



GERMAN

POPULAR TALES

THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD H. WEHNERT.



PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES,

PREFACE.

THE "Rinder and Dassmarthen" of the Brothers Grimm is a world-renowned book. Every Collector of Stories has borrowed from its treasures,—hundreds of Artists have illustrated it,—Plays have been founded on many of the tales,—and learned Essays of deep research have been written upon it by men of literary eminence.

The Brothers Grimm themselves thus speak of their work:—
"We may see sometimes, when a whole harvest has been destroyed by storm or other calamity that heaven sends, still some little nook has found a shelter near the low hedges or bushes by the roadside, and some single ears of corn have remained standing. When again the sun shines favourably, they grow on, unnoticed and in solitude: no early sickle reaps them for the great store-houses, but in the autumn, when they are ripe and full, some poor hands come and seek them, and, gathered ear by ear, carefully bound, and more highly prized than other whole sheaves, they are carried home, and the whole winter long they serve for food—perhaps also, they are the only seed for the future.

"So it has appeared to us when we have seen, how, of se much that bloomed in former times, nothing has remained but ballads, a few books, some sayings, and these innocent household stories amongst the people. The places near the stove, the kitchen-hearth, the steps to the loft, feast-days still kept, meadows and forests in their quietude, above all, untroubled fancy, were the hedges that protected and delivered them over from one time to another."

In our translation of these "Household Stories" we have simply endeavoured to render the homely talk of Germany into the homely talk of our own country. We have omitted about a dozen short pieces to which English mothers might object, and for good and satisfactory reasons have altered, in a slight way, four other stories. The mixture of sacred subjects with profane, though frequent in Germany, would not meet with favour in an English book.

Any praise of Mr. Wehnert's Illustrations is quite unnecessary. They are so full of character, and so happily in accordance with the spirit of the work, that every one who admires the stories must be delighted with the pictures.

THE TRANSLATORS.

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Grimm's Honsehold Stories.

I.

The Frog Prince.



N the olden time, when wishing was having, there lived a King, whose daughters were all beautiful; but the youngest was so exceedingly beautiful that the Sun himself, although he saw her very often, was surprised whenever she came out into the sunshine.

Near the castle of this King, lay a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst stood an old lime-tree, beneath whose branches flowed a tranquil brook; whenever it was very hot, the King's youngest daughter ran off into this wood, and sat down on the bank of the cool stream; and, when she felt dull, would often divert herself by throwing

a golden ball up in the air and catching it. And this was her favourite amusement.

Now, one day it so happened, that this golden ball, when the King's daughter threw it into the air, did not fall down into her hand, but on the grass; and then it rolled past her into a little fountain. The King's daughter followed the ball with her eyes, but it disappeared beneath the water, which was so deep that no one could see to the bottom. Then she began to lament, and to cry louder and louder; and, as she cried, a voice called out, "Why weepest thou, O King's daughter! thy tears would melt even a stone to pity." And she looked around to the spot whence the voice came, and saw a Frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water. "Ah! you old water-paddler," said she, "was it you that spoke? I am weeping for my golden ball which has slipped away from me into the water."

"Be quiet, and do not cry," answered the Frog; "I can give thee good advice. But what wilt thou give me

if I fetch thy plaything up again?"

"What will you have, dear Frog?" said she. "My dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown which I wear?"

I wear ?"

The Frog answered, "Dresses, or jewels, or golden erowns, are not for me; but if thou wilt love me, and let me be thy companion and playfellow, and sit at thy table, and eat from thy little golden plate, and drink out of thy cup, and sleep in thy little bed,—if thou wilt promise me all these, then will I dive down and fetch up thy golden bad."

Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball." But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot mix in society." But the Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Presently

he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and taking it up, she ran off immediately. "Stop! stop!" cried the Frog; "take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst." But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, the King's daughter did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

The next day, when the King's daughter was sitting at table with her father and all his courtiers, and was eating from her own little golden plate, something was heard coming up the marble stairs, splish-splash, splish-splash; and when it arrived at the top, it knocked at the door, and a voice said, "Open the door, thou youngest daughter of the King!" So she rose and went to see who it was that called her; but when she had opened the door, she perceived the Frog before her; then she shut the door with great vehemence, and sat down at the table, looking very pale. But the King perceived that her heart was beating violently, and asked her whether it was a giant who had come to fetch her away who stood at the door. "Oh no!" answered she; "it is no giant, but an ugly Frog."

"What does the Frog want with you?" said the King.

"Oh, dear father, when I was sitting yesterday playing by the brook, my golden ball fell into the water, and this Frog fetched it up again because I cried so much: but first, I must tell you, he pressed me so much that I promised him that he should be my companion. I never thought that he could come out of the water, but somehow he has jumped out, and now he wants to come in here."

At that moment there was another knock, and a voice said.

[&]quot;King's daughter, youngest, Open the door.

Hast thou forgotten
Thy promises made
By the banks of the streamlet,
Beneath the beech-shade ?
King's daughter, youngest,
Open the door."

Then the King said, "What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in." So the King's daughter went and opened the door, and the Frog hopped in after her right up to her chair: and as soon as she was seated, the Frog said, "Take me up;" but she hesitated so long, that at last the King ordered her to obey. And as soon as the Frog sat on the chair he jumped on to the table and said, "Now push thy plate near me, that we may eat together." And she did so, but, as every one saw, very unwillingly. The Frog seemed to relish his dinner much, but every bit that the King's daughter ate nearly choked her. till at last the Frog said, "I have satisfied my hunger and feel very tired; wilt thou carry me up-stairs now into thy chamber, and make thy bed ready that we may sleep together?" At this speech the King's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold Frog, and dared not touch him; and besides, he actually wanted to sleep in her own beautiful, clean bed.

But her tears only made the King very angry, and he said, "He who helped you in the time of your trouble must not now be despised." So she took the Frog up with two fingers and put him in a corner of her chamber. But, as she lay in her bed, he crept up to it and said, "I um so very tired that I shall sleep well; do take me up or I will tell thy father." This speech put the King's daughter in a terrible passion, and, catching the Frog up, she threw him with all her strength against the wall, saying, "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly Frog!"

But as he fell he was changed from a frog into a hand some Prince with beautiful eyes, who after a little while became, with her father's consent, her dear companion and betrothed. Then he told her how he had been transformed by an evil witch, and that no one but herself would have had the power to take him out of the fountain; and that on the morrow they would go together into his own king dom.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a carriage, drawn by eight white horses, with ostrich feathers on their heads, and golden bridles, drove up to the door of the palace, and behind the carriage stood the trusty Henry, the servant of the young Prince. When his master was changed into a frog, trusty Henry had grieved so much that he had bound three iron bands round his heart, for fear it would break with grief and sorrow. But now that the carriage was ready to carry the young Prince to his own country, the faithful Henry helped in the bride and bridegroom, and placed himself on the seat behind, full of joy at his master's release. They had not proceeded far when the Prince heard a crack as if something had broken behind the carriage; so he put his head out of the window and asked Henry what was broken, and Henry answered, "It was not the carriage, my master, but a band which I bound round my heart when it was in such grief because you were changed into a frog."

Twice afterwards on the journey there was the same noise, and each time the Prince thought that it was some part of the carriage that had given way; but it was only the breaking of the bands which bound the heart of the trusty Henry, who was now free and happy.





II.

The Cat and the Mouse in Partnership.

A CAT having made the acquaintance him so much of the great love and affection that she CAT having made the acquaintance of a Mouse, told bore to him, that the Mouse at last consented to live in the same house with the Cat, and to have their domestic affairs "But we must provide for the winter," said in common. the Cat, "or we shall be starved: you little Mouse cannot go any where, or you will meet with an accident." advice was followed, and a pot was bought with some grease However, when they had got it they could not imagine where it should be put: at last, after a long consideration, the Cat said, "I know no better place to put it than in the church, for there no one dares to steal any thing; we will set it beneath the altar, and not touch it till we really want it." So the pot was put away in safety; but not a long while afterwards the Cat began to wish for it again, so she spoke to the Mouse and said, "I have to tell you that I am asked by my aunt to stand godmother to a little son, white with brown marks, whom she has just brought into the world, and so I must go to the christening. Let me go out to-day, and do you stop at home and keep house." "Certainly," answered the Mouse, "pray go; and if you eat any thing nice think of me: I would also willingly drink a little of the sweet red christening wine." it was all a story; for the Cat had no aunt, and had not been asked to stand godmother. She went straight to the church, crept up to the grease-pot, and licked it till she had eaten off the top; then she took a walk on the roofs of the houses in the town, thinking over her situation, and now