

WITH 24 DESIGNS BY WALTER CRANE

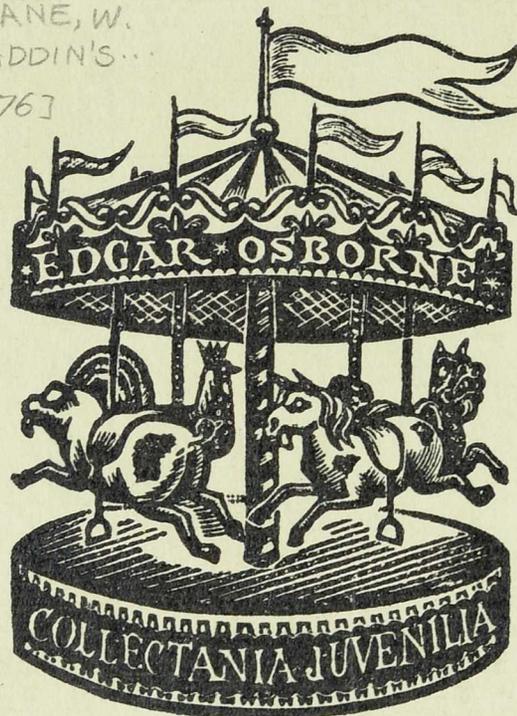


ALADDIN'S PICTURE BOOK



GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

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ALADDIN'S
PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING

ALADDIN
THE YELLOW DWARF
PRINCESS BELLE-ETOILE
THE HIND IN THE WOOD

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS

BY WALTER CRANE

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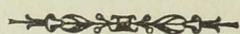
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ALADDIN.

ALADDIN,

AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.



ALADDIN was the son of a poor tailor in an Eastern city. He was a spoiled boy, and loved play better than work; so that when Mustapha, his father, died, he was not able to earn his living; and his poor mother had to spin cotton all day long to procure food for their support. But she dearly loved her son, knowing that he had a good heart, and she believed that as he grew older he would do better, and become at last a worthy and prosperous man. One day, when Aladdin was walking outside the town, an old man came up to him, and looking very hard in his face, said he was his father's brother, and had long been away in a distant country, but that now he wished to help his nephew to get on. He then put a ring on the boy's finger, telling him that no harm could happen to him so long as he wore it. Now, this strange man was no uncle of Aladdin, nor was he related

at all to him; but he was a wicked magician, who wanted to make use of the lad's services, as we shall see presently.

The old man led Aladdin a good way into the country, until they came to a very lonely spot between two lofty black mountains. Here he lighted a fire, and threw into it some gum, all the time repeating many strange words. The ground then opened just before them, and a stone trap-door appeared. After lifting this up, the Magician told Aladdin to go below, down some broken steps, and at the foot of these he would find three halls, in the last of which was a door leading to a garden full of beautiful trees; this he was to cross, and after mounting some more steps, he would come to a terrace, when he would see a niche, in which there was a lighted Lamp. He was then to take the Lamp, put out the light, empty the oil, and bring it away with him.

Aladdin found all the Magician had told him to be true; he passed quickly but cautiously through the three halls, so as not even to touch the walls with his clothes, as the Magician had directed. He took the Lamp from the niche, threw out the oil, and put it in his bosom. As he came back through the garden, his eyes were dazzled with the bright-coloured fruits on the trees, shining



like glass. Many of these he plucked and put in his pockets, and then returned with the Lamp, and called upon his uncle to help him up the broken steps. "Give me the Lamp," said the old man, angrily. "Not till I get out safe," cried the boy. The Magician, in a passion, then slammed down the trap-door, and Aladdin was shut up fast enough. While crying bitterly, he by chance rubbed the ring, and a figure appeared before him, saying, "I am your slave, the Genius of the Ring; what do you desire?"

Aladdin told the Genius of the Ring that he only wanted to be set free, and to be taken back to his mother. In an instant he found himself at home, very hungry, and his poor mother was much pleased to see him again. He told her all that had happened; she then felt curious to look at the Lamp he had brought, and began rubbing it, to make it shine brighter. Both were quite amazed at seeing rise before them a strange figure; this proved to be the Genius of the Lamp, who asked for their commands. On hearing that food was what they most wanted, a black slave instantly entered with the choicest fare upon a dainty dish of silver, and with silver plates for them to eat from.

Aladdin and his mother feasted upon the rich





fare brought to them, and sold the silver dish and plates, on the produce of which they lived happily for some weeks. Aladdin was now able to dress well, and in taking his usual walk, he one day chanced to see the Sultan's daughter coming with her attendants from the baths. He was so much struck with her beauty, that he fell in love with her at once, and told his mother that she must go to the Sultan, and ask him to give the Princess to be his wife. The poor woman said he must be crazy; but her son not only knew what a treasure he had got in the Magic Lamp, but he had also found how valuable were the shining fruits he had gathered, which he thought at the time to be only coloured glass. At first he sent a bowlful of these jewels—for so they were—to the Sultan, who was amazed at their richness, and said to Aladdin's mother: "Your son shall have his wish, if he can send me, in a week, forty bowls like this, carried by twenty white and twenty black slaves, handsomely dressed." He thought by this to keep what he had got, and to hear no more of Aladdin. But the Genius of the Lamp soon brought the bowls of jewels and the slaves, and Aladdin's mother went with them to the Sultan.

The Sultan was overjoyed at receiving these rich gifts, and at once agreed that the Princess

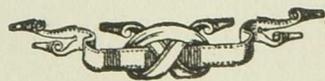


Bulbul should be the wife of Aladdin. The happy youth then summoned the Genius of the Lamp to assist him; and shortly set out for the Palace. He was dressed in a handsome suit of clothes, and rode a beautiful horse; by his side marched a number of attendants, scattering handfuls of gold among the people. As soon as they were married, Aladdin ordered the Genius of the Lamp to build, in the course of a night, a most superb Palace, and there the young couple lived quite happily for some time. One day, when Aladdin was out hunting with the Sultan, the wicked Magician, who had heard of his good luck, and wished to get hold of the Magic Lamp, cried out in the streets, "New lamps for old ones!" A silly maid in the Palace, hearing this, got leave of the Princess to change Aladdin's old Lamp, which she had seen on a cornice where he always left it, for a new one, and so the Magician got possession of it.

As soon as the Magician had safely got the Lamp, he caused the Genius to remove the Palace, and Bulbul within it, to Africa. Aladdin's grief was very great, and so was the rage of the Sultan at the loss of the Princess, and poor Aladdin's life was in some danger, for the Sultan threatened to kill him if he did not restore his daughter in three days. Aladdin first called upon the Genius of the



Ring to help him, but all he could do was to take him to Africa. The Princess was rejoiced to see him again, but was very sorry to find that she had been the cause of all their trouble by parting with the wonderful Lamp. Aladdin, however, consoled her, and told her that he had thought of a plan for getting it back. He then left her, but soon returned with a powerful sleeping-draught, and advised her to receive the Magician with pretended kindness, and pour it into his wine at dinner that day, so as to make him fall sound asleep, when they could take the Lamp from him. Everything happened as they expected; the Magician drank the wine, and when Aladdin came in, he found that he had fallen back lifeless on the couch. Aladdin took the Lamp from his bosom, and called upon the Genius to transport the Palace, the Princess, and himself, back to their native city. The Sultan was as much astonished and pleased at their return, as he had been provoked at the loss of his daughter; and Aladdin, with his Bulbul, lived long afterwards to enjoy his good fortune.



THE YELLOW DWARF.

THE YELLOW DWARF.



ONCE upon a time there was a Queen who had an only daughter, and she was so fond of her that she never corrected her faults; therefore the Princess became so proud, and so vain of her beauty that she despised everybody. The Queen gave her the name of Toubelle; and sent her portrait to several friendly kings. As soon as they saw it, they all fell in love with her. The Queen, however, saw no means of inducing her to decide in favour of one of them, so, not knowing what to do, she went to consult a powerful Fairy, called the Fairy of the Desert: but it was not easy to see her, for she was guarded by lions. The Queen would have had little chance if she had not known how to prepare a cake that would appease them. She made one herself, put it into a little basket, and set out on her journey. Being tired with walking, she lay down at the foot of a tree and fell asleep; and on awaking, she found her basket empty, and the cake gone, while the lions were roaring dreadfully. "Alas, what will become of me!" she exclaimed, clinging to the tree. Just then she heard, "Hist! A-hem!" and raising her eyes, she saw up in the tree a little man not more than two feet high. He was eating oranges, and said to her, "I know you well, Queen; you have good reason to be afraid of the lions, for they have devoured many before you, and—you have no cake." "Alas," cried the poor Queen, "I should die with less pain if my dear daughter were but married!" "How! you have a daughter!" exclaimed the Yellow Dwarf. (He was so called from the colour of his skin, and his living in an orange-tree.) "I am delighted to hear it, for I have sought a wife by land and sea. If you will promise her to me, I will save you from the lions." The Queen looked at him, and was scarcely less frightened at his horrible figure than at the lions. She made no answer until she saw them on the brow of a hill, running towards her. At this the poor Queen cried out, "Save me! Toubelle is yours." The trunk of the orange-tree immediately opened; the Queen rushed into it; it closed, and the lions were baulked of their prey.

The unfortunate Queen then dropped insensible to the ground, and



while she was in this state she was transported to the palace, and placed in her own bed. When she awoke and recollected what had befallen her, she tried to persuade herself that it was all a dream and that she had never met with this dreadful adventure: but she fell into a melancholy state, so that she could scarcely speak, eat, or sleep.

The Princess, who loved her mother with all her heart, grew very uneasy. She often begged her to say what was the matter, but the Queen always put her off with some reason that the Princess saw plainly enough was not the real one. Being unable to control her anxiety, she resolved to seek the famous Fairy of the Desert, whose advice as to marrying she was also desirous of obtaining, for everybody pressed her to choose a husband. She took care to knead the cake herself, and pretending to go to bed early one evening, she went out by a back staircase, and thus, all alone, set out to find the Fairy. But on arriving at the orange-tree, she was seized with a desire to gather some of the fruit. She set down her basket and plucked some oranges; but when she looked again for it, it had disappeared. Alarmed and distressed, she suddenly saw beside her the frightful little Dwarf. "What ails you, fair maid?" said he. "Alas!" replied she, "I have lost the cake which was so necessary to insure my safe arrival at the abode of the Desert Fairy." "And what do you want with her?" said the Dwarf. "I am her kinsman, and as clever as she is." "The Queen, my mother," replied the Princess, "has lately fallen into despair. I fancy I am the cause of it; for she wishes me to marry; but I have not yet seen any one I think worthy of me. It is for this reason I would consult the Fairy." "Don't give yourself that trouble, Princess," said the Dwarf; "I can advise you better than she. The Queen is sorry that she has promised you in marriage." "The Queen promised me!" cried the Princess. "Oh, you must be mistaken." "Beautiful Princess," said the Dwarf, flinging himself at her feet, "it is I who am destined to enjoy such happiness." "My mother have you for her son-in-law!" exclaimed Toubelle, recoiling; "was there ever such madness!" "I care very little about the honour," said the Dwarf, angrily. "Here come the lions; in three bites they will avenge me." At the same moment the poor Princess heard the roars of the savage beasts. "What will become of me?" she cried. The Dwarf looked at her, and laughed contemptuously. "Be not angry," said the Princess; "I would rather



marry all the dwarfs in the world than perish in so frightful a manner." "Look at me well, Princess, before you give me your word," replied he. "I have looked at you more than enough," said she. "The lions are approaching; save me!" She had scarcely uttered these words, when she fainted. On recovering, she found herself in her own bed, and on her finger a little ring made of a single red hair, which fitted her so closely that the skin might have been taken off sooner than the ring. When the Princess saw these things, and remembered what had taken place, she became very despondent, which pained the whole Court.

Toutebelle had now lost much of her pride. She saw no better way of getting out of her trouble than by marrying some great king with whom the Dwarf would not dare to dispute. She, therefore, consented to marry the King of the Gold Mines, a very powerful and handsome Prince, who loved her passionately. It is easy to imagine his joy when he received this news. Everything was prepared for one of the grandest entertainments that had ever been given. The King of the Gold Mines sent home for such sums of money that the sea was covered with the ships which brought them. Now that she had accepted him, the Princess found in the young King so much merit that she soon began to return his affection, and became very warmly attached to him.

At length the day so long wished for arrived. Everything being ready for the marriage, the people flocked in crowds to the great square in front of the palace. The Queen and Princess were advancing to meet the King, when they saw two large turkey-cocks, drawing a strange-looking box. Behind them came a tall old woman, whose age and decrepitude were no less remarkable than her ugliness. She leaned on a crutch. She wore a black ruff, a red hood, and a gown all in tatters. She took three turns round the gallery with her turkey-cocks before she spoke a word; then, stopping and brandishing her crutch, she cried, "Ho! ho! Queen!—Ho! ho! Princess! Do you fancy you can break your promises to my friend the Yellow Dwarf! I am the Fairy of the Desert! But for him and his orange-tree, know you not that my great lions would have devoured you?" "Ah! Princess," exclaimed the Queen, bursting into tears, "what promise have you made?" "Ah! Mother," cried Toutebelle, sorrowfully, "what promise have *you* made?" The King of the Gold Mines,





enraged at this interruption, advanced upon the old woman, sword in hand, and cried, "Quit this palace for ever, or with thy life thou shalt atone for thy malice!"

Scarcely had he said this when the lid of the box flew up as high as the ceiling, with a terrific noise, and out of it issued the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large Spanish cat, who placed himself between the Fairy of the Desert and the King of the Gold Mines. "Rash youth!" cried he, "think not of assaulting this illustrious Fairy: it is with me alone thou hast to do! The faithless Princess who would give thee her hand has plighted her troth to me, and received mine. Look if she have not on her finger a ring of my hair." "Miserable monster," said the King to him, "hast thou the audacity to declare thyself the lover of this divine Princess?" The Yellow Dwarf struck his spurs into the sides of his cat, which set up a terrific squalling, and frightened everybody but the King, who pressed the Dwarf so closely that he drew a cutlass, and defying him to single combat, descended into the court-yard, the enraged King following him. Scarcely had they confronted each other, the whole Court being in the balconies to witness the combat, when the sun became as red as blood, and it grew so dark that they could scarcely see themselves. The two turkey-cocks appeared at the side of the Yellow Dwarf, casting out flames from their mouths and eyes. All these horrors did not shake the heart of the young King; but his courage failed when he saw the Fairy of the Desert, mounted upon a winged griffin, and armed with a lance, rush upon his dear Princess, and strike so fierce a blow that she fell into the Queen's arms bathed in her own blood. The King ran to rescue the Princess; but the Yellow Dwarf was too quick for him: he leaped with his cat into the balcony, snatched the Princess from the arms of the Queen, and disappeared with her.

The King was gazing in despair on this extraordinary scene, when he felt his eyesight fail; and by some irresistible power he was hurried through the air. The wicked Fairy of the Desert had no sooner set her eyes on him than her heart was touched by his charms. She bore him off to a cavern, where she loaded him with chains; and she hoped that the fear of death would make him forget Toubelle. As soon as they had arrived there, she restored his sight, and appeared before him like a lovely nymph. "Can it be you, charming Prince?" she cried. "What misfortune has befallen you?" The King



replied, "Alas, fair nymph, I know not the object of the unkind Fairy who brought me hither." "Ah, my Lord," exclaimed the nymph, "if you are in the power of that woman you will not escape without marrying her." Whilst she thus pretended to take great interest in the King's affliction, he caught sight of her feet, which were like those of a griffin, and by this at once knew her to be the wicked Fairy. He, however, took no notice of it. "I do not," said he, "entertain any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I cannot endure that she should keep me in chains like a criminal." The Fairy of the Desert, deceived by these words, resolved to carry the King to a beautiful spot. So she made him enter her chariot, to which she had now harnessed swans, and fled with him from one pole to the other.

Whilst thus travelling through the air, he beheld his dear Princess in a castle all of steel, the walls of which, reflecting the rays of the sun, became like burning-glasses, and scorched to death all who ventured to approach them. She was reclining on the bank of a stream. As she lifted her eyes, she saw the King pass by with the Fairy of the Desert, who, through her magic arts, seemed to be very beautiful; and this made her more unhappy than ever, as she thought the King was untrue to her. She thus became jealous, and was offended with the poor King, while he was in great grief at being so rapidly borne away from her.

At length they reached a meadow, covered with a thousand various flowers. A deep river surrounded it, and in the distance arose a superb palace. As soon as the swans had descended, the Fairy of the Desert led the King into a handsome apartment, and did all she could that he might not think himself actually a prisoner.

The King, who had his reasons for saying kind things to the old Fairy, was not sparing of them, and by degrees obtained leave to walk by the sea-side. One day he heard a voice, and looking rapidly around him, he saw a female of great beauty, whose form terminated in a long fish's tail. As soon as she was near enough to speak to him, she said, "I know the sad state to which you are reduced by the loss of your Princess; if you are willing, I will convey you from this fatal spot." As the King hesitated, the Syren said, "Do not think I am laying a snare for you; if you will confide in me, I will save you." "I have such perfect confidence in you," said the King, "that I will do whatever you command." "Come with me then," said the



Syren; "I will first leave on the shore a figure so perfectly resembling you that it shall deceive the Fairy, and then convey you to the Steel Castle."

She cut some sea-rushes, and, making a large bundle of them, they became so like the King of the Gold Mines that he had never seen so astonishing a change. The friendly Syren then made the King seat himself upon her great fish's tail, and carried him off. They soon arrived at the Steel Castle. The side that faced the sea was the only part of it that the Yellow Dwarf had left open. The Syren told the King that he would find Toubelle by the stream near which he had seen her when he passed over with the Fairy. But as he would have to contend with some enemies before he could reach her, she gave him a diamond sword, with which he could face the greatest danger, warning him *never to let it fall*. The King thanked the Syren warmly, and strode on rapidly towards the Steel Castle. Before he had gone far four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and would quickly have torn him in pieces, if the diamond sword had not proved as useful to him as the Syren had predicted. He dealt each of them its death-blow, then advancing again, he met six dragons, covered with scales. But his courage remained unshaken, and making good use of his sword, there was not one that he did not cut in half at a blow. Without further obstacle, he entered the grove in which he had seen Toubelle. She was seated beside the fountain, pale and suffering. At first she indignantly fled from him. "Do not condemn me unheard," said he. "I am an unhappy lover, who has been compelled, despite himself, to offend you." He flung himself at her feet, but in so doing he unfortunately let fall the sword. The Yellow Dwarf, who had lain hidden behind a shrub, no sooner saw it out of the King's hands than he sprang forward to seize it. The Princess uttered a loud shriek, which luckily caused the King to turn suddenly round, just in time to snatch up the sword. With one blow he slew the wicked Dwarf, and then conducted the Princess to the sea-shore, where the friendly Syren was waiting to convey them to the Queen. On their arrival at the palace, the wedding took place, and Toubelle, cured of her vanity, lived happily with the King of the Gold Mines.

PRINCESS BELLE-ETOILE.

PRINCESS BELLE-ETOILE.



ONCE upon a time there were three Princesses, named Roussette, Brunette, and Blondine, who lived in retirement with their mother, a Princess who had lost all her former grandeur. One day an old woman called and asked for a dinner, as this Princess was an excellent cook. After the meal was over, the old woman, who was a fairy, promised that their kindness should be rewarded, and immediately disappeared.

Shortly after, the King came that way, with his brother and the Lord Admiral. They were all so struck with the beauty of the three Princesses, that the King married the youngest, Blondine, his brother married Brunette, and the Lord Admiral married Roussette.

The good Fairy, who had brought all this about, also caused the young Queen Blondine to have three lovely children, two boys and a girl, out of whose hair fell fine jewels. Each had a brilliant star on the forehead, and a rich chain of gold around the neck. At the same time Brunette, her sister, gave birth to a handsome boy. Now the young Queen and Brunette were much attached to each other, but Roussette was jealous of both, and the old Queen, the King's mother, hated them. Brunette died soon after the birth of her son, and the King was absent on a warlike expedition, so Roussette joined the wicked old Queen in forming plans to injure Blondine. They ordered Feintise, the old Queen's waiting-woman, to strangle the Queen's three children and the son of Princess Brunette, and bury them secretly. But as she was about to execute this wicked order, she was so struck by their beauty, and the appearance of the sparkling stars on their foreheads, that she shrank from the deed.

So she had a boat brought round to the beach, and put the four babes, with some strings of jewels, into a cradle, which she placed in the boat, and then set it adrift. The boat was soon far out at sea. The waves rose, the rain poured in torrents, and the thunder roared. Feintise could not doubt that the boat would be swamped, and felt relieved by the thought that the poor little innocents would perish, for she would otherwise always be haunted by



the fear that something would occur to betray the share she had had in their preservation.

But the good Fairy protected them, and after floating at sea for seven days they were picked up by a Corsair. He was so struck by their beauty that he altered his course, and took them home to his wife, who had no children. She was transported with joy when he placed them in her hands. They admired together the wonderful stars, the chains of gold that could not be taken off their necks, and their long ringlets. Much greater was the woman's astonishment when she combed them, for at every instant there rolled out of their hair pearls, rubies, diamonds, and emeralds. She told her husband of it, who was not less surprised than herself.

"I am very tired," said he, "of a Corsair's life, and if the locks of those little children continue to supply us with such treasures, I will give up roaming the seas." The Corsair's wife, whose name was Corsine, was enchanted at this, and loved the four infants so much the more for it. She named the Princess, Belle-Etoile, her eldest brother, Petit-Soleil, the second, Heureux, and the son of Brunette, Cheri.

As they grew older, the Corsair applied himself seriously to their education, as he felt convinced there was some great mystery attached to their birth.

The Corsair and his wife had never told the story of the four children, who passed for their own. They were exceedingly united, but Prince Cheri entertained for Princess Belle-Etoile a greater affection than the other two. The moment she expressed a wish for anything, he would attempt even impossibilities to gratify her.

One day Belle-Etoile overheard the Corsair and his wife talking. "When I fell in with them," said the Corsair, "I saw nothing that could give me any idea of their birth." "I suspect," said Corsine, "that Cheri is not their brother, he has neither star nor neck-chain." Belle-Etoile immediately ran and told this to the three Princes, who resolved to speak to the Corsair and his wife, and ask them to let them set out to discover the secret of their birth. After some remonstrance they gained their consent. A beautiful vessel was prepared, and the young Princess and the three Princes set out. They determined to sail to the very spot where the Corsair had found them, and made preparations for a grand sacrifice to the fairies, for their protection and guidance. They were about to immolate a turtle-dove, but the Princess saved its life, and let it fly. At this moment a syren issued from the water, and said, "Cease your anxiety, let your vessel go where it will; land where it stops." The vessel now sailed more quickly. Suddenly they came in sight



of a city so beautiful that they were anxious their vessel should enter the port. Their wishes were accomplished; they landed, and the shore in a moment was crowded with people, who had observed the magnificence of their ship. They ran and told the King the news, and as the grand terrace of the Palace looked out upon the sea-shore, he speedily repaired thither. The Princes, hearing the people say, "There is the King," looked up, and made a profound obeisance. He looked earnestly at them, and was as much charmed by the Princess's beauty, as by the handsome mien of the young Princes. He ordered his equerry to offer them his protection, and everything that they might require.

The King was so interested about these four children, that he went into the chamber of the Queen, his mother, to tell her of the wonderful stars which shone upon their foreheads, and everything that he admired in them. She was thunderstruck at it, and was terribly afraid that Feintise had betrayed her, and sent her secretary to enquire about them. What he told her of their ages confirmed her suspicions. She sent for Feintise, and threatened to kill her. Feintise, half dead with terror, confessed all; but promised, if she spared her, that she would still find means to do away with them. The Queen was appeased; and, indeed, old Feintise did all she could for her own sake. Taking a guitar, she went and sat down opposite the Princess's window, and sang a song which Belle-Etoile thought so pretty that she invited her into her chamber. "My fair child," said Feintise, "Heaven has made you very lovely, but you yet want one thing—the dancing-water. If I had possessed it, you would not have seen a white hair upon my head, nor a wrinkle on my face. Alas! I knew this secret too late; my charms had already faded." "But where shall I find this dancing-water?" asked Belle-Etoile. "It is in the luminous forest," said Feintise. "You have three brothers; does not any one of them love you sufficiently to go and fetch some?" "My brothers all love me," said the Princess, "but there is one of them who would not refuse me anything." The perfidious old woman retired, delighted at having been so successful. The Princes, returning from the chase, found Belle-Etoile engrossed by the advice of Feintise. Her anxiety about it was so apparent, that Cheri, who thought of nothing but pleasing her, soon found out the cause of it, and, in spite of her entreaties, he mounted his white horse, and set out in search of the dancing-water. When supper-time arrived, and the Princess did not see her brother Cheri, she could neither eat nor drink; and desired he might be sought for everywhere, and sent messengers to find him and bring him back.





The wicked Feintise was very anxious to know the result of her advice; and when she heard that Cheri had already set out, she was delighted, and reported to the Queen-Mother all that had passed. "I admit, Madam," said she, "that I can no longer doubt that they are the same four children: but one of the Princes is already gone to seek the dancing-water, and will no doubt perish in the attempt, and I shall find similar means to do away with all of them."

The plan she had adopted with regard to Prince Cheri was one of the most certain, for the dancing-water was not easily to be obtained; it was so notorious from the misfortunes which occurred to all who sought it, that every one knew the road to it. He was eight days without taking any repose but in the woods. At the end of this period he began to suffer very much from the heat; but it was not the heat of the sun, and he did not know the cause of it, until from the top of a mountain he perceived the luminous forest; all the trees were burning without being consumed, and casting out flames to such a distance that the country around was a dry desert.

At this terrible scene he descended, and more than once gave himself up for lost. As he approached this great fire he was ready to die with thirst; and perceiving a spring falling into a marble basin, he alighted from his horse, approached it, and stooped to take up some water in the little golden vase which he had brought with him, when he saw a turtle-dove drowning in the fountain. Cheri took pity on it, and saved it. "My Lord Cheri," she said, "I am not ungrateful; I can guide you to the dancing-water, which, without me, you could never obtain, as it rises in the middle of the forest, and can only be reached by going underground." The Dove then flew away, and summoned a number of foxes, badgers, moles, snails, ants, and all sorts of creatures that burrow in the earth. Cheri got off his horse at the entrance of the subterranean passage they made for him, and groped his way after the kind Dove, which safely conducted him to the fountain. The Prince filled his golden vase; and returned the same way he came.

He found Belle-Etoile sorrowfully seated under some trees, but when she saw him she was so pleased that she scarcely knew how to welcome him.

Old Feintise learned from her spies that Cheri had returned, and that the Princess, having washed her face with the dancing-water, had become more lovely than ever. Finding this, she lost no time in artfully making the Princess sigh for the wonderful singing-apple. Prince Cheri again found her unhappy, and again found out the cause, and once more set out on his white horse, leaving a letter for Belle-Etoile.



In the meanwhile, the King did not forget the lovely children, and reproached them for never going to the Palace. They excused themselves by saying that their brother's absence prevented them.

Prince Cheri at break of day perceived a handsome young man, from whom he learned where the singing-apple was to be found: but after travelling some time without seeing any sign of it, he saw a poor turtle-dove fall at his feet almost dead. He took pity on it, and restored it, when it said, "Good-day, handsome Cheri, you are destined to save my life, and I to do you signal service. You are come to seek for the singing-apple: it is guarded by a terrible dragon." The Dove then led him to a place where he found a suit of armour, all of glass: and by her advice he put it on, and boldly went to meet the dragon. The two-headed monster came bounding along, fire issuing from his throat; but when he saw his alarming figure multiplied in the Prince's mirrors he was frightened in his turn. He stopped, and looking fiercely at the Prince, apparently laden with dragons, he took flight and threw himself into a deep chasm. The Prince then found the tree, which was surrounded with human bones, and breaking off an apple, prepared to return to the Princess. She had never slept during his absence, and ran to meet him eagerly.

When the wicked Feintise heard the sweet singing of the apple, her grief was excessive, for instead of doing harm to these lovely children, she only did them good by her perfidious counsels. She allowed some days to pass by without showing herself; and then once more made the Princess unhappy by saying that the dancing-water and the singing-apple were useless without the little green bird that tells everything.

Cheri again set out, and after some trouble learnt that this bird was to be found on the top of a frightful rock, in a frozen climate. At length, at dawn of day, he perceived the rock, which was very high and very steep, and upon the summit of it was the bird, speaking like an oracle, telling wonderful things. He thought that with a little dexterity it would be easy to catch it, for it seemed very tame. He got off his horse, and climbed up very quietly. He was so close to the green bird that he thought he could lay hands on it, when suddenly the rock opened and he fell into a spacious hall, and became as motionless as a statue; he could neither stir, nor utter a complaint at his deplorable situation. Three hundred knights, who had made the same attempt, were in the same state. To look at each other was the only thing permitted them.

The time seemed so long to Belle-Etoile, and still no signs of her beloved



Cheri, that she fell dangerously ill ; and in the hopes of curing her, Petit-Soleil resolved to seek him.

But he too was swallowed up by the rock and fell into the great hall. The first person he saw was Cheri, but he could not speak to him ; and Prince Heureux, following soon after, met with the same fate as the other two.

When Feintise was aware that the third Prince was gone, she was exceedingly delighted at the success of her plan ; and when Belle-Etoile, inconsolable at finding not one of her brothers return, reproached herself for their loss, and resolved to follow them, she was quite overjoyed.

The Princess was disguised as a cavalier, but had no other armour than her helmet. She was dreadfully cold as she drew near the rock, but seeing a turtle-dove lying on the snow, she took it up, warmed it, and restored it to life : and the dove reviving, gaily said, " I know you, in spite of your disguise ; follow my advice : when you arrive at the rock, remain at the bottom and begin to sing the sweetest song you know ; the green bird will listen to you ; you must then pretend to go to sleep ; when it sees me, it will come down to peck me, and at that moment you will be able to seize it."

All this fell out as the Dove foretold. The green bird begged for liberty. " First," said Belle-Etoile, " I wish that thou wouldst restore my three brothers to me."

" Under my left wing there is a red feather," said the bird : " pull it out, and touch the rock with it."

The Princess hastened to do as she was instructed ; the rock split from the top to the bottom : she entered with a victorious air the hall in which stood the three Princes with many others ; she ran towards Cheri, who did not know her in her helmet and male attire, and could neither speak nor move. The green bird then told the Princess she must rub the eyes and mouth of all those she wished to disenchant with the red feather, which good office she did to all.

The three Princes and Belle-Etoile hastened to present themselves to the King ; and when Belle-Etoile showed her treasures, the little green bird told him that the Princes Petit-Soleil and Heureux and the Princess Belle-Etoile were his children, and that Prince Cheri was his nephew. Queen Blondine, who had mourned for them all these years, embraced them, and the wicked Queen-Mother and old Feintise were justly punished. And the King, who thought his nephew Cheri the handsomest man at Court, consented to his marriage with Belle-Etoile. And lastly, to make everyone happy, the King sent for the Corsair and his wife, who gladly came.

THE HIND IN THE WOOD.

THE HIND IN THE WOOD.



ONCE upon a time there was a King and Queen who were very happy together, but great regret was felt that they had no heir. One day when the Queen was sitting by a fountain, a large crab appeared, and said, "Great Queen, you shall have your wish." The crab then changed into a handsome little old woman, and walked out of the fountain without being wetted. She conducted the Queen through a path in the wood which she had never seen before, although she had been in the wood a thousand times.

The Queen's astonishment was increased by the sight of a palace of diamonds. The gates opened, and six fairies issued forth. They all made a courtesy to the Queen, and each presented her with a flower of precious stones. There was a rose, a tulip, an anemone, a columbine, a carnation, and a pomegranate. "Madam," said they, "we are delighted to announce to you that you will have a beautiful Princess, whom you will call Désirée. Send for us the moment she is born, for we wish to endow her with all good qualities; hold the bouquet, and name each flower, thinking of us, and we shall be instantly in your chamber."

The Queen returned to court, and soon after a Princess was born, whom she named Désirée; she took the bouquet, named the flowers one after another, and all the fairies arrived. They took the little Princess upon their knees and kissed her, one endowing her with virtue, another with wit, a third with beauty, the next with good fortune, the fifth with continual health, and the last with the gift of doing everything well which she undertook.

The Queen thanked them for the favours conferred upon the little Princess, when there entered so large a crab that the door was scarcely wide enough for her to pass through. "Ah! ungrateful Queen," said the crab, "have you so soon forgotten the Fairy of the Fountain, and the service I rendered you by introducing you to my sisters! You have summoned them all, and I alone am neglected!" The Queen asked her pardon; and the fairies, who feared she would endow the child with misery and misfortune, seconded the Queen's endeavours to appease her. "Very well," said she; "I will not do all the mischief to Désirée I had intended. However, I warn you that if she sees the light of day before she is fifteen, it will perhaps cost her her life."



As soon as the crab had left, the Queen asked the fairies to preserve her daughter from the threatened evil, and they decided to build a palace without doors or windows, and to educate the Princess there till the fatal period should have expired. Three taps of a wand produced this grand edifice, in which there was no light but that of wax candles and lamps; but there were so many of these that it was as light as day. The Princess's intelligence and skill enabled her to learn very quickly, while her wit and beauty charmed everybody; the Queen would never have lost sight of her, if her duty had not obliged her to be near the King. The good fairies every now and then went to see the Princess. As the time drew near for her to leave the palace, the Queen had her portrait taken, and sent it to the greatest courts of the world. There was not a prince who did not admire it; but there was one who could never leave it. He shut himself up, and talked to it as though it could understand him. The King, who now hardly ever saw his son, inquired what prevented his appearing as cheerful as usual. Some courtiers told him they feared the Prince would go out of his mind; for he remained whole days shut up in his room, talking as though he had some lady with him. The King sent for his son, and asked him why he was so altered. The Prince threw himself at his father's feet, and said, "I confess that I am desperately in love with Princess Désirée, and wish to marry her." He ran for the portrait, and brought it to the King, who said, "Ah! my dear Guerrier, I consent to your wish. I shall become young again when I have so lovely a Princess at my court."

The Prince begged the King to send an ambassador to Princess Désirée; and Becafigue, a very eloquent young nobleman, was selected.

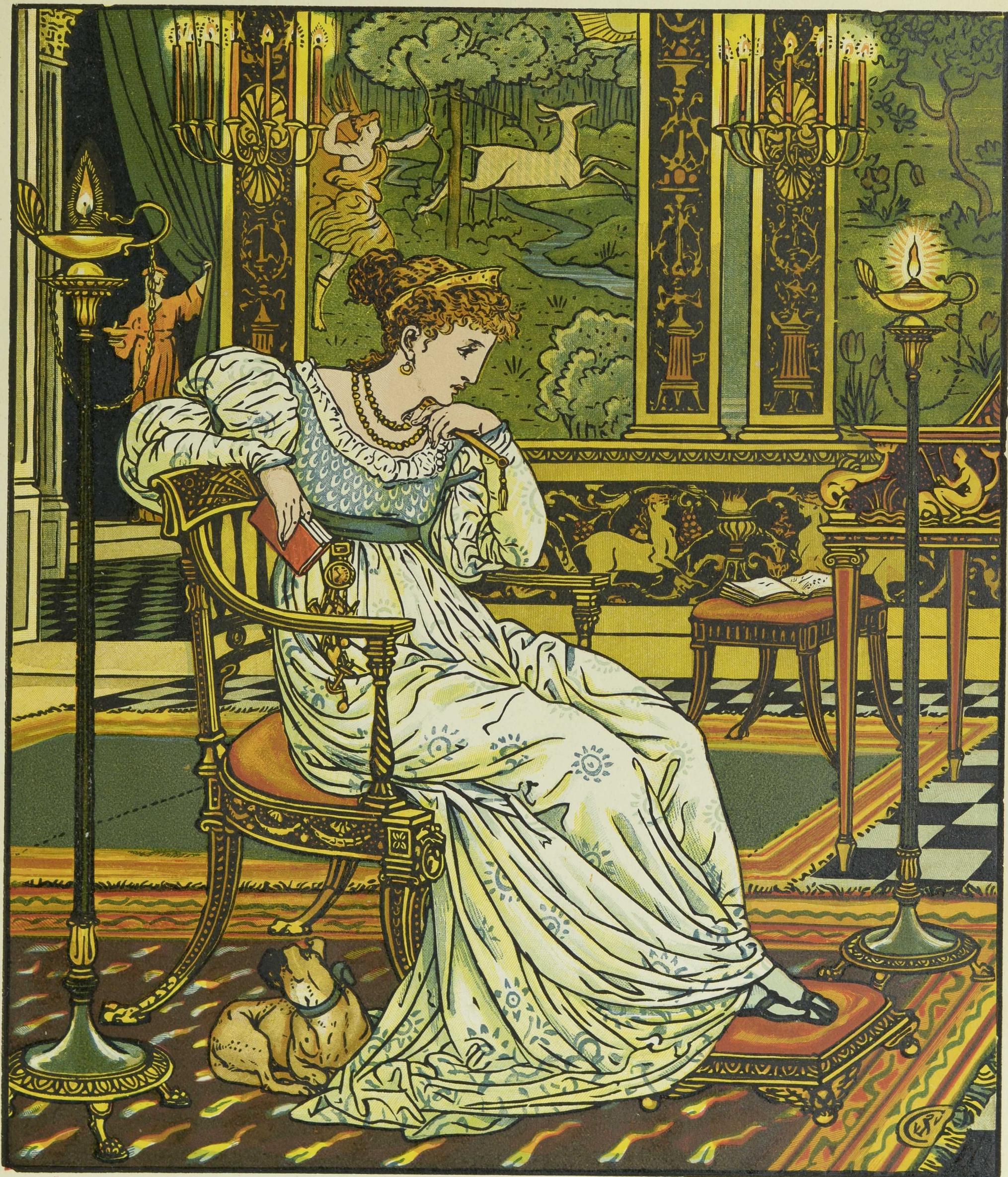
The ambassador took his leave of the Prince, who said, "Remember, my dear Becafigue, that my life depends upon this marriage. Omit no means of bringing the lovely Princess back with you."

The ambassador took with him many presents for the Princess, and also a portrait of the Prince.

On his arrival, the King and Queen were enchanted; they had heard of Prince Guerrier's personal merits, and were well content to have found a husband for their daughter so worthy of her.

The King and Queen resolved that the ambassador should see Désirée, but the Fairy Tulip said to the Queen, "Take care, Madam, that you do not introduce Becafigue to the Princess; he must not see her yet, and do not consent to let her go until she is fifteen years old; for if she quit her palace before then some misfortune will befall her." And the Queen promised to follow her advice.

On the ambassador's arrival, he asked to see the Princess, and was surprised that that favour was denied him. "It is no caprice of ours, my Lord Becafigue,"



said the King, "that induces us to refuse a request which you are perfectly justified in making;" and he then related to the ambassador the Princess's extraordinary adventure.

The Queen had not yet spoken to her daughter of what was passing; but the Princess knew a great marriage was in agitation for her.

The ambassador, finding his endeavours to obtain the Princess were useless, took leave of the King, and returned. When the Prince found he could not hope to see his dear Désirée for more than three months, he fell dangerously ill. The King was in despair, and resolved to go to the father and mother of Désirée, and entreat them no longer to defer the marriage.

During all this time Désirée had scarcely less pleasure in looking at the Prince's portrait than he had in gazing at hers. And her attendants did not fail to discover this—amongst others, Giroflée and Longue-épine, her maids of honour. Giroflée loved her dearly, and was faithful; but Longue-épine had always nourished a secret jealousy of her. Her mother had been the Princess's governess, and was now her principal lady-in-waiting, but as she doted on her own daughter, she could not wish well to Désirée.

The ambassador Becafigue again posted with the greatest speed to the city where Désirée's father resided, and assured the King and Queen that Prince Guerrier would die if they refused him their daughter any longer. At last they promised him that before evening he should know what could be done in the matter. The Queen went to her daughter's palace, and told her all that had passed. Désirée's grief was very great, but the Queen said, "Do not distress yourself, my dear child; you are able to cure him. I am only uneasy on account of the threats of the Fairy of the Fountain." "Could I not go in a coach," replied she, "so closely shut up that I could not see daylight? They might open it at night, to give me something to eat, and I should thus arrive safely at the palace of Prince Guerrier."

The King and Queen fancied this expedient very much; and they sent for Becafigue, telling him the Princess should set out instantly. The ambassador thanked their Majesties, and again returned to the Prince.

A coach was built, lined with pink and silver brocade. There were no glass windows in it; and one of the first noblemen in the kingdom had charge of the keys. And Désirée was locked up in the coach, with her principal lady-in-waiting, Longue-épine, and Giroflée. Longue-épine did not like the Princess; and was in love with Prince Guerrier, whose likeness she had seen. When upon the point of setting out she told her mother she should die if the Princess's marriage took place; and the lady-in-waiting said she would endeavour to prevent it.

The King and Queen felt no uneasiness for their daughter; but Longue-





épine, who learned each night from the Princess's officers the progress they were making, urged her mother to execute her plans. So about midday, when the sun's rays were at their height, she suddenly cut the roof of the coach with a large knife. Then, for the first time, Princess Désirée saw the light of day. She had scarcely looked at it, and heaved a deep sigh, when she sprang from the coach in the form of a White Hind, and bounded off to the forest, where she hid herself in a dark covert.

The Fairy of the Fountain, who had brought about this event, seemed bent on the destruction of the world. Thunder and lightning terrified the boldest, and no one remained but the lady-in-waiting, Longue-épine, and Giroflée, the latter of whom ran after her mistress. The two others lost not a moment in executing their project. Longue-épine dressed herself in Désirée's richest apparel, and followed by her mother, set forth towards the city, and were met by the King and his son. The King, advancing with all his court, joined the false Princess; but the moment he saw her, he gave a cry, and fell back. "What do I see?" said he. "Sire," said the lady-in-waiting, boldly advancing, "this is the Princess Désirée, with letters from the King and Queen. I also deliver into your hands the casket of jewels which they gave me on setting out."

The King heard this in sullen silence, and the Prince, leaning upon Becafigue, approached Longue-épine, who was as ugly as Désirée was beautiful.

Struck with astonishment, "I am betrayed," cried he, addressing himself to the King. "What mean you, my lord?" said Longue-épine; "know that you will never be deceived in marrying me." The King and Prince did not answer her; they each remounted their litters, one of the body-guards placed the sham Princess behind him, and the lady-in-waiting was similarly treated; they were then carried into the city, and were shut up in a castle.

Prince Guerrier was so overwhelmed by the shock that he could no longer endure the court, and determined to leave it secretly, to seek out some solitary place wherein to pass the remainder of his sad life. He communicated his plan to Becafigue; who, he felt persuaded, would follow him anywhere. He left upon his table a long letter for the King, assuring him that the moment his mind was more at ease he would return.

While everybody endeavoured to console the King, the Prince and Becafigue sped away, and at the end of three days found themselves in a vast forest, where the Prince, who was still ill, dismounted, while Becafigue went to seek for some fruits for their refreshment.

It is a long time since we left the Hind in the Wood. The Fairy Tulip felt for her misfortune; and conducted Giroflée towards the forest, that she might console the Princess. Giroflée was looking for her dear mistress, when the hind saw her, and leaping a brook, ran up eagerly and caressed her a thousand



times. Giroflée looked at it earnestly, and could not doubt that it was her dear Princess. Their tears affected the Fairy Tulip, who suddenly appeared. Giroflée entreated her to restore Désirée to her natural form. "I cannot do that," said Tulip; "but I can shorten her term of punishment; and to soften it, as soon as day gives place to night, she shall quit the form of a hind—but, as soon as it is dawn, she must return to it, and roam the plains and forests like the other animals."

"Proceed by this path," continued she, "and you will come to a little hut." So saying, she disappeared. Giroflée followed her directions, and found an old woman seated upon the step of the door finishing an osier basket. She led them into a very pretty room, in which were two little beds. As soon as it was quite dark, Désirée ceased to be a hind; she embraced Giroflée, and promised that she would reward her the moment her penance had ended. The old woman knocked at their door, and gave them some fruit. They then went to bed, and as soon as daylight appeared, Désirée, having become a hind again, plunged into the wood. Meanwhile Becafigue arrived at the cottage and asked the old woman for several things his master wanted. She filled a basket for him, and offered them shelter for the night, which was accepted.

The Prince slept restlessly, and as soon as it was day he arose and went into the forest. After he had walked for some time a hind started off, and he let fly an arrow at her. This hind was no other than Désirée, but her friend Tulip preserved her from being struck. She felt very tired, as such exercise was quite new to her. At last the Prince lost sight of her, and being fatigued himself, gave up the pursuit.

The next day the Prince again went to the forest, determined that the hind should not escape him. He walked about for some time, and, being much heated, he lay down and fell into a sleep; and while he was sleeping the hind came to the spot. She crouched down a little distance from him and touched him, when he awoke. His surprise was great; she ran off with all her might, and he followed her. At length she could run no longer, and the Prince came up to her with delight. He saw she had lost all her strength, so he cut some branches from the trees, covered them with moss, and placing her gently upon the boughs, sat down near her. She became very uneasy, however, as night approached. She was thinking how to escape, when the Prince left her to search for some water. While he was gone she stole away, and safely reached the cottage. The Prince returned as soon as he had found a spring, and sought her everywhere, but in vain; so he returned to the cottage and related to his friend the adventure with the hind, accusing her of ingratitude. Becafigue laughed, and advised him to punish her when he had the chance. Daylight returned, and the Princess resumed her form of the white hind, and



hid herself far away in the forest. She was just fancying herself quite safe, when she caught sight of the Prince. She instantly fled, but as she was crossing a path, he lodged an arrow in her leg, when her strength failed her, and she fell. The Prince came up and was greatly grieved to see the hind bleeding. He gathered some herbs, bound them round her leg, and made her a new bed of branches. He placed the hind's head upon his knees, and lavished caresses upon her. At last the time arrived for returning to the old woman's; he lifted up his game, but he felt that without assistance he could not get his captive home, so he bound her with ribands to the foot of a tree, and went to look for Becafigue. The hind tried in vain to escape, when Giroflée passed by the spot where she was struggling, and set her free just as the Prince and Becafigue arrived and claimed her. "My lord," replied Giroflée, "this hind belonged to me before she did to you. I would much sooner lose my life than her." Upon this the Prince generously gave her up.

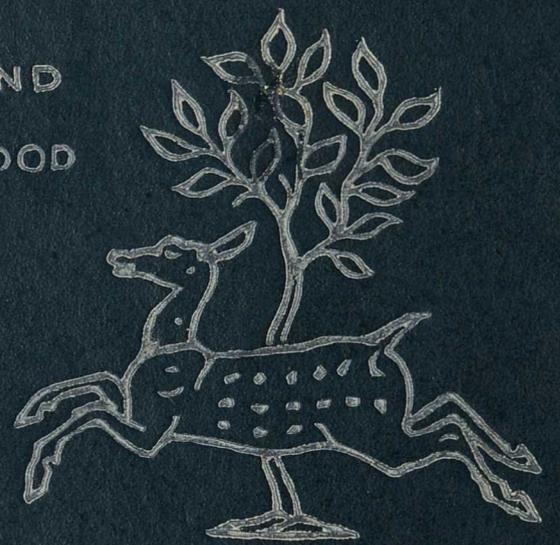
They returned to the cottage, and the Prince went in shortly after and inquired who the young woman was. The old dame replied that she did not know; but Becafigue said he knew she had lived with Princess Désirée, and being determined to convince himself, he set to work and made a hole in the partition large enough to perceive them. Giroflée was binding up the Princess's arm, from which the blood was flowing. They both appeared much distressed. "Alas!" said the Princess, "must I become a hind every day, and see him to whom I am betrothed without being able to speak to him!" Becafigue was astonished. He ran for the Prince, who looked through the aperture, and immediately recognised the Princess. Without delay he knocked gently at the door, Giroflée opened it, and the Prince threw himself at the feet of Désirée.

"What!" exclaimed he, "is it you whom I wounded under the form of a white hind?" He was so afflicted that Désirée assured him it was a mere trifle; she spoke to him so kindly that he could not doubt her love for him. He was explaining in his turn the trick that Longue-épine and her mother had played him, when a shrill noise of trumpets echoed through the forest. The Prince looked out of the window and recognised his own colours and standards, and catching sight of his father's litter, ran to it, and told the King of his fortunate meeting with the real Princess.

All this was brought about by the Fairy Tulip. The pretty house in the wood was hers, and she herself was the old woman. The army was ordered to march back again. The Prince and Princess were received in the capital with shouts of joy; everything was prepared for the nuptials, which were rendered more solemn by the presence of the six fairies; and Becafigue was married to Giroflée at the same time.



YE HIND
IN
YE WOOD



Ye YELLOW
DWARF

