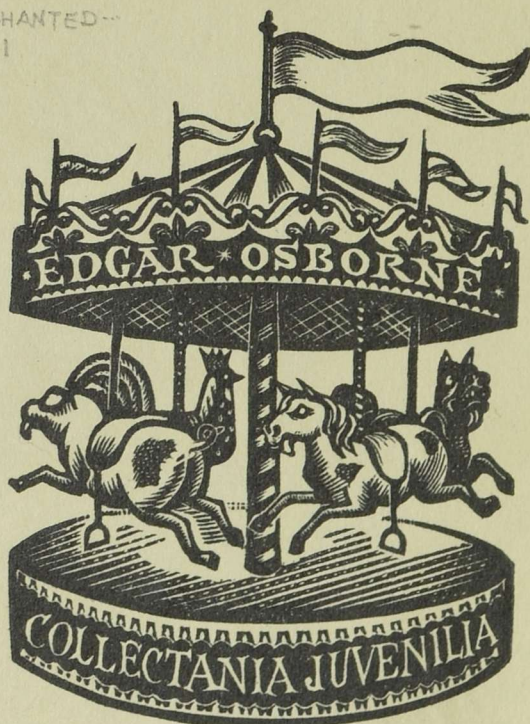


FAMOUS FAIRY TALES.

THE ENCHANTED CROW
AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.

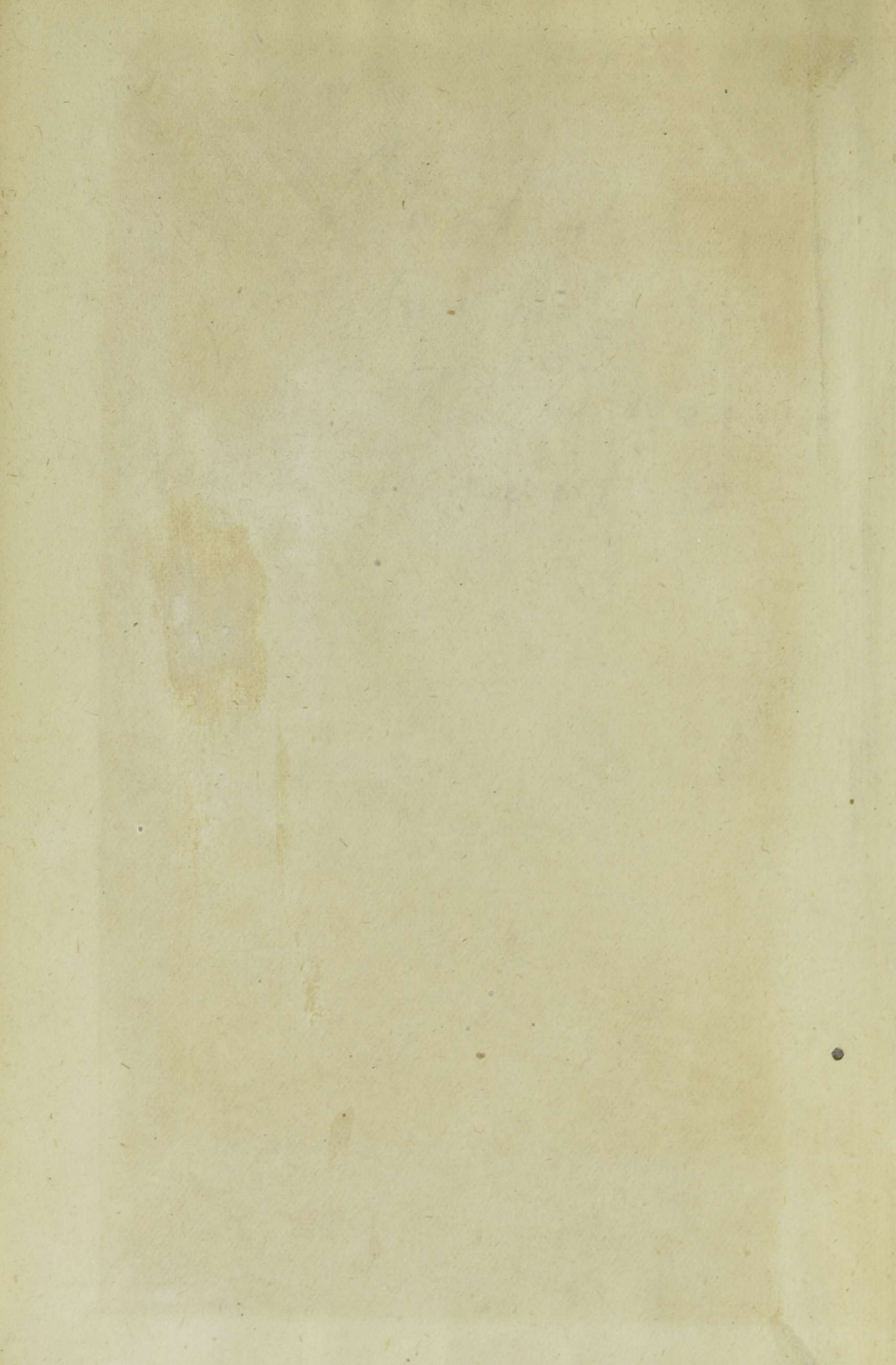
DEAN & SON, ST. DUNSTON'S BUILDINGS. E.C.

FT
ENCHANTED--
1871

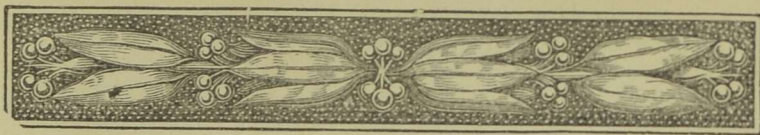


37131 013 237 409

I, 29







THE
ENCHANTED CROW,
AND OTHER
FAMOUS FAIRY TALES.

With Illustrations by
Richard Doyle.



LONDON :
DEAN AND SON, 65, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



THE DRAGON-GIANT AND HIS STONE-STEED.

[Russian.]

~~~~~

**N**OT one amongst the numerous wives of Vladimir the Great was comparable in beauty to the Bulgarian Princess Milolika. Her eyes resembled those of the falcon; the fur of the sable was not more glossy than her eyebrows, and her breast was whiter than snow.

She had been carried off by robbers of the Volga, from the vicinity of Boogord, the capital of her native country, and on account of her rare beauty they deemed her worthy to be a wife of the great monarch. They there-

fore conducted her to Kiev, the residence of the mighty Vladimir, and presented her to him. Vladimir, a good judge of female charms, the moment he beheld her, was enchanted by the surpassing beauty of the Bulgarian princess, and in a short time his love for her became so great that he made her his consort, and dismissed all his other wives. The proud heart of the king's daughter was touched by this proof of his affection, and she rewarded his tenderness with reciprocal and true love.

The life of Vladimir was now one of great happiness. His conquests had procured him riches in superfluity; a long period of peace had augmented the prosperity of his country; his subjects loved him as their father; and the tenderness of Milolika made earth seem to him as heaven.

One day as in company with his consort and his Bojars, he sat in the golden chamber by his oaken table, holding a festival in memory of a victory over the Greeks, the

sound of a warrior's horn was heard at a distance. The rejoicings in the lofty hall suddenly ceased. The monarch and the Bojars cast their eyes to the ground, full of thought and heaviness. Swâtorad alone, the spirited Voivode of Kiev, started up from the table, and leaving his goblet undrained, approached the great monarch. "Thou art," spake he, as he bent low before him, "thou art our father and our lord, thou art the child of renown: wherefore sinks thy head? Why does the sound of the warrior's horn make thy heart heavy? Even if it be a hostile knight who now appears before the capital, hast thou not enough brave heroes to confront any foe? Away then! Send forth thy heralds to demand who dares to defy the country of the Russians?"

Vladimir looked friendly upon the gallant Swâtorad, and thus replied to his address: "I thank thee for thy zeal, good Swâtorad; but my anxiety does not arise from fear. I have defeated hosts, made myself master of

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

fortified cities, and overthrown kings: how should I know fear? But it was my desire henceforth to preserve to my subjects the blessing of peace, and that alone is the cause that this challenge to combat makes me sorrowful. If, however, it must be so, I will defend my country and myself. Go and send heralds to demand who dares to come forth against Kiev, to challenge Vladimir to battle?"

The brave Swâtorad immediately sent forth two heralds, who sprang upon their horses and rushed to the open plain, where they at once beheld a monstrous tent, before which a horse of unusual size was grazing. As soon as the horse perceived them, he stamped upon the ground, and cried aloud in a human voice: "Awake, powerful son of the dragon, Tugarin awake! Kiev sends heralds to thee."

This marvel considerably astounded the heralds, and their amazement was increased when they beheld issuing from the tent a

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

giant of the most monstrous kind, beneath whose footsteps the earth resounded. Yet they did not lose their composure, but discharged their commission as beseemed them well. "Who art thou?" cried they, after they had courteously bent before him. "Who art thou, bold youth from a foreign land? What is thy name, and how stands thy report in thy fatherland? Art thou a Czar, or a Czarewitsch? A king or a king's son? We are sent by the invincible prince of Kiev, the son of renown, by Vladimir, to ask thee why thou darest to advance against Kiev?—how thou darest to challenge him to combat?"

The questions displeased the giant, and he fell into fierce wrath. Lightning flashed from his eyes, his nose sent forth sparks, and he addressed the heralds in a voice of thunder: "Contemptible wights, how dare ye to put such questions to me? The herald's staff alone protects you from my fury. Return, and tell your prince that I am come

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

to fetch his head, in order to carry it to the great king, Trewul, of Bulgaria, who is wrath with him for the abduction of his sister Milolika. Tell him that nought can save him; neither the summit of the mountain, nor the darkness of the forest, and that he cannot redeem his head by gold, nor by silver, by jewels, nor by pearls. What I am called, and what my report is in my country, it needs not that you should know; sufficient, that I show you what I can perform." At these words, he grasped an enormous stone, which lay near the tent, and flung it with such force into the air, that it resembled a little speck.

Full of terror, the heralds returned to Kiev, and presenting themselves before the monarch, related what they had seen and heard. When Milolika heard that the horse had called the stranger knight Tugarin, Son of the Dragon, she grew pale, and a stream of tears bedewed her cheeks. "Ah," cried she, "beloved husband, we are lost! Nought

can save us, but our flight to the sacred Bug. Tugarin is an invincible enchanter. His magic power ceases only on the shores of the Bug. Thither let us fly.”\*

Vladimir endeavoured to re-assure his consort. He represented to her that the brave warriors, and the walls of the impregnable Kiev, would afford them sufficient protection; but Milolika was not to be comforted. “Thou knowest not, beloved husband,” said she, sobbing and crying, “how dangerous is this giant, Tugarin, to me and my family, and how bitterly he must hate thee, since he was my bethrothed, and awaited my hand.” Vladimir besought Milolika to explain to him this enigma, and she related the following:—

“I am the daughter of the Bulgarian king, Bogoris, and of the princess Kuridana. My birth-place is the city Shikotin, where my parents were wont to pass the summer

\* The river Bug was especially held sacred by the Slavonians, and its waters possessed the power to destroy all kinds of magic.

months. As this city lies on the banks of the Volga, it offers great facilities for fishing, a diversion to which my mother was extremely partial.

“Once, when my father was fighting against a neighbouring nation, my mother endeavoured to while away her grief at his absence by her accustomed diversion, and caused the nets to be spread in the Volga. The fish were very plentiful, and a great number of barks and boats covered the river, amongst which, the vessel in which my mother was embarked, was distinguishable by its magnificence and elegance. Surrounded by her ladies, and her body-guard, Kuridana stood in the centre of the vessel, and beheld with pleasure the spectacle of the fishery, when suddenly a mountain, that was situated on the other side of the river, burst with a tremendous crash. Every eye was directed to the spot, and they saw issue from the aperture, a man of rude, and terrific aspect, seated on a car of shining steel drawn by

two winged horses. He directed his course towards the river, and when he reached the water, the steel car rolled over the waves, as if they had been firm land. When it was perceived that he was bending his way to my mother's bark, heralds were dispatched in a boat, to inquire why he presumed to approach the princess without permission. But the fierce being, who was a powerful and malignant enchanter, did not permit the unfortunate heralds to discharge their commission. As they began to speak, he blew upon their boat, upset it, and all who were in it were buried beneath the waves. At this melancholy sight, my mother's attendants seized their bows, and discharged a shower of arrows against the intruder; but in vain, for the arrows rebounded from him, and fell shivered into the water.

“The greatest amazement now seized all present, for they became petrified when the magician with a single word, bound every boat, with its crew, so that they stood

motionless, whilst he, with outstretched arms, hastened towards my mother, and endeavoured to remove her into his car. But some unseen power crippled all his efforts. Each time he endeavoured to seize Kuridana, his arms sank powerless, and he was, at length, obliged to desist from the vain enterprise. He then sprang into the bark, cast himself on his knees before her, and in the most moving, and earnest expressions, besought her love. He promised her all the treasures of the world, and the highest earthly happiness, if she would reward his vehement love with reciprocal affection, or only lay aside the talisman which she wore upon her breast. This talisman, which now preserved her, she had received at her birth from a beneficent enchantress, and as she well knew its force, she had drawn it out of the case where she usually concealed it, and held it before his eyes.

“Then the evil one trembled so violently, that at last, as if stricken by lightning, he fell

to the ground, and not until Kuridana had again enclosed the talisman, did he recover from his insensibility. He then sprang up, and mounted his steel car, uttering the most fearful threats, 'Think not,' cried he, foaming with shame and rage, 'think not to escape my hands; I will possess thee, and will force Bogoris himself, by the most dreadful devastation of his country, to yield thee to me. Behold, I swear by Tschernobog,\* that I will either slay, or gain possession of thee. Thou shalt see me soon again.' With these words he disappeared.

"Kuridana then left the spot, and not believing herself secure in Shikotin, retired to the strong city of Boogord, where she awaited, in great anxiety, the result of this alarming adventure.

"The very next morning, appeared on the plain before the capital city, a dreadful two-headed monster, of that dragon species which,

\* Tschernobog was the evil spirit of the Slavonians, and no one could swear more solemnly, than by Tschernobog.

in the language of my country, is called Sylant. It devoured herbs, and flocks, and men, and devastated the surrounding country with its poisonous breath. In a short time, the region round Boogord became a desert, and many brave warriors, who sought to free their country of this demon, fell victims to their patriotism and valour. The Sylant appeared each morning before the walls, and bellowed out with a fearful voice: ‘Bogoris, give me Kuridana, or I will make thy country a desert!’

“No sooner did my father hear of the misfortune which menaced his people, and his beloved Kuridana, than he left his career of victory, and hastened to the capital. What were his feelings when he beheld the misery which the monster had spread over his land! But greater bitterness still awaited him, for when the first tempest of joy and grief, which his return had excited in the hearts of all, and especially in that of Kuridana, had subsided, this noble-minded princess proposed

herself as a willing sacrifice for the king, and the good Bulgarians. 'No!' cried Bogoris, 'sooner will I perish, than lose thee. I will combat the Dragon. Perhaps the Gods will grant me victory, and if I am vanquished in the fight, at least I shall die for thee, and for my country.' The most generous dispute now arose between the magnanimous pair, and finally they agreed to appeal to the decision of the magnates of the empire, who should decide the dispute.

"The king assembled them, and when they had heard Kuridana's resolution, they loaded her with panegyrics, and expressions of gratitude. 'Thy magnanimous sacrifice alone, Kuridana,' said the eldest of the assembly, an aged man, of a hundred years, 'can rescue us and Bulgaria. For, supposing that Bogoris were to fight with the Sylant, and fall, would not our misfortune be greater still? No, Prince! thou must preserve thyself for thy people, in order to heal the wounds which the Dragon has inflicted.

Kuridana alone can save us.' And all the magnates coincided with the old man, and Bogoris was in despair.

"It was morning, and the dreadful words: 'Bogoris, give me thy wife!' at that moment resounded round the palace. Kuridana courageously arose, embraced her speechless husband, and bade him an eternal farewell.

"At the words '*for ever*,' Bogoris sank senseless on the ground. Manly as his heart had been up to that hour, it could not endure separation from the beloved Kuridana. The high-minded wife bedewed him with her tears, but at length, turning to the nobles, who stood round her weeping, she said: 'Lead me where you will. I am prepared to endure everything for my husband and my country.' They now reverentially supported her trembling steps, and conducted her as rapidly as her weak state permitted, to the front of the city.

"Meanwhile the altars smoked with in-

cense, and both priests and people supplicated for the deliverance of their noble princess.

“Shortly after the magnates had left the palace with Kuridana, Bogoris came to himself, and when he perceived that he was alone, he guessed his misfortune, and his despair knew no bounds. He drew his sword, and was in the act of piercing his breast with it, in order not to survive Kuridana, when a matron of beautiful and majestic aspect stood before him, staid his hand, and thus addressed him :

“‘What, Bogoris ! Dost thou despair ?— Be tranquil ; the Sylant has no power to harm Kuridana. The talisman which she wears on her breast, will, at all times, and under all circumstances, mock his power. I am the enchantress Dobrada, the protectress of thy wife, she who, as thou knewest, hung the talisman around her immediately on her birth. But it is not now requisite that I should reveal to thee the causes which induced me to provide her with that shield

against danger. Enough, that I foresaw at her birth that she would have much to fear from the love of a powerful sorcerer, called Sarragur. And because I am ever willing to do all the good I can, I hung around her this talisman, which protects her from his utmost power, and will now defend her from the Sylant, who is no other than Sarragur himself. For, when he perceived that I was opposed to his passion, and had taken Kuridana under my protection, he sought to avenge himself on me, by every kind of secret mischief, so that I was at length obliged to chastise him. By my superior power, I enclosed him within a mountain by the Volga, and bound his fate by the most awful spell, which even Tschernobog respects, to a golden fish, which I sank in the depths of the Volga. By this spell, Sarragur was to remain in his subterranean prison until some mortal should draw up the golden fish ; and should he ever thus obtain his freedom, he could then never transform himself into an

evil and noxious animal, except on the condition that he should never again resume his own form, and should perish shortly after the transformation. It chanced that a sturgeon swallowed the golden fish, and this sturgeon was caught on the very day when Kuridana was diverting herself with the fishery. Sarragur thus became free, and the first use he made of his freedom was to endeavour to carry off Kuridana, whom he still loved with unabated passion.

“ ‘When this attempt was baffled by the power of the talisman, and still more, when he perceived Kuridana’s aversion for him, he became furious, and transformed himself into the Sylant, although he knew what must be the consequences. Madman, his hour is come, and thou, Bogoris, art destined to destroy him. Receive from my hands the sword of the renowned Egyptian king, Sesostris. It possesses the wonderful power of destroying every spell, and with it thou wilt overpower the sorcerer, though he should summon all

the powers of hell to succour him. Only, mark what I am now about to say. In order to extirpate Sarragur, and every remembrance of him from the earth, thou must cut off both the heads of the Sylant by one stroke. If thou succeed not in doing this, and hewest off but one head, the sorcerer, it is true, will lose his life, but he will escape to his cavern, where, before he expires, he will lay an egg, in which will be enclosed all his magic power, and from the head hewn off, will arise a horse of stone, which shall receive life at the moment the bad spirits shall have hatched the egg, and from this egg will issue the giant Tugarin, who, one day, will be formidable to thy children. For, not only will he inherit from his father the entire power to work evil, whereby so much misery has befallen thee and thy land, but he will also love thy daughter as fiercely as Sarragur loves thy wife. Thy son Trewul will refuse him his sister's hand, and then he will desolate the country, until Milolika's hand is

promised to him. He also is to be conquered by no other weapon than the sword of the wise Sesostris, and a knight who shall live without having been born, is destined to slay him. After thy victory over the Sylant, hang up the sword in thy armoury amongst the other swords there, and at the appointed time fate will give it into the hands destined to wield it. Of that which I have now told thee, reveal not a word, except to thy wife, and she may hereafter repeat it to her daughter.'

"Having uttered these words, Dobrada shrouded herself in a rose-coloured cloud, and disappeared. Heavenly perfumes filled the chamber, and Bogoris felt that all sorrow had vanished from his soul. Hastily he vaulted on his horse, and rushed to deliver his wife and his country from the fell sorcerer.

"When he reached the plain, he beheld the efforts of the Sylant to grasp Kuridana, and how he was impeded by the talisman, from coming close to her. Bogoris imme-

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

diately unsheathed his sword, and flew upon the monster. When the Sylant perceived his antagonist, he sent forth fire streams from both his jaws, which, however, were rendered innocuous by the sword of Sesostris. In order to bring the combat to a speedy conclusion, Bogoris aimed a powerful stroke at the heads of the monster, which would assuredly have separated both from the trunk, and so have extirpated the sorcerer and all remembrance of him from the earth, if the Sylant, at the very moment the stroke fell had not soared into the air. By this movement, he saved one head. The other rolled on the ground, and immediately became stone. Awfully bellowing, the impure being flew to his cavern. Bogoris pursued, but in vain; the Sylant disappeared in the mountain by the Volga, which immediately closed on him.

“My father regretted that he had not succeeded in entirely annihilating the sorcerer and all his brood; but joy at having delivered his beloved wife and his country, soon pre-



Awfully bellowing, the impure being flew to his cavern.

*The Dragon-Giant,—page 20.*



“Yes,” said they, “very possibly they might,” and they looked very attentively at the ornaments.

*The Twelve Lost Princesses,—page 63.*



vailed over sorrow. He committed the future to the Gods, and after he had revealed to my mother the predictions of the good enchantress, he hung up the sword of Sesostris in his armoury.

“My parents passed the remainder of their lives in uninterrupted peace and content. When I was grown up, my mother related to me her history, and at the same time revealed to me what awaited me through the giant Tugarin. She then hung round me the talisman which she had received from Dobrada. Shortly after this both my parents died. After their death I lived several years with my brother in undisturbed tranquillity, till one day the report arose of a wonderful phenomenon of nature, which was to be seen in the vicinity of the capital. The king, my brother, went thither, and I accompanied him. They showed us a stone which daily increased in size, and was assuming the form of an enormous horse. Everybody marvelled at this sport of Nature, as they called it; but

I remembered Dobrada's predictions, and doubted not that the hour of Tugarin's birth, and of my misfortunes, was arrived. Whilst I was still thinking on it, we were alarmed by an earthquake. The neighbouring Sylant Mount,—for from the time the Sylant had escaped thither, it had borne that name,—opened, and a giant of monstrous size stepped forth. He strode across the Volga, and went straight to the stone horse. The moment he laid his hand on it, it became animated. The giant sprang upon it, and dashed towards me. He tried to seize me, but quickly drew back his robber hands, as if they had been burnt. The power of the talisman withstood him. He then turned towards my brother, and cried out in dreadful tones:—  
'Hear, Trewul! I see that thy sister cannot be carried off by force, and therefore I require thee to persuade her to give me her hand voluntarily. I give thee three days for consideration, and when they are expired, I either receive Milolika from thy hands, or

I make thy country desolate.' After these terrible words he departed on his colossal steed, with the rapidity of lightning.

"We returned heavy-hearted to the city, where my brother immediately assembled the council, and laid before it the giant's demand, and his threats. The counsellors were unanimously of opinion, that, as the princess was averse to giving her hand to the giant, an army must be sent against him, of sufficient force to set his menaces at nought. Ten thousand archers, and two thousand horsemen, in armour, were hastily collected, and on the dawn of the third day, were drawn out on the plain before the city, to await the giant. Tugarin soon appeared, and the Bulgarians at once discharged their arrows and darts at him, but they proved as powerless against him as formerly against his father. They rebounded from him as from a rock. At this attack, the giant broke forth with mingled rage and scorn:—  
'What,' bellowed he, 'does Trewul send

troops against me? Must I then become his enemy? Woe to the helpless being!’ And without further delay, he seized the horsemen and archers by the dozen, and swallowed them a dozen at a time, till not a man was left.

“He then began to lay waste and destroy everything round the city. Men and cattle were all engulfed in the monster’s insatiable maw. He shattered the dwellings of the inhabitants with his gigantic fists. Whole forests were uprooted by him, and the hoofs of his enormous horse trod down fields and meadows. At length my brother, in order to put a stop to the universal misery, resolved to sacrifice me. With bitter tears he announced to me that he knew no other means of saving himself and his country from destruction, than to promise my hand to the giant. I replied to him only by my tears, and he reluctantly sent an embassy to invite Tugarin to Boogord. He came. Proudly he advanced to the gate where Trewul and

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

the nobles of the land awaited him. I was in despair. At length I bethought me of a means of escape. I agreed to bestow my hand on the giant, on condition that, through some beneficent power, he should first obtain the form and stature of an ordinary man. I trusted that this would not easily be done, and in the mean time I might be able to effect my escape. Tugarin, blinded by his love for me, did not hesitate to accept the condition, and swore by Tschernobog, that he would not require me to be delivered to him until my requisition was satisfied. He established himself in Boogord, and served my brother with great zeal. I soon found an opportunity of making my escape, and wandering a whole day without food, was at last taken by the robbers of the Volga, and brought to thy court.

“You will now, my beloved husband,” said Milolika, as she concluded her narration, “easily comprehend the danger which threatens you. Tugarin must hate thee, since

thou art my husband. His power is great, and no one can vanquish him, except the knight who came unborn into the world, and no weapon can slay him, but the sword of the wise Sesostris. Thou and all thy brave heroes are powerless against him. Therefore, dear husband, let us flee. On the banks of the sacred Bug we shall be safe; no magic can operate there."

This narration made the deepest impression on the heart of the prince; he could not, however, resolve to abandon his country in the hour of need, and besides, to fly before a single warrior, great as he might be, seemed still not a very honourable proceeding. "What!" exclaimed he, "shall the monarch before whom the East trembles, whose courage the whole world admires, shall he shrink in the moment of danger,—shall he, with all his might, flee before a single foe? No: sooner a hundred times will I die the most cruel death!" But with all this how was he to comfort Milolika? How was he

## *The Dragon-Giant.*

---

to withstand the dreadful giant, seeing that he had not, unborn, beheld the light, neither did he possess the sword of the Egyptian king Sesostris? These difficulties weighed upon his soul. The first, however, he soon disposed of. He bethought himself that the lime with which the walls of Kiev were constructed, had been tempered with water from the sacred Bug, and consequently would prevent the giant from entering the city. This sufficed to tranquillise Milolika, who no longer insisted on flight, as she perceived that her beloved Vladimir was just as secure in Kiev, as he would be on the shores of the Bug. As far as she herself was concerned, the giant could avail nothing, since the power of the talisman would shield her from every danger. But still the thought of the combat with this giant, greatly disturbed the prince. "Where," said he, "is the unborn mortal who is destined, with the sword of Sesostris, to destroy the fell Tugarin?"

Lo! suddenly a knight of bold and noble

aspect, armed with a costly sword, and cased in shining armour, but without shield or lance, rode at full speed into the court of the palace. He sprang from his spirited steed, and gave him to his lusty squire. Then he proudly advanced up the steps, to the golden chamber of the great monarch, and addressed Vladimir as follows:—"My name is Dobrүнä Mikilitsch, and I come to serve thee."

"Thou art welcome," replied Vladimir, "but how is it possible that thou hast escaped the giant Tugarin, who holds the road to Kiev in blockade?"

"Tugarin!" rejoined the knight, "*I* fear him!—already would I have laid his great head at thy feet, but that I desire to achieve that deed in thy presence."

The monarch marvelled at the boldness of the stranger-youth, and inquired if he seriously intended to combat the giant.

"Assuredly," said Dobrүнä, "and with that object am I come to Kiev."

"But knowest thou not, that none can

vanquish the giant, except only a knight who came into the world unborn?"

"I know it," replied Dobrünä, "and that knight am I!"

"Hast thou, then, the sword of Sesostris?"

"Behold it," said Dobrünä, as he drew the sword from its scabbard, "and if thou wilt permit me, mighty prince, to relate to thee my history, thou wilt know that it is I who am appointed by destiny to rid the earth of the monster Tugarin."

The monarch joyfully granted him permission, and Dobrünä thus commenced:—

"It is true that I had both a father and a mother, but not the less did I behold the light of the world without going through the process of being born. Shortly before my mother would have brought me forth, she was slain by robbers, during a journey she was making with my father, to visit a relation. My father being also killed, I must doubtless have perished, if the beneficent enchantress Dobrada, who was just then passing by, had

not rescued me, and taken me under her protection. She carried me to the beautiful island, in the ocean, where she usually dwells, and brought me up with the greatest care. She nourished me with the milk of a lioness, bathed me several times a day in the waves of the ocean, and inured me by day and night to labour and privation. This mode of education rendered my body so strong, that in my tenth year, I was already able to tear up the strongest trees by the root. Six ancient men instructed me in all the six-and-twenty known languages, and in arms, wherein I made such progress, that in my fifteenth year I was able to parry at once all the six swords of my teachers. Dobrada recompensed me for my diligence with the shining armour I now wear, which possesses the virtue of protecting my body from every danger.

“Shortly after that time, the enchantress whom I loved and honoured as a mother, thus addressed me:—‘Dobrünä Mikilitsch,

thy education is completed, and it is time that in foreign lands thou shouldst by knightly deeds acquire renown and honour. Go forth : thou art destined for great things. It is not permitted to me to reveal all the future to thee ; but thus much thou mayst know : thou wilt obtain possession of the wondrous sword of the wise Sesostris of Egypt. As soon as thou approachest it, the sword thou now wearest will fall of itself to the earth, and that of Sesostris will become agitated. Take possession of it in peace, for thou wilt require it, for a great service thou must render to him in whose armoury thou wilt find it ; for with it thou wilt destroy a mighty sorcerer and giant, who has worked him much woe. Whatever else thou mayst require during thy travels,' continued she, 'this ring will supply. Thou hast but to turn it three times on thy finger, in order to see every reasonable wish fulfilled.'

"She then bade me enter a boat into which she followed me. The boat shot

through the waves like an arrow, and I presently sank into a profound sleep. How long our journey was I know not ; for when I awoke I found myself alone on a vast plain, not far from a large city. But Dobrada could not have long quitted me, for the heavenly perfumes which ordinarily surrounded her, yet floated round me, and far in the eastern horizon I saw the rose-coloured cloud which always shrouded her. My soul was now filled with sadness at the thought that I was now separated from the wise and kind Dobrada, whom I loved as my mother.

“At length I regained my composure. I wished that I had a horse and squire that I might ride into the city that lay near me, and as at the same time I accidentally turned on my finger three times the ring, whose virtue I scarcely recollected, I saw at once before me a squire with two horses, of which I selected the finest and the most richly adorned for myself, and left the other for my squire ; and thus I rode into the city.

“At the gate I was informed that the city was called Boogord, and was the capital of the Bulgarian empire. Trewul reigned in Boogord, and the giant Tugarin was at his court. The king had been obliged to promise him the hand of his sister, in order to avert the total ruin of his country, which the giant had devastated until Trewul had acceded to his desire. When I appeared in the king's presence, I made a very favourable impression on him, and he not only received me into his service, but made me keeper of the armoury, the first dignity at the Bulgarian court.

“From the first moment that Tugarin beheld me, he manifested the bitterest hate towards me; and when I heard what evil he had brought on Trewul and his land, I doubted not that he was the sorcerer and giant I was destined to overthrow. But the sword of Sesostrius was still wanting to me. It was, however, not long before this invaluable weapon came into my possession.

“I entered the royal armoury in order to

inspect the weapons entrusted to my care, and I had scarcely crossed the threshold when the sword I wore fell to the ground, and amongst the numerous others that hung there, I observed one moving to and fro. I could not doubt that this was the wonderful sword of the Egyptian king with which I was to slay the giant. I took possession of it with the greater confidence, from the knowledge that by its aid I should rid Trewul of so dangerous an enemy to himself and his family. I girded it upon me, and hung mine in its place.

“From that moment the giant avoided me, knowing most likely by his magic art that I was in possession of the sword that was to be fatal to him, and ere long he disappeared from Boogord, telling the king he was going in search of Milolika.

“I immediately took leave of the king, and set out in pursuit of the giant. I gained information on my way that he had gone to Kiev, where Milolika resided as thy wife. I

hastened after him, and am come, as I see, at the right moment to prevent misfortune. I now await thy permission, mighty prince, to engage in combat thy enemy and mine."

As he concluded Dobrünä bent one knee before the monarch, who rose from his seat, and taking the golden chain from his own neck, threw it round the knight's with the following words: "Let this mark of my favour prove to thee, Dobrünä Mikilitsch, how greatly I rejoice to have so brave a knight in my service. To-morrow thou shalt engage the giant, and I doubt not that thou wilt conquer." He then commanded that an apartment should be prepared for him in the palace, and all due honour be paid to him. Dobrünä returned thanks to the monarch for the favours shown him, and took leave in order to repose after his journey, and to gather strength for the approaching fight.

In the mean time the heralds, by Vladimir's command, went round the city, and sum-

moned the people to assemble on the walls the following morning, to witness the combat between the knight and the sorcerer, and the priests offered up solemn sacrifices to implore blessings on Kiev and the knight, against the malignant sorcerer and the powers which aided him.

Scarcely had the purple-tinted Simzerla\* spread her glowing mantle over the sky, and decked the path of the great light of the world with her thousand coloured rays, before the vast population of Kiev impatiently thronged to the walls in order not to delay the grand spectacle. The monarch attended by his consort and all the magnates of the empire, ascended a tribunal which had been hastily erected over the principal gate of the city for this great event.

The clangor of trumpets and horns at length announced the arrival of the knight. Ten thousand corsletted warriors rode with uplifted lances before him, and drew up in

\* Simzerla was the Aurora of the Slavonians.

two lines before the gate. After them, on a richly caparisoned charger, rode the knight in his shining armour, bearing in his hand the precious sword of Sesostris. The people welcomed him with a cry of joy, and the warriors clashed their arms as he appeared before the gate. With noble bearing and knightly aspect he turned his horse and saluted the monarch by thrice lowering his sword. "Great ruler of Russia," he began, "at thy command I go forth to fight the sorcerer and giant Tugarin, who has presumed to challenge thee to combat." "Go forth," replied Vladimir, "go forth, valiant youth, and fight in my name the vile sorcerer: may the Gods give thee victory!" Dobrүнä then dashed at full speed through the lines of warriors to the white tent, followed by the acclamations and the blessings of the spectators.

The giant, who had been awakened by the unusual noise of the trumpets and horns, and the joyful cries of the people, had already

mounted his horse, and was in the act of riding towards the city to ascertain the cause, when he beheld the knight approaching. When he recognised in him the dreaded keeper of the Bulgarian monarch's armoury, who was in possession of the wonderful sword, he set up a fearful yell. Foaming with rage he rushed with outspread arms against the knight to grasp him; but Dobrүнä laughed at his impotent fury, and in order better to overcome him, he first touched with his sword the enchanted horse, which immediately crumbled into dust. He then caused the magic-destroying weapon of the wise Sesostris to gleam over the head of the sorcerer, who, by the sudden crumbling of his horse, had fallen to the earth. Tugarin's destruction seemed inevitable, and the beholders from the walls already shouted forth their plaudits to the victor, when at once all the powers of hell broke forth to aid their beloved son. A stream of fire crackled between the combatants, fiery serpents hissed





The giant was seen outstretched on the ground, and heard to roar with terror.

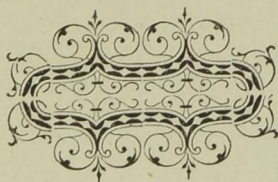
page 39.

around the knight, and a thick cloud of smoke enveloped the giant. But short was this infernal display. Dobrүнä touched the stream with his sword, made a few strokes with it in the air, and the fiery flood and the hissing serpents vanished. He then approached the smoke which concealed the giant, but scarcely had he thrust his sword into it, when like the enchantments that also disappeared. The giant was seen outstretched on the ground, and heard to roar with terror. No sooner did he perceive that the smoke which concealed him had vanished, than he sprang up and rushed, as if in madness, on the knight. Dobrүнä awaited him unmoved, and as the giant stretched forth his monstrous hands for the second time to seize him, he cut them both off with a single stroke. The second stroke of that wondrous sword, wielded by the strong hand of the knight, severed the vile head from the shoulders. The colossus fell, and the earth shook beneath his weight.

Then the people lifted up a cry of joy. A hundred thousand voices shouted, "Long live our monarch, and the conqueror of the giant, Dobrүнä Mikilitsch!"

The knight, who had dismounted to raise the fallen enemy's head on the point of his sword in sign of victory, was about to remount in order to give the monarch an account of his combat, when he beheld him coming towards him, accompanied by his consort and the magnates of the empire. The courteous knight hastened forward and laid the giant's head at his feet. The great prince embraced him in presence of the assembled people, and placed on his finger a gold ring, whilst Milolika hung around him a gold-embroidered scarf. Dobrүнä bent his knee and thanked the royal pair in graceful and courteous words for these marks of favour. They then all returned full of joy to the city, where the festivities and rejoicings in honour of the knight lasted many weeks.

Vladimir also despatched messengers to his brother-in-law, Trewul, to inform him of his marriage with the beautiful Milolika, and the overthrow of their common enemy, the giant Tugarin. Dobrünä, however, remained at the court of Vladimir, and performed many more great and valiant deeds, which procured him great fame and honour, and rendered great service to the monarch; and he became the most beloved and most esteemed, both by prince and people, of all the knights in Vladimir's court.





## THE TWELVE LOST PRINCESSES AND THE WIZARD KING.

[African.]

~~~~~

ONCE upon a time, there lived a king who had twelve daughters, whom he loved so tenderly that he could not bear that they should be out of his presence, except when he was sleeping in the afternoon, and then they always took a walk. On one occasion, it happened that whilst the king was enjoying his afternoon's nap, the princesses went out as usual, but they did not return home. This threw all the inhabitants of the country into the greatest trouble and affliction, but the king was still more grieved

than any of his subjects. He sent messengers to every corner of his kingdom, and into all the foreign lands he had ever heard mentioned, causing search to be made for his daughters; but no tidings could he get of them.

So, after a time, it became quite clear to everybody that they had been carried off by some wizard. The report of this soon spread from city to city, and from country to country, till at last it reached the ears of another king, who lived far, far away, and this king happened to have twelve sons. When the twelve princes heard the marvellous tale about the twelve princesses, they begged their father to permit them to travel in search of the missing royal maidens. The old king, however, for a long time would not hear of any such thing, for he feared that he might never see his sons again; but they threw themselves at his feet, and besought him so long and earnestly that at last he yielded, and gave them leave to set out on their travels. He caused a vessel to be equipped for them,

and gave the charge of it to one of his courtiers, called Commander Rod. Long, long did they sail, and whenever they touched on the coast of any country, they made every inquiry about the princesses, but could not discover the least trace of them.

They had nearly completed the seventh year since they first set sail, when a violent storm arose. It blew such a gale that they thought they never should reach the shore; but on the third day the tempest subsided, and suddenly it became quite calm. All on board were now so fatigued by the hard work they had done during the tempest that they all went to sleep at once, excepting only the youngest prince, who became very restless, and could not sleep at all. Now, whilst he was pacing the deck, the vessel neared an island, and on the shore was a little dog running backwards and forwards, and howling and barking towards the ship as if it wanted to be taken on board. The king's son whistled to it, and tried to entice it to

him, but it seemed afraid to leave the shore, and only barked and howled louder still. The prince thought it would be a sin to leave the poor dog to perish, for he supposed it had escaped there from some ship that had foundered during the storm. He therefore set to work to lower the boat, and after having rowed to the shore, he went towards the little dog, but whenever he was about to lay hold of it, it sprang from him, and so lured him onward, till at last he found himself unexpectedly in the court of a great and magnificent castle, when the little dog suddenly changed into a beautiful princess.

The prince then noticed, sitting on the beach, a man so gigantic and frightful that he was quite alarmed. "You have no cause for uneasiness," said the man; but when the prince heard his voice he was more frightened still.

"I know very well what you want; you are one of the twelve princes who are in search of the twelve lost princesses. I know

also where they are. They are beside my master, each sitting on her own chair, and combing the hair of one of his heads, for he has twelve. You have now been sailing about for seven years, and you have to sail for seven years more before you will find them. As to what concerns yourself, individually, you should be welcome to remain here and marry my daughter, but you must first kill my master, for he is very harsh to us, and we have long been quite tired of him: and when he is dead I shall be king in his place. Try now if you can wield this sword," said the wizard, for such he was.

The prince tried to grasp a rusty sword which hung against the wall, but could not stir it from the spot.

"Well, then you must take a draught out of this flask," said the wizard.

The prince did so, and was then able to unhang the sword from the wall; after a second draught he could raise it, and the

third enabled him to wield it with as much ease as his own.

“When you return on board the vessel,” said the wizard prince, “you must conceal the sword in your hammock, so that Commander Rod may not see it. He cannot wield it, I know, but he will hate you on that account, and try to kill you. When seven more years all but three days shall have passed away,” he continued, “the same that has befallen you now will again occur: a violent gale will arise, with storm and hail, and when it is over, all will be again fatigued, and lie down in their hammocks. You must then take the sword, and row to land. You will arrive at a castle guarded by wolves, bears, and lions, but you need not fear them; they will crawl at your feet. As soon as you enter the castle, you will see the giant sitting in a splendidly adorned chamber, and a princess will be seated on her own chair, beside one of his twelve heads. As soon as you see him you must with all speed cut off

one head after the other, before he awakes, for should he do that, he will eat you alive."

The prince returned to the ship with the sword, and did not forget what the wizard had told him. The others were still lying sound asleep, so he concealed the sword in his hammock without Commander Rod or any of the others perceiving it. A breeze now sprang up, and the prince awakened the crew, and told them that with such a fair wind they must no longer lie sleeping there. Time wore on, and the prince was for ever thinking of the adventure that awaited him, and much doubted that it would have a fortunate issue.

At last, when seven years all but three days were over, everything happened just as the wizard had foretold. A fierce tempest arose, and lasted three days, and when it was over the whole crew were fatigued, and lay down to sleep in their hammocks. The youngest prince, however, then rowed to the shore, and there he found the castle, guarded

by wolves, bears, and lions, who all crawled at his feet, so that he entered without opposition. In one of the apartments sat the king, asleep, and the twelve princesses sat each on her chair, employed as the wizard had said. The prince made signs to them that they should retire; they however pointed to the wizard, and signed to him in return that he had better quickly withdraw. But he tried to make them understand, by looks and gestures, that he was come to deliver them, and when, at length, they understood his design, they stole softly away one after the other. Then the prince rushed on the wizard king, and cut off his heads, so that the blood flowed like a great river, and when he had convinced himself that the wizard was dead, he rowed back to the vessel, and again concealed the sword. He thought he had now done enough unaided, and as he could not carry the giant's corpse out of the castle without assistance, he resolved that the others should help him. He therefore awakened

them, and told them it was a shame that they should lie sleeping there, whilst he had found the princesses, and delivered them out of the wizard's power. They all laughed at him, and said he must have been asleep too, and had only dreamt that he had become such a hero; for it was far more likely that one of themselves should deliver the princesses than such a youth as he.

Then the prince told them all that had happened, so they consented to row to the land, and when they beheld the river of blood, and the wizard's castle, and his twelve heads lying there, and saw also the twelve princesses, they were convinced that he had spoken the truth, and so assisted him in throwing the heads and the corpse of the wizard into the sea. They were now all right merry and pleased, but none were better pleased than the princesses to be delivered from the task of sitting all day beside the giant, combing his twelve heads.

The princes and princesses, after they had

collected as much of the gold and silver, and as many of the costly articles in the castle as they could carry, returned to the vessel, and again set sail. They had not gone far, however, when the princesses recollected that, in their joy, they had omitted to bring away with them their golden crowns, which were in a great chest, and these they very much desired to have with them. As no one else seemed inclined to go back for them, the youngest of the king's sons said: "Since I have already dared to do so much, I may as well also fetch the golden crowns, if you will take in the sails and wait my return."

Yes, they were willing to do that; they would lower the sails and wait till he returned. But the prince was no sooner out of sight of the vessel than Commander Rod, who wished to play the principal part, and to marry the youngest princess, said: "It was no use for us to stay here waiting for the prince, who, we may be sure, will not come back; besides," added he, "you know full well that the king

has given to me full power to sail when and where I think proper;" then he insisted further that they should all say that it was he who had set the princesses free: and if any one of them should dare to say otherwise it should cost him his life. The princes were afraid to contradict him, so they sailed away. Meanwhile the younger prince had rowed to the shore, and soon found in the castle the chest containing the golden crowns; and after a great deal of trouble and fatigue, for it was very heavy, he succeeded in heaving it into the boat. But when he got out into the open sea, the ship was no longer in sight. He looked north, south, east, and west, but no trace could he discover of it, and he quickly guessed what had occurred. He knew that to row after it would be quite useless, so he had only to turn back and row again to the shore. It is true that he was rather alarmed at the idea of passing the night all alone in the castle, but there was no avoiding it; so he screwed up his courage as

well as he could, locked all the gates and doors, and lay down to sleep in a bed which he found ready prepared in one of the apartments. But he felt very uneasy, and became much more terrified, on presently hearing in the roof over his head, and along the walls, a creaking and cracking, as if the castle were about to split asunder; and then came a great rustling close to his bed, like a whole haystack falling down. However, he was in some degree comforted when he, immediately after the noise, heard a voice bidding him not to be alarmed:

“Fear not, fear not, thy friend I am;
I am the wondrous bird called Dam.
When thou’rt in trouble call on me:
I shall be near to succour me.”

said the voice, and then added: “As soon as you wake to-morrow morning, you must go directly to the Stabur*, and fetch me four bushels of rye for my breakfast; I must have a good meal, or I can do nothing for you.”

* A building used as a kind of store-room, and supported on short pillars, so as not to allow it to touch the ground.

When the prince awoke in the morning, he saw by his bed-side a terribly large bird, who had a feather at the back of his head as long as a half-grown fir tree. The prince immediately went to the Stabur and brought thence four bushels of rye, as the wondrous bird Dam had commanded, who, as soon as he had taken his breakfast, desired the prince to hang the chest containing the golden crowns on one side of his neck, and as much gold and silver as would balance it on the other, and then to get upon his back and hold fast by the long feather. The prince obeyed and off they went, whizzing through the air at such a rate, that in a very short time they found themselves exactly above the ship. The prince then wished to go on board, that he might get the sword which the wizard had given him.

But the wondrous bird Dam told him that he must not do so: "Commander Rod," added he, "will not discover it; but if you go on board he will try to kill you, for he




The Prince obeyed, and off they went, whizzing through the air.

page 54.

very much wishes to marry the youngest princess; but make yourself easy about her, for every night she places a drawn sword on the bed by her side."

At last they reached the castle of the wizard prince, who gave the young prince a hearty welcome. He seemed as if he could not make enough of him, for having killed his sovereign, in whose stead he was now king. He would willingly have given his daughter and half his kingdom to the young prince, but that the latter was so much in love with the youngest of the twelve princesses, that he could think of no one but her, and he was all impatience to be off again.

The wizard, however, besought him to have little patience, and told him that the ses were doomed to sail about still for twice seven years before they could return home. As to the youngest princess, the wizard said exactly the same as the wondrous bird Dam: "You may be quite at ease concerning her," said he, "for she always carries

a drawn sword to bed with her. And if you do not believe me, you may go on board when they next sail past this place, to convince yourself; at the same time, bring me the sword I lent you, for I *must* have it back."

Now after seven years' more wandering, the princes and princesses were again sailing past the island; a terrible storm came on as before, and after it was over the king's son went on board and found them all fast asleep as on the former occasions; but by each of the princes a princess also lay asleep. Only the youngest princess slept alone, with a naked sword beside her; and on the floor, in front of the bed, lay Commander Rod, also sound asleep. The king's son took the sword from his hammock, and rowed to the island, without any one having perceived that he had been on board.

The prince, however, grew more and more impatient, always wishing to set out again.

At length, when the second seven years were completed all but three weeks, the

wizard said to him: "Now you may prepare for your voyage, since you are determined not to remain with us. I will lend you an iron boat that will go of itself on the water, by your merely saying to it: 'Boat, go forwards.' In the boat you will find a boat-hook, which you must lift up a little when you see the ship right before you. Such a fresh breeze will then spring up, that the ship's crew will forget to look after you. As soon as you get near the ship, raise the boat-hook a little higher, and then a storm will arise that will give them other work to do than spying after you. When you shall have passed the ship, raise the boat-hook for the third time, but you must be careful each time to lay it down again, else there will be such a tempest, that you, as well as the others, will perish. On reaching the shore, you need take no further trouble about the boat than to turn it upside down, shove it into the sea, and say: 'Boat, go home again.'"

When the prince was departing, he re-

ceived from the wizard so much gold and silver, together with other treasures, and clothes and linen which the princess had made for him during his long stay in the island, that he was a great deal richer than any of his brothers.

He had no sooner seated himself in the boat and said, "Boat, go forwards," than on it went, and when he came in sight of the ship, he raised the boat-hook, and a breeze sprang up, so that the crew forgot to look after him; and on nearing the vessel he did the same, when such a storm and gale arose, that the ship was covered with white spray, and the waves broke over the deck, so that the crew had no leisure to remark him. At last when he had passed the ship, he raised the boat-hook the third time, and the crew found enough to do to make them quite forget him. He reached the land long before the ship, and taking his property out of the boat, he turned it over, shoved it into the sea, saying, "Boat, go home," and off it went.

He now disguised himself as a sailor, and went to the wretched hovel of an old woman, to whom he said he was a poor shipwrecked sailor, the only one of the crew who had escaped drowning; and he begged shelter in her hut for himself and the things he had saved from the wreck.

“Ah, heaven help me,” replied the woman, “I can give no one shelter. I have not even a bed for myself, let alone any one else.”

Oh! that did not signify, said the sailor, so that he had but a roof over his head, it was all one to him what he lay upon; therefore she would not surely refuse him the shelter of her roof, since he was content to take things as he found them.

In the evening, he brought his things to the cottage, and the old woman, who did not at all dislike to have something new to talk about, began inquiring who he was, where he had been, and whither he was going; what were the things he had brought with him; on what business he was travelling, and

whether he had heard anything of the twelve princesses who had disappeared so many years ago, and a number of other questions.

But the sailor replied that he felt so ill, and had such a terrible headache from the fatigues he had undergone during the storm, that he could not recollect anything that had passed; but that after he should have had a few days repose, and recovered from his labours, she should hear all.

The next day, however, the old woman renewed her questions, but the sailor pretended still to have such a terrible headache, that he could not rightly remember anything; though he did let a word or two drop, as by accident, which showed that he did know something about the princesses.

Off ran the old woman to tell this news to all the gossips in the neighbourhood, who hurried one after the other to the hut, to hear all about the princesses; and to ask if the sailor had seen them, whether they were soon coming, and a hundred other questions.

Still the sailor had such a terrible headache, that he could not answer their questions. Thus much, however, he did say: that if the princesses were not wrecked during that fierce storm, they would certainly arrive in fourteen days, or even sooner. He had certainly seen them alive, but they might have since perished.

One of the gossips went forthwith to the royal residence, and related all she had heard; and when the king heard it, he desired that the sailor should be brought to him.

The sailor replied, "I have no clothes in which I can appear before the king."

But he was told that he must go, for the king must and would see him, whatever appearance he might make, for he was the first person who had ever brought any news of the princesses. So he entered the king's presence, when he was asked if he had really seen the princesses.

"Yes," said the sailor, "but I know not if they are still live, for when I saw them, it was

during such a fierce storm, that we were wrecked. But if they did not then go to the bottom, they may be here in about fourteen days, or perhaps sooner."

When the king heard this, he was almost frantic with joy, and at the appointed time for the arrival of the princesses, he went down to the shore in state to meet them: and great was the rejoicings through the land, when at last the ship sailed into port, with the princes, and princesses, and Commander Rod. The eleven elder princesses were in high spirits and good humour; but the youngest, whom Commander Rod was anxious to marry, was very sad and wept incessantly, for which the king chid her, and asked her why she was not happy and cheerful, like her sisters. She had no cause, thought he, to be sad, now she was delivered from the wizard, and had such a fine man as Commander Rod for her lover. The Princess, however, durst not tell the truth, for Commander Rod had told the king that it was himself who had liberated the

princesses, and had threatened to kill any one who should say otherwise.

One day, while the princesses were making their wedding clothes, a man in a coarse sailor's jacket, with a pedlar's pack on his back, came and asked them if they would not like to buy some fine things for their wedding, for he had some costly articles of gold and silver.

"Yes," said they, "very possibly they might," and they looked very attentively at the ornaments, and still more so at him, for they could not help fancying that they had seen both him and the goods before.

At last the youngest princess said, that he who had such costly articles, might perhaps have others still more suitable to them.

"Very possibly," returned the pedlar.

But her sisters bade her be quiet, and remember Commander Rod's threat.

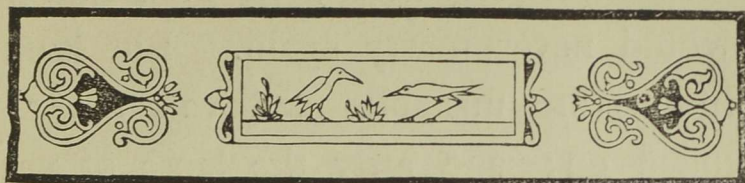
Shortly after, when the princesses were sitting at the window, the king's son came again in his coarse sailor jacket, carrying the chest with the golden crowns.

On entering the hall, he opened the chest, and now when the princesses recognised each her own golded crown, the youngest princess said:—"To me it seems only fair and just, that he who suffers for us, should receive the reward to which he is entitled; our deliverer is not Commander Rod, but he who has now brought us our golden crowns, is also he who destroyed the wizard."

Then the king's son threw off his jacket, and stood there far more splendidly attired than any of the rest.

The king now caused Commander Rod to be put to death for his perfidy, and gave his daughter in marriage to the young prince.

The rejoicings in the royal residence were very great, and each prince took his princess away to a different realm, so that the tale was told and talked about in no less than twelve distinct kingdoms.



THE WOLF AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Swedish.]

~~~~~

**I**N ancient times, when matters went on in the world very differently from what they now do, there reigned a king in Scotland who had the loveliest queen that ever graced a throne. Her beauty and amiability were such, that her praise was sung by every minstrel and tale-teller, and they called her the Scottish phoenix. This fair queen bore to her husband two children, a son and a daughter, and then died in the prime of her youth.

The king mourned for her many years,

and could not forget her; he even said that he would never marry again. But human resolutions are unstable, and can never be depended on; and after the lapse of years, when the children were already grown up, he took to himself a second wife. The new queen was an evil-disposed woman, and made indeed a stepmother to the king's children. Yet the prince and princess were mirrors of grace and loveliness, and this was the cause of their stepmother's hatred of them; for the people, who loved the memory of the former queen, were constantly praising the young people, but never said anything about her; and whenever she appeared in public with the young princess, they always applauded and welcomed the latter, exclaiming, "She is good and fair like her mother." This roused her jealousy; she was full of spite towards them, and pondered how she might play them some evil trick; but she concealed the malignity of her heart under the mask of friendliness, for she dared not let the king

perceive that she was ill-disposed towards them, and the nation would have stoned her and torn her in pieces if she had done them any harm.

The princess, who was called Aurora, was now fifteen years of age, blooming as a rose, and the fairest princess far and near. Many king's sons, princes and counts, courted her and sought her hand; but she replied to them all, "I prefer my merry and unfettered girlhood to any lover," and thereupon they had nothing to do but to return from whence they came.

At last, however, the right one came. He was a prince from the East, a handsome and majestic man, and to him she was betrothed with the consent and approbation of the king and of her stepmother. Already the bridal wreath was twined; musicians were hired for the dance, and the whole nation rejoiced at the approaching nuptials of the fair Princess Aurora. But far other thoughts were in the queen's heart, and with threatening gestures

she said to herself, "I will hire musicians who shall play a very different tune, and those feet shall dance elsewhere than in the bridal chamber. For," continued she, "this throws me quite in the shade, and my sun must set before this Aurora; especially now that she is going to have such a stately man for her husband, and will give descendants to her father, for I am childless. The nation, too, delights in her, and receives her with acclamation, but takes no note of me. Yet I am the queen; yes, I am the queen, and soon all shall know that it is I who am queen, and not Aurora."

And she meditated day and night how she might ruin the princess and her brother; but not one of her wicked plans succeeded, for they were too well guarded by their attendants, who valued them like the apple of their eye, and never left them day nor night, because of the dear love they bore to their mother, the departed queen.

At length the bridal day arrived, and the

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

queen having no more time to lose, bethought herself of the most wicked art she knew, and approaching the young people in the most friendly way possible, begged them to go with her into the rose-garden, where she would show them a wonderfully beauteous flower which had just opened. Willingly they went with her, for the garden was close to the palace, and no one suspected any evil, for it was only mid-day, and the king and the grandees of the land were all assembled in the great hall of the palace where the nuptials were to be solemnised.

The queen led her step-children to the furthestmost corner of the garden where grew her flowers, till they came beneath a dark yew tree, where she pretended to have something particular to show to them. Then she murmured to herself some words in a low tone, broke off a branch from the tree, and with it gave some strokes on the backs of the prince and princess. Immediately they were transformed. The prince, in the shape of a

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

raging wolf, sprang over the wall and ran into the forest; and the princess as a grey bird, called a nightingale, flew into a tree and sang a melancholy air.

So well did the queen play her part, that no one suspected anything. She ran shrieking to the castle, and with rent clothes and dishevelled hair sank on the steps of the hall, acting as if some great disaster had befallen her, and by the king's command her women carried her to her chamber. A full quarter of an hour passed ere she came to herself. Then she assumed an attitude of grief, wept, and exclaimed, "Ah, poor Aurora, what a bridal day for thee! Ah, unfortunate prince!"

After repeatedly exclaiming in this manner, she at length related that a band of robbers had suddenly burst into the garden, and had forcibly torn the royal children from her arms, and carried them off; that they had struck herself to the ground and left her half dead; and she then showed a swelling on her

forehead, to produce which she had purposely hit her head against a tree. They all believed her words, and the king commanded all the great lords, and counts, and knights, and squires, to mount their horses and pursue the robbers. They traversed the forest in all directions, and visited every cave, and rock, and mountain, for at least three miles round the palace, but they could not find a trace of either the robbers or the prince and princess. The king, however, could not rest, and caused further search and enquiries to be made, for weeks and months; and he sent messengers into all the countries he could think of; but all was in vain, and at length it was as if the prince and princess had never been in existence, so entirely had they disappeared.

The old king, however, thought that the robbers had been tempted by the fine jewels that the prince and princess wore on the wedding day, and that they had stripped them of those and then murdered them, and buried their bodies in some secret place: this so

grieved him that he shortly after died. On his deathbed, as he had no children, he bestowed his kingdom on his wife, and besought his subjects to be true and obedient to her as they had been to him. They gave their promise, and acknowledged her as queen, more out of love for him than for her.

Thus four years passed away, when, in the second year after the king's death, the queen began to govern with great rigour; and with the treasures the king had left behind him, she hired foreign soldiers whom she brought over the sea to guard her and to keep watch over the palace; for she knew that she was not beloved by her subjects, and she said, "That they should now do out of fear what they would not do for love."

And so it came to pass, that from day to day she became more hated by every one, but nobody durst show his hate, for the slightest whisper against her was punished with death. Nevertheless, the murmurs and whispers still

went on; and it was commonly said among the people, that the queen had a hand in the children's disappearance; for, in truth, there were plenty of persons who, on account of her sharp eyes and her affected love for the children, suspected her of evil practices against them. These murmurs, so far from dying away, went on increasing; but the queen cared not for them, and thought "they will remain the brutes into which I have transformed them, and no one will deprive me of the crown." However, things turned out otherwise than she expected.

Meanwhile the poor royal children led a sorry life. The prince had fled to the forest as a grey wolf, and was obliged to conduct himself like a wolf, and howl like one too, and by day to wander about in desolate places, and to prowl about at night like a thief; for wolfish fear had also sprung up in his heart. And also, he was obliged to live like other wolves, on all sorts of prey—on wild animals and birds, and in the dreary winter-time he

was often obliged to content himself with a mouse, and live on very short commons, and with chattering teeth, to make his bed amongst the hard cold stones. And this certainly was very different from the princely mode of life to which he had been accustomed previous to his being driven into this wild savage misery.

He had, however, one peculiarity, which was, that he only destroyed and devoured animals, and never desired to take human blood. Yet there was *one* after whose blood he did thirst, and that was the wicked woman who had transformed him; but she took very good care never to go where she might be within reach of that wolf's teeth. It must not, however, be supposed that the prince, who was now a wolf, still preserved human reason. No; all had grown dark within him, and under the form of the beast as which he was condemned to scour the forest, he had also very little more than brute understanding. It is true, a dim instinct often

drew him towards the royal residence and its gardens, as though he had cause to expect that he should find prey there; but he had no clear remembrance of the past: how indeed should it have lasted under a wolf's skin? At those moments when he felt the impulse, he was always also seized with unusual fierceness; but as soon he came within a thousand paces of the spot, a cold shudder passed through him and compelled him to retire. This was the effect of the queen's magic art, which enabled her to keep him banished from her to just that distance, and no further.

She, however, did all in her power to destroy him, and caused her attendants to hunt very frequently in the forest which surrounded the castle, thinking that it was most probable that he was still there. On this account, twice in almost every week, she caused noisy hunts and battues after wolves and foxes to be held there; and, as a pretext for these, she kept a great many pretty deer

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

there, of which our royal wolf did not fail to devour as many as he could catch. He, however, always contrived to escape the danger, although the dogs often had their claws in the hair of his back, and the hunters aimed many a shot at him. He concealed himself for the moment, and when the noise ceased and the bugles no longer resounded, he returned to the thicket, which was close to the castle, and lay in the sunny spot where, as a boy and youth, he had often played. Still he knew nothing of the past, but it was a mysterious love that drew him thither.

The Princess Aurora as we have said had flown up into a tree, being transformed into a nightingale. But her soul had not become dark beneath its light feathery garb, like the prince's within the wolf's hide; and she knew much more than he, both of her own self and of men, only she was deprived of the power of speech. But she sang all the more sweetly in her solitude, and often so beautifully, that the beasts skipped and leaped with

delight, and the birds gathered round her, and the trees and flowers rustled and bent their heads. I think the very stones might have danced had they but had the power to love, but their hearts were too cold. Men would soon have remarked the little bird, and much talk would have arisen about her, but some secret power withheld them from entering the wood, so that they never heard the nightingale sing.

I have already related how the queen persecuted the poor royal wolf with hunts and battues, so that he was the innocent cause of great trouble and inconvenience to the whole wolvine family. As great evil too befel the little birds, and in those days of tyranny, it was a great misfortune to be born either a thrush, a linnet, or a nightingale, in the neighbourhood of the castle. For the queen, after the death of the king, had thrown all the power into her own hands, suddenly pretended to have an illness of so peculiar a kind, that not only were the cries, cawing, and

chattering of birds of prey insupportable to her, but even the sweetest twittering and warbling of the merry little birds affected her unpleasantly; and in order to make people believe this, she fainted on two occasions when she heard them sing.

This, however, was only a deception; her wicked aim was to kill the little nightingale, if by chance it should still frequent those groves and gardens. She knew full well that the little bird could not approach within a hundred paces of the castle, for she had cast her witch-spell upon her, as well as upon her brother. Under the pretext of this nervous sensibility to tender and delicate sounds, war was waged, not only against the pretty little royal nightingale, but against all the warblers in the vicinity. They were all proscribed and outlawed, and the queen's foresters and gamekeepers received the strictest orders to wage war against every feathered creature, and not to spare even the robin: no, nor the wren, at whom no sportsman ever before fired shot.

This terrible hatred of the queen's was a misfortune for the whole feathered race, not only for those which lived at large in the woods and groves, but even for those which were kept in the court-yards and houses. No feathered creature was to be found in the capital city, nor in the vicinity of the royal residence; for the people thought to pay court to the queen, and to win her favour, by imitating her caprices. There was a destruction of the feathered tribe, like another slaughter of the innocents. How many thousand canaries, goldfinches, linnets, and nightingales; nay, even how many parrots and cockatoos, from the East and West Indies, had their necks wrung! Discordant, or melodious throats, the chattering, and the silent, were all menaced with one fate; it became a crime to be born either a goose, or a turkey, or a hen; and the common domestic fowls grew as scarce as Chinese golden pheasants. If the queen had waged such war against the feathered race for

another ten years, they would have quite died out of the country. Indeed, not only were all the birds murdered, but scarcely did a human being now take a walk in the wood, for fear of being suspected of going thither in hopes to hear the song of a bird.

And thus it was, that no one ever heard the wondrous song of the little nightingale, except here and there a solitary sportsman, and these never spoke of it, lest they should be punished by the queen for not having shot it. And indeed, to the honour of the foresters it must be said, that most of them followed their own good disposition, and seldom shot any little bird, but they were obliged to fire through the forest till it rang again. And this prevented any singing, and indeed many birds withdrew from it altogether, on account of the incessant noise, and never returned. The little nightingale, however, whom heaven especially protected, so that she escaped all the plots against her life, could not forsake the green forest behind

the castle, where, in her childhood, she had played, and skipped about, so that although she flew away as soon as the bugles sounded, and the halloos and hurrahs echoed through the wood, she always returned again. And although her little songs, as coming from a sad heart, were, for the most part, melancholy and plaintive, still it was pleasing to her to live so amongst the green trees and gay flowers, and to sing something sweet to the moon and stars; and she was unhappy only during a few months in the year. This was the season when autumn approached, and she was obliged to go with the other nightingales into foreign climes until the return of spring.

The little feathered princess confined herself then mostly to the trees and meadows where she had sported as a child; or in later years, with companions of her own age, had twined wreaths and garlands; or in the happiest days of her life, had wandered in those solitudes with her beloved. Her favourite haunt was a spot where grew a

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

thick green oak, which spread over a murmuring rivulet, and which served as a covert for the soft whispers of their love. In this place she often saw the wolf, who was also led thither by a dim feeling of the past, but she knew not that it was her unfortunate brother. Yet she grew attached to him, because he so often lay down and listened to her song as though he understood it; and she often pitied him for being a harsh and wild wolf, that could not flutter from bough to bough, like herself and other little birds. But now I must also tell of a man, who, in that solitary forest, was often a listener to the little nightingale. This man was the eastern prince, her destined bridegroom when she was yet a princess.

Whilst the old king yet lived, he loved this prince beyond all other men, because of his virtues and valour, and on his death-bed had recommended him to the queen as her counsellor and helper in all difficulties and dangers, and especially as a brave and ex-

perienced warrior. On this account, after the king's death, he had remained about the queen, solely for love of the departed. But he soon perceived that the queen hated him, and was even plotting against his life, so he suddenly withdrew from her court, and left the country. She, however, caused him to be pursued as a traitor and a fugitive, and sent forth a decree, proclaiming him an outlaw, by which every one was empowered to slay him, and bring his head, on which a high price was set, to the royal castle. But he escaped to his father's land, which lay many hundred miles to the east of the queen's palace, and there dwelt with him. Still in his heart, he found no rest, and his grief for his vanished princess never subsided. A wonderful thing also came upon him, for once every year he disappeared, without any one being able to discover whither he went. He then saddled his horse, clad himself in obscure-looking armour, and rode off, so that no one could trace his path. He felt himself

impelled to enter the country of the queen who had outlawed him, and to visit that forest wherein the princess had disappeared. This powerful impulse seized him annually, just before the time when the princess had vanished, and he rode through wild, desolate, and remote places, until he reached the well-known spots, where he had once wandered with his betrothed. The green oak by the rivulet, was also his favourite place. There he passed fourteen nights in tears, and prayers, and lamentations for his beloved; by day, however, he concealed himself in the neighbouring thicket. There he had often seen and heard the little nightingale, and taken delight in her wonderful, and almost bird-surpassing song.

Yet they knew nought of each other; and although the little bird always felt sadness, and longing in her heart, when the knight had ridden away, still she knew not wherefore, and her deep and languishing Tin! Tin! still resounded in his heart when he

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

had returned to his father-land. It was, however, with him, as with most other men who love, or do something mysterious, which puzzles all around them, he was not conscious of his own secret. That he was impelled each year to ride stealthily away he knew full well—but wherefore he was so impelled, he knew not at all.

Now a long time had passed since the death of the king, and it was already the sixth year since the royal children had disappeared, and the queen lived in splendour and enjoyments, and caused the beasts to be hunted, and the birds to be shot, and was no less harsh and cruel to her subjects than to the wild inhabitants of the woods. She fancied herself almost omnipotent, and thought her good fortune and power would have no end. Still, ever since that day, she had never entered the forest, a secret terror had always withheld her. She, however, did not allow herself to dwell upon it, nor did she perceive that a magic spell was the real cause.

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

Now it came to pass that she had appointed a grand festival and banquet, to which were invited all the princes and princesses of the kingdom, and all the nobles and all the principal officials. In the afternoon a grand wolf hunt was to take place in the forest, at which the princes intreated her to be present.

She hesitated a long while under all kinds of pretences, but at last she allowed herself to be persuaded. She, however, placed herself in a very high chariot, and bade three of her bravest warriors, completely armed, to seat themselves beside her. She also commanded several hundred armed outriders to keep before and behind and by the side of the chariot, and a long train of carriages, full of lords and ladies, followed. The wolf was never out of her thoughts, but she said to herself: "Let the wolf come; nay, let a hundred wolves even come, this brave company will soon make an end of them." Thus does providence blind even the most far-seeing and cunning when they are ripe

for punishment; for it had been foretold to her by other masters of her godless art, that she must beware of the sixth year. But of that she thought not then.

And it was a fair and cheerful spring day, and they went out into the forest with trumpets and horns, and the steeds neighed and the arms clashed, and the naked swords and spears glittered in the sun; but the queen outshone them all in her most splendid attire and all her jewels, as she sat enthroned in her high chariot. Already the chase had commenced with loud huzzas and hurrahs, and the clanging horns of the hunters and the baying of the dogs. Then a lion rushed before them followed by a boar; but they did not fear, and every man stood firm at his post, and they struck down the monsters. But ere long came a still more dreadful beast, which filled them all with alarm. A tremendous wolf rushed from the thicket upon the green plain, and howled so awfully, that hunters, dogs, and riders, all took flight. The wolf ran like

an arrow from a bow; nay, he did not run, but flew between the men and horses, and not one of these remembered that he was armed with a bow, and a spear, and a sword, so dreadful was the aspect of the monster, and so terrifically did he open his foaming jaws. The queen, who saw him making towards her chariot, shrieked "Help! help!" The women screamed and fainted, many a man cowardly did the same. No one thought of obstructing the wolf's course, and with one spring, he threw himself on the chariot, tore from it the proud woman, and dyed his teeth and jaws in her blood. All the rest had fled, or stood at bay.

And oh, wonder! when they endeavoured to rally their courage in order to attack, the wolf was no more to be seen, but where he had just stood appeared the form of a handsome and armed young man! The men were astonished at the magic change, but some brandished their weapons as though they would attack him as a second monster.

Then suddenly an ancient lord came forward from among them, the chancellor of the kingdom, and forbade them, crying aloud, "By my grey hairs I charge you, men, hold off! You know not whom you would strike;" and before they could collect their thoughts he lay prostrate on the ground before the young man and kissed his knees and hands, saying, "Welcome, thou noble blossom of a noble sire, who again art risen in thy beauty! And rejoice, oh nation; the son of thy lawful king is returned, and he is now your king!"

At these words many hastened round and recognised the prince, and hailed him as their lord, and then the rest followed their example. They were full of terror, and astonishment, and joy, all at once, and thought no more of the demolished queen nor of the wolf; for that the prince had been the wolf they had no idea.

The young king desired them all to follow him to his father's castle; he also stopped the

chase, and the horns and trumpets which just before had disturbed the woods, now resounded before him to celebrate his happy return. And when again he was within, and looked down from his father's turrets, tears filled his eyes, and he wept both in joy and sorrow; for he now remembered all his trouble and thought of the bitter past, which lay upon him like a heavy dream. Then suddenly all grew clear in his mind, and he was able to relate to the chancellor and the nobles of the kingdom what had befallen him, and that only by the heart's blood of the old wicked witch, who was called his stepmother and their queen, could he be restored to his own form. The report of this astonishing wonder immediately circulated through the city and amongst the whole nation; and they all rejoiced that their beloved king's son was restored to them, and that the queen, whom they hated, had been torn in pieces by the fangs of the wolf which she herself had created.

*The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

But as the prince gradually came to himself, and bethought himself of all that had occurred, it lay heavy on his heart where his beloved sister, the Princess Aurora, might be, and whether she also was concealed within the skin of some animal, or feathery covering. Then he remembered her melancholy bridal day. And he enquired of every one about her; but all were silent, for none could give him any information. Then he again became sad and full of care, but this care and sadness were soon changed into joy.

For when all the noise of the wolf-chase took place, the poor prince from the East was just then lying concealed in his thicket, and the charming little nightingale was silent, and hidden amongst the green leaves of her oak. But a mysterious sensation shot through her little heart as soon as the thirsty fangs of the wolf, her brother, were bathed in the queen's blood.

Now when the chase was over, and the forest again was still, and the sun had set, the

prince came out of his dark recess, and leant sadly against the stem of the green oak, wetting the grass with his tears, as was his nightly custom; and his heart seemed more than usually oppressed with sorrow. The little bird in the branches, however, began to sing to him, as was her wont, and he fancied that she sang differently from before, and with more enigmatical significance, and almost in a human voice. And a shudder came over him, and in great agitation he exclaimed, looking up amongst the branches:—"Little bird, little bird, tell me, canst thou speak?"

And the little nightingale answered yes, just as human beings are wont to answer, and wondered at herself that she was able to speak, and for joy she began to weep, and for a long time was silent. Then again she opened her little beak, and related to the man, in an audible human voice, the whole history of her transformation, and that of her brother, and by what a miracle he had again become a man. For in a moment all had

become clear in her mind, as if a spirit had whispered it all to her.

The man exulted in his heart when he heard her tale, and he reflected much within him, and revolved many a plan; and the little bird frolicked and flew confidingly around him; yet although she now knew her own history, and what had occurred so well, she knew not in the least who he was. And he enticed the little bird, and caressed it, and fondled it, and intreated it to come with him, and he would place it in a garden where bloomed eternal spring, and where no falcon ever entered, and no one ever fired a shot. That would be far pleasanter than to flutter about in wild thickets, and have to tremble at the thought of winter, and of hunters and birds of prey. But the little bird would hear nothing of it, and praised freedom and her green oak, and twittered, and sang, and fluttered round the man, who took no heed, for he seemed plunged in other thoughts.

But see what were his thoughts! For

before the little bird was aware, the man had caught her by her little feet, and hastily made off, threw himself on his horse, and flew full gallop as if pursued by a tempest to an inn which he knew in the city, not far from the castle, took there a solitary chamber, and shut himself up in it with his little bird. When the little bird saw him take out the key, and give other signs of its being her prison, she began to weep bitterly, and to implore him to let her fly; for she felt quite oppressed and wretched in the closed room, and could not but think of her green trees, and her cherished liberty. But the man took no notice of her tears and supplications, and would not let her fly.

Then the little bird grew angry, and began to transform herself into various shapes, in order to terrify the man, that he might open the doors and windows, and be glad that she should fly away. So she became in succession a tiger and lion, an otter, a snake, a scorpion, a tarantula, and at last a frightful

dragon, which flew upon the man with poisonous tongue. But none of these frightened him in the least, but he kept his determination, and the little bird had all her trouble for nothing, and was obliged to become a bird again.

And the man stood in deep thought, for something he had read in ancient tales came into his mind. So he drew a knife from his pocket, and cut a gash in the little finger of his left hand, where the heart's blood flows most vigorously. And he smeared the blood on the little head and body of the bird, which he had no sooner done than the miracle was completed.

That very moment the little bird became a most lovely maiden, and the prince lay at her feet and kissed her hand, respectfully and submissively. The nightingale had now become the Princess Aurora, and recognised in the man her bridegroom, the prince from the land of the East. She was quite as young and beautiful as she was six years

## *The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

before, at the time of her transformation. For it is a peculiarity of transformations that the years during which persons are transformed do not add to their age, but a thousand years do not count for more than a second.

It is easy to imagine the joy of the pair; for when two loving hearts which have remained faithful to each other, meet again, after a long time, that is truly the greatest joy on earth. But they did not linger long together, but caused the king to be informed that two foreign princes from a distant land had arrived at his court, and requested his royal hospitality. Then the king went out to welcome them, and recognised his beloved sister Aurora, and his dear friend the prince from the land of the East, and was overjoyed; and the nation rejoiced with him, that all was restored as before, and that the kingdom no longer belonged to strangers.

After a few days he set the royal crown upon his head, and began to govern in his

## *The Wolf and the Nightingale.*

---

father's stead. He celebrated his sister's nuptials with the greatest magnificence, and there was dancing and feasting and knightly games. She and the prince also received from him a noble establishment both of land and attendants, so that they were able to live almost like kings. Aurora had, however, begged her brother to give her the wood, wherein as a bird she had fluttered through so many cheerful, and also sorrowful days, and this he willingly granted her. She built there a stately royal castle by the stream where she had so often sat and sung, and the thick green oak came into the centre of the palace-garden, and flourished yet many a year after her, so that her posterity still played beneath its shadow. She, however, caused a command to be issued that the wood should to all times be left in its natural majesty; she also gave peace to all little singing-birds, and forbade, in the strongest manner, traps or snares to be set within those sacred precincts, or that the little creatures should be molested

in any way. And her brother reigned as a great and pious king, and she and her brave husband lived in happy love till they arrived at a snow-white age, and saw their children's children around them, till at length, accompanied by the blessing of God and men, they sank softly to sleep. It has been a custom ever since, amongst their children and descendants, that the eldest prince of their house should be christened Rossignol, and the eldest princess Philomela; for she desired to establish a pious recollection through all times of the marvellous misfortune that befel her when she was transformed into a nightingale. For Rossignol means, in fact, Rose-bird—the nightingales sing chiefly in the rose season—and Philomela, friend of song. The word nightingale means, however, songstress of the night, and this is the best of all.



## THE ENCHANTED CROW.

[Polish.]

~~~~~

IN a royal palace dwelt, once upon a time, three fair sisters, all equally young and pretty; the youngest, however, although not at all more beautiful than the two elder, was the best and most amiable of them all.

About half a mile distant from the palace, stood another lordly dwelling, but which had then fallen into decay, although it still could boast of a beautiful garden. In this garden the youngest princess took great pleasure to wander.

Once as she was walking up and down

between the lime trees, a black crow hopped from under a rose-bush. The poor bird was all mutilated and bloody, and the princess was moved with compassion for him. The crow no sooner perceived this than he broke out into the following discourse:—

“No black crow am I by birth, but an unhappy prince, suffering under a malediction, and doomed to pass my years in this miserable condition. If thou wilt, oh youthful princess, thou canst rescue me. But to do so, thou must resolve to be ever my companion, to forsake thy sisters, and to live in this castle. There is a habitable chamber in it, wherein stands a golden bed; in that chamber thou must live in solitude. But forget not, that whatsoever thou mayest see and hear by night, thou must let no cry of fear escape thee; for if thou shouldst utter but one single moan my tortures will be doubled.”

The kind-hearted princess did forsake her father and sisters, and hastened to the castle; and there dwelt in the chamber which con-



They kindled a great fire on the hearth, and placed over it a large cauldron, full of boiling water.

tained the golden bed. She was so full of anxious thought that she could not sleep. As midnight drew near she heard, to her no small terror, some one creeping in. The door opened wide, and a whole band of evil spirits entered the chamber. They kindled a great fire on the hearth, and placed over it a large cauldron, full of boiling water. With great noise and loud cries they approached the bed, tore from it the trembling maiden, and dragged her to the cauldron.

She was almost dead from fear, but she uttered no sound. Then suddenly the cock crew, and all vanished. The crow immediately appeared, and hopped joyfully about the room, and thanked the princess for her courageous behaviour, for the sufferings of the unhappy bird were already lessened.

One of her elder sisters, who had much curiosity in her disposition, having heard of this, came to visit the princess in her ruined castle. She besought her so earnestly, that the kind-hearted maiden at length per-

mitted her to pass one night beside her, in the golden bed. When the evil spirits appeared as usual about midnight, the elder sister shrieked aloud from fear, and immediately the cry of a bird in pain was heard.

The young sister from that time never received the visits of either of her sisters. Thus did she live; solitary by day, and suffering by night the most terrible alarm from the evil spirits; but the crow came daily to her, and thanked her for her endurance, assuring her that his dreadful sufferings were greatly mitigated.

Thus had passed two years, when the crow came to her, and thus addressed her:—

“In one year more I shall be delivered from the punishment to which I am condemned; for then seven years will have passed over my head. But before I can re-assume my real form, and gain possession of my treasures, thou must go out into the wide world, and become a servant.”

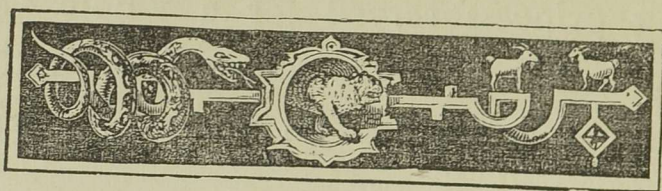
Obedient to the will of her betrothed, the

young princess served for a whole year as a maid, and notwithstanding her youth and beauty, she escaped all the snares laid for her by the ill-disposed.

One evening while she was spinning flax, and her white hands were wearied with work, she heard a rustling, and an exclamation of joy. A handsome young man entered her presence, knelt before her, and kissed the little weary white hands.

“It is I!” cried he, “I am the prince, whom thou, by thy goodness, whilst I wandered in the form of a black crow, didst deliver from the most dreadful tortures. Return with me now to my castle, there will we live together in happiness.”

They went together to the castle where she had undergone so much terror. The palace was, however, no longer recognisable, it was so improved and adorned, and in it did they dwell together for a hundred happy and joyous years.



THE LUCKY DAYS.

[Italian.]

~~~~~

**A**T Casena, in Romagna, lived a poor widow, a very worthy, industrious woman, by name Lucietta. She unfortunately had an only son, who, for stupidity and laziness, had yet to find his equal. He would lie in bed till noon, and when he did resolve to rise, he took a full hour to rub his eyes, and then he would be nearly as long stretching his arms and legs; in short, he behaved like the veriest sluggard upon earth.

This grieved his mother very much, for

she had once hoped that he would some day become the support of her old age; and she never ceased to urge and advise him, in order to make him a little more active and industrious.

“My son,” she often said to him, “he who would see good days in this world must exert himself, be industrious, and rise at break of day; for good fortune favours the industrious and the vigilant, but never comes to the lazy and sluggardly. Therefore, my son, if you will believe my counsel, and follow it, then you shall see good days, and all will fall out to your heart’s content.”

Lucilio—that was the young man’s name—the silliest of the silly, unquestionably heard what his mother said, but he did not understand the meaning of her words. He got up as if he were waking out of a deep and heavy sleep, and sauntered along the road before the city gate, where he stretched himself, in order to finish his nap, right across the path—

way, so that all entering or leaving the city could not avoid stumbling over him.

It so happened that the very night before, three inhabitants of the city had gone out to bury a treasure which they had accidentally discovered. They had succeeded in finding it again, and were in the act of carrying it home, when they came upon Lucilio, who still lay across the road, but no longer sleeping. He had just waked up, and was looking round him for one of the good days his mother had prophesied to him.

“Heaven send you a good day, friend,” said the first of the three men, as he walked over him.

“Heaven be praised!” said Lucilio, when he heard the words. “Now I shall have a good day!”

The man who had buried the treasure, conscious of his fault, fancied directly that these words bore reference to him, and that the secret had been betrayed. This was quite natural; for whoever has a bad

conscience, always interprets the most indifferent words as an allusion to himself.

The second man then stumbled over Lucilio, likewise wishing him, as his predecessor had done, a good day. Whereupon Lucilio, still dwelling on the good days, said to himself, but half aloud, "Now I have two of them!"

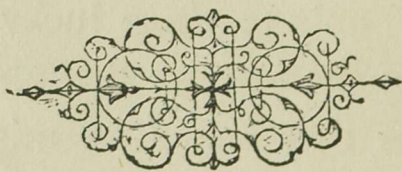
The third followed and saluted him as the two others had done, also wishing that Heaven might send him a good day. Up started Lucilio, overjoyed, and exclaiming, "Oh! delightful! Now I have got all three of them! I am fortunate!"

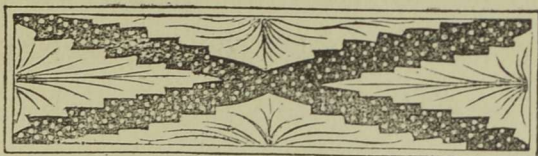
He alluded only to three lucky days; but the buriers of the treasure thought he meant them; and as they feared he might go and give information of them to the magistrate, they took him aside, told him the whole affair, and, to bribe him into silence, gave him the fourth part of the treasure.

Well pleased, Lucilio took his portion, carried it home to his mother, and said,

“Dear mother, Heaven’s blessing has been with me; for, as I did as you desired, so I have found the good days. Take this money, and buy with it all we require.”

The mother was not a little pleased at the fortunate occurrence, and urged her son to go on exerting himself that he might find more such good days.





## PERSEVERE AND PROSPER.

[Arabic.]

*H*E that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh shall be opened," says an old Arab proverb. "I will try that," said a youth one day. To carry out his intentions he journeyed to Bagdad, where he presented himself before the Vizier. "Lord!" said he, "for many years I have lived a quiet and solitary life, the monotony of which wearies me. I have never permitted myself earnestly to will anything. But as my teacher daily repeated to me, '*He that seeketh shall find, and to him that knocketh shall be opened,*' so have

I now come to the resolution with might and heart to *will*, and the resolution of my *will* is nothing less than to have the Caliph's daughter for my wife."

The Vizier thought the poor man was mad, and told him to call again some other time.

Perseveringly he daily returned, and never felt disconcerted at the same often-repeated answer. One day, the Caliph called on the Vizier, just as the youth was delivering his statement.

Full of astonishment the Caliph listened to the strange demand, and being in no peculiar humour for having the poor youth's head taken off, but on the contrary, rather inclined for pleasantry, his Mightiness condescendingly said: "For the great, the wise, or the brave, to request a princess for wife, is a moderate demand; but what are your claims? To be the possessor of my daughter you must distinguish yourself by one of these attributes, or else by some great undertaking.

Ages ago a carbuncle of inestimable value was lost in the Tigris; he who finds it shall have the hand of my daughter."

The youth, satisfied with the promise of the Caliph, went to the shores of the Tigris. With a small vessel he every morning went to the river, scooping out the water and throwing it on the land; and after having for hours thus employed himself, he knelt down and prayed. The fishes became at last uneasy at his perseverance; and being fearful that, in course of time, he might exhaust the waters, they assembled in great council.

"What is the purpose of this man?" demanded the monarch of the fishes.

"The possession of the carbuncle that lies buried in the sluice of the Tigris," was the reply.

"I advise you, then," said the aged monarch, "to give it up to him; for if he has the steady will, and has positively resolved to find it, he will drain the last

drop of water from the Tigris, rather than deviate a hair's breadth from his purpose."

The fishes, out of fear, threw the carbuncle into the vessel of the youth; and the latter, as a reward, received the daughter of the Caliph for his wife.

"He who earnestly *wills*, can do *much*!"

