephew, and I uttered frightful cries. They hastened up to me, and I heard the wicked Marmotta say: 'Why, she could not make more noise if they were scaling her; she cries out before she is hurt. 'Good heavens, sister!' said one of the persons who accompanied her, and in whom I recognized with joy the two fairies who had formerly visited my father's cottage, 'let us hear no more for the present about the scaling, but let us tell Minikin what we have got to say to her.' 'Oh! by all means,' said Marmotta, 'but you know the conditions.'

"The good fairy, without heeding or replying to her words, spoke to me as follows: 'Minikin, we are too much afflicted by your unhappy condition not to endeavor to change it, and especially as you have not deserved it. I and my sisters have therefore determined to lighten your misfortune as much as may be in our power. Our scheme is this: you are going to be presented at the court of the prince to whom I have destined you from your cradle; but, my dear child, you will not appear there in your present form, although you are destined to return to it three times a week, and pass the night in your tub; for, until you are married——'

" 'And scaled,' interrupted the hideous Marmotta, with a sardonic grin.

"The good fairy turned toward her, shrugged up her shoulders, and immediately continued: 'For until you are married you will remain a whale here. More than this we cannot tell you; but you will learn all in good time. Above all, be very careful to keep your secret; for if a single word escape you which has a tendency to make it known, neither I nor my sisters can assist you more; and you will be wholly in the power of my sister Marmotta.'

" 'Which she will be,' said that wicked fairy, 'I already see her in my clutches; a secret kept by a girl, indeed, would be a phenomenon!'

" 'That is her business,' said Effulgent (for it was she who had been speaking to me all along). 'As to the rest, my daughter,' she continued, 'you will be changed

into a little enamel doll, but will retain both reason and speech, and we will preserve your real features; and now I give you a week to consider whether what I have proposed be agreeable to you.'

"There wanted only one day to the fairies' appointment when Citronetta, who had assumed the shape of a wild boar, and had gone to the forest to procure me news of Zirphil, returned, followed by that too amiable prince. I cannot express to you my joy at seeing him; there are no words expressive enough to convey even a distant idea of what I felt. But what delighted me most was to perceive that the prince appeared enchanted with me; at least, I inferred so from his looks. Citronetta, more anxious for my happiness than for our momentary transport, dissipated it by proposing to Prince Zirphil to marry me or to scale me. Brought back to recollection, and feeling the danger of our situation, I joined my tears and entreaties to Citronetta's; and by our supplications we induced the prince to pledge to me his faith. We had no sooner exchanged rings than he vanished unaccountably from my sight; and I found myself in my proper shape, lying in a comfortable bed. I was no longer troubled with the thoughts of being metamorphosed; still I was confined in the bowels of the earth, in the green marble saloon, and Citronetta had lost the power of quitting it and of transforming herself.

"I expected the return of the fairies with fear and trembling. Marmotta appeared at daybreak, unaccompanied by Effulgent or her companion, and not looking more angry than usual. She touched me with her wand, without saying a word, and I became a charming little doll; when, having put me in her toothpick case, she transported herself to the palace of the queen, my husband's mother. She gave me to her, with orders to espouse me to her son, or expect all the misfortunes that lay in her, Marmotta's, power to draw upon her; adding that I was her god-daughter and called the Princess Minikin. I conceived a very strong friendship for my mother-in-law; I loved her for her good qualities, independent of her being the mother of my adored Zirphil; and I was blessed with her friendship in return. I was transported, however, every night to the green marble saloon, in company with my husband. I cannot divine

why I was forbidden to tell him my secret, since I was married to him; however, I did keep it, notwithstanding Zirphil's impatience to learn it.

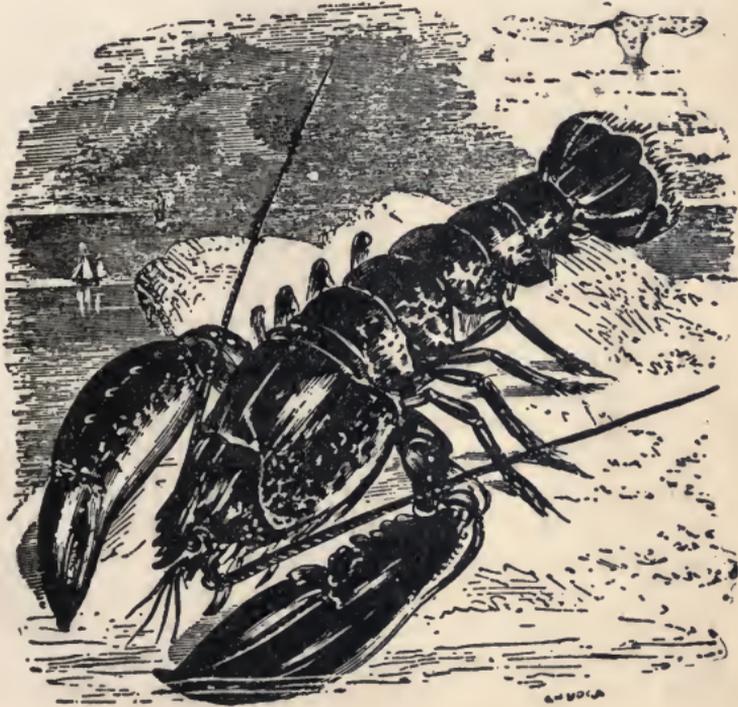
"You are about to see," continued the speaker, sighing, "that it is impossible to avoid the doom of fate. However," she added, "it is nearly daybreak, and I am dreadfully fatigued with being so long out of the water; so let me return to the pond, and to-morrow, at the same hour, if we are not chosen for the broth of the wretched King of the Whitings, we will resume the thread of my story. Come, let us be moving."

Zirphil heard no more, and returned to his apartment, very sorrowful at not having apprised his princess that he was so near her: but the fear of increasing her misfortunes by his indiscretion consoled him for not having attempted to do so: however, the dread of her perishing by his own hands made him resolve to resume his inquiries among the crawfish, and to learn their histories.

Prince Zirphil went to bed, but not to sleep: he could not close his eyes all night. To have discovered his princess, to see her in the shape of a crawfish, and in danger of being sacrificed to appease the appetite of the King of the Whitings, seemed to the prince to be a more dreadful punishment than the death to which he believed she was destined. He was in a cruel state of agitation, when a loud noise was heard in the garden. At first Zirphil only heard it faintly; but, on listening, he distinguished the sounds of flutes and conch-shells. He sprang out of bed and looked through the window, when he saw the King of the Whitings, accompanied by the twelve men-sharks who composed his council, walking in the direction of his pavilion. Zirphil hastened to open the door; and, the procession having entered, the king, in the first place, had his tub refilled with fresh seawater by the lords who were carrying him; then, after a few minutes' rest, he took his place in the council, and addressed the young prince as follows: "Whoever you may be, you are apparently resolved that I shall die of hunger; for you send me day after day such wretched broth that I cannot swallow a spoonful." Then turning to an attendant his majesty added: "Go to my kitchen and bring the crawfish mortar; I would regale the council." A man-pike immediately ran and fetched what the king

desired; and while he was gone the twelve men-sharks took a large net and cast it through the window into the pond, catching three or four thousand crawfish.

During the interval in which the council was employed fishing, and while the man-pike was gone for the king's pestle and mortar, Zirphil was absorbed in reflection; he felt that the most critical moment of his whole life was at hand, and that the question of his happiness or misery was about to be determined; but, summoning all his



fortitude and resolution, he prepared to obey the king. The council ceremoniously presented the crawfish, and the prince attempted to pound some of them; but a similar adventure happened with these as had occurred with those which he had attempted to pound in the kitchen: the bottom of the mortar opened, and flames devoured them. The King of the Whitings and his rascally courtiers amused themselves for a long time with the extraordinary spectacle; taking great pains, and apparently receiving much pleasure, in continually refilling the mortar, until at last there was only one of the four thousand

crawfish remaining; this was so large and plump that it was charming to look upon. The king gave orders that some one should shell it, in order that he might eat some portion of this, at least; and it was accordingly handed to Zirphil, who was not a little grieved at this new cruelty; but his grief was redoubled when he saw the poor crawfish join its two claws; and when, its eyes streaming with tears, it said to him: "Alas! Zirphil, what have I done to you, that you are about to treat me so cruelly?" The prince, deeply moved by the words, and with a heart pierced with grief, looked sorrowfully at the crawfish; at last he took upon himself to entreat the king to allow it to be pounded. The king, jealous of his authority, and unshaken in his resolution, was inflamed with anger at this humble petition; and threatened to have Zirphil himself pounded if he did not immediately shell the crawfish. The poor prince again took it from the hands of one of the men-sharks to whom he had intrusted it, and, with a little knife which was handed to him, began to shell it; but no sooner had the knife touched it, than the crawfish uttered so piercing a cry that the prince turned away his eyes, and could no longer repress his tears. After awhile, however, he continued his disagreeable task; but, to his astonishment, before he had well finished shelling the crawfish, it changed in his hands to the vile Marmotta; who, leaping on the floor, convulsed with loud and disagreeable laughter, mocked at Zirphil's grief. The prince, however, was at sight of her relieved from the oppressive fear under which he had been laboring, and which had nearly made him swoon.

The king, in astonishment, cried out: "What! is it possible that I behold my aunt?"

"Yes, truly, it is herself," said the tormenting creature. "But, my dear Whiting, I have come to inform you of terrible news." His majesty turned pale on hearing these words, and the council assumed an air of satisfaction which quite disconcerted the king and his frightful aunt. "It is all over, my darling," continued Marmotta, "and you must return to your watery kingdom; for this obstinate creature has taken it into his head to be so ridiculously constant that I can do nothing with him. He has avoided all the snares that I laid in his way in the hope of diverting him from his determination to carry off the princess, whom otherwise I had destined for you."

On hearing these words the King of the Whitings went into such an excess of fury that words cannot describe it; he committed a thousand extravagances, which made it very apparent that he was the prey of violent and ungovernable passions. Marmotta in vain attempted to appease him; neither threats nor entreaties could prevail; he broke his china bowl in a thousand pieces, when, all the water escaping, he swooned away. Marmotta, beside herself with anger, then turned to Zirphil, who had been a passive spectator of the violent scene, and said: "You have conquered, Zirphil, by the assistance of a fairy who is my superior in power; but all your sorrows are not yet over; you cannot be happy until after you have restored to my possession the case which contained the unlucky Minikin: Effulgent herself has granted me that; and I have obtained from her that you shall suffer until then." With these words she threw the King of the Whitings over her shoulders and bundled him into the lake, together with the men-sharks, the palace and all its inhabitants; and in a moment Zirphil found himself alone at the foot of a high mountain, which stood in the midst of a large desert in which there was not the least sign of vegetation, nor of a human habitation. He looked in vain for the lake and the palace; all had disappeared at once. The prince was more afflicted than astonished at so extraordinary an event; he had become familiarized with prodigies, and was only sensible of the grief caused him by Marmotta's persecution.

"I cannot doubt," soliloquized Zirphil, "that I have pounded my princess; yes, I have pounded her, and am no happier than I was before. Ah! barbarous Marmotta! and you, Effulgent too! even you leave me without assistance, after I have obeyed you at the sacrifice of all that so sensitive a heart as mine holds dear." His grief, and the weariness consequent on his having passed the previous night in the grove, made him feel so excessively faint that he would have most probably perished, but that his courage was unequalled, and his love inspired him with a wish to live.

After walking onward for a long while, our prince came to the brink of a well which was cut through the rock. Here Zirphil sat down to rest himself, and began again to call on his protectress: "Oh! Effulgent," said

he, "have you deserted me?" After repeating these words several times he heard a voice, proceeding from the well, say:

"If Zirphil is there, let him speak to me."

The prince's joy at hearing this voice was increased by a hope that he recognized it as one to which his ear had been accustomed. He sprang to the brink, and answered, therefore: "Yes, I am Zirphil; and you, are you not Citronetta?"

"I am," said the voice; and Citronetta immediately arose from the well and embraced the prince. Words cannot paint Zirphil's joy at seeing her; he overwhelmed her with questions relative to herself and the princess; and it was some time before, the transport occasioned by their meeting being over, they spoke more rationally.

"I am about to communicate to you," said Citronetta, "all that you are anxious to learn. Since you pounded us, we have enjoyed a happiness which your absence alone renders incomplete; and I was here awaiting your arrival, by the directions of the Fairy Effulgent, that I might instruct you as to what remains for you to do, in order to become the happy possessor, without further trouble or fear, of a princess whose love for you equals that which I know you feel for her; but, as some time must of necessity elapse before you can arrive at that happiness, I will do myself the pleasure to relate to you that part of the wonderful history of your amiable spouse of which you are as yet unapprised."

Zirphil kissed repeatedly the hands of Citronetta, in token of his thanks, and followed her into her grotto, at the sight of which he was overcome with tender recollections, when he recognized it as the saloon in which he had for the first time seen his adored whale-princess. At last, having seated himself, and partaken of a repast which was furnished for him by his ring, he requested the good Citronetta to resume the history from the place where the princess had finished her narration.

"As Effulgent will come to seek you here," said the nymph, "you shall in the meantime learn all that you wish to know. Know, then, that the Fairy Marmotta was not ignorant of your marriage; but she had transformed our mutual friend into an enamel doll, thinking that you would be disgusted with her in that shape. Effulgent herself was,

however, as you have heard, at the bottom of that affair, and well knew that no power could deprive you of the princess if you married her or destroyed her enchantment by scaling her. You married her, and you know what has since taken place. The last time that you saw the princess and myself, we were transformed into crawfish, and placed in a little basket made of rushes, which Marmotta hung on her arm, when seating herself in a chariot drawn by two adders, we were speedily conveyed to the palace of the King of the Whitings. This palace had formerly belonged to the king who is the father of your princess; the city, changed into a lake, formed the place which we have inhabited ever since; and all the men-fish whom you saw were the wicked subjects of that good king. The latter requesting to be made yeoman of the kitchen and keeper of the pestle and mortar to the King of the Whitings, Effulgent gratified him, by giving him a tap with her wand, when he immediately became a man-pike, such as you saw him in the discharge of his duty: now you need no longer be surprised at the tears you saw him shed when you brought the crawfish to be pounded; for, as he knew that his daughter had to undergo that punishment, he always feared that she might be among those which you brought him from time to time; and the unfortunate king had not a moment's peace, because his daughter had no means of making herself known to him. For the queen, she requested to be transformed into a crawfish in order to be with the princess, and her wish was likewise granted. With regard to ourselves, when we arrived at the palace the fairy presented us to the King of the Whitings, and commanded him to have a basin of crawfish broth prepared every day. After which order we were thrown into the pond among the rest.

“At length you arrived, and we were presented to you; but we were not permitted to make ourselves known unless you should interrogate us; and we dared not infringe the law, so tired we were of submitting to its rigor, for having formerly disobeyed it in mere trifles. We were selected by you one morning, I and the queen; and we had not time to bid the princess adieu, ere you carried us to the kitchen. We had scarcely touched the bottom of the fatal mortar, when Effulgent herself came to save

us; and, on restoring me to my proper shape, she transported me to this, my usual residence. I had the consolation of seeing the queen and our companions likewise restored to their proper persons; but I do not know what has become of them. The fairy embraced me, and told me to await you here, and inform you of all that I have just told you when you should arrive here in search of the princess. I had been looking forward to the present moment with impatience, as you may well believe, sir," continued Citronetta to Prince Zirphil, who was listening to her attentively, "until, at last, yesterday, just as I had seated myself at the mouth of my well, Effulgent appeared. 'Our children will soon be happy,' said she to me, 'my dear Citronetta; Zirphil must restore to Marmotta her case, as an end to his labors, for he has scaled the princess.' 'Ah, great queen!' cried I, 'are we then so happy as to have an end to our fears?' 'Yes,' said she, 'you are, indeed; Zirphil thinks he has only scaled Marmotta; but he has in reality scaled the princess, as Marmotta, being concealed in the handle of the knife wherewith he performed his terrible sacrifice at the moment that he finished shelling the crawfish, rendered the princess invisible to his eyes, and substituted herself, Marmotta, in her place.' "

"What!" exclaimed Zirphil, "and was it then my charming princess to whom I acted with so much cruelty? Alas! have I been barbarous enough to make her suffer this cruel punishment? O heavens! she will never forgive me, nor do I deserve her forgiveness!" The unhappy Zirphil spoke so wildly, and appeared so grievously afflicted, that the poor Citronetta was herself grieved that she had communicated to him this cruel piece of intelligence.

"So," said she at last, seeing the prince in a reverie—"so you did not know this?"

"I did not, indeed," answered Zirphil; "for had I known it was my princess I would rather have stabbed myself to the heart with the unlucky knife."

"But reflect," said Citronetta, "that if you had stabbed yourself to the heart, the princess would have remained forever in the power of her enemy and of your detested rival, and that it is much better to have shelled her than, by killing yourself, to have allowed her to remain miserable."

This last argument, founded on the real state of the question, soothed the prince's grief, and Citronetta prevailed on him to take a little food to keep himself alive. Just as they had finished their little repast the vault of the saloon opened, and Effulgent appeared, seated in a car made of a large carbuncle, and drawn by a hundred butterflies. She alighted, assisted by the prince, who bathed the hem of her robe with a torrent of tears. The fairy raised him and said:

"Prince Zirphil, you will this day reap the fruit of your heroic actions. Be comforted; at last you will enjoy true happiness. I have overcome the fury of Marmotta by my entreaties, and your fortitude has disarmed her; come with me to receive your princess from her hands and mine."

"Ah! gracious madam," cried the prince, throwing himself on his knees, "am I not in a dream? is it possible that so much happiness can be real?"

"Do not doubt it," said the fairy; "come with me, sir, to your kingdom to console the queen your mother, for your absence, and for the death of the king your father; your subjects are impatient to crown you."

The prince felt, notwithstanding his joy, a very lively grief on hearing the news of the king his father's death; but the fairy, to withdraw him from his sorrow, seated him by her side in her car, and allowed Citronetta to establish herself at their feet; then her butterflies displayed their brilliant wings and took the direction of Zirphil's dominions. On their route the fairy desired him to look inside his ring; he did so, and found in it the case that he had to restore to Marmotta. The prince thanked the generous Effulgent a thousand times, and they presently arrived at the kingdom, where they were awaited with so much impatience. The queen, Zirphil's mother, came to assist the fairy to alight from her car, and all the people, on being instructed of the prince's return, made such long and hearty acclamations that they partly dissipated the prince's grief. He tenderly embraced the queen, and they adjourned to a magnificent apartment prepared by her majesty for their reception, which they had no sooner entered than Marmotta arrived in a little chariot lined with Spanish leather, drawn by winged white rats. She brought with her the fair Minikin, in all the beauty of her

natural figure, together with the king and queen, her father and mother. Effulgent and Zirphil's mother went out to receive and embrace Marmotta, and the prince, walking respectfully up to her, presented the toothpick case and kissed her paw, which she extended to him with a gracious smile. Marmotta then permitted Zirphil to embrace his wife and to present her to his parent, who embraced her with transports of the most lively affection. A general interchange of civilities then took place among the numerous persons comprising this illustrious assemblage, and joy reigned in every breast. Minikin and her charming husband alone spoke not, so much as they had to say to each other; their silence had a certain touching eloquence which affected every one present. The good Citronetta shed tears of joy as she kissed the hands of her divine princess.

At last Effulgent took them both by the hand, and leading them to the queen, Zirphil's mother: "Behold, madam," said she, "two young lovers, who only await your consent to complete their happiness; my sister, the illustrious king and queen here present, and myself, all join to request its fulfillment." The queen, of course, consented in terms suitable to so polite a speech.

Then Marmotta touched the fair Minikin with her wand, and her dress, which before had been magnificent, was immediately changed into one of silver brocade, embroidered all over with gold, and her beautiful hair instantly arranged itself into a coiffure of such exquisite taste that the kings and queens declared her dazzling charms to be absolutely perfect. In the meanwhile the toothpick case, which the fairy held in her hand, became a crown of brilliant diamonds, so beautifully set and so bright that the apartment and all the palace received a new luster, as Marmotta placed it on the princess' head. The prince in his turn was dressed in a suit which perfectly matched with Minikin's attire, and from the ring which he had received from that princess there issued a crown exactly like hers. They were immediately married, and proclaimed king and queen of that fine country. The fairies provided the royal banquet, at which, as may be expected by those who know their extreme liberality, nothing was wanting. After staying a week with the young king and queen, and loading them with gifts, they

departed, and restored Minikin's father and mother to their kingdom: the inhabitants of which had been so severely punished for their faults that they had become a loyal and faithful people. With regard to Citronetta, the fairies gave her permission to spend some time with her beloved mistress, and also arranged that Minikin, by expressing a wish, might have the pleasure of seeing the nymph whenever she pleased.



The fairies having taken their departure, never were two persons so happy as King Zirphil and Queen Minikin. Their felicity was in themselves and in each other, and their days flew by unmarked in their course, for all was joy. They had children, who blessed them by their goodness, and they attained an extreme old age: their mutual affection and desire of pleasing each other increasing with their years. After their decease their kingdom was divided, and after innumerable vicissitudes it has become, under one of their descendants, the flourishing empire of the great Mogul.

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## PRINCE CHERRY.

THERE was once upon a time a king who was so praiseworthy and irreproachable in his conduct that his subjects called him "King Good." One day as he was hunt-

ing, a little white rabbit, being closely pursued by the hounds, threw itself into his arms. The king stroked the little rabbit and said: "Since you have placed yourself under my protection I will not see you hurt." He carried the rabbit to his palace and had a pretty little house made for it, and gave it nice herbs to eat. In the night, while the king was alone in his chamber, suddenly a beautiful lady appeared. She wore neither gold nor silver, but her gown was white as snow, and her head was

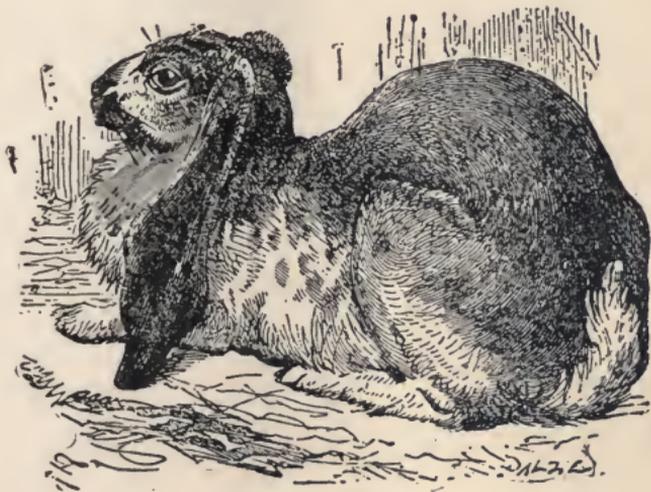


crowned with a wreath of white roses. The good king was very much surprised to see this lady, for his door was closed, and he was puzzling himself to conceive how she had found an entrance, when she said to him: "I am the Fairy Candid. Passing through the wood while you were hunting, I was curious to know if you were as good as everybody says you are. To ascertain this I assumed the shape of a little rabbit and took refuge in your arms, for I was sure that he who would pity a little rabbit could not be unmerciful to his fellow-creatures; while, had you refused me your protection, I should have concluded that with all your show of goodness you were wicked in your heart. I am come to thank you for your kind offices to me, and to assure you that I will always be your friend. You may command me in all things within my power, and I promise to grant you all you desire."

“Madam,” said King Good, “since you are a fairy you ought to know all my wishes. However, I have an only son, of whom I am very fond, and who is called Prince Cherry: if you have any affection for me, become, for my sake, the friend and protectress of my son.”

“Most willingly,” said the fairy; “I can make your son the handsomest, the richest, or the most powerful prince in the world: choose whichever of these gifts you like best for him.”

“I desire none of them for my son,” answered the good



king; “but I will be very much obliged to you if you will make him the best of all princes. Of what service to him would be his beauty, or his riches, or the possession of all the kingdoms in the world, if he were wicked? You know very well, madam, that he would notwithstanding be unfortunate, and that it is the practice of virtue alone which can confer happiness.”

“You have well spoken,” said Candid to the king; “but it is not in my power to make Prince Cherry a good man in spite of himself: virtue must be attained; it cannot be endowed or it ceases to be a virtue. All that I can promise you is to give him good advice, to point out his faults to him, and to punish him if he will not correct and punish himself by repentance.”

King Good was very well satisfied with this promise, and shortly afterward he died. Prince Cherry wept very

much for his father, for he loved him with all his heart, and would have given all his gold, and his silver, and all his kingdoms, to have saved his father's life: but what can change the course of fate? Two days after the good king's death, as Cherry was reclining on a sofa, the Fairy Candid appeared to him. "I promised your father," said she, addressing herself to him, "to be your friend; and to keep my word I am come to make you a present." She then placed on Cherry's finger a little gold ring, and continued: "Take great care of this ring; it is plain, but it is more precious than rubies, more valuable than diamonds; whenever you are about to commit a bad action it will prick your finger; but remember that if in spite of its warning you persevere in an evil deed, you will forfeit my friendship; nay, I shall become your enemy."

As she finished these words, Candid disappeared, and left Cherry very much astonished and delighted with his present. He was for some time so wise and good that the ring did not prick him at all, which gave him so cheerful an air that to his name of Cherry was added by his subjects that of Happy. After awhile, as he was one day hunting, he was so unsuccessful as not to take anything whatever. This put him in rather an ill humor, and he thought that he felt his ring pricking his finger, but so gently that he did not take much notice of it. As he was returning to his chamber, his little dog Bibi ran as usual to meet him, and leaped round him to be caressed; but the prince said, "Down, sir; I am not in a humor to play with you." The poor little dog, who did not understand him, pulled him by his clothes to make Cherry notice him at least. This made Cherry so angry that he gave the little dog a heavy kick, when instantly the ring pricked him as sharply as if it had been a pin. Surprised, ashamed and confused, he seated himself in a corner of his chamber, saying to himself, "Surely the fairy is making sport of me, for what great crime have I committed in kicking an animal that was teasing me? To what purpose do I rule over a large empire, if I may not even beat my dog?"

"I am not making sport of you," said a voice in answer to the thoughts which were thus passing in Cherry's mind; "you have, instead of one, committed three faults. You first lost your temper, because you cannot bear to

be crossed, even in trifles, but think that men and beasts are made to obey you. You next put yourself in a foaming passion with your dog, who could not understand you, which is very bad; and lastly, you were so mean-spirited as to be cruel to the poor animal, who did not deserve ill-treatment. I know that you are much above a dog; but if it were reasonable and permitted for the great to ill-treat those who are beneath them, I could at this very moment beat or kill you, since a fairy is more powerful than man. The advantage of being the ruler of a great empire does not consist in the power of committing all the evils to which we feel disposed, but in the practice of all the good that lies within our power."

Cherry, though humbled and ashamed, had not yet lost his candor; he acknowledged his faults and promised to correct them: he did not, however, keep his word. He had been brought up by a foolish nurse, who had spoiled him in his infancy. If he wanted anything, he had only to cry, to fret, or to stamp with his feet, and the silly woman gave him all that he cried, fretted or stamped for, and thus had made him passionate and obstinate. She had also told him, from morning till night, that he would one day be a king, and that kings were always very happy because their subjects were bound to obey and to respect them, and because no one could prevent their doing as they pleased. However, when Cherry grew a little older, and began to observe and reflect, he became aware that nothing is so odious, and particularly in the highest stations of society, as to be proud, haughty and obstinate. He made some efforts to correct himself, but he had contracted a bad habit of giving way to these faults; and a bad habit is very difficult to overcome. He had not naturally a bad heart; he cried with vexation after committing a fault, and would say, "How unfortunate am I to have thus always to oppose my anger and my pride! if I had been corrected when I was young I should not now have so many vices to overcome."

His ring soon pricked him very often: sometimes he stopped at its warning, and at others, continued his course in its despite; and what is rather singular in the construction of the ring was, that it only pricked him gently for a slight fault; but when he was very wicked it

actually drew blood from his finger. At last, growing impatient at its friendly severity, and wishing to be wicked at his ease, he threw his ring from him. He thought himself the happiest of men when he was thus freed from his admonisher. He abandoned himself to all the folly that entered into his mind; so that he became very wicked indeed, and was the terror and the disgust of his subjects.

One day as Cherry was walking in the fields he saw a young girl sitting by a brook, so extremely beautiful that he at once resolved to marry her. She was called Zelia, and was as wise as she was beautiful. Cherry accosted her, thinking that Zelia would esteem herself very happy indeed to become a great queen; but to his astonishment she replied with much frankness to his addresses: "Sire, I am but a shepherdess, and have no fortune; but notwithstanding that I will never marry you."

"Is my appearance then displeasing to you?" asked Cherry, a little moved.

"No, my prince," answered Zelia; "I find you, as you really are, very handsome. But of what use to me would be your beauty, your riches, the fine clothes, the magnificent carriages that you would give me, if the evil actions of which I should daily witness the performance should force me to despise and to hate you?"

Cherry went into a violent passion at this, and commanded his officers to conduct Zelia forcibly to his palace. He was occupied all day with reflections on the contempt that she had shown for him; but, as he still loved her, he could not determine to ill-treat her. Among Cherry's favorites was his foster-brother, whom he had placed in his entire confidence. This man, whose inclinations were as low as his birth, flattered his master's passions and gave him very bad advice. On seeing Cherry very sorrowful, he asked him the subject of his grief; and the prince having answered him that he could not endure Zelia's contempt, and that he was resolved to correct his faults, as it was necessary for him to become virtuous to please her, that wicked man said to him, "You are very good really, to be willing to constrain yourself for the sake of a little girl; if I were in your place I would compel her to obey me. Remember that you are king, and that it would be a disgrace for you to submit to the

caprice of a shepherdess who should be too happy to be admitted into the number of your slaves. Make her fast on bread and water; put her into prison and, if she remain adverse to marrying you, put her to a cruel death, and thus teach others to yield to your wishes. It would be disgraceful were it known that a simple shepherdess could turn you from your course or resist your inclinations: on that day will all your subjects forget that they are born only to attend on you."

"But," said Cherry, "shall I not be disgraced if I put an innocent person to death? for, after all, Zelia is guilty of no crime."

"No one can be innocent who refuses to yield to your wishes," replied the confidant: "but supposing that you committed an unjust action, even that would be better than that it should be said you allowed any one to show you a want of respect, or to contradict you."

The courtier attacked Cherry on his weak side; and the fear of seeing his authority diminished made so much impression on the king that he repressed his first impulse to correct himself. He resolved to go that same evening to the room in which the shepherdess was confined, and not to spare her if she still refused to marry him.

Cherry's foster-brother, who still feared the force of some good inclination, assembled three young lords as wicked as himself, to carouse with the king. They supped together, and took care quite to overturn this poor prince's reason by making him drink very deeply. They artfully excited his anger against Zelia, and made him so ashamed of his weakness toward her that he rose from the table like a madman, and swore that he would at once make her obey him, or that she should be sold the next day for a slave.

On entering the shepherdess' room, Cherry was very much surprised not to find her therein, for he had kept the key in his pocket. He went into a terrible rage, and vowed vengeance on all whom he suspected of having assisted her escape. His confidants, hearing him talk thus, resolved to take advantage of his anger to sacrifice a lord who had been Cherry's guardian. That good man had sometimes taken the liberty of telling the king of his faults, for he loved him as his son. At first Cherry thanked him; he gradually, however, grew impatient at

his remonstrances; and at last thought that it was in the spirit of opposition only that his guardian found fault with him when everybody else praised him. He ordered him to withdraw from the court; but, notwithstanding that order, he would say from time to time that he was a good man; and although perhaps he no longer loved him, he could not help esteeming him in spite of himself. The confidants therefore were continually in fear lest he should take it into his head to recall his guardian, and they believed that they had now found a favorable opportunity to get rid of him forever. They gave the king to understand that Suliman (which was his worthy guardian's name) had boasted that he would set Zelia at liberty; and three men were induced by rich bribes to say that they had heard Suliman affirm as much. The prince, in a transport of rage, ordered his foster-brother to dispatch soldiers to fetch his guardian chained like a criminal. After giving this order, Cherry went out into the grounds of the palace, and threw himself on the grass, feeling very miserable. Almost directly afterward he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and the Fairy Candid appeared on a white steed: "I promised your father," said she to him, in a severe voice, "to give you good advice, and to punish you if you refused to follow it; you have treated my counsel with contempt; you still preserve the outward appearance of a man, but your crimes have changed you into a monster, the horror of earth and of heaven. It is now time that I entirely fulfill my promise to your father by punishing you for your guilt. I condemn you to become like unto the beasts whose inclinations you have adopted. You have made yourself like the lion by your anger, like the wolf by your gluttony, like the serpent by outraging him who was your second father, like the bull by your ferocity. Bear then in your form the character of all these animals."

The fairy ceased to speak, and Cherry saw with horror that her sentence was accomplished. He had a lion's head, a bull's horns, a wolf's feet and a serpent's tail. In a moment he found himself out of the grove and in a large forest on the border of a rivulet, in which he saw reflected his horrible transformation. He heard a voice saying: "Behold: and reflect on the condition into which your crimes have reduced you. Your soul is a thousand

times more frightful than your body." Cherry recognized the voice of the Fairy Candid, and in his fury turned round to spring upon and devour her, had it been possible; but he saw no one, while the same voice continued: "I laugh at your weakness and rage. I go to confound your pride, by putting you in the power of your own subjects."

Cherry thought that by removing from the rivulet he should lessen his troubles, since he would no longer have his ugliness and deformity before his eyes; so he penetrated into the wood: but he had not advanced many steps when he fell into a pit that had been dug to entrap bears. In an instant the huntsmen, who had been concealed in the trees, came down, and having bound him in chains they conducted him to the capital city of his kingdom. On the road, instead of acknowledging that he had drawn this punishment on himself by his faults, he cursed the fairy, gnashed his chains between his teeth, and abandoned himself to his fury. As he approached the capital he perceived everywhere great rejoicings; and on the huntsmen asking what had occurred, they were informed that Prince Cherry, who only took delight in tormenting his people, had been destroyed in his chamber by a thunderbolt; for thus it was believed. "The gods," added their informants, "could no longer endure the excess of his wickedness, and have rid the earth of the monster." It was stated also that four lords, his accomplices in crime, thought to profit by his destruction and to share the empire between them; but that the people, who knew that it was by their evil advice that the king had fallen, had cut them in pieces, and had offered the crown to Suliman, the good man whom the wicked Cherry had wished to put to death. "That worthy guardian of the late king has just been crowned," said an old man, "and we celebrate the day as that of the kingdom's deliverance; for he is virtuous, and will restore peace and abundance to the land." Cherry groaned with rage at overhearing this discourse; but it was much worse for him when he arrived at the large square before his palace. He saw Suliman on a superb throne, and heard all the people bless him, and pray for his long life, that he might repair the evils they had suffered under his predecessor, when Suliman expressed by signs that he wished

to be heard, and thus addressed the multitude: "I have accepted the crown you have offered me," said he, "but it is only to preserve it for Prince Cherry. He is not dead, as you believe him to be. A fairy has revealed to me his destiny, and perhaps you may yet see him some day as virtuous as he was in the early years of his reign. Alas!" he continued, weeping, "flatterers seduced him. I knew his heart, it was formed for virtue; and, but for the poisonous discourse of those around him, he would have been the father of us all. Detest his vices, but pity his misfortunes; and let us unite to pray the gods to restore him to us. For my part I should be but too happy to bathe his throne with my blood, could I but see him once again ascend it with such dispositions as would make him fill it more worthily."

Suliman's words touched Cherry's heart. He then felt how sincere had been the fidelity and attachment of this good old man; and for the first time since his punishment he felt remorse for his crimes. Softened by this good feeling, he felt the rage that had agitated him gradually cool; he reflected on the many crimes of his life, and acknowledged that he was not punished so rigorously as he deserved. He ceased to struggle in the iron cage in which he was confined, and became as quiet as a lamb. He was conducted to a large menagerie, in which were kept all sorts of monsters and wild beasts, and he was chained up among the rest.

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

No sooner had he thus determined than he saw his cage-door open; he sprang to the assistance of the man, who was awakened, and defending himself against the

lion. The keeper thought he was lost indeed, when he saw the monster, but his fear was soon changed to joy; the beneficent Cherry sprang upon the lion, strangled it, and crouched himself humbly at the feet of the man whom he had just saved. Penetrated with gratitude, the keeper would have caressed the monster who had done him so signal a service; but as he stooped, he heard a voice saying: "A good action never goes unrewarded;" and at the same moment, to his great surprise, he saw but a pretty little dog at his feet. Cherry, charmed at his metamorphosis, leaped upon and caressed his keeper, who took him in his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related the wonderful occurrence that had just taken place. The queen, charmed with his goodness, wished to have the dog; and Cherry would have been very well contented with his new condition, could he but have forgotten that he was once a man and a king. The queen daily overwhelmed him with caresses, but greatly feared lest he should grow larger than he then was. She consulted her physicians, who told her that to prevent his growth it was merely necessary to feed him on bread only, and to give him but a fixed allowance of that. Poor Cherry was thus in danger of dying with hunger, but he felt that it was necessary for him to be patient.

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

He observed an immense quantity of men and women, magnificently dressed, all going into this house; and from the interior he heard singing, dancing, and other indications of the good cheer that was to be found there; but he observed that all those who quitted the house were pale, thin, covered with sores, and nearly naked, for their clothes were torn to tatters. Some fell dead as they crossed the threshold, apparently entirely exhausted; others remained stretched on the ground at a short distance from the door, dying with hunger; and a few only

had sufficient strength to drag themselves away. The poor creatures who were lying on the ground begged with tears for a morsel of bread from those who were going into the house, but were passed by without even a look. Cherry observed a young girl who was trying to gather some grass to eat, and, touched with compassion, said to himself: "I have a good appetite, 'tis true, but I shall not die of hunger before my dinner-time, and if I sacrifice my breakfast to this poor creature, perhaps I may be the means of saving her life." He resolved to obey this good impulse, and put his bread into the young girl's hand, who carried it with avidity to her mouth. She soon appeared to be entirely restored, and Cherry, transported with joy at having succored her so opportunely, was thinking of returning to the palace, when he heard loud cries; it was Zelia in the hands of four men, who were dragging her toward the fine house, and were about to force her therein.

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

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

At the same time Cherry heard a voice saying: "You see again that a good action does not go unrewarded," and he was immediately changed into a pretty little white pigeon. He remembered that this was the color of the Fairy Candid, and he began to hope that she might yet restore him to her good graces. His first wish was to go to Zelia, and, rising in the air, he flew all round the house. He saw with joy that there was a window open; but in vain did he fly all over the house: he could not find his Zelia there. He resolved, however, not to rest until he should meet with her. He flew onward for many days, and having at last entered on a desert, he perceived a cavern, into which he entered. Conceive his joy! Zelia was seated therein by the side of a venerable hermit, and was sharing with him his frugal meal. Cherry, transported, flew on to the shoulder of the shepherdess, and expressed by his caresses the pleasure he felt at seeing her again. Zelia, who was charmed with the little bird's gentleness, softly stroked him with her hand, and although she thought he could not understand her, she told him that she accepted the gift that he made her of himself, and that she would always love him. "What have you done, Zelia?" said the hermit; "you have just pledged your faith."

"Yes, charming shepherdess," said Cherry to her, resuming at that moment his natural form; "the end of my metamorphosis depended then on your consent to our union. You have promised to love me always; confirm my happiness or I will conjure the Fairy Candid, my protectress, to restore to me that form under which I had the happiness to please you."

"You need not fear her inconstancy," said Candid, who, quitting the figure of the hermit, under which she had been concealed, appeared in her proper person. "Zelia loved you when first she saw you, but your vices obliged her to conceal from you the passion with which you had inspired her. The change that has taken place in your heart allows her to give way to her tenderness. You will live happily together, since your union will be founded on virtue."

Cherry and Zelia threw themselves at the Fairy Candid's feet. The prince could not sufficiently thank her for her goodness, and Zelia, enchanted to learn that the

prince had abandoned his errors, confirmed to him the pleasing confession of her love. "Rise, my children," said the fairy to them; "I will transport you to your palace: I will restore to Cherry a crown of which his vices had rendered him unworthy." She ceased, and Cherry found himself with Zelia in the chamber of Suliman, who, charmed to see his master return, restored to himself and to virtue, joyfully abdicated the throne, and became again the most loyal of his subjects. Cherry and Zelia enjoyed a long and happy reign, and it is said of the prince that he thenceforward applied himself so zealously to his duty that the ring which he had recovered with his form never pricked him again so as to draw blood.

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## THE PRINCESS MAIA.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had had several children, but who had lost them all, which gave them much sorrow, for they had more estates than were necessary for themselves, and only wanted children. It was five years since the queen had had her last, and everybody thought that she would have no more, and she was greatly afflicted thinking of her pretty little princes who were dead.

But at last the queen was consoled by having another little baby. It was proclaimed with the sound of trumpets and with large placards in all the public places, that the best nurses were to present themselves before the queen, that from among them she might choose one for her baby. They soon began to pour in from all the four quarters of the world; no one was to be seen but nurses and their babes. One day the queen took an airing in a large wood, and, seating herself near the king, said: "Sire, let us assemble all the nurses and select one for our baby."

"With all my heart, my dear," said the king, and immediately gave order for them all to be summoned. The nurses all came, one after another, made a nice courtesy to the king and queen, and placed themselves in a row each against a tree. After they had thus arranged themselves, and their healthy looks and fine teeth

had been admired, an ugly young woman, sitting cross-legged with her knees as high as her chin in a kind of barrow drawn by two dirty little dwarfs, made her appearance; she had a large hump on her back, squinted shockingly with both eyes, and her skin was somewhat blacker than ink. She held in her arms a little monkey, and she spoke a jargon that no one understood. She came in her turn to offer herself, but the queen repulsed her: "Go, ugly creature," said she to her; "you are very ignorant to come before me as you are; if you remain there any longer I will take good care to have you removed." The ill-looking creature passed on, grumbling very audibly, drawn by her frightful little dwarfs; she settled herself in the hollow of a large tree, whence she could see all that passed.

The queen, thinking no more about her, chose a nice-looking nurse; but directly she had named her, behold, a horrible serpent, which was hidden in the grass, stung her in the heel, and she fell down like one dead. The queen, very sorry for this accident, chose another: immediately an eagle flying in the air came in sight, carrying a tortoise; he flew directly over the poor nurse, letting the tortoise fall on her head, which crushed her to atoms like a glass. The queen, still more grieved, named a third, who, coming forward a little quickly, stumbled over a bush full of long thorns and knocked one of her eyes out.

"Ah!" cried the queen, "my affairs are attended with much misfortune to-day; I cannot choose a nurse without bringing ill-luck upon her! I will leave the care of it to my physician."

As she was rising to return to the palace she heard a very hearty laugh: she looked round and saw behind her the vile humpback, who was seated in her barrow like a monkey, with her cub in her arms. She mocked all the company, and at the queen in particular, who, as you may suppose, was so vexed at this that she felt inclined to run up to her and beat her, not doubting that she had been the cause of all the mishaps which had befallen the nurses; but the humpback, having made three strokes with her wand, the dwarfs were transformed into winged griffins, the barrow into a chariot of fire, and away they all flew in the air uttering menaces and loud cries.

"Alas! my dear, we are lost!" said the king; "that is the Fairy Carabosse; the malicious creature has hated me ever since I was a little boy, because I once in a frolic put some sulphur in her broth, and ever since that time she has been seeking an opportunity to revenge herself."

The queen began to weep. "If I had known her name beforehand," said she, "I would have tried to make a friend of her: I wish I were dead."

When the king saw the queen so afflicted, he said: "My love, let us consult on what we had better do." He then raised her and supported her in his arms to the palace, for she still trembled from the effect of the fear which Carabosse had caused her. When the king and queen were in their room, they assembled their council; the doors and windows were carefully shut, that the result of their deliberations might not be overheard, and it was resolved to invite all the fairies who lived within three thousand miles, to the palace. Couriers were dispatched immediately, bearing letters very civilly conceived and fairly written, requesting them to come and see the baby, but asking them to keep the affair secret, for it was feared that it might reach Carabosse's ears, and that she might come and create a disturbance. As a recompense for their trouble, they were promised a blue velvet kirtle, an under petticoat of purple velvet, slippers of slashed crimson satin, a small pair of gilded scissors, and a case full of fine needles.

When the couriers had departed the queen began to work with her maids-of-honor and her attendants, to make all that had been promised for the fairies; she knew several, but only five or six of them came. As soon as they arrived they hastened to shut themselves up in a room to endow the little princess. The first gave her perfect beauty; the second, infinite wit; the third endowed her with the gift of singing to perfection; the fourth, with a talent for writing, both in prose and verse.

As the fifth was about to speak a rumbling noise was heard in the chimney, similar in sound to that which a stone would make in falling down a steeple, and Carabosse appeared, covered from head to foot with soot, crying in a loud voice: "And I endow this little creature,

" 'To be more unlucky than any alive,  
Until she is aged full four times five.' "

At these words the queen, who was in bed, began to cry and to entreat Carabosse to have pity on the little princess.

All the fairies entreated her: "Alas! sister," said they, "recall so bad a gift; what harm can she have done you?" But the ugly fairy would not answer a word so that the fifth, who had not yet spoken, tried to mend the matter, by endowing her with a long and happy life when the time of the malediction should have expired. Carabosse only laughed at her, and sang taunting songs all the time she was reascending the chimney, by which she took her departure. The fairies all remained in consternation, and the poor queen was more particularly astounded. She did not fail to give them what she had promised, augmenting the gifts by ribbons, with which they were very pleased. They were also well feasted; and the eldest of them said that it was her advice that the young princess, until she should be twenty years old, should be confined in some place where she would see no one but the women who attended on her, and that she should be closely guarded.

Thereupon the king caused a close tower to be built, in which there was no window; there was no light in it, except that shed by wax tapers. It was reached by a subterraneous passage which extended three miles underground, and by that passage the governesses and nurses had what they required brought to them. At every twenty steps was a large door very securely fastened, and guards were stationed the whole length of it.

The young princess was called Maia, because in her complexion were combined the hues of the rose and the lily; and she was more blooming and more lovely than the spring in that delightful month whose name she bore. She was admirable in whatever she said or whatever she did; she mastered the most abstruse sciences as well as the most graceful accomplishments, and she grew so tall and beautiful that the king and queen never saw her without weeping for joy. She sometimes requested them to stay with her, or take her away with them, for she was melancholy without knowing the cause; but they always deferred yielding to her request.

Her nurse, who had never quitted her, and did not want talent; sometimes told her how the world looked

outside her tower; and she understood her as well as though she had made the grand tour. The king often said to the queen: "My dear, Carabosse will be deceived; we are more cunning than she is; our Maia will be happy in spite of her prediction." And the queen would laugh till tears came into her eyes, at the thought of the wicked fairy's defeated malice. They had Maia's portrait taken, and sent copies of it all over the world; for the twenty years were now near their expiration, and they wished to marry her. Four days only were wanting to complete the period; the court and the city made great rejoicings in honor of the approaching liberation of the princess, and they were augmented by the news that King Merlin wished to contract her to his son, and had dispatched his ambassador Fanfarinet to ask for her hand.

The nurse who informed the princess of everything that occurred told her this, adding that no sight could be so beautiful as Fanfarinet's entry.

"Ah! how unfortunate I am," cried she, "to be detained in a gloomy tower, as though I had been guilty of some great crime! I have never seen the sky, the sun, or the stars, of which such wonders are related; I have never seen a horse, a monkey, or a lion, excepting in a picture. The king and queen say that they will liberate me when I shall be twenty years old; but they wish to amuse me, to make me patient, and I know very well that they intend to allow me to die here, although I have not offended them in any way." Thereupon she began to cry so vehemently that her eyes swelled as large as walnuts, and her nurse and foster-sister, with her two other attendants, who were all passionately fond of her, began to cry also, so abundantly that nothing but sobs and sighs could be heard; so bitter was their grief that it nearly stifled them.

When the princess saw them so opportunely afflicted she took a knife and said aloud: "I am resolved to kill myself immediately, if you do not find a means of letting me see Fanfarinet's splendid entry; the good king and queen will never know anything about it; consider whether you would rather that I should kill myself now directly, or whether you will indulge me in this wish." At these words all the women began to cry again still

more bitterly; and they at last determined to indulge her in a sight of Fanfarinet, or die in the attempt. They passed the remainder of the evening in proposing and rejecting expedients; and Maia, who was in despair, said accordingly: "Do not attempt to make me believe that you love me; if you loved me, you would soon find the means. I have read that where there is a will there is a way."

At last they concluded that they would make a hole in the wall of the tower nearest the city, by which wall Fanfarinet was expected to pass. They removed the princess' bed, and they all immediately set to work, not leaving off day or night. By dint of scraping and scraping they made a hole through the plaster, and then took out two or three stones. Presently they had displaced so many that they had made a hole large enough to pass a small needle through with much difficulty.

Through that hole Maia perceived daylight for the first time: it dazzled her eyes; and as she looked continually through it, she at last saw Fanfarinet appear at the head of his company. He was mounted on a white horse which was curveting to the sound of trumpets, and leaping admirably; six flute-players went in front, playing the prettiest airs of the last new opera; and six haut-boys re-echoed in answer to the flutes; then the trumpets and kettledrums made a loud noise. Fanfarinet wore a rich suit covered with embroidery and pearls, with golden boots, scarlet feathers, abundance of ribbons, and so many diamonds, for King Merlin had whole rooms full of them, as made him so dazzling that the sun itself was less brilliant. At this sight Maia was so beside herself with joy that she could look no longer; and after reflecting a few minutes, she vowed that she would marry no one but the handsome Fanfarinet; that there did not seem to be any chance of his master being half so amiable; that she was not ambitious; that if she had resided so comfortably in a tower, she could live just as comfortably, if it were necessary, in a castle in the country with Fanfarinet; that, to her mind, bread and water with him were preferable to the richest delicacies with any one else. In a word, she said so much about him that her women were puzzled to think where she had learned a quarter of it; and when they were going to

explain his rank and the wrong she was about to do herself, she made them hold their tongues and would not deign to listen to them.

When Fanfarinet had arrived at the king's palace, the queen sent to fetch her daughter. All the streets were carpeted, and ladies were at the windows; some held baskets full of flowers, others baskets full of pearls, and, what was better, excellent sweetmeats, to scatter over her as she passed.

They had begun to dress her, when a dwarf mounted on an elephant arrived at the tower; he came from the five good fairies who had endowed her the day she was born. They sent her a crown, a scepter, a golden brocade robe, a petticoat made of butterflies' wings of admirable workmanship, and a little strong box, still more admirable, for it was full of precious stones. It was said that this box was beyond price, and that wealth so immense was never before seen together. At this sight the queen nearly fainted away with joy; with regard to the princess, she was indifferent enough to it all, thinking only of Fanfarinet.

They thanked the dwarf; he had a pistole given to him to get something to drink, and more than a thousand yards of narrow ribbon of various colors, with which he made himself fine gaiters, a tie to his cravat, and a bow to his hat. The dwarf was so little that, when he had all those ribbons on, his body was no longer visible. The queen told him that she was considering what nice present she should send the fairies; and the princess, who was very generous, made them presents of several German spinning-wheels, with cedarwood distaffs.

The princess was attired in all the rarest presents that the dwarf had brought; she appeared so exceedingly beautiful to everybody who saw her that the sun seemed to hide himself in dudgeon, and the moon, who is not too bashful, dared not show herself while Maia was on the road. She traversed the streets on foot, walking on the rich carpets; the people assembled round her in crowds, crying: "Ah! how beautiful, how beautiful she is!"

As she was going along dressed in this pompous apparel, surrounded by the queen and four or five dozen princesses of the blood royal, without reckoning more



MAIA AND FANFARINET.

than ten dozen who had arrived from the neighboring states to assist at the ceremony, the heavens began to darken, the thunder began to roar, and rain mixed with hail fell in torrents. The queen put her royal mantle over her head, and every lady did the same with her petticoat. Maia was about to do so likewise, when in the air were heard more than a thousand rooks, screech-owls, and ravens, with other birds of ill-omen, who by their foreboding noises augured no good. At the same moment a dirty owl, of a prodigious size, came hovering low in the air, bearing in his beak a spider-web scarf, embroidered with bats' wings; he dropped this scarf on Maia's shoulder, and at that instant loud peals of laughter were heard, significant enough that what had just taken place was one of Carabosse's tricks.

At this melancholy spectacle everybody began to weep, and the queen, more afflicted than any one else, tried to snatch away the black scarf; but it seemed nailed to her daughter's shoulders: "Ah!" said she, "this is a maneuver of our enemy; nothing will conciliate her. I have fruitlessly sent her more than fifty pounds of sweetmeats, as much sugar-candy, and two Mayence hams; but she has taken no notice of my presents." While she was lamenting, the company were getting wet through. Maia, giddy with the thoughts of the ambassador, went on; and without saying a single word she felt that provided she could please him she cared for neither Carabosse nor the ominous scarf; she was beginning to feel surprised within herself that he did not come to meet her, when all at once he appeared by the king's side. The trumpets, drums, and violins immediately struck up a lively air, and the shouts of the populace redoubled; in a word, the joy seemed universal.

Fanfarinet had much wit; but when he saw the beautiful Maia, with so much grace and dignity, he was so enraptured that, instead of speaking, he could only stammer; he looked like one tipsy, although he had only taken a cup of chocolate. He was in despair at forgetting in the twinkling of an eye an harangue which he had repeated daily for many months past, and which he knew well enough to say offhand when he was asleep.

While he was racking his memory to recall his intended oration, he continued bowing low to the princess, who,

on her part, courtesied half a dozen times without reflection. After awhile she spoke, and to divest him of the embarrassment she saw that he was in, she said: "My Lord Fanfarinet, I can read in your eyes that your thoughts are agreeable; I give you credit for having so much wit; but let us hasten to reach the palace; it is pouring with rain, and it is the wicked Carabosse who is thus inundating us; when we are under cover she will be duped."

He replied gallantly that the fairy had wisely foreseen the fire that her beautiful eyes were so certain to kindle, and to assuage it had kindly sent deluges of water.

After saying these few words, he presented his hand to walk by her side. She said in a low voice: "I feel for you sentiments that you would never divine, were I not to explain them to you; it is not without pain that I do it; but 'evil be to him that evil thinks.' Know, then, Sir Ambassador, that I saw you with admiration mounted on your fine prancing horse, and regretted that you had come hither on the part of another instead of your own: we will not fail, however, if you have as much courage as I have, to find a remedy for this; instead of marrying you in your master's name, I will marry you in your own. I know that you are not a prince, but you deserve to be one, and you please me as much as though you were; we will hasten together to some retired spot in the world. It will be talked about at first, and then some one else will do the same as I shall have done, or perhaps worse; and I shall be left in peace, while they talk of the others, and shall enjoy the pleasure of living with you."

Fanfarinet thought that he was dreaming, for Maia was so beautiful a princess that, excepting by a strange caprice on her part, he could never have hoped for this honor; he had not even the strength to reply. Had they been alone he would have thrown himself at her feet; as it was, he took the liberty of pressing her hand so warmly that he hurt her little finger, though she did not cry out, so much did she dote upon him. When she had entered the palace a chorus of all kinds of musical instruments struck up, which was seconded by almost celestial voices, so charming that one hardly dared to draw one's breath for fear of making too much noise.

After the king had kissed his daughter on her fore-

head and cheeks, he said to her: "My dear little lamb," for he called her all sorts of fond names, "should you not very much like to marry great King Merlin's son? here is Lord Fanfarinet, who will be proxy for his master in the ceremony, and then will conduct you to the fairest kingdom in the world?"

"Yes, indeed, father," said she, making a low courtesy; "I am willing to do whatever you like, provided that my dear mother consents to it also."

"I consent, my darling," said the queen, embracing her. "Come, let dinner be served."

It was done with all due diligence. There were a hundred tables spread in a long gallery, and never till then had such a feast been made in the memory of man, though Maia and Fanfarinet thought of nothing but each other, and were in such deep reveries that they quite forgot to eat. When dinner was over, there was a ball, a ballet, and a play; but it was already so late, and the company had eaten so heartily at dinner, that in spite of their efforts they all went to sleep standing; the king and queen, overpowered with slumber, threw themselves on a settee; most of the ladies and gentlemen snored, the musicians ceased to keep time, and the performers knew not what they said, our lovers alone being awake, speaking with their eyes a thousand unutterable things. The princess, seeing that she had nothing to fear, and that the guards were all asleep on the straw-beds in the tower, said to Fanfarinet: "Trust to me; let us take advantage of so favorable an opportunity; for I expect that after the nuptial ceremony the king will give me ladies to wait on me, and a prince to accompany me to your King Merlin; we had better therefore hasten away as quickly as we can."

Maia rose and took the king's poniard, which was set with diamonds, and the queen's diadem, which she had taken off her head to sleep more at ease. She gave Fanfarinet her white hand to lead her out; he took it, and kneeling on one knee: "I swear," said he, "an eternal fidelity and obedience to your highness. Noble princess, you are doing everything for me; what would I not do for you?" They quitted the palace; the ambassador carried a dark lantern, and after threading several dirty streets they reached the shore, and entered a little boat,

in which a poor old waterman lay asleep. They awakened him, and when he saw Maia looking so beautiful and wearing so many diamonds and the spider-web scarf, he thought she must be the goddess of night, and kneeled before her; but she had no time to amuse herself, and ordered him to push off at once. This was running a great risk, for neither the moon nor stars were visible; the weather was still gloomy after the rain that Carabosse had sent. It is true that there was a carbuncle on the queen's headdress, which was brighter than fifty lighted torches, so that Fanfarinet, it is said, could very well have done without the dark lantern: they had also with them a stone which could make them invisible.

Fanfarinet asked the princess where she wished to go. "Alas!" said she, "I wish to go with you; that is all that I have in my mind."

"But, madam," said he, "I dare not conduct you to King Merlin's kingdom, for we should there be infallibly discovered."

"Well, then," replied she, "let us go to the Isle of Squirrels; it is far enough off for us to be safe from pursuit." She directed the mariner to put out to sea, and although it was a small boat, he obeyed.

When it was nearly daylight, the king, the queen, and all the company, having shaken themselves a little and rubbed their eyes, began to think about concluding the princess' marriage. The queen quickly asked for her rich diadem to dress her head; but it was, of course, vainly sought after on all sides.

The king, on his part, wished to buckle on his brilliant poniard; a search for it was immediately commenced all round, and a number of coffers and strong boxes were opened, of which the keys had been lost more than a hundred years; in some of them lots of wonderful curiosities were found—dolls which moved their heads and opened and shut their eyes, golden sheep with little lambs by their sides, candied citron-peel and sugar-almonds; but all these would not console the king. His despair was so violent that he tore his beard; and the queen kept him company by tearing her hair, for, sooth to say, the diadem and poniard were more valuable than ten cities as large as Madrid.

When the king saw that there were no hopes of find-

ing either the diadem or the poniard he said to the queen: "My love, let us take courage and hasten to finish the ceremony which has already cost us so dearly." He asked therefore for the princess, when her nurse, stepping forward, said:

"I assure your majesty that I have been looking for her more than two hours, and cannot find her."

These words filled the cup of the king and queen's grief; the latter began to cry like an eagle whose young ones have been carried off, and swooned away. They had the greatest difficulty in the world to recover her. The maids-of-honor and the young ladies wept, saying: "What! is the princess, then, lost?" To complete the misfortune, the king was informed that the ambassador Fanfarinet had disappeared also, which last blow overwhelmed their majesties with affliction.

The king summoned all his counselors and men-at-arms. He and the queen entered a large saloon which had been promptly hung with black; they had taken off their fine clothes, and had each put on a mourning robe. When they were seen in this state there was not a heart so hard that it was not ready to break; the saloon resounded with sobs and sighs. At the end of a few minutes the king said: "My friends, I have lost my dear daughter Maia; the queen's diadem and my poniard, which are worth an empire, have disappeared with her, as likewise the ambassador Fanfarinet. I am sorely afraid that when the king his master hears the news he will come to seek him among us, and that he will accuse us of having had him put to death. Still, I would have patience if I had money; but I confess to you that the wedding expenses have ruined me. Consult, then, my dear subjects, on what I must do to recover my daughter and Fanfarinet."

Everybody admired the king's fine harangue; he had never been so eloquent before. Lord Gambilla, chancellor of the kingdom, rose and said: "Sire, we are all overwhelmed by the misfortune that has happened to you, and we would have willingly sacrificed even our wives and little children to have averted such a terrible calamity; it is doubtless a trick of the Fairy Carabosse. The princess has not yet completed her twentieth year; and since it must be said, I remarked that she was continu-

ally looking at Fanfarinet, and that he looked as continually at her; perhaps love has had no small share in what has just taken place."

At these words the queen, who was very passionate, interrupted him: "Take care what you advance," said she, "my Lord Gambilla; know that the princess is not at all likely to fall in love with Fanfarinet; I have brought her up too well."

Hereupon the nurse, who had listened to all that passed, came and knelt before the king and queen, saying: "I have come to inform you of what has happened. The princess was determined either to see Fanfarinet or to die; we made a little hole in the wall of her tower, through which she saw him, and she immediately swore that she would marry no one but him."

At this news the grief was universal; while all allowed that Chancellor Gambilla had great penetration. The queen, in violent anger, scolded the nurse, the foster-sister, and all the princess' other attendants, and wanted to have them strangled.

Admiral Epaulette, interrupting the queen, cried out: "Let us hasten after Fanfarinet; no doubt that wretch has carried off our princess."

Everybody clapped their hands, answering: "Yes, hasten after him." Then, while some went to sea, others went from kingdom to kingdom, beating drums and sounding trumpets; when a crowd had assembled round them they cried: "He who wishes to earn ten thousand pieces of gold has only to give an intelligence of Princess Maia, who has been carried off by Fanfarinet."

They were invariably answered: "You must go elsewhere; none of us have seen them."

Those who pursued the princess by sea were more successful, for after a long voyage they observed one night something ahead which burned like a large fire. They were afraid to approach it in ignorance of what it might be; but all at once this light stopped at the desert Isle of Squirrels; in fact, it was the princess and her lover, with the carbuncle that shone so brilliantly. They disembarked, and after giving a hundred gold crowns to the good man who had brought them, they wished him good-by, and forbade him to say a word to any one,



ON THE ISLAND.

The first objects that he fell in with were the king's vessels, and he no sooner made them out than he tried to avoid them. But the admiral perceived him, and dispatched a boat after him, and the good man was so old and infirm that he was too weak to row away. The boat soon came up with him, and he was conducted to Admiral Epaulette, who had him searched; the hundred gold crowns were found on him quite new, for money had been coined expressly for the princess' wedding. The admiral questioned him, and, to avoid answering, he pretended to be deaf and dumb. "Come," said the admiral, "lash this dumb man to the mainmast, and give him three dozen; it is the best remedy in the world for dumb people." When the old man saw that it was all in earnest, he confessed that a young lady more celestial than human, and an accomplished gentleman, had commanded him to conduct them to the desert Isle of Squirrels. At these words the admiral concluded that the princess was in his power; he gave orders for his fleet to surround the island.

Meanwhile Maia, fatigued by her voyage, sat down under the trees; Fanfarinet lay at full length, and supported his head on his hand, but, being hungry, he did not sleep, and presently said to her: "Do you think, madam, that I can long remain here? I see nothing to eat; though you were more beautiful than Aurora, that would not be sufficient for me; I must have something to eat; I have long teeth and am very hungry."

"What, Fanfarinet!" replied she, "is it possible that the marks of my friendship have made no impression upon you? Is it possible that you are not satisfied with your good fortune?"

"I am rather dissatisfied with my misfortune," cried he; "would to heaven that you were still in your black tower!"

"Handsome Fanfarinet," said she to him graciously, "I entreat you not to be angry; I will search high and low; perhaps I may find some fruit for you."

"Perhaps," answered he, "you may find a wolf who will eat you up!"

The sorrowful princess ran into the wood, tearing her fine clothes with the brambles and her fair skin with the thorns; she was scratched just as if she had been playing

with cats—see what happens of falling in love; nothing but evil ever comes of it. After running far and near she sorrowfully returned to Fanfarinet, and told him that she could find nothing; he turned on his heel and left her, grumbling between his teeth.

Their search the next day was equally fruitless; so that they were three whole days without taking any food excepting leaves, and a few may-flies. The princess did not complain, although she was much the more delicate of the two. "I should be contented," said she to him, "were I alone suffering, and I should not even regret dying with hunger, provided that you were well supplied with good cheer."

"I should be quite indifferent," answered Fanfarinet, "as to whether you lived or died, provided I had wherewithal to satisfy my appetite."

"Is it possible," rejoined she, "that my death would move you so little? Is this in accordance with your vows?"

"There is a wide difference," said he, "between a man at his ease, who is neither hungry nor thirsty, and an unfortunate ready to die in a desert isle."

"I am in the same danger," said she, "and do not complain."

"Complain, indeed!" replied he roughly; "you have thought proper to leave your father and mother to ramble about; and here we are in a pretty pickle!"

"But it is for love of you that I have done so, Fanfarinet," said she, offering him her hand.

"I could very well have done without your love," said he; and thereupon he turned upon his heel and left her again.

The beautiful princess, fatigued beyond measure with grief, began to cry so piteously that it might have softened a rock. She sat down at the foot of a rose-tree which was loaded with white and red roses. After looking at them some time, she addressed them as follows: "How happy you must be, young flowers! The zephyrs breathe upon you, the dew moistens you, the sun beautifies you, the trees cherish you, your thorns defend you, and everybody admires you. Alas! and must you be more happy than I?" This reflection made her shed so many tears that the foot of the rose-tree was quite

moistened by them. She then saw with astonishment the rose-bush begin to move, the roses to open, and heard the finest of them say to her:

“If you had not fallen in love your fate would have been as enviable as mine; Love exposes his votaries to the severest misfortunes. Poor princess! take from the hollow of yonder tree the honeycomb that you will find there; but do not be so silly when you have got it as to give any of it to Fanfarinet.”

She ran to the tree, uncertain whether she were awake or dreaming. She found the honey and immediately took it to her ungrateful lover. “Here is a large honeycomb,” said she to him; “I might have eaten it myself, but I preferred to share it with you.”

Without thanking her, or even looking at her, he snatched it from her hand and ate it all up, refusing to give her even the smallest piece. He even added raillery to his brutality; he told her that it was too sweet, and would spoil her teeth, with a dozen similar impertinences.

Maia, more afflicted than she had yet been, seated herself under an oak-tree, and paid it a compliment similar to that she had made to the rose-tree. The oak-tree, moved with compassion, bent down a branch to her ear and said: “It were a pity that you should die, fair Maia; take that jug of milk into the wood, and do not give a drop of it to your ungrateful lover.”

The princess, in astonishment, looked behind her, and saw a large jug full of milk; she then thought only of the thirst from which Fanfarinet was suffering after eating full fifteen pounds of honey, and so ran to him with the jug. “Quench your thirst, handsome Fanfarinet,” said she, “and do not forget to leave me a drop, for I am dying with hunger and thirst.”

He readily took the jug from her, and drank off the contents at a draught; then, throwing it on the ground, he broke it in pieces, saying with a malignant smile: “As you have had nothing to eat, you cannot be thirsty.”

The princess clasped her hands; and raising her bright eyes to heaven:

“Ah!” cried she, “I have deserved it all; this is a just punishment for having quitted the king and queen, and for falling so heedlessly in love with a man whom I did not know, and for having eloped with him, forgetful of

my rank and the misfortune with which I was menaced by Carabosse." She then began to weep more bitterly than she had ever done in her life, and diving into the thickest part of the wood, she sank through weakness at the foot of an elm on which a nightingale was perched singing most melodiously. "Cheer up," said the nightingale to her, "and look in this bush; you will find there excellent sweetmeats and tartlets fresh from Paris; but do not be so imprudent as to give Fanfarinet any of them." The princess did not need this caution; she had not forgotten the two last tricks he had played her, and she was so hungry that she ate up all the tartlets. The greedy Fanfarinet, having observed her eating, flew into so violent a passion that he ran, sword in hand, his eyes sparkling with rage, to slay her. She hastily uncovered the jewel of her headdress which rendered her invisible, and running away from him, reproached him for his ingratitude in terms which showed sufficiently that she could not even then hate him.

In the meantime Admiral Epaulette had dispatched Jack Rattle, in his straw boots, king's messenger in ordinary, to inform the king that the princess and Fanfarinet had landed on the Isle of Squirrels; but, not knowing the country, he would not effect a landing for fear of ambuscades. At this news, which made their majesties very glad, the king sent for a large book, every leaf of which was six ells long; it was the masterpiece of a learned fairy, and contained a description of all the world. On consulting it, he immediately ascertained that the Isle of Squirrels was uninhabited. "Go," said he to Jack Rattle, "and order the admiral in my name to land immediately; it has been bad management on his part, and on mine also, to leave my daughter so long with Fanfarinet."

Directly Jack Rattle arrived at the fleet the admiral caused drums and kettledrums to be beaten, trumpets to be sounded, and the band to commence playing their hautboys, flutes, violins, hurdy-gurdies, organs, and guitars; they made a desperate din, for instruments of war and peace were heard all over the isle. The princess, alarmed at this noise, ran to her lover to offer him her assistance; their mutual danger speedily reconciled them. "Keep behind me," said she to him; "I will walk first

with the invisible stone uncovered, and will use my father's poniard to slay the enemy, while you kill them with your sword."

The invisible princess advanced among the soldiers; she and Fanfarinet slew them without being seen; nothing was to be heard but cries of "I am dead, I am dying." The soldiers in vain fired their muskets; they always missed their mark, for the princess and her lover dived like ducks, and the bullets passed over their heads. At last the admiral, grieved at losing so many men in so extraordinary a manner, without even knowing who was attacking him, or how to defend himself, sounded a retreat, and returned on board his vessels to consult on what steps should next be taken.

Night was already far advanced; the princess and Fanfarinet had taken refuge in the thickest part of the wood. She was so tired that she stretched herself on the grass and was falling asleep when she heard a low whisper in her ear: "Save yourself, Maia, for Fanfarinet wishes to kill and eat you." Quickly opening her eyes she saw, by the light of her carbuncle, the wicked Fanfarinet, with his arm raised ready to pierce her bosom with his sword; for, seeing her so fair and plump, and having a good appetite, he was going to put her to death and eat her. She did not hesitate as to what course she should take: she softly drew her poniard, which she had kept since the battle, and gave him so deadly a blow in the eye that it killed him on the spot. "Die, ingrate!" cried she; "receive this last favor as one that you have richly deserved; be for the future an example to perfidious lovers, and may your faithless heart never enjoy repose."

When her first burst of passion was over and she remembered the condition she was in, she was almost as dead as he whom she had just killed. "What will become of me?" cried she, weeping. "I am alone on this isle; the wild beasts will devour me if I do not die of hunger:" she was almost sorry that she had not allowed Fanfarinet to eat her. She sat down trembling, and anxiously awaited the daybreak, for she was afraid of the spirits, and especially of the nightmare.

As she was leaning against a tree, and looking in the air, she observed at a great distance from the ground a handsome golden chariot, drawn by six large tufted hens;

the coachman was a cock, and a fat pullet the postilion. In the chariot was seated a lady, whose charms were more resplendent than the sun; her clothes were embroidered with gold spangles and little ingots of silver. Maia saw another chariot drawn by six bats; the coachman was a raven, and the postilion a snail. In it was a frightful little baboon, dressed in a serpent's skin, and wearing on her head a large toad, which served her for a topknot.

Never, never, was any one so surprised as was the princess. As she was considering how these marvels would end, she observed the chariots advance one toward the other; and the fine lady holding a gilded spear in her hand, and the ugly one a rusty pike in hers, they commenced a fierce combat which lasted more than a quarter of an hour. Presently the handsome lady was victorious; and her opponent hastened from the scene of action with her bats. At the same time the handsome lady alighted, and addressing Maia, said:

“Do not be afraid, amiable princess; I have only visited this isle to be of service to you; the combat that I have had with Carabosse has been fought for love of you. She wished to gain the day that she might flog you for leaving your tower four days before the completion of the twenty years; but you saw that I took your part, and that I have driven her away: enjoy the happiness I have acquired for you.”

The grateful princess prostrated herself before her. “Many thanks, great queen of the fairies,” said she, “your generosity overpowers me; I do not know how to thank you, but I feel that I have not a drop of blood that you have just preserved which is not at your service.”

The fairy embraced her three times, and made her still more beautiful than she had been, were such a thing possible. She ordered her cock to go to the king's vessels, and tell the admiral to land without fear, and dispatched her fat pullet to her palace to fetch the finest clothes that were ever seen for Maia.

When the admiral heard the news that the cock brought he was so enraptured that he nearly went into a fever. He instantly landed on the isle with all his people; Jack Rattle, seeing the haste in which everybody

quitted the vessels, joined the throng, carrying on his shoulder a spit loaded with game.

Admiral Epaulette had hardly proceeded three miles up the country, when he perceived on a highroad in the wood the chariot drawn by hens, and the two ladies who were walking. He recognized the princess, and hastened to throw himself at her feet; but he was stopped by Maia herself, who told him that all his homage was due to the generous fairy, who had saved her from Carabosse's claws; so he kissed the hem of her robe, and paid her the handsomest compliments that were ever pronounced on a similar occasion. While he was speaking the fairy interrupted him, and cried: "I declare I smell roast meat."

"Yes, madam," answered Jack Rattle, showing her the spit loaded with nice game; "it only remains for your highness to taste it."

"Then serve it up immediately, by all means," said she, "less for me than the princess, who is in want of a good meal."

Then all the other requisites were sent from the vessels; and the joy at having found the princess, joined to the good cheer, left nothing to be wished for.

The repast being over, and the fat pullet having returned, the fairy dressed Maia in a robe of green and cloth of gold, spangled with rubies and pearls; she confined her fair hair with diamond and emerald bands, crowned her with flowers, and assisting her into her own chariot, all the stars who saw her pass took her for Aurora, though it was not then daybreak, and said to her as they passed: "Good-morning, Madam Aurora."

After the most tender adieus between the fairy and the princess, the latter said: "But, madam, must I not tell my mother the queen who it is that has done me such kindness?"

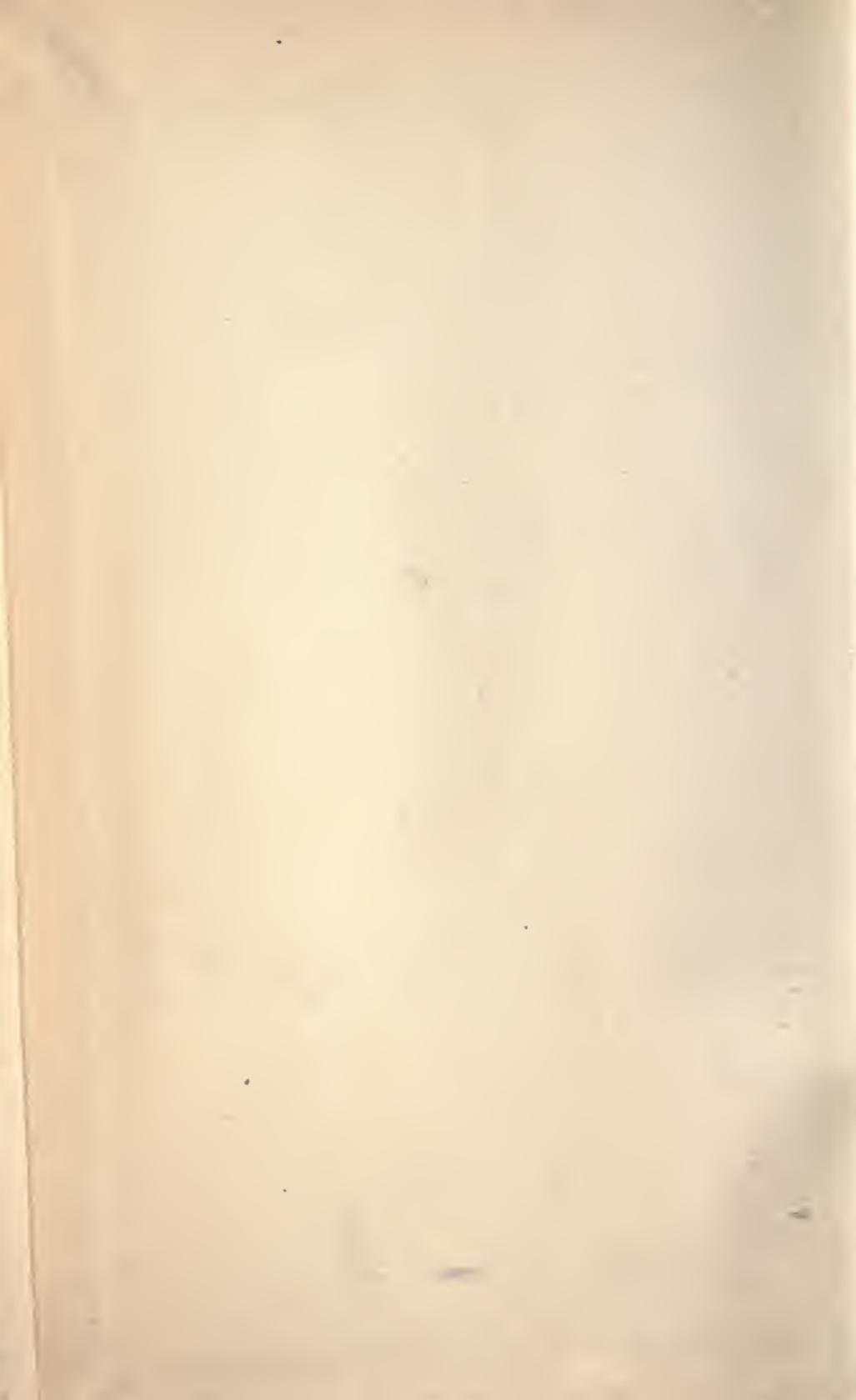
"Beautiful princess," answered the fairy, "embrace her for me, and tell her that I am the fifth fairy who endowed you at your birth."

When the princess was on board the admiral's ship a royal salute, of upward of a hundred guns and a thousand rockets, was discharged. She arrived safely in port, and found the king and queen waiting for her with the utmost impatience; they received her with so many

caresses that they did not give her time to ask pardon for her past folly, although she threw herself at their feet directly she saw them; paternal kindness triumphed, and old Carabosse was blamed for it all.

At the same time the son of the great King Merlin arrived, uneasy at not having received any news from his ambassador. He had a thousand horses, and thirty lackeys, well dressed in scarlet and rich gold lace; he was a hundred times more charming than the ungrateful Fanfarinet. Care was taken not to inform him that the princess had been carried off, as that might perhaps have given him offence; he was told, very plausibly, that his ambassador, being thirsty, and wishing to draw some water to drink, had fallen, in the act of doing so, into a well, and was drowned. He easily believed it, and the wedding was celebrated so joyfully that it effaced the remembrance of all the past sorrows.







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