Fanny S. Coulbaud
from her friend & Teacher
H. Terrill

THE

WALDORF FAMILY;

OR,

GRANDFATHER'S LEGENDS.

BY

MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

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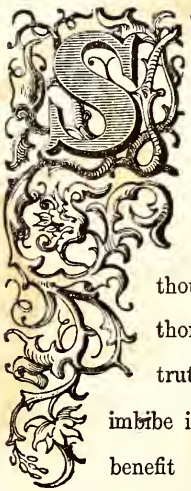
PREFACE.



O much has been done in modern times to convert little children into precocious men and women, that a work like the one now offered to youthful readers, almost seems to require an apology. I have always thought that an attractive fairy tale, so thoroughly pervaded by a fine moral truth, that the youthful mind cannot but imbibe its influence, is of far more effective benefit than an overstrained moral tale, whose improbable incidents, and exaggerated ideas of excellence, tend to give false views of life and its duties.

This opinion has been confirmed by my acquaintance with a child of exceedingly lovely and high-toned character, who always refused to read any thing that was not strictly true or palpably false. Her first question, when presented with a book, would be, "Is it true?" If it was not, she would ask: "Is it a fairy tale?" And if it was neither the one nor the other, all her fondness for reading could not induce her to accept it. The reason she assigned for this apparent inconsistency was significant of the truthfulness which is still her prevailing trait: "I don't like books that *pretend* to be true; give me either histories or fairy tales."

The fine moral which runs through the legends of Brittany, and the quaint simplicity of their details, tempted me to array them in a garb which would render them presentable to American children. This I have done by taking off the trappings of superstition, without depriving them of their original Breton costume, to which they owe so much of their picturesqueness. It

would have been impossible to *translate* them literally, and they have therefore been re-written, after a thorough investigation of the manners, customs, and traditions of the primitive people to whom they belong. If this little volume serves to associate my name in the hearts of my young readers with the pleasant recollections of a happy childhood, I shall feel myself amply repaid for my labor.

E. C. E.

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GRANDFATHER'S LEGENDS.

CHAPTER I.

TWENTY years ago, when Brooklyn was just emerging from its villagehood, and had not yet become the great city it now is, the abode of Mr. Albert Waldorf was one of the loveliest among its many beautiful and rural residences. Situated directly upon the Heights, overlooking the superb bay of New York, and commanding a wide view in all directions, its position was one of unrivalled beauty. The house was a picturesque, cottage-like building, completely embowered in trees, and tapestried over with vines and climbing plants. Every column of the broad

piazza was twined with fragrant honeysuckles, and every projecting angle served for the support or shelter of some flowering shrub. During the summer it was like a bird's nest, buried in the midst of foliage and blossoms, and in winter the evergreens that dotted the lawn, the conservatory filled with rare exotics, and a large aviary swarming with birds, seemed to despoil the gloomy season of half its dreariness.

Mr. Waldorf, the owner of this tasteful and happy home, was by birth a German, but he had left his native country at so early an age, that the recollections of boyhood and the tie of filial love alone remained to bind him to his 'Fatherland.' America had been the scene of his struggles and difficulties in early manhood. The country of his adoption had yielded him the success he had so well deserved, and now, a competent fortune, an excellent wife, and five rosy, healthy, happy children, had filled the measure of his desires. Dividing his time equally between his counting-room and his home, he found full employment for all his faculties

in the complicated duties of life. Neither he nor his wife could bring themselves to believe that a parent's duties are fully performed, when children are fed, clothed, and sent to school. They knew how easily the seeds of error are sown in the youthful heart, and how secretly they may spring up into evil habits. They were wise enough to know that children must be not only taught to *hate evil*, but also to *love good*. They did not set up in their household an image of Duty, cold, forbidding, and disagreeable, and then call upon their children to bow down before it. They placed before them a fairer and truer semblance of Virtue, clad in the "beauty of holiness," and wearing the gracious aspect of benevolence and affection. They taught that goodness and happiness go hand in hand in early life, even if the wickedness of the world separates them in after days, and that the happiest children are always those who, having a clear perception of their duties, strive most earnestly to perform them.

At the period of time when our story com-

mences, Edith Waldorf, the eldest child, had just counted her fifteenth birthday. Her character was one of rare excellence. Quiet and gentle in her manners, she yet possessed a degree of firmness and self-control, which is seldom found combined with so much sweetness of temper. She had wonderfully clear views of right and wrong. From her infancy she seemed to have had an innate idea of truth, and never was known to deviate from the strictest integrity of word or deed. Her skill in music had long been the delight of her father, who loved nothing better than the little family concerts in which Edith and her mother would play duets on the piano, while he accompanied them on the violin, and Wilhelm, the eldest son, joined them with the flute.

The boys differed widely in disposition, though they were closely united in the bonds of affection. Wilhelm was grave and quiet in his demeanor, fond of books, and rather retiring in all his habits. Frank was a lively, spirited boy, full of talent, and possessed of great vividness of fancy; while Philip

was yet too young to exhibit any great peculiarities, except a degree of tenderness and affection, which made every one love him. But little Bertha, the three-year-old darling of the family, was the pet and plaything. She alone was privileged to toss over Edith's daintily-kept drawers, and cabinets of knick-knacks; she might tear Wilhelm's drawings, or break Frank's kites, or toss Phil's balls into the fire, yet no one dreamed of being angry with little Bertha. She was a creature of rare beauty, with a loving nature and a most mischievous spirit, which bade fair to make her the only spoiled child in the house.

Mr. Waldorf had long been desirous of persuading his old father and mother to end their days under his roof, but it seemed so long and perilous a journey for them that he hesitated to urge his wishes. But when the death of their only remaining daughter had left the old people alone in the home they had occupied for forty years, then their thoughts began to turn towards their children in America. Little persuasion was necessary to

induce them to leave a country where they had no longer any kindred, and the Waldorf family were now in daily expectation of beholding, for the first time, their aged relatives.

"I wonder if grandfather will learn to speak English :" said Wilhelm, as he sat pondering over his German grammar.

"You forget that he always writes to me in English," answered his mother. "He studied the language when first your father married, in order that he might correspond with his new daughter; and I assure you I valued such a testimony of his kindliness far beyond his handsome wedding-gifts."

"I suppose he talks broken English, like old Anthony the gardener," exclaimed Frank. "Wont it be droll ?"

"If it should be the case, Frank, I hope your love of fun will not overcome your respect for old age."

"I hope not, mother ; but if grandfather should say '*dish*' and '*dat*,' and count 'dirty-one, dirty-two,' like Anthony, I am sure I should laugh."

"I presume you will have but little opportunity of extracting amusement from your grandfather's blunders."

"Was there not some romantic story connected with grandmother's early life?" asked Edith.

"Yes," replied her mother; "if you use the word romantic in its best sense, and mean heroic and self-devoted. She was exceedingly handsome, and especially noted for the surpassing beauty of her long, fair hair, which, when she stood upright, flowed nearly to her feet. Her father was rich in learning, but derived a very small income from his employment as tutor in one of the universities. Her mother's death left her, at a very early age, to take charge of a household which was to be conducted with very narrow means, and her father's studious, abstracted habits threw all the responsibility and care upon her. She managed admirably, however, until her father was attacked by a serious illness, brought on by severe application to his studies. His disease finally fell into his eyes and produced total blindness. Of course he could no

longer earn the small stipend on which they had relied for support, and they were threatened with utter destitution. An accidental remark which she heard respecting the skill of a celebrated oculist in Vienna, led her to make some inquiry of the physician who attended her father in his illness, and he frankly told her that her father's blindness was not incurable. From that moment she determined to find the means of visiting Vienna. Their little furniture was too simple and of too rude a kind to be of any service to her as a mode of raising money, but she had a few ornaments, the remains of her mother's better days, and these she immediately sold. The sum she obtained for them was small, but she had never before been possessed of half so much money. She now inquired the cost of a journey to Vienna, and was frightened to learn that it would far exceed her present means. She again had recourse to the person who had purchased her ornaments, and this time she sacrificed her last remaining treasure, the little gold cross which had been taken from the neck of her

dead mother, when she was laid in her coffin. The tears she shed at parting with this relic excited the curiosity of the purchaser, who was a sort of itinerant dealer in knick-knacks, and at length she told him her purposes and her necessities. The man was interested in the young girl's story, but did not forget his own selfish gains. It is the custom for certain small traders to travel into Hungary, Poland, Brittany, and the surrounding countries, in order to purchase human hair, a commodity which certainly seems to us a most extraordinary article of traffic. The peasant girls of these cold and rugged lands generally possess superb heads of hair, flaxen in color, luxuriant in quantity, and silky in texture. Nothing is more common than for a maiden to sell her fine tresses, in order to procure a dowry for her marriage. The pedler had just returned from a business tour through Brittany, and was well qualified to estimate the value of the poor girl's magnificent hair. He had seen nothing equal to it in length and beauty, and he proposed to purchase it at a fair and honest

valuation, well knowing that he could reap a most exorbitant profit from it in Paris. She was young, and probably had as much girlish vanity as most of her companions. At first she shrunk from such despoilment of her beautiful tresses, but when she found that the sum she might receive for them, added to her little hoard, would be sufficient to pay their expenses to Vienna, she no longer hesitated. She unbraided her long silken locks, and sat quietly while the cruel scissors severed them, one after another. Tears stood in her eyes as she saw them lying so lifelessly upon the table; but repressing her emotion, with a feeling of shame at her own weakness, she tied on her bonnet, gathered up the money, and went silently out."

"I should have thought the hair-dealer would have felt sorry," said Edith.

"He probably expended his sympathy in giving her a full price for his bargain. *She* felt that she had lost a woman's chief personal ornament; but *he* looked upon it as a mere article of trade, which was worth more in his hands than on her head."

"What did her father say?"

"He was blind, you know, and could know nothing about her voluntary sacrifice, unless she chose to tell him, but this, of course, she did not. He was persuaded to accompany her to Vienna; and an operation was there performed on his eyes, which was perfectly successful. He was restored to sight, and his daughter no longer felt that she had made too great a sacrifice. He was so abstracted and unobserving a man, that he did not notice the loss of her hair; but the trader had told the story to several persons, and it at last reached the ears and excited the interest of some influential persons, who were both able and ready to assist merit in distress. An inquiry into their affairs led to the establishment of the father in a lucrative professorship, for which he was admirably qualified, and poverty was thenceforth a stranger to their door."

"Then those beautiful tresses gave sight to the blind, and wealth to the poor: they were more worthy of honor than the far-famed hair of Berenice," said Wilhelm.

"They did more, Wilhelm; for when your grandfather, then a young and gifted, but poor scholar, became the husband of this good daughter, the remembrance of her self-devotion procured for him an appointment from the Emperor, and thus placed him in circumstances which developed his talents and virtues."

"Hurrah!" cried Frank, leaping up; "every hair on her head was worth a diamond. But what a funny idea to sell one's hair! I did not know a girl's hair was good for any thing, except to dangle about her face in curls, or to be bound round her ears as sleek as a mole."

"It is a well-known fact that in the months of April and May a troop of hair-cutters travel into Brittany, for the purpose of purchasing the long locks of the peasant girls; and I am told that in the other countries I have named the practice also prevails. The manufacture of human hair into wigs and other similar devices for concealing the ravages of time or disease, is so extensive in Paris, that six or seven thousand persons, at an

expense of near a million of dollars, are annually employed in it."

"Did grandmother ever recover her beautiful hair?" asked Edith.

"Not entirely; it grew again, but was darker in color, less luxuriant in quantity, and not so long. It must now be gray, I should think, for she is nearly eighty years of age. I have not seen her since the first year of my marriage, when I accompanied your father on a visit to Germany; she was then remarkably handsome and youthful in appearance, but she has since wept over the loss of three daughters, and sorrow is a greater ravager than time."

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after this conversation, the family were thrown into great excitement by the arrival of the ship in which their aged relatives had embarked. The children, full of curiosity and lively interest, could scarcely give any attention to their daily lessons, and, at length, Mrs. Waldorf, knowing how much easier it is to direct such restless energies than to repress them altogether, gave to each one some trifling occupation connected with their present anticipations. To Edith she delegated the duty of placing fresh flowers in the apartments; Wilhelm made a selection of choice books for the room which was hereafter to be

grandfather's study; Frank and Phil went to work gathering the dead leaves from the geraniums, and dusting the foliage of the camellias; while little Bertha ran about helping every-body in her own way.

It was late in the day when Mr. Waldorf's carriage drove up, and with a flushed face and joyful heart, he handed out the father and mother he had so longed to see. The meeting between them and Mrs. Waldorf was a silent one, for all were overpowered by their feelings; and the warm clasp of the hand, and the tearful kiss, were all the expressions of affection which their emotion then allowed. Mrs. Waldorf hastened to lead the old lady into her neat sleeping-chamber, where she found all the comforts which her long sojourn on shipboard had now rendered doubly agreeable. But grandfather was not content to seek his repose until he had made acquaintance with the children.

"So this is Edith," exclaimed the old man, as he drew her towards him; "why, you have been

growing up a tall and stately girl, while I have been thinking of you as the little quiet child your mother used to describe you. And there is Wilhelm, to whom it seems but yesterday that I sent the puppet-show, which, I suppose, he would now scorn to look at."

"Yes, but it's mine now," cried Phil, creeping between grandfather's knees; "it's mine now, only little Bertha has broken Punch's sword, and cracked Judy's nose."

"Naughty brother Phil, to tell tales of little Bertha," lisped the pet, as she put up her rosy lips for the kiss which she had learned to expect from every one.

"Where's Frank?"

Frank was dragged out from his hiding-place, behind grandfather's chair, where he sat with his hands over his ears, to avoid hearing the broken English, at which he was afraid he should laugh as soon as the old gentleman opened his mouth. Don't be afraid, master Frank; grandfather has been familiar with the English tongue for many

years, and, bating a slight German accent, can talk as well, and almost as fast, as yourself.

A happy family were the Waldorfs when they gathered round the tea-table that night. Every past grief was for the time forgotten, and the joy of that long-anticipated meeting was not marred by a single regret. A happy family were they always, for they were a family of love, and the harsh tones of discord were never heard among them.

It required but a very few days to make the children exceedingly attached to their newly-found friends. The old lady retained in a remarkable degree the beauty for which she had been noted in early life. Her face was without a wrinkle, and the delicate bloom on her cheek was as fresh as that of a young girl. Her soft brown eyes were full of gentleness, and the placid expression of her mouth, which seemed ever ready to open with a smile or a kindly word, made her one of the loveliest of old ladies. She was very small of stature, —"almost like a fairy," Frank said,—with small

white hands, which were always covered with black silk mitts reaching half way to the elbow, and the dearest little feet, cased in slippers whose sharp-pointed toes Frank vowed would put out the eye of the first mosquito that should venture to light upon them. She wore the simple garb of the Moravians, and her plain bordered cap, which seemed like a framework to her delicate features, just allowed one to see the smooth folds of that yet unsilvered hair, which had been to others such a source of good.

Grandfather Waldorf was very unlike his wife in personal appearance. His height exceeded six feet, and his chest and shoulders were proportionately broad, so that at first sight he seemed smaller than he really was; but when he stood near a person of middle size, or especially if he was beside his little wife, he looked almost gigantic. His hair was as white as the silk of the Rocky Mountain thistle, and hung in curls upon his neck. His eyes were dark and piercing, overhung by shaggy brows which retained their chestnut hue, and contrasted

singularly with his white locks, while his features had not yet lost the majestic outline that had once made him a painter's model of a youthful hero. He had been a traveller in many lands, and a student of many scienees. The acquisition of knowledge had been his passion, but the tendency of his mind was decidedly imaginative, and hence all things were moulded by him into a poetic form. The society of his son's children seemed to call forth all his early freshness of feeling. He loved to forget his gray hairs, and be once more a child with them.

One of the most charming traits in the German character is their love of children, and the pains they bestow upon their happiness. Instead of looking upon them as cares, or at best as unformed creatures, who must be disciplined into wisdom and usefulness, they regard them as miniature men and women, with the same kind of tastes, and desires, and passions as actuate grown people. To gratify those tastes, to direct those desires, to guide and modify those passions, is the aim of the parent.

Instead of growing old in anxiety, and anticipating years of care, they endeavor to renew their youthfulness, for the sake of the young creatures by whom they are surrounded. It is a rare thing, in America, to find a family where the parents are the chosen companions of their children, and where the children in early life have learned to sympathize fully with the parents; but nothing is more common in Germany, and among the German-born citizens of our country.

The Waldorf family had been accustomed to this pleasant intercourse of domestic life, where each child was the friend of the parents, and the degree of confidence reposed in them was regulated only by their advancing years and increasing discretion. They were not surprised, therefore, to find their grandfather so full of genial feeling, at his time of life; but that which did excite their astonishment was his wonderful memory, and the vast number of legends and traditions which he seemed to retain in what he called "the lumber-room" of his brain. They had already learned many of the

fairy tales of Germany from the lips of their father; but he knew nothing compared to their grandfather, whose inexhaustible treasure-house of stories seemed always to contain something new. Frequently at sunset he would seat himself in the porch, with Edith on one side and Wilhelm on the other, while Frank sat on the floor at his feet, Phil crept to his post between his knees, and Bertha nestled on his lap. Then, when the fragrant breath of the summer air had tempted grandmother to bring her knitting into the hall, and when the spirit of social enjoyment had won Mr. and Mrs. Waldorf to join the happy throng, grandfather loved to summon up his recollections of the wild dreams which had been the delight of his boyhood.

It happened one day that the conversation turned upon the peculiarities of various parts of the world, and the changes which the facilities of travel had made in the habits of all countries.

"I know of but one country," said grandfather Waldorf, "which yet retains its primitive customs and manners, and that is Lower Brittany. You

all know its position, opposite the southern coast of England, on the north-western extremity of France, and bounded on the south and west by the restless waves of the Atlantic ocean, while the provinces of Normandy and Anjou adjoin it on the east. It is an exceedingly wild country, traversed by a double chain of mountains, from whose sides descend innumerable small streams, too insignificant to receive a distinctive name, which wind through the country, and finally find their way into the sea. A country bordered by the sea, and intersected by mountains, must have very romantic scenery; and I think I never beheld so great a variety of landscape within so limited a space. Verdant hills, and barren mountains; fields covered with grain, and large plains where nothing but grass will grow; desert spots, so rugged and wild that the bear, the wolf, and the vulture are the only inhabitants; Druidical remains; ruins of feudal castles, and the crumbling walls of old churches and monasteries; rudely built crosses of stone, called in the language of the country 'Calvaries,'

surmounting so many eminences, that they seem like the spires of churches in some populous city; —such are the varied objects which meet the traveller's eye, in wandering through that strange land. But they who confine their travels merely to the few high roads which cross the country, see few of these peculiarities. It is in the more remote districts, the cantons of Léon, Cornouaille, Tréguir, and Vannes, where one is obliged to cross mountain torrents on stepping-stones for want of bridges, and to traverse causeways made over broad morasses; where the by-roads are little more than the dry channels of exhausted rivulets, that Brittany exhibits its wildest and noblest features."

"Are the people as peculiar as their country?" asked Mrs. Waldorf.

"Quite as much so; their manners are exceedingly simple and primitive. They are a grave, earnest, religious people, who wear the wooden shoes, the loose doublet, and enormous trunk-hose that were worn by their great-grandfathers, and remind one constantly of the Dutch boors in Te-

niers' pictures. Of course their legends and traditions partake of the character of the country and the people. In a land of perpetual sunshine, diversified only by smiling plains and luxuriant vineyards, the traditional tales will probably assume a joyous character; but in a country which is washed by the tossing waves of ocean, overhung by sea-fogs or mountain mists, and bordered by dreary stretches of sand, the imagination of the people will take a darker coloring. The fairy legends of the Bretons are fantastic, grotesque, and often gloomy, but they are very striking. I spent a year in Brittany, and one of my most intimate friends was a native of Léon; I was therefore enabled to gratify my taste for fairy lore in an entirely new field; and I found, that while there were many points of resemblance between their traditions and those of other European countries, yet there were also curious points of difference."

"Oh, tell us a Breton fairy tale, grandfather," exclaimed the children.

"The legends of fairy-land are so strangely blended with the remnants of Druidical superstition, and so leavened with the strong and reverent spirit of religion which prevails among the Bretons, that it will be difficult for me to separate the pure *fairy tale* from its accessories. But I will make the attempt."

The good old man pushed up his spectacles till they rested on his broad forehead, and, after a moment's pause to collect his ideas, began the promised story.

JOHN REDTHROAT,

OR,

THE GOLDEN HERB.

MANY years ago, when the oaks which built the oldest ships in the world were yet only little acorns, there lived, in a certain province in Brittany, a poor widow, named Nina. She belonged to a noble family, and was heiress to a handsome fortune, for her father, at his death, left a fine mansion-house, a large farm, a mill, and a lime-kiln, together with twelve horses, and twice as many oxen, twelve cows, and ten times as many sheep; while the quantity of flax and grain in his barns, was beyond all

calculation. But the brothers of Nina, seeing her a lone widow, refused to give her a share of the estate. Perrik, the eldest brother, claimed the mansion-house, the farm, and the horses; Fanchon, the second, took the mill and the cows; while Riwal, the youngest, received the lime-kiln, the oxen, and the sheep: so that nothing remained for Nina but an old hovel, without any door, which had been built out on a waste field, for the shelter of sick cattle.

As she was sorrowfully going away to her miserable abode, Fanchon took compassion upon her, and said:

"I wish to act towards you like a brother and a Christian; I have an old black cow, which has never been good for any thing, and does not give milk enough to feed a new-born baby; I will therefore make her a present to you; you can pasture her in the waste field, and little Snowdrop can take care of her."

This was the name of the widow's child, a little pale girl of twelve years old, who, from her white

skin and flaxen hair, had received the name of Snowdrop.

The poor widow thanked her brother, and tying a string to the horns of poor old Black, led her away. The next morning she sent Snowdrop out into the waste field with the cow. The little girl sat all day on a stone, watching the cow, for fear the wolves might come. She had no other amusement than that of seeing poor Black cropping her scanty allowance of grass from between the stones, until she bethought herself of making garlands and crosses out of the rushes that grew around, and twisting them with heath-blossoms, or hawthorn, while she repeated all the prayers and hymns she could remember.—This, by the way, is a favorite amusement with the children of Brittany, while watching the flocks. Sometimes the wayside will be bordered, for a long distance, with these little flowery crosses planted in the earth by the young shepherds.

One day, while Snowdrop was singing a hymn she had heard in church, a bird settled himself

on one of the branches she had just put in the ground, and began to sing at the very top of his voice, at the same time wagging his tail, shaking his wings, and peering up into her face with a mighty significant expression in his bright, black eyes. The little girl was very much surprised, and finding him so tame, she bent down her head to listen to what he seemed saying. But she could not understand a word. He sang louder and louder, flew round and round as if he was in a perfect fury of impatience, and was evidently talking in the most eloquent manner; but, unfortunately, Snowdrop could not comprehend a single syllable. She was so much amused, however, by his song and his droll antics, that she did not notice the lapse of time. At last, the bird took to his wings, and as she raised her head to look after him, she was astonished to see the stars in the sky. All at once she remembered old Black, and ran to seek her, to drive her home. But the old cow was no longer to be seen. She called her as loud as possible; she beat the bushes with her stick, she went

down into all the hollows, but no cow was there. Just as she was ready to cry with fear, she heard her mother's voice, calling to her in a tone of great distress. She followed the direction of the sound, and at the edge of the field, in the little foot-path which led to the cottage, she saw the widow standing beside the remains of old Black, whom the wolves had so completely devoured that nothing was left of her but her bones and horns.

At this sight, Snowdrop's blood ran cold. She threw herself on her knees and wept bitterly, for she had taken care of the poor cow so long that she had become quite attached to her. Nina, seeing her daughter's extravagant grief, endeavored to console her, and said:

"You should not weep for old Black as if she was a human being like ourselves. If the wolves of the forest are in league with your wicked uncles against us, there is yet a good Providence to help the widow and the fatherless. Let us collect a bundle of faggots and go home; if we have no milk to-night, we can drink water with our black bread."

Snowdrop obeyed her mother, but at every step she could not help crying, and saying to herself, "Poor old Black! she was so good-natured, and so easy to lead; she eat so much, and she began to grow so fat:—Poor old Black!"

She had no heart to eat any supper, and she awoke twenty times in the night, thinking she heard the cow lowing at the door. The next morning, before daybreak, she jumped out of bed, and without waiting to put on her petticoat or her shoes, she ran out to the field where she had seen the bird. As she reached the edge of the heath, she saw the little bird perched on the same flowering branch, and singing louder than ever. He was evidently calling her, for he fidgeted about when he saw her, and seemed trying very hard to say something. But Snowdrop was no wiser than she had been the night before. She could not understand a word, and she was turning away, quite disheartened, when she saw something glittering among the grass. She fancied it was a piece of gold, and putting out her foot, she tried to turn it over.

Now you must know that there is a plant of wonderful virtue, known by the name of the "Golden Herb." It is generally invisible; but if a person who has committed no sin, will go to the fields at daybreak, clad in a single garment and barefooted, they may discover it, and should it be accidentally trodden on, it will instantly convey to the fortunate discoverer the power of understanding the language of animals. It was this Golden Herb which Snowdrop had seen shining in the grass; and the instant her naked foot touched it, she understood every word the little bird was saying to her. The first thing she heard was:

"Snowdrop, sweet Snowdrop, I'm waiting for thee;
Snowdrop, sweet Snowdrop, come, listen to me."

"Who are you?" asked the little girl.

"I'm little John Redthroat, who pulled out a thorn
From the foot of the pilgrim so old and forlorn:
The holy man blessed me, and gave me the power
Every year to bestow on some maiden her dower.
Now Snowdrop, sweet Snowdrop, come, listen to me,
For this year, sweet Snowdrop, my choice falls on thee."

"Are you, indeed, that dear good John Redthroat, who pulled the thorn out of the old pilgrim's foot, and who covered the poor little dead babes with leaves in the woods? Will you really make me rich? and may I have a silver chain on my neck, and wear shoes every day?" asked Snowdrop.

"Your chain shall be gold, set with pearls white as milk,
And your shoes shall be always of velvet or silk,"

sung the polite little bird.

"What must I do to deserve all this, sweetheart?" said the child.

"Snowdrop, sweet Snowdrop, now, follow my track;
Before the sun rises we both must come back."

Snowdrop said she would like nothing better than to follow the dear bird forever; but she wanted to go home first to put on some clothes, as she could not help thinking one garment was scarcely enough for a long journey. But the bird would not wait a moment, and set off on so rapid

terribly frightened, for she had not expected to be swung about at the end of the cow's tail, with the whole country lying a thousand feet below her. But she twisted her hands tightly in the tuft of silky hair, and before she had time to grow dizzy, she found herself seated on the door-step of her mother's cottage, with her milk-pail beside her.

The sun was rising when she arrived home, and her mother, who had that moment missed her, was just coming out of the door to look for her. Of course, the poor widow was very happy to find herself in possession of so fine a cow; but her joy was increased tenfold when Snowdrop began to milk the beautiful animal, for the milk flowed through her fingers like water from a spring. Nina filled all the earthen bowls, and pitchers, and pans she could find; then she mustered all the wooden pails and churns in the neighborhood, but still the milk continued to flow, until they began to be afraid that the cow would occasion an inundation of all the low grounds in Brittany. I really

believe the cow could have furnished milk enough for all the babes and pigs in the world.

The whole district was soon in commotion about the widow's cow. People came from far and near to see it. The clergyman of the place came to ascertain whether it was not an evil spirit; but when he saw the white star on its forehead, he was quite satisfied. The richest farmers offered to purchase it, and each tried to outbid the other in price. But Nina had no idea of parting with so valuable an animal, unless she received some very tempting offer. At last, her brother Perrik came to learn the truth respecting the good luck that had befallen his sister. As soon as he saw with his own eyes the wonderful powers of the magic cow, he said:

"If you have any Christian feeling, you will give your brother the preference over all other purchasers. Let me have your Sea-Cow, and I will give you in exchange as many common cows as it takes tailors to make a man."

"The Sea-Cow is worth more than nine common

cows," answered Nina. "She is of more value than all the cows in the parish."

"Well, sister, since you set so high a price upon her, I will offer you the mansion-house where you were born, with the farm and all the horses."

Nina did not hesitate long in accepting this offer. So Perrik conducted her to the farm, and, after she had taken a bit of earth from the field, drank a mouthful of water from the well, made a fire in the chimney corner, and cut a tuft of hair from the tails of all the horses, to prove that she had become mistress of all these things, she gave the cow to Perrik, who led her away.

Poor little Snowdrop was very sorry to lose her new favorite. She thought of her soft skin and tender eyes, until she almost cried to think she should never see the poor cow again. At evening, she went into the barn to replenish the mangers for the cattle; and as she was busied, she fancied she heard the cow's voice. She listened, and as the Golden Herb had given her knowledge of the language of animals, she heard the words—

"I am here, little mistress; open the door, and let me in."

Snowdrop ran to the barn-door, and as she threw it open, in walked the beautiful Sea-Cow.

"How came you here, my darling?" said she.

"I could not remain with your uncle Perrik," lowed the cow, in a solemn voice. "My nature is so pure that I cannot live under the same roof with wicked people, and I have therefore come back to you."

"Then my mother must give back the mansion-house, and the farm, and the horses," said Snowdrop, sadly.

"That does not follow," grumbled the Sea-Cow. "They were taken from her unjustly, and she must now keep them."

"But uncle Perrik will come here and find you."

"Go and pluck three leaves of vervain."

Snowdrop was not gone a minute; and when she came back, the cow said:

"Hold the leaves by their stems and pass them

three times over my back, from the point of my horns to the tuft on my tail, saying all the time,

Cow of the Sea
Begone from me;
Thy task is done,
And thy race is run."

Snowdrop did all she was told; and as she reached the tuft on the cow's tail for the third time, the animal was suddenly changed into a superb horse.

"Now," neighed the creature, tossing its head and pricking up its ears, "your uncle Perrik will have some trouble to claim me. I am now the Sea-Horse."

The widow was of course very much surprised and delighted. The first thing she did, the next morning, was to try the strength of her new horse, by loading him with sacks of grain for the market. But never had such a wonderful creature been seen in Brittany. The more sacks of corn they heaped upon him, the longer his back grew; until

it seemed as if he might carry all the bags in the country. Indeed, had they continued to load him, he would have continued to streteh, until his nose would have been poking into the market-town before his tail had whisked out of the farm-yard. Of course, here was another wonder. People flocked to see it from all quarters; and Fanchon, determined to outbid all others, offered his sister the mill, with all the cows and fatted pigs, in exchange for the horse. The bargain was made, and Nina took possession of her new estate in the same manner as she had done of the farm. But in the evening Snowdrop found the horse at the barn-door again. So she took the three leaves of vervain, and rubbing them slowly down the horse's back, from the tips of his ears to the end of his tail, she said:

"Horse of the Sea
Begone from me;
Thy task is done,
And thy race is run."

In the twinkling of an eye, the horse was gone; and in his place was an enormous sheep, with a fleece as long as hemp, as red as scarlet, and as fine as combed flax. He was now the Sea-Ram.

They were all rejoiced at this new miracle, and Nina said, "Go, my daughter, and bring hither the shears. The poor animal can scarcely carry his heavy fleece."

But the more they sheared the Sea-Ram, the faster his fleece grew, until the locks of wool lay like a mountain in the farm-yard, and there was no barn large enough to hold it. Riwal, Nina's youngest brother, happened to be passing by, and beheld the whole affair. He instantly offered his kiln, his oxen, and his sheep in exchange for the Sea-Ram. Nina consented; and he went off, delighted with his good fortune. But as he was driving his new purchase home, he had occasion to pass near the sea-shore, opposite the "Seven Islands." As soon as he came in sight of them, the Sea-Ram sprang away, jumped into the sea, and swam off to the islands. While Riwal was

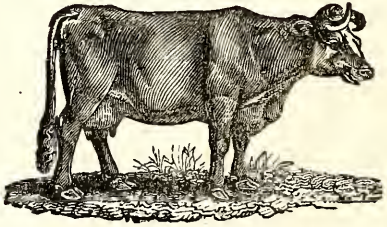
looking on, amazed at this sudden escape, the rocks opened to let the Sea-Ram enter, and then closing behind, effectually prevented any search for him.

Snowdrop expected he would return; but she looked for him in vain. She became quite melancholy at his loss; and, at length, she bethought her of going to the common, to consult John Redthroat. He had evidently expected her, for he was sitting on his old perch, and singing:

"Snowdrop, sweet Snowdrop, I'm waiting for thee;
Thou hast seen for the last time the Cow of the Sea.
Thy wicked old uncles will die in a ditch;
Thy mother is happy, and Snowdrop is rich;
Her shoes are of velvet, her chain pearl and gold;
John Redthroat has done all he promised of old."

With these words, the bird flew off, and Snowdrop never saw him again. She built a little chapel on the spot where she had first met him; and though she was now a rich heiress, and rode to church on a velvet saddle embroidered in silver,

with silken shoes on her feet, and a gold chain about her neck, she never forgot that she had once been poor, nor did she lose any of her virtues in the days of prosperity.



CHAPTER III.

"WILL you tell us another fairy tale, dear grandfather? Please tell us another Breton story," exclaimed several voices, when, on the following evening, the Waldorf family were again seated in the porch, enjoying the cool sea-breeze, and looking out upon the beautiful sunset.

"I thought you would be quite disappointed with so homely a fairy tale," replied the old gentleman, smiling. "There were no crystal palaces, no golden chariots, no beautiful fairy queens in robes of green satin, with crowns of pearly dew-drops on their flowing tresses. The Breton fairies are all

little workies; they plough, and reap, and spin, and knit, like the people among whom they dwell."

"Oh, but it seems so very droll to hear of fairy cows that might cause a new deluge, fairy horses with backs ten miles long, and fairy sheep with a mountain of wool on their sides," exclaimed Frank. "For my part," continued he, "I am tired of hearing about little dainty creatures floating about on sunbeams; I like the substantial fairies of Brittany. Please tell us another story, grandfather, and let it be something about boys' and men's work this time; your first story was all *girl-talk*."

Every one laughed at Frank's sally in behalf of his own boy-tastes, and grandfather was half tempted to begin a discussion with him, for the sake of hearing his good and sufficient reasons for thinking "men's work" so much more interesting than women's trials. But the children, like most young people, were more anxious for the story than for the philosophy. So the kind old man,

with his usual considerateness, observing their ill-concealed impatience, hastened to gratify it, and, this time, undertook to tell them a "*boy-story*."

THE THREE GIFTS.

ONCE upon a time, there lived, in the province of Léon, in Lower Brittany, a widow, who had two sons, each as beautiful as the sunshine, and as rich as they could desire. Though Mylio, the eldest, was but sixteen years old, and his brother, Tonyk, was two years younger, they had studied so hard, that there was scarcely any thing more for them to learn at home; and their mother therefore resolved to send them to their uncle, who lived in a distant province, in order that they might see the world, as well as secure a portion of their uncle's inheritance before he died. Accordingly, one day she furnished each of them with a new hat, a pair

of shoes with silver buckles, a purple cloth cloak, a purse full of money, and a horse; and then giving them her blessing, sent them off to seek their uncle.

The brothers were so wonderfully alike in person, that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other by sight; but they differed greatly from each other in character. Tonyk was pious and charitable; always ready to help the poor, and as forgiving as he was affectionate. He could no more keep money in his hand, than he could anger in his heart. Mylio, on the contrary, never gave anybody more than their just due, and, indeed, seldom did that without grumbling and chaffering. If any one offended him, he was sure to be revenged if he could, and he was as selfish as he was miserly and vindictive. But these differences had not yet shown themselves so strongly as to put the brothers at variance; and they set out upon their journey in fine spirits, delighted, as young folks always are, at the thought of seeing strange countries.

The horses their mother had given them were so swift, that in a very few days they found themselves entering upon a region which produced trees quite unknown to them, and grain such as they had never before seen. As they turned into a by-road, they saw an old woman sitting under one of those rude crosses which are so frequent in Brittany. She sat with her apron over her face, rocking herself backwards and forwards, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Tonyk stopped his horse to inquire into the cause of her distress, and when she told him she had just buried her only son, who had been the support of her old age, the tears stood in Tonyk's eyes. But Mylio, who was waiting a few paces off, cried out, in derision:

"Don't be fool enough to listen to the first whiner you meet; the old woman only wants to cry purses out of the pockets of travellers."

"Hush, brother," answered Tonyk; "your cruel words make her weep more bitterly. Don't you see she is old and gray, like our dear mother?" Then leaning over his horse's neck, and holding

out his purse, he continued: "Take this, my good woman; I can do nothing except to relieve your wants. God only can console you in your affliction."

The woman took the purse, with a thousand thanks, and as she pressed her withered lips to the young man's hand, she said:

"My good youth, since you have enriched me now for life, you will not certainly refuse to receive a gift from me in return. Within this walnut is a wasp with a diamond sting. Take it, and keep it against the time of need."

Tonyk took the nut, and thanking the old woman, as a gentleman should, went on his way.

The travellers soon arrived on the borders of a forest, where they saw a half-naked child, digging into the hollow trees, and moaning a melancholy song, that sounded more sad than a funeral hymn. Sometimes he would pause in his work, and rub his poor little frozen hands together, while the loud chattering of his teeth almost prevented them from hearing the mournful words he was chanting:

"The cow has her stall, and the sheep has his fold,
But for me there's no shelter. I'm cold, oh! I'm cold."

Tonyk was ready to cry at the sight of so much suffering at so tender an age, and he said to his brother:

"Oh, Mylio, is it not terrible to see how that poor child is suffering from this driving wind!"

"He must be very tender, then," answered Mylio: "for my part, I don't find it so very cold."

"Because you are protected by a good frieze jacket, and over that a cloth coat, and over that again your purple cloak; but the boy is almost naked."

"Oh, he is used to it: he is only a poor peasant."

"I can't bear to see him shiver," said Tonyk. So, calling the little fellow to him, he asked what he was doing in the woods.

"I am seeking for the beautiful dragon-flies, which sleep in the hollow trees," answered the boy.

"And what do you mean to do with them, when you get them?" asked Tonyk.

"When I get enough, I will sell them in the village, and buy a coat to keep me warm when the sun does not shine."

"How many have you already found?"

"Only one;" said the child, holding up, as he spoke, a little wicker-cage, in which was imprisoned a beautiful insect with wings of blue and gold.

"Very well; I will buy that one," said Tonyk, throwing his fine purple cloak round the trembling boy. "Wrap your frozen limbs in this warm cloth; and when you say your prayers to-night, thank Heaven for having sent us to your aid."

The brothers continued their journey; and though Tonyk at first felt the want of his cloak, as he rode in the face of a biting north-easter, yet scarcely had they emerged from the forest, when the wind fell, the mist cleared away, and the sun began to break through the heavy clouds. They soon arrived at a more open country; and as they

entered a green valley, through which murmured a pleasant stream, they saw, by the water's edge, an old man, clad in miserable tatters, and bearing on his shoulder a beggar's wallet. As soon as he saw the travellers, he began to implore their assistance.

"What can we do for you, father?" asked Tonyk, taking off his hat as he spoke, out of respect to the old man's years.

"Alas! my dear little gentleman," said the beggar, "you see my gray hairs and wrinkled cheeks; I am so old that my legs will no longer carry me, and I must die in this place, unless one of you will sell me your horse."

"Sell our horses to an old bone-picker, like you?" exclaimed Mylio. "I would like to see what you can offer for them."

"Do you see this hollow acorn?" answered the old man. "It contains a spider, which spins a web stronger than steel. Let me take one of your horses, and I will give you in exchange the spider and the acorn."

Mylio burst into a loud laugh. "Do you hear

that, Tonyk ?" said he ; " did you ever know such a fool ? I will wager my silver buckles, that you might find a pair of asses' heels in that old fellow's wooden shoes, if you were to pull them off."

" The poor man can offer no more than he has," replied Tonyk, softly. Then alighting from his horse, and advancing towards the old beggar, he said :

" I will give you my horse, my good man, not for the price you offer, but for charity's sake. Look upon him as your own, and thank Heaven, who has sent us to your assistance."

The old man muttered a thousand benedictions, and mounting the horse with the youth's assistance, galloped off into the woods. Mylio, who had been more and more incensed at each of Tonyk's gifts, now no longer attempted to contol his indignation.

" Idiot !" he exclaimed, " you have reduced yourself to a pretty condition by your folly. I dare say, you fancied that after you had stripped yourself of every thing, I would share with you

my gold, and my cloak, and my horse; but you will find yourself mistaken. I hope the lesson will do you good, and teach you more economy in future."

"I am willing to learn from all good lessons, brother," said Tonyk, mildly. "I have no idea of sharing your goods; so go your way, and be not disturbed about me: I will follow you."

Mylio made no reply; but urging his horse into a trot, was soon far in advance of Tonyk, who followed him at a distance.

Not a great way from thence was a narrow passage, between two high mountains whose heads were hidden in the clouds. This path was called the Pass of Peril, because of a terrible ogre, who dwelt on the top of the highest mountain, and lay in wait there for travellers, just as a sportsman would watch for game. He was a monstrous giant, without any legs, and stone-blind; but his ears were so fine, that he could hear the worms creeping in the earth. He was attended by two eagles whom he had tamed, and he always sent

them out after the prey whose approaeh he heard. Therefore the people of the country were aeeustomed to traverse this pass with their shoes in their hands, scarcely daring to breathe, for fear of being seized by the terrible ogre. Mylio, however, who knew nothing of all this, trotted briskly into the narrow pass. But the tramp of his horse's feet woke the giant out of his afternoon's nap, and he ealled out, "Holloa! where are my greyhounds? Up, sluggards, and bring in that noisy fellow for my supper." The white and the red eagles instantly flew off, like two bullets out of a rifle. They plunged into the ravine, seized Mylio by his purple eloak, and carried him into the giant's house.

Tonyk arrived at the entranee of the Pass of Peril, at the moment when the eagles had seized their prey. He saw his brother struggling in their talons, and uttering a loud ery, he rushed forward to his reseue. But long ere he eould reaeh them, they were hidden among the clouds and darkness of that lofty mountain-top.

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"I would move heaven and earth to save my brother," exclaimed the affectionate Tonyk, throwing himself upon the ground in despair.

"That would be making a great commotion for a very small matter," said a tiny little voice, apparently close beside him.

"Who speaks? where are you?" exclaimed the startled youth.

"We are in your coat-pocket," answered the voice.

Tonyk thrust his hand in his pocket, and drew out the walnut, the acorn, and the wicker-cage, in which were inclosed the three insects.

"Who will rescue Mylio?" asked Tonyk.

"We!—We!—We!" answered three droning voices, in as many different tones.

"What can you do, my poor little *nobodies?*" said the youth, sadly.

"Open our prisons, and you shall see."

Tonyk did as he was desired; and no sooner had he opened the acorn, than there issued from it a jet-black spider, whose body was studded with

rubies, and who instantly commenced fastening to a tree a thread as brilliant and strong as the finest tempered steel wire. Then came forward the drag-on-fly, and taking the spider on his back, he rose slowly through the air, swaying himself backwards and forwards in such a manner as to enable the spider to weave a step-ladder long enough to reach the skies. Tonyk, setting the wasp on the crown of his hat, began to ascend the ladder, and, though it almost took his breath away to mount up so high in the clouds, he at last reached the top of the mountain. Here the wasp, flying before him, guided him to the giant's abode, which was a great cave, as big as a church, scooped out of the solid rock. Here, in the centre of the cavern, sat the old ogre. On the ground lay Mylio, with his arms and legs pinioned against his back, like a chicken just ready for the spit; while the giant, as he leaned over him, seemed to balance his body like the trunk of an enormous poplar swayed by the north wind. He was in high good-humor, for Mylio had always been under the care of a good

mother, and of course his flesh was firm, and his skin white, as if he had always fed on the fat of the land. The ogre busied himself in cutting strips of pork, with which to lard his fine goose, and as he did so, he sung a sort of gigantic bacchanalian song, in tones that seemed to shake the mountain. The noise made by his own voice, and the deep attention he was bestowing upon the delicate morsels which were soon to be inserted into Mylio's soft skin, prevented him from hearing the approach of Tonyk and his three little assistants. The eagles were both in the chimney, where one was employed in stirring the fire, while the other was winding up the turnspit. The red eagle, however, spied Tonyk, and was darting towards him with extended talons, when the wasp thrust his diamond sting into both his eyes. The white eagle flew to the assistance of his comrade, but met with the same fate, and with a shriek of pain, they retreated to their corner. The old ogre, raising himself up when he heard the cries of his attendants, turned towards

them, and received the attack of the wasp full in his face. He roared like a wild bull, and flung his arms around like the sails of a great windmill, but his blindness prevented him from seizing the wasp, and the want of legs prevented him from running away from his unmerciful attacks. At length, half mad with pain, he threw himself on his face to the ground. No sooner was he there, than the spider hastened to weave around him a web so strong that he could not stir a finger, but lay like a dead tree in the forest. In vain he called upon his eagles to help him. The pain they were suffering from their blinded eyes made them quite savage, and knowing that the ogre's power was at an end forever, they determined to avenge themselves for their former slavery. So they flew at him, beat him with their great wings, struck him with their sharp talons, and tore out such great pieces of his flesh with their beaks, that there was soon nothing left of him but the bare bones rattling in the spider's steel web. But scarcely had they gorged themselves with

their horrid meal, when they found they had been indulging in rather indigestible food; for their bodies swelled to the size of oxen, and they died in great torment.

As for Tonyk, he was overjoyed to see his brother yet undevoured; so, cutting asunder his bonds, he led him out of that frightful cavern. On the edge of the precipice, he found the wasp and the dragon-fly harnessed to the wicker-cage, which was now transformed into a magnificent chariot. They politely requested the brothers to seat themselves in the new vehicle, and the spider mounted behind like a liveried footman. In this manner, they flew along like the wind, and accomplished the rest of their journey without meeting any new adventures. The high roads of the air are usually kept in pretty good order; so they traversed mountains and plains, hills and valleys, towns and villages, with great rapidity, and soon found themselves near their uncle's château. The carriage then descended towards the earth, and the travellers, alighting from it, were agreeably

surprised to find their own horses waiting for them on the drawbridge. At Tonyk's saddle-bow, there hung his purse and his purple cloak; but the purse was now ten times as large and full as it had been, and his cloak was embroidered with diamonds and pearls.

The young men turned towards the carriage to inquire the meaning of all this, but the wasp, the dragon-fly, and the spider, had all disappeared. In their stead they beheld three fairies, as beautiful as a May morning, and not more than three inches in height. Mounting on the top of a hawthorn bush, which brought them nearly on a level with the youths, the ladies began to explain matters; but as they all talked at once, and each exerted her voice to the utmost, it was at first impossible to distinguish a word. By dint of persuasion and extreme courtesy, Tonyk finally induced them to speak in turn. He then learned that the old woman, the frozen child, and the beggar, were only disguises assumed by the three fairies to test the virtue of the young travellers.

Tonyk had stood the trial so well, that besides receiving the reward originally designed for his charity, he was allowed to rescue his selfish brother from the fate he had so richly deserved;—for to a generous nature, the greatest of all pleasures is to do good to others. Tonyk thanked the ladies for their interest in his welfare, and promised better things in behalf of Mylio, who stood with downcast eyes and sheepish air, listening to the enumeration of his brother's virtues and his own demerits. Whether he ever really reformed is doubtful; for the selfish man has his idol always so close to him; that he can scarcely ever put aside his idolatry.

CHAPTER IV.

NOW when the happy family were next assembled in their accustomed place on the piazza, they began to fancy they might claim as a right what had heretofore been accorded as a favor, and so they clamored for a continuance of grandfather's legends. Frank drew forward the good man's favorite chair, (which, with its great arms, so hospitably extended, looked as if it always wanted to take somebody into its lap,) and, as the old gentleman comfortably sank into its downiness, he said:

"This old chair shall be called '*Fairy Hollow*,' and whenever grandpapa seats himself in it,

at the 'witching hour' of sunset, we shall expect some tidings from fairy land."

"How did you like my boy-story, last night, master Frank," asked Mr. Waldorf; "did you derive any moral from its grotesque incidents?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Frank, looking very wise: "I think it was quite an allegory."

"Pray explain it, for our benefit."

Frank colored a little, and replied: "I think the two brothers were intended to represent Benevolence and Selfishness. The Wasp, I suppose, meant courage, the Spider was perseverance, and the Dragonfly, hope."

"Pretty well imagined, my boy; but we had better not attempt to carry out the allegory any farther, or we might meet with some difficulty."

"I hate allegories," said Edith, "unless they are very short, and so skilfully written as to seem like real stories. I often think that the old lady was not far wrong when she called them *paregorical* stories, for they always put me to sleep."

"I suppose you would like me to find a rustic

love-story among our fairy tales, my little Edith. Well, since it seems decided that I am to tell a legend every fine evening, I will endeavor to suit all tastes, and to-night it is your turn to be consulted."

THE

QUEEN OF THE PEARL ISLANDS.

IN former times, when Fairies were as numerous in Brittany as wolves in the forest, or pigs in the farm-yard, or children in the cottages, there lived in one of the provinces a young man named Harold, and a very pretty girl called Bellah. They were own cousins, and their mothers, while they were yet tiny little babies, had determined they should marry each other. So they were rocked in the same cradle, and fed with the same pap-spoon, according to the custom of Brittany, whenever one of these early betrothals

takes place. As they grew older they loved each other dearly, and every thing seemed to favor them, when suddenly their parents died. They were still very young, and as they had no inheritance to depend upon, the poor orphans were obliged to go out to service. They were fortunate enough to obtain employment with the same farmer, so that they were not separated, and might have been happy, if they had only been willing to think themselves so. But lovers, so says the Breton legend, are like the waves of the ocean; always restless, and always complaining.

"If we could only get money enough to buy a young heifer, and a lean pig," said Harold, "then I would rent a lot of land from the farmer, and we might get married, and go to housekeeping."

"Yes," said Bellah, with a deep sigh; "but what can we expect in such hard times? Cows and pigs are twice as dear as they used to be, and I am afraid that poor folks will never be able to marry, at least till better days come."

"I dare say we shall have to wait till I am

gray-headed, Bellah; for I have noticed that when I am drinking with my friends, it never comes to my turn to get the last glass in the bottle; which you know is a sure sign of being married within the year."

"That is just my luck too," sighed Bellah; "I have never yet been able to hear the first song of the cuckoo, and I know that every girl who hears it will be married before winter."

In this manner they complained to each other every day, until at length Harold began to lose all patience. One morning he went after Bellah, who was very busy winnowing corn in the barn, and told her he was going to seek his fortune. The poor girl was very much distressed, and tried hard to make him change his mind; but Harold was an obstinate fellow, and would not listen to reason.

"The birds fly about till they find a field of corn," said he, "and the bees will go miles to seek flowers for their honey. A man ought not to have less sense than the beasts. I am going to do as they do, and look for what I want. When I get

rich enough to buy a heifer, and a lean pig, I will come back."

Bellah knew there was no use in talking to him, so she yielded with as good a grace as possible.

"Since you must go, Harold," said she, "I will first divide with you my little inheritance."

She then went to her clothes-press, and took out a bell, a knife, and a staff made of the wild apple-tree.

"These three relics," said she, "have never been out of our family. They were the gifts of an old fairy many years ago. The bell has the power of ringing whenever he who wears it is in danger, and its sound always reaches his best friend, even if he is a hundred miles off. The knife can break all enchantments; for by touching it, all things are restored to their original forms. The staff is better than a wishing cap, for it can transport the owner wherever he wishes to go, in the twinkling of an eye. The bell you must hang round your neck, and the knife you must carry in your pocket; but the staff I will keep, for if I

hear the bell ring, I shall use my fairy saddle-horse to go in search of you."

Harold thanked his dear Bellah, kissed her most heartily, and, I dare say, shed a few tears, as lovers are apt to do, on such occasions; but still he turned his face towards the mountains, and left Bellah to her farm-work.

He travelled a great many miles, and found things very much the same all over the world. In every town he was besieged by beggars, and found it would be far easier to spend a fortune than to make one. So he continued his journey, and come at length to a pretty village, built on the banks of a river, bordered with tall poplar trees. As he sat by the door of the inn he overheard two muleteers, talking together, as they were loading their mules. They were telling some wonderful stories about the Queen of the Pearl Islands; and in answer to Harold's inquiries, they told him that she was a great enchantress, who dwelt on an island in the midst of a lake. She was said to be richer than all the kings in the world, and

hundreds of people had gone in search of the Queen of the Pearl Islands, but not one had ever returned.

Suddenly it came into Harold's head to try this adventure. The muleteers tried hard to dissuade him; but finding him resolute, they raised a terrible outcry, calling upon the neighbors to prevent the poor youth from rushing to his destruction. Harold thanked them for their kind intentions, and told them, that if they would contribute as much money as would buy him a young heifer, and a lean pig, he would give up his dangerous project. But at this proposal, they all cried out that he must be a fool, and there was no use in trying to save him.

Harold went to the sea-shore, and there found a boatman, who carried him over to the Pearl Islands. When he landed, he soon found himself on the borders of a large lake, lying in the very centre of the islands. The margin of the lake was covered with grass and flowers; but on one side, half concealed in the shadow of a hawthorn

bush, he saw a sea-green pleasure-boat floating on the still waters. The little boat was shaped like a sleeping swan, with its head tucked under its wing, and its webbed-feet drawn close up to its body. Harold had never seen any thing like this before; and in order to examine it more closely, he stepped into it. He had no sooner done this than the bird raised its head, spread its great feet out upon the waters, and paddled out from the shore. Harold, frightened half to death, jumped into the water, intending to swim back; but the bird caught him with its strong beak, and plunged down to the bottom of the lake. As the poor fellow could not open his mouth without swallowing some of the sulphurous water of the lake, he dared not even cry for help. He felt himself going down, lower and lower, but at length the bird paused, and he found himself at the gate of a magnificent palace, built of the most beautiful sea-shells. The stairs which led into the palace was of rock crystal, and it was so curiously constructed, that every step began to sing most melodiously, as soon as a foot touched

it. Forests of marine shrubs and trees, stretched off in the distance; around the palace lay gardens filled with flowers made of pearls and precious stones, while instead of grassy lawns, there were large fields of every variety of sea-weed, sprinkled all over with diamonds, like daisies in a June meadow.

As Harold entered the door of this superb palace, he was struck dumb with amazement. Reclining on a couch of solid gold, canopied with the most beautiful ostrich and peacock feathers, lay the beautiful Queen of the Pearl Islands. She was dressed in a flowing robe, as green as the sea, as fine as a ray of light, and as pliant as a wave. Her dark hair, bound with wreaths of crimson coral, reached to her feet; and the blush which overspread her snow-white skin at the sight of Harold, was like the rosy tint in the lip of a sea-shell. Seeing that he paused on the threshold, the queen arose, and, smiling sweetly, advanced towards him. Her motions were so graceful, that she seemed to float onwards, like the foam on a wave. She received the stranger very kindly.

"You are welcome," said she, making a sign for him to enter; "we have always room for handsome young men in my palace."

Harold was a little flattered, and he ventured to enter the apartment.

"Who are you? whence do you come? and what do you seek?" asked the queen.

"I am called Harold; I come from Lanillis; I am looking for money to buy a young heifer and a lean pig," answered Harold.

"Come and feast with me, Harold," said the enchantress. "I promise to give you all you desire."

With these words, she led Harold into a second saloon, hung with silken tapestry embroidered with pearls. Here she placed before him eight large goblets made of chased silver, and lined with gold, the handles and brims of which were incrusted with precious stones. These cups she filled with eight different kinds of wine. Harold tasted them all in turn, and found them so excellent that he drank each cup out eight times, and at every

draught the queen seemed to become more and more beautiful in his eyes. She begged him not to be sparing of the wine, for her cellars were full of hundreds of casks. She told him that the lake in the midst of the islands, had a subterraneous communication with the ocean, and that as all the treasures which were swallowed up by the numerous shipwrecks, were brought into the lake by a magical under-current, of course there was no end to her riches.

"Upon my word," said Harold "I don't wonder people say hard things of you. Such rich people must always expect to be envied. I wish I had only half your fortune."

"You shall have the whole if you please," said the fairy.

"How?" was his astonished question.

"I have just received news of the death of my husband, a poor miserable dwarf of a fairy, whom I never cared any thing about; I have taken a great fancy to your good looks, and if you choose, you shall be my second husband."

The young man was startled. Such an offer from a beautiful woman who could give him eight different kinds of wine every day, was certainly a great temptation. It is true he was promised to Bellah, but men easily forget such youthful follies, and, besides, how could he ever marry Bellah if he could never get money enough to buy the heifer and the lean pig? He pondered over it about two minutes, but the wine was dancing in his head and he could not think very clearly. However, he remembered her hundreds of casks in the cellar, and that determined him. He very politely told the enchantress that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to become her husband, and the Queen of the Pearl Islands replied that she would immediately prepare the wedding supper.

Accordingly she set out a golden table, and put on it every good thing that Harold had ever dreamed of in his whole life, as well as a great many dainties which he had never heard of. Then running out to a fishpond at the end of the palace garden, she called out:

"Come, lawyer! come, miller! come, tailor! come, priest!
For you must be fried that my husband may feast."

At each name she called, a fish darted towards her, which she caught in her hand, and put into a silver net which was hanging at her girdle. When the net was full, she carried the fish to the palace, and leaving Harold in the saloon, she went into the adjoining room, where she threw them into a golden frying-pan. As the pan began to hiss over the fire, Harold thought he heard the murmur of voices.

"What whispering is that, I hear, my beautiful queen?" asked the young man.

"It is only the crackling of the green wood under the pan," answered the enchantress, stirring the fire as she spoke.

In less than a minute Harold heard again the sound of half-choked voices.

"What whispering do I hear, my beautiful queen?" he again asked.

"It is only the melting of the lard in the pan,"

she replied, at the same time turning the fish over as she spoke.

The little voices now uttered faint and doleful cries.

"What do I hear crying, my beautiful queen?" said Harold again.

"It is only the chirping of the cricket on the hearth," answered the fairy, beginning to sing so loud that Harold could listen to nothing else. But the young Breton, who had time to recover a little from the effects of the wine, began to reflect upon these strange sounds. He grew a little frightened, and of course, as he thought himself in danger, he began to feel some penitence for his folly.

"Is it possible," thought he, "that I have been so near forgetting my dear Bellah for the sake of a fairy, whose mother is perhaps a fish, and her father a sea-snake! She is certainly one of the foul fiend's own brood, and if I should marry her, I should have to go to bed every night without saying my prayers. What shall I do? How shall I escape out of this horrible island?"

While he was thus talking to himself for want of better company, the Queen of the Pearl Islands had set the fried fish in a golden dish upon the table, and now summoned Harold to take his seat at supper.

"Eat heartily," said she; "those fish are of excellent flavor and well fattened, so do not spare them. In the meantime I will go into the cellar, and draw twelve different kinds of wine for you."

Harold sat down by the table, and as the enchantress left the room to get the wine, he drew out his knife and began to attack the fish, which certainly looked very tempting, and had a most savory smell. But no sooner had the magic blade touched the golden dish, than the fish suddenly returned to their original forms, and popped themselves up before him as little men, clad in the dress of their profession. The lawyer stood up in his black robe, the tailor in purple breeches, the miller in a meal-colored doublet, and the priest in his white surplice, all crying out as loud as they could, while they tried hard to keep their heads above the melted butter.

"Save us, Harold, if you wish to save yourself!"

"Who in the world are you?" exclaimed Harold. "This is the first time I ever saw live Christians swimming in boiling fat."

"We are foolish men, like yourself," they replied. "We came to the Pearl Islands to seek our fortune. We drank wine from golden cups till we did not know what we were doing. We married the queen; and the next morning we found ourselves swimming in the fish-pond, with hundreds of others like ourselves."

"What!" exclaimed Harold, "can it be possible that so young and beautiful a woman is already the widow of hundreds of fish?"

"Yes, yes," sputtered the poor little men; "and to-morrow you will be in the same condition that we are, with a fair chance of being fried and eaten by the next young man that comes here."

Harold gave a tremendous leap, as if he already felt himself in the hot pan, and ran to the door, hoping to make his escape before the return of the

enchantress. But she had been standing outside, and had overheard every thing. Just as he reached the door, she threw her silver net over his head, and in an instant Harold had assumed the form of a little green frog, which the wicked queen threw into the fish-pond along with her former husbands.

At the moment when these wonderful events were occurring in the Pearl Islands, Bellah was in the dairy at Lanillis, straining the morning's milk. But the moment that Harold was changed into a frog, the bell which he wore about his neck began to ring, and Bellah heard it distinctly. It sounded to her like a clap of thunder, for she knew Harold must be in danger. She dropped the strainer into the milk, and only waiting to put on her Sunday gown and her new wooden shoes, she took her magic staff and hurried off. When she reached the cross-road, she planted her staff firmly in the ground, and walking three times round it, with clasped hands, she uttered the charm:

"By the spell that was laid
On the wild apple-tree,

Conduct me in safety
O'er land and o'er sea."

The staff instantly disappeared, and in its place stood a little bay mare, all groomed, and saddled, and bridled, with a knot of ribbons at each ear, and a plume of blue feathers on her forehead. Bellah mounted her new steed, who at first went off on a walk, then warmed up into a trot, and at last started into a furious gallop. She went so swiftly, that hedges and ditches, houses and churches, passed before Bellah's eyes like the whirling of a spindle. But she did not mind this, for she was anxious to find Harold, and she urged her bay mare to its utmost speed by singing:

"The swallow skims the fields of air,
But the wind outstrips the swallow's speed;
And swifter still is the lightning's glare,
But swifter be thou, my magic steed!"

The mare understood her wishes, and dashed on, like a straw in a whirlwind, until she reached the foot of a high mountain called the "Stag's Leap."

Bellah knew that neither horse nor mare could scramble up that smooth rock, so dismounting from the saddle, she walked three times round the bay mare, twirling her thumbs from east to west, and sung:

"By the spell that was laid
On the wild apple-tree,
I charge thee to guide me
O'er mountain and sea."

Before the last words were uttered, the bay mare had gathered up her legs, and spread out a pair of wings, and become a great eagle, which taking Bellah on its back, carried her to the top of the mountain. Here the eagle crouched down, and she got off. On the topmost cliff she saw a large nest made of clay, and lined with dry moss. As she approached it, she found it occupied by a little old dwarf, as wrinkled as a wet sheep-skin, and as black as a smoked fish. As soon as he saw Bellah, he called out:

"Aha! my pretty girl, so you have come at

last; I've waited for you a long time. Now you will release me from this hateful nest."

"Who are you?" said Bellah; "and how can I release you?"

"I am Jeanneton, the husband of the Queen of the Pearl Islands, and it is my wicked wife who keeps me here."

"What are you doing in that nest, my little man?"

"I am sitting on six stone eggs, and I cannot be released until they are all hatched."

Bellah could not help laughing. "Poor dear little man-bird," said she, "how can I release you?"

"By saving Harold from the spells of the Queen of the Pearl Islands."

"Oh! I would go through the world barefoot to do that."

"You must do two things," said Jeanneton, the dwarf: "first, you must visit the queen in the disguise of a young man; and when you get there, you must obtain the silver net she carries at her

girdle, for with nothing else can she be held bound."

"Where can I find a dress to fit me, my dear mannikin?" asked Bellah.

"You shall soon see, my little milkmaid."

With these words, the dwarf pulled four long, coarse hairs out of his head, and blowing upon them, muttered some words, as he threw them on the ground. Immediately the hairs sprung up into four brisk tailors, one of whom carried a cabbage, another a scissors, a third a thimble, and a fourth an iron goose. They seated themselves round the nest, and doubling up their legs in the form of an X, they went to work upon a dress for Bellah. Out of one leaf of the cabbage they soon made a beautiful coat, embroidered down every seam. Another leaf furnished them with materials for a fine waistcoat; but it took two of the very largest leaves to make the great trunk-hose, which were then in fashion. They cut the heart of the cabbage into an excellent hat, and the stalk, with a little splicing, served to make a pair of shoes. When

Bellah had put on this elegant dress, she looked like a young prince, for her clothes were of velvet, lined with the purest white satin, and every button was a diamond, while the button-holes were all worked with gold thread. So, thanking the poor little dwarf, who was almost frozen to death, with sitting so long on the stone eggs, she mounted her eagle, and set out on her journey. The bird knew where to go, and he never stayed his flight until he set her down on the margin of the lake, in the midst of the Pearl Islands. Having received instructions from Jeanneton, she knew exactly what to do. So, commmanding her bird to become a staff again, she took it in her hand, entered the swan-shaped boat, and in a few minutes found herself at the palace gate.

When the Queen of the Pearl Islands saw the handsome youth, dressed in green velvet, with diamond buttons, she was highly delighted. "This is the finest young fellow I have ever seen," said she to herself. "I should not wonder if I were to love him at least *nine* days." She immediately

began to lavish all kinds of attentions upon Bellah, calling her a darling, a sweetheart, and all such pretty and flattering names. She insisted on providing some food for the stranger, and while she was bringing out her dainties, Bellah spied on the table the magic knife she had given Harold. She hid it in her bosom, until she should find occasion to use it, and followed the enchantress out to the garden. Here she showed Bellah the greenwood all sprinkled with diamonds, the fountains throwing up jets of perfumed lavender-water, and the fish-pond, full of fish, of every color of the rainbow. Bellah appeared delighted with every thing, especially with the pond full of fish, and seated herself on the bank, to watch them floating about in the water. The Queen of the Pearl Islands took this opportunity of asking Bellah if she would not like to marry her, and remain always among these beautiful objects. Bellah declared that nothing else could make her half so happy.

"Then we will be married without delay," said the fairy.

"Yes," said Bellah, "but on one condition; you must lend me the silver net which hangs at your girdle, that I may catch some of these fish for our wedding-supper."

The enchantress, pleased at finding Bellah so obliging, and suspecting no treachery, unloosed the net from her girdle, saying:

"Try your luck, young fisherman, and let us see what you will catch."

"I will make sure of a devil-fish," cried Bellah, suddenly throwing the enchanted net over the fairy's head. "By the power of your own spells, I charge you to become as hideous in body as you are in soul."

The enchantress uttered a loud cry, which ended in a stifled murmur, for the beautiful Queen of the Pearl Islands was instantly changed into a hideous queen of toads.

Bellah gathered up the silver net and flung it into a deep pit, over the mouth of which she placed a great stone, so that the instrument of so much mischief might never again be found. She then

hurried out to the fish-pond; but the fish had already leaped out of the water, and were coming in procession to meet her, crying out at the very top of their little hoarse voices:

"Hail to our lord and master, who has delivered us from the silver net and the golden frying-pan!"

"Let me now have the pleasure of seeing you restored to your true shapes," said Bellah, drawing from her bosom the magic knife. As she stooped down to reach the procession of fish, she saw at her feet, a little green frog, with a bell on his neck. He was sobbing as if his heart would break, and pressed his tiny fore feet to his bosom, with the most pathetic air imaginable. Bellah had a secret and instinctive idea that she was looking on an old friend.

"Is it you, my dear Harold?" she exclaimed.

"Alas, yes; it is your own repentant Harold!" croaked out the befrogged youth.

Bellah touched him with the magic knife, and immediately found herself in the arms of her lover. After they had kissed and embraced each other,

they remembered the poor little fish, who were modestly waiting their turn to be freed from their enchantment. Bellah gave them all the required touch, and in less than a minute the garden was filled with hundreds of people of all countries. In the midst of the confusion that ensued, who should come sweeping along but Jeanneton, the dwarf. He was sitting in the nest, which he had transformed into a golden car; and he was drawn through the air by six magnificent lady-bugs, all studded with rubies and emeralds. These beautiful winged steeds had broken through the stone eggs, at the very moment when Bellah threw the net over the head of the enchantress.

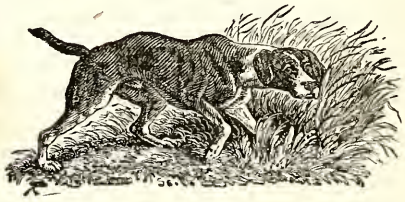
"Here I come, pretty maiden," said he to Bellah; "you have broken the charm, and changed me from an old hen, into a comely-looking young man."

Bellah hid her face on Harold's shoulder, for she could hardly refrain from laughing at the little, wrinkled, ugly old fellow, who evidently considered himself quite a beau.

"You deserve that I should marry you," said the fairy, "but the old proverb holds good with me, 'a scalded cat dreads cold water.' I have found one wife too much for me, and shall now remain a widower to the end of my days."

He then led them into the treasure-chambers of the palace, and told the lovers to take as much as they could carry. They filled their pockets, their girdles, and their hats with diamonds, and emeralds, and pearls. They even dropped some into the toes of their wooden shoes; and at last, Bellah proposed that they should tighten the knee-buckles of their trunk-hose, and pour them full of gold pieces. When this was done, finding it rather inconvenient to walk when encumbered with such a weight of treasure, Bellah ordered her staff to become an immense chariot, large enough to hold all the people she had delivered from their enchantment. In this manner they arrived safely at Lanillis, where the banns of marriage were immediately published between Harold and Bellah, who were at last allowed to eat their wedding-supper in peace.

They were now very happy ; for instead of buying a young heifer, and a lean pig, Harold became master of all the richest lands in the district, and settled upon them, as farmers, all the men who had been rescued from the power of the Queen of the Pearl Islands.



CHAPTER V.

SO habitual a thing had it become for grandfather to relate a story every evening, that the children felt quite aggrieved when any thing occurred to deprive them of the anticipated pleasure. It happened, on the day following that on which they had listened to the legend of the Queen of the Pearl Islands, a lady came to make a visit to their mother; and, out of politeness to their guest, the stories were suspended. They became quite impatient at being deprived of their accustomed indulgence, and probably felt the disappointment the more, because the lady was so

uncongenial in some of her tastes, that they could not become interested in her or her conversation.

Mrs. Lorton was a very sensible and excellent woman; but she made the mistake of regarding children as necessary evils in a community, who were to be kept out of the way as much as possible, and after being treated like babies up to a certain age, were then to receive the discipline of criminals until they became men and women. She was a a widow, but had never been a mother; and though her nephews and nieces paid her visits of ceremony at stated times, yet they stood in such awe of her spotless carpets, her shining tables, her glittering door-knobs and polished hearth-stones, that they moved about like little machines, glad to escape as quick as possible from the oppressive neatness and coldness of her abode. She had no sympathy with youth; none of that precious dew about her heart which keeps the feelings so fresh and unfaded even in old age. Childhood was, in her opinion, a very disagreeable period in life, and she endeavored to shorten it by putting old heads on young shoulders,

whenever she had the opportunity. She was always lecturing and advising; she was full of those odious little proverbs, which children hold in such horror.—"Children should be seen, and not heard:" "Little pitchers with big ears:" "Early to bed, and early to rise:" "Spare the rod, and spoil the child:" and all the "proverbial philosophy" which has been dinned into the ears of the world's "little people" for so many years, and which all children so heartily detest;—such were among her most agreeable modes of conveying admonition to young people.

Of course, she soon succeeded in making herself excessively disagreeable to the Waldorf children; and while they treated her with the respect due to a guest, they were yet restrained and uncomfortable in her presence. After a week's stay, however, she left them to return to her home, and the carriage which bore her from the door, had scarcely got beyond the gate of the lawn, when Frank threw up his hat, and uttered a loud "Huzzah!" taking care, however, that no one heard him but Edith.

"I couldn't help it," said he, in reply to her gentle remonstrance. "I *am* glad Mrs. Lorton is gone; the whole house seemed turned into a school while she was here. I took a dislike to her the day after she came here; for, instead of giving little Bertha a kiss for the pretty nosegay she laid on her plate at breakfast, she only told her how naughty it was to break off the *buds* with the *blossoms*, and began to give the poor child quite a lecture on botany."

"That is a small cause for disliking her," said Edith, gently.

"Well, you may think so, but I know it *showed character*, as grandfather says. She wants children to be little old men and women; and she might as well expect a kitten to be as quiet and demure as the old mother-cat."

"What are you talking about, Frank? You seem very much in earnest, if I may judge by your gesticulations," said old Mr. Waldorf, at that moment coming out on the piazza.

"Oh, grandfather, I was just going to look for

you," exclaimed Frank. "Can't we have a fairy story to-night? I dare say Mrs. Lorton would be shocked at such an enormity; but she is far away by this time."

"Many very good and sensible people, Frank, object to legends and fairy tales, as a source of amusement, or a medium of instruction for their children," said Mr. Waldorf.

"Why do they dislike them?" asked Edith, modestly.

"From a mistaken idea, that all which is not *truth* is *falsehood*. If they say all which is not *fact* is *fable*, I agree with them; but there are so many fine moral truths which are made more useful by the aid of fancy, than they could ever be as mere abstractions, that I cannot unite in condemning the attempt to garb them in a costume which makes them more conspicuous. 'Truth severe by fiction drest,' as the poet styles it, is not, to my mind, *falsehood*. There are moral truths so great and stupendous, that the feeble capacity of youth may be unable to grasp them in all their

grandeur. Then the camera-obscura of fancy may be properly brought in use, to diminish their proportions, in order that they may come within a limited range of vision, until the mental sight becomes fitted to receive their full magnificence. Again, there are multitudes of minor moral truths which would escape the eye of youth, if they were not caught in the fantastic web of imâgination, and there secured until the youthful eye could become familiar with their form and comeliness. I remember once standing with several friends on a terrace, which commanded a view of a superb landscape. We were all expressing our admiration in the most vivid terms, when I observed a sad expression steal over the countenance of one of the ladies. She was very near-sighted, and all that we so much extolled, was but a green waste to her eyes. As soon as this was remarked, a gentleman in the company drew from his pocket a Claude-Lorraine glass."

"What is that, grandfather ?"

"It is a mirror, which, besides reflecting every

object in reduced size, is tinged with the most delicate rose-color, or azure, and of course creates, as it were, a beautiful atmosphere for every scene which is depicted on its surface. It derives its name from the great landscape painter, who excelled in what is technically called the atmosphere of his pictures. This almost magical glass, was handed to the lady; she gazed in it as if her very soul was in her eyes. In a mirror scarcely ten inches long, she saw all the beauties, which before had been hidden from her view. The blue mountains in the distance, the hanging woods on their sides, the rushing river at their foot, the village beside the stream, the village girls at the spring, the children at play on the green, all was called up in life-like beauty before her; and for the first time, a widely extended view of nature's charms was brought within her limited range of eyesight."

"Oh! how delightful it must have been," exclaimed Edith.

"What that Claude-Lorraine glass was to my friend's bodily eyes, the mirror of fancy often is to

the imperfect perceptions of youth. Some may say she did not actually see nature in its full size, and its varied tints; but was it not better to see a perfect picture of the scene in miniature, than to have received no impression of its beauties? I can assure you she considered herself richer for the rest of her life, when she found herself possessor of a talisman which could bring a landscape to her feet at any moment."

"I am sure anybody but Mrs. Lorton would be quite satisfied with your vindication of fairy tales, grandpapa," said Frank.

"I suppose you mean to flatter me with omitting the remainder of my lecture on fiction, and giving you a legend instead. Well, I am quite ready; and as I see your father and mother are waiting for us, we may as well take our usual places." So saying, the old gentleman sank into the comfortable depths of Fairy Hollow, and began.

THE FARMER'S FRIEND.

PINARD, a valley near Morlaix, was the abode of a certain rich farmer, who had a very beautiful daughter named Barbaïka. Besides being noted far and near for her beauty, this young lady was celebrated as the best dancer, and the most elegantly dressed damsel in the whole parish. When she rode into Morlaix to church, she always wore a richly embroidered coif, or cap, a silk kerchief, five petticoats, one over the other, and slippers with silver buckles. This style of dress, in a country where wooden shoes and serge petticoats are much more common than French millinery, naturally enough excited

the envy of her neighbors. The market-women used to shake their heads very significantly, and wonder "how long it would be before the black ox trod on her foot." But Barbaïka cared little for their scandal, so long as she could wear fine clothes and have plenty of beaux around her. This was not difficult, for her father was rich, and gave her whatever she wanted; and as for lovers, it was then just the same as it is now,—young men are like straws hanging on the bushes, the lightest puff of wind carries them away.

Among Barbaïka's admirers was a good, honest, hard-working fellow, who had long been a laborer on her father's farm. He was as rough as a bear, and as ugly as a pig, but he loved her better than all the world, and would have done any thing in the world to gain her affections. Barbaïka could not endure poor Jégu, however, and the best name she ever gave him was "dog," "wolf," "unlicked cub," or some equally insulting title. Indeed she could not forgive so ugly a fellow for daring to be in love with her, and she treated him with every

kind of indignity, until she nearly broke his heart.

One day as he was leading the cattle to pasture, and as he stopped by the river to give them drink, he was standing very disconsolately beside them, thinking over all his troubles, when he heard a tiny little voice saying:

"What is the matter with you, Jégu? You seem to be quite in despair."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the young man, raising his head, and looking round.

"I am Tuez, the water-sprite," answered the same voice.

"I can't see you," replied Jégu.

"Look sharp, and you will see me in the form of a beautiful green frog, sitting in the midst of the rushes. I take all sorts of disguises when it suits my humor to be visible."

"I would like to see you in your real shape," said the matter-of-fact Jégu.

"Just as you please, Master Jégu; take care of your head;" and with these words the frog leaped

over the ploughman, and alighted on the back of one of the horses, in the form of a little man, in a green jacket, with black leather boots on his feet, and a slouched hat, adorned with a peacock's feather, on his head.

Jégu was so frightened, that he jumped at least ten feet back, and fell flat on his back in the mud; but the fairy only laughed at him, and assured him that he had come expressly to do him a kindness.

"What has put it into your head to serve me?" asked Jégu, who had no great faith in this sudden fit of benevolence.

"Because you did me a service last winter," answered the water-sprite. "Don't you remember," he continued, "finding a robin redbreast in the fowler's net, when you were ploughing the alder field?"

"Oh, yes; and I set him free, for little John Redthroat is a good little bird, and never steals corn, like the rascally crows."

"That bird was no other than myself," said the

fairy; "and if you had not released me, I should have had my neck twisted, and been baked in a pie. I have been your friend ever since then, and I have now come to tell you, that if you want to marry Barbaïka, you shall do so."

"Ah, my dear little friend," sighed Jégu, "if you could insure me this, I would deny you nothing, except my soul."

"Poh! poh! what should I want with a soul like yours? I will not demand any such heavy price. Only leave me to manage matters, and in six months you shall be the husband of Barbaïka, and master of the farm. But you had better change your mind, and take a fancy to something else, for she will never do you any good."

Jégu rolled up his eyes, and laid his hand on his heart, with an air of such devoted constancy, that the fairy saw it was hopeless to persuade him.

"How will you accomplish this wonder?" asked the lovesick ploughman.

"Ask no questions, Jégu, and take no notice of

any thing you see. You have nothing to do but to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke your pipe."

Jégu found this mighty pleasant eounsel; so taking off his hat, with a low bow to the little green man, he thanked him, bade him farewell, and went home.

The next morning was a feast-day, and Barbaïka rose very early to look after the eattle, as usual, before dressing herself for the gayeties of the day. But when she went into the barn, she found that some one had strewn new litter for the animals, refilled their mangers, milked the cows, and churned the butter. The night before she had expressed a wish to get through her work very early, so as to be in time for the morning procession in Morlaix, and she now eoneluded that Jégu had done all these little serviees for her, in order to gratify her. She therefore spoke to him with great kindness, and thanked him for his good offiees; but Jégu gave her a rough answer, and told her he did not know what she was talking about. For several days the same duties were performed by her

unknown assistant, while it really seemed that the barns had never before been in such good order, nor the cattle so well kept.

Every morning and evening Barbaïka found her pans full of milk, nicely strained, and a pound of fresh butter, newly churned, and garnished with sweet-brier leaves, set upon the shelf in the dairy. At the end of a few weeks, she had fallen into the habit of lying in bed till broad daylight, because she had now nothing to do but to put the house in order, and get breakfast for the family. Even this labor was soon taken off her hands, for, one morning, when she rose, she found the house swept, the furniture nicely waxed, the milk-broth boiling on the fire, and the bread all cut up on the dishes, so that she had nothing to do, except to stand in the barn-door, and call the laborers to their morning meal. This was perfectly delightful to Barbaïka, who dearly loved ease and pleasure. She was sure that nobody but Jégu would take such pains to please her, and she began to think what an excellent husband he would make.

Indeed, the fair damsel soon found that she had only to express a wish in the presence of Jégu, and it was sure to be gratified. If the wind was too cold, or the sun too hot, and she was afraid of spoiling her complexion by going to the spring, she would say in a whisper:

"I should like to see my churns filled with clear spring water, my pails all washed, and my pots of butter covered with linen dipped in the running brook." She would then saunter off to gossip with a neighbor, and, when she came back, she always found every thing as she had wished. If she found her rye bread too slow in raising, or the oven too slow in getting hot, she would say:

"I should like to see six great loaves, weighing each fifteen pounds, ranged on the shelf in the pantry." Two hours afterwards the bread would be there. If she took a fancy that the journey to market was too tiresome, she would say, on going to bed:

"I wish I was on my way back from Morlaix, with my milk-pail empty, my pot of butter all sold,

a pound of black cherries in my wooden platter, and six gold pieces in the pocket of my apron."

In the morning when she awoke, the first thing she would see, was her empty milk-pail and butter-pot, her wooden platter full of black cherries, and the six gold pieces in the pocket of her apron.

But these were not all the services she received. If she wanted to meet some young friends at a dance, or to have a new ribbon from the city, or to find out when a procession was to take place, she had only to wish, and she accomplished every thing. She could even make use of this invisible friend to revenge herself on those she disliked. If an old gossip had found fault with Barbaïka's laziness, she had only to wish that she might find a great hole in her Sunday-cap, or burn a whole batch of bread, or leave the door of the chicken-house open to the weazel, and it was sure to happen. Of course, Barbaïka felt grateful to the kind friend who thus enabled her to gratify her indolence, her love of pleasure, and her resentments. She was porsuaded that Jégu did it all, notwithstanding his rude de-

nials, when she talked to him on the subject, and she began to think that a man who could be at the same time her slave, and her good angel, was not to be despised.

When matters had arrived at this crisis, the fairy advised Jégu to ask for Barbaïka in marriage. This time she did not give him a huffish answer, or laugh in his face. As a lover, he was shockingly ugly and coarse, but he bade fair to be a most useful husband. If she married him, she saw no reason why she should not sleep till sunrise, like the city-dames; and wear fine clothes, like a lady; and stand in the doorway, with her arms crossed over her apron, gossiping with every one that came by; and dance at all the festivals, just as she did at that time; for Jégu would certainly attend to all her affairs. She fancied that he would be the farmer's horse, dragging the wagon to market, while she might play the farmer's wife, and sit on a bundle of clover, driving him along with whip and voice.

After duly deliberating on all these things, she

replied, as a well-behaved maiden should, by referring him to her father; well knowing that the old farmer desired nothing so much as to see Jégu his son-in-law. The end of it all was, that, as the fairy had promised, Jégu married Barbaïka; and in less than six months, the death of her father put him in possession of the farm.

Jégu was now the happiest of the happy, but he would have found the farm a very heavy charge, had it not been for the assistance of the good water-sprite. Little Tuez became head ploughman, and did more work each day than four hired laborers. He kept the farming-tools in good order, repaired the harness, and always told Jégu when to plant his grain, and on what days it would be ready to reap. If Jégu was hurried with his farm-work, the fairy sent a summons to his friends, and presently a whole troop of dwarfs, clad in green, and carrying hoes, and pitchforks, and spades, would swarm into the barn-yard, ready to help in any thing. If the farmer had need of more cattle, he had only to go to the fairy-dell, and say: "My

little friends, lend me a yoke of oxen, or a span of horses," and by the time he got home, he found them standing, all harnessed, in the barn-yard. All that the fairy required in return for these labors, was a little porringer of milk-pap, which was set for him every night, upon the shelf, in the dairy; and Jégu, who liked to be served at a cheap rate, loved him as if he had been his own son.

Barbaïka, on the contrary, hated him most heartily; and not without cause. The morning after her marriage, she rose late, as usual, expecting to find every thing prepared for her, as Jégu had been up with the sun; but what was her amazement, when she found that nothing was done. Instead of finding the broth warm, and the bread cut, she found that she must begin by clearing up the barn, feeding the cattle, milking the cows, churning the butter, sweeping the house, baking the bread, and attending to all those disagreeable affairs which she thought she had escaped. As she had married Jégu only to make him a useful drudge, she complained bitterly of his

neglect, when he came in to breakfast. He retorted, by giving her a severe scolding for being so late with her morning duties; and they had a great quarrel, which would have ended in her getting a beating from the goodman of the house, if they had been married a little longer. In the midst of the turmoil, the fairy, who had witnessed the whole matter from behind the door, burst into a loud laugh, and told her that she had been indebted to him, and not to Jégu, for all her past assistance; but as he had now accomplished the marriage, she might hereafter do her own work, like all other good wives. Of course, Barbaïka was terribly enraged, and treasured up a bitter hatred of the water-sprite. Every morning when she was obliged to rise before day, to milk the cows, and every night when she was kept out of bed till midnight, to churn the butter for market, she vowed vengeance on the malicious fairy. But whenever she looked at Jégu's fat, red face, squinting eyes, and rough head, she was ready to tear her own eyes out for very spite. She thought of the fine

young beaux, who used to come round her, with their hats full of flowers, or cherries, or nuts, according to the season, which they offered, with the most flattering speeches in the world, to the prettiest girl in the parish. She remembered the gay times she used to have at the balls, where her dancing was the admiration of every one; and the thought of working now like a slave, for her awkward lout of a husband, almost drove her mad.

One day she had been invited to a wedding in Morlaix; but the old mare had fallen lame, and there was no other horse on the farm, which would bear a pillion. So, rather than lose the festivity, she applied to the fairy to provide her with a conveyance. He sent her to the fairy-dell, and told her to be careful to explain exactly what she wanted. Accordingly, she went, and requested "A black horse, with eyes, and mouth, and ears, and all saddled and bridled;" thinking she had mentioned all the necessary points in her demand. When she returned home, she found the black horse standing in the farm-yard, and as she was

ready dressed, she mounted him, and set off for Morlaix. But she soon discovered that something was wrong; for every one laughed as she passed by, and at last one person called out:

"See! see! The farmer's wife has sold her horse's tail, to pay for her embroidered pillion."

Barbaïka turned quickly round, and then, for the first time, saw that her horse had not even the stump of a tail;—she had forgotten to ask for a tail, and the mischievous little fairies had given her exactly what she demanded, but no more. She was very much provoked, and tried to urge her horse faster; but he would not move except at his usual pace; so she was obliged to listen to all the jokes of the wayfarers. She was now more angry than ever with little Tuez, for she believed he had contrived this new mortification for her; and she resolved, sooner or later, to be revenged.

The commencement of spring is always held as a great festival among the fairies; and when the season arrived, little Tuez requested that his servi-

ces during the winter might be rewarded, by permitting him to invite his friends to pass the night in Jégu's barn, where he wished to entertain them with a ball and a supper. His master not only consented to the fairy's wishes, but also ordered Barbaïka to set out tables in the barn, to spread her finest fringed napkins upon them, and to set out a whole baking of bread, cut into slices, with plenty of butter, flagons full of fresh milk, and as many wheat pancakes as she could bake in a day. To Jégu's great surprise, Barbaïka made no objections to his commands. She made the pancakes, filled the flagons, cut the bread and butter, and when it was evening, she set out the tables in the barn, as her husband had directed; but before she left the barn, she strewed, all around the tables, the hot cinders she had just taken from the oven.

Little Tuez received his guests with great hospitality; and after dancing till they were tired, he led them to the tables, to partake of the fine feast which was prepared for them. But scarcely had they approached, when they all uttered a frightful

cry, and ran out of the barn, for they were burned almost to the bone, with Barbaïka's hot cinders. Not to lose the feast, however, they returned with buckets of water, and after extinguishing the fire, they made an end of all the provisions. Then, joining hands, they formed a ring around the farm-house, singing:—

Barkaïka the shrew,
The bad wife of Jégu,
By her wicked deceit
Burned our poor little feet,
So no more may we dwell
In the green fairy-dell;
But we leave our black ban on the barn and the dairy,
And we leave Barbaïka the curse of the fairy.

From that day, the fairies were never seen in that part of the country, and Jégu, having lost his best friend, found himself unable to manage his farm. Tuez never appeared to him; but often, when he was in distress of mind, he fancied he heard a scornful laugh, which sounded like that of the water-sprite; and once when he went to the

river, half determined to throw himself in, he saw a great green frog among the rushes, who was grinning with such manifest glee, that Jégu turned back in a rage at the creature's insolence. The poor farmer finally fell into great trouble, and died broken-hearted; while Barbaïka, who had now grown ugly from care and hard work, was glad to make a living as a market-woman.

Fairies are scarcer now in all parts of the world, but I have heard industrious persons say, that every good workman has ten good fairies in his employ, if he knows how to use his ten fingers.

CHAPTER VI.

OWEVER amused the children had been by the story of Jégu, they were rather sorry that the poor fellow should come to want through the misconduct of the proud and lazy Barbaïka. They were not disposed to waste much time, however, in criticizing what they had already heard, when they had the opportunity of listening to a new story. But Grandfather Waldorf, who was desirous that they should distinctly trace the fine moral which pervades the Breton legends, had no intention of suffering them to derive mere amusement, without imbibing the instruction also.

"It is not necessary," he would say, "that a medicinal potion should be made unpalatable in order to do good; but we must not swallow the sugared draught, and leave the physic among the lees in the bottom of the cup. There is not one of the fairy legends of Brittany, which does not contain some simple practical truth beneath its grotesque and often ludicrous circumstances. A people so primitive in all their habits of life, so credulous in their faith, and with so little education diffused among them, must always remain like children in some points of character. The tales to which they listen, as they gather around their winter fires, are only illustrated truths. They are like pictures of their daily duties and experience. Of the usefulness of such means of imparting instruction, we dare not doubt; for, with all due reverence, I would point to the example of Him who 'spake as never man spake,' and who did not disdain to teach his disciples by means of *parables.* Sometimes we trace in these wild tales of the Bretons, a fact in history, or at least a

historical tradition, which has been handed down from father to son, from so remote an age, that we cannot refuse to believe it must have had its origin in some actual event. Such, for instance, as the destruction of the city of *Is*."

"Was there ever such a city, grandpapa?" asked Wilhelm.

"On the western coast of Brittany, bounded on the north by the bay of Brest, and on the south by the bay of Douarnenez, lies the peninsula of Crozon, filled with Druidical remains, which at some future time I may perhaps describe to you. The bay of Douarnenez is said to occupy the site of the city of Is, which was so magnificent, that the Bretons generally believe Paris, the great capital of France, to have received its name in honor of the submerged city, and to be '*Par-Is*,' or equal to *Is*. Indeed, they have a proverb, which says:

'Since the high towers of Is have been sunk in the sea,
Earth holds not its equal, except in Paris.'

The play upon the names of the two cities is quite

untranslatable; and in order to make the rhyme, the French pronunciation must be given to the last word. There seems to be little doubt that a large city once occupied a place somewhere in the neighborhood of the spot where tradition places Is, or rather Keris, as it was called, the word '*Ker*,' in the Breton dialect, signifying city."

"But if such a city had ever existed, would there not be some traces of it still found?" asked Edith.

"In the island of Tristan, in the bay of Douarnenez, are found large masses of stone, from three to four feet thick, evidently the remains of buildings of great antiquity. These are not solid, but composed of pieces of granite five or six inches square, cemented together with a kind of mortar. The neighborhood of the bay is filled with remains of heavy masonry; and bricks, eighteen inches in length, by fifteen in width, have been found there at the depth of six feet under ground. Indeed, I remember hearing that at a distance of twenty feet from the water line, and lying under some fifteen

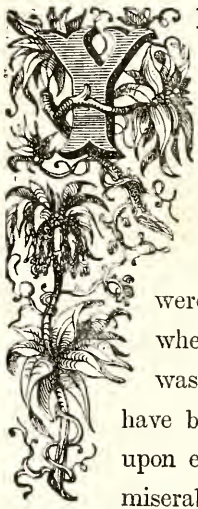
feet of earth, a fine tessellated or inlaid pavement had been discovered. These remains seem to prove the existence of an old city, which was probably a Roman colony. If you will take the trouble to refer to any large map of France, you will see the exact position which '*Keris*' is supposed to have occupied, now covered by the waters of the bay I have already named. The imagination of the story-teller has, from age to age, embellished the tradition of its destruction, until it has now become a wild and fanciful legend, which I will repeat to you, with all its details, as I once heard it related in a Breton cottage, within sound of the moaning waters of the bay, and almost within reach of the spray thrown up by the driving tempest."

The children settled themselves in an attitude of attention, and the old man began the legend.

KERIS;

OR,

THE PRINCESS OF THE GOLDEN KEYS.



YEARS upon years ago, there dwelt in Cornouaille a powerful king, named Grallon. He was one of the very best of monarchs, and his court was crowded with men of renown from all parts of the world, who were equally well received by him, whether they were rich or poor. He was rich, and mighty, and would have been one of the happiest sovereigns upon earth, if he had not been rendered miserable by the misconduct of his only daughter Dayuta, who, in order to escape from his

counsels, had taken up her abode in Keris, some leagues from Quimper, where the king held his court.

One day, when King Grallon was hunting, with his attendants, in the forest which stretches along the base of Ménéhour, he lost his way, and wandered on until he arrived at the hermitage of a holy anchorite, named Corentin. Grallon had heard of this good man, who was said to be skilled in all kinds of wisdom, and to be also a great magician, though his piety kept him from using his knowledge, except for the benefit of mankind. The king was not sorry, therefore, to have discovered his abode; but the attendants, who were half dead with hunger, looked disdainfully round, and muttered something about the difficulty of making a supper out of prayers and learned books.

Corentin, who could read their thoughts, asked the king if he would condescend to accept of a repast in so poor a place; and Grallon replied that he would gladly do so, as he had tasted nothing since the early cock-crowing. The holy man then called

the cupbearer and the cook, to assist in preparing the king's supper. He led them to a spring of clear water, which flowed from a rock beside his hermitage, and after filling the king's golden cup with water, he cut a small piece out of a little fish which was swimming in the brook, and told the two attendants to set out a table for the king and his suite. But the cook and the cupbearer burst into a loud laugh, and asked him if he did not know the difference between courtiers and beggars, when he thus ventured to offer them scraps of fish and frog-wine. Corentin quietly repeated his orders, and the king compelled them to obey.

Accordingly, the cook prepared the morsel of fish; but when he came to take it out of the pan, he found it changed into dozens and dozens of the most delicious little fish, all nicely fried in melted butter; while the cupbearer, finding the king's golden goblet began to overflow, called for pitchers and bowls, into which he poured the frog-wine, now transformed into a drink sweeter than honey, and stronger than fire. The whole party made an

excellent supper, and Grallon, being informed of the magical repast he had shared, went to the spring, where, to his further astonishment, he perceived the little fish swimming about, as lively, and as entire as if Corentin had not just before cut off half his body.

The king, charmed with the skill of the wise Corentin, insisted on taking him to his capital, and offered to make him governor of the city, if he would leave his retreat in the forest. The good man at last consented to follow the king, who took the holy man to Quimper, and made him governor of the city, as he had promised; while, in order not to interfere with Corentin's orders, Grallon went to reside at Keris, where his daughter still dwelt.

Keris was the most magnificent city in the world; but it was built on a table of land, which, instead of lying above the level of the sea, was far lower, and was only preserved from an overflow of its waters, by dikes and sluices, the gates of which were opened at certain times, to admit the ebb and

flow of the tides. These gates were wrought of solid iron, covered with thick silver plates; and the keys by which they were opened and closed, were of gold, set with rich jewels. The Princess Dayuta, the daughter of Grallon, wore these keys suspended from her neck by a diamond chain, and she was, therefore, known as the Princess with the golden keys. As she was a powerful enchantress, she had embellished the city with all kinds of wonderful works. All the *Korigans* of the country had been collected by her orders, to construct the dikes, and forge the gates. They had also covered the palace with a metal resembling gold, and surrounded its superb gardens with a balustrade of polished steel. They had built great stables for Dayuta, and paved them with red, white, and black marble, to suit the color of the horses; and they kept guard over the harbor, where were imprisoned the sea-dragons, whom Dayuta had tamed. These monstrous animals were used as horses by the inhabitants of Keris, who would mount upon their backs, and ride over the most tempestuous

waves, in search of shipwrecked treasures, which were so plentiful that the people became enormously rich; so much so, that they are said to have measured their grain in silver bushels.

But riches had made them cruel and wicked. They chased all beggars out of the country, as if they had been wild beasts, and their piety was no greater than their charity; for there was but one church in the place, and that was so utterly dilapidated, that the key was lost; nettles grew upon the threshold, and swallows made their nests in the joints of the door-posts. The people spent all their time, day and night, in taverns, drinking, dancing, and singing, as if they were determined to know nothing but wickedness.

Dayuta set them an example of every thing that was evil. There was a perpetual feast in her palace, and every day strangers arrived from all quarters of the globe, to enjoy the pleasures of her luxurious court. If she happened to take a particular fancy for any of her visitors, she gave them a magic mask which rendered them invisible, and

enabled her to transport them to a lofty tower, built in the midst of the Island of Vain Delights. Here she would detain them in a luxurious prison, until she was tired of their company; when she would again lend them the magic mask, as if to facilitate their departure; but upon this occasion, the mask would contract itself, and strangle the wearer. A gigantic black man would then dispose of the bodies, by casting them from a precipice into the sea.

Corentin, the good Governor of Quimper, who knew all these things, had several times warned Grallon that some frightful calamity would befall his wicked people; but the king had lost much of his power, since he had grown old, and lived almost alone in one of the wings of his palace, while Dayuta ruled the country at her own pleasure.

One night, when she was holding a great banquet, a powerful prince was announced, who had come from the world's end to see her. He was a man of lofty stature, clad in crimson velvet, and with so thick a beard, that nothing of his face

could be seen excepting his eyes, which glittered like stars on a frosty night. He addressed the princess in verses so well turned and elegant, that no poet in Brittany could equal them; and he conversed with a spirit and eloquence which amazed all who listened to him.

But what particularly struck Dayuta and her friends, was the skill and adroitness which the stranger showed in inventing new methods of committing sin. He seemed to be acquainted with all the wickedness in the world; and nothing made him happier than to find an opportunity for imparting his knowledge. On one occasion, Prince Barbu, or the Prince with the beard, as he was called, proposed a new kind of dance, which he undertook to teach the courtiers; and for this purpose, he brought into the hall a musician, who was one of his own suite of attendants. He was an ugly little dwarf, dressed in the skin of a black goat, and carried his immense bagpipes under his arm. But scarcely had he sounded a note, when Dayuta and all her people were seized with a sort

of frenzy, and began to spin round like waves of the sea in a whirlwind. Prince Barbu took advantage of this to rob the princess of her golden keys, with which he escaped before she was aware of her loss.

During all this time King Grallon was alone in his distant palace, sitting by the ashes of a half extinguished fire, in a dark and melancholy room. He was overcome with sadness for the evil condition of his people, when suddenly the door opened, and Corentin entered.

"Rise, King Grallon," exclaimed he; "the hour is come, and Keris must be blotted out from the earth. Take your most precious treasures, and fly swiftly away."

Grallon, terrified at these tidings, called an old servant, and having collected some treasures, mounted his black horse, and followed the holy man, who floated on before him, like a feather in the air. Just as he was passing the dike, he heard a great roaring of the waves, and beheld Prince Barbu, busily employed in opening all the

sluices, with the golden keys which he had stolen from the princess. The sea immediately poured down upon the city in great torrents, and the waves lifted their white tops almost to the roofs of the houses, while the sea-dragons, who could not break their chains, uttered the most frightful cries. Grallon wished to give the people some notice of the terrible calamity, but Corentin forbade him; and he galloped on along the sea-shore. His horse carried him over streets, and squares, and by-roads, pursued by the waves, and with his hind feet always in the water. He was passing the palace of Dayuta, when suddenly she rushed out of the gate, with her hair all dishevelled, and in great terror, sprang upon the horse, behind her father. But the horse reared, stumbled, and slipped so, that the king found the water reaching above his knees. He called to Corentin for help, but the old man replied:

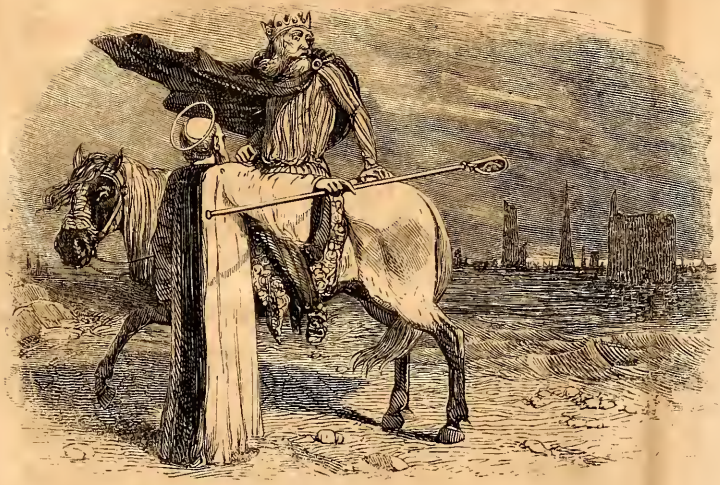
"Fling off the sin which you carry at your back."

Grallon hesitated to give his only daughter

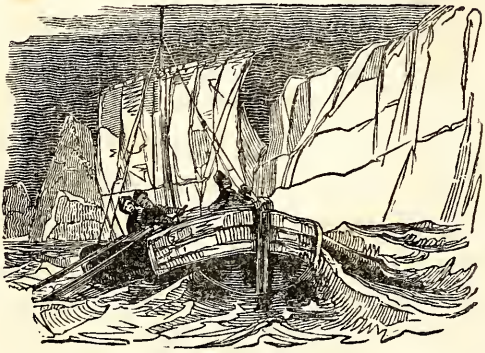
a prey to the waters; but Corentin struck her with his staff, and she fell into the midst of the waves. The horse now sprang forward, and reached the rock of Garric, where the marks of his iron hoofs may be seen at this day.

The king returned to Keris on the same evening, to see if any thing had been rescued from destruction; but to his astonishment, not a trace remained of the stately Queen of the Waters. Where but yesterday palaces and towers had reared their lofty heads, now extended a waste of waters, reflecting only the quiet stars; while far off, on the edge of the horizon, the crimson garments of Prince Barbu floated on the breeze, as, standing on the broken fragments of the dike, he held up the golden keys, with a gesture of derision and contempt.

Since that time, many forests of oak trees have sprung up, and withered away; but the story of Keris has never been forgotten. On a calm evening, when the setting sun shines aslant upon the waters, the ruins of temples and palaces, may



sometimes be seen, lying far down in the depths of the sea, where line or plummet have never descended.



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CHAPTER VII.

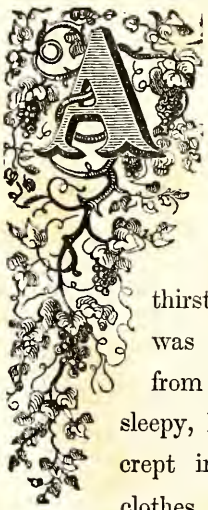
THE hour of sunset was always welcomed with joy by the young Waldorfs, for grandpapa was sure then to lay aside his books, push away his inkstand, and taking off his spectacles, walk out on the piazza, where the happy children were equally certain to be waiting for him. On the present evening, there had been a heavy thunder-storm, and the sun burst through the clouds just as he reached the verge of the horizon. The scene was one of exceeding beauty. Every leaf, every blade of grass, glittered with a rain-drop, which the sunbeam had converted into a sparkling emerald. The lawn seemed paved with jewels, and

the trees appeared laden with fruit from Aladin's enchanted garden; while the richly-tinted clouds of purple and gold hung over all, like the draperies of some regal canopy. The wonderful magnificence of the evening seemed to fill the imaginations of all those who beheld it; and it was not until the glorious hues of sunset had faded into the gray of twilight, that the children seated themselves to hear another of the Breton legends.

PERONNIK THE IDIOT;

OR,

THE GOLDEN BASIN AND THE DIAMOND LANCE.



A POOR idiot, whose name was Peronnik, who had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, but owed every thing to the charity of strangers, once lived in Brittany. He wandered about as he pleased. If he was thirsty, he drank at the brook; if he was hungry, he begged some crusts from the farmer's wife; if he was sleepy, he found a bundle of straw, and crept into it, like a lizard. As for clothes, he was not so badly off as many of his tribe; for his cloth breeches only wanted part

of a leg; his jacket had one whole sleeve, though the other was missing; and his hat had lost nothing but the crown. As to his occupation, poor Peronnik had never learned a trade, but he was not without some skill in his own way. He could eat as much, and sleep as long as any one in the parish, besides being able to imitate the song of the lark so perfectly, as almost to deceive the birds themselves.

One day Peronnik came to a farm-house which stood on the borders of the forest of Paimpont, and as the dinner hour had been striking for some time, in his stomach, he went to the door to ask for some food. The farmer's wife was, at that moment, kneeling on the door-sill, cleaning out her saucepan with a piece of flint; but when she heard the voice of the idiot, she stopped, and offered him the pot; at the same time telling him, that if the pigs had thrived, she would have been able to have given him something better than scrapings. Peronnik sat down on the ground, and taking the saucepan between his knees, began to dig and

scrape with his nails, but could only find a mere taste, for all the spoons in the house had already been into it. Notwithstanding this he licked his fingers, and gave a grunt of satisfaction, as if he had never eaten any thing half so good.

"It is made of millet-flour," he said, in a low voice; "of the best of millet-flour, moistened with the milk of a black cow, and boiled by the best cook in the country."

The farmer's wife, who listened to him from behind the door, was quite flattered. "Poor innocent," said she, "there is very little left for you; but I will find a piece of rye bread to satisfy your hunger."

She then brought him the first cut of a loaf, just taken from the oven, which he pounced upon, as a wolf would seize a lamb, crying that nobody but the king's baker could make such delicious bread. The woman, who began to be puffed up with his praises, told him it would taste like quite another thing, if he should eat it with some fresh-churned butter; and immediately brought him a little dish

of fresh butter, which Peronnik liked so well, that he spread it all upon his slice of bread, declaring that it was as sweet as a June honeysuckle. This piece of flattery obtained for him a piece of bacon, the remains of a Sunday dinner; and Peronnik, who devoured every thing set before him, declared, with truth, that it was a very long time since he had made such a grand feast.

While he was yet licking his lips, in the doorway, an armed cavalier rode up to the gate, and addressing the farmer's wife, inquired the road to the Castle of Kerglas.

"My noble lord, I hope you are not going that way," said the woman.

"Yes," answered the knight; "I have come from a country so far off, that I have travelled three months, night and day, to reach the Castle of Kerglas.

"What do you expect to do there?" asked the good peasant.

"I am seeking for the basin of gold, and the diamond lance."

"Are they such wonderful affairs?" asked Peronnik.

"They are worth more than all the crowns in the world," replied the stranger; "for not only will the golden basin produce, in a moment, all the food and money one may want; but if a wounded man drinks out of it, he will be instantly cured; and if it is put to the lips of a soldier newly killed, he will wake up in perfect health. As for the diamond lance, it kills and destroys every thing it touches."

"Who owns the golden basin, and the diamond lance?" asked the idiot.

"They belong to a magician, named Rogear, who lives in the Castle of Kerglas," answered the woman. "He may be seen every day, riding along the edge of the forest, mounted on a black mare, which is always followed by a young foal; but no one would venture to attack him, because he carries in his hand the diamond lance."

"He is under a spell, and cannot make use of his lance in his own castle," said the stranger;

"when he arrives there, the golden basin and the diamond lance are placed in a deep vault, which no key can open; and, therefore, I mean to attack him in Kerglas."

"Alas! my good sir, you will not succeed," said the woman. "More than an hundred gentlemen have tried the adventure before you, and not one has ever returned."

"I know all about that, my good woman," replied the knight; "but they had not received such instructions as I have done, from the hermit of Blavet."

"What did the hermit of Blavet tell you?" asked Peronnik.

"He informed me of every thing I should have to encounter. First, I must traverse the Forest of Enchantments, where every thing will be done to bewilder me. The most of those who have preceded me, have perished there from cold, hunger, and fatigue."

"Well, when you pass that forest, what then?"

"When I pass that, I shall encounter a korigan,

armed with a fiery sword, which burns to ashes every thing it touches. This fellow keeps guard over an apple-tree, from which I must pluck an apple."

"What then?"

"Then I must gather the laughing flower, which is protected by a lion, whose mane is formed of living vipers. After this, I must cross the Lake of Dragons. I shall then meet with a blackamoor, armed with an iron ball, which always reaches its aim, and then returns to its master. When I pass him, I shall enter the Valley of False Delights, where are all manner of temptations; and I shall then reach a river which has but one ford. There I shall find a woman clad in black garments, whom I shall take up behind me, and she will direct me what to do."

The farmer's wife tried to persuade the stranger that he could not endure all these hardships; but he told her it was not a woman's affair; and after receiving directions about the road through the forest, urged his horse into a gallop, and soon dis-

appeared among the trees. The woman heaved a deep sigh, and declared he was no better than a dead man, already; then giving Peronnik some crusts, she bade him go on his way. He was about to obey her, when the farmer came home, and seeing Peronnik, thought he could make some use of him; so, he asked him whether he would like to stay there and watch the cattle. Peronnik would have preferred staying and taking care only of himself; for he had an especial talent for doing nothing; but he had yet upon his lips the taste of the bacon, the fresh butter, the rye bread, and the millet-broth; so he yielded to temptation, and accepted the farmer's proposal. The farmer immediately led him to the edge of the forest; counted aloud the number of his cows, not forgetting the young heifers; cut for him a switch of hazel wood, and told him to remain there till sundown.

Peronnik was now fairly installed as cow-keeper, and had enough to do to keep them in order; so that, long before night, he was tired to death with running from the black cow to the red one,

and from the red cow to the white one. While he was scudding about after the stray cattle, he heard the tramp of a horse, and perceived in one of the avenues of the forest, the giant, Rogear, mounted on his black mare, and followed by the young colt. He had the golden basin hanging from his neck, and in his hand was the diamond lance, which shone like a flame of fire. Peronnik was so alarmed, that he hid himself behind the bushes; but the giant passed on, and did not notice him. When he had disappeared, the idiot came out from his hiding-place, and looked on all sides to discover the road the giant had taken, but it had already become invisible.

Day after day there came armed knights seeking the Castle of Kerglas, but none were ever seen returning. In the mean time, the giant rode out every evening; and Perronnik, who had now become accustomed to the sight of him, no longer hid himself, but gazed with envious eyes upon the golden basin and the diamond lance, which he was now determined to possess.

One evening, as Peronnik was gathering the cows to drive them home, he saw on the edge of the wood an old gray-bearded man. The idiot, supposing him to be another stranger, in quest of adventures, asked him if he was looking for the road to Kerglas.

"Why should I be looking for what I have found long ago?" answered the old man.

"You have been to Kerglas, and yet come back alive!" exclaimed Peronnik.

"I have nothing to fear," replied the stranger with the white beard. "I am the enchanter Bryak, the eldest brother of Rogear. When I wish to see him, I come here; and as, notwithstanding my power, I cannot cross the Forest of Enchantments without losing my way, I call the foal to conduct me."

With these words, the magician traced three circles in the dust with his finger, repeating to himself a secret spell, and then he called out aloud:

"Foal of the forest, from bridle-bit free,
Foal of the forest, I'm waiting for thee."

In an instant the colt appeared, and Bryak, slipping a halter over his head, mounted upon his back and entered the forest.

Peronnik said nothing to any one about this adventure; but he understood plainly enough, that in order to reach the Castle of Kerglas, he must mount the black mare's foal. Unfortunately, he could neither trace the magical circles, nor repeat the spell; and though he remembered every word of the old man's call, and went about saying to himself:

"Foal of the forest, from bridle-bit free,
Foal of the forest, I'm waiting for thee,"

yet the animal paid no attention to his couplet; so he thought he would try to find another means of catching the colt. He thought over all he had heard and seen, and finally determined to try the effect of cunning and trickery against the powerful giant. He therefore made all his arrangements, in order to be ready when the giant should appear in the forest. He took with him a hempen halter, a

snare, used in catching woodcocks, a leather bag, full of birdlime and lark's feathers, a handful of beads, an elder-wood pipe, and a morsel of dry bread smeared over with rancid lard. These being ready, he broke into pieces the bread which he had saved from his breakfast, and scattered it along the road which the giant always travelled.

The giant, the black mare, and the foal, all appeared at the usual hour, and went on their usual way; but the colt, who went with his head down, sniffing the earth, smelt the bread, and began devouring the scattered pieces, until the giant had gone out of sight. Then Peronnik softly approached him, and slipping a halter over his head, leaped on his back, well knowing that the colt would take the direct road to Kerglas. He was not mistaken in this, for the colt instantly struck into a dark and narrow pass, and dashed forward at the top of his speed.

Peronnik trembled like a leaf, as soon as he entered the Forest of Enchantments, and beheld all its terrors. Sometimes a bottomless pit seemed to open

before his horse's feet, as if to swallow him up; sometimes the trees would suddenly burst out into flames; sometimes, as he was passing a little brook, it would swell into a mighty waterfall, and threaten to overwhelm him; and again, as the road wound round the foot of a mountain, immense rocks would totter above his head, ready to crush him in a moment. The idiot knew that these were but sorceries, but they froze the very marrow of his bones with terror; and, at last, pulling his hat over his eyes, that he might see nothing more, he suffered the colt to carry him onward, without noticing whither he went.

At length they reached the extremity of the enchanted forest, and Peronnik, taking off his hat, found himself in the midst of a sandy plain. As far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but the skeletons of knights who had sought the Castle of Kerglas. They were stretched out, each one beside his horse, and the gray wolves had picked their bones as clean as an elder-wood whistle. The foal carried Peronnik swiftly past this

terrible sight, until he arrived at a meadow completely overshadowed by one large apple-tree, so laden with fruit, that its branches hung down to the ground. In front of the tree sat the korigan, holding in his hand the flaming sword, which turned to ashes every thing it touched. At the sight of Peronnik, he screamed like a sea-gull, and lifted his sword; but, without appearing in the least alarmed, the young man politely took off his hat, saying:

"Do not disturb yourself, my little prince; I am only going to Kerglas, where Lord Rogear is expecting me."

"Expecting you!" exclaimed the dwarf. "What does he want with you?"

"I am his new servant," replied the idiot; "and he is now waiting for me, as you know."

"I know nothing about it," cried the dwarf. "I only know you look like a rogue."

"Pardon me," interrupted Peronnik; "I have no such trade. My business is that of a bird-catcher. But I beg of you not to detain me any

longer, for Rogear is impatient, and as you see, has lent me his black mare's foal, to carry me to the castle as swiftly as possible."

The korigan, seeing Peronnik mounted on the colt, supposed his story must be true, especially as he had such a frank and innocent air; but in order to satisfy himself more fully, he asked what use Rogear was going to make of a bird-catcher.

"He has great need of one just now," answered the youth; "for, according to his account, all the grain and fruit in Kerglas is eaten up by the birds."

"How can you catch them?" asked the dwarf.

Peronnik showed him the snare which he had made, and said no bird could escape from it.

"I would like to see it tried," said the korigan; "for my apple-tree is ravaged by blackbirds and sparrows. If you can catch a few of them in your snare, I will let you pass."

Peronnik tied his colt, and, approaching the apple-tree, fixed one end of the snare to the ground, and called to the korigan to hold the other end,

while he prepared the pegs. The dwarf obeyed; but no sooner did he put his hand in the noose, than Peronnik pulled the slip-knot, and the korigan found himself trapped like a bird. He uttered a cry of rage, and struggled hard to free himself from the snare; but he could not stir, while Peronnik, snatching an apple from the tree, mounted the foal, and was out of sight in a moment.

He soon found himself near a garden filled with the most beautiful and rare plants. There were roses of all colors, scarlet honeysuckles, and fragrant lilies; but conspicuous among them, was a snow-white flower, which continually uttered a most melodious and ringing laugh. Directly in the path which led to the garden, stood a lion, whose mane was composed of living snakes, and who roared and gnashed his teeth, as soon as he spied the traveller. Peronnik stopped, and saluted him with a low bow; for he knew that, when dealing with great people, a hat is of more use in the hand than on the head. He then asked after the lion's health, as well as that of his family; and

finished, by requesting his highness to show him the most direct road to Kerglas.

"What are you going to do at Kerglas?" roared the ferocious beast.

"A great lady, the friend of my Lord Rogear, has sent me to him with a bag full of larks, to make a pie.

"A bag full of larks!" exclaimed the lion, licking his moustache. "It is an age since I have tasted one. Have you got many?"

"My bag is full, my lord," replied Peronnik, showing the leather bag, which he had filled with birdlime and feathers, while he imitated with his voice the warbling of larks.

The lion could not resist this. "Let me see your birds," said he; "they may not be fat enough for my master."

"I am afraid they will fly out if I open the bag," said Peronnik.

"Open it a little way, so that I can get my head in."

This was just what Peronnik desired. He held

open the leather bag, into which the lion thrust his head, and in a moment he was caught among the birdlime and the feathers. The idiot pulled the string, leaving the bag fastened round the lion's throat, and his head buried within it; then plucking the laughing flower, he mounted the foal, and was off like a dart.

He soon came to the Lake of Dragons; and he had no sooner entered it, than the frightful animals came from all sides to devour him. Peronnik threw out some beads, which the dragons mistook for grains of corn, and greedily devoured; but the moment they had swallowed one, they turned over on their backs, and floated off quite dead.

The valley guarded by the blackamoor with the iron ball, now remained to be crossed. Peronnik saw him at a distance, chained to a rock at the entrance of the valley, and holding in his hand his terrible weapon, which always reached its aim, and then returned of itself. He had six eyes around his head, two of which usually slept, while the others watched; but when the idiot saw him, the

whole six were wide open. Peronnik, fearing the iron ball, crept along under the bushes, until he arrived within a few steps of the blackamoor, who stretched himself, and seemed to be growing sleepy. Peronnik, hiding behind the trees, began to sing like a lark, and at last fairly sung the old fellow sound asleep. Then taking his horse by the bridle, and making him tread on the soft turf, he passed the guardian of the valley, and entered the Garden of False Delights.

This garden was the most dangerous place he had yet traversed. It was full of fruits, and flowers, and fountains; but the fountains flowed with wine and delicious cordials, the flowers sung like nightingales, and the fruit dropped into the hands of the traveller. As he entered one of the winding walks, he saw great tables covered with dainties fit for a king, while he smelt the rich odors of pies and cakes which the servants were taking out of the ovens. A little farther on, he saw groups of young girls dancing, who called him by name, and invited him to join them. By de-

grees, Peronnik found himself slackening the pace of the foal, and going along with his nose in the air, scenting the rich cookery. He was upon the point of stopping, when he suddenly remembered the golden basin, and the diamond lance. He immediately began to play on his elder-wood flute, that he might not hear the sweet voices around him; to eat his crust of bread, smeared with rancid butter, that he might not smell the rich dishes; and to look only at the ears of his horse, that he might not see the dancers. By these means he was enabled to pass through the garden in safety, and came within sight of the Castle of Kerglas, from which he was now only divided by the river that had but one fording-place. This, fortunately, was well known to the black mare's foal, and Peronnik crossed in safety.

When he reached the opposite side, he beheld a lady seated on a rock. She had a face as yellow as a Moor's, and was clad from head to foot in black satin. Peronnik took off his hat, and asked her if she wished to visit the Castle of Kerglas.

"I am waiting for you," answered the lady. "Come and take me up behind you."

Peronnik took the lady behind him, and went on his way. They had not gone far, when she said:

"Do you know who I am, my good youth?

"From your rich dress, madam, I take you to be some noble and powerful lady."

"I am noble enough," replied the lady, "for I can trace my origin back to the earliest days of the world: I am powerful too, for all the kings of the earth fear me."

"What then is your name, great princess?" asked Peronnik.

"I am called the Plague," answered the yellow lady.

Peronnik started, and was about to spring from his horse, but the lady held him back, and said:

"You have nothing to fear from me;—I am come to do you a service."

"I am much obliged to you, madam; but you can do me no greater service than to rid me of the magician Rogear."

"That I will do with pleasure," answered she. "Give him the apple you plucked, and if he tastes it, I have only to touch him, and he will die."

"But how am I to obtain the golden basin, and the diamond lance?" asked Peronnik.

"The laughing flower opens all doors, and gives light in all dark places. It will lead you to the vault where these treasures are concealed, and will unclose the doors which no key can unlock."

At that moment they reached the castle gate, over the entrance to which was stretched a great canopy, where the giant, sheltered from the sun, sat smoking a golden pipe. As soon as he perceived Peronnik, and the lady clad in black satin, he exclaimed:

"By the powers of the air! the idiot is riding my black mare's foal!"

"It is the very same, oh greatest of magicians!" answered Peronnik.

"How did you get him?"

"I followed the directions of your brother Bryak, and when I reached the edge of the forest, I said:

'Foal of the Forest, from bridle-bit free,
Foal of the Forest, I'm waiting for thee.'"

"Then you know my brother?"

"As well as a man can know his master."

"Why did he send you here?"

"To present you with two rare gifts, which he has just received from the country of the Moors. This apple has the power of making you always happy, if you but taste it; and this lady, if allowed to enter your service, can fulfil all your wishes in an instant."

"Then give me the apple, and set down your Morisco woman," answered Rogear.

The idiot obeyed; but as soon as the giant had eaten a morsel of the apple, the yellow lady touched him with her finger, and he fell to the earth like a stricken ox. Peronnik entered the castle, holding in his hand the laughing flower. He traversed fifty rooms, and at length reached a vault closed with a silver door. This immediately opened at the presence of the laughing flower, and Peronnik found himself master of the golden

basin and the diamond lance. But scarcely had he seized them, than the earth began to tremble beneath his feet, a terrible clap of thunder was heard, the palace disappeared, and Peronnik found himself on the borders of the forest, with his two talismans in his hand. He stopped at the nearest city to buy a rich dress, and then hurried on to offer his services to the King of Brittany.

On arriving at Nantes, he found the city besieged by the French, who had so completely ravaged the country, that they had not left forage enough for a goat. Famine was raging in the city, and the soldiers who did not die of their wounds, perished for want of food. Therefore, on the very day of Peronnik's arrival, the king had proclaimed, by the sound of trumpet, that whoever should relieve the city, and drive away the French, should be adopted as his heir. Hearing this, the idiot said to the herald:

"Don't give yourself any more trouble; I will do all you require."

"You!" exclaimed the herald, looking at the

idiot, who was very young, and very small. "Go your way, little wren; the king has no time to catch birds on the chimney-tops."

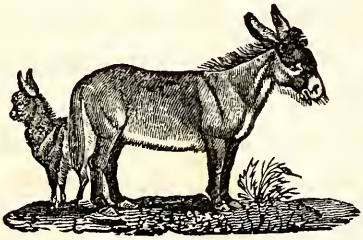
Peronnik touched the soldier with his diamond lance, and he fell dead at his feet, to the great alarm of the beholders.

"Now, you see what I can do to my enemies; and I will show you how I can serve my friends."

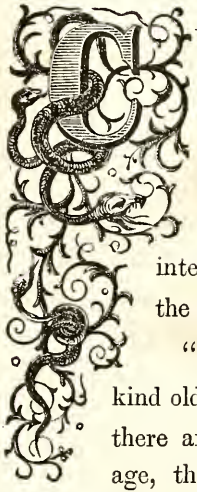
So saying, he put the golden basin to the lips of the dead soldier, who instantly started up, and began to blow his trumpet.

The king, being informed of these wonderful events, gave Peronnik the command of his whole army. In less than six days, he had killed all the French with his diamond lance, and furnished all the Bretons with food, besides healing all their wounds by means of his golden basin. After subjecting all the neighboring countries to his power, he married a beautiful princess, and lived long and happily in his own dominions. But after his death, the magician Bryak, brother to Rogear,

found means to gain possession of the golden basin and the diamond lance, and they are not likely to be discovered again, until they are sought for by as wise a fool as Peronnik the Idiot.



CHAPTER VIII.



"CAN you not find it in your heart to wish our children less fond of legendary tales?" asked the younger Mrs. Waldorf, smilingly, as she saw grandfather lay aside a volume in which he was deeply interested, and rise from his seat at the summons of little Bertha.

"No, my daughter," answered the kind old man; "children are apt to think there are so few links between youth and age, that I am always glad when they find more than they looked for."

"But you suffer them to interrupt you in your favorite studies."

"I do not feel it an interruption. I am like a

traveller who, having arrived within sight of the city of his rest, seats himself on a green bank, awaiting the opening of the gates. If the little children gather round him, in curiosity or in kindness, he will not rebuke them, but rather while away with them the hours that must pass between the eventide and the glad sun-rising. You understand my metaphor, daughter; my work on earth is nearly done. Milton says:

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

May I not believe, therefore, that having served God in my youth, with all the active powers of my mind, I am also humbly serving him now, while I seem to be only awaiting his pleasure, to call me home? The love with which I have inspired the young hearts of that dear group, who are now gathering round my old chair in the porch, is a comfort to me, and will, I trust, be a blessing to them. With regard to my legends, I can only say, that as the downy filament which encircles certain seeds, enables them to fly on the wings of

the wind, to their congenial soils; so the gossamer fancies in which our legends envelope moral truths, may carry them farther, and plant them in their proper soil, when all efforts of the graver moralist would fail.

"But the children are impatient, and we will join them. Do not give me too much credit for my good-nature, however; for I have been reading an essay on the analogies that exist between the popular fictions of all nations, and it has recalled to my memory the only Breton legend with which I am acquainted, that closely resembles a popular Irish fairy tale. I am going to tell it this evening, in order to test the similarity, and see if Master Frank, who is my greatest critic, will recognize or remember it."

With these words, grandfather left the room; and the shouts of the children, as he took possession of "Fairy-Hollow," were quickly silenced by their attention to the story.

THE KORILS OF FAIRY-COPSE;

OR,

THE HUNCHBACK.

BRITTANY formerly contained a race of dwarfs, called korigans, who were divided into four classes. Those who inhabited the woods, were named "kornikaneds," or "hornblowers," because they played on tiny bugles which they carried at their girdles. The second class, who dwelt in the meadows, were called "korils," because they spent the night in dancing by the light of the moon. A third class, inhabiting the deep valleys, were entitled "poul-pikans," or "people

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who live in the lowlands." The "teus" composed the fourth class, who dwelt among the fields of ripe grain, but were finally banished from the country, on suspicion of being too favorable towards the human race.

In the province of Plandren was a wide heath, known by a name which signified "Fairy-Copse," where was the largest settlement of korils to be found in any country. They danced every night upon the heath; and woe to the luckless wight who should chance to traverse that path; for he was instantly seized, dragged into the circle, and compelled to dance until cock-crowing time; when he was left, half dead with fatigue, upon the trampled grass. Of course, very few persons were adventurous enough to cross the heath after nightfall; but it so happened that a certain laborer, named Bernard Guilcher, was one night returning, with his wife, from a day's work in the neighborhood, and found that he must either cross the Fairy-Copse, or make a circuit of several miles. Now, Bernard was very tired, and as it was very

early, he trusted to the belief, that the dwarfs had not yet begun their nightly frolics. So he ventured upon the heath, and had nearly reached the middle of it, when he suddenly beheld it swarming with fairies, like crows in a corn field. At the same moment, the horns of the little hunters sounded on all sides, and the cries of the poulpikans were heard in every direction.

"We are lost! we are lost!" cried Bernard, "we shall be obliged to dance till daylight; and, after our day's work, it will kill us."

Troops of korigans now clustered round, like flies about a drop of honey, and the poor peasants were in despair. But just as the dwarfs were about to seize both, they espied the little pitchfork, which Guilcher carried in his hand, and instantly, tumbling each other head over heels, they retreated, singing:—

"Back! my comrades! let them be!
In his hand the pitchfork see;
Touch them not, both he and she
Through the Fairy-Copse go free."

So, greatly to his own surprise, as well as delight, Bernard found his way left clear; and you may easily suppose he did not let the grass grow under his feet, as he crossed the heath. By this means it was discovered that a pitchfork was a magical safeguard against the malicious dwarfs; and from that time, the peasants traversed the heath in perfect safety, whenever they took the precaution to arm themselves with one before going out.

This was a great discovery, no doubt, but Bernard Guilcher was not so easily satisfied. He was a curious and cunning fellow, as full of fun as hunchbacks always are, and as merry as a cricket. (I forgot to mention that Bernard had a great hump, directly between his shoulders, of which he was by no means vain.) He pondered over this affair of the korils, and their evident reverence for a pitchfork, until he began to fancy that he might turn his discovery to still better account. Accordingly, one night, he took his pitchfork, and sallied out to the heath, determined to become better

acquainted with the fairies. He was espied by them at a great distance, and he heard them cry out:

"Here comes Bernard Guilcher!—here he comes!"

"Yes; here I come, to pay you a friendly visit;" said the jovial hunchback.

"Welcome! thrice welcome!" said the korils; "will you dance with us?"

"Excuse me, my dear little friends; you are too long-winded for a poor invalid like me," answered Bernard."

"We will stop as soon as you get tired," cried the dwarfs.

"On your honor?—Well, then I will join your ring;" and Bernard, knowing that he was safe in their promise, began to dance merrily, while the korals sang their old refrain of

"Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, are all,
Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, are all."

But in a few minutes Bernard was so heartily

tired of their monotonous chant, that he stopped suddenly, and said:

"With all due respect to you, gentlemen, it seems to me that your dance lacks variety and sprightliness; you stop too early in the week with your song; and, though I do not pretend to be much of a poet, I think I could mend your verse."

"Quick; quick. Let us hear you," exclaimed the korils.

The hunchback replied by singing:—

"Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday—oh, these are not all,
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, come at our call."

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the korils burst into a loud shout: "Hurrah for Bernard Guilcher! hurrah for the minstrel and the dancer! Sing it again; sing it again."

Bernard cheerfully complied with their wishes; and the little fairies danced round and round, like dead leaves in a whirlwind. At last they stopped, and coming up to Guilcher, they exclaimed:

"Tell us what you want. What shall we give

you? will you have riches or beauty? Choose which you like, and you shall have it."

"Are you serious," asked the astonished hunchback.

"May we be condemned to carry corn, grain by grain, to yonder mill, if we deceive you."

"If you are really in earnest, and desire to give me some reward," said Bernard, "then let me beg you to relieve me of this burden, which I carry between my shoulders, and make me as straight as a flag-staff."

"Well, well; you shall have your wish; only be quiet." And with these words, the korils seized Bernard, tossed him up in the air, flung him from one to another, like a ball, till he had been in the hands of the whole circle; and, finally, just as the daylight broke, they flung him down on the grass, and disappeared like a swarm of gnats before a high wind. Bernard slowly rose to his feet, wearied, bewildered, dizzy-headed, and half blinded, but *without his* hump. He had become so young, so tall, so straight, and so handsome, that his

own mother would have been unable to recognize him.

You may imagine how he astonished all his neighbors upon his return. His wife did not know what to do about receiving him into the house; and he was obliged to tell her how many petticoats she had in her wardrobe, and even to say what was the color of her stockings, before she would believe he was her husband. When people were at last convinced of his identity, it became difficult to satisfy their curiosity. Bernard knew that if he should declare himself a favorite with the fairies, he should be continually tormented about sick oxen and stray sheep; so he merely answered, that he went to sleep in the Fairy-Copse, and when he woke, his hump was gone. Every ill-shaped person in the parish soon after tried Bernard's experiment, and, armed with a pitchfork, went to sleep on the heath. But as no good results attended their attempts, many believed that Guilcher was in possession of some secret which he would not divulge.

There was, in the place, a certain red-faced, squint-eyed tailor; who, from his stammering speech, was called Pierre Balibowzik, or Peter Babbler. The most of his trade are merry fellows, singing on their shop-boards, like robins in the woods, and scenting wheat pancakes as a dog smells game. But Balibowzik never laughed, or sung, or told merry tales; and he ate nothing better than bread, so coarse you might pick straws out of it. He was a miser; and what is worse, a usurer, who lent out his money on such enormous interest, that he ruined every-body who dealt with him. Bernard Guilcher had owed him five crowns for a long time, and Balibowzik determined to wait no longer for his money. So he made his demand; and when Bernard begged for a little more time, he refused him a single day, unless he would impart the secret of his changed appearance. Poor Guilcher had no resource; and he, therefore, told the whole story to his unrelenting creditor, who made him repeat all the details several times, that he might fix them in his memory; and then

granted him only eight days' time, in which to obtain his five crowns.

The story he had heard awakened all the avarice in Balibowzik's nature; and he determined, on that very night, to pay a visit to the Fairy-Copse, and see whether he too could not obtain his choice between riches and beauty. As soon as the moon had risen, off went the squint-eyed babbler, with his pitchfork in his hand. The korils perceived him coming, and running up, asked him if he would dance. Peter Babbler consented, on the same conditions as Guilcher had made, and entering the ring, joined them in their dance and song. They sung the verse as it had been lengthened by Guilcher.

"Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday,—oh, these are not all,
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, come at our call."

"Stop," cried the tailor, as if seized with a sudden fit of inspiration; "I too will add something to your song."

"Go on! go on!" cried the korils; and they all began together:

"Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday,—oh, these are not all,
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, come at our call."

when they had gone thus far, they paused, and the Babbler stammered out :—

"Then Sun-Sun-Sunday is left as the very last one."

The dwarfs uttered a terrible cry. "Go on! go on!" they screamed.

"Then Sunday is left"—

stammered the poor tailor.

"But what comes next? Quick! quick!"

"Sun-Sun-Sunday," was all Peter Babbler could say.

Suddenly breaking up their ring, the faries came round him in a fury of impatience; but the poor stammerer, frightened half to death, stood with open mouth, unable to utter another word. At last the waves of little black heads by which he was surrounded, seemed to become more quiet. They approached him in less menacing attitudes; and a thousand voices at once exclaimed:

"What is your wish? Make your wish."

"My w-w-wish?" again stuttered Balibowzik. "Guilcher has cho-cho-chosen between beauty and riches."

"Yes; he chose beauty, and left riches behind."

"Well, I choose what Gui-gui-Guilcher left behind."

"Very good," cried the korils; "come here, Master Tailor."

Peter Babbler found himself rudely tossed from hand to hand, until he had been thrown round the whole circle. He was then flung breathless on the ground; and as he rose to his feet, he found that he bore between his shoulders, *the hump* that Guilcher had left.

The poor tailor returned to his home, as sneakingly as a dog that had lost his tail. As soon as the story was known, people came from far and near, to see him; and all held up their hands, in horror, when they beheld his back, as round as the curb of a well. But Balibowzik treasured up vengeance in his heart against Guilcher, whom he be-

lieved to have influenced the korils to put this disgrace upon him.

When the eight days had gone by, he accordingly demanded his five crowns from Bernard; and finding him yet unprepared with the money, gave orders to the officers of justice, that they should sell Guilcher's effects at public sale. Bernard's wife was in despair, and cried that they were disgraced forever,—that they could do nothing now but take a sack and a staff, and beg on the high road,—that Bernard had grown handsome just in time to carry a beggar's wallet; and a thousand unreasonable things, such as women often say in such cases. Guilcher made no reply to her reproaches, but he felt them in his heart. He regretted now that he had not chosen riches instead of beauty; and he would gladly have taken back his hump, if he could have covered it with a rich man's cloak. In utter despair of all other aid, he at length determined to pay another visit to Fairy-Copse.

The korils received him with open arms; and placed him, as before, in the middle of their circle.

Though Guilcher had no heart for mirth, he determined not to mar the mirth of his friends; so he danced with all his strength. The fairies, delighted with his good-humor, flew round him like autumn leaves. They sang the first line of their refrain, while Guilcher took the second line; then the korils took up the third; and as there was no fourth line, Bernard, who was the last, was obliged to sing the air without any words. This did not suit his nice ear, and he said:

"If I might venture my opinion, my little masters, I should say your song is like the butcher's dog, it halts on three legs."

"That's true; that's true!" cried the korils.

"Don't you think it would go better if I should add a fourth foot?" asked Bernard.

"Go on! go on!" squeaked the impatient little dwarfs; and immediately all began to sing, in a piercing voice:

"Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday,—oh! these are not all,
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, come at our call;
Then Sunday is left as the very last one—"

here they stopped for Guilcher's addition:

"Dance, korigans, dance, for the week now is done,"

sung he merrily.

A thousand voices were mingled in the wild cry which rose from every corner of the Fairy-Copse. In an instant, every place was crowded with korigans, who issued from tufts of grass, from thickets of hawthorn, and from the clefts of the rocks, swarming like a perfect beehive, and singing:

"Guilcher has saved us,—our penance is done;
Our exile is over, and we must be gone."

"What in the world do you mean?" asked Guilcher.

"For some treason, committed many years ago, the korigans were banished from Fairy-land, and condemned to live among men, until some good Christian should complete the verse to which we were obliged to dance every night. You have once before lengthened it; and we hoped that the tailor you sent would have finished it; but he stopped

just before it was complete, and therefore we punished him for our disappointment. You have again come to our assistance, and now,

> Guilcher has saved us,—our penance is done,
> Our exile is over, and we must be gone."

"If you do indeed owe me so much gratitude," said Guilcher, "do not depart without aiding me in my distress."

"What do you want now?"

"Enough money to pay Balibowzik to-morrow, and the baker every day afterwards."

"Take our purses! take our purses!" screamed the little elves; and thus saying, they threw at his feet the little red cloth pockets which they carried at their girdles.

Guilcher quickly gathered up as many as he could carry, and hurried joyously home.

"Light a pine-torch, and lock the door," exclaimed he to his wife. "I have got money enough now to buy the whole country," placing at the same time the little bags upon the table.

But, alas! he had counted the price of his butter before he had bought his cow. The purses of the malicious korils contained nothing but sand, dead leaves, some hair, and a pair of scissors. At this deplorable sight, he uttered such a cry, that his wife, who had gone to lock the door, came running back to see what was the matter. Guilcher told her the whole story.

"The korigans have cheated you," she said.

"Alas! yes; I see it now," said the poor fellow.

"How could you dare to touch the purses of that accursed race, you wicked wretch?"

"I thought I should find in them something worth having," said he, despondingly.

"You might have known better than to expect any thing good from such a source. You have only brought ill-luck upon the house. But give me the sacks: you know that running water destroys all enchantments; and if I throw them into the brook behind the house, they will do us no harm."

So saying, she snatched up the little red purses,

and followed by the miserable Guilcher, went to the stream, into which she plunged the fairy treasures. But Guilcher waited until she had gone into the house, and then wading into the water, he fished out the sacks, saying to himself: "I will take them back to the korils, and perhaps they will give me true gold for them."

As he was carrying them into the barn, where he meant to hide them until night, he fancied they had grown heavier, and could not resist his desire to look into one more bag, to be sure that he had really been cheated. What was his astonishment, therefore, to find the hairs converted into pearls, the dead leaves into gold pieces, the sand into diamonds, and the scissors into a superb gold-hilted sword. The running water had destroyed the enchantment which the mischievous korils had laid upon their treasures, to guard them from the eyes of mortals.

Guilcher paid Balibowzik his five crowns, and gave to every poor man in the village a bushel of wheat, and six ells of cloth, besides bestowing a

large sum upon the church. He then went with his wife to another part of the country; and as he bought a fine house, and kept a rich equipage, nobody knew that he had not been born a gentleman, especially as he always conducted himself like a good man and a Christian towards every one.

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY day now seemed to possess a double value to the children, for the summer was drawing to its close; and they knew that when the soft bright days of autumn came, they should no longer be indulged with their favorite fairy legends. Grandfather Waldorf had been extremely desirous to visit Niagara, and as soon as the heats of summer were over, the elder members of the family intended to journey among all the remarkable places in the neighborhood of their native state. Frank was very anxious to obtain a promise from his grandfather that the legends should only be suspended, and not entirely relin-

quished; but the old gentleman, gravely, and somewhat sadly, replied to his modest hint:

"I dare not make any promise, whose fulfilment depends on the future, my dear boy. When one has counted as many *years* as I have done, it is scarcely right to make calculations even for *months*. But we will not dim the brightness of the present time, by thinking of the future; let us enjoy the pleasures that present themselves from day to day; even old age may be permitted to do this with safety."

"Since you spoke of the Druidical remains in Brittany," said Edith, "I have looked into several books on the subject, and have been surprised to learn the magnitude and number of these singular monuments."

"They are among the most extraordinary remnants of antiquity," replied Mr. Waldorf. "You have, doubtless, heard of Stonehenge, in England, which is one of the most remarkable of their remains; but few persons are aware that Brittany abounds in monuments far more wonderful. On the plain of Karnac, for instance, are to be seen eleven

parallel ranges of stones, each stone from ten to twenty feet high, composed of a single rough block of immense weight. These ranges of stone extend for two leagues. And, to increase the wonder, the smallest part, or, what would be called the *apex* of the pyramid, is planted in the earth; leaving them standing, as it were, on their heads, with their broad base in the air. There are various traditions concerning them; but scholars generally unite in attributing them to the time of the Druid worship. There are several varieties in the form of these Druidical remains, but they are similar in character. If we should ever resume our legends, I will give you a fuller description of these very curious monuments. The imperfect account I have now sketched out for you, will serve for the present, to introduce one of the traditions of the country."

THE GOLD HUNTERS;

OR,

THE STONES OF PLOUHINIC.

LYING beyond Hennebon, near the sea-coast, is a poor little village, called Plouhinic, surrounded by sandy plains, diversified by a few scanty forests of fir-trees, and producing neither grass enough to feed an ox, nor grain enough to fatten a pig. But if the people have but little corn and few cattle, they can comfort themselves with the idea, that when they grow rich enough to build a city, there will be no lack of stone for their palaces. The country around is literally strewed with those

singular stones, which scholars know to be the remains of Druidical temples, but which the peasants suppose to be magnificent cities built by the korigans or fairies, who have the cunning to give them the appearance of mere stones to the eyes of mortal men.

Not many years since, remnants of Druidical rites might be found in the simple sports of the country. The festival of the first day of June was one of these. On that day, the young people were accustomed to assemble on the great plain; the girls wearing flax flowers in their boddices; and the young men carrying green wheat-ears in their hats. Before beginning the dance, which was kept up till evening, with great spirit, each lover would take his mistress by the hand, and approaching one of the great stone tables, they would lay upon it the wheat-ears and the flax blossoms. If, on their return, at sunset, the flowers were still unfaded, they might rely on each other's fidelity. A frightful story is told of the beautiful Tinah, who suffered herself, on such an occasion, to be beguiled

by an evil spirit, in the disguise of a gay cavalier; and her fate is still remembered, as a warning against fickleness and ambition.

But I am forgetting my story, while indulging my recollections. In the village of Plouhinic, then, near the banks of the river Intel, resided a certain man, named Marzinn, who was considered very rich; inasmuch as he was able to salt a pig every year, to eat as much rye bread as he liked, and to buy a new pair of sabots, or wooden shoes, every Christmas. He was, therefore, something of a great man, in the village, and had refused the hand of his sister, Rozanne, to all her suitors, because they were day-laborers, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. Among these lovers was a worthy fellow, named Bernez; who, though poor, was industrious, and good-hearted. He had known Rozanne from her infancy; and the love which they had for each other when children, had grown with them, until now, when the refusal of Marzinn almost broke their hearts. But they were both young, and cheerful; so they determined

to bear their disappointment as well as they could, and wait for better times; acting upon the proverb, "what can't be cured, must be endured."

One evening Marzinn was holding a great festival, and had invited all his laborers, among whom Bernez was not forgotten; for he was highly esteemed by his master as a workman, though despised as a suitor. They had just gathered round the table, on which smoked a delicious supper of black puddings, and porridge, sweetened with honey; and the guests were just about plunging their wooden spoons in the basin of savory broth, when the door was pushed violently open, and an old, gray-bearded man, entering with little ceremony, wished the company a good appetite. Every one recognized him as the old beggar of Pluvigner; who bore no very good reputation for honesty, and was known to have never entered a church in his life. He was accused of practising witchcraft upon the cattle; of blighting the corn in the ear; and even of changing himself into a wild beast, when he chose. Nevertheless, as he wore the privileged

dress of a beggar, the farmer suffered him to approach the fire; and, giving him a three-legged stool, handed him a portion of the feast. When he had finished his supper, he scowled round upon the guests, and scarcely thanking his hospitable entertainer, demanded a shelter for the night. The farmer, accordingly, conducted him to the barn; and the beggar, pulling down a bundle of hay, made his bed, for the sake of warmth, between the old galled jackass, and a lean ox.

He had not been lying there very long, when midnight sounded from all the clocks in the parish; and immediately the ass, pricking up his long ears, turned towards his companion, and courteously bade him good evening. The ox, who did not seem particularly well pleased with the intruder who shared his couch, turned his eyes scornfully upon the beggar, and requested his good friend, the ass, to be careful how he suffered interlopers to listen to their conversation. The ass replied, by sniffing round the beggar's head, and assuring his friend that the miserable old bone-picker was fast asleep.

"Be careful how you call names, cousin Long-ears," replied the ox; "the beggar is a powerful sorcerer, and may do us some harm. He has not gained much by his witchcraft, or he would not be in such a wretched plight. I wonder his magic does not teach him of the good chance he might have, if he were only here a few days hence."

"What do you mean, my dear cousin Horny-head?" asked the ass.

"Don't you know, or have you forgotten, that once every hundred years, the stones on the heath of Plouhinic go down to the river Intel to drink; and that while they are gone, the treasures that lie under them are uncovered?"

"True," replied the ass; "but the stones return so quickly to their places, that it is impossible to avoid being crushed by them, unless one has a branch of witch-hazel, twined with the five-leaved clover. Besides, the treasures will turn to dust, unless they are moistened with human blood; there must be some one sacrificed before the gold of Plouhinic can be obtained."

The beggar, who had scarcely dared to breathe during this discourse, had not lost one word of it all. He did not venture to go to sleep until he heard the loud snoring of both his companions, lest he should lose some information on the subject. As soon as the day began to dawn, he arose, and went into the fields, to look for the five-leaved clover, and a branch of the witch-hazel tree. He was obliged to travel a great distance in order to find a country where trees and grass grew plentifully; so that it was not until the evening of the last day of the year he found himself on the borders of Plouhinic. He had very much the look of a weazel who had just found a pigeon's nest; but his work was not yet done, for the next night was that on which the stones were expected to make their centennial excursion, and he had not yet found a companion for his undertaking.

As he was passing over the wide heath, he saw Bernez busily employed in striking one of the largest stones with a pointed chisel and hammer.

"What are you doing, Bernez?" cried the beggar, with a sneer. "Are you going to cut a house for yourself out of that great stone?"

"No," said Bernez, quietly; "but as I had nothing to do, I thought I would carve a holy text upon one of these fairy stones."

"I suppose you were in hopes the korigans would do you some kindness," grumbled the beggar.

"I depend upon no such aid," replied Bernez; "but I hope that Providence, in its own good time, will give me all I ask."

"Aha! you think to win Rozanne by prayers, I suppose."

"Since you know about that affair, I am not ashamed to confess, that if I seek riches, it is for her sake. Marzinn wants a brother-in-law who can count as many *reals* as I can white pennies."

"Suppose I were to give you more gold pieces that Marzinn wants of *reals?*"

"You!" exclaimed Bernez.

"Even me," replied the sorcerer.

"What would you require in return?"

"Nothing but your thanks and prayers."

"Is there danger in the undertaking?"

"Not if you have courage."

"Come on then," cried Bernez, dropping his hammer. "I am ready to face twenty dangers; for I would almost as soon go out of the world, as live without Rozanne."

When the beggar found Bernez so prompt, he told him how, on the following night, the treasures of the heath would be exposed to view; but he took care not to inform him of the means of avoiding the stones on their return. The young man, believing that nothing but courage and quickness was required, answered:

"You may depend upon my good offices for the rest of your life, old man. I will now finish cutting this holy text, and when it is time, I will meet you at the grove of pines yonder."

Bernez kept his word, and one hour before midnight he stood in the shadow of the black fir-trees, where he was soon joined by the beggar, who car-

ried a large bag in each hand, and another suspended from his neck.

"Come," said he to the youth, "sit down here, and tell me what you will do when you have as much silver as you can carry."

"If ever I have as much silver as I can carry, I will give my sweet Rozanne every thing she wants —from cloth up to silk, from rye bread up to oranges."

"And suppose you had as much gold as you wanted?" asked the sorcerer.

"If I had plenty of gold," answered Bernez, "I would bestow riches upon all the relations of Rozanne, and upon all the friends of her friends, within the limits of the parish."

"Suppose you should have innumerable diamonds and precious stones."

"Then I would make every-body in the world rich and happy; and I would tell them they owed it all to Rozanne."

While they were thus whiling away the time, the clock struck twelve. At the first sound, there

was a great uproar heard upon the heath; and by the light of the stars, the two watchers saw the immense stones put themselves in motion, and march towards the river. They descended the hill, tearing up the earth in their course, and clashing against each other, in their haste, like a troop of thirsty giants, until they had passed the forest of fir-trees, and disappeared in the darkness. The moment they had gone by, the beggar rushed to the heath, followed by Bernez; and there, in the places just now occupied by the stones, they beheld great pits, filled to the brink with gold, and silver, and precious stones. The sorcerer immediately began to fill his sacks, calling upon Bernez to be quick in helping him, while he listened to the sounds that came up from the river bank. They had just filled the third sack, and Bernez was thrusting some diamonds in the pockets of his jacket, when a low murmur, like the muttering of distant thunder, reached their ears. The stones had taken their drink, and were returning to their places. On they came, bending forward like horse-

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men in the saddle, and crushing every thing before them. When Bernez saw them, he exclaimed:

"We are lost! we are lost!"

"I am safe enough," cried the sorcerer, holding up the witch-hazel branch, crowned with its wreath of five-leaved clover. "Here is my safeguard; but the treasure must be moistened with human blood, to prevent it from crumbling to dust; and your evil destiny has made you the victim."

As he spoke, the troop of stones came dashing forward; but the old man waved before him his magical branch, and they turned aside, right and left, in full career for poor Bernez. The unhappy youth threw himself on his knees, and expected nothing else than a frightful death; when, to his amazement, the stone which acted as leader of the band, suddenly stopped, and became a barrier before him. Bernez looked up, and beheld upon it the holy text which his hand had engraved the evening before. The inscription had consecrated the stone, and its evil spirit had no power to compel it to do a work of wickedness.

The mighty mass of stone remained fixed before Bernez, until all the other stones had found their places, and then it darted, like a sea-gull, towards its own. But in reaching its former position, it crossed the path where the beggar was gathering up his sacks of treasure. He immediately held up his witch-hazel branch; but the spells of magic had no power over a stone on which was inscribed a holy text. The gigantic pillar rushed fiercely on, and crushed the old beggar, like an insect, beneath its weight.

Bernez found himself master not only of the treasure he had collected, but also of the three bags which the sorcerer had carried off. Marzinn was now very happy to welcome him as a brother-in-law; and he lived happy with his beloved Rozanne, for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER X.

FOR several evenings, the children had been deprived of their usual amusement by visitors, and, as the time drew near for the projected journey, they began to think they had heard the last of the Breton legends. They were agreeably disappointed, therefore, when they once more found grandpapa seated in "Fairy Hollow," and prepared to tell them a story.

"To-morrow, my dear children," said the kind old man—"to-morrow I shall leave you; and before I return, the leaves, which are even now changing their summer hues, will lie sear and dead upon the earth. I am going to look upon

some of nature's wonders in this land of promise; and I cannot but feel that it will probably be the last of my journeyings upon earth. I have been a great traveller in my day of health and strength; but the weight of eighty years now lies heavy upon me, and a nook by the winter's fire, or a shelter from the summer's heat, must hereafter be the limit of my desires. I have been busied in arranging papers, and preparing for my journey: you will not be surprised, therefore, if I acknowledge myself somewhat fatigued this evening. Frank looks grave, as if he thought I was going to make an apology, instead of telling a story."

"Oh, no grandpapa," exclaimed Frank; "if you are tired, pray don't think of us or our disappointments."

"I will satisfy my conscience, Frank, by a compromise, and will tell you a story, provided you let me off with a *short* one. There is a legend, full of moral and poetic beauty, which I reserved to the last, because I had half a mind to give it to you in the ballad form, as I originally heard it.

This you must now be content to receive in plain prose; and, short as it is, you will find enough in it to occupy your thoughts, if you rightly understand it.

THE PALACE IN THE SAND;

OR,

THE TEMPTATION OF PEREK.

ON the northwestern coast of Brittany, adjoining the province of Normandy, extends a wide and desolate sand-beach, known by the name of St. Michael's Strand,—a dreary coast, beaten by the waves, which break here with great fury. Two or three little chapels, much frequented by mariners, and a few miserable cottages, are all that disturb the monotony of this vast stretch of sand. The strange and fantastic shapes with which the action of the winds

and waves has heaped the drifting sand, adds to the wild gloom of the place. Mountains with beetling cliffs, castles with broken battlements, tombs with crumbling columns, might easily be imagined to stand around, amid the fragments of wrecks and rotting ship-timbers, which lie half buried on the beach. The tradition connected with the loftiest of these sand-hills is both poetical, and full of fine moral truth.

There was once a young man, named Perek, who was beset with all sorts of evil desires. He was covetous, and yet indolent; he loved luxury, and hated work. He was envious, too; for he had seen the nobles riding to church, on fine horses, caparisoned with crimson leather, and their bridles plated with silver; he had observed the young men's rich velvet mantles, their silk stockings, and their plumed caps; and more than all, he grew half mad with jealousy, when he saw the pretty young girls riding on pillions, behind these fine fellows. He looked on his own rough garments, his wooden shoes, and his toil-browned hands, until

he grew perfectly wretched at his humble condition, and resolved to better it at all risks.

While he was in this unhappy state, he encountered a certain old mendicant, who daily sat, begging alms at the cross of Yar. Now, this old man knew every thing that had ever happened, from the time when the oldest oaks were but tiny acorns, and the grayest crows only unhatched eggs. He told Perek how a flourishing city had once stood on the place now occupied by the high drifts of St. Efflam, on St. Michael's strand. This city had been ruled by a mighty king, whose power lay in his sceptre, which was simply a branch of witch-hazel, but which had the gift of procuring him all his desires. When possessed of every thing he wished, the king grew very wicked, and his people soon followed his example; insomuch, that their enormity at length brought a frightful punishment, for the sands which surrounded the city rose up into waves like the sea, and utterly ingulfed it. No trace of it remained except the high mountain of compact sand, which still reared its head above

the royal palace; but once in every year, on the night of Pentecost, a passage opens into the heart of the mountain, leading directly into the king's treasure-house. In the last chamber of the palace hangs the magical sceptre, and he who would obtain it, must enter quickly, and as quickly retreat; for the passage opens at the first stroke of midnight, and closes as instantly, when the last stroke sounds, not to be re-opened until another year has passed away.

Perek had listened to this story with eager curiority; and when next came the season of Pentecost, he was pacing the dreary waste of sand, at the foot of St. Efflam, on St. Michael's strand, waiting for the midnight hour. The waves moaned sadly at his feet, and the wind swept with mournful sound along the beach; but his heart was full of covetous desires, and he was determined to win the witch-hazel sceptre.

At length the moment arrives. The first stroke of midnight resounds from the clock of St. Michael's chapel; and Perek, trembling, but not

affrighted, beholds the mountain of sand slowly rifting itself in the middle, and forming a compact wall on the right and on the left, leaving a passage between, leading into the very heart of the buried palace. Grasping his knotted club firmly, Perek entered the vaulted opening. At first, he groped his way in total darkness, then a glimmer of light appeared, and as he went on, he found himself in a hall of sculptured stone. The first saloon he entered was lighted by a lamp, hung from a marble pillar; and Perek beheld bags full of silver, filled, and running over, like sacks of wheat after harvest.

But Perek wanted something more precious than silver, and he went on. At that moment he heard the *sixth* stroke of the clock.

The second saloon he entered was lighted from the roof, by an immense chandelier, like that in some grand cathedral; and he beheld coffers full of gold, ranged around the room, as if gold was as plenty there as yellow corn in a granary.

But Perek wanted something more precious than

gold, and he went on. At that moment he heard the *seventh* stroke.

The third apartment was lighted by alabaster lamps; and in this moonlight radiance, Perek gazed with wonder on great baskets overflowing with pearls, which seemed running over the edges, like a foaming milk-pail. Perek would have been very glad to have secured some of these as presents for the pretty girls; but he wanted something more precious than pearls, and he went on; for he heard the *eighth* stroke of midnight.

The fourth hall needed no other illumination than that of its magnificent treasures; for piles of diamonds lay in every corner, giving out a blaze of splendor, like the sun at noonday shining upon the broad ocean. Perek was for a moment dazzled; he paused, and reached out his hand; but he wanted something more precious than diamonds, and he sprang forward to enter the last saloon, just as the *ninth* stroke sounded in his ears.

But in that last fatal apartment, he beheld greater splendor than in all the others. Suspended

by a chain of diamonds, at the end of the superb hall, hung the hazel-wand sceptre; but ranged before it, and as it were, intercepting his approach, stood an hundred maidens, of the most dazzling beauty, clad in vestments of silken gauze, crowned with gold and pearls, and bearing in one hand a cup of wine, while the other held a wreath of oak-leaves. Perek had resisted the silver and the gold, the pearls and the diamonds; but the bright eyes of these lovely maidens were not thus to be passed by. He stood still, gazing upon their beauty. The *tenth* stroke sounded, but it fell on an unconscious ear. The *eleventh* rang out, but he heard it not. Then clanged the *twelfth*, sounding like the minute-gun which announces that a noble ship is among the breakers. Perek, startled from his dream, tried to turn back; but it was too late. The passage was closed against him; the beautiful maidens relapsed into an hundred stone pillars, supporting the heavy drifts of sand; and Perek was shut up forever, in the midst of darkness and desolation.

CONCLUSION.

QUITE a number of corded trunks, cloaks, and umbrellas was to be seen next morning in the hall, and the children, who were assembled round the breakfast table an hour earlier than usual, seemed trying in vain to look cheerful, and eat heartily. Their hearts were full, for they were soon to be left quite alone; and a separation from their father and mother, even for a season, was scarcely more painful than the task of bidding farewell to their aged grandparents. Instead of the usual chattering of merry voices, every one hurried through their

meal in silence; and by a sort of unconscious impulse, all gathered in the passage, waiting the carriage which was to bear the travellers away. But now there were directions to be repeated, and cautions to be given, and duties to be enjoined; for Wilhelm and Edith were left to fill their parents' place in the household; and each of the children, even down to little Bertha, had some daily duty to perform, which involved responsibility proportioned to their powers, and was intended to beguile the hours of absence.

"Do not look so sorrowful, Frank," said Grandfather Waldorf, as the carriage drove up to the door. "Two months will soon slip away, and when the snow lies thick on the lawn, and bright fires are blazing in the grates, who knows but we may find time to give you a second series of 'Grandfather's Legends?'"