

Fairy Tales

Volume 2

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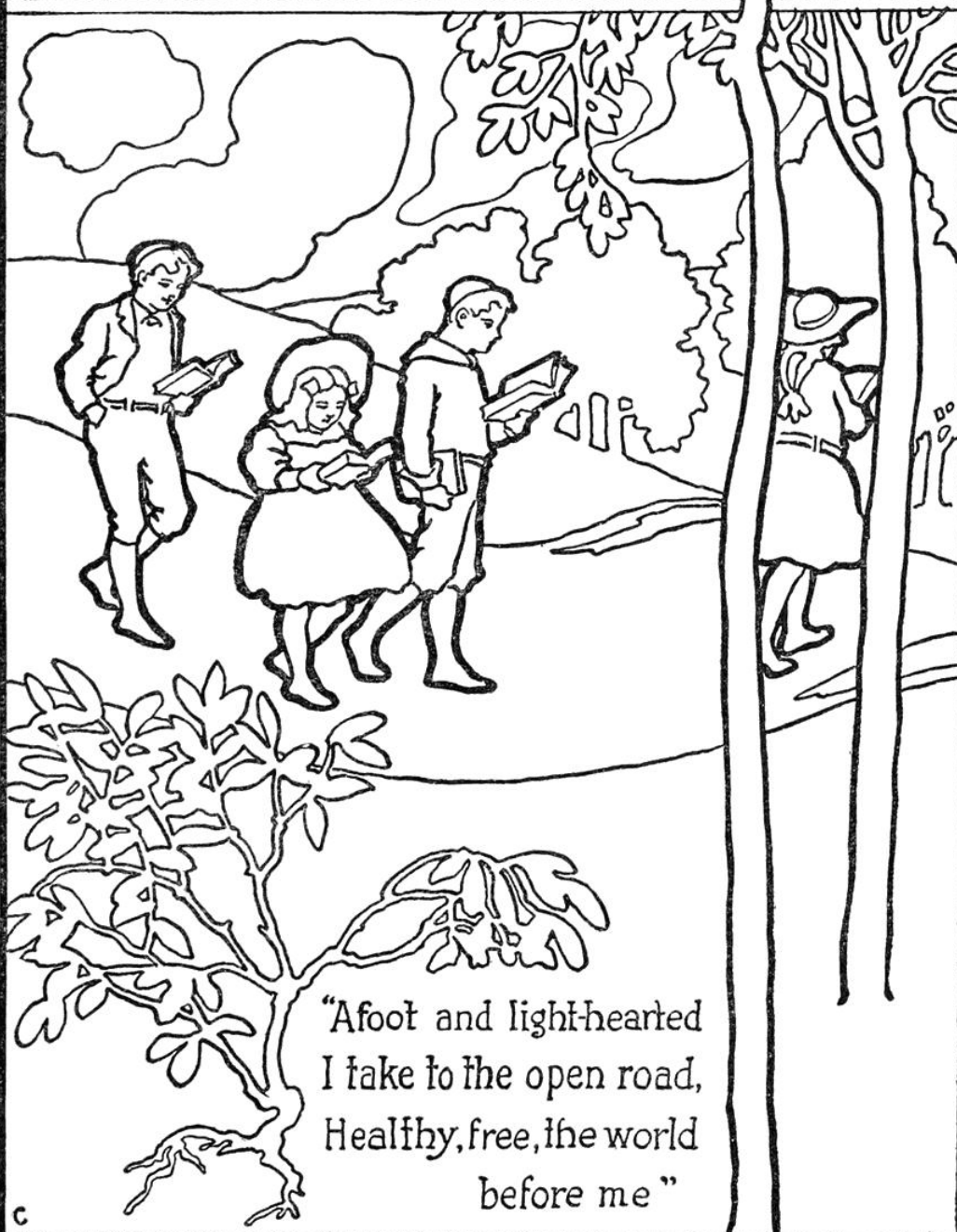
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PREFACE

The division of *Fairy Tales* into two volumes was rather for the sake of keeping the books small and of uniform size in the series, "The Open Road Library," than because there was any difference in the age of children addressed. Some of the best stories have been reserved for this book.

The plan has been to gratify interest awakened in the tales of the first volume by a parallel in the second. Thus in the first we had the droll of "Hans in Luck," to which "Clever Alice" corresponds in this. The "Frog Prince" and "Beauty and the Beast" are paralleled by the "White Cat," in which a princess instead of a prince is restored from the spell of an animal disguise. The first volume recounts in "Doll-in-the-Grass" the story of twelve sons sent out into the world by their royal father to win their fortunes; the second tells of six sons, who later become Pleiades, sent forth to learn trades. And so the comparison might be continued. The incidents of fairy and folk lore appear in numberless combinations. Close similarity of plot has been avoided, and stories which correspond in general motif have been put in different volumes. About an equal number of tales from each of the great storytellers—Perrault, Andersen, Grimm, etc.—is to be found in each book.

The atmosphere of these tales is healthful, and their tone, while not in most cases didactic, is distinctly moral and uplifting. In a simple and direct way right is rewarded and wrong is discountenanced; the thief among the six brothers has to be the palest star in the Pleiades. The grotesque and horrible have been introduced only where they are so exaggerated that no sane child would fail to appreciate their extravagance. Cruel stepmothers are a tradition of fairy lore, but tales of cruel brothers and sisters do not appear in these volumes.

We have discriminated between these fairy tales and stories of a more heroic nature, which lay claim to having actually happened in some stated place. Tales like "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Tom Thumb," in which this saga element is predominant, have been carried forward into a succeeding volume, *Tales of Old England*. As in the last pages of the *Rhymes and Stories* a few of the simplest fairy tales were introduced, so this book leads from the supernatural of the fairy tale to the heroic of the saga.

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD

Once upon a time there lived in a distant land a King and Queen who were very unhappy because they had no children; they were more sorry than words can tell.

At last, however, the Queen had a daughter. There was a very fine christening. For her godmothers the little Princess had all the fairies that could be found in the land (there were seven in all), so that each of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the Princess would be sure to have all the perfections imaginable.

After the christening was over, all the company returned to the palace, where a great feast was spread for the fairies. Before each fairy was placed a magnificent cover, with a case of massive gold in which were a spoon, a fork, and a knife, all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting at table, they saw coming into the hall a very old fairy, who had not been invited because it was more than fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King ordered a cover laid for her, but he could not give her a case of gold such as had been given to the others, for only seven had been made. The old fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat beside her heard these threats, and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went, as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings. In this way she could be the one to speak last, and might be able to repair, in so far as it was possible, any evil which the old fairy might intend to do.



Meanwhile the fairies began to bestow their gifts upon the Princess. The youngest gave for her gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wisdom and understanding of an angel; the third, that she should have wonderful grace in everything that she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play with the greatest charm and skill on every kind of musical instrument.

When the old fairy's turn came she stepped forward, shaking her head more with spite than with age, and said that the Princess should pierce her hand with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody began to weep. At this very instant the young fairy came out from behind the hangings and, in a clear voice, said: "Be of good cheer, O King and Queen; not so shall your daughter die. It is true that I have not the power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying of the wound she shall only fall into a deep sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the end of which a King's son shall come and wake her."

The King resolved to do all in his power to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old fairy. He immediately issued an edict forbidding any one, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or even to have a spindle in his house.

Fifteen or sixteen years afterward, when the King and Queen were at one of their country villas, the young Princess was running about one day in the castle. She went from room to room till she came to the top of a tower, where a good old woman was sitting alone, spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's edict against spindles.

"What are you doing there, my good woman?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed the Princess. "How do you do it? Let me see if I can do it."

She had no sooner taken the spindle than, either because she was very quick and a trifle heedless, or because the decree of the fairy has so ordained, she pierced her hand with it and fell in a swoon.

The good old woman, in great alarm, cried out for help. People came running in from all directions. They threw water on the Princess's face; they unlaced her; they struck her on the palms of her hands and rubbed her temples with cologne water; but nothing would bring her to.

Then the King, who had come up on hearing the noise, remembered the prediction of the fairies. He knew very well that this must come to pass, since the fairies had decreed it. He had the Princess carried into the finest apartment in the palace, and laid upon a bed embroidered with gold and silver. One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so beautiful; her cheeks were carnation, and her lips like coral. Her eyes were closed, it is true, but she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King gave orders that they should let her sleep quietly until the time came for her to awake.

The good fairy who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years was in the kingdom of Matakwin, twelve thousand leagues away, when this accident happened to the Princess; but she was promptly told of it by a little dwarf who had a pair of seven-league boots,—that is, boots with which he could cover seven leagues of ground at a single stride. The fairy set out immediately, and arrived at the castle about an hour later in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot. She approved everything he had done; but, as she had great foresight, she thought that when the Princess awoke she would be much perplexed and troubled at finding herself all alone in this old palace. So this is what she did. She touched with her wand everything in the palace except the King and Queen,—governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, scullions, guards, porters, pages, and footmen; she touched also all the horses in the stable with their grooms, the great mastiffs in the courtyard, and even little Pouste, the Princess's tiny spaniel that was lying on the bed beside her.

The moment she touched them they all fell asleep, not to wake again till their mistress did. This was done in order that they might be ready to serve her again when she had need of them. Even the spits that stood before the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, fell asleep, and the fire itself as well. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business!

And now the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, left the castle, issuing a proclamation that no one should come near it. These commands were not necessary, for in less than a quarter of an hour there grew up all around the park such a vast number of trees great and small, and of bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through, and nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace, and that, too, only from a great distance. Every one knew that this was the work of the fairy in order that the Princess, while she slept, should have nothing to fear from curious people.

A hundred years passed, and the kingdom was in the hands of another royal family. The son of the reigning King was hunting one day in that part of the country, and asked what those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great dense wood. Every one answered according as he had heard. Some said it was an old haunted castle; others, that all the witches of the country held their revels there. But the common opinion was that an ogre lived there, and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, secure that no one would follow him, for he alone had power to make his way through the wood.

The Prince did not know what to believe; but finally an aged man spoke to him thus: "May it please your Highness, more than fifty years ago I heard my father tell that there was in that castle a Princess, the most beautiful ever seen; and that she was to sleep there a hundred years, and that she would be wakened by a King's son for whom she was waiting."

The young Prince was all on fire at these words. He had not a moment's doubt that he was the one to carry through this rare adventure, and filled with love and longing for glory he instantly resolved to look into the matter. As soon as he drew near the wood, all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles gave way of themselves to let him pass through. He walked toward the castle which he saw at the end of a long avenue. As he looked around he was surprised to see that none of his people had been able to follow him, for the trees had closed in again as soon as he had passed between them. He did not stop or turn back for this; a young Prince, drawn on by love and the desire for glory, is always valiant.



He came into a spacious outer court where the sight that met his eyes was of a kind to freeze him with horror. A frightful silence reigned over all; the appearance of death was everywhere, and there was nothing to be seen but the bodies of men and animals stretched out on every side, and apparently lifeless. He noticed, however, that the faces of the guards

were ruddy, and he knew that they were only asleep; besides, the goblets standing by them, with a few drops of wine left in them, plainly showed that they had fallen asleep while drinking their wine.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guardroom, where soldiers were standing. They were drawn up in ranks, with muskets on their shoulders, and were snoring loudly. He went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies, some standing and others sitting, but all asleep. He entered a gilded chamber and saw on a bed, the curtains of which were all drawn back, the most beautiful sight he had ever looked upon,—a Princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years old, and who was so dazzlingly beautiful that she seemed to belong to another world. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down upon his knees before her.

Then, as the end of the enchantment was come, the Princess awoke, and looking tenderly at the young man, said: "Is it you, my Prince? You have waited a long while."

The Prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, did not know how to show his joy and gratitude. He assured her that he loved her better than himself. Then they forgot all else as they talked together of their love. She was perhaps more prepared for it than he, for it is very probable (though history says nothing of it) that the good fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her pleasant dreams. They talked together for four hours, and still they had not said half that they wished to say.

In the meantime, all the palace had been awakened with the Princess. Every one thought at once of his particular business, and as they were not in love they realized that they were extremely hungry. The chief lady in waiting, who was as hungry as the rest, finally became impatient and announced to the Princess that the meal was served. The Prince took the Princess by the hand. She was magnificently dressed, but he took care not to tell her that her costume was like that of his great-grandmother as he had seen it in pictures. She looked not a bit the less charming and beautiful for that.

They passed into the great hall lined with mirrors, where they supped, attended by the officers of the Princess. The violins and clarinets played old tunes, but they were excellent, though they had not been played for a hundred years. After supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle.

When they left the castle the next day to return to the home of the Prince, they were followed by all the retinue of the Princess. They marched down the long avenue, and the wood opened before them to let them pass through. Outside they met the Prince's followers, who had been waiting in great anxiety and were overjoyed to see their master again. When they had gone a little way they turned to look back at the castle, but behold! there was no castle to be seen, and no wood; castle and wood had vanished, but the Prince and Princess went gayly away, and when the old King and Queen died they reigned in their stead.



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

Many years ago there lived an Emperor who was so fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on them. He cared nothing about his soldiers, or about the theater, or about driving, except for the sake of showing off his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a King, "He is in the council chamber," here they always said, "The Emperor is in his wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived life was very gay. Every day many strangers arrived. One day two rogues came who gave themselves out to be weavers, and said that they could weave the finest cloth any one could imagine. Not only were its colors and patterns uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes which were made of this material possessed the wonderful property of becoming invisible to any one who was not fit for the office he held, or who was uncommonly stupid.

"Those must indeed be capital clothes," thought the Emperor. "If I wore them I could find out which men in my kingdom are unfit for the offices they hold; I could distinguish the wise men from the stupid. Yes, some of that cloth must be woven for me at once."



So he paid both the rogues a large sum of money in advance so that they might begin their work at once.

They put up two looms and went through all the motions of weaving, but they had nothing at all on their looms. They also demanded the finest silk and the purest gold thread,—all of which they put into their own pockets; and they went on working away at the empty looms all day long and far into the night.

"I should like to know how those weavers are getting on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt a little queer when he remembered that any one who was stupid or unfit for his post would not be able to see it. He felt very sure that he had nothing to fear for himself, but still he preferred to send some one else first to see how the weaving was getting on. Everybody in the town knew what a wonderful power the cloth had, and all were curious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my faithful and honored old minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best what the stuff is like, for he is clever, and no one fulfills his duties better than he does."

So the good old minister went to the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Heaven preserve us!" thought the old minister, opening his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all." But he did not say so.



Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to step a little closer, and asked him if he did not think the pattern and the colors beautiful. They pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old minister walked forward, rubbing his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing there. "Mercy on us!" thought he; "can I be so stupid? I have never thought so, and nobody must know it. Can it be that I am not fit for my office? No, it will certainly never do to say that I cannot see the cloth."

"Have you nothing to say about it?" asked one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is beautiful! quite charming!" answered the old minister, looking through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern! and what colors! Yes, I will tell the Emperor that it pleases me very much."

"Now we are delighted to hear you say so," said both the weavers, and then they named all the colors, and described the peculiar pattern.

The old minister paid great attention, so that he might be able to repeat it to the Emperor when he got back.

Then the rogues wanted more money, more silk, and more gold, to use in their weaving, but they put it all into their own pockets; not a single thread was ever put on the loom, but they went on working at the empty looms as before.

Soon the Emperor sent another worthy statesman to see how the weaving was getting on, and how soon the cloth would be finished. It was the same with him as with the first one: he looked and looked, but as there was nothing on the loom he could see nothing.

"Is it not a beautiful piece of cloth?" asked the rogues, and they pointed to and described the splendid material that was not there at all.

"I am not stupid," thought the man, "so it must be that I am not fit for my good office. It is very strange, but I must not let it be noticed."

So he praised the cloth which he did not see, and expressed to them his delight in the beautiful colors and the charming pattern.

"Yes, it is perfectly beautiful," he reported to the Emperor.

Everybody in the town was talking of the magnificent cloth. The Emperor himself wished to see it while it was still on the loom. With a great crowd of carefully selected men, among whom were the two worthy statesmen who had been before, he went to visit the cunning rogues, who were weaving away with might and main, but without fiber or thread.

"Is it not splendid?" said both the old statesmen. "See, Your Majesty, what a pattern! what colors!" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they believed others could see the cloth quite well.

"What!" thought the Emperor; "I can see nothing. This is terrible! Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. Oh, it is *very* beautiful!" he said aloud. "It has my highest approval." And then he nodded pleasantly as he examined the empty loom, for he would not say that he could see nothing.

His whole suite gazed and gazed, and saw no more than the others; but, like the Emperor, they all exclaimed, "Oh, it is beautiful! beautiful!" and they advised him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession which was soon to take place.

"Splendid! Gorgeous! Magnificent!" went from mouth to mouth. Every one seemed delighted, and the Emperor gave the rogues the title of "Court Weavers of the Emperor."

During the whole night before the day on which the procession was to take place, the rogues sat up and worked by the light of sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, finishing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the cloth from the loom; they cut into the air with huge scissors; they stitched with needles with no thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are finished!"

The Emperor came himself, with his noblest courtiers, and each rogue lifted his arm just as if he were holding something, and said, "See! here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on.

"It is as light as a spider's web. One would almost think one had nothing on; but that is the beauty of it!"

"Yes!" said all the courtiers, but they could see nothing, for there was nothing there.

"Will your Majesty be graciously pleased to take off your clothes," said the rogues; "then we will put on the new clothes here before the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put upon him one garment after another. The Emperor turned round and round in front of the mirror.

"How well they look! How beautifully they fit!" said everybody. "What material! and what colors! That is a splendid costume!"

"The canopy which is to be carried over your Majesty in the procession is waiting outside," announced the master of ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Don't the clothes look well?" and he turned round again in front of the mirror to appear as if he were admiring his costume.

The chamberlains who were to carry the train stooped and put their hands near the floor as if they were lifting it; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They would not have it noticed that they could see nothing.



So the Emperor went along in the procession under the splendid canopy, and all the people in the streets and at the windows said: "How beautiful the Emperor's new clothes are! That train is splendid! and how well they fit!"

No one wanted it to be noticed that he could see nothing, for in that case he would be unfit for his office, or else very stupid. None of the Emperor's clothes had been such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on," said a little child.

"Just hear the innocent!" said the father; and each one whispered to his neighbor what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on," cried out all the people at last.

This struck the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought to himself, "I must go through with the procession now."

So he held himself stiffer than ever, and the chamberlains held on tightly, carrying the train which was not there at all.

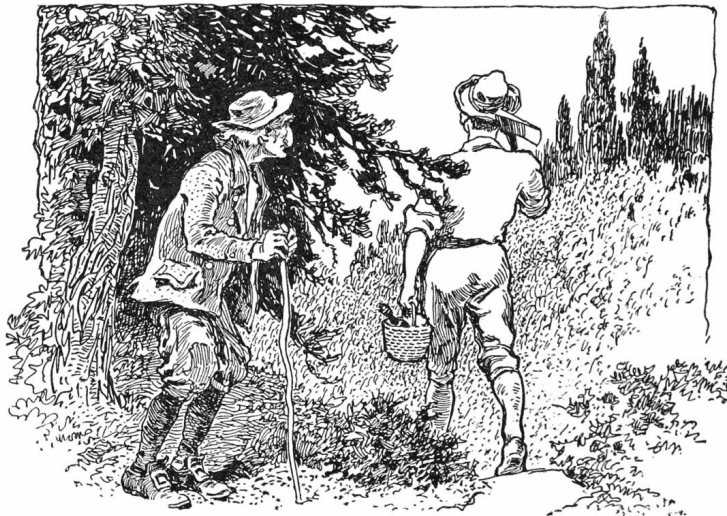
THE GOLDEN GOOSE

There was once a man who had three sons, the youngest of whom was thought to be very stupid and silly. Everybody used to tease and mock him.

One day the eldest son wanted to go into the forest to hew wood, and before he started, his mother gave him a fine sweet cake and a bottle of wine to take with him. In the forest he met a gray old man, who bade him "good day," and said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a sip of your wine, for I am very hungry and thirsty."

But the prudent youth replied: "If I give you my cake and wine, I shall have none for myself. Be off with you!"

And he left the little man standing there and went on his way. He began to cut down a tree, but he had not been at work long before he made a false stroke, and the ax cut so deeply into his arm that he had to go home and have it bound up. This was the little gray man's doing.



The second son was now the one to go into the forest to cut wood, and the mother gave him, as she had given the eldest, a sweet cake and a bottle of wine. The little old gray man met him, too, and asked for a piece of cake and a drink of wine; but the second son made the same sensible answer: "What I give to you I cannot have for myself. Be off!"

And he left the little man standing there and went on his way. His punishment, however, was not long delayed; when he had made a few strokes at the tree he struck himself in the leg, and had to be carried home.

Then the stupid son said to his father, "Father, let me go and cut wood."

The father replied: "Your brothers have hurt themselves. Leave it alone. You know nothing about it."

But he begged so long that at last the father said, "Well, go then; you will be wiser when you have hurt yourself."

His mother gave him a cake made with water and baked in the cinders, and with it a bottle of sour beer. When he came to the forest the little old gray man met him in the same way, greeted him, and said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a taste of your wine; I am very hungry and thirsty."

"I have only a cake baked in ashes," replied the simple youth, "and sour beer. If that will suit you, we will sit down and eat together."

So they sat down; but when the youth took out his cake it was a fine sweet cake, and the sour beer was good wine. They ate and drank, and then the little man said: "Because you have a good heart and are willing to share what you have, I will give you good luck. There stands an old tree. Cut it down and you will find something at the roots." Then the old man took leave of him.

The youth went and cut down the tree, and when it fell, there sitting among the roots was a goose, whose feathers were of pure gold. He picked it up, and, taking it with him, went to an inn where he meant to pass the night. The landlord had three daughters, who, as soon as they saw the goose, were very curious as to what kind of a bird it could be, and wanted to have one of its golden feathers.

The eldest thought to herself, "I'll soon find a chance to pull out a feather"; and as soon as the youth went out of the room she seized the goose by the wing; but her hand stuck fast and she could not get away.

Very soon the second sister came in, thinking only of how she might pluck a feather for herself; but she had hardly touched her sister when she found herself held fast.

At last the third sister came also, with the same intention. Then the others screamed out: "Keep away! For goodness' sake, keep away!"

But she did not understand why she should keep away. "If the others are there by the bird, why should not I be, too?" she thought, and ran to them; but as soon as she had touched her sister she was made fast, too. So they had to spend the night with the goose.

The next morning the youth took the goose under his arm and started off, without troubling himself about the three girls, who were still hanging on. They were obliged to keep on the run behind him, now to the right and now to the left, as the fancy seized him.

In the middle of the fields the parson met them, and when he saw the procession he said: "For shame, you good-for-nothing girls! What are you running across the fields after this young man for? Is that seemly?"

He took the youngest by the hand to pull her away, but as soon as he touched her hand he also stuck fast, and was obliged himself to run along behind.

Before long the sexton came by and saw his master, the parson, running along after three girls. He was astonished, and called after him: "Halloo, your reverence! whither away so

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