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# GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

No  
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. H. WEHNERT



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## PREFACE.



THE "Kinder und Hausmärchen" of the Brothers Grimm is a world-renowned book. Every collector of stories has borrowed from its treasures,—hundreds of artists have illustrated it,—plays have been founded on many of the tales,—and learned essays of deep research have been written upon it by men of literary eminence.

The Brothers Grimm themselves thus speak of their work:

"We may see, not seldom, when some heaven-directed storm has beaten to the earth a whole field of ripening corn, one little spot unscathed, where yet a few ears of corn stand upright, protected by the hedge or bushes which grow beside them. The warm sun shines on them day by day, and unnoticed and forgotten they ripen and are fit for the sickle, which comes not to reap them that they may be stored in some huge granary. They remain till they are full ripe, and then the hand of some poor woman plucks and binds them together and carries them home to store them up more carefully than a whole sheaf, for perchance they will have to serve for all the winter, and she cannot tell how long beyond.

"Thus does it appear to us when we consider how little is left of all that bloomed in earlier days,—how even that little is well-nigh lost, save for the popular ballads, a few legends and traditions, and these innocent Household Stories. The fireside hearth and chimney-corner; the observance of high-days and holy-days; the solitude of the still forest-glade; above all, untroubled fancy; these have been the hedges which have kept intact the field of legendary lore and handed it down from age to age."

In this translation of these "Household Stories," it has been simply endeavoured to render the homely talk of Germany into the homely talk of our own country. A few short pieces have been omitted to which English mothers might object, and principally on the score of that mixture of the sacred and profane which is common in German imaginative composition. It may, perhaps, also be objected that in some of the Tales the expression, "the greater the rogue, the better his fortune," occurs; to such criticism the Brothers Grimm reply, "The right use of these narrations will find no evil therein, but, as a good old proverb has it, a witness of our own hearts. Children point at the stars without fear, while others, as the popular belief goes, thereby offend the angels."

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

### THE GRIMM LIBRARY.



*With many Illustrations, and Coloured Frontispieces, by*

E. H. WEHNERT.

THE THREE BROTHERS.  
 THE DONKEY CABBAGES.  
 CLEVER ALICE.  
 THE GOLDEN BIRD.  
 SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.  
 THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.  
 THE OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.  
 THE GOOSE GIRL.  
 THE ALMOND TREE.  
 THE SOARING LARK.

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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Frog Prince . . . . .	7	The Discreet Hans . . . . .	102
The Cat and the Mouse in Partner- ship. . . . .	10	Clever Alice. . . . .	104
The Three Spinsters . . . . .	12	The Wedding of Mrs. Fox. . . . .	106
The Woodcutter's Child. . . . .	13	The Little Elves . . . . .	108
Oh, if I could but Shiver ! . . . .	17	Thumbling . . . . .	110
The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats . . . . .	23	The Table, the Ass, and the Stick . . . . .	114
The Pack of Ragamuffins . . . . .	25	The Golden Bird . . . . .	121
Faithful John . . . . .	27	The Travels of Thumbling . . . . .	126
A Good Bargain . . . . .	32	The Godfather Death . . . . .	129
The Wonderful Musician . . . . .	35	The Robber-Bridegroom . . . . .	131
The Twelve Brothers . . . . .	37	The Old Witch . . . . .	134
The Three Little Men in the Wood . . . . .	41	Herr Korbes . . . . .	134
The Little Brother and Sister . . . . .	45	The Feather Bird . . . . .	135
Hansel and Grethel . . . . .	49	The Godfather. . . . .	137
The Three Snake-Leaves . . . . .	54	The Six Swans . . . . .	139
Rapunzel . . . . .	56	Old Sultan . . . . .	142
The White Snake . . . . .	59	The Almond-Tree . . . . .	143
The Fisherman and his Wife . . . . .	62	Briar Rose . . . . .	149
The Seven Crows . . . . .	65	King Thrush-Beard . . . . .	151
The Valiant Little Tailor . . . . .	67	Rumpelstiltskin . . . . .	154
The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean Little Red-Cap. . . . .	73	Little Snow-White . . . . .	156
Old Mother Frost . . . . .	76	The Dog and the Sparrow . . . . .	162
Cinderella . . . . .	78	Roland . . . . .	164
The Riddle . . . . .	83	The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn . . . . .	167
The Spider and the Flea . . . . .	85	The Little Farmer. . . . .	171
The Little Mouse, Little Bird, and Sausage . . . . .	86	Jorinde and Joringel . . . . .	175
The Musicians of Bremen . . . . .	87	Fir-Apple . . . . .	177
The Giant with the Three Golden Hairs . . . . .	90	Catherine and Frederick . . . . .	178
The Three Languages . . . . .	95	The Two Brothers . . . . .	183
The Handless Maiden . . . . .	96	The Golden Goose . . . . .	197
The Singing Bone . . . . .	100	The Three Feathers . . . . .	200
		The Queen Bee . . . . .	202
		Allerleirauh (The Coat of all Colours) . . . . .	204
		The Twelve Hunters. . . . .	207

# Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Rogue and his Master. . . . .	209	The Seven Swabians. . . . .	331
The Wolf and the Fox . . . . .	211	The Three Journeymen. . . . .	333
The Fox and Godmother-Wolf . . . . .	212	Ferdinand the Faithful and Fer- dinand the Unfaithful. . . . .	335
The Fox and the Cat . . . . .	213	The Shoes which were Danced to Pieces . . . . .	338
The Three Luck-Children . . . . .	213	The Bright Sun brings on the Day . . . . .	341
How Six Travelled through the World . . . . .	215	The Prince who was afraid of Nothing . . . . .	342
Clever Grethel . . . . .	219	The Idle Spinner . . . . .	345
The Pink . . . . .	221	The Three Brothers . . . . .	347
The Old Man and his Grandson . . . . .	223	The Evil Spirit and his Grand- mother . . . . .	348
The Wolf and the Man. . . . .	224	The Four Accomplished Brothers . . . . .	351
The Gold Children . . . . .	225	The Donkey Cabbages . . . . .	354
The Soaring Lark . . . . .	229	One-Eye, Two-Eyes, and Three- Eyes . . . . .	358
The Rabbit's Bride . . . . .	233	The Three Black Princesses . . . . .	363
The Death of the Cock. . . . .	234	The Six Servants . . . . .	365
The Water-Sprite . . . . .	235	The Old Woman in the Wood . . . . .	369
Brother Lustig . . . . .	236	The White and the Black Bride . . . . .	371
Hans in Luck . . . . .	242	The Man of Iron . . . . .	374
The Fox and the Geese . . . . .	246	The Fair Catherine and Pif-Paf Poltrie . . . . .	380
The Goose-Girl . . . . .	247	The Fox and the Horse . . . . .	381
The Poor Man and the Rich Man . . . . .	251	The Iron Stove . . . . .	382
The Young Married . . . . .	254	Going out a-Travelling . . . . .	386
Hans Married . . . . .	259	The Little Lamb and the Little Fish . . . . .	386
The Dwarfs . . . . .	260	Simeli-Mountain . . . . .	388
The King of the Golden Mountain . . . . .	263	Snow-White and Rose-Red. . . . .	390
The Raven . . . . .	267	The Maid of Brakel . . . . .	394
Old Hildebrand . . . . .	271	Knoist and his Three Sons. . . . .	394
The Three Birds . . . . .	274	The Turnip. . . . .	395
The Water of Life . . . . .	277	The Little Ass. . . . .	397
The Peasant's Wise Daughter . . . . .	281	The Little Shepherd Boy . . . . .	400
Doctor Know-All . . . . .	283	The Glass Coffin . . . . .	400
The Two Wanderers . . . . .	285	The Undutiful Son . . . . .	404
The Spirit in the Bottle . . . . .	292	Lazy Harry . . . . .	409
The Experienced Huntsman . . . . .	295	The Family Servants. . . . .	407
Bearskin . . . . .	299	The Old Griffin . . . . .	407
The Wren and the Bear . . . . .	303	The Old Beggar-Woman . . . . .	412
The Sweet Soup . . . . .	304	The Three Sluggards . . . . .	412
The Faithful Beasts . . . . .	305	The Hen-Roost . . . . .	413
The Three Army Surgeons. . . . .	308	The House in the Wood . . . . .	414
Three Little Tales about Toads . . . . .	310	Love and Sorrow to Share . . . . .	417
The Valiant Tailor . . . . .	311	Star Dollars . . . . .	418
The Poor Miller's Son and the Cat . . . . .	313	Lean Betty . . . . .	419
Hans the Hedgehog . . . . .	315	The Bride-Choosing . . . . .	420
The Child's Grave . . . . .	319		
The Two Kings' Children . . . . .	319		
The Jew among Thorns . . . . .	324		
The Flail which came from the Clouds . . . . .	327		
The Blue Light . . . . .	328		

	PAGE		PAGE
The Stolen Farthings . . . . .	421	The Master-Thief . . . . .	466
King Wren . . . . .	421	The Robber and his Sons . . . . .	472
The Sole . . . . .	423	Wise Hans . . . . .	477
The Duration of Life . . . . .	424	The Countryman and the Evil Spirit . . . . .	478
The Bittern and the Hoopoe . . . . .	425	The Lying Tale . . . . .	478
Misfortune . . . . .	425	The Drummer . . . . .	479
The Owl . . . . .	426	The Ears of Wheat . . . . .	486
The Nail . . . . .	428	The Grave-Mound . . . . .	486
Strong Hans . . . . .	428	Old Rinkrank . . . . .	489
The Sparrow and his Four Children	433	The Ball of Crystal . . . . .	491
The Shreds . . . . .	435	Jungfrau Maleen . . . . .	493
Death's Messengers . . . . .	436	The Boots made of Buffalo-Leather	497
Master Cobblersawl . . . . .	437	The Golden Key . . . . .	499
The Tale of Schlauraffenland . . . . .	439		
A Puzzling Tale . . . . .	440		
The Nix of the Mill-Pond . . . . .	441		
The Presents of the Little Folk . . . . .	445		
The Goose-Girl at the Well . . . . .	447		
The Poor Boy in the Grave . . . . .	453		
The Giant and the Tailor . . . . .	456		
The Hare and the Hedgehog . . . . .	457		
The True Bride . . . . .	459		
The Spindle, the Shuttle, and Needle . . . . .	464		

## CHILDREN'S LEGENDS.

The Legend of St. Joseph in the Forest . . . . .	501
Humility and Poverty lead to Heaven . . . . .	503
The Three Green Twigs . . . . .	504
The Old Widow . . . . .	506
The Rose . . . . .	507



## GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

## THE FROG PRINCE.

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

Near the castle of this King was a large and gloomy forest, and in the midst stood an old lime-tree, beneath whose branches splashed a little fountain; so, whenever it was very hot, the King's youngest daughter ran off into this wood, and sat down by the side of this fountain; and, when she felt dull, would often divert herself by throwing a golden ball up in the air and catching it. And this was her favourite amusement.

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

"Be quiet, and do not cry," answered the Frog; "I can give thee good advice. But what wilt thou give me if I fetch thy plaything up again?"

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

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

"Oh, I will promise you all," said she, "if you will only get me my ball." But she thought to herself, "What is the silly Frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot mix in society." But the Frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head under the water and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The King's daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately. "Stop! stop!" cried the Frog; "take me with thee. I cannot run as thou canst." But all his croaking was useless; although it was loud enough, the King's daughter did not hear it, but, hastening home, soon forgot the poor Frog, who was obliged to leap back into the fountain.

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

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

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

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

"King's daughter, youngest,  
Open the door.  
Hast thou forgotten  
Thy promises made  
At the fountain so clear  
'Neath the lime-tree's shade?  
King's daughter, youngest,  
Open the door."

Then the King said, "What you have promised, that you must perform; go and let him in." So the King's daughter went and

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

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

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

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

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