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THE MODERN REVOLUTION.

Historical Inductions.

NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES—GREEK FOLK-PROSE.

'Thug e doibh sgeul air Rìgh na Gréige, agus mar a bha Nighean an Rìgh air a gleidheadh 'san Dùn, 's nach robh aon air bith gu AILLIDH, *Nighean Rìgh na Gréige, fhaotainn ri phòsadh, ach aon a bheireadh a mach i le sàr ghaisge.'*

SGEUL CHONUIL GHUILBNICH.

NEW FOLKLORE RESEARCHES.

GREEK FOLK POESY:

ANNOTATED TRANSLATIONS,
FROM THE WHOLE CYCLE OF ROMAIC
FOLK-VERSE AND FOLK-PROSE.

BY

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

EDITED WITH ESSAYS ON

THE SCIENCE OF FOLKLORE,
GREEK FOLKSPEECH, AND THE SURVIVAL
OF PAGANISM,

BY

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A.

And he told them the Tale of the King of Greece, and how his Daughter was kept in the Dun, and that no one at all was to get BEAUTY, Daughter of the King of Greece, to marry, but one who could bring her out by great valour.'—CAMPBELL: *West Highland Tales*, Vol. iii., p. 258.

VOL. II.—FOLK-PROSE.

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TRANSLATIONS.

Märchen sind wunaerliche Erzählungen, wie sie sich Mütter und Wärterinnen erdenken, um damit aie Kinder zu unterhalten, und in denen Feen und Hexen, Riesen und Zwerge, Ungeheuer und sprechende Thiere ihren Spuk treiben.—VON HAHN.

La Thessalie possède encore ses enchanteresses si renommées dans l'antiquité. D'après nos paysans, elles peuvent à l'aide d'une baguette bâtir et détruire des palais, faire descendre et remonter les astres. . . . Ces nouvelles Cassandres prononcent quelques mots inintelligibles, jettent du sel, de la farine, des feuilles desséchées de laurier sur les charbons ardents, et ainsi que la fameuse magicienne de Théocrite, à la clarté lunaire . . . opèrent leurs enchantements.—SOUTZO.

FOLK-PROSE.

CLASS I.

MYTHOLOGICAL FOLK-TALES:

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF KOSMICAL IDEAS; *ZOÖNIST, MAGICAL, AND SUPERNALIST.*

SECTION (I.)

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF *ZOÖNIST* IDEAS.

THE KING OF THE BIRDS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 337.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours![a]

There was once upon a time a King, and he had three daughters. They were all three very beautiful. Word came to him to go on a campaign, and he did not know how he could leave his daughters alone.

'Never mind, my father,' said the three daughters; 'go, and may you return successful.'

'I must go, for I cannot do otherwise; but what do you wish me to bring for you?'

[a] τῆς ἀφεντιᾶς (=αυθεντειᾶς) σας, literally 'your authority.'

Said the eldest, 'I want you to bring me a pair of diamond earrings.'

Said the next, 'I want you to bring me a diamond necklace for my neck.'

Said he to the youngest daughter, 'And thou, what dost thou wish me to bring thee?'

'Let me think, *papatsi*, and I will tell you later.' She goes to her chamber, and says to her grandmother, '*Lalá* mine, my father is going away; what shall I charge him to bring me?'

'Tell him, my child, to bring you the Melodious Napkin, and say that, if he forgets it, may his ship move neither backwards nor forwards.'

The Princess went to her father and said to him, 'Papa! bring me the Melodious Napkin—if you don't bring it, may your ship move neither backwards nor forwards!'

The father arose, embraced them, and kissed them, and went away. He came to the place, and fought and conquered. He bought the earrings for the eldest, the necklace for the second, and for the youngest a spray to wear in her hair. He went on board the ship to return to his kingdom, but neither forward, nor backward, would it move. '*Bré aman!*'[a] They cast off, and set the sails, but the ship remained in the same spot. There was a merchant on board, and he said to the King,

'My longlived King, perhaps someone has given you a commission, and you have forgotten it.'

'I don't remember, how do I know? I don't remember being told anything.'

Said he, 'But try and recollect, my King, if someone in your house did not happen to give you a charge, and you have not fulfilled it?'

[a] Μπρέ = I say. *Amān*, a Turkish expression of dismay.

'*Brê!*' said he, 'now I remember! My youngest daughter asked me to bring her the Melodious Napkin, and said that if I didn't bring it, might my ship move neither backwards nor forwards.'

Then said the merchant, 'If you like, my King, I will go and buy it for you.'

The King gave him money; the merchant got into a boat, and went and bought it, and brought it. As soon as the Melodious Napkin was on board—*pi-i-i*—the ship flew like a bird. The King came to his own country. His eldest daughter went up to him, and he gave her the diamond earrings; the second one went and kissed his hand, and he gave her the diamond necklace; the youngest went and kissed his hand, and he gave her a diamond spray and the Melodious Napkin. She embraced her father, kissed him, and thanked him, and took it to her chamber. Then she called her grandmother and said to her,

'My father has brought me the Melodious Napkin, what shall I do with it?'

In the Princess's chamber there was a high window. The grandmother placed a table, and on the table a chair, and she climbed up and broke with a key all the glass of the window and took out the pieces one by one; then she fastened red velvet all round the window, and in the middle she set a golden basin. Afterwards she put rose-water in the basin, and said to the Princess,

'When you wish him to come who is Prince of the Birds, the Snakes, the Insects, and the rest—and he is an Eagle, this Prince—dip the Melodious Napkin in the basin and hang it to dry; and afterwards when he is come into your room and flaps his wings, he will become a Prince; but don't be frightened, for he will be your husband.'[1] And her grandmother left her.

The Princess changed her dress, and tidied herself, and then dipped the Napkin in the basin, and spread it out to dry. She heard a noise, and then saw an Eagle come in at the window, and he flapped his wings and became a handsome Prince.

He said, 'What do you want, as you called me ?'[a]

And the Princess answered, 'I did not know that you would come, it was my grandmother who told me to spread out the Napkin.'

Then the Prince looked at her, and liked her very much, and he said to her, 'I am the Prince of all the Birds and the Creeping Things, and if you will, take me for your husband.'

Then said the Princess, 'I love thee and desire thee, but I have two sisters, and I must wait till they are married, and then we will wed.'[b]

Then every day she dipped the Napkin in the rose-water in the basin, and spread it out, and the Prince came, and they amused themselves. So much love was there between them that they could not do without each other. The Princess finally forgot that she had any sisters, and was always hanging out the Napkin for the Prince to come. The sisters began to wonder greatly. One said to the other,

'*Kalé!* can you tell me what has become of our sister? Since our father brought her the Melodious Napkin she has disappeared from the sight of the world.'

'I wonder,' said the eldest. 'I will go and pay her a visit.'

'I'll come too,' said the other. 'I will engage her in

[a] The Napkin seems to have emitted a sound audible to the Eagle.
[b] According to Greek custom an elder sister must be married before a younger.

talk, and do you go into her chamber and see what is going on, why we don't see her.'

So they went to see their sister. The one began to speak to her, and talked of one thing and another; the other went into the chamber, as if to look at herself in the mirror. She looks on this side and on that, but sees nothing. Only she did—*so !* and lifted her head high and saw the window with the velvet and with the golden basin. And then she understood that someone came in that way. She said nothing, but went out again to where the others were, and both reproached their youngest sister because she did not love them, as she never went to see them.

Said the youngest, '*Aï!* I have some work, I am embroidering something; you must excuse me, and I will come another time.'

Then said her middle sister, 'We have come to invite you to go with us to-morrow on an excursion; if you like, come with us, and we will enjoy ourselves.'

'I will come,' said the youngest, for she could not do otherwise.

They rose in the morning and all got ready. Then said the eldest sister to the second, 'Won't you tell me what you saw there? What does our sister do that she doesn't come here?'

'What shall I tell you? I saw her high window, the glass was taken out, and in front was placed a golden basin. Who comes in there and washes I know not. But now as we are going into the country, I will say that I have forgotten my keys in my cupboard, and I will turn back and go into my sister's room, and put glass all round the high window.'

They sent word to their sister that all was ready, and to come and set off on their excursion. When they

were arrived in the country, and were sitting down, the second sister said,

'*Po! Po!* what have I done! I have left the keys of the cupboard in the lock, and now what shall I do, for I have a lot of things of my father's in it? Do you stay here, and I will soon be back.'

She mounted her horse, and galloped back to the palace. She went straight to her sister's chamber, she broke up the glass which she had carried in her snuff-box,[a] and nailed it all round the window, where the velvet was. She came down and returned to her sisters. They sat and ate, and drank, and sang; then they arose and came back to the palace, and went each one to her chamber.

The youngest Princess went to her room. She wetted her Napkin, and hung it out for the Eagle to come. The Eagle came, tried to enter, drew back, again rushed forward, drew back once more, and the third time he flew away. The Princess could not think what was the matter. She placed the table, and climbed up to the window. What did she see? The basin full of blood! She put her hand on the velvet, and touched only glass. Then she understood.

'*Ach!* what have my sisters done to me?' she cried. She called her grandmother, and said to her, '*Lalá* mine, what has befallen me? This and that, and they have wounded the Prince!'

Then said her grandmother, 'Thou must arise, if thou canst, and go and find out where his palace is.'

She begged her grandmother to get her a Nun's dress, and she would become a Nun. She put on the Nun's dress, tied up her hair, and covered it with a

[a] Snuff-boxes in the East are elegant nicknacks, rather than receptacles for snuff.

cowl, so that it might not be seen that she was young and beautiful. She tied a rope round her waist, took a crutched stick in her hand, took to the road, and went, and went, and went. She grew weary. As she felt sad and pensive, she sat down in a hollow tree. From thence she saw at a distance a maimed snake coming towards her. She hid herself in the hollow, where there was a nest. Said her children, the little snakes,

'Where have you been, mother, for we are dying of hunger to-day?'

'Where have I been, my children? I have been on the tiles of the palace, and I heard the lamentation and the wailing which is going on in the palace, because our King loved a wicked *skýla*, and she has wounded him.'

'*Ach!* little mother!' said one of the children, 'if they knew, they would kill one of us, and take out our fat, and anoint him with it in the bath, and he would become like a wounded snake.'

'Hush, my child, or someone will hear, and kill thee,' said his mother. 'But now, stay in the nest, and I will go on the tiles, and see what is happening in the palace.'

When the snake-mother had gone away, the Nun lost no time, but at once killed a little snake with her crutch, skinned it, took out its fat, put it in her snuff-box, covered it up with some cotton-wool, and arose and left. She went further, and saw a pigeon come flying along and hide in a tree.

'*Tsiou, tsiou!*' said her little ones. 'Where have you been, little mother, so long, and we dying of hunger?'

'Where have I been, my children? I have been over at our King's palace, and heard the lamentation and wailing which rent my heart in pieces, because our

King is dying; he loved an accursed one, and she loves him not, but has set people to stab him.'

'*Ach!* little mother, if they knew, and killed one of us, and anointed him with our fat in the bath, he would become a pigeon, and spread his wings.'

'Hush! never you mind,' said his mother; 'go inside, or someone will hear and kill thee, my child.' And the pigeon flew away.

When the pigeon was gone, she [the Nun] took her crutch, killed a pigeon and took out its fat. She put it in cotton-wool, and placed it in her snuff-box, and went on her way. She went on, and on, and on, and there she saw an eagle coming at a distance and she disappeared into a leafy little tree.

'Where have you been, little mother mine?' said the young eagles, 'to leave us to die of hunger?'

'*Aï!* are you hungry when our King is dying?'

'What ails our King?'

'He loved a faithless one, and she has wounded him.'

'*Ach*, little mother! if they knew, and would kill one of us and take our fat, and anoint him with our fat in the bath, he would become an eagle and fly!'

'Hush, my child, for fear someone might hear and kill thee,' said the mother; and she flew off hastily to see how the King was.

When the eagle was gone, the Nun lost no time, but killed one of the young eagles with her crutch, skinned it, took out its fat, put it in cotton, put it too in her snuff-box, and took the road which led to the palace. When she came near, she began to call out,

'A physician and physic for the wounded, for sores, and every other pain!'

Up in the palace they were all weeping, because they

[the physicians] had given the King up. Then a servant heard her calling, 'A physician! Physic!' and said to the King's mother,

'My Queen! shall we call in that Nun, and see if she knows of anything for the King?'

'*Ach*, dear thing, the royal physicians have given him up, and what should she know?'

'*Aï!* who knows, my Queen? sometimes one finds one's health from small things.'

They called her, and she came upstairs. When she saw the King lying speechless and insensible on his bed, she nearly lost her wits; but she restrained herself.

Said she, 'What do the doctors say about the King?'

'They say there is no hope.'

'Put your trust in me, and I will make him well,' said the Nun.

'Since the doctors have given him up, we leave him with thee; do as God shall enlighten thee.'

Then she bade them heat the bath, and when it was warm to put the Prince in it; and when she had bathed him well, she rubbed him with a delicious soap-jelly, and then took the snake's fat and anointed the King's hands and all his body with it, wrapped him carefully in a thick sheet, told them to carry him up to his bed, and sat by his side, and watched him all night. Sleep took him who for so many days and nights had not slept.

Then said the King's mother, '*Ach!* doctress dear, if my son gets well, I will be thy slave.'

The Prince slept all night, and in the morning he awoke and opened his eyes and saw his mother and the Nun by his side.

'How art thou, my son?' said his mother.

'Well, little mother, I feel like a maimed serpent—I want to get up and crawl.'

Again the Nun told them to heat the bath. They heated the bath, the Nun took him and put him in, and again she washed him well with much soap and rubbed over him the pigeon's fat. She wrapped him in a linen sheet, and put him to bed again. He slept all night, and when he awoke in the morning his mother said to him:

'How art thou, my son?'

'Like a pigeon, mother mine. I want to fly!'

They gave him food, and once more the Nun told them to heat the bath. They took him again, and put him in the bath. She washed him well and rubbed him with the eagle's fat. She then wrapped him in a linen sheet, put him to bed, and he slept. In the morning, when he awoke, the Queen again said to him,

'How art thou, my son?'

'How am I? An Eagle! I want to fly too! Thou'—he turned and said to the Nun—'thou art my saviour who has cured me; what favour shall I do thee?'

'I want nothing. I heal people for pleasure, for I have blessing and curse from my mother.[1] One favour only thou mayest do me. If thou hast anyone to hang or to slay, and he says to thee, "Long life to the doctress who healed thee and to the bloody shirt, and harm me not!" then thou must give him his life.'

The Prince hesitated a little, for he had intended when he got up to go and kill the Princess. But then he thought to himself, 'How should she ever know of my oath and say this to me?'

So he swore to her that he would do as she had said.

'And yet another [favour],' said she. 'Give me the bloody shirt and thy ring.'

The Prince gave them to her. The Queen embraced

her, and kissed her, and thanked her, and she arose and went away.

When she came home to the palace, she cleared the window, took out the glass, fastened velvet all round, put rose-water in the basin, dressed herself very beautifully, put the Prince's ring on her finger, dipped the Melodious Napkin in the rose-water and spread it out. But she saw the Eagle coming in great anger with his sword in his hand, and he said,

'Art thou not yet satisfied, but callest me to kill me?'

As he raised his sword to slay her she said, 'Long life to the doctress who healed thee, and to the bloody shirt, and don't harm me!'

'*Ach, skýla!*' he cried, 'and hast thou learnt that too?'

Then she told him that she had been the Nun who had healed him; she showed him also the ring, and said that it was her sisters who had caused him that misfortune, and that she could never have done it. So he took her and went to her father, and asked if he might have her for his wife. And her father rejoiced at his daughter's good fortune, and they had music, and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding was held, and everyone rejoiced, and her sisters burst.[a] And he became a golden Eagle, and he took hold of her with his claws and carried her away to his mother, and there were more amusements and rejoicings and feastings. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

[a] A common Greek invective is 'Νὰ σκάζῃς—May'st thou burst!' This expression occurs frequently in folk-song and story.

THRICE-NOBLE, OR THE THREE CITRONS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 158.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a Queen and a King, and they had no son. They prayed to God to give them a child, and vowed that, if a child should be born to them, a fountain should run three days with oil, three days with honey, and three days with butter, that everybody might go and take. It was a lucky hour, and God heard their wish, and the Queen became with child. Joy or grief, you may imagine which! and at the end of nine months the Queen was delivered, and bore a male child. The boy grew up, and became a delight; but they forgot to fulfil their vow. And one night the Queen saw in her sleep a Woman who came and said to her,

'I gave thee the child, but thou hast forgotten to keep thy vow. Knowest thou not that I can take again the child I gave thee?'

The Queen arose in terror and said to her husband,

'*Po-po!* what a risk we have run! We forgot to perform that which we vowed to God—that a fountain should run three days with oil, three days with honey, and three days with butter!'

The King immediately gave orders for the fountain to be made in the courtyard of the palace, and told his people to carry to it honey, oil, and butter to put in the fountain that it might run, and everybody come and take and bless the Prince. When three days had

passed, and all the people had helped themselves, and the fountain had ceased to flow, an Old Woman, very old, heard of it, and she went, too, to get what butter she could. She gathered it up with her fingers and put it in her pot. The Prince up at the window saw her, and laughed. When she had filled her pot, he threw a stone and broke it, and spilt it all. Then she looked up and saw the Prince.

'*Ach*, my Prince, what hast thou done to me? My heart fails me to curse thee,' she said to him, 'I will only say—*may'st thou not escape from the hands of Thrice-Noble.*'

When she had thus said, the Old Woman went away, and was seen no more. Then the Prince pondered as to who Thrice-Noble could be. One day he said to his mother,

'I am going, mother, to inquire and learn who is this Thrice-Noble.'

'*Bré!* my boy! my good boy! my bad boy!'

So his mother strove to dissuade him, but in vain. When his parents saw how determined their son was, they let him go. He dressed himself, took money with him, his sword and his cloak, and set out, and went, and went, into the wilderness, asking here, and asking there where Thrice-Noble lived, but could learn nothing. As he journeyed in the wilderness, he saw a wide, high gateway and went through it in hopes of learning something. He saw a Lamia swinging among the almond leaves. He said to her,

'Good-day, mistress!'

'Welcome, my boy! Hadst thou not said "Good-day" to me, I would have eaten thee!'

'And if *you* had not said "Welcome, my boy!" I would have killed you with my sword!'

'What wantest thou here, and what seekest thou in this wild spot?' asked the Lamia.

'What shall I tell you?—An Old Woman laid me under a curse, and said—"*May you not escape from the hands of Thrice-Noble,*" and since then I have been very uneasy and could not stay in the palace. So I beg you to tell me, if you know, what is this Thrice-Noble, and where does she live?'

'What shall I tell thee, my boy? I know nothing about it. Take that road to the right, and thou wilt come to another big gateway like mine, which thou wilt enter. My sister lives there, and thou must say to her, "Good-day," and ask if perchance she knows; and if she does, she will tell thee, for she is good-natured. Take, too, this silver comb, and tell her, with greetings, that I sent thee.'

He thanked her, and arose, and left, and took the road she showed him. He goes, and goes, and sees from afar a door. He pushes it and goes in, and sees a Lamia swinging among the walnut leaves. He says to her,

'Good-day, mother!'

'Welcome, my boy! Hadst thou not said "Good-day!" I should have eaten thee!'

'And I, if *you* had not said "Welcome, my boy!" should have killed you with my sword!'

'What dost thou want, and who sent thee, and whence comest thou?'

'Your sister sent me, and here is the comb, with her compliments. And tell me, I beg you, if you know, where Thrice-Noble lives, that I may go and find her.'

'What shall I say, my boy?—Thou seekest a hard thing. I know nothing about it. But arise and go to my other sister who lives among those rocks over

yonder. Thou wilt see a hill smoking, and an old tumbledown gate; push it open and go in; she will be wiping out the oven with her breasts. Say no word to her, but cut off a piece from thy clothes, wipe out the oven, put in her loaves, and afterwards, when they are baked, take them out. She will say, "What return shall I make for the service thou hast done me?" Then thou must say, "[I bring] greetings from thy sisters," and give her this iron comb and ask, "Where is the house of Thrice-Noble?"'

The Prince thanked her too, and arose, and went away. He took the road, and saw a hill smoking; he approached, and saw an iron door. Then he went in and saw a tall wild-looking Lamia, with hair standing on end, and she was wiping out the oven with her breasts. When the youth saw her, he was afraid, but kept silence. He lost no time, cut off a piece of his cloak, dipped it in water and wiped out the oven for her with a stick. He took the loaves and quickly put them in; they were baked; he took them out, and placed them in a row. Then said the Lamia to him,

'What return shall I make thee for the favour thou hast done me?'

'Your sisters have sent me. Here is this iron comb. Their compliments, and will you tell me where is the house of Thrice-Noble?'

'O, my boy, I pity thy youth! At the house of Thrice-Noble there are Nereids. It is a great palace, and in the middle of the courtyard is a Citron-tree; on it are three Citrons, and in the Citrons are the Queens of the Nereids, three sisters. For the outer door of the palace I give thee some water which thou must sprinkle on it and it will open. But at the root of the Citron-tree are fastened two exceedingly fierce lions.[4] Thou

must take care to have four carcasses. Before thou climbest the Citron-tree throw two of them as far away as thy hands can throw, that the lions may run and eat them and let thee alone; then climb up the tree and pluck the Citrons. When thou hast plucked them, hold them safely in thy robe,[a] and then throw the other two carcasses for the lions to eat while you get down, that they may not meddle with thee, and I will see to the Nereids and bind them. But be careful when thou hast plucked the Citrons to cut them open in plenty of water, or they [the Queens] will come out dead.'

So he did all that the Lamia told him; he took four carcasses and followed the road she pointed out. He went on; he threw the water on the door; the door opened; he went in, and saw the Citron-tree. But when he was within, and the lions saw him, they began to roar. He threw one carcass as far as he could, and the other the same, and the lions rushed to eat them; and so he climbed up the tree. He drew his sword, cut the three Citrons, tied them up securely in his robe, threw the other two carcasses to the lions, came down, and made off. On the road as he went, he said,

'Perhaps there is nothing in the Citrons, and she has cheated me.'

He broke open one of the Citrons and saw inside a beautiful maiden, and she cried 'Water! Water!' and died, because he had no water to throw her into. Then he began to weep. He wept and wept, and then buried her, took up the other two Citrons, and went on. As he went and went, he saw a little stream of water.

'Shall I cut the other and see if there is anything inside?' he said.

[a] Literally 'apron'—the front of the long loose garment formerly worn by all nationalities in the East.

Then he put it in the stream and cut it too, and there leaped out a lovely maiden. She cried 'Water! Water!' and died, because there was not enough water to throw her in. Again he wept much, and then dug a grave and buried her too; and he arose and went towards the palace, and said,

'Unless I find a great deal of water, I will not cut open the other Citron.'

Then he came to a great cistern full of water.

'Here,' said he, 'I will cut the other Citron, and see if there is anything inside or not.'

Then he put it into the water and broke it. Immediately there leaped out a beautiful maiden, more lovely than the others, and she swam about in the water, and cried,

'How came I here? Where are my sisters?'

'I brought no other Citron,' he said. 'I brought one only, the others I left on the tree. I am a Prince, and my Fate destined me to marry you, and you shall be a Queen.'

He wrapped her in his cloak, took her up, and carried her towards the city. There was a well there, and close to the well grew a great cypress with large branches. He placed her on the cypress, hid her among the branches, and said,

'Stay here; don't feel at all dull; and I will go to the palace and bring you beautiful royal robes to wear, and a coach to ride in, as befits a Queen.'

So he climbed with her up into the tree, put her among the branches to sit, and told her not to be the least bit uneasy, for he would soon return. He set off and came to the palace. When his parents saw him they made great rejoicings, for they thought they had lost him. He told them that he had brought Thrice-

Noble, and bade them get ready dresses and carriages to bring her to the palace.

While these were being got ready, Thrice-Noble sat up in the tree. To the well below went a Negress to fill her pitcher with a bucket. When she saw Thrice-Noble's face reflected in the water, she drew up the bucket and said,

'*Bá!* Am I so beautiful? I shall do no more work now I know that I am so beautiful!'

She began to dance round and round the well, crying, 'So fair am I, and I knew it not! So fair am I, and I knew it not!'[5]

But Thrice-Noble saw all this, and burst out laughing up in the cypress. The Negress looked up, and saw Thrice-Noble.

'Ah! it is thou up there, who mockest me!' she said. 'Come down at once!'

Said she, 'Let me alone, I cannot come down, because the Prince has put me up here, and is coming to take me to the palace.'

Then said the Negress, 'I don't care about that; whether you will or not, I will pull you down!'

So she climbs up into the cypress, seizes her, and throws her into the well; and the Negress undresses and wraps herself in the cloak like Thrice-Noble, and sits up in the cypress. In a little while there came the King, the Queen, the Prince, and all the relations. The Prince climbs up, and what does he see?—a black Crow.

'How did you become like this?' he asks.

'*Ná!* from my grief,' she said, 'that thou wert so long in coming, and I thought thou hadst abandoned me here! But what matter?—I shall grow white again.'

'Certainly, it is enough that thou love me and desire me.'

Then the Prince was ashamed to show her to his parents, and he covered her up and put her in a carriage and went to the palace, and hid her in a chamber, and ordered his food to be brought upstairs to him to eat with her, and paid her great attentions in order that she might grow white. But how could she grow white? And the Prince fell into great melancholy, and said,

'Have I hazarded my life and run such risks for a Negress? What shall I do if she does not grow white?'

To the well into which Thrice-Noble had been thrown went a maiden for water, and into her bucket leaped a golden Eel.

'*Bá!* what a pretty Eel! I will take it to the King who is sad, and perhaps his sadness will pass away when he amuses himself with this, for the Prince since he came back with his wife is very low-spirited.'

So she took the Eel as it was in the bucket, and carried it to the King, and left her pitcher at the well. When she came to the palace, she asked to see the Prince wherever he was. She had covered over the bucket and the Eel was not visible. They told the Prince that a maiden wanted to see him. Said the Prince,

'Very well, let her come in.'

When the girl came in, she said, 'My longlived King, I found this Eel in the well there; and I have brought it to you because it is so beautiful that it may amuse you.'

Then the Eel, when it saw the Prince, began to leap and dance. It played many tricks, and began to nibble his hand. The Prince thanked the girl very much, and took a handful of sequins out of his pocket and gave

them to her, and she went away. When she had taken them, the Prince remained all day shut up in his room; he petted the Eel, threw it sugar, and gave orders for his meals to be brought to him there, so that he might look at the Eel, so much did he love it. The Negress did not see him at all, and she sent word to him to go and see her. The Prince went upstairs to see what she wanted; she threw herself on his neck and embraced him, and wept, and said that he was very unkind, and now just as she was beginning to grow white, she had become black again, because she had heard that he was in love with an Eel. Then the Prince said,

'I did not come because I did not wish to disturb you. Do you become white, and you will see what love I shall have for you. How should I love an Eel, as if it were a human being? I am only waiting for you to become white to hold our wedding.'

With such words he quieted her; but every day there were fresh grumblings:

'Kill the Eel for me to eat, and then I shall become white; if you will not, take me back to where you found me.'

What could the Prince do, with the depths before him and the torrents behind? He decided to kill the Eel for her to eat, but he did it with the heart-ache. He ordered it to be killed, and cooked, and served for them to eat. As they ate it, all the bones that fell to her share she threw into the fire; but he threw his into the garden. They ate well, and the next day the Prince felt sad, and went into his chamber and wept. As he sat and wept, the gardener went to him and said,

'My King, my longlived one, will you come down

into the garden and see a marvel? A Lemon-tree has grown up during the night, covered with lemons and yet covered with blossoms. Will you come and see it, and tell me what wonder is this?'

The Prince went down to see the Lemon-tree. It immediately raised its branches and threw its blossoms all over him. Then the Prince called for a seat, and sat down under the tree, and did not move thence, so delighted with it was he. The Negress asked where the Prince was. They told her thus and thus—'There is a Lemon-tree covered with lemons and blossoms, and the King is fond of it, and sits beneath it.' Our good Negress loses no time; she goes down into the garden; but, as she approached the Prince, the Lemon-tree threw itself upon her with its thorns and scratched her face and her hands, and made her a pitiable sight. Cries and I don't know what from the Negress.

'Root up the Lemon-tree, and then I shall become white!—for I was nearly white when this happened to me from the Lemon-tree, and now I have blackened and become like a Negress—or I will go away and bring the Nereids and they will turn your palace upside down.'

'*Bré!* my good woman,' said the Prince, 'what harm has the Lemon-tree done thee? It is good; don't go near it, that is all.'

[He spoke] in vain. Said she, 'I will either root it up, or something dreadful shall happen.'

Then the Prince went out of the garden and said to her, 'Do what you will, I shall not meddle.'

When the Prince was gone, she lost no time, but set the gardener to root up the Lemon-tree, cut the branches in small pieces, and throw them out on the

road so that people might take and burn them. The stump remained; that they threw in front of the fountain. An old man came to draw water. Said he:

'Won't you give me this stump that I may light a fire in my house?'

She flies to the window.

'Take it!' she said, 'take it and go!'

The old man took it and went home. He took up his axe to chop it. Hardly had he struck it when he heard a voice from inside the wood:

'Strike above, and strike below,
In the middle strike no blow;
It can feel, for 'tis a maid,
And thy blows make sore her head.'

When the old man heard this, he gave a jump, and went into his house in a fright. His son comes to him and says,

'Good day, Father!'

He made no reply, but trembled.

'What ails you, Father, that you tremble?'

'What ails me?' he replied. 'I went to the palace —where I wish I had not gone—for water, and found a stump and begged it; and it is alive and talks!'

'*Bá!* How can it talk? Can wood talk? You are not going crazy, Father?'

'*Ná*, go near it, and take the axe and strike it gently, gently, and you will see that it will talk.'

Then his son went and took the axe, and struck the stump gently, and he heard it say,

'Strike above, and strike below,
In the middle strike no blow;
It can feel, for 'tis a maid,
And thy blows make sore her head.'

Then the youth struck as she told him, and saw a beautiful maiden leap out from within, who said to him,

'Don't be frightened, you are making your fortune with me; only give me clothes to cover me, for I am naked, and buy a white kerchief and silk and gold [thread] that I may embroider a kerchief for you to take to the King, and he will give you many sequins.'

The youth went and bought a beautiful white kerchief, and gold and silk thread, and brought them to her. She sat and embroidered on the kerchief all her history, how she had become an Eel, how she had become a Lemon-tree, and now that she was to be found in that house, and that he must come and fetch her. She folded the kerchief neatly and gave it to the youth to take and give it into the hand of the Prince, and come back and give her his answer. Then he went with the gold [embroidered] kerchief to the palace and asked,

'Where is the Prince? I want to see him.'

They showed him, and he went. He said to him,

'My Prince, my longlived one, I have a kerchief to give you.'

The Prince took it; he opened it. What did he see? Letters! He read all the story of Thrice-Noble!

'And where is now she who gave thee this kerchief?'

'At my house.'

He arose, lost no time, gave the youth a handful of sequins, and said to him,

'Come with me, and let us go!'

Then the Prince took the youth, and went to his house, and saw Thrice-Noble. Rejoicings and tears; now they laughed, and now they wept.

Said she, 'Let us have no more of this, but bring me clothes and a carriage, and let us go to the palace.'

Said he, 'I will send you dresses and a carriage, but

remain here until I drive out that Negress, and then I will come and fetch you.'

The Prince returned immediately to the palace and went up straight to the Negress and began to pace up and down the room. Said the Negress to him,

'Are you again offended? What ails you again? Alas! No sooner do I begin to whiten a little than again you get angry! Now offended, now one thing, now another; and I see you, and become blacker than ever!'

'Never mind, for I shall now leave you in peace. But I have still justice to do, and I came to consider and see what punishment I shall give to that man.'

'Tell me about it, and I will tell you, for my papa was a King over the Nereids, and I shall know what you should do.'

'There was a couple of lovers,' said the Prince, 'and he planned with another to separate them. What punishment, therefore, shall I now give that man?—what ought he to suffer?'

'And my papa had once such a case. And we had four wild mules, and we tied his two hands to two of the mules and his two feet to the other two, and whipped the four mules, and each mule took his own road, taking a piece with him.'

'Then prepare,' said he, 'to receive thy punishment!'

'What sayest thou? Am I for ever to be frightened? You will make me blacken again, and I shall die of grief!'

'As to that, the game is played out; only I shall not bind thee to the mules, but strangle thee.'

And so he came out of the palace, and gave orders that they should strangle her and throw her in the river.

And then he took a splendid gilt coach, and went to the poor man's house, and took away Thrice-Noble when he had given them much money and made them rich. And her he took to the palace, and the next day he ordered the ceremonies to begin because he was going to celebrate his wedding. And then, music and drums and great rejoicings. He took her for his wife, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF THE BEARDLESS.[6]

Peloponnesus.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, A. 10.)

ONCE upon a time and in olden days, there was a King. This king wished to see the world, and he travelled through many towns and countries. In course of time he came to a village, and went and lodged in the house of a widow woman. The widow of whom I speak was young and very beautiful, so beautiful that the King could not contain his love for her, and she had a son. When he left, he gave one of his silver pistols to the widow and said to her,

'When our child is born and is grown up, send him to me to such and such a city, where I am King.' And when he had thus said, he went away.

Not long afterwards a male child was born. The child grew up, but knew not his father. On a certain day, however, he went to his mother, and asked her who his father was. His mother, seeing that she could not do otherwise, said to him,

'My son, thy father is to be found in such and such a city, where he is the King. Hie thee thither and take with thee this pistol; when thou showest it to him he will know that thou art his child. Shouldst thou, however, meet on the road a Beardless One, turn thee again at once.'

The boy received his mother's blessing, and off he set for the city. Going along the road he met a Beardless One. Remembering what his mother had said to him, he turned back again. Again he set out, and again he met another Beardless One, and turned back. The

third time when he was only some three or four hours [journey] distant from the city, he met with a third Beardless One, who was going in the same direction.

'Eh well!' says he, 'I turned back the first and the second times, I won't turn back a third time.'

The Beardless One, hearing these words, went up to the boy and asked him where he was going.

'Oh, I am going straight on to the city,' said he.

Then the Beardless One began in a wheedling tone to inquire what he was going to do there, and why he had said such words when he first saw him. The boy, thinking that the Beardless One was a well-intentioned man—like a simpleton as he was—sat down and told him all his story, and that his father was the King of that city, and that he was going to him.

'And has your father never seen you?' asked the Beardless.

'How should he have seen me when he returned to his city before I was born?' replied the boy.

The Beardless One, who was an evil-minded man, took it into his head to kill the boy, and go himself to the King and say that he was his son. Well, as they went along the road, they were thirsty; and a little way off they saw a well.

'Now,' said the Beardless, 'we have found the well, we have next to discover how to get at the water.'

'Don't worry thyself,' replied the boy, 'I will go down and get some.'

When he had reached the bottom of the well, the Beardless One took a great slab and covered the mouth of the well with it. The unlucky boy, when he saw that he could not get out, remembered how that his mother had told him if he saw a beardless man to turn back, and he began to cry,

'*Bré, aman!*[a] *Bré*, have mercy! *Bré*, let me out!'

The Beardless One took no notice of his cries, but prepared to set out on his way. The boy's cries and tears, however, finally melted his heart, and he leaned over the well and told him that he would take him out if he would swear that *only if he died and came to life again* would he declare himself to be the King's son. They would then go together to the city, and he should pass as the adopted son of the Beardless, and whatever he might do the boy must hold his tongue.

The youth, seeing no alternative, swore that *only if he died and came to life again* would he reveal it.

Then the Beardless One took off the slab, and the boy came out, pale and trembling. They went on, and on, and at last they came to the city. The Beardless One presented himself to the King as his own son, and the boy he had brought with him as his adopted child. I forgot to tell you, however, that he had not given the pistol to the Beardless, but had kept it hidden in his fustanella. The King had forgotten, too, all about the pistol which he had left as a token to his child, and he received the Beardless with joy and embraces, and gave him a golden chamber to sleep in.

When he woke up in the morning, the King asked him how he was, and how he liked the palace. The Beardless One, who wished to destroy the boy lest he should say something to the King, replied with evil design,

'My father and King, you have [almost] every treasure in your palace; three only are lacking.'

'And what are those three?' asked the King.

'They are,' replied the Beardless, 'the Ivory

[a] See p. 4, note [a].

Chamber; the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow; and the Five-Times Beautiful.'

'But then,' asked the King, 'how am I to obtain those treasures?'

'Take no thought about that, my King; I have an adopted son who can go and bring them.'

He goes at once to the boy and says to him, 'The King commands thee to go and bring him twenty loads of ivory to build the ivory chamber; and if thou bring them not, he will cut off thy head.'

The boy replied with tears in his eyes, 'But where shall I go to get the ivory? I know neither where it is to be found, nor how to take it!'

The Beardless [cared] nothing,[a] [he thought only of gaining] his end. So, at last, when the youth saw, and understood that he could not do otherwise, he arose and set off whither his fate would lead him. When he had walked along the road for about half an hour or so, his courage failed him, and he sat down by the wayside and began to weep for his sad and unhappy fate. As he thus wept despairfully, lo! there appears an Old Woman dressed in black, and she comes up and says to him,

'What is the matter with you, poor boy, why do you weep thus?'

'Eh! matter enough, mother,' said he, 'matter enough; for the King has ordered me to go and bring twenty loads of ivory, or, if I don't, he will cut off my head. And I, foolish boy that I am, shall lose myself in some strange place and become the prey of the wild birds and beasts.'

'Hush thee, my boy,' replied the Old Woman, who was his Fate, 'I will see that thou art not lost, and that thou fulfil the command of the King.'

[a] Τίποτα, τὸ σκόπο του.

'Ah, if that could come to pass, dame,' he cried, 'I would become your slave!'

'Eh,' said then his Fate, 'go and ask the King to give thee ten loads of bread and ten of wine; then go to the plain which is behind this mountain which thou seest here, and thou must be mounted on a swift horse; and come to the plain about dinner-time. [In the plain] there is a lake, throw all the loads of wine into it, and place the bread all around, and hide thyself in some place and remain there waiting. Then there will come an innumerable troop of elephants which will eat the bread and drink of the water of the lake. When they have drunk of this water, they will fall down tipsy, and will not be able to move. Then go thou and kill them all with a sword, and take their tusks to the King.'

The youth set off joyfully to go to the King's palace and ask for the ten loads of bread and ten of wine, and a good horse and sword for himself. He took them, and—not to make a long story of it—he set out and came to the place of which his Fate had told him, and did as she had bade him. But instead of hiding himself, he was so frightened that he climbed up a very high tree, and looked around him. Soon there came such a troop of elephants as made the earth quake; they ate the loaves and drank the water of the lake, and then fell to the earth drunk with wine, as if they were dead. The youth lost no time, but came down from the tree and slew all the elephants; they trumpeted, but could not move. He then skinned them, took out their bones and their tusks, loaded the horses with them, and went to the King.

When the Beardless One saw the boy return again —what would you?—he became like a mad dog; he hurried to the King and said to him,

'Eh, my King, you see what a task my adopted son has accomplished for you! He is clever enough to bring you the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow!'

When the King saw the valour of the youth, he told the Beardless to beg him to try to get also the Birdie. That was just what the Beardless wanted, so he goes to the youth and says to him, 'Thus and thus says the King—thou art to go and bring him the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow, or he will cut off thy head.'

What could the boy do? He set out, and went to the same place and wept, and wept. Again his Fate appeared and asked why he cried.

'For this and for that,' he replied.

Then said she, 'Ask the King to give thee a swift horse which goes like the wind; go to such and such a forest where there is a tree on which is the Birdie Birdie Nightingale and Stone-swallow, and forty Dhrákontas watch around it. Thou must go at night when the Dhrákontas are asleep, dismount thy horse, climb up the tree, but take care not to shake the branches for fear of waking the Dhrákontas, for then thou wert lost. Then seize the Birdie, mount thy horse, and flee like the lightning!'

The youth did as his Fate bade him. He took the horse, mounted it, and went to the forest. He climbed the tree, seized the Birdie, and so that it might not escape, he held its claws between his teeth. When he was about to mount his horse, the Dhrákontas scented him and rushed upon him with such violence that the mountains trembled and the trees were torn up. The youth could hardly move for fright; but with one bound he bestrides his horse with the Birdie between his teeth,

digs the spurs in, and disappears from the Dhrákontas' sight. So he goes with the Birdie and presents it to the King; and he made great rejoicings and gave the youth gifts a thousand and two.

How was the Beardless to get rid of this boy? He goes to the King and says, 'My father'—for he called him father—'you see how clever is my adopted son! Now let us send him to bring the Five-times Beautiful, so that the palace may lack nothing; and if he again returns we will load him with gifts and favours.'

The King commanded that this should be done. So the Beardless goes and tells the boy. He goes to the same place where he went on the first two occasions and sits down and cries. Again his Fate appears, and not to make a long story of it, she says,

'This is what thou must do: Ask the King for ten loads of meat, ten of barley, and another ten of honey. Take them and go along such and such a road. On this road as thou goest thou wilt come to a forest, and in the forest are many Lions which will rush upon thee to devour thee. Then lose no time; before they fall upon thee, throw them the ten loads of meat. If they ask thee, "What do you want from us?" say, "Nothing!" but take what they give thee. Further on thou wilt meet multitudes of Ants which, if they swarm over thee, will eat thee up before thou canst say, *Kyrie eleison!* Then throw to them the ten loads of corn. And the same with the Ants: if they ask thee dost thou want anything say "I do not," but whatever they give thee, leave it not behind. Afterwards thou wilt see a cloud of Bees. Lose no time with them too, but empty the ten loads of honey, and do the same if they tell thee to ask what thou wilt. When thou art gone a little further, thou wilt enter the castle where lives the Five-

times Beautiful. There they will set thee tasks which thou wilt be able to perform with the help of the Beasts, the Ants, and the Bees. Afterwards they will set thee to pick the Beauty from among forty veiled women. Thou must tell the Queen-Bee to go and settle on the head of the Beauty, and she on whom the Bee settles must thou seize and carry off.'

The youth did as his Fate counselled him. He took the ten loads of meat, the other ten of corn, and the ten of honey, and took the road his Fate pointed out. When he got to the wood, before the Lions rushed upon him, he threw to them the ten loads of meat. The Lions fell upon the meat, and instantly devoured it. Then they said to the boy, '*Ach!* In return for the service you have rendered us, what shall we do for you?'

'Don't mention it; nothing,' replied the youth.

'No!' said the King of the Lions, and he takes and pulls out a hair from his mane. 'Here, take this hair, and when you have need of us, let it touch the fire, and we will be with thee instantly.'

He goes a little further, and finds a multitude of Ants. He throws to them the ten loads of corn, and they carry it off before you could say your Creed. Then they say to him like the Lions, 'What shall we do for you in return for the service you have rendered us?'

Says he, 'Nothing.'

'That must not be,' says they. 'Here is one of our wings, and if you have need of us, let it touch the fire, and we will immediately appear.'

The youth left them, and went on his way, and came presently to the Bees, to whom he threw the ten loads of honey. Not to make a long story of it, the Bees

said the same thing to the boy; he gave the same reply; and they gave him also one of their wings, saying that they would come when it touched the fire.

He went, and went, and went, and [at last] he came to the castle which held the Five-times Beautiful. As he was about to enter the gateway, those who guarded it said to him,

'Eh, I say; where goest thou?'

'I have come to take the Five-times Beautiful,' he replied without flinching.

'Eh, my boy?' said they, 'if Beauties were to be taken like that, the world would be full of them. Turn back, we tell thee, for thy good, or thou must fulfil all the tasks that we set thee before thou canst take her, or we shall cut off thy head; and thou wilt not be able to fulfil them, so turn thee back!'

But not he! 'Unless you give me the Five-times Beautiful, I will not budge hence!'

When they saw that he was determined, they told him that he must perform three tasks before he could take her. When he had promised to perform them, they shut him up in a room, gave him forty cauldrons full of boiled meat to eat before morning, and left him. He sat down and began on them, but not even one spoonful from all of them could he eat. What was to be done? He thought, and thought, and at last bethought him of calling the Lions, who might perchance eat up all the meat. He puts the Lion's hair to the fire, and lo! they all appear at once, and so quietly that no one was aware of their coming, and the chamber and the castle were full of them.

'What dost thou want, master?' they ask.

'See! ever so much!' he replies. 'All those forty

cauldrons of boiled meat, can you eat them before morning?'

'Is that all?' say they. 'Yes, even if they were a thousand!' And they sit down, and in a moment they clear them out and off they go!

When they who had set him the task saw that he had eaten the forty cauldrons full of meat, their blood ran cold, and they told him he must perform the second task. And they took him into a great storehouse full of corn—wheat, and barley, and maize, and said to him,

'Thou seest this barn? Thou must clear it out and put in separate heaps the wheat, and the barley, and the maize, that not a grain of one remains with the other.'

How was this to be done? The boy again stands and thinks. '*Bré!*' said he, 'I will invite the Ants and see if they will help me.'

As soon as the wing touched the fire, lo! there came innumerable armies of Ants.

'What do you want, master?' they ask.

'You see this storehouse? They have set me to clear it out, and I cannot; and I have invited you in the hope that you will be able to separate it.'

'*Bá!*' say they, 'in a moment!' And they set to work, and, grain by grain, they separated the corn into three heaps in the storehouse and went off, saying, 'If you need us again, master, burn the wing and we will come.'

In the morning the guards saw again that all had been well done, and that they could find no fault. What was to be done? They say to the youth,

'Eh! Now we will see about the third task; if thou canst do that, thou shalt have the Five-times Beautiful.'

They take him to where there were forty jars of honey and say to him, 'We gave thee first fatiguing tasks; but now we set thee a pleasant one—sit down now and eat the forty jarsful of honey, or we will cut thy head off.' And they take and shut the doors of the storehouse, and lock him in to eat the forty jars of honey. He thought at once of the Bees, and opened a little window of the storehouse, and touched his cigarette with the bee's wing. Then — *buz-z-z!* — a cloud of Bees which turned day into night and covered the sun! Not to make a long story of it, the Bees sat down, too, and ate and cleaned out the honey jars so well that if anyone had licked them he would not have known that they had held honey. Then the Bees went away, but the boy kept their Queen to show him the Five-times Beautiful the next morning.

So in the morning the guards came, and when they saw that task performed too, '*Bravo!*' they said, 'come and take the Beauty.'

They took him, and placed him in a courtyard where there were forty maidens, all of the same height, and dressed alike, so that you could not tell one from another.

'Come,' said they, 'choose and take the Beauty from among these!'

Then the boy let go the Bee, and watched to see on which she would alight, without the guards noticing anything. When he saw her alight on the middle one, he ran towards her and took hold of her.

'See!' he cried, 'this is the one I want!'

'Well done!' cried the guards, 'thou hast chosen the Beauty!'

Then he mounts his horse, puts the Beauty behind him on the saddle, and hastens to the city. The

Beardless—who was on the terrace of the palace, looking out with a spyglass—when he saw him coming, hastened downstairs, and at the moment he reached the door and was dismounting, he said to him, angrily,

'*Bré!* give me the Beauty!'

The youth was about to give her up to him; but she, when she saw the Beardless, flew into a rage, and told him to get out of her sight, for he who had brought her was her husband. Then the Beardless One seized the youth by his feet, and threw him from the breastwork of the castle, and killed him. The Beauty hastened, took up his body, and, by means of Water of Life,[9] and some magical words, she endeavoured to revive him again.

'*Ach!*' she cried, 'I have brought him to life again! Now let come what come may!'

'But what?'—asked the boy. 'Was I dead?'

'Yes,' she replied. 'The Beardless One killed thee, and I brought thee to life again!'

Then at last the boy realized that he was freed from his oath, for he *had died and come to life again*. And he went to the King, and related everything to him, and showed him the pistol. Then the King commanded that they should bind the Beardless to four horses and thus kill him. He [the King] afterwards married the Five-times Beautiful to his son, and sent for his mother. And they were all happy. And we happier!

THE SLEEPING PRINCE, OR THE KNIFE, THE CORD, AND THE STONE.[10]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 345.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once a King, and he had a very beautiful daughter. He loved her very dearly, because when she was born her mother had died, and so he had no one in the world but this girl. Word came to him to go to the wars, and he was much troubled and worried about leaving her alone.

'Go safely, my father, and come back safely. I will stay with my grandmother, and wait for you. Only return soon, for I have nobody else to see in the house.'

The father set out, and went to the wars, and she put on her frame a kerchief to embroider in gold to give to her father when he should come home from the war. As she was working, there passed by the window a Golden Eagle, and said to her,

'Thou broiderest, thou broiderest, thou shalt wed a dead husband!'

The Princess said nothing, she only gazed at him. The next day the Eagle passed again, and said the same to her. Then the Princess said to her grandmother,

'As I sat here and worked, there passed by an Eagle and said to me, "Thou broiderest, and broiderest, thou shalt wed a dead husband!"'

'If he tells thee that again,' said her grandmother, 'say to him, "Then take me to see him!"'

The Eagle again passed and said this to her, and she answered him, 'Then take me to see him!'

Then the Eagle lowered his wings and said to her, 'Mount upon my wings, and I will take thee to see him.'

She got upon the Eagle's wings, and he took her, and flew away. When they had gone some distance, they came to where there was a well with a wide mouth, and the Eagle swooped down [to the bottom of the well], and left her there in the courtyard and then flew off. In it there was a splendid palace. The dogs were sleeping in the courtyard. She went further and saw horses, and they were asleep. She went upstairs into the palace and saw that all the servants, too, were asleep. She entered a golden chamber, and saw a handsome Prince, sleeping like the dead. On the other side of the bed was a table and on the table a paper, and the paper said, 'Whoever comes in here and pities the Prince's youth, let her sit and watch him for three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and three half hours without sleeping—for it is necessary to say to him when he sneezes, "To thy health,[a] my longlived Prince! I am she who has watched thee three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and half-hours!"—then the Prince will awake; and whoever has had the patience to do this, he will take her for his wife; and together with the Prince will awake all those who are asleep in his palace.'

The Princess was in a dilemma. Said she, 'What shall I do? I ought to stay and watch him now, and if he sneezes say to him, "To thy health, my longlived King! I am she who has watched thee three months, three weeks, three days, three hours, and three half-hours."'

[a] γειά σου=ὑγεία σου, the Greek salutation to anyone sneezing.

At night, when it grew dark, all the house was lighted up without her seeing who lighted it. She saw a table before her with various dishes, and ate, without seeing who brought them. And so her life passed. She tried not to sleep, so as to say to him, 'To thy health, my longlived King!' The three months, three weeks, and three days had passed, and as she sat there one day she heard a cry,

'Buy any slaves?'

'Stop!' she called out, 'stop! I will buy a slave. Let them all lean over the well that I may see their faces, and buy one for company.'

She saw one she liked, a young and pretty girl, and said, 'Let down that little slave!' They let her down, and to the same rope she tied a handkerchief with the money in it, and they drew it up and went away. She dressed the slave in handsome clothes, and told her she was to keep her company. Then she said to her—the poor Princess was sleepy—'I will sleep here on thy knees, and thou must wake me in half an hour, for I must say to the King when he sneezes, "To thy health,"' etc.

Said the slave, 'Lie down, my lady, on my knees, and in half an hour I will awaken you.'

But as soon as the Princess had gone to sleep, the Prince sneezed. Said the little slave to him,

'To thy health, my longlived King,' etc.

Then the King awoke immediately, and embraced her and said to her, 'Thou shalt be my Queen, and thou wilt be the richest Queen in the world!'

Then he hastened and took water and sprinkled all his people, his horses and his dogs, all he had. Afterwards he came back to his wife and saw a maiden lying asleep on the floor. Said he,

'But who is this?'

'What shall I say, my King? some slaves were passing by yesterday, and I told them to let me one down the well. Now I will awaken her.'

'No, leave the poor thing to sleep, and afterwards we will send her to keep the geese.'

When the Princess awoke, she looked around, but saw nothing, neither the Prince nor anything. Said she,

'What has become of the Prince? Where is he?'

'What shall I tell thee? The Prince sneezed and awoke, and saw both of us here, and he said that he wanted me, and thou might go and tend the geese.'

When the King came back to the palace, he, too, wanted to go to the war. Then he said to his wife,

'What dost thou wish me to bring thee from the journey on which I am going?'

'Bring me a crown of diamonds,' said she.

Then he went down to the Princess, to her who kept the geese, and said, 'What shall I bring thee?'

'Bring me, my King, the Stone of Patience, the Cord of Hanging, and the Knife of Slaughter. If thou bring not these which I ask thee, my King, may thy ship move neither forward nor backward.'

The King set off, he arrived, finished his business, bought the crown for the Queen, and went on board his ship to go to his own country. When they unmoored the ship, neither forwards nor backwards would she move. Then they were all puzzled, and pulled the anchors this way and that, and wondered what was the matter. Said one who was on board to him, an old man,

'My longlived King, perhaps they asked you to buy something, and you have forgotten it?'

'*Bré!*—that is true!' said the King. 'A girl I have who tends my geese asked me to bring her the Stone of Patience, the Cord of Hanging, and the Knife of Slaughter.'

'I will go, my King, and buy them for you,' said the old man. 'But take care of that girl, for she has some great sorrow, so pay attention, and see what she will do.'

The old man bought them, and took them to the King, and immediately the ship flew as if she had wings. The King came at last to his palace, gave the crown to his wife, and then went down and gave the other things to the girl. In the evening the King went down to the door of the room where she slept, and heard her say,

'I was a Princess, an only daughter; my father went to the wars. I was embroidering for him a golden handkerchief, and an Eagle passed by my window and said to me, "Thou broiderest, thou broiderest, a dead husband thou shalt wed!" I said, "Take me to see him!" The Eagle took me on his wings and brought me down the well, and to the palace. I watched without sleeping three months and three weeks, and there passed above slaves, and I bought a little slave for company. When it was time for the King to wake and sneeze, the slave said—for I was asleep—"To thy health, my longlived King," etc. Then, since I have no one to whom to tell my woes, I have sent for you to see what you will say. From a Princess to tend geese! Knife of Slaughter, what dost thou bid me do?'

'Slay thyself!'

'Cord of Hanging, what dost thou bid me do?'

'Hang thyself!'

'Stone of Patience, what dost thou bid me do?'

'Be patient!'

'How should I be patient? Cord of Hanging, what dost thou bid me do?'

'Hang thyself!'

The Prince looked through the keyhole to see what was going on within. When he saw her get up to tie the cord to hang herself, the King gave a kick to the door, and went in and embraced her, and said,

'Thou art my deliverer, and didst not say it, and I cast thee to the geese! Thou art my Queen, thou art my wife, and I will hang her with the rope which thou hast tied to hang thyself!'

Then said she, 'I do not wish our wedding to begin with slaughter; set her free only, and let her go her way, for she has sorely wronged me, and I would not mine eyes saw her again. We will go to my father at our palace, and kiss his hand, and hold our wedding.'

They went to the palace. Five or six days afterwards her father came back from the wars, and he (the Prince) told him that he wished to make him his father. And they had music and drums and great rejoicings. The wedding took place, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!

SECTION (II.)

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF MAGICAL IDEAS.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE, OR THE FROG PRINCESS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 330.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King, and he had three sons. They grew up, and came to a marriageable age. The old King had three bows and three arrows. He gave to each one of his sons a bow and an arrow, and told them to go up to the highest point of the palace, and shoot each one his arrow, and wherever, and in the courtyard of whomsoever it might fall, the maiden [who lived there] he must take to wife.

The eldest went up to the highest point of the palace, let fly his arrow, and it fell into the courtyard of a grand palace in which was a lovely maiden, and he took her to wife. The second went up too, and let fly his arrow into a handsome house in which also lived a beautiful girl, and he married her. There remained now the youngest. For the King, before giving them the bows, had built three palaces separate from his own

and said to them, 'My sons, you must marry and live in your palaces with your wives, and when I die whichever of you succeeds me on the throne must live in my palace.' The Princes thanked him; the eldest got married; the second got married; and now we come to the youngest.

The youngest kept putting it off—to-day he would shoot his arrow, to-morrow he would shoot his arrow, and so time went on. The Princes gave feasts, they invited their father, their mother, and amused themselves. One day as they were feasting at the eldest brother's house, the King says to his youngest son,

'My boy, if thou wouldst have my blessing, do thou too shoot thine arrow now, and marry, that I may see thy wife and die content.'

Then said the Prince, 'I do not wish, my father, to break your heart. To-morrow I, too, will shoot my arrow, and wherever it falls I will take a wife.'

God dawned the day, and the Prince went up to the highest point of the palace, shot his arrow, and saw it fly far, far away, and fall somewhere. He goes down, looks on this side and that, but there was neither house nor anything else where his arrow had fallen. He searches to find out where his arrow is, and what does he see? A great lake, and in the very middle of the lake a Frog holding his arrow in her mouth, and swimming to her nest. He loses no time, jumps into the lake and seizes the Frog with his arrow. He takes it and goes home. He puts the Frog in a room, with grief and horror—what shall he say to his father? He sends away all his servants so that his sisters-in-law may not hear of it, and laugh at him, and abandons himself to hunting. One day he brought home some very fine game, and hung it behind the door, and said,

'I will go and confess all to my father, but he must not tell my brothers; for this was my fate.'

He went to his father, and told him all that had happened. His father pitied him very much, for he considered the youngest his best child, and loved him more than his two other sons. He said to him,

'*Aï!* my son! it was the will of God that thou shouldst remain unmarried!'

While the Prince was with his father, the Frog was setting the house in order. She came—my eyes! out of her skin, and was a beautiful Princess with such a fine silk shift, and splendid clothes. She tucked up her sleeves, lighted the fire, cooked the game, placed the *sofra*,[a] laid the dinner on it, and then went into her skin again and sat in the corner. The Prince came back, entered the house, and what did he see? The dinner laid, and cooked, and served!

'*Bá*,' said he, 'who has done this?'

He looks this way and that, but sees no one. He sat down, and ate, put on a plate some of the best food, and placed it on the sofa. The Frog climbed up on the sofa and ate. Whenever he came home he found the house tidied, all the plates washed, but no human being did he see.

'Ah, but,' he said, 'it isn't in here. To-morrow I will go hunting, bring back game, hang it behind the door again, and hide myself.'

The next day he arose, went a-hunting, killed a few birds, hung them on the door, dressed, went downstairs, locked the palace door, and afterwards came in by a little garden door and entered the palace. When she saw the Prince go out and heard him lock the door

[a] The Turkish tray-stand, much used also by the lower orders of Christians.

outside, she came out of her skin and became a beautiful Princess who might

> 'Command the Sun, and he'd stand still,
> The Morning Star, he'd twinkle.'

The Prince saw her, and lost his wits at her beauty. She went to the window and clapped her hands. The Prince saw a little Frog coming upstairs—*pouf, pouf!* When she came up to the [big] Frog, she threw off her skin and began the work, for she too had become a maiden. She set to and plucked the birds, cooked them, lighted the fire, and the Princess helped her. When the work was finished, the little Frog got into her skin and went away! Then the big Frog, too, got into her skin, and sat in her corner. Then the Prince went away softly, softly, as he had come, by the little door, and came again to the great gate, unlocked it, and came upstairs. He went into the room, saw the table ready, sat down, and ate. Afterwards he walked up and down the room, and then went to the Frog, fondled her and said to her,

'*Aï!* thou wert my fate. Whatever thou art, I will remain unmarried; since thou didst take my arrow in thy teeth, I shall not think of seeking a woman to marry. Thou wilt at least speak to me to beguile the time for me, and tell me who came and cooked me those dishes.'

The Frog gazed long at him, but said nothing.

One way or another, I know not how, it was known that his arrow had fallen into a lake, and that he had a Frog in his house. One day his sisters-in-law say to him,

'Wilt not bring thy wife to us, that we may see her?'

'I have not married,' said the Prince to them, 'how

can I bring my wife for you to see?' And grief took hold upon him, and he went away. He went home, found again the dinner ready, sat down, and ate. One day he hid again, and as she was about to clap her hands for the little Frog to come, the Prince ran and caught up her frog's skin, and threw it into the fire.

The Frog ran and cried out, 'I am burning! I am burning!' and the Prince snatched the skin from the fire and threw it into a golden basin full of water. Then he fell at her feet, and besought her not to go into the skin again, but to pity him, and he said to her,

'Seest thou not what I suffer, not to be able to go out into the world, to be mocked by my brothers, while thou art far more beautiful than my two sisters-in-law?'

Then she said to him, 'I am of royal lineage, and our God cursed us and flooded our kingdom.[11] But in order that we might not die, he gave us these skins to live in the lake; and our goods are in the lake, and all our wealth, all we have; and a magician foretold to us that if there should be found one to love me and not curse the hour in which he found me, I, too, should become human. I remained a Frog in order to prove thee. Since I see that thou art so good a man, I will bring thee good fortune, and we will let thy sisters-in-law mock if they will.'

Then he rejoiced greatly at his good fortune. She told him to throw her skin into the well so that it might be always cool and fresh. He threw it in, and said to her,

'We will stay here together as long as you like, and say nothing to anyone.'

One day it was the birthday of the old King; the eldest brother made a feast, and invited them all to go. Then they mocked the youngest, and said to him,

'Won't you bring your wife, too, that we may see her, and talk together and amuse ourselves?'

He left and went home, rather sad. His wife said to him,

'What ails thee, that thou art sad?'

'What should ail me? They have made a feast at my eldest brother's because it is my father's birthday, and to make fun of me they tell me to go too with my wife.'

'Well,' said she, 'if you like, we will go; and instead of their laughing at us, we will laugh at them. Go down to the lake where you found me, and call "*Kâï-ná-ná! Kâï-ná-ná!*" and then you will hear "*Pi-ki-ki! Pi-ki-ki!*" You must say, "Your daughter, Anthoula, has sent me to ask you for the Golden Wand which is in the corner, and the Silver Wand, the Goose's Egg and two Hen's Eggs, that I may take them back with me."'

All that she told him the poor fellow did. He went to the lake, and called as his wife had directed him. They gave him the two Wands, and the three Eggs, and he came home. Then she asked her husband when the feast was, and he said, 'To-morrow morning.'

Then the next day she struck once with the Golden Wand, and three slaves came out; she struck twice, and there came a slave with a chest full of clothes, women's and men's, diamonds and jewels. She adorned herself, and her husband adorned himself with a gold poniard, a watch, with furs and gold embroidered clothes. Then she gave the Silver Wand to the servants and they took the Wand down to the pebbled pavement,[a] and it became a beautiful coach, all golden, with four horses,

[a] *Qalderími* (a Turkish word), the tessellated pavement composed of black and white pebbles set endwise in cement, so common in the country.

all white, and they waited in the courtyard. They pawed with their hoofs on the pavement, and sparks flew out. The sisters-in-law went in and out and laughed, '*Ha! ha! ha!* when will the croaker come? When will the croaker come?' As they *Ha! ha! ha'd*, and laughed, they saw a splendid coach with servants dressed in gold, a coach with four horses, and it stopped at their door. They looked with amazement to see who would come out of it. They saw a servant get down and take a beautiful lady by the hand and help her out of the carriage. They looked at one another! And the Prince got out after her! The two brothers hasten, and bring the bride upstairs. She goes to kiss the hand of her father-in-law, the father-in-law embraces her and kisses her. She gives the Goose's Egg to her father-in-law, kisses the hand of one of her husband's brothers, gives him one of the Hen's Eggs, kisses the hand of the second and gives him the other Egg.[a] Then they began to laugh.

'*Vī*,[b] here's a present! she brings us eggs!'

She said nothing, but only smiled. Then she told her father-in-law to break his Egg, and what did they see? A beautiful diadem, all of diamonds. She took it up and placed it herself on her father-in-law's head. They broke the other two Eggs and found in each of them a watch with a diamond chain. Then said the couple,

'Let this day be our wedding-day!'

They kept it with great ceremonies, and music and drums and great rejoicings. The marriage took place on the same day, and they brought from the lake all Anthoula's dowry. And they lived happy. And we happier!

[a] A Greek bride at the betrothal ceremony kisses the hands of all the bridegroom's relatives.

[b] Βῆ = Ηβοῖ = hallo!

DULCETTA, OR THE KIDNAPPED PRINCE.[12]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 138.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King, a good and just man, and everyone loved him very much, but he had one defect—far be it from the ears which hear it!—he was a leper. Of all the physicians who saw him, not one could do anything to cure him. One day his malady distressed him very much, and he called the palace Physician and said to him,

'Either thou must cure me, or I shall hang thee; for I can no longer support this life!'

The Physician begged him to give him forty days' grace to read his prescriptions and see if he could not find something to cure him. Night and day the Physician sat and pondered what he should do—for the disease which the King had cannot be cured. At the end of the forty days he arose, and went to the King.

'My King, my longlived King, I have found the remedy, but we must still wait for a year.'

'Let me but be cured, and I will wait two,' said the King.

'You must,' said the Physician, 'send to find a Prince, of royal blood, and this youth you must feed on honey and pine-kernels in a chamber of the palace, and at the end of a year we must kill him in such a way as will make him bleed very much. We will put him in a barrel covered inside with nails, and roll the barrel;

and the blood which runs out you must take to the bath and anoint yourself with it.'

The King then called all his trusty men, and asked which of them was valiant enough to kidnap a Prince and bring him to him. The Vizier, who was a travelled man, said,

'Set your mind at rest, my King, for I will go and do your errand; only give me the command of a ship, and money.'

Then the King ordered them to give him whatever he wanted. The Vizier took the ship, and his most trusty servants, and went from place to place. He anchored the ship, and went on shore. One day he went on shore at a place where he saw many people, and they were all hastening to one spot. He asked why all the crowd was going that way, and they told him that it was the Prince's birthday, and they were all going to pray God that he might live long. He went forward with the people and came to the place where the service was to be held. He stood there, saw an immense crowd, horses caparisoned with gold, and he saw the King. He asked,

'But where is the Prince?'

They said, 'The Prince is young, to-day he completes his twelfth year, and he is in the palace with his mother.'

He loses no time; he observes what clothes the King's people wear, goes on board the ship and dresses himself in the same livery; sees that the sails are ready; remembers to ask what the Prince's name is, and learns that it is Fiorentino; goes to the palace and says,

'The King—may God grant him many years!—has sent me to fetch Fiorentino to pray to God with him.'

When he saw a handsome boy come out dressed all

in gold, he embraced him, went down the steps of the palace, mounted a horse, and took him on his knees. Instead, however, of taking the road to the mosque,[a] he took that to the sea. The boy began to call out. Then the Vizier said to him,

'Hush, my boy, for it is here that your father told me to bring you.'

The ship was ready, with the sails set, and they left immediately. The King came home from the service, and asked to see his son; but they told him he had been sent to the mosque, as he had sent a man to ask for him. They searched, and ran here and there, but could find him nowhere. Then they painted the palace black,[13] and the great rejoicings became great mourning.

But let us leave them to weep, and beat their breasts, and let us follow the ship. The King had told his Vizier before he left, to put a white flag on the top-mast if he had found a boy. But his joy and the cries of the Prince made him forget to put up the white flag, as the King had commanded him. When the Vizier left, the King stationed a man to watch if the ship came with the white flag. As soon as the watchman saw the ship, he ran to the King, and said,

'My King, my longlived King, the ship is coming, but it has not a white flag!'

Then the King, in his despair, sank down to die. He had a very beautiful daughter, called Dulcetta, but he had no wife; she had died when this maiden was born. When the maiden heard that her father was ill, she went to comfort him, when suddenly there arrives a Tatar,[b] and tells the King that the Vizier has come

[a] The customs described in this story are characteristically Turkish.

[b] The couriers in Turkey are chiefly Tatars.

and brought the boy he was expecting. From his joy the King, when he heard it, became well, and told the *Lála*[a] to take Dulcetta away to her room. Then they brought in Fiorentino, and he bade him (the *Lála*) take him to a room upstairs and give him nothing to eat but honey and pine-kernels. The days passed, and they gave him nothing but honey and pine-kernels, and he ate them.

One day the Princess's *Lála* saw her crying, and he was much distressed, for he had brought her up from a little child and loved her as his own.

'What is the matter, my Dulcetta, that you cry?'

'I am crying because I think of that poor Prince whom they are going to kill, and who is so handsome, and of how sad his parents must be when they think of him.'

'Never mind, my Dulcetta, in a year's time he may be set at liberty,' said the *Lála*.

'*Lála* mine, couldn't you bring him here to play with me?'

'Yes, yes, be patient, and I will bring him, and you shall eat together, such are the Physician's orders,' said Ordánis (for so Dulcetta's *Lála* was called). And as Ordánis had the key of the Prince's chamber, he opened a hole in the ceiling under the Princess's bed, and put the Prince through it into the Princess's room, and they ate and played together. And thus the Princess became very fond of him; and she took rose-water and washed him, and a silken shirt to change him, and the Prince forgot his parents. And so the time passed. But one day the *Lála* came all in tears. As he saw the children playing, he was full of pity for them and said [to himself] that if Fiorentino were killed Dulcetta

[a] A Turkish name for a Tutor, or male attendant on children.

would die of grief. Dulcetta noticed him, but said nothing before Fiorentino. In the evening when Fiorentino went away to sleep, Dulcetta said,

'*Lála* mine, what is the matter that you are so sad? —won't you tell me?'

He did not wish to tell her anything about it, but her tears and caresses prevailed, and he said,

'Wait and I will tell you what is the matter with me. I saw them making a barrel with nails [inside], and when I saw it I could not restrain my grief, for the time has come for Fiorentino to be killed.'

'*Lála* mine, if thou lov'st me, take us and let us flee away.'

So two days before that on which they had settled to kill Fiorentino, the Negro took some money and took the children and wrapped them in cloaks and withdrew to a desert place to wait for a ship to pass and take them to Fiorentino's country.

The King got up on the following day, and ordered them to put Fiorentino in the barrel in order to bleed him for his cure, and to get ready the bath for him to bathe. So they got all ready, and then went to fetch Fiorentino; but not even Dulcetta or the Negro did they find. They made inquiries, and learnt that the Negro had taken a horse by night, and had fled. Then he told them to fetch the Magician, and ask him where the children and the Negro had gone. And the Magician said that they were sailing on the sea.

Then the King said, '*Ach*, Dulcetta, what hast thou done to me! I would curse thee, but my heart will not let me. But one curse I will lay upon thee—*there where Fiorentino is gone, when his mother kisses him, may he forget thee!*'

When the vessel cast anchor, Dulcetta said to the

Negro, her *Lála*, '*Lála* mine, won't you look and see what my papa is doing?'—for her *Lála* was a Magician.

'How shall I tell you, my Dulcetta. Your father has laid on you the curse that *when Fiorentino's mother kisses him, he will forget you.*'

Then Fiorentino said, 'So thankless do you deem me as to let my mother kiss me and forget you who have saved my life at such sacrifices? But wait here, and I will go to my parents, and we will come and fetch thee as befits a Princess.'

So they remained in the ship, and Fiorentino went to the palace. He knocked at the door, but it was shut, and the palace was all draped in black. A slave looked out at a window.

'Who is knocking at the door? That door does not open; all the doors were nailed up, and we go out by a little door at the back there, since the Prince died.'

'Say that I will come in by this door; say that I have news to give you of the Prince.'

Then the Queen asked, 'What is it, and who knocks at the door?'

Said she, 'It is a youth, and he wants the great door opened for him to come in at it, because he has news of Fiorentino to bring us.'

Then the Queen said, 'Very well, as he comes from our Fiorentino, open the door and let him in.'

They opened the door and saw that it was Fiorentino. She threw herself on his neck to kiss him, but he said,

'Don't kiss me, mother mine, but send for music and drums, for I have brought the woman who saved me, to make her my Queen.'

'Lie down a little while, my child, while we make ready, and take off the black and put golden [hangings]

on the palace, and then we will go and fetch the bride.'

All this was done, and his mother went to wake the boy. When she raised the gold [embroidered] kerchief to wake him and saw him so handsome and rosy, she bent and kissed him. Then he awoke and she said to him,

'Get up, my Fiorentino, and we will go and bring the bride of whom you told us.'

'What bride?' asked Fiorentino.

'Didn't you tell us that you had brought a Princess who had saved you, to make her your wife?'

'No, mother mine, I have brought neither bride, nor anything else. I only said so from joy. Let the people rejoice at my return, I have brought no bride.'

When some time had passed, and all the people were amusing themselves, but Fiorentino did not appear, Dulcetta said to her *Lála* with tears in her eyes,

'Look, *Lála* mine, why Fiorentino does not come.'

Then the *Lála* looked in his magic, and cried,

'O misfortune! his mother has kissed him, and he has forgotten us! Stay here in the ship, and I will go out and see what we can do.'

Ordánis went on shore, and opposite the King's palace was another beautiful little palace, quite small, and he sought to hire it. Said they,

'We want a very high rent for it, and that will not suit you.'

'You tell me, and never mind about that.'

'We want fifty sequins a day.'

Said the Negro, 'Fifty?'

'Fifty.'

'Here are two hundred sequins for four days.'

So then he took Dulcetta and brought her to the little palace. The next day was a Friday, and they [the people] went to the mosque to give God thanks because the King's son had returned, and there was a great ceremony. Then Dulcetta seated herself on the little balcony with her sleeves tucked up, so that if the Prince should see her, he might recognise her.[a] The Prince came out to go to the mosque to worship together with the Vizier's son, and the Kehaya's[b] son, all three of them. Says the son of the Kehaya to the son of the Vizier,

'Look what a beauty she is! I shall send word to her that if she likes, I will come and spend an evening with her.'

'All right, find out if she is willing, and we will tell the Prince, so that he too may amuse himself after his journey.'

After the ceremony, when they returned home, they called an old woman and told her to go and say, 'The Kehaya's son has seen thy beauty and has lost his wits, and he would like to come this evening to keep thee company.'

'Certainly, let him come and welcome,' said Dulcetta to the old woman, 'but I shall want a hundred sequins, and you must bring them to me now beforehand. And another condition—when they [the Gypsies] are playing on their instruments[14] he must be at my door, neither sooner nor later will I receive him; and if he does not arrive and come in before they have finished playing, he must forfeit the sequins and bear me no grudge.'

So the old woman went and told this to the Kehaya's son. Then he tied up the sequins in a gold

[a] Being a Moslem, she was, of course, veiled.
[b] The Lord High Steward. This office is now abolished.

[embroidered] kerchief, and gave it to her and said that when they [the Gypsies] were playing he would be at her door.

Then the Negro took ten gold pieces, and went to the Gypsies who played the instruments, and told them to play a quarter of an hour earlier, and he would give them five sequins now, and five after playing. The Kehaya's son went to the bath and bathed, and while his eyes were still full of soapsuds he heard the music. He looked at his watch, and what did he see? He threw the watch down on the floor and broke it. He dressed as fast as he could and went to the Beauty's door.

'I am the Kehaya's son!'

'What dost thou want?'

'I am he who sent thee the hundred sequins and the kerchief.'

'Go away to the place you came from, for it is ever so long since they finished playing, and my door does not open.'

Then he went away, and went to sleep in his chamber, and all night he pondered how he might be revenged upon her. In the morning he was late in awaking. The Vizier's son came when he awoke to learn if he had gone to the Beauty, and how he had fared. He kept his own counsel, but said that he had gone and fared splendidly, that she was very beautiful and witty, and that if he liked he would send the old woman to announce to her that the Vizier's son was coming. So the old woman was set to work. The old woman went.

'*Och*, my lady!' said she, 'what luck you have! The Vizier's son is coming this evening to pay you a visit, if it pleases you!'

'Certainly, but I want two hundred sequins and

when they are playing on the instruments he must be at my door; neither sooner nor later will I receive him; and if he does not come I shall keep the sequins, and he must bear me no grudge.'

The Vizier's son accepted, and sent her two hundred sequins in a gold [embroidered] kerchief. Then the Negro took twenty gold pieces, and went to the Gypsies; he gave them the ten in advance and promised the other ten after, that they might play a quarter of an hour earlier. The Vizier's son consequently heard the music when he was still in the bath. He immediately washed and dressed as fast as he could, and rose and went to the Beauty's door. He knocks at the door, and she looks out at the window and asks who is there.

'I am the Vizier's son, and, if it please you, open the door and let me in.'

'Our agreement was that you were to be at my door while they were playing, and it is an hour since they finished, so go back whence you came.'

The Vizier's son went away and came to the palace, where he finds his friend the Kehaya's son.

'*Bá*, what do I see?'

'You don't know, my dear fellow,' said he, 'what has happened to me. I was late in arriving, and she locked the door against me, and there go the two hundred sequins!'

'And I, my dear fellow, fared the same! But I spoke as I did so that you might not laugh at me, but might go and fare the same. Now we will send the Prince, and afterwards have her brought to justice.'

So the pair of them went to the Prince, and said to him, 'Just opposite us lives a Beauty. If you would like to spend an evening with her, we will send an old woman.'

So they sent the old woman again on the part of the Prince. Said she,

'Certainly I will receive him, but with one thousand five hundred sequins; and if he slips once on my stairs, he must not come up, but go away without a grudge.'

The Prince accepted the conditions, and sent her one thousand five hundred sequins. The Negro immediately set to and washed the stairs with a great deal of soap, and afterwards cut up a quantity of soap into shavings and threw them on the staircase, and over all he scattered millet and lentils; and she adorned herself, and put on many diamonds, and stood at the top of the staircase. He (the Prince) was wearing a new pair of shoes. When he came in she said to him,

'You are welcome, Prince!'

He, as she greeted him, was about to ascend, when he fell on the stairs.

'I hope you are not hurt anywhere? As you are a Prince, I will excuse you the first time, but take care not to slip again, for then I shall not receive you.'

He then tried again to ascend, and again he fell. So she wished him 'Good-night,' put out the light, and went in. And thus the Prince, too, was sent off. Afterwards he went and found his friends, and told them his story with much anger and grief. His friends said to him,

'We have fared the same, but we did not think that you would be treated thus, as you are a Prince. To-morrow your father will sit in judgment, so we will seize her, and punish her for playing us this trick, and take back our sequins.'

Then the Prince went to his father and said to him, 'To-morrow when you sit in judgment I, too, have a complaint to make to you.'

The King promised him that his case should be heard before the others. Then they sent a writ-server, and he knocked at Dulcetta's door. The Negro came out to see who was there.

'To-day, Ordáni, where art thou, for I have come to seek thee,
Thy lady too, for I would know if she's a noble maiden,
If she's a dainty Princess fair, a daughter of Venetia?'

Said the Negro, 'What do you want with my lady?' and he replied as before.
Then she [Dulcetta] asked, 'Who is it?'
Said the writ-server,

'Here, at your orders, lady mine, stands Státhino Daléras,
He's but another grandfather is Ordánios Davélas!'

Then said the Negro to her,

'Here's at your orders, lady mine, your watchman, tried and trusty;
And every day I pray to God that many years He grant you!'

Said she, 'Go, and I will come to the Court.'

She went into the inner room, the outer little chamber,
And changed, and on her body small she put her queenly raiment.

She took Ordáni with her and went to the Court.

And when she came before the King, all present turned towards her,

And rose before her, [as she stood like] lemon-tree in blossom.
'My King, on your commands I wait; you called me, and I hastened.'
Up sprang then the Kehaya's son, and to the King thus spake he:
'From me the hundred [coins] she took, from him she took two hundred,
She took from your unlucky son [of sequins] fifteen hundred!'

Dulcetta turns and says angrily to him,

'Now may misfortune and ill-luck [be whips to] lash thy body!
May racking pains beset thy head, as in a mill it ground were!'

Says the Prince,

'Hold thou thy peace and say no more, few let thy words now be;
The youth whom thou before thee seest a ruler's son is he.'
'What ails thee, Fiorentino mine? Thou feignest to forget
The flasks of sweet rose-water which to wash thee with I brought?
What ails thee, Fiorentino mine? Thou feignest to forget
The shirts of silk I dressed thee in with finest broid'ry wrought?'

Then says the King to him,

'Think, Fiorentino, this may be the maid of whom didst speak?'

Says Dulcetta,

'Go kiss thy mother, so perchance thy wits may come again!'

The Prince went, kissed his mother hurriedly, and remembered everything. He came running back to the Court, and cried,

'Dulcetta mine, thou art my Eyes! my Light![a] I know thee now!
Thou my Dulcetta art, and she who saved my life art thou!
Give to this one his hundred [coins], that one two hundred send.
Do thou upon thy wedding dress my fifteen hundred spend!'

Then the old King took her and led her to the palace. The Queen came down to the door to receive her:

'Now welcome to my daughter dear, the fair, the jewel gay,
Who enters in my palace here with honoured words to-day!'

Then they sent out criers [to announce] that the Prince was going to be married. The wedding took place with much rejoicing, and they lived happily. And we more happily still!

[a] Μάτια μου, Φῶς μου, two common terms of endearment.

THE TOWER OF THE FORTY DHRAKOS AND THE KING OF THE GOLDEN APPLE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., p. 345.)

THERE was once an old woman and she had a son. One day the old woman said to her son,

'Take this money, and go to the butcher's and buy a little meat for me to cook.'

Her son took the money, and dawdled about as he went to the butcher's, and remained all day in town. At sunset he remembered what he had come out for, and went to the butcher and asked him if he had any meat, and he said that he had sold it all. He went back to his mother and told her that he could not find any meat, but if she liked he would take the money she had given him and buy half an *oka*[a] of caroub honey, and a couple of loaves from the baker, for supper. When his mother had scolded and abused him for a sluggard and a dolt, she sent him to buy. As he was hungry, he went to the chandler's and the baker's, and bought honey and bread, and came home as fast as he could.

When they had eaten the bread and honey, there came a swarm of flies and bothered him. Then he twisted his hand round, and with one blow he killed fifty; he twisted round the other and with one slap he killed a hundred.

'What a valiant fellow am I! I didn't know how strong I was! I'll ask my mother, as she is weary of

[a] About two pounds and three quarters.

seeing me sit idle here, to buy me a horse, and make me a suit of soldier's clothes, a tent, and the other necessary arms, and I will go to the wars.'

So he thought, and so he said to his mother. The old woman, in order to disburden herself of him, did all he asked her. In a few days she had everything ready, and then she said to her son,

'All is ready, and may God and my blessing be thy help.'

The youth kissed his mother's hand, mounted, and bade her good-bye. At whatever place he stopped, when he dismounted he tied up his horse, and pitched his tent, and when he had supped or dined, he set off again. After about three months' journeying he came to a forest, on the borders of which was a castle. When he came near the castle, he found a stone water-course full of running water. The water in this channel emptied itself into a cistern, and this cistern watered a large garden. Close by was a great plane-tree. The youth dismounted, tied up his horse and pitched his tent. He dipped his biscuit in the running water and ate it, together with a piece of cheese which he had with him; and when he had eaten, he lay down to sleep.

The lords of the castle were forty Dhrakos, and they had a sister. At noon they, too, came to the castle, and when they saw the tent set up under the plane-tree, they sent their youngest brother to see what stranger had surprised them. In a little while the youngest brother came back and said it was a youth, and he was sleeping like one dead.

'That's lucky,' said one of the forty, 'we shall sup finely to-night!'

'Never!' cried another, 'it is not honourable to kill

him while he sleeps. We must first awaken him, and fight him one by one.'

'No,' replied the eldest brother, 'that will not do either, for one to fight against forty; but we will kill him if we beat him at feats.'

'Very well,' said all the brothers, and they agreed to their brother's counsel.

When the youth awoke, he drank, saw to his horse, and prepared to set off again. Then he saw coming towards his tent a great number who, as they came nearer, he found to be Dhrakos. Immediately, without showing any fear, he girded on his sword and rolled up the mattress on which he had been sleeping. When the Dhrakos came up to the tent, they glanced at it and saw written all round it—'Fifty with the left hand, and a hundred with the right, and woe if I arise!'

The Dhrakos exchanged looks, and bit their lips. Then the eldest of them said to the youth,

'Hero, thou hast come without our leave, and taken up thy abode in our country, thou only knowest why. We have come to tell thee that if thou canst play at ball as we play, we will marry thee to our sister.'

'I agree,' said the youth.

Then the youngest Dhrako threw the ball, and it crossed the river; the others threw, and it fell still further away; the eldest threw, and it went down five hundred steps.

'Now it is my turn!' cried the youth, and he threw it with such force that it flew as far as the mountains.

'Our word is our word,' said the eldest Dhrako, 'the wedding shall be held in three days; but we must first go out hunting in order to have game for the wedding feast.'

'Just as you please,' replied the youth.

The next day the Dhrakos invited the youth to go out hunting with them. The road they took brought them to a place at which forty-one roads met. The hunters had been on all the forty, but on the other nobody went; for of those who had been bold enough to go along that road not one had ever come back. So the Dhrakos knew the place, and when they came to where the roads met, they said,

'Let us all put our rings under a stone, and let each take a different road. As we come back from the chase, let us go to the stone and take each his ring, and go to the castle.'

They did so, and the Dhrakos took the accustomed roads, and let the youth take the evil road.

Well, come along! The youth went on till he came to the edge of a reedswamp. There he heard a great hissing which came from among the reeds, and as it came nearer he saw an enormous three-headed serpent coming towards him. The youth fixed an arrow in his bow, shot at the serpent, and wounded it in the stomach, and it began to writhe, and wriggle, and roar. The youth immediately drew his sword, and cut off one by one the three heads of the serpent. He then set fire to the reedswamp and burnt it, together with the serpent, and set off again back to the stone.

The Dhrakos had not yet returned, and he sat down to wait for them. When they came back, he showed them the heads of the serpent, and told them all the story. When they had taken their rings from under the stone, they returned to the castle.

The next morning, the Dhrakos told the bridegroom that they must ask their King to the wedding, for he would be offended if he heard from others

that they had married their sister without inviting him.

'Very well,' said the youth, 'do as you think proper.'

The eldest Dhrako went to bear the invitation on the part of his brothers. The King received him well, and asked him about the bridegroom, what kind of man he was.

'He is a valiant hero,' replied the Dhrako. 'When he was in his own country he slew fifty with his left hand and a hundred with his right; and us forty brothers he beat at throwing the ball; and on the road on which the people of these parts go and never return, he went, and killed the three-headed serpent.'

'As you say he is such a hero,' said the King, 'he is able to kill also the wild boar, Kaláthas, which ravages our country, and against which I have so often sent my most valiant Dhrakos, but they could not slay it.'

'He is able,' replied the Dhrako, 'but not one of my brothers is bold enough to accompany him for this purpose.'

'Never mind,' said the King, 'when the wedding is over, I will write to you, threatening to slay you if you do not my bidding; and he will be obliged for the sake of your sister, if he loves her, to help you.'

The King had heard that the Dhrakos' sister was very beautiful, and he was jealous that he had not got her in his own castle. So he gave the Dhrako some presents for his brother-in-law and for his sister; and when the forty days of the wedding were passed, he wrote to the Dhrakos that they must go and bring him the wild boar, Kaláthas, dead or alive. When the Dhrakos heard this, they were much put out, and

they told their sister. She promised them that when her husband came home in the evening from the chase, she would beg him to help them. The Dhrakos were very pleased, and they went about their usual work in the garden, one to water, another to dig, another to prune, another to chop wood from the forest, another to carry it to the castle, and the rest to do other work.

When evening came, and the youth returned from hunting, his wife made him promise that he would help her brothers to the best of his ability. The next day he invited his brothers-in-law, and asked them to get ready and go boar-hunting with him. So they took each one his horse, his bow, plenty of arrows, and their spears, and set out.

It was near noon when our hunters arrived on the shore of a lake, and there they dismounted to stretch themselves and rest themselves a little in the shade. Presently they heard a crashing and a horrible noise coming from among the bulrushes—it was the wild boar. The youth fixed his arrow, shot it, and pierced the wild boar in the eye. Kaláthas, mad with pain, roared at the hunters; but as he came nearer, the youth struck him with his spear on the forehead with such force that Kaláthas reeled and fell to the earth. Then the youth fell upon him and cut off his head, which he gave to his brothers-in-law that they might give it to their King.

When the King of the Dhrakos received the head of Kaláthas, and learnt from them that their sister's husband had killed it, he outwardly professed great love for him, and sent him presents; but he sent secretly an old woman to inquire about his strength. The old woman came to the Dhrakos' castle, and passing herself off as a nun, she found an opportunity to speak to

the young wife. From her she learnt that her husband had boasted to her one night that if the earth had a ring fixed to it and he somewhere else to stand upon, he could lift the earth with all its weight.

'Thy husband need not boast so much,' said the old woman, 'for in our parts there is a great hero called Yiáso, and this hero will be stronger than your husband.'

At night when the youth came home from hunting, his wife, as they talked together, repeated to him the words of the old woman. When he heard them, he thought to himself that it would be well to seek that hero and make his acquaintance.

God dawned the day, and the youth, before going out to hunt, buckled on his shield, said good-bye to his wife, and told her that it would be a few days before he returned, but that she must not be at all anxious. When he had mounted, he set off. At whatever town or village he passed through, he asked if they knew Yiáso the Hero. Not to make a long story of it, after a month's journey he came to a town, and on inquiring there he heard to his joy that Yiáso lived in that town.

'Good!' said he. 'Now I shall see him,' and he began at once to seek him. At last he found him in a cookshop.

'Art thou Yiáso?' said our hero to him.

'Certainly,' replied Yiáso, 'but who art thou?'

'I am Phiáka,' said the youth, 'the brother-in-law of the Forty Dhrakos, who has killed the three-headed serpent.'

'And Kaláthas the wild boar?' asked Yiáso.

'Yes,' replied the youth.

'Then, my friend Phiáka, if thou art he, let us make trial of each other's prowess.'

'Whenever you like,' said he.

'My trials are these,' said Yiáso—'if thou raise my strength-test higher than I, and if, with the first blow on the shoulder thou drive me the deeper in the earth, thou shalt be my master, otherwise I shall be thine.'

'Very well,' replied the youth.

Then Yiáso took him to his house and took hold of the strength-test, and raised it as high as his knee. Afterwards he gave his friend a blow on the shoulder and drove him up to his knees in the earth. Then the youth took up the strength-test, which was a barrel as big as a hogshead, full of lead, and he raised it as high as his chest; he gave Yiáso a blow on the shoulder, and he sank into the earth up to his armpits.

'Well done, my Phiáka!' cried Yiáso. 'From this time forward thou art my master! Bid me do what thou wilt, and I will obey thee.'

'Then follow me,' said the youth.

'With pleasure,' replied Yiáso, and they rode together and came to the castle of the Forty Dhrakos. They were all together at home when he arrived; and the Dhrakos, when they saw their brother-in-law, made great rejoicing.

At night his wife told him that, five or six days previously, the King of the Dhrakos had sent word to her brothers to tell their brother-in-law to go and fetch for him a bottle of the Water of Life.[8] When the youth heard these words, he was much distressed; and on the following morning he repeated them to Yiáso. Yiáso said that in his country there was a man called Ear of the Earth.[16] 'And he will know how to advise us about what thou hast told me,' said he. 'If thou wilt, give me a horse, I will go and bring him; he is my friend, and I think he will do me the favour to come.'

The youth gave Yiáso permission to go, and they got ready for him a splendid horse, one of the swiftest; and at break of day Yiáso set out. After forty days Yiáso returned to the Dhrakos' Castle with Ear of the Earth. He was a very outlandish man with donkey's ears, but he had the power of hearing what men were talking about in every part of the world, and whoever wanted to know anything, he could tell them. And he told the youth that the Well of the Water of Life was away in the farthest East, and that it was between two mountains which opened and shut, and that there was a Dhrako who guarded the place when the mountains were open, and that he must take a skin of Koumantarkán wine[a] to treat him with, so that he might not only leave them free entrance, but might also hold the mountains apart with his two hands until they came back from the Well.

When the youth had listened to this man's words, he begged him to go with them for good or for evil. So they made ready for the journey, and in five days' time they took the road. The youth bade farewell to his wife and to the Dhrakos, whom he charged to take care of their sister, and keep her from all harm; and then he went off with the others. Their horses were very swift.

Well, as they went, they passed through many countries. One night Ear of the Earth said to his companions,

'I hear the Dhrako who guards the Well of the Water of Life snoring; he must be asleep.'

Some days passed, and Ear of the Earth again said to his companions,

'I hear the Dhrako complain that since the time

[a] The choicest wine of Cyprus, made in the south of the island.

when King Alexander came for the Water of Life, he has not tasted wine. I hope that in a few days more we shall arrive there, and present him with some.'

The land through which they were passing had no inhabitants, but was a wilderness. Said Ear of the Earth to them,

'We are coming near; the snoring of the Dhrako sounds in my ears; and I believe the mountain in front of us is that which opens and shuts.'

At last they arrived, and found the Dhrako sitting under a plane-tree. When he saw the strangers, he asked them what they wanted.

'A little water,' replied the youth, 'from the Well of Life.'

'But, my *pallikar*,' said the Dhrako, 'this mountain where the Well of Life is opens and shuts. I don't believe thou wilt be able to fill thy bottle in time, and thou wilt be shut in. Thy companions are not, so far as I can see, able to hold open the mountain while thou fillest it.'

'But the great Dhrako, your Honour—if he is so disposed to do us the favour—can't he hold it open?' asked the youth.

'I am strong when I drink,' replied the Dhrako.

'But I see you have plenty of water here?' said the youth.

'But my thirst is not quenched with water,' replied the Dhrako, 'it is something else which gives me strength.'

'Perhaps you want wine?' said the youth.

'Thou hast guessed it,' replied the Dhrako.

'Well, we have with us a skin of wine,' said the youth.

The Dhrako's eyes sparkled with pleasure. When

he had drunk of the choice Cypriot, he said, 'Wait a little.' And when the mountain opened, the Dhrako placed his hands and kept the two sides apart until Phiáka had filled his bottle at the Well. The youth and his companions then thanked the Dhrako, told him that all the wine in the skin was his, bade him farewell, and set off. The Dhrako was so pleased at receiving the wine, that he took three horse-tail hairs, and said to him,

'Shouldst thou ever be in danger, strike these three hairs lightly, the black, the white, and the red, and immediately the three brothers—I who guard the Well of Life, my brother who guards the Red Apple Tree with the Golden Apples, and my third brother who keeps the Souls at the mouth of Hades, will come to thy aid.'

The youth again thanked the Dhrako, took the three hairs, and hastened to return to the castle.

One day Ear of the Earth said to Phiáka, 'Master, thy castle is surrounded by three hundred Dhrakos; thy brothers-in-law are fighting against them from within the castle.'

The youth changed colour at this news. When they were still two days' journey from the castle, Ear of the Earth said to Phiáka,

'Master, ten of thy brothers-in-law are killed and five wounded!'

The youth sighed, and made still more haste to arrive. At last they saw the castle from afar. The youth prepared to strike the hairs which the Dhrako had given him to ask his aid, when they heard shouts from the castle and from those who were outside, who ran and fled. When they came to the castle, they learnt that the shouts they had heard from within were

shouts of joy from his brothers-in-law because they saw him coming, and that when those who were besieging them learnt that the brother-in-law of the Dhrakos was coming, they fled. Then the youth sprinkled his dead and wounded brothers-in-law with the bottle of water from the Well of Life, and made them whole, and that day they remained together and feasted in the castle garden.

After a few days Ear of the Earth said to the youth,

'Many soldiers are coming towards our castle. The King of the Dhrakos wants to take away your wife from you; what shall we do?'

'Are you quite sure of what you say?' asked the youth.

'Quite sure,' replied Ear of the Earth.

'Then I must strike the hairs,' said the youth, 'when the soldiers appear before the castle.'

Three days afterwards the castle fields were full of soldiers. One body set up their tents in the direction of the garden, another towards the forest, and another out by the river in the corn-fields. The youth struck the horses' hairs and awaited succour. Twenty-four hours had not passed after he struck the hairs when a white cloud appeared in the East, and a warrior mounted on a Fish-horse[17] descended on the castle, holding in his hand a bottle. When he had dismounted, there appeared a red cloud from the West, and a warrior mounted on a red horse alighted on the tower, and he bore in a box a Golden Apple. It was the Dhrako-guardian of the Red Apple Tree. When he, too, had dismounted, there appeared a black cloud from the South, and a warrior mounted on a black steed descended on the castle, and he held a sword

like a sickle—it was the Dhrako-guardian of Hades. When all three were arrived and had rested, they resolved to begin the battle. The Dhrako of the Well of Life undertook to fight with the body by the river; the Dhrako of the Red Apple Tree with the body in the forest; and the Dhrako of Hades with the body in the garden, where the King of the Dhrakos was.

In the evening, then, when it grew dark, one Dhrako turned the river into the fields where the soldiers were, and some of them were drowned, and some he made to flee. The second Dhrako did the same; he set the forest on fire near where the soldiers were, and some were burnt, and all the rest fled. The other Dhrako fell upon the soldiers who were in the garden, and before day broke he had killed most of them. With the dawn came other Dhrakos, and those who were in the castle cut them to pieces, and the King and his captains too were slain. Then the three Dhrakos made the youth King of the Dhrakos, they gave him the Golden Apple, and all the slain Dhrakos they raised to life by sprinkling them with the water in the bottle which the youth had brought from the Well of Life. Eight days they rejoiced and made merry. And I left them well, and came here and found you better!

THE FAMOUS DHRAKO, OR THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN WAND.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 147.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King, and he had a very lovely daughter whose beauty had no equal. She was indeed so beautiful that, if

> 'She bade the Sun, he would stand still,
> The morning Star, he'd twinkle!'

All the Princes were mad about her, and each one hastened to be the first to marry her. But she did not wish to marry, and found a thousand reasons for not taking any of them. Among all the Princes who sought her was one, very handsome, and he had touched her heart a little when she saw him, but still she could not make up her mind to take him. Besides, she wished first to prove if he were valiant, and if he loved her well enough to do her bidding.

One day she said that she would take him for her husband who should bring her the Wand of the Famous Dhrako, which he leaned against doors and they opened. As many Princes as heard of it shook with terror, for they knew very well that if they were to do what was asked of them, they would perish, because the Famous Dhrako was the most savage and the strongest of all the Dhrakos. He had one eye in his forehead which always remained open, both when he was awake and when he was asleep, so

that no one could approach him without being eaten by him.

But the handsome Prince loved her so much that he made up his mind either to bring her the Golden Wand or to perish. So he took the long road without saying anything to anyone, to try his luck. Day and night he walked without knowing where he was going. He went through the valleys, up and down, through the wildernesses, and on, and on. There where he was walking he got tired and sat down under a tree, and sleep overtook him. When he woke up he saw at a distance an Old Woman sifting flour into a great baking-pan. But the flour did not fall into the pan, but on the ground. When he came nearer to the Old Woman, he saw that she was blind. Then the Prince said to her,

'Wait, mother, don't sift the flour, for it is falling on the ground.'

'But I can't see, my laddie,' said the Old Woman.

'Give it to me, mother, and I will sift for you,' said the Prince.

So he set to and sifted the flour, and put it in a sack which lay near, and said to her, 'Where are you going to carry it? Let me help you, mother.'

The Old Woman was very much pleased with the Prince, and said to him,

'My boy [in return] for the favour thou hast done me, what shall I do for you?'

Said the Prince to her, 'Mother, give me your blessing, for you cannot help me in what I am seeking.'

'And what is it thou seekest?' asked the Old Woman. 'Wilt not tell me, that I may hear, and see if I cannot perhaps help thee?'

'I, mother, am a Prince, an only son, and I heard them tell of a Princess who is very beautiful, and

that many princes go to ask her [in marriage]; but she finds no husband to her liking. Then I took my mother's blessing,[18] and went only to see her and return home again; but what would you? When I saw her I was driven crazy by her beauty and by the sweetness of her face. One day her father told her that she must really marry. Then she said that she would take for her husband the one who should bring her the Golden Wand of the Famous Dhrako which he leans against doors and they open.'

'Listen, my son,' said the Old Woman, 'thou hast undertaken a hard task, but thy parents' blessing and mine will give thee courage. Go straight along this road to a place where there is much grass, for no man has ever trodden upon it. Take this road; then, beyond the rising ground to which it leads thou wilt see mountains and ravines, and thence thou wilt see afar off a great cavern; go near, and if thou hear sounds of snoring coming out, it will mean that the Dhrako is within and asleep. Then remain at a distance till the door of the cavern opens, for he has his flocks inside and puts in front a great rock which no one can move. Thou must wait till the Dhrako opens to drive out his flock, and then find means to hide thyself in the cavern; and when he comes back to sleep, and folds his flocks, and closes the cavern again with the rock, then do thou listen, and from the snoring thou wilt know that he is asleep. Then come down from thy hiding-place, and go [near him]; tied to his beard is a golden key, and with these scissors thou must cut the key together with his beard, and when he opens the cavern do thou go out too. When thou hast succeeded in getting out, my son, then take again the grass-grown road. There thou wilt see a great palace. When thou

leanest the key against the door of the palace, it will open. Fear nothing, but take that road and go up to the palace. There thou wilt see upstairs in a great chamber a Horse and a Dog; and before the Horse are bones for him to eat, and, before the Dog, is straw. Then do thou, without a word, change them, and give the bones to the Dog, and the rest thou wilt learn later from the Horse.'

Then the Prince thanked the Old Woman, gave her some sequins, took the scissors which she gave him, and set off. He took the long road, and saw the great cavern. He went near, but heard no snoring. He peeped in, and there was no one in the cavern. There was a great cauldron full of milk, and a bannock as big as a millstone. Then the Prince bethought him that it was many days since he had eaten. He cut a piece of the bannock and dipped it in the milk, and he ate, and ate, until he was satisfied. Afterwards he looked about, and saw a hollow high up in the rock, and he climbed up and got in. After a little while he heard the sheep bells, and concluded that the flocks were returning and the Dhrako with them. Then he drew back in his hiding-place, and prayed God to help him. As soon as the Dhrako had entered the cave, he drew-to the rock and shut up the opening of the cave, and sat down to eat. When he had eaten, he found that he was not satisfied, and said, 'What an amazing appetite I have to-day—neither the milk nor the bannock satisfies me!'

But I quite forgot to tell you that the Old Woman had given him a powder to throw into the *raki*[a] jar, so that when the Dhrako had drunk it he might sleep

[a] A kind of spirit made from grapes and flavoured with aniseed much used in the East.

heavily. So when the Dhrako had eaten, he stirred the fire, and went to sleep.

Then when he (the Prince) heard the snoring, and understood that the Dhrako was asleep, he came down softly, softly, cut the hairs, took the little key from his beard, and climbed up again into his hiding-place. But afterwards it occurred to him that when the Dhrako awoke, and saw that the key was missing from his beard, he would look about to find it. So he got down, and took a long pole, sharpened it, put it in the fire, and when it was red-hot he stuck it into the eye of the Dhrako and blinded him. Then he began to roar, and the noise brought everybody to their feet. The other Dhrakos, when they heard his roaring, ran to see what was the matter with their chief. But they could not enter, because the rock was in front and they could not remove it, and when they heard his cries they concluded that he was drunk, and they left him, and arose and went away. Then the Dhrako pushed away the stone, and opened the cave, and sat at the mouth and began to fondle and let out his sheep one by one. There was one big and woolly ram, and the Prince placed himself on his stomach under his wool, and managed while the Dhrako was fondling him to get out of the cave.[19]

Let us leave the Dhrako to find out who blinded him, and come to the Prince. The Prince took the long road which the Old Woman had described to him, and when he had gone some way he saw the palace from afar. Then he came nearer, and placed the key in the lock and opened the door. He went up into the palace and saw a splendid Horse fastened with chains, and he had before him a heap of bones; and a splendid big Dog, and he had before him a heap of

straw. He tried to loosen the Horse, but could not. Then he put the straw before the Horse, and the bones before the Dog. When the Horse and the Dog had eaten they began to talk and said to him,

'How didst thou get here, my boy? The Famous Dhrako will eat thee!'

Then the youth told them how he had blinded the Dhrako, and that he had come here seeking a Golden Wand. Then said the Horse,

'Who advised thee to come hither?'

Then the youth told him about the Old Woman, and that what she had advised him to do, he had done. Said the Dog,

'She, my boy, was the Good Fate, and the other Fates have blinded her because she had never done evil to anyone, and they fated her never to recover her sight until she found somebody to love and pity her. And now, my boy, go this way' (they pointed out where he was to go) 'and go into that chamber. There you will see two captive Princesses, and you must set them free.'

So the youth took the way which led to the chamber, and saw there two beautiful Princesses who wondered at seeing him. They asked him how he came there. He told his story, and how he had come to seek the Golden Wand. Then they said,

'We will give it to thee if thou wilt set us free.'

They gave him the Wand, and he went and leant it against the Horse, and the Horse was loosed; he leant it on the Dog, and the Dog was loosed. Then he took the Princesses, led them downstairs, placed them on the Horse, and took the Dog too. But they said,

'Before we leave we have another good deed to do; look out of the window and see. Those animals are

all men, and Princes besides; they were all out hunting, and as they found the door open they came in, but —to their misfortune!—the Dhrako saw them and sprinkled them with a liquid and turned them into various animals. Now be quick and strike them lightly on their backs with the Wand, and they will become as they were before.'

Then the Prince went down with the Wand, touched them one by one, and immediately they began to turn into men, handsome youths, and began to embrace and kiss the Prince. Then the Prince bethought him, and he locked up the palace with the key when they had all come out, and took away the key with him. Then they all set out, and the Princes took the road that led to their own palaces, and the Prince with the Horse and the Dog set out to restore the Princesses to their parents. When their parents saw them, you may imagine the rejoicings they made; and they said to him that he might take for his wife whichever he pleased of the two, and they would make him heir to the throne. But the Prince replied that his troth was plighted, and that to please his betrothed he had come to seek the Golden Wand. The King marvelled when he saw the Horse and the Dog become men. Then the two Princes confessed and said,

'If you are willing, my longlived King, make us bridegrooms. For indeed the Dhrako stole the Princesses we loved, and we went to deliver them, and he made a Horse of me,' said the one, 'and of my friend a Dog.'

The King embraced them both, and said that he would make them his sons-in-law. Then our handsome Prince set out to go to the beautiful Princess. But he did not go on foot, for the King gave him many

carriages and gifts, and accompanied him to the door of the beautiful Princess. And the Princesses wept for joy that they were free, and for grief at the going away of their deliverer.

Let us leave them, and come to the Princess. When the Princess heard that the handsome Prince had gone away, and she saw him no more, she lay down to die of grief. Doctors and doctresses came to cure her, but could do nothing. Her father was in despair, for he had no other child. When the Prince arrived at the palace, all the doors were shut because there was great sorrowing for the Princess, who grew worse every day. The Prince lost no time. He took the Golden Wand in his hand, leant it against one door after another, and they all opened, and he found himself before the Princess. When the Princess saw him, she rose at once, and embraced him, and said,

'Thee will I take, and I have awaited thee so long that I was ready to die of grief because thou wert gone away.'

The Prince related all the hardships that he had undergone, and gave her the Golden Wand. Then music, drums, and great rejoicings. They held the wedding, and he took her, and went home to his parents, and there they had double rejoicings. And they lived happy. And we happier!

THE DHRAKO.[20]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 699.)

THERE was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had a very beautiful daughter. Well, they wanted to marry their daughter, for they had no son, and to leave the throne to the bridegroom. But in that country there was a Dhrako, and he would allow no Prince to go and marry the Princess. They came from all the kingdoms where her beauty had been heard of; but the Dhrako came out when they drew near, and some he ate, and others he drove away, so that none of them had married the Princess. For the Dhrako intended to get the Princess for himself, and at the King's death to rule over the kingdom. He did all kinds of injury to the King, burnt his vineyards before the grapes were gathered, and was near setting fire to the palace, and this Dhrako became at last a perfect tyrant to the King. Then the King sent out a crier [to proclaim],

'Whoever will destroy the Dhrako, I will give him my daughter to wife, and make him King thenceforward!'

So all the Princes heard this, but how could they attempt it, for they were afraid of the Dhrako who had destroyed so many Princes. There was one very handsome Prince, a native of a far-distant country. Said he,

'I am resolved to go. What! shall we allow a Dhrako to lord it over our kingdoms, and do us such wrong and such evil?'

So he set out, and they told the King that 'Fiorentino, the son of such and such a King, has come to destroy the Dhrako and to deliver the King.' But the Dhrako, too, heard of it, and he determined to do all he could to prevent Fiorentino's passing and entering the kingdom.

Fiorentino arrived; but when he saw the Dhrako on guard, he could not come near. So he went to a shepherd and gave him money, and bought a suit of clothes from the shepherd and put them on; and he took a crooked stick and a pot of *yiaourti* (sour curds), and passed in front of the Dhrako and came to the King. When he was come in, and saw the King, he said to him,

'My King, I am a Prince, and I have come that you may give me your daughter to wife.'

He threw off his shepherd's dress, and stood in his fine clothes. Said the King to him,

'Very good, my boy, but thou must go and bring me the Dhrako's Spectacles. For whoever wears these Spectacles can see from one kingdom to another when war is going to be declared.'

'Very good,' replied Fiorentino. He went out, and here and there he learnt that the Dhrako was awake for six months, and the other six he was asleep; but no one could tell whether he were asleep or awake, because his eyes were always open. He had, some time before, seized a Princess, and had turned her into a Partridge, and she took care of the house, and if anyone went into the Dhrako's house, she spoke. When Fiorentino learnt that the Dhrako was asleep, he determined to go and take the Spectacles.

He opened the door and went into the courtyard. The Partridge cried,

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-o-pened-the-door!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!' said the Dhrako [in his sleep].

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-is-com-ing-up-stairs!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-is-tak-ing-thy-spec-ta-cles!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-ta-ken-them-and-gone!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

Fiorentino took the spectacles to the King. Said the King,

'You must go and bring me the Dhrako's Horse.' For the Dhrako had a Horse which went like the wind.

So Fiorentino goes again. He entered the Dhrako's courtyard. When he opened the door, the Partridge began again,

'*Ba-ba-ka—a-stran-ger-has-come-in-to-the-house!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-gone-to-the-sta-ble!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-taken-your-horse-and-gone!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

So he took the Horse and brought it to the King.

'My King,' he said, 'I have brought you the Horse.'

'Well, now,' he replied, 'you must go and bring me the Partridge.'

So Fiorentino goes again, opens the door, and again the Partridge begins,

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-o-pened-the-door!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—a-stran-ger-has-come-in!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-is-com-ing-upstairs!*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge!'

'*Ba-ba-ka—he-has-ta-ken-me-and-gone !*'

'Speak, speak, my Partridge !'

So Fiorentino took her and came to the King, and said,

'My longlived King, I have brought you the Partridge.'

'Well, my boy, in order that we may be at peace in the kingdom, you must go again and bring the Dhrako himself to the palace.'

Then Fiorentino pondered what he should do. Then he bethought him of a trick by which he might get him into a barrel. Just then it was the Dhrako's time to awaken. He awoke, and what did he see? His house deserted! He looked about for his Spectacles to see what was going on in the world; but where were his Spectacles? He waited for the Partridge to speak; but where was the Partridge? He went downstairs to the stable to see his Horse, and to mount him and find what was going on; but Horse there was none! Then he understood that it was Fiorentino's doing, and he cried,

'*Ach*, Fiorentino! Thou hast taken my Spectacles—my eyes; the Horse—my feet; the Partridge—my tongue! Ah, Fiorentino! if I get hold of thee!' And the Dhrako came out and wandered about here and there on the mountains to refresh himself and find some means of outwitting Fiorentino. But Fiorentino had changed himself into an old man; he put on a white beard and hair, a hump, and some old clothes, and he took some hoops, and wood and straps and an axe, and went to the mountain where the Dhrako was, and began to make a barrel. He made the barrel, and then began to beat it—*tum, tum, tum!* and nailed the hoops; and the staves he did not close, but left a little

space between them. The Dhrako saw afar off a man at work, and he came nearer to look, and saw an old man making barrels.

'Good day, *pappou*!'[a] said the Dhrako to the old man.

'We-el-co-ome, my son,' replied Fiorentino.

'What are you making here?'

'It's little I can make—a barrel to put a little must in to make some wine.'

'But how can this barrel hold wine, old man? I could pass myself through the holes, and will your must stay in?'

'But where *are* the holes, I say?'

'There, put thy hand in, and thou wilt see.'

'*Po-po!* I will get some tow and caulk them.'

'Look now, there's a big hole at the bottom of the barrel!'

'But where? I don't see it,' said Fiorentino.

'See!—down there!' replied the Dhrako; 'give me thy hand, and I will show thee.'

Fiorentino pretended that he couldn't reach. 'I neither see it,' he said, 'nor yet do I feel it. Wilt not do me the favour to get inside and caulk it thyself? Do—so mayest thou be happy, and may God give thee good luck.' And many other things he said to persuade him to get into the barrel. When he was in the barrel he gave him a wedge, and everything else he asked for, and he went in to caulk it. But once the Dhrako was well in, he lost no time, but—*tàka! tàka!* he nails him firmly in; and, as Fiorentino hammered, the Dhrako cried,

'*Aï!* what art doing? Open, for I am inside! open, and let me out!'

[a] Grandfather.

'Indeed! I have seen and suffered too much to get thee into the barrel, to let thee out now.'

Then he threw off his wigs and orra-duddies[a], and stood up as Fiorentino in his golden clothes. And he began to roll the barrel, and say,

'Roll, roll, little barrel, and let us go to the King's palace, that I may marry his daughter.'

Then the Dhrako understood that it was Fiorentino.

'Ah, Fiorentino!' said the Dhrako, 'thou hast taken from me the Spectacles—my eyes; the Horse—my feet; the Partridge—my tongue; and Me thou hast put in the barrel! *Ach*, Fiorentino, if I could lay hands on thee!'

'Roll, roll, little barrel,' said Fiorentino, 'and let us go to the King's palace, and marry his daughter.'

He took the Dhrako to the palace, and the King said to him, 'Thou hast burnt my property, and I will burn thee.'

So he burnt the Dhrako, and there was an end of him. Then he raised Fiorentino to the throne, and made him King as he had promised. And they had music and drums and great rejoicings; he married the King's daughter, and instead of the Dhrako taking the King's lands and goods, the King took the lands and goods of the Dhrako. And Fiorentino lived with his wife happily and contentedly.

[a] Παληόρουχα. Compare

'Syne he took oot his little knife,
Loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman
That was amang them a'!'

JAMES V.: *The Jolly Beggar.*

THE MAN OF THE MANY CHICKPEAS.[21]

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B., 16.)

'Now a tale I'll tell to you,
Of a bean and chickpea too.'

ONCE upon a time there was a lazy fellow, and when he was asked to go and do a day's work, he would work for an hour or so, and then leave it and go home, and so he never had enough bread to eat. Once again they said to him, 'Come, my good fellow, and dig in one of my gardens. There will be many others, and you will earn a piastre and buy your fill of bread.'

Says he, 'Very well.'

So he goes the next morning, and digs for an hour or so; and as he was digging he finds a chickpea. In great joy he says to himself,

'If I plant this chickpea, I shall have next year a hundred chickpeas; if I plant the hundred chickpeas, in another year I shall have ten thousand chickpeas; if I plant the ten thousand, in the following year they will make a measure full; in the next I shall have a hundred measures of chickpeas, the next ten thousand, and the next again a million measures; and in some ten years or so I shall have no room for them—where shall I stow them? I must go to the King and ask him to let them open for me the royal granaries, and stow them there.'

The thrifty maiden grows wealthy awake; the idle wench when she is asleep![a] He never thought for a moment

[a] A Greek proverb.

that he had nowhere to plant them! He at once puts the pea in his girdle and goes to the King, all ragged as he was, asking his way of no matter who, and finding it. The guards, when they saw his raggedness, were unwilling to let him go up into the palace. But when the King heard the dispute, and how the man insisted on coming up, he said,

'Let him come up!'

So he goes in to the King and doffs his cap,

'My longlived King, I have many chickpeas, and have nowhere to bestow them. Only give the order that they open to me your storehouses, that I may stow them there.' (And he had them all in his girdle!)

The King said to himself, 'This must be a rich man, he would do well for my daughter.' So he says grandly, 'I will do what thou askest, and thou shalt marry my daughter; but if thou hast not the chickpeas, I shall slay thee!'

'At your orders, my King!' he replies.

He sees the Princess, and remains ten days or so at the palace, after which the King says to him, 'It is time for thee to go and bring the chickpeas.'

Says he, 'Very good, but give me some ten thousand piastres.'

He was the King's son already, so why shouldn't they give him the money? He takes it and sets off on horseback with a retinue, and the Princess followed him at a distance with cavalry. Wherever he passed the people paid him reverence, and said,

'The Prince is passing, the King's son is passing!'

Our man goes on, and on, and seeing a beekeeper [he says to him], 'Here are a thousand piastres for thee, and when thou seest by-and-by the Princess pass with the royal escort, set out a hundred honeycombs

for them to eat; and when they ask thee to whom they belong, say, "To the Man of the many Chickpeas."'

'At your orders.'

He goes further and finds a baker, gives him a thousand piastres, and says,

'Presently there will pass by the Princess with her retinue. Set out bread for them that they may sit and eat; and if they ask thee to whom it belongs, say, 'To the Man of the many Chickpeas."'

'At your orders, *Effendi!*'

He goes further and finds a shepherd, gives him a thousand piastres, and says,

'Presently there will pass the Princess with her cavalcade. You will roast a few sheep for them to eat; and if they ask thee to whom they belong, say, "To the Man of the many Chickpeas."'

Then he went on, and on, till he found himself beneath a tower where lived a Dhrako who gave twelve riddles to guess to everyone who passed by, and if he could not guess them, he devoured him.

When the Dhrako saw our man, he called to him from the window,

'What does *One* stand for?'

The newly-made Prince immediately replied,

'God is One.'

'What does *Two* stand for?'

'God is One, two-horned is the Devil,'[22] replied the Prince.

'What does *Three* stand for?'

'God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table.'

'What does *Four* stand for?'

'God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table, four-teated is the cow.'

'What does *Five* stand for?'

'God is one, two-horned is the Devil, three-legged is the table, four-teated is the cow, five-fingered is the hand.'

'What does *Six* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., six-starred (*sic*) is the Poúlia '[23] (the Pleiads).

'What does *Seven* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., seven maidens dance the *hora*.'

'What does *Eight* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., eight windings has the Archipelago.'[a]

'What does *Nine* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., a nine monthling is the child.'

'What does *Ten* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., a ten monthling is the calf.'

'What does *Eleven* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., an eleven monthling is the mare's foal.'

'What does *Twelve* stand for?'

'God is one, etc., etc., a twelve monthling is the mule's foal.'

As he said this the Dhrako tumbled out of the window, and burst. The new-made Prince went upstairs, and found a palace and better, all of gold. There were silver trays and services, fine stuffs and carpets, and all around were fields of different grains—barley, and corn, and chickpeas, which he was so fond of, and all kinds of things.

The Princess, meanwhile, as she passed along the road, had been accosted by the beekeeper, the baker, and the shepherd, who had given her to eat with all

[a] The Ægean has, in fact, eight gulfs at least on its Asiatic and European shores.

her people honeycombs, bread and mutton; and when she asked, 'To whom do these belong?' they all replied, 'To the Man of the many Chickpeas.' He comes down from the tower as if it were his palace, receives the Princess, and leads her upstairs. And they lived and grew old together with joy and laughter, for his was a lucky *Kismet* if they let him alone.

THE THRICE-ACCURSED, OR THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 296.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had three daughters, so beautiful, that Princes came from everywhere to ask them in marriage; but they did not wish to marry, so that they might not be separated. Then the Devil took it into his head to come and take the eldest to wife. So he bethought him, like the Devil he was, to become a handsome Prince; and he fitted out a ship with different jewels and other gifts, and appeared at the palace. He presented them to the King, and said to him,

'I am such and such a Prince, and I heard everyone praising your daughter. I want only to see her, and not to ask her for my wife, because so many others more handsome and more wealthy than I have come, and she would not have them.'

Then the King bade his daughter to come that he [the Prince] might see her. When she heard her father's command, she was sorry, but what could she do? She took her mother with her, and went to her father, who had called her. As soon as the Devil saw her, he kneeled down before the King, and said to him,

'I will never leave thy palace without thy daughter, and if she will not have me for her husband, she had better kill me!'

Then the King and the Queen told her to consent to take him for her husband, for they were tired of seeing the Princes coming and going. So, willy nilly, the Princess consented. Then music and drums and great rejoicings. The wedding took place; he took her for his wife, and it was settled that she was to go to his parents. He did not, however, take her plenishings, only a few things, and said,

'I will go to my parents that they may see her, and we will come back to see her sisters, and then we will take the gear.'

Then they went on board the ship; he made a great feast for them; and then they separated with much sorrow and many tears.

They sailed, and sailed, and arrived at a lonely place, and there the ship struck on a rock; and after it had struck it fell to pieces, and they came on shore, and immediately mounted on mules, and rode, and rode, and rode, and still they rode. There the Princess saw a great big cave, with a hole for doorway. Said she,

'Why are we going in here?'

'*Ná!* since the ship is wrecked, we will go into the cave and sleep, and in the morning we will see if a ship will pass into which we may enter and go to my parents.'

But as soon as she had entered the hole, she heard a noise, a dreadful uproar which was going on in the cave. There were all the devils, and they were awaiting their chief, Versevoulin,[22] to tell him what they had done. Then she was frightened, and said,

'What is it? What is it?'

Then he shook himself once, and became a Thrice-Accursed, with such horns and such teeth! His two

front teeth, indeed, were as long as his horns! He said,

'Eh! bide here now. I am the King of the Devils, and you are the Queen!'

Then he clapped his hands, and all the devils came into the cave. Up jumped one, and said,

'To-day, Versevoulin, I blinded a man because we were in a whirlwind, and he threw away the stone of an olive which he was eating, and it hit me on the nose, and I gave him a blow and blinded him.'

Then the others were beginning to tell their doings, but Versevoulin stopped them, saying,

'To-day I have got married, and am merry! Go all and amuse yourselves till to-morrow, and she whom you see is my Queen, so pay her homage.'

Then all the devils saluted her, wished her joy, and went away. Then he, when he was left alone, took her into another cave, and showed her another wife whom he had hung up, and whose breast he had cut open, and said to her,

'She was a Princess; but when I gave her a human heart to eat, and she did not eat it, I killed her and hung her up. Now, if thou wilt eat her heart, I will make thee my Queen and wife; but if thou wilt not eat it either, I will do the same to thee.'

Then she was afraid, and said, 'I will eat it, give it to me, and I will eat it.'

Then he took out the woman's heart for her, and said,

'I am going out hunting, and you must eat it.'

'Very good,' said she. But when he was gone she dug with her nails a hole under a stone, and put it in. When he came back, he said to her,

'Hast thou eaten the heart?'

'I have eaten it.'

Then he took down his sword, laid it across his knees, and said,

'My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?'

'My lady has put me under a stone!'

Then he lost no time, but tore her open, and hung her up where the other was. And he arose, and took a ship, and went again to his father-in-law. When they saw him, there were great rejoicings. 'The bridegroom!' [they cried], and ran to embrace him.

'Where is she? Why haven't you brought the Princess with you?'

'Eh! what shall I tell you? She is so beloved there by my parents, that they wouldn't let her come; but I have come to fetch one of her sisters to stay a short time, and later on, she shall return with her.'

Then they looked at one another, and the youngest said,

'Let her go, and I will stay with you.'

Then the other said, 'But what shall I do? How can I leave you alone?'

'Eh!' said the Queen, 'one of you must go; do thou go who art the elder.'

Then they got ready the elder sister, and she took her brother-in-law and went away. As they went, they again moored in the same place, came on land, mounted the mules, and rode, and rode, till they came to the rocks. Then said the Princess,

'Where are we going? This is a desert. Is the palace here?'

'Eh! it is here; thou wilt see how splendid it is. The road is rather bad, but thou wilt see how splendid is the palace!'

But when they came close to the mountain, she saw a hole, and they went in at the hole, and she saw a great cave. Then she asked,

'What is this?'

He immediately shook himself, and became a Devil with horns. Then she began to utter screams and cries, but he said to her,

'Hush thee, for I shall do to thee as I did to thy sister!'

'And where is my sister?'

'There!'

She went in and saw her hanging up. She ran to embrace her, she kissed her, she wept, she fainted away. Said he to her,

'Hush thee, whatever thou mayest do now, thou art mine, and must obey me, or else I shall do to thee as I did to her.'

Then he lost no time, but took out her sister's heart, and said,

'There! eat it, and when thou hast eaten it, I will make thee Queen and bring thee birds' milk.'[24] And he gave the heart into her hand, and rose and left, and went with his companions, the devils, a-hunting.

Then she, poor thing, was left alone, and she wept, and cried, and looked this way and that, but nobody saw her, or heard her. Then she made up her mind, and took the heart and cut it up into little bits, and threw them on the roof. When he came back from hunting, he asked her,

'Hast thou eaten it?'

'I have eaten it.'

Then he at once took down his sword, laid it across his knees, and said,

'My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?'

'My lady has thrown me on the roof!'

Then he lost no time, but immediately tore her open, and hung her up with the other.

When he had hung her up, he arose, and took a ship, and went again to his father-in-law. When they saw him there were great rejoicings.

'Why have you come?'

'*Bré!* how shall I tell you?—the women have driven me!—they give me no peace! "Go and bring our other sister!" So, if it please you, let her come, and we will return all together.'

The youngest daughter did not wish to go; she screamed, 'I won't go anywhere!' and shut herself up in her room. Her mother went to her and said,

'My daughter, this is a shame! The bridegroom has set out and made this journey, and thou wilt not go?'

'I will go, but I must take my pigeon and my kitten with me!'

'Eh! very well, but put them in thy pocket, for it would be a shame for the bridegroom to see them!'

So she got ready, she dressed herself, put the pigeon and the kitten the one in one pocket and the other in another, and set out. There where the ship moored again, they went on shore, mounted the mules, and rode, and rode, and rode. When they were opposite the mountain, she asked him,

'What is that? Are we going there?'

'Yes, my palace is there.'

They went into the cave, and she began to scream and cry. Then he shook himself, and became a great Devil, and he said,

'Hush thee! for I shall do to thee as I have done to thy sisters!'

'And where are my sisters?'

'There they are, hanging up!'

Then she, too, uttered screams, but he said,

'Hush thee! thy cries are useless now; thou must do as I bid thee!' and he took out her sister's heart and said,

'Here, eat this heart, and when thou hast eaten it, I will make thee Queen, and bring thee birds' milk; but if thou deceive me, I shall do to thee as I have done to them.' So said, he gave her the heart, and arose, and went away.

Then she thought to herself, What should she do? what should she do?—and she thought of the kitten which she had in her pocket. She cut the heart up into little tiny bits, and gave it to the kitten, and she ate it. Then she sat down and wrote a letter to her parents that he whom they had made their son-in-law was a Devil; that he had killed her two sisters, and many other things; and she folded the paper tightly and tied it to the pigeon's neck, and told it to fly very high up so as not to be killed, kissed it, threw it up, and it flew away. Then the poor girl wept day and night, and waited for her deliverance. The Thrice-Accursed came and asked,

'Hast thou eaten the heart?'

'I have eaten it,' said she.

Then he took his sword and laid it across his knees, and said, 'Now we shall see if thou hast eaten it or not,' and he called out,

'My little heart! my little heart! where art thou?'

It replied, 'My lady has put me in a warm, warm, little stomach!'

Then he said to her, 'Thou art my wife!' and he embraced her. 'Now all thy commands shall be obeyed!'

Let us now leave them, and let us go to her parents. The pigeon flew swiftly, swiftly, and came to the palace. When they saw it, what rejoicings there were!

'Our lady's pigeon! our lady's pigeon!'

They caught it, and saw that it had a string round its neck; they untied it—what did they see?—a little letter. They read it, and what did they see? They cried, and wept, and cudgelled their brains to think how they could rescue her.

A neighbour heard the weeping and the cries in the palace, and went to see what had happened. Said she,

'What is the matter here? Why are you weeping? Why are you screaming?'

Then the Queen said, '*Ná*, so and so and so, but what shall we do to rescue her from the Devil's den?'

Then said the woman, 'My Queen, I have seven sons, and what trade they follow I don't know; they have to do with "The Outside Ones."[25] Only give me some silk and gold thread, and a beautifully fine, rose coloured handkerchief, to embroider, and they will ask me, "What is that, mother?" and I shall say to them, "I shall give it him who knows the best trade," and in that way I shall learn what trade each knows.'

So she took the gold thread, and sat and embroidered on the threshold of the door. Then came the eldest, and said to her,

'Good-evening, mother!'

'Welcome, my son!'

'What wilt thou do with this kerchief thou art broidering?'

'I shall give it to my most worthy son.'

'And is any more worthy than I?'

'But do I know what is thy calling?'

'I put my ear to the ground, and hear everything that happens in the habitable earth.'[16]

'Oh, thine is a fine trade!'

The second came.

'Good-evening, mother!'

'Welcome, my son!'

'What art thou broidering there?'

'A golden handkerchief.'

'And to whom wilt thou give it?'

'To my most worthy son.'

'And is there another more worthy than I?'

'Do I know? What trade dost thou follow?'

'I can make storms like the clouds, and run like a chariot.'

'Oh, thine is a good trade!'

Then came the third.

'Good-evening, mother.'

'Welcome, my son.'

'What art thou broidering there?' and so on, not to make a long story of it.

'What trade dost thou follow?'

'I can go to the Devil's den, and throw his one shoe to the West, and the other to the East!' The fourth—'I can take a child from its mother's breast without her knowledge.' The fifth—'I can strike my staff on the ground, and mountains and cliffs arise which not even the Thrice-Accursed can pass over.' The sixth—'I can strike with my staff and a glass tower will spring up with all of us on the top of it.' The seventh—'I can shoot and strike the eagle and take the partridge out of its claws.'

'Well, my sons, take my blessing, and come with me

to the King, for the Devil has taken all the Princesses, and the two he has killed, but the one he keeps alive; but let us go and try to save her.'

Then she went and told the King, and told him that each of her sons could do such and such business. Said the King,

'Let them come here.'

She took her sons and led them to the King. The King and Queen said to them,

'My sons, do you see and rescue the Princess, and all my goods are yours.'

Then they took some money, and set off immediately, because there was no time to lose; and they promised that they would either come back with the Princess, or not at all. Then they went out of the city, and went beyond it some way, and when they were come into the fields, they said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who puttest thine ear to the ground and hearest all that happens in the habitable world?'

'Here I am,' said he.

'Put down thine ear, and let us see where is the voice of the Devil.'

He puts down his ear, and says, 'Towards the north I hear a sound, and there must be the Devil's cavern.'

'Where art thou, O brother, who blowest like a tempest, and fliest like a chariot?'

'Here I am!' He threw himself down, and all the others fell upon him, and they flew to the place whence the sound came. When they were arrived near the spot, they said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who puttest thine ear to the ground, and hearest what is happening?'

'*Ná*, here is the cave, but we must go softly, softly, to see if he is asleep.'

Then said he who threw the shoes to the East and the West, 'Let me go and see if he is asleep, and I will throw his shoes away, and then he cannot walk.'

He went into the cave and saw him sleeping; he seized his shoes and threw them the one to the East and the other to the West. The Princess was sleeping by his side, and he had the nipple of her breast in his mouth, so that she might not run away. Then said he,

'Where art thou, O brother, who takest the child from its mother's breast, and she knows nothing of it?'

Said he, 'Here I am!' He had some cotton, and he made it like the nipple of a breast, and put it into the Devil's mouth, and seized the Princess, and said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who blowest like a tempest and fleest like a chariot?'

Said he, 'Here I am!'

They all fell upon him, and he flew like a chariot.

'Where art thou, O brother, who puttest thine ear to the ground and hearest all that is going on?'

Said he, 'Here I am!'

'Put thine ear down, and listen if perchance thou hear a sound.'

'The Devil has found it out, and is after us!' said he.

'Where art thou, O brother, who strikest with thy staff and mountains and cliffs and torrents come forth?'

'Here I am!' said he.

'Strike with thy staff!'

He struck with his staff, and there came out mountains and cliffs and torrents. And the Devil would have caught them, but while he went to fetch his shoes and returned they made some headway; but again he

was overtaking them. When they looked and saw him, they said,

'Where art thou, O brother, who strikest with thy stick and a glass tower arises?'

'Here I am!' said he. *Tap*, he strikes with his staff, and they find themselves high up, and the Devil below raged, and cried to the Princess,

'Come out to the little window, and let me see thee once more, and I will go away!'

She leant out once to spit at him, but he became an eagle, and seized her, and flew off.

'Where art thou, O brother, who shootest and killest the eagle, and takest the partridge from his claws?'

'Here I am,' says he, and without losing time he immediately lets fly his arrow, and kills the eagle and takes the Princess from him.

When they had taken her, they led her to her parents. When they saw her they began at once to weep and to wail. When they were quieted a little, the King said to the youths,

'What do you wish me to give you in return for the favour which you have done me?'

Said one, 'I wish you to give me the Princess to wife, because I found out the place [where she was].'

'But if I had not flown like a chariot, how would you have gone to the cave?' said another.

'But if I had not taken her out of the Devil's mouth, how should we have carried her off?' said another.

'But if I had not struck with my stick and brought up mountains and cliffs, the Devil would have caught us again!'

'And with all that, if I had not,' said another, 'struck with my staff, and brought up a glass tower, again the Devil would have caught us and killed us!'

The youngest jumps up and says, 'All that is done with, but if I had not killed the eagle which stole the partridge, how should we have the Princess here?'

Then up jumped the King, and said, 'The youngest is right.'

Then they began to quarrel among themselves. Then said the King,

'But thus I lost her! and having her I lose her! Cut her then into seven pieces, and take each one a piece!'

Then the youngest turned and said,

'No, my King, we will none of us wed her, but may you live long and be happy, and we will go about our business!'

Then the Queen gave them each a ring in remembrance; the King gave them much money, so that they might live contentedly all their lives; and the Princess kissed them all on their foreheads. So the King and the Queen and the Princess lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA.[26]

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., p. 309.)

ONCE upon a time, my lady, there was an old woman who had three daughters. Well [the two eldest], because the mother loved the youngest best, were jealous, and sought some pretext for killing their mother. They agreed to go up on a high terrace with their mother, and take their spindles, and that whoever should first let her thread break they would eat. Of course the mother being old and feeble, her thread would be sure to break. So they took their spindles and went up to the terrace. The poor old woman, her hands were weak, and she broke her thread once.

'Ah, dear mother mine,' said they, 'we will eat thee!'

Then says she to them, '*Aï*, my daughters, forgive me this time, and if it breaks again, eat me.'

Then they began again, and let down their spindles, and again her thread broke.

'Ah, dear mother mine,' they cry, 'we will eat thee!'

'*Aï*, my daughters, forgive me also this time, and if it breaks a third time, then eat me!'

So they began again, and let down their spindles, and again hers broke.

'*Aï*, we can't let you off again, we shall eat you!' And they took their poor mother and began to make ready to kill her. When she saw that they were really going to kill her, she called her youngest daughter, and said to her,

'Come, my daughter, and let me counsel thee! Take

my blessing,' she said, 'for they are about to kill and eat me; all the bones that fall do thou gather and put them in a jar, and keep them with care. Watch them and smoke them [with incense][a] for forty days and nights and go not forth from the chamber where they are; and on the fortieth day,' she said, 'open it [the jar], and see what they have become.'

'Gladly,' she replied, and began to weep for her mother.

'Don't weep, my daughter,' said she, 'for what can you do now that your sisters are determined?'

They seized and slew their mother, and set to and cooked her, and began to eat.

'Come, girl, and eat thou too; thou wilt see what good food it is—our mother.'

'No, my girl, God does not permit me to eat of my mother!' and she gathered up the bones wherever she found them, and placed them in a jar without being observed. When they had finished eating and were satisfied, they rose. What did she do now? She took and lighted a great fire and sat day and night to watch them, and smoked them day and night.

Then her sisters began to say to her, 'Get up, Cinderella, put on your clothes, and let us go out!'

'No—(O my mother!)—you have eaten our mother, and I have no wish to go out, do you go.' So they busked themselves, and went out; but she did not go, but sat close to the fire to watch the bones.

When the forty days and forty nights were fulfilled that she smoked them, she let them [her sisters] go out one day, and opened the jar. She looked in, and what did she see?—the bones had become all gold and diamonds!

[a] Legrand translates this: 'Tu les fera sécher à la fumeé.' Comparison with the following story and with other Greek variants seems to show that fumigating with incense is meant.

There was a wedding being held, and they invited her sisters to go, and they began [to call] 'Get up, you Cinderella, and let us go to a wedding!'

'No—(O mother dear!)—I will not go; if you will go, go; I will not go to the wedding.'

So they went to the wedding. When they were gone, she opened the jar, and she made her choice, and took out the best of the silks and the gold and the diamonds, and adorned herself. Then she too went out to the wedding. When they saw her at the wedding, they were at a loss to know who she was or where to find a [fitting] seat for her. When she found that it was time to go home, she rose, took leave, and returned. A Prince seeing her so splendidly dressed, ran after her. So as not to be recognised, she began to run, and as she was running, one of the boots she wore came off, and she did not stop to look for it. The Prince stooped and picked it up. Then, my lady, he sent for a pedlar-woman[a] and gave it to her so that she might go round about with it, and let the King know whom it fitted. She went round to all the houses but found no one whom it fitted. At last she comes to hers [Cinderalla's]. Her sisters try it on; it does not fit them; Cinderella tries it on, and it fits her—neither too large nor too small. Then she [the pedlar-woman] went and told the King, and he began to make preparations for marrying her. Well, when he had married her, she took two or three persons from the palace and went [to her old] home, opened the jar and began to empty it. When her sisters saw that, they were struck dumb. Where could she have found such

[a] Πουλάτραν = πουλήτρα = πωλήτρια, a woman who goes from house to house with small articles for sale on commission, a female broker. M. Legrand has, however, rendered this word *servante*.

treasures as there were in the jar? When they asked her where she found them, she replied,

'They are my mother's bones with her blessing!'

Well, then she gave what they wanted to the one and to the other, and took the rest back with her to the palace, and lived happily. And we left them there, and came here.

SADDLESLUT.

Zagora.

(Ἑλλην. Φιλ. Σύλ. Vol. XIV., p. 256.)

There was once a mother with three daughters, and they went to spin on the terrace, and the mother's spindle fell twice, and they said, 'We will excuse her.' It fell again, and they made a cow of her and slew her. And when they were killing her, she said to Kálo, the youngest,

'Don't you eat, but bury my bones in the barn, and burn incense over them every evening; and at Easter uncover them.'

The other two, Stamáto and Máro, put her under the packsaddle, and called her 'Saddleslut.' When Easter came round, the two went to church, and Saddleslut unburied the bones and found a thousand and two treasures. Then she also adorned herself and went to church, and threw down coins, and fled, and went and sat on the packsaddle. The others came home, and said to her,

'A lady came and scattered gold, and you, to your loss, were not there.'

They rang the bells again on Easter Monday, and the two others went. She, too, adorned herself, put on her gown, and threw money, and the people picked it up. As she was running away, she dropped her slipper, and the Prince found it and said,

'Whosoever it is, her will I take to wife.'

So they all went, and for one it was too long, and for another too wide.

Bring the Saddleslut too,' said the Prince.

They looked, and it was exactly the measure of her foot, and he took her for his wife. She swaddled her baby, and the Prince went away. The others became deaconesses, and they went to the house and said to her,

'Open, lady, and give us alms!'

And she said to them, 'My mother-in-law is not at home, she has gone to the mill.'

'Open, noble lady!'

So she opened to them. And as soon as they saw her they said '*Ouï!* how lousy your head is!'

And she said, 'My mother-in-law loused it for me.'

'*Ouï!* my child! bend and let us louse it for you!'

And they stuck a sacking-needle into her head, and buried her under the sweepings, and Máro sat in her place. Her mother-in-law came from the mill and called her.

'Come, my daughter, and let us unload! Why are you thus?' asked her mother-in-law.

'On account of my illness, and such a bad baby as it is!'

A bird came out from the sweepings and perched in the stable, and sang, '*Kirlíou, líou, líou!* Sweetly sleeps my lord, sweetly my mother-in-law, and my child more sweetly still, and the *skýla*, my sister, may she never have her fill of sleep.'

'Kill it—the horrid thing, kill the wretch!'

'What harm has it done thee then, my dear, hear you not how it sings?'

Presently the husband comes home with his gun, he fires at and kills it; and it falls down in a corner of the stable. But three drops of blood fell in the courtyard, and there sprang up an apple-tree, and in a year's time it bore apples. The husband and the mother-in-law went near and it bent down to them. The child went,

and it bent down to the ground. Her sister went, and it raised itself higher and higher.

'Cut down the wretched thing!'

'What has it done to thee, my girl?'

As the Prince cut it down there passed by an old woman and said to him, 'Give me an apple for myself.' And he gave her one, and inside it was his wife, the Saddleslut.[28] The old woman took it and put it in her box. She came out of it, and swept and did all the household work for the old woman. The old woman came home and wondered who had done her work. One day she finds the Prince and says to him,

'Come, and I will give you a sweetmeat, and a good apple from your apple-tree.'

'Have you still, mother, the apple which I gave you?'

'I have, my son.'

The Prince went. The old woman went to open [the box], and was taken by surprise. 'How did you come here?' she asked, and she [the girl] told her all the story. The old woman set filberts before the Prince. 'The apple,' she said, 'I found all rotten and worthless.' The old woman took Kálo's ring and showed it to him.

'Where did you get that betrothal ring, mother?' asked the Prince.

'Come, and I will show you, my son.'

'How did you come here, I say?' asked the Prince. She told him all the story. 'So and so did that *skýla*, my sister.'

The Prince took her by the hand, and they go to Máro. 'What is this, I say, then?' The Prince seizes her and makes a thousand pieces of her and sends them to the mill,

'Grind, grind for me, my mill, grind now this wicked
woman's head,
And make of it the fine flour black, make it the meal so
red;
That come here may the scribes, and they it for their
ink may take;
That come here may the beauties all rouge for their
cheeks to make.'

THE SUGAR-MAN.[29]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 289.)

THERE was once a King and a Queen, and they had a very beautiful daughter; but she did not wish to marry, she only wanted to make with her own hands a husband of sugar. So she bought sugar, and sat by herself, and pounded and sifted it, and would let no one else touch it. She kneaded it well, and fashioned a very handsome man to suit her fancy, locked herself up in her room, and began to pray to God and burn tapers that He would give it speech and a soul, and make it a man. Forty days and nights she prayed to God, and at the end of the forty days it began to take the colour of a man and to speak. The maiden then ran to her parents and told them that the Sugar-Man was alive, and [asked them] to send out the invitations that the wedding might take place. As soon as people learnt that the Sugar-Man spoke and that the wedding was to be held, they all hastened to see him, because he was a very handsome and sweet man. Then music, and drums, and great rejoicings, the wedding took place, and they lived happily.

Through all the kingdoms it was known that a Sugar Image had become human, and alive, and that he had taken such and such a Princess to wife. Another Princess heard all about it, and fell in love with him without having seen him, and was like to die. She said, 'Either I must have him for my husband, or I must die!'

Her parents said to her, 'How can you have him

now that he is married?' She would not listen to them, but shut herself up in her chamber without eating, or drinking, or sleeping; they doubted if she would live to take a husband. The doctors gave her up. You may imagine the grief of her parents, for they were old, and had no other child. The King then resolved to call a Council, and he summoned all the grandees of his kingdom to see what could be done, as there was evidently no hope from the doctors. One of the councillors of the King advised him to take a ship and travel, and take with him rich gifts, and go to the Sugar-Man and invite him to a feast on board the ship, and as they were eating, to weigh the anchor and take him and sail away. They all approved of his advice. No time was lost; the next day the ship was fitted out; they took the presents and left, and went to seek the Sugar-Man. At last they arrived there, the ship was anchored, the messengers disembarked with the presents, and went to the palace. They presented the gifts to the Sugar-Man, and they also invited both the royalties to a feast on the ship, so that they might suspect nothing. Then the old King replied and said, 'I am an old man, but let my son-in-law come.'

The Sugar-Man went and asked his wife if she would allow him to go to the ship to dine. She did not wish him to go. She hung on his neck, and said, 'I will not let thee go!'

But her parents said, 'This will not do; as they have brought so many gifts he must go and dine, and come back again.' And so he was allowed to go, but not to stay long. So he went. But when he had gone on board the ship, and they were eating, they weighed anchor, and sailed swiftly away. At table they began to tell various stories, and the Sugar-Man listened to

them with great pleasure. Finally when the feast and the stories were ended, he rose to return to the palace, and was taking leave, when they said to him,

'It is impossible for you to go, my Prince; we will take you to see our King, and bring you back again immediately.'

He began to scream, and to weep, and wanted to throw himself into the sea. They said to him,

'Have a little patience, and don't make yourself ill, and to-morrow we will bring you back.'

At last the ship arrived, and anchored, and they came and announced to the King that they had brought the Sugar-Man. I leave you to imagine the joy of the Princess when she heard that they had brought the Sugar-Man! But he fell ill with grief, and the Princess comforted him.

'Get well, and I myself will take you back to your wife!'

One way and another she beguiled him, and pacified him, and he began to like her, and after a short time took her for his wife.

Let us leave them now to enjoy themselves, and let us go to the Sugar-Man's wife. She, poor thing, stood at the window watching for his return, when all at once she saw the ship sail away. Then she began her cries and tears, and said to her parents,

'I will go and seek him, it is impossible for me to live without him!'

Her parents tried to comfort her, and said, '*Bré*, my good girl, stay here, and we will send people to find him.'

But she would listen to no one. She took with her some money, and three suits of golden clothes; one was the sky with the stars, the second the fields with their

flowers, the third the sea with its golden fishes. She dressed herself like a Nun, gathered up her hair, and threw over her head a cowl; took up her wallet with the dresses in it, her bundle, and her staff, and told her parents not to grieve, for she would in a very short time return with the Sugar-Man. One favour only she would ask of them—to give her a ship at her orders. Then they gave her a ship, she embraced her parents, kissed them, wept, and so went away. She began to sail from place to place, came on shore, and was asking here and there to learn about her husband, when all at once at a certain place, she saw a great many people gathered together, and asked,

'What is all this crowd about, what is happening?'

'We have here,' they replied, 'the Sugar-Man for King, and it is a year to-day since he married our Princess, and they are going to the church to pray God that they may live happily.'

Then she went and stood in a place where she could see him pass by with his other wife. Then without loss of time she hurried back to the ship, and took the dress with the sky and the stars, put it in her wallet, and bade them have everything in readiness to depart if necessary, and went on shore. She went to the palace, and begged them to take her in, as she had nowhere to stay, and she would do any work they gave her, because she was a stranger and knew no one in that place. They said,

'Wait till the Queen comes, we have no authority; she may take you in, but we cannot.'

While they spoke, they saw them all returning to the palace, because the ceremony was over. Then she stood in a corner in the palace and saw the Queen. When the Queen saw her, she said,

'What do you want here?'

'I came here, because I am a stranger, a Nun, that you might take me in, and any work you give me I will do.'

Said she, 'We have no place for you, but since you are a stranger, I will take you in, and give you some work.'

So she set her to tend the geese. Some time passed, and one evening she took out and put on a dress, the sky with the stars. A servant saw her.

'What dress is that?—is it yours?'

'*Bá!* mine it is.'

'What would you like the Queen to give you for it?'

'I don't want anything; but if the King is so handsome, let her allow me to sleep one night [with him] and I will give it to her.'

Then the servant went upstairs to the Queen, and said to her,

'*Ach!* Queen! The Nun we took in has a lovely dress—the sky with the stars!—and if she will give it to you to wear you will be so beautiful that the King will love you much more than he does now.'

'And what dress is that which will make me so beautiful?'

'But it is one thing for me to speak of it, and another to see it! You have no such gown as that!'

'Eh! go and ask her if she will sell it, and I will buy it for what she wants.'

'I did ask her, but she doesn't want to sell it; she said, "I am going to the convent and don't want money."'

'Eh then, what does she want me to give her, if she doesn't want money? What can she do with it, as she is a Nun?'

'Do you know what she wants? She said "to sleep one night in the King's chamber, because he is so handsome."'

'*Bá!* how can that be? I will go and ask my nurse and see what she will say, and whatever she tells me I will do.'

She went to her nurse and said,

'It is this—there is a Nun and she has a costly dress, and will not let me have it. I offered her money, but she doesn't want it, but wants to sleep a night with the King who is so handsome.'

'*Bá!* what kind of Nun is she to want to sleep a night with the King! Nun, indeed!' Then her nurse said, 'We will put a potion in the King's wine, and put him to bed, and when he is asleep we will tell her to go and watch him, and sit near him all night.'

So it happened that at the end of supper she put in the potion, and he fell asleep immediately. Then she bade the slaves carry him to bed, and they called the Nun, and said to her,

'Go up to the King's chamber!'

When she was left alone with the Sugar Man, she began to tell him all her sorrows, she raised him up, and said again and again,

'Don't you remember how I made thee a man, and gave thee life, and now I am like to die for thee, I who came here and am become a servant only to see thee?'

He said nothing, and made no reply, because they had given him the potion and he heard nothing, like a dead man. God brought the dawn of day, and she went down and gave the dress to the Queen. The next day she put on the golden dress, the field with its flowers. The same little slave saw her again, and said,

'*Bá!* what dress is this, it is more beautiful than the

first; wilt thou give this too to the Queen? What canst thou do with it?'

'*Bá!* I will give it to her, if she will let me sleep again with the King, I will give it to her!'

Then she went to the Queen and said to her,

'You have no idea, my Queen, what a magnificent dress that Nun is wearing again! I told her to give it to you, and she said, "Let her allow me to sleep once more with the King, and I will give it to her."'

The Queen laughed. 'Let her come again in the evening and I will give him to her!'

Then again at table, she threw a potion into his last cup; he slept again; the slaves carried him to bed; they told her to go; then she wept more bitterly and said,

'Wilt thou not arise whom I made a man from sugar, and wilt thou not arise when I tell thee my sorrows?' And many things she said to him, and beat her breast until morning, but he made no answer. Then she in despair went downstairs to her chamber, and gave her second dress. There remained to her no other hope than [the dress with] the sea and the golden fishes in which the fishes' eyes were all of diamond-stones.

The King was very fond of the Vizier's son, and he slept in a room which was near the King's, and heard all the cries which she uttered, and her weeping. In the morning when he got up, he said to the King,

'My King, my longlived one, I have something to tell you, but let us go out to a distance, for here we may be overheard.'

So he took him, and they went out, and away to a distance, and he said,

'Two days ago there came a maiden—for her voice is very sweet—and said to you, "Wilt thou not awake,

my Sugar-Man? hearest thou me not? dost thou not pity me who have suffered so much for thy sake before I made thee a man, and now I beat the seas and the dry land only to see thee; and now that I have found thee thou wilt not speak to me—dost thou not pity me?" and a great deal more she said, and wept. So sad was her voice that I too wept in my chamber!'

Then the King, astonished, said, 'How did I not hear it?—was I dead?'

'No, my King, only they throw into your wine a potion, and you sleep heavily, and don't hear. But do you know what you must do? Don't drink wine at table, but place a sponge on your chest, and spill it, and don't drink it, and at the end of dinner pretend to sleep and don't move at all, and feign not to hear anything.'

The King thanked him and said, 'Henceforward thou shalt be my brother, and not Vizier.'

Then they went away each one to his chamber.

The Nun put on her other dress, the sea with the fishes, and again the slave saw her.

'*Bá!*' said she, 'what is this dress again? Ah! ah! ah! This *is* a beauty!'

'I have no more. If the Queen will give me the King to sleep with once more, I will give her this too.'

Then the slave went to the Queen, and said, 'Ah! ah! ah! you have no idea, my Queen, how beautiful a dress the Nun is wearing! that gown has the sea with the little golden fishes, and the fishes' eyes are all diamonds!'

'*Bá!* where in the world did she get them?'

'They were her mother's, and she said that she has no more to give. If she sleeps to-night with the King, afterwards she will give it to you, and go away.'

Then said the Queen, 'Well, tell her to come in the evening; she must be foolish, or she would understand that he sleeps.'

Then she went to the Nun, and told her to get ready in the evening to sleep with the King, and give them the gown, and good luck go with her. Then, as his custom was, he went to dine, and they put a potion in the wine. He pretended to drink, but poured it into his bosom where the sponge was, and afterwards he feigned to want [to sleep] and fell down. Then said the Queen,

'Take him now and carry him up to his chamber, and tell the Nun to go and gaze upon him.'

The King heard all, but said nothing. So in a little time she went upstairs, and began saying that it was the last evening that she would see him, and that she must lose sight of him and go, and how that her sorrowing parents awaited her, and that she would throw herself into the sea because she could not live without him. And much more she said, so that he began to weep and started up, and said to her,

'Who canst thou be but my wife, my beloved one!'

They began to tell their sorrows to each other, and agreed to flee away on the following day. The Princess said to him, 'I have a ship on the sea with a yellow sail; I will go on board, and you must find means to come, and we will flee away.'

Then she told him to pretend to be asleep, and she would go down to her chamber. She arose in the morning, went down to her chamber, put on her rags, gave the sea with the golden fishes, and arose and went on board the ship, and unfurled the yellow sail, and waited for him. The King got up in the morning and took care to see his friend, the Vizier's son, and said to him,

'She who beat herself and wept was my wife who formed me from sugar, and prayed to God and He made me a man, and gave me life and speech; and I shall now find means to flee, and, if thou wilt, thou shalt come with me.'

Said he, 'I cannot come now, for there is my father, and they would slay him; but in time I may be able to come and join thee.'

Then he bade him farewell, and told him where his kingdom was, and arose and went away. Before the Queen was up in the morning, he went and found his wife in the ship, which had the sails ready set, and the sailed away.

Let us now leave the Princess to weep and to seek everywhere for him, and let us come to the Sugar-Man and his wife. The ship arrived at their country. They saw the palace draped with black, because the Princess had been six months away, and they thought she was lost. I leave you to imagine the joy which her return caused throughout all the kingdom! There was again a great ceremony, and the old King arose and said to him,

'My son, thou shalt rule over the kingdom, for I am grown old, and I want to be quiet, I cannot rule any longer.'

And so they made the Sugar-Man King; and he sat on the throne and ruled the kingdom with great wisdom and justice. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE STORY OF THE SOOTHSAYER; OR, THE CUP, THE KNIFE, AND THE FLUTE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLÁRIOS, II., p. 340.)

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman, and she had a son who was a Soothsayer, and he could also play a little on the fiddle. One day he was asked to go to play at a wedding, but he was unwilling. His mother advised him to go, as he might earn some five or six *ryália* to buy flour with. Still he did not want to go. But after a time he consented, and told his mother to make him seven cakes and put them in his wallet. His mother thought seven too many, and she said, 'Seven cakes must I make thee, my son?'

'Yes, seven cakes,' he replied.

The old woman made the cakes her son asked for. He saddled his donkey, hung the saddle-bags with the cakes inside over the saddle, mounted, took his fiddle, and set off to attend the wedding at the village where he had been asked to go.

Well, as he was going, he felt hungry, and ate one of the cakes; when he had gone a little further, he ate another; and, one by one, he ate the six and only one was left.

'I'll see,' said he, 'if the village is in sight, and, if it is, I'll eat the other.'

He shaded his eyes with his hands, and fancied he saw a village. So he threw himself off his donkey, sat down cross-legged, and ate the other cake. Then he slowly mounted again, and took the road to the village.

He came to a place where two roads met, and there, look you, he lost his own way and took another. Presently he came to a big cave and there dismounted. This cave was the den of a great Dhrako. Inside was a table, and a carpet spread on the table. 'We have found our ease,' said the Soothsayer as he sat down. 'If I had but some bread, how well off I should be,' he added, and he searched for some. God brought the night, and after a little while he hears a sound like a roaring.

'Holy Virgin mine, what mischief is this?' said the Soothsayer, and hid himself quickly under the table. The Dhrako came into the cave, and he was dead-beat. He sat a little while, and then took hold of his Cup and said,

'My Cup, my silver Cup, bring me fifty kinds of food to eat, for I am hungry.'

The Cup brought forth dishes, and its master ate.

'Bring me water besides,' and the Cup brought, and he drank who was thirsty. When the Dhrako had eaten, he put the Cup in a corner, and lay down, and went to sleep. In the morning the Dhrako got up, and was lost in the distance. The Soothsayer, who had not slept all night from fright, comes out from under the table and seizes the Cup.

'This is a good business,' says he, and orders the Cup to produce food to eat. When he had eaten and was satisfied, he asked for water. 'I'll go back now,' then said the Soothsayer, 'for my fortune is made.'

On the road he met a Dervish, and hailed him.

'Good day, Father Dervish!'

The Dervish begged a bit of bread.

'Sit down, Father Dervish,' said the Soothsayer, 'and let us eat what God will let fall.'

The Dervish sat down cross-legged, and the Soothsayer took out the Cup from his bosom and said, 'My Cup, my silver Cup, bring food that I may eat with my friend the Dervish!'

The Cup brought forth food, and the Soothsayer and the Dervish ate. When they had eaten, he asked for water, and the Cup brought forth water, and they drank.

'That's a fine thing,' said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to swop it against his Jack-knife.[30]

'And what good will your Jack-knife be to me?' said the Soothsayer to the Dervish.

'Whenever you bid it, it goes and kills,' said the Dervish. 'If you like, try it on that herd.'

'Let us see,' said the Soothsayer.

Then the Dervish said, 'Jack-knife mine, kill all that herd which I see.'

The Jack-knife immediately, with one above and one below, killed all the herd. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Knife, and swopped with the Dervish, and gave him his Cup. When he had gone some distance along the road with the Dervish, the Soothsayer got hungry.

'Give us some food with your Cup,' said he to the Dervish.

'What do I owe thee?' asked the Dervish. 'If thou wantest food, give me back my Jack-knife, and I will give thee to eat.'

'Dost thou owe me nought?' said the Soothsayer to him, and then he bids his Jack-knife kill the Dervish. The Jack-knife immediately kills the Dervish, and the Soothsayer seized his Cup, and went off.

On the road as he was going, he met another Dervish.

'Good-day, Father Dervish!' said the Soothsayer to him.

'Welcome, my friend,' replied the Dervish, 'have you a bit of bread to give me?'

'Sit down, Father Dervish, for God has.'

The Dervish sat down, and the Soothsayer got off his donkey, and took the Cup out of his bosom.

'Cup, silver Cup of mine, bring forth fifty kinds of food, that I may eat with my friend the Dervish,' said the Soothsayer; and the Cup brought forth food. When they had well eaten, they asked for water; and the Cup brought forth water, and they drank.

'That's a fine thing,' said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to exchange it for his Turban.

'And of what use is your Turban?' asked the Soothsayer of the Dervish.

'Whoever wears it becomes invisible,' said the Dervish, and immediately he had put it on he became invisible. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Turban, and he swopped with the Dervish; he took the Turban, and gave the Cup.

When they had gone some distance, the Soothsayer got hungry.

'Tell your Cup to bring forth food to eat,' said he to the Dervish.

'What do I owe thee?' asked the Dervish. 'If thou wantest food, give me the Turban, and I will give thee to eat.'

'Owest thou me nothing?' said the Soothsayer, and with that he took out the Jack-knife.

'Jack-knife mine, Jack-knife mine, kill the Dervish!'

The Jack-knife immediately killed the Dervish, and the Soothsayer took his Cup and went on his way.

After going a little distance he met another Dervish.

'Good-day, Father Dervish,' said he.

'Welcome, my friend,' replied the Dervish, 'have you a bit of bread to give me?'

'Sit down, Father Dervish,' said the Soothsayer, 'for God has!'

The Dervish sat down cross-legged, and the Soothsayer took out his Cup from his bosom.

'Cup, my silver Cup,' said he, 'bring forth thirty kinds of food for me to eat with my friend the Dervish!'

The Cup brought forth food, and they ate. When they had eaten, the Soothsayer asked for water, and the Cup brought it forth and they drank.

'That's a fine thing!' said the Dervish to himself, and he proposed to the Soothsayer to exchange it against his Reed-flute.

'And of what use is your Reed-flute?' asked the Soothsayer.

'When it is played the dead come to life,' said the Dervish, 'and, if you like, we will make proof of it on the donkey.'

The Soothsayer slew the donkey, the Dervish played on the Flute, and the ass came to life again. The Soothsayer took a fancy to the Flute, and swopped with the Dervish. When he had gone some little way with the Dervish, the Soothsayer got hungry, and said to his friend, 'Tell your Cup to bring forth food that we may eat.'

'And what do I owe thee?' asked the Dervish. 'Give me my Flute, and I will give thee to eat.'

'Owest thou me nought?' replied the Soothsayer angrily, and takes out his Jack-knife. 'Jack-knife mine, Jack-knife mine, kill the Dervish!' said he, and the Dervish became immediately a headless body; the

Jack-knife had killed him. The Soothsayer seized the Cup and made off.

Not to make a long story of it, the Soothsayer reached home. The sun had set. When the Soothsayer's mother saw him dismount, 'Welcome!' cried she. 'Hast thou taken a little money at the wedding?'

'I did not go to the wedding,' replied the Soothsayer.

'Take my curse!' cried his mother. 'To-night we must go supperless to bed.'

'Have no anxiety about that,' says he, 'for our supper is ready.'

His mother was astonished to hear him talk thus, and feared that her son's mind was giving way. When the Soothsayer was a little rested after his journey, he called his mother and placed her by his side, and then took out the Cup from his bosom, and said, 'Cup, silver Cup of mine, bring forth fifty kinds of food, that I may eat with my mother!'

The Cup did as its master bade it, and he ate and drank with his mother. This happened every day, and the old woman found herself at ease.

After a very little time, the fame of the Cup reached the ears of the King, and he commanded the Soothsayer to come to his palace. When his mother heard of it, she forbade him to take the Cup. 'They will take it from thee,' she said, 'and we shall lose our bread!'

He paid no attention, but took the Cup with him. The King received the Soothsayer well, and asked him about the Cup. He did not deny that he had such a thing, and showed it to him. Then the King commanded them to bring a table, and set the Soothsayer down to eat and drink. When he had eaten and drunk,

the Soothsayer got tipsy, and felt sleepy. When the King saw that he was tipsy, he went and said to him, 'Let us exchange thy Cup against my wooden mug?'

'I will not exchange,' replied the Soothsayer, though he was tipsy. Afterwards he went to sleep where he sat, and the King commanded his slaves, and they took the Soothsayer home on a horse, and kept his Cup and gave him another.

In the morning the Soothsayer got up still a little the worse for liquor. He took a fancy to drink a glass of lemonade, and said to the Cup, 'Cup, silver Cup of mine, give me a glass of lemonade to drink!'

The Cup [did] nothing.

'Bring me a cup of coffee!'

The Cup [did] nothing.

Then his mother cries, 'Did I not tell thee not to take the Cup to the King, or he would take it from thee?—and thou would'st not heed me. Alas, he has taken it!'

'Never mind, mother,' said he, 'for I will go and bring it back!'

So the Soothsayer set out, and went to the King, to ask him for the Cup. The King's servants and the guards who kept the palace drove him away. Then he took out his Jack-knife and said to it, 'My Jack-knife, my Jack-knife, kill all these [men].' The Jack-knife, one up and the other down, slew the guards and the servants. Then he went before the King, and said, 'Give me my Cup, or I will tell the Jack-knife to kill you too!'

Then the King was frightened, and he showed the Soothsayer the cupboard where his Cup was, and the Soothsayer took it. Then he said to the King, 'What

will you give me if I bring all these dead men to life again!'

'I will give thee a million *ryália*,' replied the King.

Then the Soothsayer played the Flute in the ears of one of them, and he got up.

'Bring me the money,' said the Soothsayer, 'and I will raise them all!'

'What dost thou want with money,' asked the King, 'when thou art so clever? I will give thee my daughter, and thou shalt be my son-in-law.'

The Soothsayer received the King's offer with joy; and he married the King's daughter, and they made a wedding [feast] of forty days and nights. And I left them there, and arrived here safely![a]

[a] An incident in which the Turban of Invisibility figures has evidently been omitted by the narrator.

THE WAND.[31]

Syra.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελ. Παραμύθια*, p. 230.)

Long ago, in the olden time, each of the islands [of the Archipelago] formed a separate kingdom. The King of Naxos had an only daughter, the like of whom for beauty was not to be found anywhere. Well, all the Kings wanted to marry her, and so her father reflected and said, 'If I give her to the King of Paros, the Kings of Tinos, of Ios, of Mykonos, and all the other Kings will make war against me.'

So he called the Twelve to give him their counsel. And the Twelve counselled that the Princess should pretend to be dumb, and that the *pallikar* who could make her speak in three days should have her to wife; but, if he failed, he should lose his head at the end of the three days.

Well, there went the sons of Kings, and the sons of Princes, and every three days the King took one of their heads, until at last he built three towers, and filled them with the heads of *pallikars*.

Let us now leave these folks and come to Syra, where there lived an old woman who had an orphan grandson, and she tramped, and went out to work, and begged even, in order to bring him up. And when he was grown he came to her and said, '*Lalá*, I will go and make the Princess speak.'

'*Bré!* my dear child, knowest thou not that there have gone the sons of Kings and of Princes, and none of them has been able to make her speak; and wilt

thou go and lose thy life?—thou who I thought would soon begin to earn some bread for me?'

Still the boy wished to go all the same.

Then the old woman said, 'Go and say good-bye to thy great-aunt, my sister, for she is a wise woman, and doubtless she will advise thee well.'

Then he goes to his great-aunt, and says, '*Yiayià*, give me thy hand that I may kiss it, for I am going [to try] to make the Princess speak, and perhaps she will not, and the King will take my head.'

Then began the great-aunt to say, '*Bré*, my dear child, why not stay at home where thou art my sister's only care!' But when she saw that her words had no weight with him, she said, 'Here, take this Switch, and when thou hast propped it up, speak to it, and it will answer thee.'

Then he took ship and went to Naxos, and presented himself, as we say, to the police, and asked permission to make the Princess speak. Then said the chief man among them, or as we say, the police officer, 'Seest thou those towers? Those towers are filled with the heads of Kings' sons and Princes' sons; one only is lacking for them to be full.'

'Let mine be that head!' cried the youth in reply, and they gave him permission.

When the sun had set, he entered the palace, and the guards watched outside. Then he began to say,

'Good evening, my Princess!' But this time she didn't even turn to look at him! '*Ach*, my Princess, is it not a pity for me who have a widow for mother, and have abandoned her for your sake alone, and yet you will not even turn to look at me!' And with many words he passed the night, but without making her speak to him. Then the morning dawned, and they opened the doors, and he went away.

On the following evening he goes, and begins, 'Good evening, my Princess!—"*At a deaf door knock as long as you will!*"' and then he began to pray, and to sigh—'*Ach*, my Princess, will you not have pity on my comeliness? Will you not pity my case?'

He went on in this way till midnight was past, and day dawned. They opened the doors and the youth went away.

The third evening he went in great despair, and began to cry still louder,

'*Achoú!* my Princess, I don't want you to speak to me, but only to turn and look at me. I have left my kindred, my life is ebbing away for your sake!'

Then he suddenly recollected the advice of his great-aunt. So he took hold of the Switch that she had given him, and going to the door, propped it up, and said, 'Eh, door, the Princess won't speak to me, perhaps you will?'

'What can I tell you? I who was a tree on the mountain, and they cut me down and sawed me asunder and made me into planks; they took me to the carpenter who planed me, and made me into a door—"Shut"! "Open"! that they may see the Princess, and so they eat my life away!'

'O Princess, even thy door speaks to me, and thou wilt not!'

Then he goes towards the great candlestick, and leans the Switch against it.

'Candlestick, the Princess will not speak to me. Wilt thou speak to me?'

'But what can I tell thee?—I who was earth in the mountain, and they made me silver, and took me to the smith. Now it is *rub, rub*, to make me shine, and so my life wears away!'

The early dawn was now come, and the youth began to be frightened. He went on tiptoe up to the Princess, and leaned the Switch against her head without her being aware of it. Then said he to the Princess, 'O my Princess, thy door and thy candlestick have spoken to me, and wilt thou not speak?'

Then the Princess turns towards him and says, 'Enough! Art thou not weary of talking?'[a]

Then he said to the Princess, 'I will say that thou hast not spoken to me, for thy father is able to destroy both me and thee, for, seest thou, many Kings' sons and Princes' sons were destroyed unjustly because thou wouldst speak to none of them.'

Then he left her, and the day broke. The guards went and questioned him, and he told them that she had not spoken, and immediately they laid hold of him and led him to the King. The King sent and called the Twelve, and the youth thus addressed them:

'*Archontes!* In my native place there happened an incident. A Parson, a Tailor, and a Carpenter, set out on a journey together. In the desert where darkness overtook them was a dwelling. They went to pass the night in it, and said that they would keep watch in turn for four hours each. The first watch fell to the Carpenter. What does he do to frighten the Tailor? He took and made a wooden man, put him opposite the house, woke the Tailor, and lay down himself. After a little time had passed, the Tailor saw the man, and going up to him, he understood that the Carpenter had done it to frighten him. So he took and put a fez on him, and breeches and a jacket; and he left him

[a] A passage is evidently here omitted. The Wand leant against the Princess's head speaks, and she thinks she has herself spoken unawares. (See *Annotations*, No. 31.)

and went in and wakened the Parson. The *Papa* lighted his candle, and took his papers and began to read. As he was reading, he passed the door, saw the man, and was terribly frightened. He fell on his knees to the Deity and prayed fervently. Then God commanded the wooden image and made it speak, and it became a man like ourselves, and they took him and brought him to the town. Then they went to the Judge, and the Carpenter asked that he might have him because he had made him; and the Tailor because he had dressed him; and the Parson because he had made him speak. Then I left without hearing the decision. And so I pray you to tell me to whom should he belong?—to the Carpenter who made him, or to the Tailor who clothed him, or to the Parson who made him speak?'

Then the Twelve with the King decided that the Carpenter should be paid for his trouble, and the Tailor for his clothes, and that the Parson should have the man. When the Twelve and the King had thus ruled, the youth said, 'Then the Princess belongs to me—(he was poor, but he was cheeky!)—who have made her speak!'

Then there was an end to the King's decree, and they could not kill him. And they brought out the Princess and crowned[a] her. And then there were wedding feasts and carousals and great rejoicings! And they fetched his grandmother; and, instead of the beans she used to eat, she now ate partridges.

[a] *I.e.*, married.

THE NEGRO; OR, THE RED WATER.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 321.)

THERE was once a poor woman, and she had a very idle son. She told him to go and do some work to help her, but not he. One day she was going to bake, and sweep the house, and she wanted wood to heat the oven. She said to him,

'Won't you go, my boy, and bring me a stick or two, instead of my going to the mountain who am ready to drop?'

'I won't go.'

'But how am I to heat the oven?'

'Don't heat the oven.'

'But what shall we do with the loaves?'

'We will eat them unbaked.'

The unfortunate woman saw that it was useless, so she took the rope and went to the mountain for wood. She got her wood on the mountain, threw it over her shoulder, and came back. As she was coming back, she was weary; she saw a well with a high parapet round it. She rested her burden on the parapet, and said,

'*Ach! Alí!*'[a]

Then she saw a Negro jump out of the well. His one lip touched the earth, and his other the heavens. He said to her,

'What wantest thou, mother, that thou callest me?'

'I did not call you, *Affendi!*'

[a] An expression of dismay or sorrow. See vol. i., *Annotations*, No. 23.

'How, thou didst not call me! Thou saidst "Alí!" and my name is Alí!'

'*Aï!* may you live long! I knew not that you were in the well.'

'Where art thou going now, mother?'

'Home, *Affendi*.'

'Dost live alone at home, mother?'

'No, *Affendi*, I have a son.'

'What work does thy son do?'

'None, *Affendi*, he is a do-nothing. I did all I could to make him go for wood, and he wouldn't go.'

'Wilt bring him here, mother, and I will teach him trades, and give as much money as thou wilt?'

'But I am afraid to bring him here for fear you might eat him!'

'I swear to thee, mother, that I don't eat men.'

He goes down, takes a handful of sequins and gives them to her, and says to her,

'Take these sequins, mother, and go home and bring me thy son here, and whenever thou wantest him come to the well and call "Alí!" and he will jump out and thou wilt see him. Go now home and bring him to me. Don't fail to bring him, for I can destroy both thee and thy son; and when thou bringest him, I will give thee more money.'

Then the poor woman took the sticks and went with a sad heart and weeping to her home. Her son saw her and said,

'What is the matter, mother, why art crying?'

'What is the matter, my boy? A misfortune befell me by the way. Let me now heat the oven, and bake the bread, and afterwards I will tell thee about it.'

She heated the oven, baked the bread, and took it out. But before she had time to tell him anything,

there came an earthquake and shook all the house. Then she remembered the words the Negro had spoken, that he could destroy both her and her son, if her son did not come. She said to her boy,

'It is true! Just now as I came back with the wood I saw a Negro, and he said that if I had a son, and I was willing, to take him there, and he need do no work, only sit and take care of the house. If you like, my boy, you can go there, and get money.'

'I will go,' he said, 'why shouldn't I?'

She took her son and went hastily to the well, and called,

'Alí!'

'*Houp!*' The Negro jumped out. 'Is this your son, mother?'

'This is he, *Affendi.*'

He patted him, and said, 'Stay, and come with me to my house; thou wilt be all alone, I shall be away all day.'

He gave more money to his mother, and she rose and went away.

The Negro took the lad, and they went below. There was a fine palace with a courtyard, very splendid. He said,

'*Aï!* here thou wilt sit all day, and eat and drink, and take care of the house.' Then the Negro said, 'Thou must remain in the courtyard, and not go into the garden, for the flowers will tell me of it, and I shall drive thee out.'

'Very well,' said the boy; but when the Negro was gone he began to walk about all over the palace.

As he was passing through the garden there looked out a beautiful maiden. She called to him,

'Gather thy clothes about thee that the Negro may

not see [the traces of] them, and know of it; and come here and I will speak to thee.'

The boy came under the window.

'How came you here, my boy? The Negro does not eat men, but if he does not find food, and comes home hungry, he will sprinkle some Water over thee and tell thee to shake thyself and become a hare. Thou must pretend not to know how to shake thyself, sway thy hands and shoulders about, but do not shake thyself. He will give thee other Water, and say, "Shake thyself and become a lamb!" but don't shake thyself. He will give thee many kinds of Water; but still do not shake thyself. Then the Negro will come to me, and I will tell him to give thee the best Water there is here. That Water has the power to make thee become what thou wilt—bird, or fly, or canary-bird, whatever thou takest into thy head. He will say, "Drink it, and become a kid!" But do thou say within thyself, "I shake myself and become a pigeon!" When thou hast become a pigeon, fly; and when thou art come up out of the well, do as God may enlighten thee. Go now and mop, and sweep, and when he comes, don't tell him that thou hast been here. And if God grant that thou escape, think of me, and deliver me too, whom the Negro took away from my parents.'

Some little time passed, and when he had finished his work, he lay down in the shade. *Ná!* there comes the Negro, weary and fasting.

'What art thou doing?' asked the Negro.

'What should I be doing? I have swept the house and am sitting.'

'Get up!' said he. 'Drink this Water, and shake thyself and become a hare; I will teach thee many tricks.'

He swung himself about, and pretended that he couldn't shake himself.

'*Bré!* curse thee! There, drink this, and become a lamb!'

The same thing happened again. He gave him two other kinds of Water, but he did not shake himself. The Negro sweated with impatience. He rose and went to the Princess, who lived in the other house in the garden.

'*Ba!* Welcome!' said the Princess; 'you are somewhat put out, what is the matter?'

'What is the matter? I have been a long way and am come back hungry, and I told him to become a hare, and he doesn't know how; to shake himself, and he doesn't know how.'

'*Aï!* why don't you give him Water to become something else?'

'I gave him of all, but to no purpose!'

'Give him some of the Water which we have here, the Red, which if he drinks and shakes himself, he will become something to eat.'

'But if he drinks of this Water, he will know more than I!'

'Pooh! How should he know anything? He will become anything you tell him!'

'*Aï!* let me give it to him.'

He takes a little glass and puts in it some of the Red Water, and goes and gives it to him. He says to him,

'Here, drink this, and become a deer!'

The lad drinks it, but says within himself, 'I will become a pigeon.' He shakes himself, and off he goes out of the well. The Negro loses no time, he shakes himself and becomes an eagle and pursues the pigeon.

In front the pigeon, behind the eagle—he has nearly caught it. As he was about to seize it, it flies into a bath. It shakes itself, and from a pigeon becomes a fly, and hides in the key in the bosom of the bath-keeper. The eagle shakes himself and becomes a fine gentleman in his fur pelisse, and says,

'Will you sell this bath?'

'*Aï!* if we get much money for it, we will sell it.'

They struck a bargain, and he asked for the keys of the bath. As the bath-keeper took out the keys, the fly flew out—buzz! and went here and there. The gentleman lost no time in becoming a flycatcher-bird and pursued the fly. In front, the fly; behind, the fly-catcher—he had nearly caught it. When it saw itself closely pressed, the fly looked this way and that, and saw a Princess sitting at a window. The fly shook itself, and became a beautiful carnation, and fell on the Princess's frame as she was embroidering. The Princess took the carnation and put it in her bosom. The Negro shook himself and became a venerable old Turk in his fur pelisse, and he went into the palace to find the King. Said he,

'Your Mightiness, my mother gave me a carnation, and as I had it before me and was looking at it, a golden magpie passed by and took it and threw it on the Princess's embroidery frame. So I pray you to command that it be given to me.'

Then he among the carnation-leaves changed himself into a handsome youth, and said to the Princess,

'For God's sake, don't give me to him who will ask for me, for I am a Prince, and he is my enemy, and because we both are learned in magic he seeks to devour me so that he alone may be left.' And he shook himself and became a carnation again. Just as

he had become a carnation, they began to knock at the Princess's door.

'Who is there?' said she.

'It is I,' said one of the servants; 'your papa has sent me that you may give me the carnation which fell on your lap while you embroidered.'

'*Bá!*' said she, 'there are carnations outside, give him a bunch.'

The servant plucked a few and took them downstairs. The Agha took and smelt one, smelt another, and another.

'What shall I say, my long-lived King? not one of these which you have brought me smells like my carnation. For it had with it my mother's blessing, and smelt different.'[a]

Then the King was angry, and said, 'Tell the Princess to give it at once, or I will come myself upstairs and give it to the stranger.'

Then the nursemaid ran up to the Princess and said to her, '*Po-po!* my Princess, the King is angry! Give me the carnation at once, for he says he will come himself and take it!'

Then the Princess tearfully took out the carnation and gave it to her maid. The Princess's maid took it and brought it to the King. As he was about to give it to the Agha, the carnation gave itself a shake and became millet spilt on the ground. The Agha lost no time, but became a hen and chickens, and began to eat the grain. The millet gave itself a shake, and became

[a] Compare—

'And thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.'

BEN JONSON, *To Celia.*

a fox, and ate the hen and chickens. The King gave *himself* a shake, and jumped on his sofa, and shouted '*Allah! Allah! Allah! HALLAH!*' The fox gave himself a shake, and became a handsome Prince, and said,

'My long-lived King, don't start, don't be frightened! I am a Prince, and my mother was a Nereid, and taught me many magical tricks. The man you saw was my servant and stole my Book of Enchantment,[32] and sought to destroy me and take my possessions; but you see how he who would harm another does himself harm!'

Then said the King to him, 'I rejoice greatly, my boy, that thou hast slain thine enemy; if thou art willing, I will make thee my son.'

But he said, 'I have some business to finish; if you will give me eight days' grace I will give you my answer.'

Then he shook himself and became a pigeon, and as he flew he saw from afar his mother at the well. He gave himself a shake and became a man as he was at first, and said to her,

'Mother! What are you doing here?'

'*Ná!* my son, I have brought back the sequins to the Negro to take thee again, my boy, for I cannot do without thee.'

'Now, mother, Negro there is none. We have become rich! But go home now and have no anxiety about me, and I will come and tell you all about it presently.'

The mother went away; he became an eagle and descended the well, and went to the Princess and told her all he had gone through, and said that he would take her home to her parents, or marry her, as she pleased.

She begged him to take her home to her parents, as she was betrothed. He gave her some diamonds; she also drank some of the Red Water and became a pigeon, and he conducted her to her parents. Afterwards he went to the King, and said that he would take his daughter to wife. The King was very glad to have such a son-in-law. And they had music, and drums, and great rejoicings; the palace was illuminated, and so was all the city. He took the Princess for his wife, and became the richest King there was in any country. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE PRINCE WHO WAS CHANGED INTO A SNAKE.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, II., No. 7.)

SCARLET thread, spun with the wheel,
Wound on twirling, giddy reel,
Like the dancers turn and spin,[a]
And let me my tale begin;
But first, my worthy Company,
I wish you all good e'en!

This is the beginning of the story—good-evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a merchant, and he traded all the way to Pagtátin, as the saying is. He had twelve ships in which he sailed about, and he had three daughters. When this merchant's wife died, and his daughters were left orphans, year by year he grew poorer and poorer; he lost his ships, and the unfortunate man fell so low that he had hardly bread to eat, and was so needy that he was obliged to sell all his property, and nothing remained to him but his big farm. Then the poor merchant made up his mind to tell his daughters that they must live on the farm and look after it. Two of his daughters, the eldest and the second one, refused to go; but the youngest, who was good-natured and would not displease him, said,

'Papa mine, I will go and live there!'

So the youngest daughter bestirred herself, and dug

[a] A game played by children in Cyprus is here alluded to.

and raked like a gardener, and got up early in the morning, and gathered the produce, and her father took it every morning to the market to sell it. (This is a story, so I will be brief.) Thus they continued every morning to gather the produce and sell it until twelve years had passed away.

In the twelfth year there returned three of his ships. Then his daughters, the eldest and the middle one, begged their father to bring them a gown each. The father, pleased with the youngest, asked her what she would like. She answered her father,

'I want nothing, papa, but to see you released from your poverty.'

When her father pressed her to say what she would like, she replied,

'I want nothing, papa, but a rose. They sell them now in sievesful, and I want you to bring me a choice rose.'

Well, at last the merchant mounted his horse, and went and landed his goods. In twelve days, from the time his poverty had come to an end, he had finished; but he had found no rose. Again he mounted his horse and set off to his farm. As he went, God commanded such a rain to fall as had never been known before. What was the poor man to do? He pulled his cape up over his head and crouched down on his horse's saddle; and presently the beast came to a doorway and stood out of the rain. The man raised his cape, saw the doorway, and praised God that he had found a shelter from the downpour. Then he went and found a manger, to which he tied his beast, and afterwards he went in and found a chamber and sat down on the divan, and coffee came, and sweets, and a chibouk, without his seeing anyone. Then the

rain stopped, and the merchant arose, and went from chamber to chamber to seek the host, and thank him. When he could find no one, he was going to fetch his beast to go home, when he saw a rose-bush which had three blossoms on one branch, and he stretched out his hand and plucked them. Immediately there appeared before him a Snake, who said to him,

'Ah! thankless man, after the kindness I have shown thee in saving thee from death! Canst thou not see a rose or two without desiring and plucking them?'

The merchant answered and said, 'I looked through the chambers to find the host, and say a "Thank you" to him, but could not find him.'

'Listen to me,' said the Snake. 'Thou hast three daughters, thou must bring me the youngest. Think not to thyself that I am only a Snake, and shall not come and find thee.'

The merchant asked how long he would wait—what could the poor man say?—and he gave him forty days. The merchant mounted his horse and went about his business.

When at last he got to his house, his daughters gathered around him and got their gowns, but his youngest daughter stood sadly by. Her father said to her, 'Come here, my girl, here are the roses thou didst ask of me,' and he began to weep.

When his daughter saw him weep, she asked, 'What is the matter, papa, that thou weepest?'

Then her father began and told her all about it. Her sisters began to reproach her and to point their fingers at her,[a] 'Wretch, thou must have a rose, thou wantedst no gowns, so that the Snake might come and eat us!'

[a] The ancient gesture of contempt, still called, as in classic times, the φάσκελον.

Then the maiden, who was sensible, went to her father, and asked how many days' grace had been given.

Her father replied, 'He said forty days, my girl.'

Then she went to her chamber and took paper and ink, and wrote down the day; but the maiden troubled herself nothing at all about it, [though] her sisters reproached her night and day. Afterwards she went and opened the paper, and saw that there were but two days left. So she said to her father, 'Go and saddle the horse that we may go where I have been invited.'

'Shall I take thee, my daughter, to thy Charon, where the Snake will eat thee?'

'Arise,' she said, 'and let us go, for the Snake will not eat me if I do his bidding; what ill-will has he against me?'

Then the maiden arose and said 'Farewell' to her sisters, and went away. They came to the house; her father tied up his beast at the manger; they went into the chamber and sat on the divan; their coffee came and their sweets, without anyone being seen. In a very little while the Snake appeared before them, and asked,

'Hast thou done my bidding, and brought her?'

Then the merchant answered and said, 'I have brought her.'

Then the merchant arose and mounted, and went home, and the maiden stayed behind with the Snake. Her father fell ill with regret and grief, and took to his bed.

It became the Snake's custom, when the girl was eating bread, to lie down in her lap and ask her,

'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?'

The maiden said to him, 'I am afraid of thee!' And she was very sad because her father was long in coming to see her. When she was sitting with the table before

her, the table opened, and she saw a mirror, in which all the world was reflected, and she saw her father ill, and began to weep and to tear her hair. Then the Snake, who was in the garden, heard her cries and her breast-beatings, and he rushed to her and asked,

'What ails thee, my Rose?'

'See in the mirror,' she said to the Snake, 'how my father lies nigh unto death!'

Then the Snake said, 'Open the drawer of the table, and thou wilt find a ring. Put it on thy finger, and tell me,' he said, 'how many days thou wilt be absent.'

She replied, '[I will come] as soon as my father recovers.'

'I give thee thirty-one days' leave. If thou comest one day later, thou wilt find me dead upon some mound.'

The girl replied, 'Do thyself no harm—when my leave has expired, I will come to thee.'

Then the Snake said, 'Let supper be served, and do thou sup and I will counsel thee.' When the girl had eaten her supper, he said to her,

'Put the ring on thy tongue and thou wilt find thyself on the bed in thy chamber.'

The girl lay down on the mattress, and put the ring on her tongue, and she was in her own chamber. Her servants, in passing, heard her breathing, and went and told her sisters, 'Our mistress is in her chamber.'

The sisters hastened in and found her asleep, and they awoke her, and she got up. Then the maiden praised God when she found that she had come home to her father. When her father saw her, he began to ask her how it had happened, and what had become of the Snake. And she began to tell him what the Snake had said to her when she was eating bread, how he had

sat on her knees and said, 'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?' and how she had said, 'I am afraid of thee!' Then her father answered and said to her, 'My daughter, tell him that thou wilt take him, and we shall see.' Then the maiden resolved that she would say that. But her sisters advised her not to go back, so that he might die. The girl replied, 'How could I leave my Beast to die, who have received such help from him?'

She remained with her father for as many days as she had leave, and then she rose, saluted her sisters and her father, laid down on her bed, put the ring in her mouth, and went back to the Snake. When the Snake saw her, he said, 'Hast thou come, my Rose?'

When the coffee came for her to drink, the Snake lay down in her lap, and when he said, 'Wilt thou take me for thy husband?' the girl replied, 'I will take thee!'

His skin fell off, and he became a Prince, and the earth opened, and the whole world was seen within. Then the maiden began to ask him what manner of man he was, and how he had become a Snake. Then the Prince told her that he had loved an orphan, and she had laid him under a curse to become a Snake and never cast his skin until he should find a woman who would consent to marry him. Then he wrote a letter to tell his father-in-law and her sisters that she was going to be married. So her father came with her two sisters. But, as they dismounted in the porch, he turned them into two pillars. When their father and their sister saw it, they wept. But the Prince bade them not to weep, for, as they had deserved, so it had befallen them.

Then they were married, and he made his father-in-law his Vizier. And we will leave them well, and return and find them better—God be praised!

THE HALF-MAN.[32]

Epeiros.

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελ. Παραμ*, p. 21.)

There was once a woman who had no children, and one day she prayed to God—'O my God, give me a child, even if it be but half a one!'

Then God gave her half a child, with half a head, one foot, one hand, half a trunk, and half a nose. And as the boy was thus, she kept him in the house and did not send him either to school, or to do any work.

One day he said to her, '*Mána*, why don't you give me an axe, and a mule, to go and cut wood?'

His mother replied, 'What canst thou do, my child, Half-man that thou art, how canst thou cut wood?' But as he begged her very hard, she finally gave him an axe and a mule, and he went to cut wood and brought it home.

One day as he was going to the forest, he passed by the palace of the Princess. He was standing erect on his one leg on the mule, and when the Princess saw him, she laughed and called to her servants, 'Come and look at the Half-man!' And when they saw him they split their sides with laughing.

As he passed, he let his axe fall to the ground, and he stopped and asked himself, 'Shall I get down and pick it up, or not?' Finally he decided not to get down, but to leave the axe where it was.

Then the Princess said to her servants, 'Look at the Half-man! His axe fell down, and he won't dismount to pick it up!'

He goes on a little further, and then lets his cord fall, and again he says to himself, 'Shall I get down and pick up the cord, or shall I not?' He was unwilling to dismount, so he left the cord too.

Again the Princess said to her servants, 'Look at the Half-man! His cord has fallen, and he won't pick it up!'

So he came to the place where he was in the habit of cutting wood, and stood thinking how he should cut it without an axe. Close by was a lake, and as he stood thinking about the axe, he saw a Fish floating about in the lake; and he threw in a bait and caught it. When he drew it out, the Fish said to him, 'Let me go, and I will teach thee a trick which will give thee everything thou mayest wish for.'

[Then said the Half-man], 'Load the mule with wood, that I may know if thou sayest true.'

'*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish—may the mule be loaded with wood!*' said the Fish.[33]

Then the mule found itself laden with wood.

When the Half-man saw this, he asked the Fish to teach him that trick, and he would release it. Then said the Fish, 'Thou must say "*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish*," and whatever thou wilt shall happen, will happen.'

Then the Half-man let the Fish go, and took by the halter the mule laden with wood, and set off. And again he passed under the palace of the Princess. When the Princess saw him, she called to her maidens,

'Come quickly, and look at the Half-man who is coming back with his mule laden with wood though he had no axe!'

Then they laughed, and when the Half-man saw that they were laughing at him, he said to himself,

'*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish —may the Princess become pregnant.*' And that very minute the Princess became pregnant. When the time came a child was born without anyone knowing from whom she had it. Her father took and questioned her, and she answered,

'I know not, for no one has come near me. How this has come to me, I know not.'

When the child was grown, the King assembled together all the men of that city; and when they were come he gave the boy an apple, and said to him,

'Take this apple and go give it to thy father.'

As he sauntered about and played with the apple, it fell and rolled away. He ran after it and caught it in a corner. As he picked it up, he raised his head, and seeing the Half-man, said to him, 'Here, take this apple!'

When they heard the boy say this, they seized the Half-man, and led him before the King.

And the King said, 'As it is he who has done this thing, we must slay them all, the Half-man, the Princess, and the child.'

The *medjliss*[a] replied, 'What thou sayest is just, for the Princess is thy daughter. Only thou must make an iron barrel and put inside it the Half-man, the Princess, and the child, and give them but a chaplet[b] of figs for the child, that he may not die at once.'

These words pleased the King, and he gave orders for the barrel to be made; and they put all three of them into the barrel, and threw it into the sea.

As they were there in the barrel, the Princess said to the Half-man,

'I have never set eyes on thee!—Why have they thrown this shovel at us?'[34]

[a] Μιντσλήσι = *medjliss*, Council (Turkish).
[b] Dried figs threaded on a rush or straw.

Then said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and I will tell thee.'

The Princess gave him one of the figs which they had given to the boy, and the Half-man said,

'Don't you remember when I passed by your *serai*, one day, and you saw me and laughed because my axe and cord fell down?'

'I do remember,' replied the Princess.

'Then,' continued the Half-man, 'I know a word which I say, and whatever I will happens; and I said that word and thou didst become pregnant.'

Then said the Princess, 'If thou knowest such a word, and what thou willest happens, say now this word, that we come out of the barrel on the dry land.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and I will say it.'

Then the Princess gave him a fig, and the Half-man said to himself, '*The first word of God and the second word of the Fish!—let the barrel come on to the dry land, and break open, and let us come out.*'

This immediately happened; and when they were out, it came on to rain, and the Princess said to the Half-man, 'Say another word, that we may find a shelter and not get wet.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me another fig, and I will say it.'

The Princess gave him one, and he said the same thing. Immediately they found a shelter and sat under it. Again the Princess said,

'You have done that very well. But say yet another word, that a great house may be found of which the stones and the wood and everything else that is in it shall speak.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and then I will say it.'

The Princess gave him a fig, and the Half-man said to himself, '*The first word of God, and the second word of the Fish!—let a palace appear of which the wood and the stones and everything in it shall speak!*'[35] Immediately there appeared a palace every part of which could speak. And they went into it with all their possessions, and whatever they required the Half-man brought.

One day, the King was out hunting, and seeing the palace from afar off, he sent two servants and said to them, 'Here are two partridges, go and cook them in that palace and find out what palace it is, for I have never seen it before when I have been out hunting.'

Then the servants, when the King had said this, took the partridges and went to that palace; and when they came to the door, the door asked them, 'What do you want?'

They answered, 'The King has sent us to cook some partridges.'

Then said the door, 'I will ask my lady.' And it turned and spoke to the other doors within, and they to the others again, and so on from door to door till they had told their lady.

When the lady said, 'Let them come in!' all the doors opened of themselves, and the servants entered, and wondered when they heard the stones and the wood say, 'You are welcome!'

Then they went to the kitchen, and as one said to the other, 'Where shall we find wood?' the sticks replied, 'Here we are!'

Again, when one said to the other, 'We have no salt! We have no butter!' these cried out, 'Here we are!'

When they had taken of everything they wanted, they put the partridges down to the fire, and while they

were gazing at all the things that spoke, the partridges got burnt. Then they sat down to consider what they should say to the King about it, how they had burnt his partridges. What were they to do? Then they made up their minds to go to the King and tell him everything, all that they had seen. When the King heard them, he would not believe them, and sent other servants, and the same things happened to them. When the King heard these men tell the same story, he made up his mind to go alone and see for himself. And when he came before the door and hesitated, he heard the door say 'You are welcome!' Then he went in and all the stones and the wood cried, 'You are welcome!'

When the Princess heard that the King was coming, she came and watched him without being seen herself. And when he set about cooking the partridges the same thing happened to him as had happened to the others. Then the Princess said to the King,

'I beg you, King, to condescend to sup in our humble house.'

The King replied that he would be very pleased, and would stay. Then the Princess went to fetch the Half-man, who was hidden away from the King, and said to him,

'I have bidden the King to supper in our house. Say now a word that a table may come with all its dishes and its servants, and with singers and dancers—everything that is befitting.'

The Half-man replied, 'Give me a fig, and then I will say it.'

So she gave him the fig, and the Half-man said as he had said before, and there appeared a table with everything that was befitting. And when the Princess

and the King had sat down and had eaten and drunk, the minstrels began to sing, and sang so well that the King was amazed and said,

'I, a King, have never heard such singing in *my* palace!'

Then the dancers began to dance, and again the King was amazed and said to the Princess,

'I, a King, have not the like of such things in *my* palace. And I beg you to tell me how did *you* get them?'

The Princess replied that her father had left them to her as a legacy. Then she went to the Half-man and said to him,

'Yet another thing thou must do for me. Say a word that a spoon may go into the King's boot.'

Said the Half-man, 'Give me a fig, and I will say it.'

She gave him a fig and he said as he had said before, and a spoon went into the King's boot.

When they had eaten and drunk, he rose to leave. But the Princess said to him,

'Wait a moment, for it seems to me that something is missing.'

'No,' replied the King, 'we are not of that sort.'

Then the Princess cried,

'Pots! are you all here?'

'All!' they replied.

'Pans! are you all here?'

'All!' they replied.

'You, spoons?'

But the spoon which was in the King's boot said,

'As for me, I am in the King's boot!'

Then said the Princess to the King,

'I received you in my house, and set for you a table and so many other things, and you take my spoon?'

Then the King replied that that was unjust, and that someone else had put it in his boot.

'And so it was with me,' said the Princess, 'unjustly thou didst put me in the barrel with the Half-man, without my ever having seen him, and there within is the Half-man.'

Then the King sat long without understanding. Afterwards the Princess brought the Half-man before the King, and he told him all that he had done. The King marvelled at that word of the Half-man. And his daughter he married to a Vizier, and the Half-man made chief slave-warder, and married him to one of his slaves.

THE GREEK PRIEST AND THE TURKISH WITCH.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 352.)

In the time of the Turkish rule, a Priest of Athens wooed a young woman whom he afterwards deserted, and married another. She, in order to revenge herself, threw spells upon the Priest's wife, and said that she would cause her not to see the next year. And of a truth the beautiful *Papadhiá* not only grew thinner every day, but became paralysed, and her body was bent round like a ringcake, so that her face touched her knees. The Priest began with his blessings and readings; but when he saw that they were of no avail, he betook him to a Turkish Witch in the hope of finding some remedy; for he now understood that his wife's illness was caused by sorcery. But the Witch, when she had made a thousand and two [exorcisms] and found that they availed nothing, told the Priest that she who had cast the spells was more powerful than herself, and she advised him to go to Chalchis, and there to seek for and bring another Turkish woman. So the Priest went to Chalchis, and returned with that same old Witch-wife. When they arrived at Athens it was still daylight, and they waited a little while outside so as to enter by night into the city.

When the Witch saw the *Papadhiá*, she said that she would make her well that same night. She swept the hearth, told the Priest to give her three pearls, and to light on the hearth three great torches and one small lantern. And she told him not to be afraid whatever he might see, and whatever he might hear, but to hold

the lantern and, when it went out, to light it at one of the torches, but to take care, however, not to take twice from the same torch, but always to take them in turn. Then she let down her hair, and spread it over her shoulders, and began to walk round the room, playing with the pearls in her palm, and repeating her exorcisms in a low voice, while the Priest followed behind her. Then a great whirlwind arose, and one of the walls fell in; but she, quite undisturbed, descended to the courtyard, and there, as she walked round it, the pearls fell from her hand. Then she immediately bade the Priest search with his lantern and find the middle pearl. When he had found it, the old Witch-wife dug at that spot and turned up a tin box. In that box they found a gold embroidered slipper which the *Papadhiá* had lost on her wedding day. This slipper was nailed with a great nail. They found besides in the box a bit of dry soap which had stuck into it a great many large needles, a little wisp of hair entangled in a thousand knots, and a lock. Then they went up with the box into the chamber, and there the Witch first took out the nail from the slipper, disentangled the hair, and, one by one, drew out the large needles. As she drew out the last, the sick *Papadhiá* sighed as if a great burden were lifted from off her, and sat up in the bed. Afterwards the Witch gave the lock to the Priest and told him that they had locked up the womb of his wife so that she could not bear children, and that he must find means to open the lock, but be careful not to break it. The Priest consequently set to work to try and open it, but could not manage to do so; and after a couple of years he threw it into the sea, and so remained childless. The Witch would take no money for her trouble, but asked only for an *oka* of coffee, an *oka* of sugar, and a rushlight.

THE STORY OF A VAMPIRE.[a]

Crete.

(PASHLEY, II., p. 226, *note.*)

A LONG time ago there came out a Vampire in the village of Kallikráti in the district of Sphakiá, and no one knew what man he was, or whence he came. This Vampire destroyed many children and grown-up people, and he made great havoc both in that village and in many others. They had buried him at [the church of] St. George at Kallikráti, and in his time he had been a man of note, and they had built an arch over his grave. Now there was a shepherd who was his *Synteknos*;[b] and the Shepherd was pasturing his flocks close by the church, when it began to rain, and he went into the tomb for shelter from the shower. Afterwards he made up his mind to sleep there and remain the night; so he took off his arms, and placed them crosswise above his pillow (and people say that this was why the *Katakhnás* was not permitted to come out). So, during the night, when he wanted to go forth again, and destroy men, he said to the shepherd,

'Get out of this, *Syntekně*, for I have some business to see to.'

The shepherd made no answer, neither the first time, nor the second, nor the third; for by this he knew that he was a *Katakhnás*, and that it was he who had been

[a] See vol. i., 'Annotations' No. 7.

[b] That is, was his child's godfather. This relationship is considered in the Greek Church as complete a bar to marriage as the closest consanguinity.

working all the mischief. Accordingly he said to him when he spoke a fourth time,

'I shall not rise hence, for I fear, *Synteknë*, that there is an evil odour about thee, and that thou mayest work me mischief, and I am afraid. But, if thou wilt that I arise, swear to me, "*by thy winding-sheet*,"[a] that thou wilt not meddle with me, and I will get up.'

He would not say it at first, but said something else. Afterwards, when his *Synteknos* would not let him get up, he swore as he wished. Then he arose and took his arms and put them outside the tomb. And he (the *Katakhnás*) came forth, and greeted him, and said to him,

'I say, *Synteknë*, don't go away, but remain here; I have some business to see to, but in an hour I will come back, for I have something to say to you.'

So he waited for him. Then the *Katakhnás* went some ten miles distance where there was a newly-married couple, and he destroyed them, and returned, and his *Synteknos* saw that he was carrying liver, and that his hands were all dripping with blood; and as he carried it he blew into it as a butcher does, to make the liver larger. And he showed him that it was cooked as if it had been done over the fire. And with that he said,

'Let us sit down, *Synteknë*, and eat.'

He pretended to eat, but ate only dry bread, and did not eat of it, but put it into his bosom. Presently the time came for them to separate, and he said to him,

'*Synteknë*, speak not of what thou hast seen, or my twenty nails will be fastened in thyself and thy children.'

The shepherd, however, lost no time, but gave notice

[a] A vampire considers no other oath binding.

of the matter to the Priest and to other persons, and they went and found him in the tomb, and all understood that it was he who had done all that evil. So the men gathered a quantity of wood, and placed him upon it, and burnt him. His *Synteknos* was not then present, but when he was half-burnt he came up, too, to enjoy the sight; and the *Katakhnás* threw out as it were a single speck of blood which fell on his foot, and it wasted away as if roasted by fire. On that account they sifted the ashes, and finding the little finger nail of the *Katakhnás* unconsumed, they burnt that too.

SECTION (III.)

TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SUPERNALIST IDEAS.

THE STORY OF SAINT DEMETRA AND HER DAUGHTER.[36]

Elevsis.

(LENORMANT, *Monographie, etc.*, I., p. 399, *note.*)

SAINT DEMETRA was an old woman from Athens, good and charitable. She spent all that she had in feeding the poor. She had a daughter of incomparable beauty —since the time of Mistress 'Phrodítë (*Κυρὰ Φροδίτη*) no such beauty had ever been seen. A Turkish Agha of the neighbourhood of Souli, who was very wicked and deeply skilled in magic, perceived her one day when she was combing her hair, which was the colour of gold and reached to her feet, and he fell madly in love with her. Finding an opportunity of speaking to her, he tried to gain her love, but she was as virtuous as she was beautiful, and repulsed all his advances. He accordingly resolved to carry her off, and place her in his harem. So, one Christmas Night, while Demetra was at church, the Agha burst open the house-door, seized the maiden, who was alone, and in spite of her cries of distress, he placed her before him on his horse,

and rode off with her. This horse was a wonderful animal. He was black, fire issued from his nostrils, and with one bound he could spring from East to West. In a few moments he had carried the ravisher and his victim into the mountains of Epeiros.

When the aged Demetra returned from church and found the house broken into and her daughter carried off, her distress knew no bounds. She asked the neighbours if they knew what had become of her daughter; but they dared not give her any information, for they feared the Turks and their vengeance. She questioned the Tree which grew in front of the house, but the Tree could tell her nothing. She questioned the Sun, but the Sun could tell her nothing. She questioned the Moon and Stars, but nothing could she learn from them. At last the Stork which had his nest on the roof of her house said to her,

'For many years we have lived together. You are old and so am I. Listen. You have always been kind to me; you have never disturbed my nest, and once you helped me to drive away the bird of prey which sought to steal my young ones. In return I will tell you what I know about the fate of your daughter. She has been taken away by a Turk mounted on a black horse, which has carried her to the West. Come, I will go with thee, and we will seek her together.'

Demetra set out, accompanied by the Stork. It was winter, and cold, and the mountains were covered with snow. The poor old woman was frozen and could hardly walk. She asked of all she met if they had seen her daughter, but they either laughed at her or made no reply. Every door was shut so as not to receive her, for men are cruel to misery. She wept and lamented. Still she managed to travel on as far

as Lepsina.[a] Arrived there, however, she fell down by the roadside overcome with fatigue. There she would have died had there not chanced to pass by the wife of the headman of the village, who was returning from her sheepfolds. Marigho, for that was the name of this woman, took pity on Demetra; she helped her to rise, and led her to her husband, who was named Nikóla. The headman was as compassionate as his wife; she was treated by both with the greatest kindness, and they did their best to tend and console her. In return for their hospitality, Saint Demetra blessed their fields and made them fruitful.

Nikóla, the headman, had a son who was handsome, strong, brave, and clever, and, in a word, the smartest *pallikar* in all the country-side. Seeing that Demetra was not able to continue her journey, he offered to go himself in search of the stolen maiden, asking only in return for her hand in marriage. This was agreed to, and he set out accompanied by the faithful Stork, which would not abandon the quest.

The young man walked for many days without finding anything. At last one night, when he was in a forest in the heart of the mountains, he saw in the distance a great and shining light. He went eagerly towards it, but the spot whence the light came was much further away than the darkness of the night had led him to imagine. He, however, finally reached it, and, to his great amazement, found forty Dhrakos lying on the ground and watching a great cauldron which was boiling on the fire. Without losing courage at this sight, he lifted the cauldron with one hand, lighted a torch at the fire, and replaced the pot on it. The

[a] The popular local term for Elevsis.

Dhrakos, astonished at his strength, surrounded him and said,

'Thou who hast been able to lift with one hand the cauldron which with our united strength we are hardly able to lift, thou only art capable of carrying off a maiden whom we have long been trying to get hold of, and which we are unable to do because of the great height of the tower where a Magician keeps her shut up.'

The son of the headman of Lepsina saw the impossibility of escaping from the hands of these monsters. Accompanied by the forty Dhrakos, he proceeded to the tower, and after having well examined it, he bade them give him a number of great nails, which he drove into the wall, making a sort of ladder, and which he drew out again as he ascended so that the Dhrakos might not follow him. Arrived at the top, where there was a little window through which he could just squeeze himself, he proposed to the Dhrakos to climb up as he had done, one after the other. They did so, so that he had time to kill the first who came up while the other was mounting and throw him down on the other side of the tower, where there was a great courtyard, a beautiful garden, and a splendid palace. Thus rid of his dangerous guards, he descended into the interior of the tower, and found there the daughter of Saint Demetra, whose beauty immediately excited in him the most ardent love.

He was on his knees before her when the Agha-magician entered. Beside himself with anger, he fell upon the youth, who received him courageously. The Agha was possessed of superhuman strength, but that of the son of Nikóla was not inferior. The Agha had the power of transforming himself as he pleased; he

became a lion, a serpent, a bird of prey, a flame, hoping in one of these forms to prevail against his adversary. But nothing could prevail against the intrepid *pallikar*. For three days the Agha and the youth of Lepsina fought unweariedly. On the first day the Agha seemed to be vanquished, but on the second he recovered ground, and at the end of it he slew his young adversary, and cut his corpse into four quarters, which he hung on the four sides of the tower. Then, elated by his victory, he forced the daughter of Demetra to yield to his desires, having hitherto respected her virginity. But during the night the Stork flew his fastest to a great distance to seek a magical herb[9] which he knew of, brought it in his beak, and rubbed the lips of the dead youth with it. Immediately the pieces of his body joined themselves together, and he came to life again. Great was his despair when he learnt what had happened after his defeat. But he only fell with greater fury on the Agha on the third day, to punish him for his crime. Once again he seemed on the point of defeat, when the happy idea occurred to him to invoke the aid of the *Panaghià* by vowing that, if he prevailed, he would become a monk in the monastery of Phaneroméni.[a] Her divine protection renewed his strength, and he succeeded in laying low his enemy. The Stork, which had helped him so well, then fell upon the prostrate Agha, pecked out his eyes, and plucked out with his beak a white hair which was visible in the black tuft with which his head was surmounted. On this hair depended the life of the Turkish Magician, who immediately expired.

Taking the girl with him, the conqueror of the Agha

[a] In the island of Salamis, opposite Elevsis.

returned with her to Lepsina at the time that the Spring was born and the flowers were beginning to appear in the fields. He went forthwith, as he had vowed, to shut himself up in the monastery. Saint Demetra, having regained her daughter, left with her. No one knew what became of them; but ever since, owing to the benediction of the Saint, the fields of Lepsina have always been fertile.

WHAT IS FATED MUST HAPPEN.

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 14.)

THERE was once a man who had no children. He prayed to the Saints, and after many years a little daughter was born to him. The father, full of joy, went out into the road to seek a godfather for her. He meets a man.

'Good-day, where are you going? What are you seeking?'

'A godfather to baptise my daughter.'

'I will baptise her.'

He takes him home, and gets things ready. Before the christening the godfather hears the Fates, and one says,

'Let it be written that she shall be eaten by wild beasts!'

The other says, 'No, but that she shall be burnt by fire!'

The third says, 'Wait. When she is an eighteen year old maiden, let her be drowned.' And so the three agreed.

The poor godfather was ready to burst, but he said nothing. He baptised the child, made the bond of godfatherhood with her, and went away. When the eighteenth year was drawing near, he went to his *synteknos*.[a]

'I would ask a favour of you.'

'Ask two!'

[a] See p. 168, note [b].

'Give me my godchild that I may have her with me for a year.'

Not to lose his friendship, he let her go. The godfather took her home to his town, and gave her a separate chamber where everything was ready to her hand, and water in the cup, so that she had no need to go to the well, for fear she might fall in, at least until the year had passed which had been written for her. One day, when the year had nearly expired, they went to her chamber to keep her company, and saw her plate full of water, and she was lying with her face in it, drowned. When her relations heard of it, they laid the blame on the godfather.

'But, my good Christians![a] it was written! For eighteen years you lived free from care, while I, from the day I baptised her, have been anxious.'

That which Fate has writ for me,
Can by none averted be!

[a] Καλὲ Χριστιανοὶ μ'! A common form of address among the Greek populace, who apply the term 'Christian' only to members of the Orthodox Church.

KING SLEEP.

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 326.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

There was once upon a time a King and a Queen, and they had a very handsome son, and they called him Sleep. This son did not wish to marry. Often the King and the Queen said to him, 'Do get married and have children!' but to no purpose, he would not marry. The Queen set spies to discover if perchance her son was in love with some one, and did not wish to tell her. She set two or three watchers to watch him, to see where he went, and what he did, and tell her. In the neighbourhood, a little way off, lived a very lovely girl, but she was poor. She had no relations, but was all alone in the world. At night when she sat up, she grew sleepy, and to drive away sleep she would say,

> 'Sleep, thou'rt come! and thou art welcome!
> Take the stool, and sit thou patient,
> While my spinning wheel I'm turning;
> While I twist and fill the spindle;
> Then will we lie down and slumber,
> In a tight embrace enfolded.'

This she said every evening when she was sleepy, to drive away her sleepiness. One evening there passed by the watchers whom the Queen had set, and they heard her say, 'Sleep, thou'rt come,' and the rest of it. They went and said to the Queen,

'My longlived Queen, over there lives a maiden, very beautiful, and of good reputation. We did not see the Prince go into her house, but every evening we hear her say,

'"Sleep, thou'rt come! and thou art welcome!
Take the stool, and sit thou patient,
While my spinning wheel I'm turning;
While I twist and fill the spindle;
Then will we lie down and slumber,
In a tight embrace enfolded."'

Said the Queen, 'At what hour did you hear that? You must take me that I may hear it.'

In the evening, at the appointed time, the watchers took the Queen, and they went outside the poor girl's window. She went near, the Queen did; the shutter was closed, but she heard within, 'Sleep, thou'rt come,' and the rest of it.

Said the Queen, 'It must surely be my son, for there is no one else in the kingdom called Sleep.' Then another day she said, '*Bá*, shall my son go and sit on a wooden stool?—I will send her a sofa and chairs!'

So she sent her a sofa, and chairs, and money, and they told her that the Queen sent her greetings.

Said she, 'The Queen? It must be a mistake!—To me, a poor girl?—It must be a mistake!'

There was an Old Woman out in the courtyard, and she said to her, 'Keep them now that they are sent to thee, it won't do to send them back again.'

So she sent her thanks, and when the Queen's people had gone, the Old Woman said,

'Listen to me, my child, and do whatever I bid thee, for thou hast no one greater than me to counsel thee.' (This Old Woman was the girl's Fate.) Some little time

passed, and the Queen again sent her presents. One day the Old Woman said to her, 'If the Queen comes here to see thee, tell her thou art going to have a child.'

'But how could I tell her such a thing!—I, a maiden, to say that I am going to have a child!'

'Listen to me who am speaking to thee,' said the Old Woman, 'and thou wilt not repent it.'

The Old Woman goes to a carpenter and orders a male child of wood, with hands, and feet. One day the Queen passed by, and went into the girl's house. She said,

'How art thou, my child, art thou well?'

'What shall I do,' she replied, 'for some months past I have not been well.'

Then the Queen understood, and sent her birds' milk to drink. Hard by there lived another poor woman who was going to have a baby. The time came, and her child was born. Then the Fate went and told the girl to take to her bed as if she were a lying-in woman, and by her side she put the wooden child, and covered it with a gold embroidered kerchief. The Fates went on the third night to decree the destiny of the neighbour's child, and this Fate wished also to go and settle its destiny. They also invited a Laughterless Fate, who never laughed, to take her with them. They said to her,

'Come, and let us go, and do thou also decree.'

It was many years since she had laughed, and that was why they called her 'The Laughterless Fate.' She arose, and they went first to the woman who had borne a child. They said that the poor woman's child should become a good man, and prosperous. The Laughterless Fate told him nothing, either good or bad. When they came out at the door, said the Old Woman,

'Let us go and destine here where another poor woman has had a child.' She had told the mock-mother whatever happened not to laugh at anything.

Then the Fates came in, the mock-mother heard their voices, but said nothing, and was silent. Said the Old Woman to the Laughterless Fate,

'Here thou must first decree,' and she raised the kerchief, and the Laughterless Fate saw the wooden child, and split her sides with laughing.

'*Ou!* it made me laugh, who for so many years have not laughed!'

'Since it is so many years since you laughed, and you laugh now, you ought to wish that he may become human.'

Then said the Laughterless Fate to him, 'I destine thee to become human, with blood, with flesh, with hair, as real children are.'

Said the second Fate, 'And I destine thee, and give thee speech, and knowledge, and brains.'

Said the third, the Old Woman, 'And I destine thee, my child, to become a king exactly the same as King Sleep, even a mole which he has on his cheek thou shalt have too; and when the Prince sees thee, thou shalt find thy way into his heart, and he shall love thee.'

The Fates arose, and went away. Then the child became alive, and began to cry—he wanted milk. Then said the girl,

'What shall I do? I am ashamed before the world.' The Fate came back (her own), and took him and got him nursed, and brought him back to his mother. In the morning the *Moira* took him, and carried him straight to the Queen, and said,

'Your daughter has been delivered, and has borne

this child; he is the image of your son, Sleep. See! he has even a mole on the cheek!'

The Queen took it from her arms, and carried it in to her son. She said to him,

'My son, have done now with deceit; thou art lucky at last, and long mayst thou live! Let us bring my daughter-in-law too—*aï!* what matter?—she is poor, but honest, and she shall be Queen!'

Said he, 'What sayest thou, mother? I don't understand a bit.'

'Come, now, have done with that now; we will send and fetch her here; she must not stay in that little house.'

Then said he, 'I will go and see what it is all about; where did she see me, and where did I see her?'

The Fate took him, and said, 'Come, let us go, I know the house.'

As they went along the road she fated him to love her [the girl]. The Prince went in, the maiden was seated spinning. When the Prince saw her, she started to her feet, she knew not who it was. She said,

'Who are you, and what do you seek that you have come here?'

'What! Thou knowest me not? Thou sayest that thou hast had a child by me, and thou knowest me not?'

Then she sat down and told him all the story, and how at even, when she was falling asleep, she said,

> '"Sleep, thou'rt come! and thou art welcome!
> Take the stool, and sit thou patient,
> While the spinning wheel I'm turning;
> While I twist and fill the spindle."

'Now, my King, thou canst do what thou wilt. I

knew nothing of what was going on; the Queen sent me things, and I could not send them back.'

He did not speak, but sat still. Then said the Old Woman,

'I will tell thee something, my son. I am thy Fate and hers, and I did all this, and made the child of wood, and the Laughterless Fate destined it, and it became a man; for I saw that thou hadst no mind to marry, and that thy kingdom would perish, and now thy kingdom is saved. Only wed her, my son, she is a good and honest girl, and you will live happy and fortunate.'

He took a carriage for the Fate and himself and the maiden, so that they might go to the palace. When the carriage stopped, the Prince got out, and gave his hand to help out first the Old Woman, and afterwards the maiden, but the Old Woman had vanished. Then he understood that she was really a Fate; and so he took the girl by the hand, and led her upstairs to his mother. There were music, and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding took place, and they took a nurse for the child, and lived happy and prosperous. And we happier!

THE GOOD FATE.[37]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 637.)

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen, and she had an only son. The Queen was very wicked and ill-tempered, as we shall presently see. But though the Queen was so wicked and ill-tempered, the Prince was as good and kind as he could be. At home the Queen was like a wild beast, or a Lamia, and was always on the look-out to devour them with her words. The Prince, not knowing what else to do, so as not to hear all the scolding that went on, went often out hunting. On one of the many occasions that he went a-hunting, he was sitting on a rock to rest when he heard voices behind the rock. He strained his ears to hear what they said. Said one,

'My dear, the Prince is out hunting.'

'Indeed; when is he going to marry?' said another.

Said the third (for they were three girls who were speaking), 'If the King would marry me, I would become his slave, or anything he liked.'

Said the second, 'But if he married me, I would come and go, and bid him welcome when he came home from hunting, and take his gun from his hands, and say, "Art thou weary, my long-lived King?" and even if he were to bid me throw myself into the well, I would do it to please him.'

Said the third, 'If he married me, I would bear him three princes who would shine like the sun. The one would have golden hair, the second golden ankles, and the third a golden star on his forehead.'

'But if thou shouldst not bear those golden children?—as if it were in thy power!'

'Well, if I don't, let him drive me away, let him do with me what he will. But I *should* bear him those three golden children, for my Fate foretold it when she told my fortune. My mother was awake on the third night, when they fated me, and she told me, for she heard it.'

Then they laughed and said, '*Aï*, let us go home like princesses as we are!'

The King heard all that the maidens said, and suddenly—*pop!* he appeared before them. When they saw him, they were afraid, and were about to run away. But he said,

'Stay, don't run away! Which of you three is she who is to bear me the three princes?—the golden-haired, the golden-ankled, and the one with the golden star on his forehead?'

She who had said this made no answer, but cast down her eyes, for she was the youngest, and more beautiful than the other two.

Then the eldest said, '*Ná!* this one, my long-lived King.'

Then the King says to the youngest, 'I will take thee home with me now, and either thou wilt bear me the three princes as thou hast said, or I will send thee back to thy mother.'

So he took her, and went to the palace. When the Queen saw her, she said to her son,

'*Bá!* where hast thou found this game thou hast brought us?'

'Mother mine, I beg of thee to have her bathed and dressed in royal clothes, and she will bear me three golden princes; the one will be golden-haired, the

second golden-ankled, and the third will have a golden star on his forehead.'

Then his mother laughed a mocking laugh and said, 'Thy slaves are there, command them what thou wilt!' And the Queen went away into her chamber.

Then the slaves took the maiden, and led her down to the bath, and bathed her, and adorned her. They took her to the King, and he loved her very much, for she was very good. After a time, when she was about to have a child, word came for the King to go to the wars. Then he begged his mother very earnestly to see what kind of child his wife would have.

'Very well,' said she, 'do thou go to the war, and I will look after thy wife.'

The King took leave of her and took leave of his wife, and set out to go and fight in Lombardy. His wife wept as if she knew, poor thing, what grief was in store for her. Well, the King went to Lombardy, and his wife remained in the palace, and after a little while her baby was born. She called the Queen, and the Queen called the nurse and other people, and when the baby came into the world, it lighted up all the chamber.

Said the Queen to one of her people,

'Wrap it up well, and go and throw it out for the dogs to eat.'

When the servant came down and went outside the door, there was an Old Woman there, and she said,

'Where art thou going with that child?'

Said he, '*Ná!* a slave has given birth to it, and I am going to cast it away.'

'*Oú!* give it to me, and mayst thou prosper! My daughter-in-law has borne a dead child, and I will tell her that this is hers.'

The Old Woman took it and went away. This Old Woman was the young mother's Fate, who had changed herself into an old crone. Well, she took the child, and went away. When the poor young mother was laid on her bed, she said,

'Where is my baby?—let me see it.'

'Baby indeed! Thine was a dead child, and we have cast it away!'

The poor woman said nothing, but she cried a little, and then was quiet. Some time passed, and the King came back from Lombardy. He went to his mother, kissed her hand, and said,

'Where is my wife, and what kind of a child has she had?'

'*Ná!* She has had a dead child, and we threw it away over there; thy wife is well.'

Then he went to his wife, and saw her, and she wept.

'*Aï!*' said the Prince to her, 'it is because thou wert sad that thy child was born dead. *Aï!* Never mind, thou wilt have another.'

Some time passed, and again she was about to have a child. Hardly had the month begun in which it was to be born, than word came again for the King to go and fight against the Saracens. He was very much grieved at having to leave his wife again at the time her baby was to be born, but what could he do? And she wept. Said he,

'Don't fret, or this child which thou bearest in thy bosom will die too. Only be patient, and I will soon come back.'

A few days after her husband's departure the pains of labour came upon her, and again the same servant was at hand. Another child was born, and the house was lighted up, for the baby was golden-ankled. Again the

servant wrapped it in a sheet. He went to cast it away, and again the Old Woman was there, and she persuaded him to give it to her, and went away. Said the young mother,

'Where is my baby? Let me see it!'

'*Ná!* Thou hast borne a horror! And as soon as it was born, it fled, and we don't know what has become of it. But I wish my son joy of his choice!'

The poor young mother said nothing; she must be patient—what can she do? What can she say? The King came back from the Saracens' land. He went again to his mother, kissed her hand, as usual, and asked her,

'Mother mine, how is my wife, what child has she borne?'

'A horror. And as soon as it was born it went we know not where.'

'*Aï!*' sighed the King, he was beginning to suspect something, but what could he do?—could he accuse his mother?

He went and found his wife, and comforted her by saying that she would have other children, and that cloud passed by. Some time passed and the King's wife was again going to have a child. About the seventh or eighth month, word came for him to go to Venice. Imagine the grief of the Prince and of his wife!—but what could he do? She threw herself on his neck and wept, and he set off to go to Venice. The appointed time came, and the Prince's wife was delivered, and she bore a child with a golden star on his forehead, and all the house was lighted up. Again the servant folds it in a cloth, and takes the bundle down to the road. The Old Woman was there. She seizes hold of it, and takes it to the others. Says the mother,

'Where is my baby?—let me see it!'

'*Ná!* Didn't you see that you bore a great snake, and it roused our ire, for it was five *pikhs* long!'[a]

'Why, I saw that it lighted up the whole house!'

'Ah! that was the serpent's eyes! and he took a spring and broke the window, and went away to the mountains.'

When a few days had passed the poor woman began to weep and to cry,

'I gave birth to three lovely children!—and you have cast them away!'

Then the Queen got very angry, and she ordered them to throw her into the ash-pit, where all the dirty ashes fell. And whoever pitied her threw her dry bits through the grating. A long time passed, a year, three years, before the King returned this time from Venice. He came back from Venice, went to his mother, kissed her hand, and said to her,

'How is my wife? Has she given birth? And what has she borne?'

'Your wife, my son, deserted you years ago. As soon as you had gone, she beat her breast, and carried on, and did not wait to be confined, but went away with that she had in her bosom.'

Then the King was grieved exceedingly, and he wept. He went to his chamber, so that no one might see him, and locked himself in. Two of the King's friends went and said to him,

'My King, will you not come out hunting?—all this is destiny.'

They took him, and went out hunting. They hunted, but he did not hunt, but only went and sat on the rock where he had first seen his wife, and meditated. One

[a] About four yards.

day he saw at a distance three little children on the road, the one had beautiful golden hair, the other had golden ankles, and the other had a golden star on the forehead. Said the one,

'Langouvérdie!'

'Yes, Saritsinié!'

'Tuck up our Venetsána's apron, that she may not dirty it, and our father and mother scold us!'

When the King saw them, he wept, and said, 'Just such children my wife said that she would bear me!' When he heard them say, 'Langouvérdie!' 'Yes, Saritsinié!' 'Tuck up Venetsána's apron that it may not get dirty, and our father and mother scold us,' he remembered that when he was gone to Lombardy his wife bore her first child; the second when he had gone to the Saracens' land; and the third when he went to Venice. He called the children to him, and said,

'Come here, my children. Whose are you?'

'Our father's and our mother's.'

'Where are your father and your mother?'

'Do we know where they are?'

'But with whom do you live then?'

'With our *Mammítsa* (nurse).'

'Will you come with me to the palace, for I am the King?'

'We will ask our *Mammítsa*, and if she will let us, we will come, of course we will.'

'Go then, and ask her, and come and tell me, but be quick.'

Then the two little boys put Venetsána between them, and took hold of her hands, for she was the youngest; and the King looked after them, and his heart ached, and he said,

'*Ach!* If those children were only mine!'

The children went to their Nurse, and said to her, 'He who is sitting on the hill is the King, and he has asked us to go to the palace—shall we go?'

'Go, and they will give you to eat; but when they put food on your plates, say, "We will not eat unless our dear mother eats too," and they will ask you, "Where is your dear mother?" then you must do *so*,[a] and you will see some iron bars across a little window, and you must say, "Our dear mother is in there!" and a woman will come out at that hole; she will put out her head, and it will be covered with ashes, and her hair all uncombed and dirty. You must say to her, "Eat, dear mother, who hast suffered so much for our sakes when we were born." And if they don't show you your mother, don't eat, but fall on the King's neck and say to him, "Give us our mother!"'

The children returned to the King, and said, 'Our *Mammítsa* allows us to go with you!'

When the children had gone to the King, the Fate immediately disappeared. The King took the children, and brought them to the palace. When the old Queen saw them, she had serpents enow.[b] The King commanded them to give the children to eat. They took their little plates in their hands, and said,

'We will not eat unless our little mother eats first!'

'And where is your little mother?' asked the King.

'She is in there, behind those bars!' and they ran with their plates, all three of them, and went up to the bars. 'Eat! mother dear!' they cried, 'who hast suffered so much for us when we were born!'

She runs up to the window, and seizes the plates of soup; and, one by one, she empties all three.

[a] *I.e.*, raise their heads and look up.

[b] Ἐξώθηκε 's τὰ φελδια.

'O, my dear!' says her mother-in-law, 'have you supped all three?'

'I bore three children, and three platesful will I eat!'

Then the Prince turned and said to his mother,

'*Ach!* mother, didst thou not pity me? Didst thou not pity her? Didst thou not pity these three little children, but cast them out on the road?' And he ordered them to take her out of the ash-pit, and wash her, and put royal garments on her, and bring her upstairs.

Then came the Old Woman, the Fate who had brought them up, and she said to the King,

'When thou wast in Lombardy thy wife gave birth to this one' (pointing to the first with the golden hair), 'and for that reason he is called Langouvérdio. When thou wert in the Saracen's land, Saritsinié was born—this one with the golden ankles. And when thou wert in Venetia, this Venetsána with the golden star on her forehead. And they cast them away, and I took them and nourished them. And now take my blessing, and live happily with thy wife and children.'

And as the Old Woman was giving her blessing, his wife came and threw herself on his neck and embraced him, and embraced her children, and the Old Woman vanished. Then the King at once ordered music and drums and great rejoicings. And he married her, and they lived happy. But it was more than his mother could bear; and in forty days she burst. And the children went to her grave and wept, and sometimes their father and mother went, too, and they all wept together.

THE ARCHONTAS AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Cyprus.

(SAKELLARIOS, III., p. 147.)

THERE was once an *árchontas*, and he had three daughters. Well, they grew up, but as he couldn't find husbands for them, he didn't know what to do. So he bethought him, my lady, of having his daughters' likenesses painted and hung up in front of the door of the house, so that the passers-by might see them, and he might get a son-in-law.

The place where this *árchontas* lived was by the sea-shore, and many vessels came from other lands and touched there. At last, my lady, one day a captain of one of the ships saw these likenesses. He took a fancy to that of the youngest, and went and asked her father for her. But her father was not willing to give her to him, because he wished to get the two eldest married first, and the youngest afterwards. But this captain wanted the youngest, and the father's friends advised him to agree to give her, so as to make a good beginning. So at last, my lady, he consented; and in a few days the wedding took place. When they had crowned them, all the relatives and friends went away and left them alone together. Then the bride laid herself down on her walnutwood bedstead; but when the bridegroom went to sleep by her side, the wall was rent, and a Phantasm came out and said to him,

'Leave thou Rosa (for that was the bride's name), for Rosa must marry her father; by her father she will

have a child; and in time she will take that child for her husband.'

When the bridegroom heard all that, he went without saying a word to anyone to find his father-in-law, and told him that he had made a mistake and that it was his eldest daughter he wanted, and not the youngest. The father was glad to find that he wanted the eldest, and they were married. Then the husband took his wife and returned to his own country.

Not long afterwards, there came another suitor who also liked the youngest best. Not to make a long story of it, the same thing happened to him as had happened to the first husband, so that poor Rosa, after being crowned along with one husband and then another, remained husbandless. When some time had passed, Rosa fell into thought, but could not understand why two husbands should have wed her and both have abandoned her. She, however, bethought herself of a plan, and begged her father to let her go on a visit to her sisters as she wanted to see them, so that she might find out why her husbands had left her. Her father gave her leave, and she set out.

When she was come to the place where her eldest sister lived, she saw her maid at the well, where she had come to fetch a pitcher of water. She knew her and called to her,

'Take this ring and give it to thy mistress, and I will wait out here for her answer.'

A few minutes afterwards the maid came back and begged her to come in, for her mistress wished to see her. She found her sister all alone, and they sat down.

'Sister dear,' said she, 'I longed for thee and came to see thee, and I want thee to do me a favour. To-

night when thou goest to sleep with thy husband, thou must put out the lamp, come out of thy walnutwood bed, and I will get in.'

'Very gladly,' replied her sister, 'why not? All that thou wilt I will do for thee.'

When night came, her sister did as she had asked her. She left her husband, and Rosa laid down by him. Then, as if she had been his wife, she said,

'Long as I have had thee for husband I have always forgotten to ask the reason why thou didst wed my youngest sister and then didst leave her?'

Then he told her all that had happened.

When Rosa had learnt this, she left the walnutwood bed, and her sister came back to it. The next day she set off to see her other sister; and when she had learnt the same thing from her husband, she returned home, saying to herself,

'No, I will not take my father for my husband as the Phantasm said, but I will hire men to kill him.'

So, my lady, a few days afterwards she hired men who killed her father; and they took the corpse and buried it in a field outside the town. Over the grave where they had buried her father there sprang up an apple-tree which bore beautiful apples.

Then one day, my lady, Rosa saw a man selling apples; she called him, bought some, ate them, and became pregnant. Some time afterwards she became great with child, and knew not the cause. By-and-by, however, she learnt that an apple-tree had grown up from her father's grave and she remembered that she had eaten of those apples. Then she said to herself again,

'I will not let the Phantasm's words come true; for, as soon as the child is born, I shall kill it.'

When she gave birth, she took the child, gave it several stabs with a knife in the breast, put it in a box which she nailed up carefully, and threw it into the sea. As the wind was blowing seawards, it carried away the box to the Pélagos. It so happened that a merchant-ship was passing, and the captain of the vessel saw it, and said to his men,

'Lower a boat, and pick up that box. If there is anything of value in it, it shall be yours; but if there is a living being, it shall be mine.'

So they lowered the boat and picked up the coffer, and found inside it an infant bathed in its blood. Then the captain took it and adopted it as his son. When many years had passed the captain died, and left all his goods to his adopted son.

The child when he grew up followed the calling of his father, and sailed from place to place. In one of his many voyages he happened to land in his mother's country, and seeing her house-door, he asked whose were the likenesses that were at that door. Then they told him the story of the three sisters, and also that the youngest was not yet married.

'Then I,' said he, 'will take her for my wife.'

So he married her. And when a good many years had passed, and children were born to them, one day she saw him changing his shirt, and noticed on his breast the marks of the stabs which she had given him before putting him in the coffer. She then grew suspicious and asked him,

'Wilt not tell me what are these marks that thou hast on thy breast?'

He then told her that he had never known either father or mother, but that a captain had found him on the Pélagos in a coffer and had saved him and adopted

him as his child. 'And after the death of my father [he added], I inherited his goods, and followed his calling, and I came to this country and wedded thee. That is all I know.'

Then Rosa said, 'My evil Fate still pursues me! Thou art my son! And now that what the Phantasm foretold has come to pass, I leave thee grieving and my children orphans. As for me, I must die, for such was my fate.'

And she left him, and threw herself from a terrace, and was killed.

THE CAP OF INVISIBILITY,[38] *OR THE BEWITCHED PRINCESS.*

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 693.)

ONCE upon a time there was a very wealthy King, and he had an only daughter who was so lovely that everyone thought she must be a Nereid. This Princess was sought in marriage by many, many Princes, but she did not wish to marry. Her father every evening put a new pair of satin slippers under her pillow, and in the morning they were found worn out. Whoever came to ask for her, he said to them,

'If you find out how her shoes become thus, I will give you her to wife, will she or nill she.'

As the fame of her beauty had spread to all the kingdoms, there came Princes from the four quarters of the inhabited world to guess the riddle and take her to wife, but in vain. None of them could find it out, and they killed them all. One Prince who was very handsome, and an only son, said to his parents, said he,

'I will go and find out how her slippers get worn out under her pillow!'

His parents said to him '*Bré!* my good boy! *Bré!* my bad boy! What dost want? What dost seek? Seest thou not how many princes have lost their lives?'

He heeded them not.

'I will go! I will go!'

Ah well! his parents saw how it was with him, and they prepared for his going. He kissed the hands of his father and mother, and left. On the road as he went, he met an Old Woman. Said he,

'Good day, mother!'

'Glad to see you, my boy! May I ask where you are going?' replied the Old Woman.

'What shall I say, mother? I am going to such and such a Princess, who has slain so many Princes, because they could not find out the puzzle she set them.'

'And what is the puzzle she sets them?' asked the Old Woman.

'They put every evening a pair of satin slippers [under her pillow], and in the morning they are found worn out.'

'Ah, my boy, the one who finds that out must have a head and feet too!'

'I, mother, have a head and feet too, and I am determined either to make her my wife, or be slain.'

'I pity thy youth,' said the Old Woman, 'and I will give thee something so that they shall not kill thee. Here, take this cap'—she gives him a cap of white felt—'and when you put it on and wear it you will be invisible. Here! wait, I will put it on, and thou wilt see if I am visible.' When she put it on she became invisible. 'There! you see, my boy! It is called the "Cap of Invisibility." The Princess to whom you are going has to do with "Outside Princesses."[25] And when you are there, and are sitting at table, there will be two bottles of wine. That which they will place before you will have a potion in it, and you must manage not to drink it. She will say, "Drink! Drink!" and you must pretend to drink, but have under your beard a sponge; and when you are making believe to drink the wine, pour it into the sponge, and then pretend to sleep. While you are feigning sleep, watch what she does. If you see her go out of the door, put on the Cap of Invisibility

and go softly, softly behind her. The rest, my boy, I leave to thee, but I think that thou wilt win her.'

'For the counsel thou hast given me, mother, what can I give thee in return?' asked the Prince.

'Nothing, my boy, do I want, for I am thy Fate.' This said, she disappeared.

The Prince took the cap, put it on his head and became invisible. He went on his way, and came to the palace of the Princess's father. He presented himself before the Princess's father, and said to him,

'My long-lived King, I have come for thy daughter, tell me what I must do to gain her for my wife?'

'First tell me who thou art, my boy?'

'I am a Prince, and an only son, the son of such and such a King,' said the Prince. 'And I heard of thy daughter's beauty, and came to get her for my wife, or die.'

'What shall I say, my boy? I pity thy youth!' said the King.

'Well! tell me what I must do, and perhaps I can do it.'

'What shall I say, my boy?—for three years past, since she was fifteen years old, we put under her pillow a pair of shoes, and in the morning they are found worn out, and no one can find out how this thing happens, and many Princes we have slain—to our great sorrow.'

'Well! let me try my luck too!' said the Prince.

Then the King clapped his hands,[a] and a servant came, and he conducted the Prince to the Princess.

When the Princess saw him, she rose to her feet and said to the servant, 'Is not my father weary of sending them to me? Sit down,' she said to the Prince, and ordered them to lay the table for dinner.

[a] The usual way of calling a servant in the East.

The slaves came in, and spread a great table with sweetmeats and food, and many kinds of fruit, and two bottles of wine. Said she,

'Come and let us dine, my Prince!'

They sat down to table, and she talked and joked, and said to him,

'Why don't you drink some wine?'

'O! I will drink a little at a time, because it goes to my head.'

She poured some out of the bottle and drank it. Afterwards she took hold of his bottle, and filled his glass half full.

'Let me drink to your health!'

He bent down as if to drink, and poured the wine under his beard, but did not put any into his mouth. When he had emptied his glass, he said,

'*Ouf!* I feel giddy, I will go outside for a little while!'

He went outside, squeezed the sponge on the spot where he stood, and then put it back under his beard, and went in again. He came in and said, 'I don't feel well,' and as soon as he had said that he fell down like one fainting. Said the Princess,

'There he goes too! Take him,' said she to the servants, 'and put him on that bed.'

When night came, and everyone was asleep in the palace, our good Princess gets up, dresses herself very carefully, puts on her diamonds, puts on her fine shoes which were under the pillow, and then opens a cupboard and takes out of it two Wands, one of silver and the other of gold, and turns and says to the Prince,

'Your head will go, too, to find those of the other Princes!'

When she had got as far as the door, he got up, put

on the Cap of Invisibility, and followed her softly, softly. She leaned the silver Wand against the door, and the door opened of itself. She went down the steps of the palace and up to the great door, put the golden Wand against it, and the door opened. Then she set off on her journey, she in front, and he behind wearing the Cap of Invisibility. She went on, and on, through lonely places and thorns and pitchy darkness, and still she went on. Now and again she heard a noise behind her among the branches, but as she saw nobody, she again went on her way. He tramped, and tramped, and at last he saw a great palace, all brilliantly lighted up from top to bottom. When they saw her coming, three beautiful Princesses took each a lamp and came down to receive her. They were Princesses of the 'Outside Ones.' They had seen her at a dance three years before and all three had taken a fancy to her; and that was why she did not marry, but went there to amuse herself. When they saw her, they embraced her and said,

'Why are you so late, my eyes, in coming to-night?'

'What shall I say? My father sent me a foolish Prince, and I had to see and bother about sending him to sleep. To-morrow, however, he will find his match. And as I came along the road, it seemed to me that I heard something following behind, and I was frightened. Could it have been a snake?—what could it have been? perhaps one of the "Outside Ones"?'

'*Bá, Bá, Bá!* it was nothing of the kind,' said the Princesses, 'for we hold them all bound; it was your fancy!'

They lifted her and carried her up the steps,[39] and behind came he with the invisible cap. On the top step was a great flowerpot, all of gold; and in the golden

flowerpot was a tree like a willow, all diamonds and coral. When they had gone in, he with the Cap on broke off a branch and hid it in his bosom. They sat down to table, and above shone a splendid diamond chandelier. The plate the Princess ate from, and her fork, and her spoon, were all of diamonds and rubies. When they had well dined, they went into a fine large saloon to amuse themselves, and he took her plate, and her fork, and her spoon, and put them in his bosom and hid them well. Afterwards there was brought a basin, and they poured water [on her hands] and she wiped them on a gold-embroidered napkin, and when she had dried them she threw the napkin on a stool, and he in the Cap went behind and took it. Then the Princesses took each one a lamp and accompanied the Princess to the door, and she went away. The Prince with the Cap of Invisibility took the same road, and followed behind her all the way, and came to the palace. She took out the golden Wand, the door opened, and *pop!* he went in after her. She went upstairs, again opened the door with the silver Wand, and went in, and he behind her. When she went to undress, he went to his bed, stretched himself out, and lay like one dead. When she had undressed and put away her diamonds, and put away her Wands, she took off her shoes, now all ragged, and put them under her pillow. She then went and looked at him, and laughed.

'I have you now, and I have you for to-morrow.'

God dawned the day, and the King sent to see the shoes from under her pillow—they were in tatters. Then the King sent two men, and they called the Prince, and he said to him,

'*Ai!* my boy, the shoes are in rags, can you tell us how they have become ragged?'

'My long-lived King, you must call a council; let your Councillors come, and your Viziers, and then I will speak.'

When the council was assembled all around, then said the Prince,

'You will do me yet one more favour.'

'Speak,' said the King, 'what do you ask?'

'Let the Princess come behind that lattice[a] up there, and listen.'

The King at once commanded the Princess to come and sit behind the lattice. When she had come behind the lattice, the Prince began,

'You wonder, my long-lived King, how her satin slippers get worn out. How should they not get worn out when all night long she is wandering through the valleys and wildernesses?'

'Consider well,' said the King to him, 'and don't tell us lies, or off will go thy head!'

'A man,' replied the Prince, 'who has resolved to deliver a Princess from death, or to sacrifice his own life, never tells lies.'

'*Aï!* what valleys dost thou mean, and what wildernesses?' asked the King.

'The evening that the King sent me, and I went in to the Princess, the table was laid and there was one bottle of wine. Afterwards the Princess clapped her hands, and they brought another for me. Then I became suspicious when one kind of wine was set for me, and the Princess drank another. I managed to put my handkerchief under my beard and spilt the wine on it instead of drinking it.'

[a] A screened aperture in a partition-wall of a Turkish house, behind which the women may sit, seeing and hearing everything, while themselves unseen.

And he told them all as we know it, about the Wands, and how he went down, and went along the road, and reached the palace—(the Princess began to be uneasy behind the lattice)—and how the three Princesses had come down and received her into the palace. 'On the topmost step,' said the Prince to them, 'is a beautiful golden flowerpot, and inside it a tree, a willow, all of diamond and coral, and here is a piece of it for you, which I cut off as a proof. Is it not from that which was on the steps? Do you recognise it?' he asked of the Princess. But she answered never a word.

The King began to get very uneasy, and pulled his beard.

'Then' [the Prince went on] 'they sat down at the table to dine, and there were the three others and she the fourth. Afterwards they went into a large room to amuse themselves; and I then took her plate, her spoon, and her knife and fork, all of diamonds,' and as he said this, he took out of his bosom the plate and the other things he mentioned, and showed them. She said not a word, but gnawed the bars in her anxiety.

'Afterwards they brought a golden basin and jug[a] for her to wash; one held the basin, the other poured out from the jug, and the third handed the golden napkin, and she wiped [her hands]. And when she had wiped, she threw it on a stool which was near—and, look you, I took that too.'

Then the King drew his sword and was rushing to kill her—her own father!

'*Ach!* three years thou hast been our scourge, wicked *skýla!* and hast slain so many Princes, and dost thou still live?'

[a] Λεγενόμπρικο, the Turkish *leyen* and *ibrik*.

Then the Vizier and all of them threw themselves on the King to hold him, and they said,

'My King, would you kill your own child? Don't you remember that you have no other? Marry her, give her to him to wife.'

'Ah! but let us see if I want her!' said the Prince.

'Oh, it wouldn't do, since you found out the puzzle, not to marry her,' said the others.

'I will accept her for my wife on one condition—she must burn her Solomonic books,[32] she must burn her Wands, the silver one and the golden one, and I will take her to my fatherland, and to my parents. And if I find that she does not love me, and is not contented to remain there, I will send her back to you, and you must not be affronted.' Then he asked her, 'Dost thou agree to all this?'

'I agree,' she said.

Then they set a crier to proclaim—'The Princess has abandoned her witchcraft, and she is going to marry the handsome Prince!' [Then] music, and drums, and great rejoicings. He made her his wife, and they went home to his parents, and for three days and nights they sat at table. I was invited too, but came late; and they gave me a bone, and I sucked it, and sucked it, but couldn't get the marrow out, and my nether-jaw fell. I gave it a kick, and it flew up on the tiles.[40] And neither you nor I were there, so you needn't believe it!

THE MOTHER OF THE SEA, OR THE STORY OF YIANKOS.[41]

Naxos.

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, B. 37.)

ONCE upon a time there was a fisherman who had no children, and on that account he was discontented. If he cast his nets, too, he never caught any fish. The first time he brought them up empty; the second time they were full of seaweed; the third time they were very heavy, and he said,

'*Aï*, now they must be full of fish!'

He looked, but they were full of sand and mud. So it happened for a month and more, though now and again he would find a small sea-gudgeon hidden in the mud. His poor wife waited every evening in the hope that he would bring something home, and despaired every time when it was only a small sea-gudgeon to cook on the gridiron. What could that avail them? They were hungry and had no bread. One day, when he had cast his nets, and left them a long time in the sea, he had much difficulty in drawing them up again, but found only quantities of stones and mud, and his nets torn to pieces. '*Ach! Ach!*' he sighed, as he sat in his boat.

There came up the Mother of the Sea on the foam, and said to him,

'Why dost thou sigh so deeply? Thy sighs wither the very trees!'

'I am in despair because for a month and more I have cast my nets without being able to take a single

fish. I have no bread to eat, and now my nets are all torn to pieces.'

'If you will promise me to bring up a son, well taught and well nourished, and when he is eighteen years of age to bring him to me on the beach as a husband for my youngest daughter—for the two eldest are married—you will catch plenty of fish.'

'But I have no children!'

'Give me thy word, and that will be my business.'

He gave his word, thinking, 'What does it matter to me what I promise, who have not so much as a puppy dog!'

He patched up his nets as well as he could, threw them again, and with that one cast caught a boatload of fish. Having sold them, he went home with his handkerchief full of gold pieces, bought new nets, plenty of bread, wine even, the utmost he could desire.

On the following day he cast his new nets, and caught as much fish; and again he gained a handkerchief full of money. Thus it was day after day, and, as the way of the world is, the other fishermen became jealous of him. But soon the fishermen's wives were jealous too. Months came and months went, the goodwife was full of joy that she was at last to have a child after she had given up all hope of one. But the fisherman was sad. His wife asked him,

'Why, my good man, other people have half a score of children, and don't trouble about it, and we who have wished so much to have a child, should we not thank God instead of being sad?'

'How shall I tell you, wife? The Mother of the Sea made me take an oath to her, and that is why I take the lives of the fish.'

The woman was much distressed, but what could she do?—*he had promised.* At the end of nine months a

son was born, and they christened him Yiánko, and he was a most beautiful child. They brought him up like the son of a noble, for they were rich; they sent him to school, and he became a great scholar. When he was eighteen years of age, the Mother of the Sea came out on the foam, and said to the fisherman,

'It is time to bring me the boy.'

He returned home, took a sack, and said to his son, 'Follow me!' He took him down to the water's edge, got into the boat, and said to him, 'I am going to fish; do thou gather seaweed here and fill the sack, and stay with it till I return.'

So the fisherman went in his boat to the deep waters, and said to the Mother of the Sea, 'I have brought him to the beach, and you may go and take him.'

The Sea threw herself upon him to seize him as he gathered the seaweed. He, being wide awake, and seeing the wave [coming], fled, and the Sea followed him. He took to the fields, and the Sea chased him till he came to a high mountain which she could not climb. So the Sea returned and let him escape.

The fisherman asked her, 'Eh, did you find the boy?'

'He fled, but I shall catch him yet. Will he not come back to the beach? You have not wronged me, you shall catch fish as before.'

The youth came down from that mountain, climbed another, and went on, and on. Then he saw an eagle and a lion and a dying ass which they were going to eat, and they were quarrelling about sharing it. When they saw the youth, they called to him—for at that time even the animals talked, so they say—'Come and divide it for us; give the bones to the lion and the flesh to the eagle.'

So Yiánko takes out his knife, stabs the ass, and kills it, takes out the bones and gives them to the lion, and the eagle eats the flesh. Then they say to him,

'What favour dost thou ask of us?'

He, desiring nothing, said, 'What can I expect from you?'

Then the eagle plucked a feather from his breast, and said, 'Take care of this feather, and thou wilt not repent it. Whenever thou wilt, thou mayest become an eagle, and, when thou wilt, a man.'

And the lion pulled out one of his hairs, and said, 'Keep this hair, and when thou shalt burn it, I will gather together all the other lions, and we will do thy bidding.'

The youth hid the hair and the feather safely away in his girdle, and again he put the road before him. At night he slept under a tree. One day he met a shepherd.

'Good day to you! Will you take me to tend your sheep, that I may earn my bread?'

'These flocks belong to the King, and the palace is five hours' [journey] away. I may not take them nearer, because it is all gardens and fields belonging to other people, which are sown and planted at this season, and there is no pasture to be found. Every morning I carry them a big skin of milk which the King's daughter likes better than anything, and she likes it to be warm. If thou art active, and canst leap like a bird, I will take thee with me.'

'I can do more than that, for I can let her have it with the froth still upon it.'

So the shepherd took him, and they ate together. They slept. While it was still night he milked the skin full, and said, 'Off with thee, this is thy only business!'

The youth took it, and when he had gone a little way, he called 'Eagle!'

He became an eagle, and in the early morning he arrived with the froth upon it. He became a man again, and went up. When the Princess saw him, she looked at him closely, and was more pleased than I can tell you. Said she, 'This is the first time I have seen thee?'

'Your shepherd has taken me as his servant, to bring the milk to you.'

She asked him a great many questions, for he was handsome, and she had taken a fancy to him. So not to make a long story of it, he carried the milk to her every day as fresh as fresh could be. The Princess always received him kindly and gave him pocket-money in secret. And wasn't he just as fond of her? He observed her fancy for him, and her notice of him, but was shamefaced, because he was but a shepherd. What stratagem does he resort to? He takes a sackful of grain and throws it on an ants' nest. The ants come swarming out and carry it into their hole. Then they ask him,

'What favour desirest thou in return for what thou hast done for us?'

'Only that I may become whenever I wish an ant, like you.'

The King of the ants pulled out one of his wings and gave it to him, saying, 'Take care of it, and whenever thou wilt thou canst become an ant.'

He takes it and goes at night to the outside of the palace, and cries, 'Ant!'

At once he was changed into an ant. He creeps into a cranny of the palace-wall, and enters the Princess's chamber. He saw her lying asleep, and at each corner

of her bed hung a lighted lamp. He became a man, put out the lamps, went to the Princess and embraced her. She awoke and screamed, and he again became an ant.

Her father, the King, gets up from his bed, and going to her room with a candle, he asks, 'Why didst thou scream?'

'Human hands were embracing me.'

The King searched here and there—(how should he find the man when he had changed into an ant, and was hidden in a chink of the floor?)—and then said, 'Thou must have fancied it, my girl,' and went back to his own chamber and lay down.

After a little while the ant again became a man, and he pinched her, and again she screamed, and again the King came in.

'What is the matter?'

'A man pinched me!'

He looks about, but there was nobody, for the youth had again become an ant.

'Thou hast been dreaming, my child, and awoke out of thy sleep, and have spoilt my rest too,' he said, and went away.

After a little while Yiánkos again became a man, and caressed the Princess. Once more she screamed, and once more Yiánkos was an ant in the cranny, so that he might not be trod upon. Again the King rises from his bed.

'What *is* the matter again that thou screamest?'

'Papa, I felt a man's hand caressing me!'

Again the King searched, but found nothing.

'Where then is the man?' he asked. 'The doors are all locked, where could he have gone? Every hour thou wakest me up unnecessarily until I am itching with

sleepiness; if thou screamest again I shall whip thee, a thing I have never yet done!' And again he goes back to his chamber.

Once more the ant becomes a man; he finds the tinder-box—that was how they struck a light then—and rekindled the lamps, for he knew that if the Princess were again frightened she would call out. When she saw him she said softly, 'My Yiánko, was it thou, and all the time I knew it not? Where didst thou hide thyself?'

Then he related everything to her—how that the Sea had come forth to take him away; how he had fled, and she had pursued him as far as the mountain; how he had the eagle's feather and the ant's wing, and how everything had happened. Then she understood that it was by becoming an eagle that he had been able to bring the milk to her so quickly with the froth upon it, and by becoming an ant, that her father had not seen him. Then they lay down in each other's arms and slept, and in the morning she went to her parents and said,

'I want this one for my husband.'

'*Bré!* really, my daughter? This shepherd lad, when so many others are asking for you?'

When they saw her determination, so as not to lose her love, they married her with great pomp, and many guests were invited. Then the shepherd found out where Yiánko had been all the day and night that he had been missing. Now he was dressed like a prince, and went out with his wife, and she loved him to distraction.

One day he sees the King pensive, and says to him, 'What is the matter, father-in-law, why are you sad?'

'I have a quarrel with another King, and he has

declared war against me, and I find that I am not prepared for war, neither have I many troops.'

'And are you going to wait, father-in-law, until they arrive here? We will go forward and fight against them in the name of the Lord!'

So he persuaded the King, and they made ready and set out together with the troops. Then the Princess fell upon her father's neck, saying, 'Papa, my Yiánko [who is dear to thee as] thine eyes, see that thou let him not go near the ocean, for fear the Sea should take him from me!'

Then they went away, and met the enemy, and fought with them. Yiánko did all in his power; he rushed on with his sword and slew them; but they were too many, and '*alas!*' as people say, '*for the strong man who is seized by two feeble ones!*' The enemy had nearly gained the day, and he and his father-in-law were sorely pressed. At that moment he burned the lion's hair, and all the lions gathered around him, and he cried, 'Why wait ye? Fall on the enemy!'

They threw themselves on the foe, some fled, others were killed, and the rest were scattered miserably with their King. And Yiánko, on horseback, rode, sword in hand, amid his lions and slew them [the enemy]. When the battle was over, Yiánko was about to go and wash in the Sea, which was close by, when his father-in-law called to him, 'Where goest thou? Where goest thou?' and prevented him, but gave orders to his men to bring water for him to wash in. Early the next morning they set out for the capital of the foreign King, and found that he had collected his scattered forces to prevent if possible his capital being taken. So the battle began again, and again Yiánko lighted the lion's hair, and the lions fell upon them with Yiánko at

their head, and they slew all the enemy, and Yiánko killed the King with his own sword.

Again he ran, all bloodstained, to the Sea to wash. His father-in-law, overjoyed at the victory, forgot to warn him, and as soon as Yiánko reached the margin and dipped his hand in the water, the Sea threw herself upon him, and drew him in. His father-in-law waited for him an hour or two; he went to the beach in the hope of overtaking and warning him, but saw nothing of him. Then he concluded that the Sea must have taken him; and he who had been so joyful was consumed with sorrow, because he had lost him who had been the hero and the victor in the battle. He returned to the palace full of grief. Seeing him come back alone and without Yiánko, his daughter lost her senses, and tearing her hair, she said,

'Papa, I will go and seek my husband, but you must get ready for me a great ship with three decks and forty youths and forty maidens; you must give me also three golden apples, and I will go in the ship.'

'*Bravo*, my daughter, for he is the man who not only saved my life, but brought me out with a white face.[a] All that thou dost is befitting, may'st thou be able to find him.'

He got ready for her the three-decked ship, put on board the forty youths with various kinds of music, and forty maidens to wait upon the Princess, ordered them to make for her three large apples of gold, and she embarked.

They set sail, and went forth on the ocean. The Princess bids the maidens sing, and the youths accom-

[a] *I.e.*, 'an unblushing face.' How much more graphic and picturesque a phrase than our abstract, 'saved his honour.' The Albanians make use of a similar expression.

pany them on their instruments. She holds an apple in her hand and plays with it. Then up comes the Mother of the Sea, and says to her.

'What a grand concert, my eyes! Give me that golden apple to take to my eldest daughter who has smelt it, and I will give you what you will.'

'I am a King's daughter, and Yiánko, whom you took away, was my husband. Put out his head only for me to see, and I will give you the apple.'

The Mother of the Sea put out the head of her son-in-law, and when he saw [the Princess] his heart went out of him and he sank. Then the Princess threw the apple into the sea. The ship sailed away. After a while the Princess bade them begin to sing again, and she played with the second golden apple. The Mother of the Sea again came up, and said,

'Give me, Princess, the apple, my second daughter longs for it.'

'If you will let me see my Yiánko down to his waist, I will give it to you.'

She throws her the apple, and the Mother of the Sea brings up Yiánko as far as his waist, and he saw her [the Princess], and his heart beat and again he was lost to sight.

The ship sailed on. Presently the Princess again commanded the forty maidens and the forty youths to begin singing, and she held the third apple in her hand and played with it. The Mother of the Sea came out again and said,

'For God's sake, my Princess, my third daughter who has married Yiánko and who is pregnant has smelt the apple, give it to her that she may not miscarry.'

'Show me the whole of Yiánko erect and free from you, and I will give it.'

'*Bravo*,' says she.

The Mother of the Sea took the apple, and raised up Yiánko erect and free. When he no longer felt the sea flowing above him, he cried 'Eagle!' and became an eagle, and flew into the ship, and went below to the cabin, and became a man again, and the Princess followed him. A mad wind arose and the waves entered the ship; but he was in the cabin, and the Sea could not get hold of him. Thanks to the worthy captain and the good ship they weathered the storm, and cast anchor and came safely ashore when within an inch of drowning. Then they walked for two days till they came to the palace. From this time he remembered never again to go near the Sea. And he became King when his father-in-law died. And they lived and grew old, and brought up their children.

THE WIDOW'S SON.[42]

(*Νεοελληνικὰ Ἀνάλεκτα*, A. II.)

ONCE on a time, and an olden time,
And a very long time ago,
When the Turks were keeping their Ramazan
In a leaky old cauldron, O,

there lived an old woman, who had been a widow a great many years. She had an only son who, all day long, from dawn to sunset, carried faggots on his back in order to earn his bread, and support his old widowed mother. After working in this way for a long time, he one day, as he was going to the wood, heard a crier who had been hired by a Jew, crying on the road, 'Whoever is able to work for me one or two days, I will give him as much money as he wants!'

These words sounded pleasantly to his ears, for he had been thinking on his poverty and his misery; and he ran joyfully to his mother to ask her blessing. His mother did not object, and so he goes to the Jew, takes his hire, gives it to his mother, and then follows the Jew. That Jew had ever so many ships under his orders, and when the youth came to his house, he took him down to the sea, and they embarked in one of the ships, and the others followed. After making a prosperous voyage, they saw on the one hand high and green hills, and on the other vineyards and trees and fields, the sight of which made their hearts rejoice.

After sailing for some time they found themselves under a very high mountain, the foot of which was washed by the waves, and the summit lost in the white clouds which floated around it. When they arrived

there, the Jew told the Widow's Son that he must climb to the top of the mountain and there do what he was bid. He was rather frightened, and asked how was he to get up? Then the Jew gave him arms, and sewed him up in a hide, and told him that when he knew that the eagles had seized him and carried him up to the top of the mountain, he must slit the hide with his sword, and come out, and whatever he found on the summit he was to throw down.

As he was bidden, so he did. The birds of heaven came, and seized him, and carried him to the top of the mountain; and he slit the hide and came out. What did he see? Wherever he turned his eyes were millions of diamonds, and golden things, and sapphires lying among myrtles and roses, and surrounded with musk. There you might see everything you could possibly imagine. Instead of stones or flints, gold and diamonds lay about; and on the roses pearls hung instead of dew. The youth stood wondering at the sight, he bit his lips, and crossed his arms[a] as if he were ashamed to step among so much brightness and such wealth. By and by he hears the Jew calling from below, and then he begins picking up and throwing down, throwing with both hands, until he was weary.

The Jew by this time had filled his ships, and he set sail. The youth called to him from above, and asked what he was to do, but he made no answer. Again he called, but still the Jew took no heed. The poor youth, left alone on the mountain top, walked round and round it in despair. The brilliants and the pearls were all very fine, but of what use were they to him when he had neither bread to eat nor a drop of water to drink? Grief seized upon him. He thought of his poor mother,

[a] The posture expressive of respect, assumed by Orientals.

now all desolate and lonely ; and, weary as he was, with his eyes all red and swollen with weeping, he lay down in the shade of a tree to sleep a little. As he was sleeping with his head on a stone, or rather on a great diamond or lump of sapphire, he fancied that he felt it move under him.

'Perhaps,' said he to himself, 'there is some animal underneath.'

He lifted up the stone, and saw a trap door. Under it was a ladder, down which he climbed. He goes down, down, forty steps, fifty, I don't know how many steps, and at the bottom he sees a palace. Not a soul, however, was to be seen about, either human or other. He was very hungry, and as he went about looking here and there for something to eat, he came to a cupboard, opened it, and found inside a piece of bread. He ate it, and it satisfied his hunger somewhat. Then he went further, and searching here and there he saw a blind Dhrako. At first he was afraid, and began to tremble, but when he saw that the Dhrako was blind, he thought that if the Dhrako did not speak to him, he would make himself known to the Dhrako. But still he was afraid and didn't know how to set about it. Finally he went softly behind the Dhrako, and—with your pardon—called out,

'Father!'

The Dhrako replied, 'Since when have I had a son?'

Said the youth, 'Now thou hast borne me, this very minute!'

Then the Dhrako believed him. He called him to his side, and began to love him as if he were really his son. He gave into his hands forty keys, and told him to open all the forty chambers save one, which he was not to open.

Well, he came and went; he opened the thirty-nine chambers, and found within all God's treasures; but the one the Dhrako had told him not to open he did not open. But after a few days had passed, he began to be curious, and said to himself, 'Why may I not open that chamber too? There is some treasure in it, and the Dhrako is jealous, and does not want me to see it.'

So, after a time, he could refrain no longer, and he opened it. There he saw a beautiful garden, so beautiful as to dazzle his eyes. All the choicest trees of the earth were there collected. And amid all this greenness, and amid all the branches which bent under their weight of delicious fruits, was a marble cistern, glistening white.

While the youth was gazing on this garden, and not knowing what to look at first, there came flying down three most lovely pigeons, how lovely I cannot tell you —you must imagine for yourselves. These pigeons dropped their feathers on the edge of the cistern, and became three maidens so fresh and blooming that the Patriarch himself would have fallen in love with them if he had seen them, and much more so a youth. Then the maidens plunged into the cistern, and swam quietly about as if no one was looking at them. And how should they know that he saw them from inside the doorway? But see how his eyes glisten, and a scalding tear falls on his cheek!

Well, what would you?—such is love! It steals cunningly into the heart when we are least aware of it! Well, enough of that!

So he gazed at the maidens, gazed at all of them, and liked them all; but he gave most glances to the youngest, for his heart told him that she was the best. Then, while he was still gazing, they suddenly finished

their swimming, took up their feathers and put them on again; and the youth saw with dismay the three beautiful maidens disappear, and three pigeons fly away up into the heavens.

You may imagine his grief! He locked the door of the chamber, and went sorrowful and mazed[a] to the Dhrako. The Dhrako asks what is the matter with him that he sits moping there.

'How shall I tell thee?' he replied. 'It happened this way. I opened the chamber and saw this and that. Well, I repent of it, but of what use is that now that I am in such affliction, and my heart has gone out from me?'

When he had thus spoken, the Dhrako forgave him, and advised him to go early in the morning when the maidens were bathing, and watch where they left their feathers and take the plumage of the one that pleased him best and hide it; for, if she were to see it again, she would seize hold of it and escape.

So the next day he went as the Dhrako had told him, seized the plumage of the youngest—the one he said he liked best—and took it with him into the house. The other two, when they had finished bathing, donned their feathers and flew up at once into the heavens. The other searched here and there for her feathers, but could not find them, so there she was! Then the youth came out and approached her. She begged him to give her back her feathers, and she would promise not to escape. But not he!—he would not give them, and so he took her for his wife.

The couple lived happily together for some time, and two children were born to them. Then the youth

[a] This Devonshire word is the best equivalent I know of for the original.

related to the Dhrako how he had come there, and the Dhrako asked him if he would not like to go home to his mother. At this he rejoiced greatly. So he says good-bye to the Dhrako, who gives him lots of money, and opens the mountain for him to go out with his children and his wife, whom he loved like his own eyes.

Well, they walked, and they walked, till they came to the place where his widowed mother lived. Imagine the joy of the widow when she saw her son, and with him this goddess and his two dear children, whom you might call little angels. Shortly afterwards he gives the plumage to his mother and begs her to hide it safely, lest perchance his wife might find it, and he would lose her. She, however, put it in a place where it could easily be found, and some days afterwards when the youth was away from home, she [his wife] managed by some means or other to find the feathers. She took them, just as they were, gave one feather to one child, and another to the other, mounts up on the roof, and calls out to her mother-in-law,

'Tell my husband that he must take a pair of iron shoes, and an iron staff, and come to find me in

'The castles green, the castles red, and in the five white towers.'

When she had said these words, she gave a spring, and was lost to the old woman's sight. When her son came home and found no wife there, he began to weep, and was quite inconsolable, until his mother repeated to him what his wife had said just before she flew away. Then day and night he pondered on the means of recovering his wife, for he knew not where those places were of which she had spoken to his mother. He turned it this way and that, but could

make nothing of it. Then he bethought him of going to the Dhrako, who had been like a father to him; for he might possibly know where the pigeons lived who bathed in the garden and became women.

So again he goes to the Jew as he had done before, and they set off for the foot of the mountain. This time, however, he throws him down no diamonds or anything else, but leaves him to tear his hair. Then he goes down to the Dhrako, greets him, relates all that has happened, and then questions him concerning his wife's command.

The Dhrako gave him the shoes and the iron staff, and told him to set out and he would soon find means to reach the palace of his beloved one. So he tramped, and he tramped; and, as he went, he came to a lonely place where he found two men quarrelling and shouting. He went near, and asked them what they were making all that noise about, and they replied, '*Bré*, brother, look! We have this Poplar, this Sword, and this Hat, and we can't divide them between us.'

When he heard this, he couldn't help laughing at the idea of their killing each other for such a small matter, and he cried, 'Pooh! as if those things were worth fighting and quarrelling about!'

Then they explained to him that whoever should put that Hat on his head would become invisible; whoever should climb into that Poplar and shake it would be carried to any place he might mention; and whoever held the Sword in his hand, and bade it do so, it would cut down everything before it.[30] When the youth heard this, he took a fancy to have them, and pondered what he could do to obtain them. Then he said, 'I will divide them between you. I will throw my staff to

a distance, and whoever runs and brings it first to me shall find his share ready for him to take.'

Then while they are both running to bring the staff, he dons the Hat, girds on the Sword, climbs up into the Poplar, and vanishes. They look here, and they look there, but—pumpkins![a] The youth climbs higher up in the Poplar and tells it to take him to

'The castle green, the castle red, and to the five white castles.'

He had hardly said the words when—there you are!—he was arrived at the place he mentioned. He leaves the Poplar and the Sword in a certain spot, and, still wearing the Hat so as not to be seen, he enters the castles to find his wife and children. He first goes round this way, and then round that way, and at last he finds his wife in the poultry-yard among the fowls, where her father had put her when she came back. He goes up to her, makes himself known, and proposes to her to fly with him.

Said she, 'We will tell my father, and then we will go.'

After a little while they hear her father coming down. She was afraid, but he stood still and told her to take no notice of him.

Then he put on the Cap and became invisible without stirring thence.

Her father comes near and asks her, 'Who is hidden here? I smell human flesh.'

Then she told him that it was her husband, who had come to fetch her. He asked her if he could see him, for he wanted to know what kind of man he was. She, however, did not allow him to show himself, as she feared that her father would kill him—for those who have the heartache live ever in dread. Then her

[a] Κολοκύθια, a popular expression, signifying 'emptiness.'

father said that he would give her back to her husband if he could throw down a mountain which was near, and make it into gardens, thinking that this was just as if he had said 'I will never give her!' for it was not possible to imagine how the deuce (*τὶ διά'ολο*) he could succeed in accomplishing such a task!

And so she pretended to believe. But when her father had gone away, she called her husband, and gave him a tile which she bade him throw into a certain well, and he would see a crowd of men come out to whom he must give his orders.

So he went as his wife directed him, and threw the tile into the well, and there flew out—what shall I say?—thousands of men. He gave them his orders, saying, 'By to-morrow morning I want that mountain removed, and in its place to have gardens planted with every kind of tree and flower.'

He had hardly finished speaking, when they set to and began working. In the morning, when her father got up he opened the window, and what did he see? The mountain was gone, and in its place were gardens—but such gardens!—with trees and flowers and fountains; how shall I tell you what all?—indescribable marvels! He could hardly believe it; he rubbed his eyes, and rubbed them again, until he found that it was no delusion. So he went to his daughter, and said to her, 'Well, that has been accomplished. But now I require the garden to be turned into a sea with ships upon it.'

The girl again gave her husband a tile, and—not to make a long story of it—there happened what had happened before, and the garden became a sea with three-masted ships and feluccas and every other vessel you might wish to see. Then, when this had been accomplished, the youth presented himself before the

King with his Sword girt round his waist and his wife at his side. When her father and mother saw their daughter's husband, they fell upon him to devour him. But he lost no time in saying, 'Little Sword of mine, cut them down!' and it cut them down.

So now they were at peace, and he set out with his wife and children—taking with him also the Poplar—to return to the Dhrako, and afterwards to go to his mother's house. Then the wife remembered that she and her sisters had taken out the eyes of the Dhrako, and had hidden them in a cave. So they went there on the Poplar, and when they had got the eyes of the Dhrako, they returned to his palace, and put them back in their sockets. And so they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE QUEEN OF THE GORGONS.[43]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 304.)

THERE was once a King and a Queen, and they had an only son. Good as the King and Queen were, their son was perverse in an equal degree. In the same palace there lived the King's Vizier, and he had a son who was as handsome and good as the Prince was ugly and bad; and the Prince was always on the look-out for an opportunity of persecuting the Vizier's son. One day the Vizier's son went out hunting with his tutor. As they were going, he saw on the ground a beautiful golden feather. Said he to his tutor,

'Shall I take this feather, *Dháskalë*, it is so lovely?'

'What shall I say, my boy! If thou take it, thou wilt repent it; and if thou take it not, thou wilt still repent it.'

'*Aï!*' said the boy, 'then I will take it and repent it, since it is such a beautiful feather!'

He got down from his horse, picked it up, and put it in his cap. The Prince was gone up to the *kiosk* which was on the roof of the palace, and he had a spy-glass, and looked at the mountains and at the open country. He chanced to turn his glass on something that flashed in the sun like a diamond. He did not know what it was. He looked more closely and saw the Vizier's son, and in his cap was a jewel like a great feather.

'*Bá!* where the devil did he get that?' said he. 'I am a Prince and my papa is the King, but I never found

such a thing. When he returns to the palace I will take it from him.'

The youth returned to the palace with his tutor. He [the Prince] sends word to him to come upstairs immediately, as he wanted him. Said he,

'What was that which thou wert wearing in thy cap out hunting which shone like a diamond?'

'Nothing, a feather,' said the youth.

'Feather! Go and bring it for me to look at.'

The Vizier's son went down to his chamber, took the feather, and carried it to the Prince, and said to him,

'As it pleases you, take it, my Prince.'

'*Bá!* what should I do with the feather? Go and bring me the bird; and if thou bring'st not the bird, there is no place for thee in the palace.'

The Vizier's son went down to his own apartments, and began to weep and to curse the hour when he picked up the feather from the road. As he was weeping, his tutor came to him.

'What ails thee, my boy, that thou weep'st?'

'What ails me? Would it not have been better to have listened to you and not to have taken the feather?'

He related everything to him as it was, and told him that he had to find the bird which had the feather, or he would be driven out of the palace. Said the tutor,

'Leave weeping, and we will go and find thy father, and see what can be done.'

Then they decided to take some skins of wine, and go to a great cistern where the birds drank water, which the tutor knew of. They took the wine, and went to the cistern, and opened it and turned off the water,

so that no more should flow into it, and emptied the wine out of the skins, and went to a distance and watched. A short time only had passed when they saw the whole country lighted up. What did they see then? They saw a magnificent Eagle which came to the cistern to bathe and drink. It came and drank and then rose high, and again descended, drank again of the wine, and then tried to fly again, but could not. The tutor loses no time, but runs and seizes the Eagle. He brings it to the youth, he takes it, and they go to the palace.

The Queen of the Gorgons and of the Birds was out walking, and was told that the great Golden Eagle had been caught and taken to the [King's] palace. In her anger she tore off her girdle from her waist and threw it away, ran to her palace, and shut herself up, for she was very fond of the Eagle.

They brought the Eagle to the Prince. He was delighted with the Eagle, but annoyed with the Vizier's son, because he had been able to catch it. Some days passed. The Vizier's son, to get some fresh air, took his tutor and went out hunting. As they went through a valley, he saw something shining, and said,

'What thing is this? Let me go near and see.'

He goes up and what does he see? A girdle smothered with diamonds and pearls, and on the girdle were pictured in pearls Fishes and Gorgons. He takes it up and runs to his tutor, saying,

'See, *Dháskalë*, what I have found! Shall I take it, or shall I not take it?'

'What shall I say, my boy? For if thou take it thou wilt repent it; and again, if thou take it not, thou wilt repent it.'

'*Aï!* I will take it, and shall not repent it, since it is so beautiful!'

He took it and clasped it round his waist, and set out to return to the palace. The Prince again saw him from the *kiosk*.

'I say!' he cried, 'what is he wearing round his waist? When he comes I shall take it from him!'

The youth arrived at the palace, folded up the girdle, and put it in his box. The Prince sent word to him to go upstairs, as he wanted him. The Vizier's son went. Said the Prince,

'What was that which thou wert wearing round thy waist?'

'Nothing, a girdle which I found out there where we were hunting.'

'Go and bring it, that I may see what kind of girdle it is.'

The youth went and brought the girdle upstairs. The Prince looked at it.

'*Bré!*' said he, 'only fancy what the lady who had this must be! Thou must go without fail and find her and bring her to me.'

'*Bré! Aman!* Prince, how can I find the woman who had that and bring her to thee?'

'Whether thou canst or not, thou must bring her, otherwise thou wilt repent it.'

The Vizier's son goes downstairs again. He runs, weeping, to his father, to his tutor.

'How am I to find her who had that girdle?'

'What can I say, my boy? Thou should'st not have taken it; or, as thou did'st take it, thou should'st have hidden it; tears and cries are useless, let us now see how we can find this lady.'

He took the tutor, and they searched here and searched there to see if there was any trace, but—nothing! But while they were searching they saw a splendid

palace, and outside in the courtyard of the palace they saw a beautiful lady walking all by herself. They lost no time, but said that this must be she who had the girdle. They rushed to her, wrapped her in a mantle, and placed her on a horse. The Vizier's son mounted behind her, and held her tightly, that she might not escape. She was frightened, and shrieked. Then the Vizier's son said to her,

'The fault is not mine, lady. The Prince sent me first to fetch the Eagle, and afterwards you, or he would cut off my head.'

Then, in her anger, she broke the strings of pearls which were round her neck, and threw them on the road. They arrived at the palace, the Prince saw her, and lost his senses over her beauty. The King came and told her that she should be Queen if she would marry his son. Said she,

'I can give you no answer unless you go and bring me the pearls which I lost on the road, and not a single pearl must be missing.'

They call the Vizier's son.

'Go quickly and bring the pearls which the Queen threw away, and let not one be missing.'

The unfortunate Vizier's son goes down, and says to the tutor, 'Let us go and seek the pearls, for not one must be missing.'

The poor fellows search here and there; they see an ant-hill, and the ants had put the pearls all in rows round their nest. The Vizier's son immediately dismounted his horse, picked them all up and did not leave one. Then she was pleased and said,

'Before I take you for my husband we must punish him who has done me such despite.'

'Command, my Queen, and I will give him whatever

punishment you may mention, you have only to command.'

'Let them heat an oven during seven days and nights, and on the seventh day, let them throw him into the oven, and be burnt.'

Immediately the Prince commanded them to heat the ovens for seven days and nights. Imagine the grief and anger of the Vizier's son, of his father, of his tutor, of everyone! One day this Queen wanted to go to the seashore for a little walk. There she began to speak and speak things which no one could understand, Solomonic words.[32]

Said the Prince, 'What art thou saying? Thou speakest all this time, and I understand nothing.'

'I am saying my prayers.'

The Prince said no more; he turned and went back to the palace.

The seven days passed; but the Queen of the Gorgons told the Gorgons to carry water and throw into the ovens. In front the men of the palace heaped up fires, and behind they [the Gorgons] put them out. The seven days were past. They went to throw the youth into the oven. They left him there all night, and at dawn he came out alive. They were all amazed to see him living, and there was great rejoicing in the palace. Then said the Prince,

'Command now when our wedding shall take place.'

'But we have still another trial to make if thou lovest me.'

'If I love thee?' cried the Prince. 'I love thee madly! For love of thee I have given my best friend to be burnt.'

'That is not sufficient,' said the Queen. 'For the

Vizier's son they heated the oven seven days and nights, and we put him in, and he came out alive. For thee it shall be heated two hours, and thou wilt go in, if thou lovest me; but if thou do it not, I am able to go away and return whence I was brought.'

Then what could he do? He tried to make her change her mind, but in vain; she said it was her last fancy. Then at last the Prince saw that he could not do otherwise, and he called the servants and told them to put very little wood so that the oven might not get very hot. Then the Queen took him by the hand and they went downstairs. They went to the ovens, and the Prince saw that the oven was cool. Then she said to him,

'Go in, for I have blessing and cursing from my parents that the first husband who weds me must enter an oven.'

When the Prince was in, she clapped her hands, and they threw a great fire into the oven, and he was burnt to a cinder. She lost no time, but came into the courtyard, and passed through it into the garden where the Vizier's son was sitting under a tree. She took him by the hand, and clapped her palms, and a whirlwind came and took up both of them and carried them to her palace. And she said to him,

'Thou who art valiant, and hast done such deeds, art worthy to rule with me over the Gorgons. For I am the Queen of all the Gorgons and all the Birds. I, because I loved thee, commanded the Gorgons and they brought water into the oven into which thou didst enter, and when the Prince went in, they brought fire. If thou desirest me for thy wife, well; if not, thou art free to return to thy palace, to thy parents.'

Then he fell at her feet, and saluted her and said,

'Not the husband, but the slave will I be of thee who savedst my life.'

Then the whole World laughed, and all the Birds began to sing, and he took her for his wife. They sent for his tutor and his father. And they reigned, and are still reigning over the Gorgons and the Birds. And they lived happily. And we more happily still!

THE NEREID.[44]

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 153.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good-evening to your Honours!

There was once a King and a Queen, and they had an only son. This son of theirs did not wish to marry. Princesses came to him, but not only would he not wed, but he would not even raise his eyes to look at any woman. Opposite the palace lived a mother, and she had three daughters. They were very beautiful. At last the Queen said,

'Perhaps he loves one of these and is unwilling to confess it?'

She made up her mind that it was so, and said to the girls' mother,

'Wilt not send thy eldest daughter here to me, to keep me company?'

'*Bá!* with pleasure, my Queen!' said the woman.

So she adorned her eldest daughter and led her to the palace. When the Queen saw her, she greeted her, took her by the hand, and brought her into her son's chamber. And she said to her,

'I have brought thee here, my girl, because my son does not wish to marry, and to see if perchance he is in love with one of you. If my son tells thee he loves thee, I will make thee my daughter-in-law.'

So the girl went and sat on the sofa. The Prince came in the evening, went into his room, sat down at his table to write, and wrote without looking at her at

all. Sleep took her, and she slept on the sofa. In the morning the Queen went alone to see what the maiden was doing, and [hear] what the Prince had said to her.

'What shall I tell you, my long-lived Queen? The Prince came; he did not look at me at all; he wrote and wrote, and got up and went out without speaking to me at all.'

Then the Queen thanked her and gave her a present, a beautiful ring, and begged her to send her next sister. She went home and told them, and so they adorned her second sister, and she arose and went to the Queen. The Queen received her well also, and led her to her son's chamber and said to her,

'If my son tells thee that he loves thee, then tell me, for I will make thee my daughter-in-law.'

She, too, sat on the sofa like the other. In the evening, at dusk, the Prince came, and sat down at his table, without raising his eyes to look at her. He wrote, and wrote, rose, and went away. In the morning the Queen went to learn what her son had said. She told her that he hadn't even looked at her. Then she made her, too, a present of a ring, and begged her to send the youngest. The youngest was very wide-awake and very beautiful. The Queen adorned her with her own jewels, and told her to sit in her son's chamber, and, when he came, to speak to him, and see what he would say to her. So she sat down on the sofa in the Prince's room. There was outside a splendid cage with a bird, and she brought it inside. When the Prince came, he entered without noticing her, and sat down and wrote. The maiden pretended to talk to the bird, as the Prince wouldn't speak to her. She said to it,

'Good-evening, my little Bird, won't you speak? or

you, my little Cage, you, my Candlestick, won't you speak?'

Then said the Prince, 'My Candlestick, my Candlestick, at your orders, my Candlestick.'[a]

She was ashamed, and said no more. The Prince rose when he had finished his writing, and went away. In the morning the Queen went to see if her son had spoken to her, and what he had said.

'When he came in,' said she, 'he wished me "Good evening," and afterwards he asked me who had brought me to his room, and I told him that the Queen had told me to come and keep him company.'

Then the Queen begged her to remain another day. In the evening she again talked to the candlestick, and he again answered to the candlestick, and when he had written and written, he rose and went away. Her sisters expected her on the following day to have returned home, and as they did not see her coming, they went themselves to the palace. They saw her sitting beside the Queen, and both the Queen and she were in very good spirits. They bade her come home, and she said,

'The Queen will not allow me to come.'

'What? Has the Prince spoken to thee?' asked her sisters.

'*Ou!* we have had a great deal of talk together!'

So the two sisters were poisoned with jealousy, and they rose and went away. When they had left the palace, said the one to the other,

'*Kalé*, don't believe that the Prince has spoken to her! She likes very well to remain at the palace, and tells lies. Knowest thou what we must do?—we

[a] The Prince replies in Turkish.

will take to her those pearls which the pedlar-woman is selling, for her to buy, and we will see what she will do.'

The next day they took the pearls from the pedlar-woman's hand, and rose and went to the palace. They said to her,

'These beautiful pearls are for sale, ask the King to buy them for thee.'

She said, 'Leave them, and I will ask him if he wishes to buy them for me.'

They left the pearls, and arose and went away. On the road as they went they said, 'We shall see how she will manage it, who will buy the pearls for her.'

When the Prince came in the evening, she said to him, 'My Candlestick, my Candlestick!'

Said he, 'At your orders, my Candlestick!'

'My sisters have brought these pearls for me to buy. Shall I buy them, or shall I not?'

'My Candlestick, my Candlestick, the keys are in the cupboard, the sequins are in the drawer, open and take what thou wilt!'

In the morning she told the Queen that the Prince had given her money to buy anything she liked. Then the Queen embraced her, kissed her, and said, 'Thou shalt be my child!' Her sisters came, she asked how much the pearls were, paid it, and bought them. Then they went away, and their noses dropped venom; but still they did not believe that the Prince had spoken to her.

'Don't believe it, she is a cunning baggage—the Queen must have bought them for her! We will take her now a pair of bracelets, and see if she will buy them too.'

The next day they took a pair of bracelets which

the pedlar-woman had, and carried them to her that she might buy them, and she again used the same means to get the Prince to buy them for her. They went the next day to fetch the money, and said to her,

'If you are a Queen now, why don't you invite us to dinner that we too may see the bridegroom?'

'I will speak to him,' she said, 'in the evening, and if he is willing, why not?' Then she went into her chamber and burst into tears. And she said, 'What is this?—my sisters fall upon me to devour me worse than Lamias!—how shall I escape them?'

In the evening the Prince came and began to write. She wept so much that she could not restrain herself.

'My Candlestick! my little Candlestick!' sobbed she.

'Come here, my Candlestick! what ails you, my Candlestick, that you weep so?'

'My sisters want me to invite them to table, and I have no authority here, and I am in despair, and for that I weep.'

Says he to her, 'My precious Candlestick, the cooks are downstairs, the hunters downstairs, geese and ducks as many as you want, kill and prepare your table.'

In the morning she crossed her arms,[a] and went to the Queen and said to her,

'The King has ordered me to spread a table for my sisters. And he says that the hunters are below, and geese, and ducks, and I am to order them to cook anything I like. What do you command me to do, my Queen?'

'Since the King has said so, call yourself and give orders.'

Then she called the hunters, and ordered them to go hunting; she called the cooks, and told them to kill

[a] See p. 220, note [a].

ducks and geese and fowls, and prepare them for the next day, as she was going to give a dinner to her sisters. She called the groom and told him that the King did not wish to sit down with her sisters at the table, and bade him play a trick with her on them. She was so lovely and her face was so sweet that all in the palace loved her. She bade him, at the time when they would be sitting down to table, about noon, and expecting the King to come and eat with them, to bring out the horse to the ruined back gate of the courtyard, and cause him to make a great clatter with his hoofs so that it might be heard upstairs, and then to send a servant in haste to say,

'Run downstairs, Little Queen, for the King wants to speak to you!'

So it fell out. The next day the sisters came to dine. The Queen was delighted at dining with her son after so long a time, but the sisters smiled because they believed it was all fables. The youngest girl went from time to time to the window to see why the King was so late in coming. Then they heard the horse galloping on all fours in the courtyard. They both grew yellow, but the youngest blushed. Then a servant ran up and said,

'Come downstairs, Little Queen, for the King wants you!'

Then she went running downstairs. She went to a place far away under some chambers, and wept. There as she was walking up and down not knowing what to do, she trod on a slab which moved. She raised the slab and saw a staircase. She went down the staircase, down and down, and then walked on, and came to a dark place, and there she saw a lonely barn full of thistles, and upon the thistles slept the

Prince, and near him was a Nereid, and by her side a child. Then she lost no time, but ran off back to the palace, called the Queen out and told her that the Prince would not come to dine with them, but desired her to bring down two gold [embroidered] scarves,[a] one rose-coloured and one white, a silver comb, and a gold [embroidered] coverlet of silk for a child, as a friend's wife had given birth, and he wished to offer them as presents. Then the Queen gave them to her. She took them, and begged her to go and begin dinner, and she would come when she had taken the things, because the Prince had told her to go alone.

So she took them, went downstairs, lifted the stone which moved, descended the steps softly, softly, and approached the Nereid. She then spread the golden coverlet on the ground, lifted the child, and laid him on it, picked the thistles out of his hair, combed it, and covered him with the rose-coloured scarf. And she also cleared her [the Nereid's] hair of the thistles of which it was full, and covered her and the Prince together with the white scarf, and went back and sat down to table and ate.

When the Nereid woke up and saw herself and her child thus cared for, and without thistles in their hair, she turned and said to the Prince,

'Who is she that has come and has done this thing to us here?'

He swore to her—'*by the sparks of the fire*'—that he had seen no woman.

'Thou knowest well that thou hast taken the light out of mine eyes, and that I see no woman but thyself!'

[a] The Turkish *tchevrés*—strips of linen, or muslin, with embroidered ends, of which so many have of late years been brought to this country. The other articles mentioned also refer to Turkish usages.

Then he related to her how he heard every evening a woman talking to the Candlestick, but saw her not. Then she gave him a slap and said,

'I give thee this blow that thy light may come again, but I charge thee on thine oath to take none else to wife but her.'

Then the Nereid clapped her hands, and a great whirlwind[44] arose like that which had carried away the Prince one noontide when he was out hunting, and it carried off all the thistles and her child and herself, and they disappeared. Then he heard a voice out of the whirlwind which said, 'I leave farewell to thee! Thou wilt never see me again, neither me nor thy child!'

It was about mid-day, and the Prince grieved for her until evening. He then went up to his chamber and saw the young woman weeping bitter tears. As soon as he came in he embraced her, and said, 'Let your tears be dried; you must neither say what you saw, nor I what I know; let us forget the past. You delivered me from out of the hands of the Nereid. Now let us go and kiss my mother's hand, and to-morrow we will hold our wedding.'

He led her to his mother, and the next day [they had] music and drums, and great rejoicings. The wedding was celebrated to the joy of everybody and to the disgust of her sisters.

THE STRINGLA[45] *PRINCESS.*

Athens.

(*Δελτίον*, I., p. 309.)

THIS is the beginning of the story. Good evening to your Honours!

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had three sons as beautiful as gold. But, as you know, man is never content, but forever wanting something. Because they had nothing else to desire, they asked God to give them a daughter. Because they had no other cause for grief, they grieved that they had not a daughter to amuse them. For their sons were grown up and did not stay in the palace, but were always out of doors. And so they prayed to God day and night to give them a daughter. After a little while the Queen was with child. They took the greatest care that not a drop of rain should fall upon her to wet her, so that perhaps she might have a daughter. When the time came the Queen gave birth to a female child. Just fancy the joy it gave! It was who should first hold it in his hands, who should first dandle it! When it was born two of the sons were at home, but the youngest was out hunting. But when he returned they told him that the Queen had borne a female child. In his joy he ran into the lying-in chamber, to take up his little sister and kiss her. As he held her in his arms, she turned and looked at him, and he saw that she had eyes like stars, and he said,

'*Bá!* what sort of eyes are these which the child has?' They glittered as he looked at them, and he gave back the baby to its mother, and went out.

In the night they heard an uproar, a horrible noise down in the stable.

'*Bré!* what can that be?' they said.

They hasten to the stable and what do they see? The best horse strangled. The next night another, and the next again another.

'*Bá!*' said the Princes, 'this is a bad business.—But I will go who am the eldest, and we shall see what happens to the horses that they die.'

He went down to the stable, and stayed all night, but saw nothing, the horses neither died, nor did anyone come into the stable. The next night the second Prince said,

'I will go and watch.'

The Queen said to him, 'Go!'

The second one went. Nothing [happened], there was quiet in the stable.

The next evening no one went to watch, and again there was uproar, a horrible noise, and they found a horse dead. The youngest then said nothing to anyone, but thought to himself,

'I will go alone and watch, for I don't like my sister's eyes!'

He took his sword, went at dusk to the stable, and hid himself behind the door. He drew his sword from its sheath, and waited to see who was the customer who strangled the horses. He waited, and waited, nothing [happened].

'*Aï!*' he said, 'some accursed serpent, it seems, must have strangled them.'

He waited till the fearsome midnight was past. As he was thinking of going away, he heard a faint rustling. He shrank back, and what did he see? His little sister with her little arms outspread and her little fingers

outstretched, and she threw herself upon the neck of a horse to strangle it! He lost no time, struck a blow with his sword, and cut off her little finger. She turned, looked fiercely at him, and recognised him, but said nothing. The Prince, when he had cut off her finger, picked it up off the ground, and then hastened to his chamber. And all night he could not sleep a wink for worry.

In the morning when God dawned the day, he went and found his brothers and told them what he had found out in the night, that their little sister was a Stringla and strangled the horses. He had watched her the night before, and had cut off her little finger. Then they threw themselves upon him as if to eat him, the Queen, and the King, and his brothers; and all bade him be off, and never let them see him again.

'Murderer! Out on thy jealousy! To cut thy little sister's hand, and cripple her!'

Then he weepingly bade farewell to his brothers and said, 'Whether we shall meet again or not [I know not], for the Stringla will destroy us all.'

His brothers, instead of being sorry that their brother was going away, said to him,

'Art thou not ashamed, with thy jealousy, to pit thyself against a baby-girl, and cut off her finger and maim her to prove thy words true when thou sayest that our little sister is a Stringla?'

The poor youth made no reply, but gazed sadly at his brothers. He looked at the palace, his eyes filled with tears; and then he went to his chamber, dressed himself, took his arms, and fled, weeping as he ran, for he knew he would never see them again. He looked straight before him, and went and went, and still went on. When evening came, he climbed a tree, and slept,

and at dawn when he awoke, he again took to the road and journeyed on. One day he saw afar off a splendid palace, with the door standing wide open. He goes in, he sees nobody. He ascends some marble steps, and there he sees sitting on a sofa and leaning on some gold embroidered cushions a most beautiful maiden. When she saw him, she jumped up.

'*Bá!* How didst thou come here?' she asked.

'The earth and kosmos tell of thy beauty, and I heard it, and came to see if it were so [great]; but now I see that thou art still more beautiful than I heard tell, indeed thou art.'

Said she, 'Never mind about that, would that I had not been beautiful, for my beauty has been my misfortune. For forty Dhrakos saw me and tore me away from my parents and brought me here; and they guard me so that no one can come and steal me. Four years now it is since the foot of man trod in here, and now it has befallen thee to come, and the Dhrakos will eat thee, if they see thee.'

She had hardly spoken when they heard a noise, a great uproar.

'Alas!' she cried, 'they are coming! Now what shall we do?'

'*Aï!* I shall stand here,' said the Prince, 'and if I perish, I perish!'

'Ah! but I want you to live, and rescue me!' said the Princess.

The noise drew near. She lost no time, but gave him a slap, and turned him into a bundle of thyme used for sweeping and placed him behind the door. A Dhrako comes in, turns up his nose very high, and says,

'I smell man's flesh in here!'

'*Aï!* someone passed by outside and the door was open, and the scent of him came in.'

A second Dhrako came in, and did the same.

'I smell the smell of a man!'

The third came and did the same, and not to make a long story of it, all the forty. She said again,

'*Aï!* my brothers, I too am human, and smell; eat me, and have done with it, that I may escape from your hands.'

Then the youngest said, 'Let us leave her now, and go and eat with the other Dhrakos.'

They went away and ate heartily, and then each one went to his mattress and fell asleep. When she heard their snoring and knew that they were asleep, the Beauty went to the top story and hung out a red handkerchief at the casement, and immediately there arose afar off a cloud of dust and a commotion, and there came under her window a horseman, a most handsome youth, and said to her,

'Have you decided to run away with me? What do you want with me?'

'To run away! But how can we run away when there are the forty Dhrakos and we should both perish?'

'Dost thou wish me to fight with them? to kill them?'

'But if thou shouldst perish, what would become of me?' said the Beauty.

'*Aï!* then why didst thou call me? What dost thou want?' And he turned his horse to go.

'*Bá!* wait and hear, don't go away! Don't be angry! God has sent us a simpleton to save us!'

'What sayest thou?—a simpleton? How can he save us?'

'He is a simpleton because he fell in love with me without knowing me. I will tell him that I love him, and will set him to kill the forty Dhrakos, for he is very valiant.'

'*Aï!* and when he has killed them, what shall we do with him?'

'I will send him to fetch me the Water of Life,[9] so that we may never die, and there let him leave his bones, and we will then live a joyful life. Go now away quickly, and don't come back till I call thee.'

He whipped up his horse, and she shut the window and went to where the thyme broom was, and again she gave it a slap, and he became a man as he was before. Said she,

'*Aï!* now, what shall we do about the forty Dhrakos? So long as they live we cannot live, and we shall be in the Devil's eye if they find us and eat us.'

'If thou lovest me and art willing to take me for thy husband, I will engage to kill them.'

'What, thou, one man, kill forty Dhrakos?'

'When a man has a [stout] heart, what he sets his mind on he can do.'

'*Aï!* then, in God's name, if thou kill them I promise to be thine!'

The following evening, when the Dhrakos were coming home, he hid behind the outer gate; he had sharpened his sword well, and as they came in, one by one he cut off his head and dragged him away and threw him into a great well. When he had killed them all, he said,

'I have kept my word, do thou now keep thine!'

'What dost thou mean? I love thee and desire thee, but we can stay but a short time together, for I am a Princess, and my Fate foretold that I should be carried

off by forty Dhrakos, and if there should be found a man to kill them, and he should marry me within the year, the blood of the Dhrakos would become a monster and he would strangle me. But if that man goes and brings the Water of Life and sprinkles me with it when he finds me strangled, then indeed we may live happily. But how canst thou go and bring this Water? I fear thou wouldst never return!'

'And where is the Water of Life?' asked the Prince.

'*Ach!* but it is very far away, and very difficult [to get], and great valour and swiftness are needed, for where the Water is are two mountains which open and shut, and if thou art not nimble they will crush thee. But love me only, and all will be well.'

She embraced him, kissed him, and wept; and she gave him a jar to fill there where it falls drop by drop, and told him to fill it. 'And don't forget that thou leavest me here all alone, and waiting for thy speedy return.'

He took the jar, bade her farewell, and set out. As he went along the road he was all in a sweat. He went and sat down under a tree, and spied afar off among the trees a beautiful palace. Said he,

'Shall I not go in there and see if perchance I may learn which way to go for the Water of Life? If there are Nereids within, will they not pity me and tell me something? and if there are Dhrakos, may my sword be good.'

He went up and saw a great open door; he went in and sees nobody, only a large garden. He goes into the garden, and what does he see? A lovely Nereid![44] She was sitting under a tree, and around her sat three great Dogs. When they saw him, they began to bark.

The Nereid patted them, and they licked her hand

and were quiet. The Prince saluted her with much respect and gentleness. She said he was welcome to her palace, and asked what she could do for him.

'Ah! my Queen!—for I can give you no other name but Queen!—my woes are many and great!' and he related to her all his story—how he had found in the palace where he had been a beautiful young woman and forty Dhrakos, and how she had sent him to bring her the Water of Life. The Nereid smiled and said,

'Knowest thou where is the Water of Life?'

'No, but I shall seek for it, and find it.'

'Well, because thou hast trusted me and told me thy secrets, I will tell thee where is the Water of Life, but on condition that thou give me thine oath to return this way, and afterwards thou shalt go to the Beauty's house, for I shall be anxious [to know if] thou returnest alive from thence.'

Then he swore to her that if he lived he would come first and see her, and afterwards go to the Beauty's house. Then the Nereid said to him,

'Thou must keep to the right for some hours. Then thou wilt observe a high and dark mountain, and behind that mountain thou wilt see a higher, but the second will be green, and upon it crawl great serpents with horns on their heads and with one eye in their foreheads, and others again with one horn and with many eyes under that horn. Those are the poisonous snakes. But fear them not and kill none, for I will give thee some Water to drink, and they will not bite thee if thou touch them not. When thou hast passed over that mountain thou wilt see a lake, and, at the far side, two mountains which open and shut. In front of the lake thou wilt see a little ship moored to a withered tree. Unmoor the ship, embark, and spread the sails. Take

these two pigeons, and when thou comest near the mountains which open and shut, let fly the one pigeon, and if it does not pass through to the other side, but is crushed by the mountain which opens and shuts, stay in the ship a little while, for the mountain sometimes opens and shuts quickly and sometimes slowly, and if thou pass safely to the other side there is a cave, and within it falls drop by drop the Water of Life. Then fill thy jar, but drink not, for it kills the living, but brings the dead to life. Then let go the other pigeon, and if the pigeon passes through, do thou also pass, and come hither.'

Then the Prince thanked her heartily, drank the Water against the snakes which the Nereid gave him, took the two pigeons, and set off. Not to make a long story of it, he found the black, and afterwards the green [mountain] with the great snakes, and afterwards the lake and the moored ship. He went on board, and unfurled the sails. Then, as he came near, he let fly one of the pigeons and it passed alive to the other side, only its tail got scotched a bit. Then he set all his sails, and made haste, and sped through with his little ship to the other side, only the stern of the ship got smashed a little. He found the cave, filled his jar, got into the ship again, and let fly the other pigeon. When it had passed safely, he set his sails and passed through. He came on shore and arrived at the Nereid's house.

When she saw him coming back so soon and alive, she was amazed and thought to herself,

'What a pity such a youth should perish for the sake of a horrid wicked woman!' (for, being a Nereid, she knew who had sent him). She said to him,

'Welcome! Sit down and rest, and eat a little, and sleep, and go an hour later to thy beloved.' She said

much more, so that he could not but stay in order not to offend her who had shown him such kindness. And of course he thanked her and said,

'Without your aid I should have perished!' and he ate and went to sleep.

Then the Nereid went softly, softly, took the jar, emptied it into another, filled it with cold water, and placed it by his side. And the jar which held the Water of Life she put in a cupboard and locked it up. After a little while the Prince awoke, he took up the jar, bade the Nereid farewell, thanked her, and went away. When he was gone, the Nereid called to her biggest Dog,

'Aslán! follow that Prince. Wait outside the door and observe what happens, and come and bring me tidings, hearest thou? Be wary! Now thou knowest!' The dog wagged his tail, and disappeared.

Let us now leave the Dog to watch, and let us come to our beloved Prince. She [the Princess] did not love the Prince, as we know, but another, who, so long as the Dhrakos were alive, feared to approach the palace. But when the Prince went to fetch the Water of Life, she immediately spread the red handkerchief, and her lover came at once and she said to him,

'I have sent away the never-returning simpleton; the serpents will eat him, or the mountain will crush him.'

So her lover came, and they lived happily. Some time passed, and they forgot all about him—for how were they to know that a Nereid had fallen in love with the Prince the first time she saw him, and had helped him to bring the Water of Life?—and let things happen of themselves just as they did happen. So the Beauty, on the day the Prince returned, was at the window; she saw the Prince, and cried,

'*Po! po!* just what I dreaded! He is coming! What shall I do now?' and she ran to her lover and said to him, 'I saw at a distance the Prince coming, and now what will become of us? He will kill both thee and me if we cannot destroy him!'

The Prince replied, 'He killed forty Dhrakos, and cannot we kill one man?'

'But we have not time now; go hide thyself, and may God give the opportunity!' She ran downstairs to the door, and said to him, 'Welcome! Thou art come at last, and I was near dying of grief!'

The Prince stood and embraced her. She said, 'Sit down now and stretch thyself while I go and prepare something to eat.' Then she went in, took a cup of wine, and put in it a potion and said, 'Drink this, and lie down on the bed a little, while I go and get the food ready.'

He drank the wine, and sleep took him at once. Then she went and said to her lover,

'He is asleep, so finish him off!'

Then he ran, and took a knife, and went to the bed, and cut him in pieces. He gathered him up in the sheet, knotted it, and threw it out of the window into the street. Aslán, the Nereid's Dog, was on guard outside the window, and when he saw the bloody sheet, he smelt at it, took it in his teeth, and ran off with it to his mistress. The Nereid, as soon as she saw the Dog come with the sheet, took it from his teeth, and spread it out on her bed, laid him out very carefully, and put the pieces in their places. Then she ran to the garden for a winter melon, cut it into thin slices, dipped them into the Water of Life, and put them upon his wounds; and then she began to pour over him the Water of Life and wetted him all over with it, and poured some

into his mouth, and presently he began to move. Then the Nereid raised him in her arms very very gently, and laved him all over with the Water of Life. Then he opened his eyes and said,

'Where am I?'

'In my house, but thou must be quiet.'

She gave him some more Water of Life to drink, and covered him up and said to him,

'Go to sleep, and don't speak.'

He slept for a day and a night, and then woke up and saw the Nereid at his side. He asked her how he came there, and the Nereid told him all, how they had killed him, how her Dog had found him, how they had for some time wished to kill him, because she whom he loved, loved another. 'For that she set thee to slay the Dhrakos, and the Water of Life was only a pretext to get thee eaten by the serpents.'

He was angry and said, 'It is impossible that such a beautiful woman could be an evil-doer. I knew that my sister was a Stringla, and why did I not know that this one was a Lamia!'

'*Aï!* that is all over now, and done with; we must now see how thou canst revenge thyself.'

'I will go at once and kill them both,' said the Prince.

'Thou art still weak, but I will now send Saíné to see when he goes out of the house to hunt; and when the Dog brings us the tidings, thou shalt go and kill her; and when her lover returns to the house thou must kill him, and finish with them.'

So he did. He went, killed them, and came back again to the Nereid, and fell at the Nereid's feet, and said to her,

'Thou hast saved me from many deaths, and not from

one only; now I am thy slave, so command me what I shall do.'

The Nereid told him that she had loved him from the first day she saw him, and all she asked for in return was that he would love her and live with her.

He replied, 'Dost thou deem me so thankless? I will be thy slave, not thy husband. One favour only I would ask—let me go to our kingdom to see what has become of my most unfortunate parents, and my brothers, and afterwards I will come and live with thee. If I come back glad, we will be joyful; but if I come back sorrowful, thou wilt comfort me.'

'*Bravo!*' said she, 'I am proud of thee, and love thee all the more, because thou lovest and rememberest them who drove thee out of thy palace. Go, and come back happy. I will await thee. Take these three dates, and when thou art gone from hence into some road, eat one, and plant the stone in the earth; and when thou hast gone again some distance further, eat another, and again plant the stone; and do the same with the third. The dates will take root, and grow large, and if anyone pursue thee, climb up into the date-trees, and if thou needest any help, call three times from the top of the date-trees, "Come, my Aslán! Come, my Saïné! Come, my Boutalá!"[a] and the Dogs will run to help thee.'

The Prince took the three dates and kissed the Nereid, for he did not know whether he should see her again.

He took the road, and went on, and on. He ate one of the dates; he went further and ate the others; he did all that the Nereid told him. He took the road, and went on until he came into the city. And what

[a] These names are Turkish.

did he see?—solitude everywhere, the shops deserted and dark, no man called to another. He went to the palace, what did he see?—*Tzan, tzin, top inar!* (the Stoicheia[a] were playing at ball). He shuddered and fell a-weeping. He wept, and wept, and then mounted the stairs of the palace. There, in a corner, he saw his father, a miserable stump, without legs or arms. He ran weeping to embrace him, but instead of saying, 'Welcome, my boy!' he called to the Stringla Princess,

'Come, my good daughter, and revenge thyself, this is he who cut off thy finger!'

Then the little Stringla ran up and cried, 'O! welcome, my little brother who escaped from my hands! Whenever I saw my maimed finger I remembered thee and said, "Let him fall but once into my hands!" Come now, and beat this drum, so that I may know thou art not fled, while I go and sharpen my teeth so as not to torture thee much, as thou art my little brother,' and she gave him a drum to beat till she came back.

But no sooner had she gone downstairs than a Mouse came out and said to him,

'Why dost thou stay here and beat the drum? She will sharpen her teeth and come and eat thee as she ate the others!'

'But what can I do?' asked the Prince.

'Give me the drum to beat, and do thou run away.'

He gave the drum to the Mouse, and he beat it with his tail. He went down to the oven, took off his torn trousers, tied up the feet, and stuffed them with chaff, hung them high up on a beam, and set off running. When the Stringla had sharpened her teeth, she came upstairs. *Phrouct!* off goes the Mouse to his hole.

[a] See Vol. I., Annotation No. 14.

The Stringla Princess looks on this side and that, but sees him not. She runs all about the house, and sees the trousers hanging high up.

'*Ach!*' said she, 'thou hast got up there so that I may not reach thee!' and she snaps at him with her teeth and bites the cloth which was stuffed with chaff, and the chaff falls on her face and nearly blinds her.

'*Ach!*' said she, 'even if thou hide thee in a snake's hole I will drag thee out!'

She runs up and down in the garden. Nowhere! She runs out into the street, and sees him a long way off. But as he was very far away she could not catch him. He ran in front, and she behind; he in front, and she behind; and she had nearly caught him when the Prince saw a date-palm, and climbed up into it. She lost no time, but began to gnaw at the trunk that the palm-tree might fall. As her teeth were sharpened, she was not long about it; and the tree was about to fall when the Prince went up to the top and caught hold of the branches of another date-palm and swung himself upon it. The Stringla Princess lost no time; she ran to the second date-palm, and began to gnaw it. In a little while the second tree began to totter. The Prince lost no time, he took hold of the branches and swung himself into the third date-palm. She ran to the third and gnawed it.

'Ah! now at length whither wilt thou go from me? There is no other date-tree, and as I am hungry and angry, I will not leave a bone of thee!'

Then the Prince called to mind the words of the Nereid, and he shouted with all his might,

'Come, my Aslán, come! Come, my Saïné, come! Come, my Boutalá, come!'

When the Nereid's three great Dogs heard this cry,

they broke loose, my eyes! in a sweat, and fell upon the Stringla Princess, and tore her to bits of bits.

Then the Prince went sadly to the Nereid, and told her all he had seen and heard. Then he took the Nereid for his wife. And they went together to his palace with her servants, and sent out men, criers, and they proclaimed throughout all the kingdom that the Stringla was destroyed; that the youngest son of the King was on the road; that he had married a rich Queen; and that whoever of his subjects wished to come back, he would love him as a brother. When they heard that the Stringla was slain, they came and did homage to their King, for his fame had gone abroad into all the world. Then the wedding was held, and he took the Nereid for his wife, and distributed much money and many gifts to his subjects, and enlarged his kingdom, for he took the lands of the Dhrakos. He had sons and heirs, and became the most noble and just King in the world.

As to his father, they searched everywhere for him, but found him not, whether alive or dead. This is the end of the story of the Stringla Princess.

THE WILD MAN.[46]

Astypalaia.[a]

(Von Hahn, *Νεοελλ. Παρ.*, p. 179.)

Once upon a time there was a King and a Queen, and they had one son. This King was always sorrowful because he foresaw that, as he had neither soldiers nor money, if any other King were at any time to declare war against him, he would take away his kingdom from him. This worm continually gnawed him, and so his lips never smiled; and every day he walked out into the country to dispel the gloom which was in his heart.

One day as he was out walking, a Monk met him on the road, and when he saw him so moody, he said, 'Sir King, what is the matter that thou art so sad?—always moody is your Majesty!'

'Eh, my good Monk,' says the King to him, '*every stick has its own smoke*,[b] you know. I am moody because one day I shall be undone; they will take from me all my towns, because I have no soldiers.'

'*Bá!* Is that why thou art sorrowful, my King? I will tell thee what to do. In a certain place there is a Wild Man whom all the world fears for his strength. Collect thy soldiers, and send men to seize him; and when thou possessest such a Wild Man, no King can menace thee.'

Then the King rejoiced a little, and said, 'My Monk, I will give thee whatever thou may'st desire, if only this is accomplished and the Wild Man brought to me, as thou sayest.'

[a] A small island in the Ægean belonging to Turkey.
[b] A Greek proverb.

And when he returns to the palace, he calls immediately the Twelve and tells them what the Monk had said to him. The Twelve, when they heard his words, rejoiced on the one hand, but looked grave on the other, for how was it possible to bring that Wild Man? So they said to the King, 'O Sir King, thou sayest that in a certain place away in the wilderness is to be found a Wild Man; but we must see if it is possible to bring him. We see no easier way than that he who told thee of this Man should himself bring him.'

The next day, accordingly, very early in the morning, the King gets up and goes to meet the Monk, and when he had arrived at the same spot, the Monk again presented himself, and said, 'Eh, what hast thou done, my King?'

Then the King replies, 'Alas, *Kalóyerë*, I have done nothing. For I told my Twelve, and they said to me that no other could bring him save he who had given me the tidings.'

'Very well, Sir King, if thou biddest me, I will bring him to thee. Give me forty thousand soldiers; make me a chain of copper weighing a hundred thousand *kantars*, and an iron cage each bar of which must be like a column; and so I will bring him to thee, otherwise nothing can be done.'

'I will gladly make for thee,' said the King, 'anything thou askest me.' And he takes him, and brings him to the palace, and at once gives orders to the Gipsies[a] to collect all the copper in the city for the chain. In a week all is ready. And the Monk takes them, and goes for the Wild Man.

After two or three months they arrive at the place

[a] The gipsies are the blacksmiths of the East.

where he was. They immediately set to work and encircled the mountain with the chain, and took every precaution against his escaping at any spot. They did in fact everything the Monk told them. And about noon they felt the mountain tremble, and from that they understood that the Wild Man was coming forth. They look this way and that, but see nothing; but when they look upwards, they see—my eyes!—coming down from the summit a Wild Man, a sight which made them tremble. But the Monk encouraged them.

'Ah, my *pallikars*, let us seize the monster! Bring here the chain!' So then they took a little courage, and began to shout and drag the chain, and so approach him. But, as if he had wings, the Wild Man fled away, and so they could not entangle him. Not to make a long story of it, six months passed, and they had not caught him; and about the end of the sixth month the Wild Man became one day at last weary; and they entangle him in the chain, and bind him, and put him in the cage.

Then the Monk says to them, 'Now, my boys, you may rest, for we have him safe!'

And they take him and bring him to the King, and put the cage in the courtyard of the palace. You should have seen the King when they brought him! He made great rejoicings, and embraced the Monk, and kissed him tenderly, and said to him, 'What gift dost thou desire in return for the favour thou hast done me?'

'I want nothing,' he said, 'but thy love.'

'No,' said the King to him, 'am I not able to reward thee?' And he took and gave him many royal gifts, and the Monk bade him adieu, and departed.

Let us return to the King. Sorrow and care had

departed from him since the day on which they brought him the Wild Man, and he leapt for joy. In a short time, however, his grief returned, and you will see how.

Two weeks had not passed when one day the little Prince was standing on the steps of the palace, playing with a golden apple. As he played, it slipped from his fingers, and rolled, and rolled, until it got inside the cage where was the Wild Man, and he picked it up. The boy runs to the cage and asks for his apple. And then, for the first time, the Wild Man speaks and says to the Prince, 'If thou wilt take the key and open the door of the cage that I may take the air a little who have been so long imprisoned, then I will give thee the golden apple.'

The Prince, like the child that he was, goes and takes the key, and opens the door, and the Wild Man gives him the apple, and then gives him a kick, and—if you see him, so do I!

In a short time the King comes, and as soon as he enters the courtyard, he goes to look at the Wild Man, as was his custom, for he was his consolation. And when he saw that the cage was open, and the Wild Man gone, he lost his senses, and drew his sword and ran to kill him who kept the key. As he was going to cut off his head, this man cried, 'Sir King, you kill me unjustly, I have done no wrong! My Prince came and took the keys without my knowledge, and went and opened, and the Wild Man ran away.'

'Is that true?' asked the King frantically.

'It is true, *Affendi!*'

So he left him and ran to kill his son. But the Queen, when she heard of it, seized the Prince in her arms, and cried, and besought the King—'In God's name, my King, do not such a thing as to kill your son

in your anger,' she said, and much more. Then all the people in the palace fell at his feet, and 'Don't, my King! Don't!' they cried. 'Don't do such a thing!' And amid the cries and tears, here from the Queen, and there from the rest, the boy found means to escape. The King called and sought him, and when he was a little calmer, he made an oath, and said, 'Let him not appear before me, nor let my eyes see him, for I will not leave life in him so long as I remember how much I spent to bring hither that Wild Man, and he to let him go! I cannot stomach it! Let him go so far away that I cannot hear of him, for he knows what will happen to him.'

The poor Queen, when she heard such hard words from the mouth of his father, seeks to make him flee quickly, and goes at once to order him a pair of iron shoes, and puts in each one fifty gold pieces, takes whatever else is necessary for him, and carries them to the place where she had bidden him hide, and says to him, 'My boy, as my fate has overshadowed thee, and thou hast done such a deed; and as thy father has made a solemn oath, never again to let him see thee, or he will kill thee, thou must change thy name and thy dress, and go to live in a foreign land until we can see what turn things will take. And one thing only I beg of thee, that in whatever place thou bidest, thou wilt learn letters, because for that purpose I have put in thy shoes a hundred pieces of gold.' And then she takes and strips him of his royal garments, and puts on him rustic clothes, gives him all that is necessary, and speeds him with her prayers.

Let us now leave the King and the Queen to their sorrow, and let us follow the poor Prince, who took to the hills without knowing whither he went. He

journeys one week, he journeys two, and in about a month he comes upon a herd who was tending a thousand pigs.

'Good day, swineherd!' said he to him.

'Well met, and what art thou seeking here?'

'What can I do?' replied the Prince. 'I am a poor boy, and I have come out to find work so that I may earn my own living and help my parents.'

'Ah, is that it? Eh, what sayest thou? Will thy bones hold good to look after those swine?'

'*Bravo!*' replies the Prince. 'They will hold good.'

'Then stay with me, for I am only fifteen days from the end of my time; and come with me in the evening to my master, and I will tell him that I am going away—for I am weary of this trade, and you can take my place.'

When God brought the evening, the pair of them took the pigs to the fold, where they found the master. When he saw the youth, he asked the herd, 'What is the matter that thou hast brought him here with thee?'

'Did I not tell thee that when my time was up I should go? and thou saidst that I could not go unless I brought another in my stead? Well, then, I have brought him!'

'Very well,' he replied, 'let the fifteen days pass, and I will pay thee and thou may'st go about thy business. Only during these fifteen days thou must take him with thee and teach him where and where to go with the pigs, lest perchance he take them to some strange place, and we lose them.'

But the youth soon found his way into the hearts of his master and mistress. For whenever he went to the house he did not sit with crossed hands, but took at once the broom and swept, lighted the fire, and amused the children until one cried '*Tourou, Tourou!*' and the

other '*Niá! Niá!*' and he did all the work of the house. In fifteen days he became a better herd than the first. And he brought good luck, too. For from the time that the other left, the pigs were bursting with fat, not one got lost, not one fell lame, but they were just like young lions; and the master loved him from his heart, for, from the time he had come into the house, everything had prospered. And so well did he love him that he told him he would make him his son-in-law. But the Prince remembered his mother's words and how she had told him to go on with his studies, and not to become a mere shepherd. So one evening when he returned home, he pretended to be very melancholy. His master, the apple of whose eye he was, observed his sadness and said, 'What ails thee that I see thee sad? If thou hast lost a pig, and art anxious, never mind! it matters not so that thou art well.'

'How shall I tell you, *Affendi?* It is not that, but I am melancholy because I must soon leave you. For I have received a letter saying that my mother is dying, and now I must go and receive her blessing.'

'Stay where thou art, my boy. Who knows if thou wilt find her living?'

'No, *Affendi*, you will give me leave to go and see my mother?'

'My boy, if thy longing is so great, thou art free to go; I will not detain thee.'

And with these wiles he deceived his master, who would not have otherwise allowed him to depart. So again he takes to the road, and tramps, and tramps, and after a time he comes to a town. As he was passing along a street he saw a shoemaker's shop, and stopped before the door. The master, seeing him, asked, 'What dost thou want, my boy?'

'What do I want? I am a poor boy, and want to learn a trade in order to live, and assist my family,' as he had said to the herd.

His reply was uttered in such a plaintive tone that the master had pity on him and said, 'Eh, wouldst thou become a shoemaker?'

'O that God may dispose thee to such an act of charity!'

'Come in then, my boy, for thou art the lucky fellow.'

And when he was come in, he saw a man who was polishing a pair of shoes. He seized the brush, and in a moment he had turned them into looking-glasses, while all in the shop wondered at his cleverness. The master then sent him to his house with a basin of water, and when he was come there—not to repeat it all over again—he did as he had done with his first master. And everybody was pleased with him, and he was even more beloved than he had been at the shepherd's house.

When two or three months had passed, and he saw how fond they were of him, he said one day to his master, '*Mástore*,[a] I would ask you a favour!'

'Ask two, my boy,' was the reply, 'what is thy wish?'

'When, *Mástore*, I left home, I had learnt a little, but now I have nearly forgotten it all, and I shall remain half blind, for it is well said that "*they who are learned have four eyes*." And you will say, "There is no need for thee to study, learn thy trade!" and you will be right, *mástore*. But my mother told me that, whatever trade I might learn, it would be necessary for me to have some schooling. And now I pray you, if possible,

[a] Or *mástro*, the Italian *maestro*. Our Greek shoemaker at Bournabat was always designated 'Mastor' Yianni.'

to find me a teacher, that I may do lessons but two hours in the day, and in the others I will work at my trade.'

'Very good, my dear boy,' was the reply.

As good luck would have it, his master knew a clever schoolmaster who dealt at his shop. And the boy's good luck brought this man past the shop at the very moment they were talking.

So the master called, '*Dháskalë, dháskalë!* Come in! You will do me the favour to give lessons to this youth two hours a day, and I shall be much obliged to you.'

'If anyone else had asked me, *Mástro* Ghiorghi'—for this was the shoemaker's name—'I should have said "No"; but I cannot say that to *Mástro* Ghiorghi. Only let him come at noon to my house, and I will examine him, and then I will do my best with him for the two hours, and it shall be as if he studied all day.'

So at noon, as the schoolmaster had said, he goes to his house and asks him how much he must pay him for his lessons.

'*Bré*, my dear boy,' he replies, 'I see that thou art poor; what can I ask from thee?'

'But tell me though, for I can raise the money somehow and pay you.'

'What shall I say? My trouble may be worth some thirty or forty dollars. But I don't want to gain anything by thee—give me whatever thou conveniently canst.'

Then the boy took off his shoe, and took out of it the fifty sequins and gave them to the schoolmaster, who, when he saw them, smiled, for—'*What is given to Christ is received back again*'—and he said, 'Never mind, my boy, if thou pleasest me, I also will please thee.'

And the disguised Prince made the schoolmaster do