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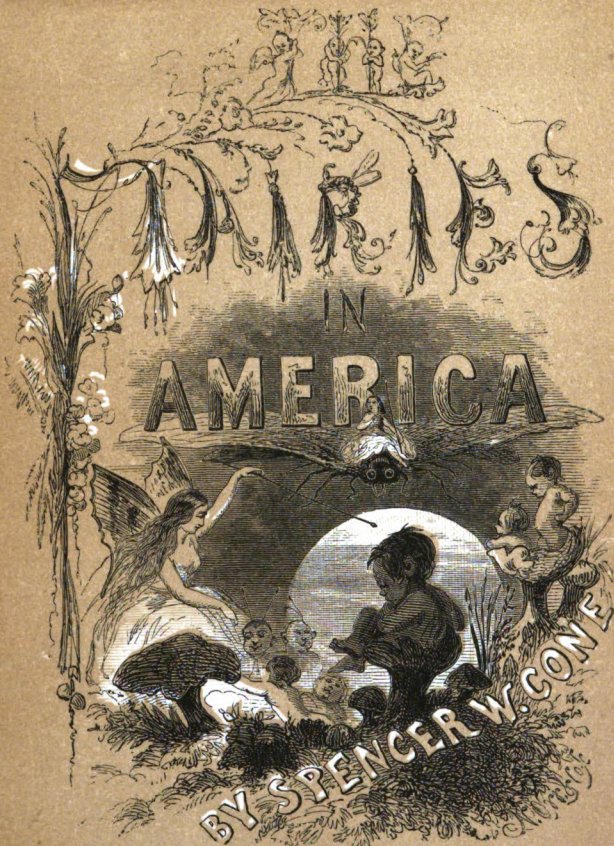




Spells Book







NEW YORK.  
PUDNEY & RUSSELL  
PUBLISHERS.  
1858.





A CHRISTMAS BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

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THE

FAIRIES IN AMERICA.

BY

SPENCER W. CONE.

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New-York:

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PUBLISHERS,

No. 79 JOHN-STREET.

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R. G. Shaw*

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## P R E F A C E .

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I HAVE no apology to offer for this little book. This preface to it is not meant as an excuse, but as a reason, which I hope both fairy people and mortals will find a good one.

I have several small folk of my own, the least of whom might easily pass at times for the weirdest little elf, described by Poole in his "English Parnassus;" and all of them are as full of mischief as Puck or Periwiggin. Of a winter afternoon, just at that hour

"between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power;"

before the evening lamps are lit, and curtains drawn; and whilst the thickening shadows are at play with the fire-light on the wall, my little people usually find excuses for coming, one after another, into father's study. They are never long there, however, without betraying their real object, and opening the chorus, "Now, father dear, tell us a story." Especially they delight in fairy lore; and when I have exhausted all that I remember from Shakspeare, Scott, Keightly, and Dr. King, the cry is still for more. In this sad dilemma it becomes necessary to conjure up for them new adventures in Ginnistan. Lately the two older ones have insisted upon having the books to read for themselves, and when driven to confess that some of the stories they liked best were known only to Mab and myself, they have given me very plainly to understand

that I should have no peace of my life until I wrote them down. I did so at last. Happening to speak of it to Mr. Russell, he asked me for the MSS. But his children put him into a worse strait than mine did me, for they insisted upon his having them printed. Whereupon Russell, who knows too well what he is about to leave any thing to chance, resolved that if the children made him publish, the public should pay for it. So he sent for Oberon's court painter, *Dallas*, and ordered copies of the four pictures that he has lately painted for his majesty's new palace in Cloud-land; shrewdly calculating that the dullest story would catch a taking air from the poet-pencil of the artist. That is the whole history, and I hope the fairies, who, if not a malevolent, are often a capricious race, will forgive me for what I have said about them. I hope, too, the mortal folk, and especially the children, will not find fairy-land a less inviting place for these pages; nor goodness, and all loving thoughts and acts, less engaging to their young fancies for any words of

THE AUTHOR.

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**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**—After the completion of this little volume, the literary world has been grieved at learning the sudden and unexpected demise of Mr. Dallas, the eminently gifted artist, from whose rising talent the public justly expected more matured compositions of national worth. It may perhaps be a matter of consolation to his friends and an admiring public to be informed, that the designs contained in this volume are the very last productions of his pencil, and that he has, in these illustrations, bequeathed, as it were, a memento of his talent, inspired by a fond desire to render cheerful the countenances of childhood, upon which he was about to cast a final and loving farewell.

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LITTLE TOM GRUBB,  
AND  
HIS WONDERFUL DOG.



ONCE upon a time, and not a great while ago either, there lived in the city of New York, a gentleman and his wife of the name of Grubb. It was not a very pretty name, you will say, and perhaps it was not as fine as Mortimer or Stuart, or any other romantic name; but they were excellent people for all that, doing good as they had opportunity to the poor and friendless, and teaching their two little boys to love God and their neighbor, and always to tell the truth, let what would come of it. Now one of these little boys was ten years old, and the other eight, and they lived as happily together



as it is possible for boys to do. I do not say they never fell out, nor did what they ought not to do; but I do say they were always sorry when they did wrong, and as far as boys' nature would let them they did their best to avoid what their parents disliked or forbid.

The elder was named Harry, and the younger, Tom; and it must be allowed that Tom was rather the better boy of the two, and always the first to repent a bit of mischief, or confess any little slip which he might be led to make by thoughtlessness or the influence of his playmates.

One day as they were playing in front of the house, a poor little dog came limping along; and when she reached them, she sat down and looked so piteously at them that Tom was struck with it, and went to see what was the matter.

"Come away and let that nasty dog alone," said Harry, turning up his nose with contempt, and trying to pull Tom back.

"Oh, fie! Harry," said Tom, "don't you know father says that kindness to dumb beasts is a duty,

and whoever hurts them shows a bad heart. Poor thing—poor little doggie!” And Tom approached the little dog, who permitted him to stroke her back, and licked his hand fondlingly as he did so. Seeing her so gentle, Tom picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house. But he did not stop there, for he got his mother to give him a piece of rag and some salve, and washed and bound up the poor little dog’s paw, which was very sore, and appeared to have been mashed by something heavy falling on it, or by a wagon having run over it. All the while the little dog appeared as sensible of Tom’s kindness as if she had been a human being, and laid as quiet as a mouse whilst he bound up her paw with the linen rag and the salve. Tom gave her some dinner after that, and then the little dog went to sleep on the rug before the fire, whilst the boys studied their lessons.

From that time the little dog was installed as a pet of the family, and learned so many pretty tricks, such as standing on her hind legs and begging, and going to the baker’s with a penny in her

mouth to buy crackers, and a thousand other quaint gambols and freaks, that nobody in the house could have well done without her. She was the little boys' companion in all their plays indoors or out, but specially Tom's. Indeed Tom, who was of a gentler and more thoughtful character than Harry, never plagued nor teased her; whilst Harry, on the contrary, often did so, and would even sometimes get into a passion with her for preferring Tom, and would try to beat her with a stick or any thing that he happened to have in his hand. Somehow or other the little dog, which Tom had named Fido, always managed to get out of Harry's way and avoid the stick or stone prepared for her, and would bark so funnily at Harry that it enraged him the more, because it made Tom laugh at him; and often brought him down on his own nose overreaching himself in his violent efforts to strike Fido.

One day a company of soldiers came by. Now, Tom and Harry's father and mother had very strictly forbidden them ever to follow after the soldiers farther than the next corner; telling them

the danger they would run in doing so ; and how they might be injured for life by accidents in such a crowd, or lose their way, and so bring trouble, and anxiety, and misery upon themselves and their parents. The boys had very strictly obeyed these injunctions on former occasions, but now, as ill luck would have it, the soldiers were so fine and the music so inspiring that they went "just one square further;"—oh, that "just one square," that little slip—is always the prelude to the greatest evils, my dear children, and I warn you to be more afraid of it than any thing else, for it is the beginning of evil, which coming in so easily, and pretending to be so little, makes way for all the terrible train of sorrows, and alas! often too of crimes, which ugly disobedience hides behind her. But so it was, these little boys forgot their parents' warning; and went one square, and then another, and another, until at last they forgot to count them, and just went on with the crowd of idle boys which always tramps at the heels of the soldiery.

It was very fine and inspiring for a long time, and they forgot all about home. But, at last, spite of the music and banners, and glittering arms and gay coats, they began to grow tired and hungry, and to think of turning back home again. But now a new difficulty awaited them. They had walked so far that they had got into a part of the city with which they were entirely unacquainted, and knew not which way to go. The soldiers and the crowd had moved off, as they stood irresolute; the noise of the shouting and the music was dying away in the distance, and the little fellows were all alone, except for the companionship of Fido, who had followed them as usual, and now lay panting at their feet, apparently tired with the many freaks and gambols she had been indulging in by the way.

“We can’t stand here all day,” at last said Harry, testily; “we must find our way home. We shall be well scolded, and maybe get a whipping and have to go to bed without any supper; but we must get home at any rate.”



And away he strode in the direction, as he supposed, of home ; Tom and Fido following wearily after him.

They were too shy and too proud to ask their way of strangers. They felt, as city boys very commonly feel, as if to do so would look "green"—that is, look as if they knew nothing, and had never been used to city life. So they walked on and on, until the day began to close, and the sun went down, and the twilight fell ominously around them ; making every thing indistinct and casting lengthening shadows across their weary way.

All at once they found they had left the city and were in the country. How it could be, they could not imagine ; but not a house was to be seen far or near. The rows of brick houses, the pavements, the shops, had all slipped away in the most unaccountable manner, and there was nothing around them but fields and fences, and a great gloomy open road stretching away in shadowy indistinctness into the gathering night.

For awhile fear lent them strength, and they

walked faster and faster. But, at last, overcome with fatigue and want of food, they could go no further, and stopped, and hugging each other in their arms, began to cry with all the strength that was left them. Poor Fido jumped up and licked their hands, and evidently sympathized with them; but they were too much troubled to notice her. A tall dark mass of something rose on one side. The little boys approached it timidly, and found it to be a haystack. Tired as they were, and despairing of being able to reach their home that night, any shelter was grateful; and they crept under one corner of it, and covering themselves over with the loose hay, whilst Fido stretched herself at their feet, soon sobbed themselves to sleep in each other's arms.

They were awakened by somebody shaking them roughly. Starting up and rubbing their eyes, they found it was morning, and the sun shining brightly. A man was standing over them, and the strangest man too they had ever beheld. He was a little old man, not above four feet high, and nearly as broad

as he was long, with a head twice as large as it ought to be, covered with a shock of sandy hair, and a pair of legs disproportionately short, and bandy to such a degree that they left a great O between them, which you could see through and through. His nose was as flat as your hand, and his mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear. A little pair of eyes, no bigger than a ferret's and quite as red, seemed to be half burnt out and smouldering under a pair of enormous gray, shaggy eyebrows, and his whole face was twisted into a horrible grin. To crown all, he was dressed in a pair of buckskin breeches, greasy with age; a pair of great shoes with steel buckles in them, half as large as his foot; and a long square-tailed coat, with enormous pockets.

“What are you doing here?” said he, in a gruff voice; “what are you doing on my ground, you little scoundrels; you young thieves, eh, eh, eh? What are you doing? Tell me, before I make mince meat of you.”

The little boys tremblingly related to him their

story; told him they were not thieves; and begged him to direct them how to get back to the city.

“Ho! ho!” laughed the little monster; “so you’re not thieves, eh? Come, we’ll soon see to that. Get up with you,” said he, poking them with a big stick. “Get up and come to my house, until I examine you, you little wretches.”

With that he drove the little boys before him across the fields, poking and beating them with his stick whenever they stopped, and heaping abuse upon them all the way. After a while they came to the foot of a high mountain; and here the old rascal renewed his blows and imprecations, but the poor little fellows were now so near dead with fatigue, and hunger, and fright, that they could not budge a foot, try as much as they would. When he saw that, the old fellow caught them up savagely, and thrusting one in each of his great pockets, struck his staff upon the ground and began ascending the mountain with the agility of a cat. Fido trotted on behind, with her head down, and her tail between her legs, the very picture of a miserable dog.

At length the horrible old man put a hand in each pocket, and dragged them out and threw them on the ground.

“Eat,” he growled; “eat, you vagabonds, you villains. You’d better eat, I tell you,” said he, seeing the little boys draw back from the great wooden bowl, and rusty iron spoon, which he placed before them. “You needn’t be so dainty, you infernal young marauders. You’ll get nothing better to eat these twenty years to come. So fall to, and cram yourselves, because I’ve work for you to do; do you hear me, you miserable little scoundrels? Eat, I say!”

Tom and Harry needed no further pressing you may be sure, for their tyrant looked so terrible and fierce, that they obeyed for their lives, and swallowed down the coarse broth in the wooden bowl, disgusting as it was, as if it had been the finest dainty in the whole world. When they had done, he drove them out into a yard which lay behind the cabin,—for he had brought them up to a squalid cabin on the top of the mountain, a sort of hut.



made of logs and clay, and as dreary and uncomfortable looking as any place could well be. The yard was surrounded by a high and impracticable wall, made of stumps and roots, and branches of great trees; and here he shut them in, placing before them a pile of wood, and telling them that if they did not have it all split up into small fagots by the time he returned to dinner, he would put them into the pot and boil them both up. So they fell to work, the poor little fellows, and worked till the great drops of sweat ran down their faces, and their little hands were blistered so that they stuck fast to the handles of the hatchets, and the skin came off, like peeling the rind off an apple, in strips. Oh! how the poor fellows cried and bemoaned their hard fate, and how bitterly they repented their disobedience, and said to each other: "Oh! if we had only minded father and mother, and not followed the soldiers, we should now be at home with our good dinner to eat, and our own dear little bed to sleep upon, instead of being up on this high mountain, beaten by a barbarous



The old dwarf Moggo before a pile of wood, telling the little boys that if they did not have it all split up into small faggots by the time he returned to dinner, he would put them in a pot and boil them both up



dwarf, and forced to work our fingers to the bone, and get nothing to eat but bread and water or filthy black broth."

But it was no use mourning over their cruel fortune; work they must; and by dint of the most terrible exertions, they managed to get through all the wood before the old dwarf came back. The only comfort they had meantime was Fido, who gambolled and skipped about them, and played her best tricks to console them and raise their spirits. But all her efforts were of little avail, for day by day the old dwarf, whose name was Moggo, grew crosser and more exacting; and the heavy task of one day was succeeded by a heavier on the morrow, until the poor little boys were worn almost to skin and bones, and presented the most piteous spectacle of misery that eyes ever beheld. How long this had lasted they could not tell, for they had lost count in their wretchedness, and knew the days only as a succession of torture and vain regrets for their lost home.

One night, after many days and nights had passed,

little Tom laid awake from very fatigue; he was too tired to go to sleep, and he fell to praying to the good God to have pity upon two poor little children; and faithfully promised, that if he ever escaped from that horrible place, he would never again be guilty of the least disobedience, no, not of an act as small as a pin's head.

After he fell asleep, he began to dream that a beautiful lady came to his bedside, and told him to get up and follow her, and she would deliver him from the dwarf. But he answered her that he could not go unless his brother Harry went along. Then the lady shook her head, and said that Harry was not a good boy; that he never said his prayers, and was cruel to dumb beasts sometimes, and she could not help him: at the same time she strove to persuade Tom to rise and follow her, promising him all the delights in the world—horses to ride and boats to sail in, marbles and ball and kite, and all the games he had ever heard of. But Tom would not stir without Harry: he shook his head and said, “No, no! Harry may be cross and bad sometimes,

but he's my brother, bright lady, and I cannot leave him; for how could I ever go home to our mother and say, 'Here I am, mother, but I left my brother Harry on a high mountain, in a hovel, eating black broth, and working his fingers to the bone for a hideous dwarf?' "

With that the lady took hold of him, to take him away by force; but he struggled so hard that he awoke, and found it was Fido, who had hold of his sleeve, tugging and pulling at it. So soon as he opened his eyes Fido let go, and standing up on her hind legs, said to him, "Get up, Tom, and follow me!"

Tom was very much startled to hear the little dog speak like a human being; but there was something in the sound of the words which seemed to control him, and he rose instantly.

"I must wake Harry," said he.

"What for?" said Fido, gruffly.

"To go along with us, if we are going away from this wicked place."

"I don't want him," said the little dog; "he's a bad boy: he trod on my tail this morning, and threw

a stick of wood at me when I was trying to cheer him up at his work by playing tricks in the wood-yard. I don't want him."

"He's my brother," said Tom, sturdily, "and if you don't want him, you don't want me."

"But I do want you, my dear, kind little master," whimpered the little dog.

"Then take Harry, too," said Tom.

"Well, if I must, I must," growled Fido. "He won't make much by it, though," said she to herself. "Wake him up, then."

So Tom shook Harry, and told him there was a chance of escape; and Harry, whose temper was a good deal cooled by hard work and poor food, got up quietly, without asking any questions, and dressed, and followed Tom and Fido.

They went along very safely until they were outside of the wall of the cabin; but here Harry's exultation could not be repressed, and his anger got the better of his wisdom. Shaking his fist back at the cabin, he shouted out, "Good-by, you villainous old dwarf; we've seen the last of you, you ugly monster."

“You have, have you?” said the dwarf, popping his big head out of the window—for Harry’s imprudent boasting had awakened him—“We’ll soon see to that, my cockatoo. Wait till I get on my boots.”

“So much for bringing Master Harry with us,” said Fido with a sneer. “But we must make the best of it now; so run for your lives, and keep close to me.”

And away they went, as hard as they could go. Harry, who was instantly ashamed of his foolish braggadocia and bad temper, inwardly vowed to try and hold his tongue for the future; and Tom, mortified and frightened, put out all his strength, and the two kept as close to Fido as possible. But they had not run more than two or three hundred yards, when they heard the old dwarf yelling and cursing and stamping after them.

“We must take to the river,” said Fido, “that’s our only chance now. I meant to take you home to your poor mother; but Harry is not cured of his bad temper yet, and so that can’t be hoped for. Lie down on the ground, both of you.”



The boys obeyed instantly, and fetching them a blow with her tail, the little dog set them rolling over and over as fast as a pair of mill-wheels; and down the side of the mountain they went, bouncing over the stumps of the trees, and making the dust and leaves fly on every side. In the wink of an eye they were going so fast that they were scarcely conscious of what they were about, until they came to a stop at the bottom of the mountain and saw the broad Hudson lying before them in the white moonlight.

“Quick!” said the little dog as she plunged into the river; “you, Tom, jump on my back, and you, Harry, catch hold of my tail, and across the river we go.”

Tom thought it would be a very difficult thing for him to get on Fido’s back, because she was so little; but, as he thought, Fido grew as big as the largest Newfoundland, and called out impatiently, “Why do you stop? Don’t you hear the dwarf? He is not a hundred yards off. Do you want him to boil you in the great iron pot, and pick your bones?”

That was enough. Tom had no notion of being boiled in that great pot. So he jumped on her back, and Harry took hold of her tail, and Fido struck out into the river and swam away with them.

A moment after, the dwarf reached the river bank ; and when he saw how things were, " Oh, ho ! " he cried, " is that your game, Miss Fido ? I know you now ; I know who you are. But you shan't escape me."

With that he caught up a stick, and throwing it in the water and jumping astride of it, it turned into a prodigious great water-snake, and darted away in pursuit. And now it was a race for life and death. Faster and faster swam Fido, and faster and faster followed the water-snake, with Moggo on its back, rearing its horrid head high out of the water, and lashing the waves with its tail until they frothed again, and a long streak of white foam showed the track they took. The moon went under a cloud ; the wind began to blow ; the clouds rushed wildly across the sky ; the lightning flashed, and a terrible storm burst upon the river, maddening the waters

until the waves tumbled and roared around them in horrible uproar and confusion. Tom clung, terrified, to Fido's neck, and Harry clutched her tail as dying men clutch at straws. They were terribly frightened, the poor boys, and almost wished themselves safe at any price, even that of being back in the dwarf's cabin on the top of the mountain. Above the howling of the storm, too, they could hear the dwarf's laugh, a hideous screaming laugh, and his wild shouts of derision.

"Swim, snake!" he cried. "Ho! ho! Swim, snake! fly through the water, and catch the little beasts for my supper to-night! I'll eat their flesh, and you shall pick their bones. Hurrah! Swim, snake, for your share!"

Half dead with fear, the little boys scarcely knew they had reached the opposite shore of the river, until the dog shook them off, and, catching up a mouthful of leaves, cast them into the water and cried, "Change the snake and beat the dwarf!" and in a minute the leaves were changed into a hundred great Newfoundland dogs: and as the storm had

now subsided and the moon come out again serenely in the sky, they saw the foremost dog catch the snake in his teeth, and as he did so, the snake turned back into a stick again, and each of the dogs took a piece of it and fell to beating the dwarf with it, until he disappeared in the river with a terrible howling, and the boys thought he was drowned.

They had little time to think of this, however, for whilst Fido was shaking the water from her shaggy coat, and with every shake she gave growing smaller and smaller, and going back to her original appearance, a tall dark man stood beside them, and said, "One of these is mine. Which shall it be?"

Fido seemed as if she would have denied him either. But the dark man laughed a cold hollow laugh, and said:

"Come, come, mistress, you are on my ground, and you know the agreement between us—the half for you and the half for me."

"That is true," said Fido, gloomily. "But that meant only beasts of chase, and not human beings."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the dark man; "our fair mistress of the Diamond Lake has turned lawyer. I know no distinctions, madam," he continued, with a mocking bow. "I claim my rights according to our contract; the half of every thing: a fair division, or our truce is broken, and woe be to the breaker."

"Woe be to the breaker," echoed Fido, in a terrible voice.

"Then I shall have one, shall I?" said the dark man.

"Yes," said Fido, after a pause. "It must be so, if you insist."

"If I insist?" laughed the dark man; "a pretty question. Come, which shall I take?"

"The one who answers the first question you ask him most after your own nature, and least after the prompting of a true heart," replied Fido.

"We will have the truth then," said the dark man, with a grin; and he touched first one of the boys and then the other on the tongue, with a little staff he held in his hand. Now this staff was a

magic wand, and the effect of its touch upon a mortal tongue was to make it speak the thought which came first into the mind.

“Now,” said the dark man to Harry, “what would you like best?”

“I would like to know if the dwarf is really dead,” said Harry, bitterly; “for I hate him!”

“Hate! hate! hate!” yelled the stranger. “Hurrah! a glorious word; a word from my own heart. Can you do better than that, youngster?” said he, turning to Tom. “Can you tell me what you would like better than hatred and revenge?”

“Yes,” said Tom, boldly; “I would like to be able to see my dear loving mother, and tell her I loved her as well as ever, and never meant to give her pain or sorrow, even when I was disobedient.”

“This is the one for me,” said the dark man, with a scowl; and catching up Harry, he vanished in an instant.

“Come,” said Fido, sadly, “let us go. Don’t cry, Tom. Harry has a hard lesson to learn yet. He hasn’t a loving heart like yours; and when the

heart is hard and revengeful, a bitter experience only can make it gentle, and tame it down to sweet and happy thoughts. He must learn his lesson, Tom."

It was a hard thing for poor little Tom, whose nature was so true and loving, to see his brother carried off in that strange and awful way, and not be able to help him; but he felt that all his efforts must be in vain, and sadly followed the little dog along the shore of the river. It seemed as if they were walking under the huge mountain which juts out into the river at the mouth of Tappan Bay, just above the little town of Nyack,—the mountain behind which lies that clear little lake, a thousand feet deep, called Rockland Lake, from which they bring the beautiful ice to the city in winter and store it away against the summer's heat.

But they had walked only a few steps when a tall rock, with a smooth surface, rose right before them. Fido struck the rock with one of her fore-paws, and immediately a little iron door appeared. She struck the door and it opened, discovering a passage lead-

ing away, as it seemed, into the very bowels of the mountain. They entered the passage, and the iron door closed noiselessly behind them. As they went on, the passage grew wider and wider, and higher and higher, until they were walking through a lofty hall, dimly lighted by a great light, which appeared to be burning and flashing far away at its mouth. The light, penetrating and brilliant, enabled them to discover, in the distance, long rows of lofty columns, black and shining, which seemed to turn perpetually upon their bases, making, as they did so, a strange unearthly music, which filled the whole place.

Tom would have been frightened at all this, but what he had already passed through during the night, had blunted his sense of fear so much that he walked firmly after Fido, as she trotted along through the cavern, until they came to the mouth, and here a sight burst upon him which repaid him, as it were, for all his troubles, and caused him fairly to hold his breath with surprise and pleasure.

Far as the eye could reach, stretched away a



landscape so fair that the sight was dazzled with its beauty.

The cavern opened upon a lofty mountain-side,—the mountain sloping downwards into a valley through which ran a stream of silver purity. Here, standing on a little platform of rock, which projected from the mouth of the cavern, they could look away, as it seemed, forever, over rolling plains carpeted with flowers and dotted with lakes, pure and clear as mirrors, or broken by clumps of trees and groves, so green and fresh that it rather seemed as if great emeralds had been sown broadcast upon the mighty plain.

A balmy air, heavy with the rifled sweets and fragrant breath of flowers, rose up to meet them. The sun shone over all, and seemed to fling the wealth of all the world in showers of molten gold o'er lake, and grove, and plain. Innumerable birds sang joyously on every hand, and all was so ravishingly sweet, that Tom exclaimed:

“Oh, glorious!—glorious place! Where are we? Is it earth or heaven?”

"Neither," said Fido, with a touch of sadness in her voice.

"What is it then?" said Tom.

"Fairy-land," replied the little dog.

Tom was afraid and crept closer to Fido.

"Do not fear, Tom," said the little dog: "to good children no harm ever happens in this place; but to the evil, every trial is a danger, every flower a poison, and every animal ready to devour them. Come!"

With that she began to descend the mountain, and Tom followed her with a happy heart, for his conscience did not accuse him of evil.

A ramble, rather than a journey, through groves and fields so thick with fragrant flowers that at every step they seemed to tread upon a richly embroidered carpet, brought them to the borders of one of the lakes they had seen from the mountain-side. On the opposite shore of the lake rose a stately palace, the marble walls of which shone dazzlingly beneath the unclouded sun.

A rose-colored shell lay invitingly upon the smooth pebbly beach.

Fido touched it with her right paw, and instead of the shell there lay a little boat, with a tall cedar mast, tipped with silver, and braced with shrouds of silver-twisted rope; whilst drooping from the yard hung down a white satin sail, with reef-points of gold, and embroidered in the centre with a golden sun.

“Jump in,” said the little dog.

No sooner said than done. A gentle wind sprung up, and away over the glassy bosom of the lake they glided softly, as the rosy clouds glide up an autumn sky when the sun goes down to rest. They reached the further shore and sprung to land. Tom looked around for Fido, but the little dog had vanished. Whilst yet perplexed and knowing not what to do, the sound of a thousand instruments playing sweet airs, now soft and gentle, and anon wild and merry, struck upon his ear. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, until from the shadows of the grove, which there grew close along the pebbly shore, came forth a gallant troop of squires and dames, all dressed in green and gold, with waving

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plumes and prancing steeds, banners and glancing arms; and in the midst they led a palfrey, splendidly caparisoned. Smilingly, and with as much courtesy as if they waited on a king, but in profound silence, they lifted Tom to the saddle. Then the music burst out again, and away they dashed with more than mortal speed.

They seemed not to have gone a mile, yet in reality they went many, when they came to the palace he had seen, as it were, rising upon the shore of the lake, so delusive from its rare purity is the atmosphere of Fairy-land.

Here they drew rein and paused. A shout of welcome burst from every throat of the hitherto silent company. Tom would have thanked them; but when he turned, all had vanished. Not one remained. He was alone. His very horse was gone, and he left standing at the palace gate.

He looked up, and over the gate he read these words inscribed in letters of gold:

“If thy heart is without guile and without malice, enter freely!”

Tom shook his head doubtfully. "I cannot tell," he said to himself, "what is in my heart, but I know I hate none, and I love the truth."

It might be fancy, but he thought something whispered, "You may enter without fear."

After a moment's hesitation he approached the gate, which was a solid sheet of crystal, pure as water.

It opened before him of itself, and he went in.

All was silent magnificence. Hall after hall and room after room he passed through; and it seemed as if there were an endless profusion of stately columns, gilded domes, tessellated floors, and hangings of velvet and of silk, embroidered with gold and precious stones!

He grew giddy with the richness of the place, and his heart was oppressed with its silence. The solitude chilled, and the splendor dazzled him. He was fairly sick of the very beauty and elegance of the place. Every door was open.

At last he came to one which was closed. He touched it, and that too opened, but it admitted

him into a smaller and more human-looking room than any he had passed through. It was richly carpeted, and the walls were covered with hangings of gobelin tapestry. But better than all, a table spread with an excellent dinner occupied the middle of the floor. Tom gave a sigh of pleasure, for he was as hungry as a hunter.

In the middle of the table, however, was a great dish with a silver cover. Prompted by a natural curiosity, he lifted the cover and looked in; but started back and dropped the cover on the floor, for there was the little dog lying in the dish.

“Hallo!” said the little dog, standing up on her hind legs and holding out a paw, as gracefully as could be; “won’t you shake hands with an old friend, Tom?”

Tom grasped her paw and gave it a hearty shake.

“That’s right,” said Fido, stepping out of the dish, and jumping down upon the floor. “Now, Tom, take the carving-knife.”

Tom did so, thinking he was about to be invited to fall to, and dispatch some of the excellent fare.

"Now, Tom, cut off my head," said the little dog, solemnly.

"I won't," said Tom. "Do you think I'd hurt a hair of it, Fido, after all the good you've done me? No! I'd sooner chop off my own hand."

"Very well," said the little dog; "either will do; but if you are really grateful, one or the other you must do for me, or all that I have done for you is in vain."

"Are you in earnest?" said Tom.

"Sober as a judge," said the little dog; "my life depends upon it. You must either cut off my head or your hand in five minutes' time, or I shall be miserable forever."

"Here goes then," said Tom, with the gesture of a hero, and clapping his hand upon the table, he chopped it off with a single blow of the carving-knife.

Before the hand touched the floor as it fell, the little dog had changed to a beautiful lady, who, stretching out hers, caught it and placed it on the stump again. Tom looked for the blood. There

was not a drop. He felt it. It was just as good as ever. He rubbed his eyes to see whether he were awake or dreaming.

“It is all true,” said the lady, embracing him. “You have suffered no harm by your sacrifice of gratitude, Tom. The kindness which leads to self-sacrifice for those whom we love seldom injures, no matter how painful the act may appear by which we prove our affection. Know, my dear boy, that I am a powerful fairy, doomed by a vile enchanter whom I refused to serve to wear the form of a dog, until I found a mortal in whose heart gratitude and affection were the most powerful passions of his nature. The test to which I put you has proved you to be that being, since the enchantment is dissolved, and I wear again the form which properly belongs to me. Now eat—for you are hungry.”

Tom needed no second bidding. Boy as he was, the food before him was more inviting than beauty; and although he constantly turned his eyes in admiration upon his beautiful hostess, he ate with the blessed appetite of his age and asked no questions.



From that time, Tom lived in the fairy palace, and every day was a new delight. But the time was not all spent in play.

At the bidding of the fairy, whom Tom learned to call no longer Fido but Fidalma, the palace became filled with a royal court, in which she kept queenly state, and Tom was honored and attended as if he had been heir-apparent to the throne.

A grave old fairy, with great green glasses, and a white beard reaching down to his waist, was assigned to him as his tutor, and every day they pursued their studies. But either Fidalma had endowed Tom with a superhuman power of study, or the old fairy, Polimath, was the rarest of all tutors, for the hours of study, instead of being toilsome and heavy, were amongst the lightest and happiest of the day; and, in what seemed to Tom scarce a year, he had learned dozens of languages, and all that philosophy and science has attained to in the human world. Deep secrets, too, of fairy lore he learned, and grew in wisdom till he was able to talk with Fidalma as an equal, and revel in wise consid-

erations of the hidden mysteries of nature—mysteries to mortal eyes, but open books to the princes and philosophers of Fairy Land.

Yet often and often, every day indeed, he thought sadly of his brother Harry, whom the dark stranger had borne away, and yearned to know his fate; but Fidalma always put him off, giving him only the comfort of the assurance that Harry was alive, and that one day he might aid him.

At last, with constant dwelling upon his brother's unknown fate, Tom grew so sad and dispirited that neither music, nor hunting, nor all the delights of the fairy court could win him from his melancholy. Sadly, therefore, Fidalma at last consented that he should go in search of Harry.

So she called him to her and gave him a silver wand, about a foot long, which she bade him hide in his bosom until he needed a weapon; and placed upon his finger an emerald ring.

“This ring,” she said, “opens by a spring. But you must not touch the spring until you are in the last extremity, and the silver staff has failed you.

Then touch the spring, and pronounce the word you will find engraved beneath the emerald."

Upon the sides of the staff, which was square, were engraved four words, "Faith, hope, confidence, and truth."

Bidding Fidalma adieu, with many tears on both sides, Tom mounted his horse and rode away alone into a dark wood, which lay at a little distance from the palace.

Whilst Tom is sadly but hopefully riding on through the dark wood, we must leave him among the shadows of the tall old trees, and follow for awhile his hasty brother, whose ill-regulated temper brought upon him so many misfortunes.

Silently and swiftly the dark stranger bore him along the river shore, and up the high mountain which casts its lengthened shadow across the river even in the bright daylight. Now it was inexpressibly gloomy, and its horrible silence, broken only by the tramp of his bearer, struck a thrill of horror to the soul of the miserable Harry.

They reached the mountain top. A sombre lake,

black as moonless midnight, lay in awful stillness far down below them.

With a terrible spring the dark stranger leaped from the mountain's brow, and with his burden sunk in the middle of the lake. The water was cold around them, and the great fish, with their strange dead eyes, came glaring at them, and rubbing their clammy noses against them as they sunk down, down, slowly to the bottom. It seemed to Harry they were a year in sinking, so terrible was the time.

The bottom of the lake opened to receive them, and they found themselves standing in a mighty cavern, from every part of which flashed wild and lurid fire; whilst strange misshapen figures pursued upon all sides a thousand avocations. The fires were furnaces, where many kinds of metal were melted, and the Gnomes were busy converting it into forms so wild that Harry could not imagine what they were. He had no name for them; but each and all appeared to be fantastic weapons of evil, formed for terrible designs, and wrought with purpose fell.

"This is your place," said the dark stranger; "here will you work forever."

Harry shuddered, and great drops of sweat rolled off his face.

"All these," said the dark stranger, "like you, were boys or men, whose evil passions gave me power over them. Hatred and rebellion, falsehood and disobedience, governed them, and they grew up in crimes, which here they expiate. Ho!" he cried: "I bring you a new journeyman. Give him some work."

And with a sudden jerk he threw the unfortunate Harry into the midst of a group and strode away.

But all drew back sorrowfully from him, and seemed to look with pity upon him, and to regret that another miserable one should be added to their number. The power to which they were subdued compelled them, however, and they put a hammer in his hand, and set him to work pounding a great mass of ore into fragments for the melting.

After he had been at work until his arm could no longer lift the hammer, they brought him some

black bread, and some dirty water to wash it down with, and pointed him to a pile of cinders in one corner of the cavern, and told him that was to be his bed so long as he was in the place.

And so the days and nights rolled on, always the same, always the gloomy cavern, the great fires, the never-ending labor, and the black bread for food, moistened by the foul water as his only drink. This, too, was the fate and food of all around him. The horror of the place was heightened, also, by the dead and mournful silence, which succeeded whenever the roaring of the fires and the clang of the hammers ceased, for none spoke to the other. It seemed a place of the dumb, or a collection of dark and silent spectres, moving forever in terrible unrest.

One night Harry resolved to explore the cavern when all were sleeping, and see if there were not some outlet to it. So he stole softly from his flinty couch of cinders, and crept along the galleries which penetrated on every side into the bowels of the earth.

At last he got beyond the forges, and it seemed to him that the way began to ascend. He kept on until it grew so low and narrow that he had to crawl upon his hands and knees, and every foot he gained was at the expense of much toil and pain. But still the way went up, and continued to possess him with the idea that it carried him in the direction of the pleasant sunshine which shone upon the earth he had so long ceased to see. Little by little, however, it narrowed, until he could no longer even crawl along. Then he resolved to dig it out. This, however, was a work of time and patience. But Harry had learned his lesson now, and instead of flying into a vain and wicked passion at an obstacle, began to think how he could overcome it in the right way. So the next night he brought one of the many thousand wheel-barrows which were used in the cavern, and a pick and shovel, and fell to mining as he had seen them mine in other parts of that terrible place, for the ore which they melted in the furnaces. No one missed the tools, there were so many; and every night Harry worked away

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and wheeled the dirt back, and cast it down a great pit. And so after many nights of labor, and patience, and perseverance, which are all spells of mighty magic to conquer the greatest difficulties his spade struck the root of a tree, and he knew that he must be getting very near the surface of the earth.

The next night, in fact, still digging upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees or more, the ground caved in upon him, and it was only with great exertion that he struggled out, and crawled up the sides of the pit which was made by the falling of the earth.

What was his joy to breathe once more the fresh air of heaven!

It was night, however, and he appeared to have come out into a thick wood. So, being fatigued with his hard labor, he cast himself down at the foot of a tree and fell fast asleep.

Now it was into another part of this very wood, and on this very day, that Tom had ridden from the palace by the Diamond Lake. Nor had he ridden



far before he had occasion to test the virtues of the wand given him by Fidalma. For on a sudden, all that was about him, both ground and trees, vanished away, leaving nothing but a little insulated spot, whereon his horse was standing, whilst all around him yawned a fathomless abyss, which appeared to be many miles wide, since the opposite sides of it loomed dim and hazy, like a rocky sea-coast miles away from the voyager who gazes at it.

Smilingly, however, for he had learned fairy lore, you know, and was not easily to be deceived by the delusive glamour of enchantment,—smilingly, he raised his wand, and kissing the word “Faith,” which was inscribed upon one face of it, exclaimed:

“By that which is undying—which ye fear, although ye know not—I command thee, false enchanter, to dissolve thy spell.”

At the word, the abyss rose slowly up until the void was filled on every hand, and the wood lay all around him as at first. So riding slowly on, he came to a place where the forest paths crossed each other, and here, beside a sparkling spring, rose up

a stone cell or hermitage, at the door of which sat a venerable, white-bearded man, clothed after the manner of a hermit. Tom saluted him respectfully, and lighted down, whilst his horse drank at the spring, to talk with him. But with a bound like a tiger, the old man sprang upon him, and before he was aware pinioned his arms to his sides. And as he did so, his robe fell off, his white beard dropped from his chin, and with a shout of derisive laughter, the dark stranger, who had carried away his brother Harry, disclosed himself; and when Tom looked in his face, he saw that it was the face of Moggo, the dwarf of the mountain.

“Ha! do you know me?” yelled the false hermit.

“I do,” said Tom, firmly: “you are Moggo, the dwarf of the mountain—Moggo, the enchanter, who driven from Egypt three thousand years ago, by the more powerful spells of Ptolemas, your master, whom you would have killed after you fancied you had learned from him all he knew, fixed here your horrible abode.”

"Fidalma has taught you well. But I will one day crush her as I will you to-day."

"I fear you not," replied Tom. With that by a mighty effort he wrenched one arm loose, and plucking his staff from his bosom, struck the enchanter across the face. Moggo staggered back a pace, then gazing at the glittering staff, uttered a howl of baffled rage and disappeared.

Tom turned the staff and saw that he had struck with the side on which was engraved the word "hope." Musing within himself therefore, as he remounted his horse, he said: "Mighty to sustain in the deadliest combat is the hope which is born of faith!"

And so travelling on, he passed through many adventures which I have not space to relate here at large. But Confidence and Truth, which always follow hard after Faith and Hope, safely delivered him out of them all; and at nightfall he lay down wearied in body, but light of heart, at the foot of a tree;—turning his horse loose to feed, and determining to pursue his search in the morning.

But, when the first beams of the sun awoke him, what was his astonishment to see lying a little way off, an emaciated creature, whose bones were almost breaking through the skin, and who breathed in his sleep as if some horrible dream pursued him with its terrors.

Tom rose softly and approached him. Spite of the change which suffering had wrought in his appearance, he recognized his brother Harry,—and could not forbear at once falling upon him and hugging him, and sobbing over him as he called him by his name, and bade him awake and speak to him. Harry awoke in terror, fearing his terrible master had overtaken him, but his terror was changed to joy at sight of Tom; and as he wept upon his neck, and told him all he had passed through since that fatal night by the river's bank, he vowed never again to give way to an emotion of petulance or anger, but to live always for great and noble purposes, if ever they were so happy as to return to their pleasant home and happy fireside again.

After Tom had made him eat a plentiful meal

from the wallet which he carried slung from his saddle, and cheered his heart with a cup of magic wine, he said :

“Now, Harry, can you pilot me to your dungeon?”

“What!” exclaimed Harry: “would you go to that horrible place? Ah! why not fly rather to the uttermost ends of the earth away from it?”

“I must go,” said Tom. “I have a sacred debt of gratitude to discharge by doing so. It is the magic hall of Moggo, the enchanter. Fidalma, my protectress and benefactress, is under a terrible bond to this vile wretch. Sleeping once beside the fount, from which flow the waters of the Diamond Lake, her magic zone unloosed, he caught her by his spells and compelled her to take her choice of two things—either to serve him for a thousand years, or else to share with him, equally, every thing which touched the soil, beneath which lay his vast caverns. She chose the latter,—and that was the reason why, on that night, she was compelled to yield you to him. But should he attempt to exceed his agree-

ment, and seize more than his share, then he falls into her power, for she is the Queen of all this part of Fairy Land, and his vile den will be destroyed."

"Come," said Harry, instantly; "since it is gratitude which prompts us, let us go on boldly."

You see, Harry had learned his lesson! His heart was no longer what it was when he persecuted poor little Fido.

At once he led Tom to the pit, and clambering down its sides, they soon found the opening into the passage-way Harry had dug with so much toil; a happy toil for him, for it had taught him that labor is better than desire, and perseverance able to conquer all things.

They went carefully along the way until they came into the great hall of furnaces, and here such a howling greeted them that they were fain to stop their ears with their hands to shut out the sound. A sight, too, struck their eyes which thrilled them at once with hatred and with pity.

Moggo, the enchanter, had missed Harry, on his return from his ineffectual attempt to arrest Tom in

the wood; and, armed with a whip of scorpions, was rushing from one part of the cavern to the other, lashing every one in his way, and uttering against them the most frightful curses and menaces, for not having told him that Harry had escaped.

In the midst of this whirlwind of imprecations and blows, his eye caught the figures of the two, as they advanced steadily into the cavern.

He rushed madly at them. As he came, Tom presented his staff. But Moggo struck it from his hand with his scorpion whip.

“Ho! ho!” he cried: “your baby’s toy is of no efficacy here. It is powerful only on the earth. Here you are in my dominions and in my power. Now shall your tortures satisfy a little the hatred I bear your haughty mistress, Fidalma.”

With that he caught them, one in each hand, as though they had been dolls, and striking the ground with his foot, an awful furnace of incalculable depth, and horrible with roaring flames, opened before them.

He raised them aloft and poised them above the flaming abyss.

At that moment, Tom shut his hand with a gripe of despair.

His finger touched the spring of the ring Fidalma had placed upon his hand.

The ring opened. A crash, like mightiest thunder, shook the place. The vaulted dome above them opened, and Fidalma appeared sailing through the air towards them.

She held her wand in her hand; and with a single wave of that powerful talisman, she struck the enchanter into stone.

“You have broken the compact,” she exclaimed. “You know the penalty. Ho!” she cried, to the crowd of unfortunate beings who had been the victims of his cruelty; “cast him into the furnace created by his own foul and wicked art.”

At the word, they rushed upon him and cast him headlong into the fiery abyss.

“Now, follow me,” she continued: “for henceforth, you are free from the spell which has enchained you.”

With that, and holding Tom and Harry by the



hand, she led the way, and all followed her out of the cavern by a great stairway, which rose up to where she had riven the vault, out into the wholesome light of day once more.

She invited them all to the palace by the Diamond Lake, and having fed and clothed them, gave each one of them in charge to one of her fairy attendants, and bade them conduct them to the homes from which they had been ravished by the spells of Moggo, the enchanter.

Then a beautiful carriage drove up to the door of the palace, and Fidalma, and Tom, and Harry set out for the home they had left on that eventful day when they strayed away after the soldiers.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting between parents and children. Suffice it to tell you, such happy hours occur only once or twice in anybody's lifetime.

What they told good old Mr. and Mrs. Grubb,—for you must know that short as the time had seemed, it had in reality been full fifteen years, and Tom and Harry had grown to be bearded men,—

how they explained their long absence to the good old people, I do not know. But certain it is, that a day or two after, Tom and Fidalma were married with great pomp, in the largest church in the city, and bought the finest establishment, and gave the grandest parties ever seen in that place.

In the summer-time, they always went a traveling; but as nobody ever met them at Saratoga or Newport, there was a great deal of surmising and wondering where they could be.

They never told anybody.

But I will tell you the secret, for I fancy you, who have heard their real history, guess it already.

They went away to the palace by the Diamond Lake, so that half the year, at least, Fidalma might govern her kingdom, and direct the affairs of Fairy Land.

In fact, I believe, fine as their house in the Fifth Avenue was, and much as everybody loved such exceedingly rich people as they were—for Fidalma set Tom up as a banker, with a few millions out of her little private purse, and he was a king on change,—

I believe they were a great deal happier all alone by themselves, sailing in their boat, with mast of cedar and sail of satin, on the Diamond Lake, and talking over the good old times.

Harry never forgot his lesson. He is Tom's partner; is and will always be an old bachelor, and keeps house for Tom and Fidalma when they pay their annual visit to Fairy Land.

THE MAGIC TEA-PUMP  
OF THE  
ISLAND OF THE MANAHATTOES.



Now, what I am about to relate to you did not happen in a distant country; neither in the moon, nor yet in one of the fixed stars, which, as everybody knows, are places where very strange things fall out. No! it happened at home here, as one may say next door—the very next door to everybody on the Island of Manhattan, or, as the Indians used to call it, the Island of the Manahattoes.

A great many years before the Croton river was taken prisoner by a set of powerful genii, whose names are written on stone upon the great reservoir at Forty-second street,—the good people of

the city of New York obtained their daily drink from certain wooden institutions, vulgarly known as pumps.

But the genii caught the pleasant Croton one morning as it lay asleep amongst the hills of Putnam, and bridled it with a curb of stone, and then shut it up between stone walls, many feet thick, and confined it forever to be a patient drudge and servant to all the people, both poor and rich, who live in the great city of New York. After that, the fine old pumps, which had been great folk in their way once upon a time, dwindled and peaked, till, by little and little, they disappeared altogether from public life, and sought a refuge for their old age in the solitude of remote dock-yards, and the unhealthy damp of bilge-water cellars, where you can hear them often wheezing and sputtering away like asthmatic old fellows as they are. Whilst the pumps were in their glory, however, my dear readers, there were great differences of character and station amongst them; almost as great, indeed, as amongst human beings. It is true they, each of

them, had but one nose, and one body, and one handle apiece; but some of them acted as if their noses were made for nothing but to turn up at other pumps;—and made a handle of many mischiefs out of their single handle, just as respectable folk, who get a little up in the world, and step from a dray to a carriage, do amongst ourselves at this day. One would think they might have learned a lesson from the pumps, whose pride and whose downfall went so close together; but they did not. So there was an aristocracy even amongst the pumps; and above all, the Tea-Water Pumps set up for the finest people in all Pump-dom.

“Our water,” said the Tea-Pumps, “is purer and better than any other pump-water; it has a sweeter taste, and is altogether more fit for gentle-folk and rich people to drink than the water of Common Pumps. Common Pump water will do well enough for poor people, who can’t afford luxuries; but your fine human clay ought to have water to drink, which has been filtered through clay as fine as their own, and never had any thing to do with

common mud. They can afford to pay for dainties, and ought, of course, to have them. But how?—ah! that was the question—how should the rich know all this, and who should tell them? I have heard it said that the fairies sent an old genius, named *Pride*, to do it. Perhaps they did. Now, you must know, that every pump had a delicate little water-spirit which belonged to it, and part of the time was compelled to live down in the dark, deep well, beneath the pump-box, and send up the water to the earth when the bucket came down for it. For every pump-well was filled with water, which came trickling and filtering through the earth for miles upon miles;—starting from some pleasant old wood, or mountain-top, or silver-bright cascade among the far-off hills, where no mortal had ever been, and playing strange, happy gambols in the sunshine, for a long ways, until suddenly it sunk into the earth and disappeared. But every spirit had to watch over its own little brook and rill, no matter where it went to; and if it had a happy, playful time as long as the wave danced in

sunshine on the surface, it had also to follow it down into the dark recesses of the earth and watch over its waters to the end. And so it came, that the delicate water-spirits were often obliged to leave the cool, deep woods, and birds and trees, and the green grass and scented flowers of the hill-side and the meadow, and shut themselves up with the bright waves of their own streams, in the dark stone-wells beneath the old pumps. None of them ever had the courage to venture any further, although they might easily have gone up in the bucket, and jumped nimbly out at the mouth of the pump when any one came for water. There was no law against their doing so, but they were too timid to venture. There was a law indeed, that if any female water-spirit fell in love with a mortal, she should be put into the great river and sent away to travel forever into the ocean, and lose all her sweetness in the harsh and brackish sea. And a still more severe law, that if she married a mortal, she should never return to her native hills or woods again, but should lose all that was spiritual about her, except her



power of recognizing her brother and sister spirits. For you know, of course, that the water-spirits are invisible to mortal eyes.

But, at last, it happened that a flighty little spirit, named Urla, was shut up by accident longer than usual in her well-box. She had come to pay her daily visit to that part of her rill, and meant to stay no more than a few minutes; for she was a gay, laughing little thing, and loved the birds and the sunshine of the hills, with a tenderness beyond her fellows, and always flew back again to the surface, just as soon as possible. But it so happened this day, that after she got into the well, and began to look around and see that all was right, a great stone fell right over the mouth of the place where the water bubbled up into the well and cut off her retreat. She tugged, and pulled, and pushed at it until her dear little fingers were almost worked off, and her little heart almost broken; but she could not stir it, and so she sat down on it in despair. She knew that by morning the water, her own darling rill, would have worked away the earth upon one

side or the other of it, and would be bubbling in as bright and pure as ever; but what would she do till then? How stay so many hours,—all night long in that dreary place? There was to be a ball, too, in the woods at home. For the king of the frogs had married the princess of the field-mice that very day, and was to have a grand wedding supper at his palace among the bulrushes, on the side of her own pond. No, she could not bear it; she could not bear to lose the ball, and to be shut up there, too. She wouldn't bear it. Happen what might, she resolved to get away for the night at least, and if she could not go to the wedding, at least go somewhere. So the minute the bucket came down she jumped in, and up she went with a jerk, and out of the spout with another jerk which fairly took her breath away.

Coming to her senses suddenly, she looked around quite bewildered with the new scene which opened upon her. There were no woods, nor streams, nor cascades, nor flowers,—all was bleak and bare; hills and gulleys, a great river in the distance, and

a horrid monster, as tall as a church, with a hundred arms which he kept swinging round and round, with a terrible rushing noise close upon her. It was a windmill, but little Urla thought it was one of the evil genii, of whom she had heard, and was so terrified that she took to her heels, and shutting her eyes for fear of seeing him after her, ran away as hard as she could. But directly her breath gave out, for she was not at all used to that sort of exercise; indeed, her whole life had been spent in floating gently on the waves of the little rill, of which she was the guardian spirit; or lying upon its green banks and weaving gay wreaths of wild-flowers, with which to deck her own beautiful little person. So when she was fairly out of breath with this novel use of her tiny legs, she came plump down, and in sheer desperation opened her eyes and looked around her. What was her delight to find that every thing had all at once changed very much for the better, and in fact began to look a little bit like her own quiet nook in Fairy Land. The yellow harvest-moon was just rising, and its level

rays discovered around her green fields, and the bright waters of a brook serpentine away through broad level meadows to the great river in the distance.

If little people, for whom I chiefly write, should try to find now-a-days in the same spot what fairy *Urla* saw there, they would lose their labor, for it is all changed since then, and churches and colleges, and fine houses, which in the old world would be called palaces, have covered and usurped it all. But when I was a boy, we called the place where mistress *Urla* found herself, "Stuyvesant's Meadows." It was a pleasant place, you may be sure, then, and a long walk away from the city of New York. Indeed, when we thought of going there, it was as if we contemplated quite a little journey, and we always took a day to it. In summer, we boys used to play all kinds of boys' games out there on the meadows, and in winter we had a fine time skating on the creek which watered them. Especially we delighted to skate on a small lake or bay, made by the creek, where it widened out between two high

ridges of land, crowned with a few old trees which, breaking the keen northwester, made it the most delightful skating-ground in the world. There the water lay the stillest, and the ice froze the thickest and most smoothly.

On the top of the hillock, to the south of the little lake, stood a solitary, one-story-and-a-half frame-house, with drooping eaves, and a long, low shed behind it, under which a great many carts, with large hogsheads on them, were put away at night. For right in front of this old house stood the celebrated "Tea-Water Pump," and every morning these carts came to it, and the hogsheads were filled from it, and then men drove them away in every direction through the city; and all who could afford it bought the water, because it was very pure and soft, and had none of the hard and brackish taste which the pump-water in the city had. The stunted red house was a queer cozy place enough, too, and was kept as a bakery and fruit-shop, by old mother Hayes. It had one great big square room in it, with a low ceiling, where you saw all the great old

beams, dark with smoke and age, and hung full of pans and toys, and all sorts of nick-nacks in small ware. A great big ten-plated stove stood in the middle of the room, and a low yellow counter ran half-way across one side of it. Behind that counter, mother Hayes, who was a little wrinkled old woman, as fat as butter, with the blackest eyes and the whitest teeth you ever saw, used to stand; or to say the truth, lean, for she always had her elbows on it and her chin on her hands, and seemed never tired of watching us boys with a roguish kind of sharp look out of her eyes, which sometimes startled us by its queerness, and would have frightened us to death, if we had only known half as much about her as I do now, and as I am going to tell you presently. I say, she leaned down watching us boys, for whenever we were tired with skating, or half dead and frozen with the cold, we used to go in to mother Hayes, and sit around the big stove, and have a royal time, spending our pocket money for horse-cakes, and doughnuts, and ginger beer, and such like luxuries in which she dealt.

Not far away stood the old windmill, with its sprawling arms; and up a green lane, to the eastward, rose the quaint steeple of St. Mark's Church. Standing on the high ground, you looked southward and saw the city, then just beginning to straggle out towards the East river upon that side, and pushing out house after house along the various roads and lanes, like advance parties of pioneers and skirmishers feeling the way before the close heavy columns and masses of brick and mortar which lay below. Now, as you all know, St. Mark's Place, with its rows of tall stone and marble houses, and Peter Cooper's noble charity—the college for the poor—and the Bible House, a whole square large, and I don't know how many streets and avenues of houses, great and small, and a hundred thousand people, cover all that place, whilst the city has travelled away miles to the north of it, and pushed the green fields, and trees, and birds, away across the Harlem river and into Westchester county.

However, nature had her own way there still,

and the city had not yet driven her clean away from the Island of Manhattan, when Urla saw the moon rise over the spire of St. Mark's, on her first evening in the human world.

Cheered by the soft atmosphere of light, which now fell broader and broader around her, she rose and went slowly along until she came to the little red one-story-and-a-half house I have described to you. A light was shining in the window, and as Urla came up to it, the sweetest scent she had ever smelt seemed to issue out of the house. It was a spicy aromatic smell, and she stopped and snuffed up a good meal of it, for you know the water-spirits, like the fairies, never eat any thing, but feed upon the smells of the flowers which grow upon the banks of the streams. Urla thought it was the most wonderful scent in the world, and was sure that the little square, and round, and oblong things she saw in the window, were a new kind of flowers, which did not grow in her country. She longed to have some of them, but the glass of the window was between her and them, and the door was shut



and too heavy for her tiny taper fingers to open. Directly, as she stood gazing in at them, longingly, a great tall creature, full five feet nine inches high, and that seemed gigantic to Urla, came from an inner room. He carried in his hand a tin pan full of those same brown and yellow flowers, as Urla thought them. They were, as you no doubt guess, nothing in the world but gingerbread, made into different shapes. But these were just hot out of the oven, and their odor being more intense for their freshness, struck upon the fine senses of the water-spirit so strongly that, although the smell was exquisite, she almost fainted away at it. "Ah!" said she, "that fine big spirit has been into the garden and plucked all those strange flowers fresh from the bed, and that is the reason their scent is so strong."

Poor fairy Urla, you see, did not know half as much as a mortal child of five years old, although she was a spirit and had lived, dear knows, how many ages and centuries before she came up out of her well into this queer world of ours.

After setting down his pan, the baker came to the door, opened it and looked out to see what kind of night it was out of doors. No sooner did Urla see this than she resolved to take advantage of it, and get closer to those delightful flowers in the tin pan. So she glided in through the door and perched herself up on the window-sill as easily as a bird would fly. The baker, of course, saw nothing, for the water-spirits are invisible to mortal eyes so long as they obey the laws of their being; but should they transgress them and love a mortal, or eat of mortal food, they straightway lose their invisibility, and are condemned to live forever afterwards amongst the mortals whose customs they have adopted. So when the baker, who was a fine handsome fellow, and whom Urla thought twice as handsome as he really was, went back into the bakehouse, she followed slyly at his heels and watched him open the great oven and put in the cakes. Urla shuddered at the great roaring fire in the oven, and shrunk into herself, but when it was closed she took courage and began to look around her. And

now her female curiosity got the better of her, and after smelling and smelling the fine flowers, which were nothing but fresh gingerbread, she took one up and felt it; and as she did so, a strange longing, such as she had never known in Fairy Land, came over her, and she craved just to taste the smallest piece in the world. So after resisting a long time, she at last put a piece to her mouth and took one little nip—the smallest nip in the world; but, alas! no sooner had she done it than a cold shudder ran through her, and she felt that she never could go back to her dear old home in Fairy Land any more. Then she burst out in a passion of grief, and fell to sobbing and wringing her small hands piteously. Starting with surprise at the sound, as it were, of a child's voice behind him, Tom Hayes, the handsome baker, turned around and saw standing near him the loveliest little lady his eyes ever beheld. She was not more than a foot high, clad in a gossamer robe of blue, all sparkling with diamonds and rubies, and almost covered to her waist with a cloud of golden ringlets, which fell about her neck and

shoulders; and out of which shone a fair laughing face, and two bright black eyes glittering like coals of fire. Never was any poor baker in such a pheeze as Tom Hayes, when he saw the little lady. He was as hot as his own oven, and his heart jumped straight up into his throat. But Tom was a brave fellow, and not to be scared for nothing by a little lady no more than a foot high.

So he took heart of grace, and stooping down he whispered in the smallest voice that ever came out of as sturdy a throat as his:

“Who are you?”

“Urla!” said the little lady, sobbing.

“That’s a queer name,” said Tom, with a gasp.

“Don’t you think it’s pretty?” said the little lady, with a saucy toss of her head, which made the golden ringlets glance and sparkle like so many sunbeams.

“I don’t know,” said Tom, evasively. “Where did you come from?”

“From Fairy Land!” said Urla, with a fresh burst of tears at the thought that she should never see

that sweet place, and her dear old mother, who was chief lady-in-waiting to the king of the bull-frogs, any more.

“St. Nicholas and the devil,” shouted Tom, profanely; but you must excuse him, for he was very much frightened to find what kind of company he was in.

“Oh, fie!” said Urla: “we never mention the dark gentleman in my country.”

“I suppose you are afraid,” said Tom, looking big, “because you are so little.”

“Larger people are scared sometimes, too,” said Urla, roguishly.

Tom winced, and asked her what brought her there at that time of night so far from home; and whether “her mother knew she was out.” This started poor little Urla afresh, and with many sobs she told Tom her story. Now Tom was a tender-hearted young fellow, and long before she was through, she was sitting on his knee, and there was something very like a drop of water in the corner of Tom’s eye, as he tried to console her by telling

her that if she had lost her own home by eating that terrible luckless nip of gingerbread, she should have another, not so handsome perhaps, but very snug and comfortable, and should always live with him, and be his little lady and have just as much gingerbread as she pleased.

So the next day Tom got her a little frock, and made her a pair of shoes himself, out of an old glove, for her feet were so tiny that there was not a baby's sock in the whole city small enough to fit her. And then he wrapped up her gay blue gossamer dress, all sparkling with jewels, and laid it carefully away in an old chest in the garret, because it would never have done for her to be seen abroad in it, for the whole city would have been in a nine days' wonder over her. As it was, indeed, her smallness and beauty were noised from one street to another, until first the little boys in the neighborhood, and then the ladies and gentlemen from far and near, came to get a sight of her, and Tom's trade increased so fast that all the tanners in the town couldn't supply him with tin pans

enough to bake gingerbread for them. So Tom, you see, was quickly repaid for his kindness to fairy Urla, and, in fact, he went on growing so fond of her that he could not bear her out of his sight a moment.

But Urla would steal away fifty times through the day, and go to the mouth of the old pump, and listen to the water of her own happy mountain rill come trickling into the well, for her ear was finer than mortal ears, and she knew what sounded like the trickling of water was really the voice of her sister Atis, who had succeeded her in its guardianship, singing the songs of Fairy Land to while away the gloomy hour she had to spend there. Oh! how Urla longed to go to her, and talk of old times just for a minute—a single minute; but that was all over now; and when Tom came looking after her, she couldn't help being sad for awhile, kind as he was. But all this time Urla was growing like a weed. In fact, whether it was the gingerbread she ate, or whether it was stretching up so much to try and look in Tom's face, in less than a year she had

grown up to be quite a large woman, full four feet six inches high;—indeed, she never grew any taller than that to her dying day. And this Urla, as, of course, you have already guessed, was old mother Hayes, who kept the baker's shop where we went to warm ourselves after skating. For in the course of a year or two, Tom found out he couldn't do without a wife, and that nobody but Urla would suit him; so they went to the parson one day and were married, and lived as happily and cozily as any two people ever did. But one day Tom took cold from being overheated at the oven, and died, poor fellow, and poor Urla was left alone with two little twin-daughters. One of these was named Ina, and the other Trudchen, for Tom was a Knickerbocker and a great stickler for good old Dutch names. Ina and Trudchen inherited something of their mother's nature, and were delicate-looking little lassies with golden hair and bright black eyes, and all the boys used to quarrel for whose sweethearts they should be; but they never seemed to take a fancy to any of the little boys in the neighborhood. On the con-



trary, their chief delight was to play around the old pump, and build castles in the air.

So one day, when they were about twelve years old, they were sitting on the box of the pump, playing, and telling each other what they would like to be when they grew up to be big women. And Ina, who was proud, said she would like to be a queen, and always eat off a golden dish with a diamond spoon; but Trudchen said she would like to have a cottage in the woods, all covered with clematis, and woodbine, and honeysuckle, with a rose-of-sharon tree on each side of the door, and live there with her dear old mother forever, so that mother would never have to work and get hot and red in the face over the oven making gingerbread any more.

No sooner had Trudchen finished, than the two little girls saw the queerest sight that ever their eyes beheld; for out of the spout of the pump came a little man, and down the handle, as easily as a rope-dancer on a tight rope, walked another. The two little girls clung together, as the two little men





The two little girls clung together as the two little men came and stood before them, making all sorts of queer bows, and flinging kisses to them.

came and stood before them, making all sorts of queer bows and old-fashioned motions with their arms and hands, flinging kisses to the little girls from the tips of their fingers, and pantomimically expressing the largest possible quantity of devotion to their service.

Finally, one of the little men spoke in a small flute-like voice, and said:

“Dear Miss Ina and Miss Trudchen, you needn’t be a bit frightened at us. We are your cousins. Your great-uncle, the king of the bull-frogs, has sent us to invite you to the court ball, in honor of the young Prince Chug-chug, who is to-day of age. Go and tell your mother, and we will wait here until you return.”

The little girls ran away, breathlessly, to tell their mother what a strange thing had happened to them, and were not a little surprised to see her smile and weep by turns; and still more were they astonished when she said: “Go, go quickly, my darlings. No harm will happen to you. Those are your cousins. Go, and if you love your mother, you can

restore her to her own country where she longs to be."

"Oh! how? how?" cried Ina and Trudchen, both in a breath.

"You must be very brave little girls to do it," said their mother, gloomily; "for when you get to where your cousins will take you, you must go into a great cavern which you will find about a mile from the palace of the king of the bull-frogs, and there you will find two green snakes. You must put the snakes in your bosom, and bring them to me. Now go quickly, my children, and don't forget your old mother."

Away went Ina and Trudchen. The little men were waiting for them, and each of them took one of the sisters on his back, and before you could say Jack Robinson, jumped down the well and disappeared.

The children knew nothing more until they found themselves, as it were, sailing along through the middle of the earth, in complete darkness. The motion was soft and pleasant, however, and the two

little men, who were always beside them, sang such sweet songs, that they were lulled away into a dreamy kind of half-sleep, and could have sailed on so forever. But all at once a burst of light fell around them, and the sunshine bathed them in a flood of gold. Some how or other, they had come out from under the bank, and were floating in a beautiful boat, light as a cockle-shell and transparent as glass, upon the surface of a shining river, the waves of which seemed almost to be living things cooing around them, and kissing the sides of the boat as if they loved it. The sky, too, was brighter than they had ever seen it, and the birds sang ravishingly. Along the banks the trees were clothed in leaves of emerald green, and many colored fruits glanced through them, like so many rare glittering gems. All the atmosphere was loaded with unnumbered perfumes, and the forest glades rang with merry laughter and the sound of joyous music. Ina and Trudchen could not believe their senses.

“Oh, where are we? where are we?” they cried.

“You are in Fairy Land, my dear human cousins,” said one of the small men, who played the cavalier; “in Fairy Land, where your mother came from.”

“Our mother!” they exclaimed.

“Yes;” and then he told them how she had disappeared and never returned; and having married a mortal could not return unless she could catch the two sons of Mohak, the king of the genii, as hostages; and how, to redeem them, Mohak, whose cavern lay beside the gate of Fairy Land, would open the gate to her and let her in once more.”

“And where are the sons of the king of the genii?” said Ina, remembering what her mother had said.

“They dwell in their father’s cave,” replied Codig; for that was the name of Ina’s fairy cousin.

“And what are they like?” persisted Ina.

“Like every thing,” replied Codig: “one moment they are lions; the next they turn themselves into snakes;” and Codig shuddered, and turned away evidently disliking the subject.

But Ina, full of love for her mother, and a desire

to obey and bring home the two green snakes whom she now knew to be the sons of Mohak, the king of the genii, went on:

“But tell me, cousin, are they so very terrible; will they eat you up?”

“Yes,” said Codig. “Every one whom they can terrify they destroy; but if any one were bold enough to take a pocket full of red peppers, and every time they changed from beast to bird, or bird to horrible serpents, to put one of the peppers in their mouths, with the sixth pepper they would be paralyzed and stiff—apparently dead, and at the mercy of their conqueror. But, alas!” said he, sighing, “nobody has ever dared to attempt it.”

“I will do it,” said Ina to herself. “For my dear mother shall not stay down in that gloomy world below there, if I can help it.”

So absorbed was she in her filial project, that she started with surprise, when Trudchen cried: “Oh, Ina! Ina! here is the palace of the king of the bull-frogs.”

And there it was, and a strange but beautiful



palace, too. It rose right up out of a sedgy place by the river-side, and was built of golden reeds, each reed tipped with a sun-flower a hundred feet round, made of all kinds of precious stones. The palace was of gothic architecture, and the reeds being cut at the bottom like the reeds of an organ, the wind drew through them, and the whole building seemed lifted and borne up into the air by a mighty and continuous burst of unearthly music. Along the drawbridge was ranged on either side a double row of monster bull-frogs, standing on their hind legs, and armed completely in silver mail without visors, which permitted you to see their handsome noses. They carried long lances of the spear-grass, and were altogether a terrible set of fellows.

The bull-frog guard presented arms as Prince Codig, and his brother Prince Taciturn—for you must know one of the princes never said any thing but “yes” and “no,” which made him, of course, a very lively companion—and the two little ladies crossed the bridge.

At the gate of the palace they were received by



Ina! Ina! here is the palace of the King of the Bull-Frogs.



the grand-chamberlain, who was a venerable old flamingo with a white head, a red jacket, and a very long pair of spindle-shanks, and who bowed so low that Ina was afraid his legs would break off in the middle before he got back again. The grand-chamberlain walked backwards, bent like a bow, until he bowed them into the presence of the king of the bull-frogs, and announced, "The most excellent Princesses Ina and Trudchen, nieces of the high, mighty, and magnificent king of the Bull-frogs, lord of the Tadpoles, duke of Killy-fish, prince palatine of the Tree-toads, and emperor of the Flying-ants."

Ina looked up expecting to see a bull-frog as big as a camel, but was agreeably surprised to see instead a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, with rather a melancholy face, who received her graciously, made her sit down beside him, and immediately fell to feeding her with sugar-plums, of which he appeared to have a never-ending supply in his breeches pocket. Prince Taciturn and Trudchen meanwhile sat in a corner and looked at each

other in silence; but as Trudchen sighed three times, the prince flattered himself that he was making a great impression on her.

Prince Codig, on the contrary, was evidently jealous of the royal attentions, although for an uncle it was nothing more than natural. But the fact was, Codig had fallen desperately in love with his cousin Ina, and in the bitterness of his heart wished the sugar-plums were sour enough to set Ina's teeth on edge; at least it was supposed he did, from being overheard to exclaim rather savagely, "Oh Pickles!"

All that day was a fête day, and Ina and Trudchen were conducted from room to room, and splendor to splendor, until when bedtime came they were too weary to notice any thing, and tumbled into the most magnificent bedstead, all carved, and gilded, and inlaid with pearl and jewels in wonderful figures, just as if it had been their own little trucklebed in the little red house by the Tea-Pump, and fell asleep in an instant.

The next morning fifty young fairies, all dressed

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alike in green kirtles worked with gold, their beautiful hair put up in bags of gold net-work, bathed and perfumed and dressed them in royal robes, like two queens. After breakfast the horns sounded for a royal hunting-party, and mounted upon two coal-black palfreys, the housings, and bits, and bridles of which were so splendid that it is no use to try to describe them, away they went, a thousand cavaliers and a thousand ladies, gorgeously dressed; and the king of the bull-frogs and the two sisters led the way. They coursed a stag with silver horns, and hunted a fox with feet of mother-of-pearl and a tail of marabout feathers; they hawked at herons with plumage of sunbeams and amethyst eyes; they rode and laughed, and jested and sung, until all the echoes in Fairy Land had a pain in their sides, and were hoarse with the work they had to do; and the trees of the forests shivered with fun, and the flowers clapped their hands wild with delight, and nobody ever saw such a time as they had since Fairy Land was Fairy Land.

And when the sun was just thinking about put-

ting on his night-cap, they turned their bridles for home. Away they went, helter-skelter, over the tree tops and across the rivers like beams of light; but just as they were jumping a small hill, not over a mile and a quarter high, Ina's horse shied at a miserable little volcano, not above twice as large as Mount Vesuvius, and wheeling short around with her dashed back into the forest. Trudchen's unlucky beast did the same; and in a minute they were out of sight of the whole hunt.

The king of the bull-frogs followed for awhile, and all the courtiers followed the king, but at last they all dropped off one by one; the king drew rein and went home in a very bad humor, and ordered the ball to be postponed to the great horror of the whole court, and nobody was left but the two young princes Codig and Taciturn. These two thought, like good fellows as they were, that it would never do to give it up so, and galloped away all night in search of the involuntary runaways.

Meanwhile Ina and Trudchen's horses went twice as fast as the wind, and the poor girls had to cling

fast with both hands to keep from falling off and breaking their necks.

At last the horses came to a sudden stop, so sudden that it jerked Trudchen clean over the head of hers, and nearly knocked the breath out of Ina's body. But Ina recovered herself and jumped off to assist her unfortunate sister, for Ina, as you see, always had her wits about her. But Trudchen had fainted dead away. Then what to do poor Ina did not know. She looked first one way and then another. At last she saw lying a little way off a large branch full of red pods, like pea-pods. So she picked it up and tasted one of them, and lo and behold! it was nothing less than a *red pepper*. Hastily breaking one off, Ina thrust it into her sister's mouth, and rubbed it under her nose, and with a great sneeze Trudchen came to herself, and sat up and rubbed her nose, and said, "Where are we?"

"I don't know," said Ina, "but get up, sis; we had better look for a house, for there must be a woodman's cot or some such thing about here, and



see if we can't get some supper and a shelter for the night."

So they both set out to look for some place where they might pass the night. As for the horses, they had taken themselves off, and were nowhere to be seen. Before they started, however, Ina was very careful to fill her pocket with the red peppers.

They had not gone far when a terrible roaring shook all the forest about them, and frightened even the owls, which with melancholy screams went sweeping by them. Looking to see where it came from, Ina perceived immediately before her a great pile of ragged beetling rocks, in the midst of which, beneath an overhanging cliff, opened and yawned the mouth of a gloomy cavern. The red light of a fire, which was burning far within it, lighted it up with a sinister radiance, and they could see forms moving heavily about it, but were unable to distinguish in the distance what they were, whether of beasts or men.

"Look, look!" said Ina, "there is the cave of Mohak, the king of the genii, which Prince Codig

told us of. Now, Trudchen, pluck up your spirits and be as brave as a lion; for now we may deliver our dear mother from her banishment, and bring her back to her own country again, if we only have the courage to do what we ought."

With that Ina walked away with long steps towards the cave, and Trudchen trudged after her with a beating heart. They climbed down the sides of a deep gulley, which lay before the cave, and clambered up the steep rocks until they stood at the door of the cavern. Here Ina never stopped an instant, but filling her hand with red peppers marched boldly into the cave, and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I am come for the sons of Mohak, the king of the genii."

With that a roar of mocking laughter rose on all sides, and Ina had barely time to thrust some red peppers into her sister's hand and whisper, "Do as you see me do," when two enormous lions bounded towards them, roaring and belching out flames of fire, and lashing their great tails till the whole place

shook as if with an earthquake. But no sooner were they near enough than Ina dexterously threw a red pepper into the jaws of the one nearest her, and Trudchen did the same to the other. Instantly the lions burst into a hundred thousand pieces, and flew away in every direction like sparks of fire, and the cave was wrapped in profound darkness.

But in an instant afterwards a green and ghastly glare began to rise all around, and showed, rolling and shuffling towards them, a hideous bear with two heads. When he came near he raised himself up on his hind legs, and made as if he were about to hug them to death with his fore-paws; but just as he put them around them, Ina and Trudchen clapped the peppers on his great ugly red tongue, and he vanished in a wreath of blue smoke, leaving a very strong smell of sulphur behind him.

Next started up a great grisly giant, all armed in mail, and with a huge two-edged sword in one hand and a monstrous knotted club in the other, and rushed at them, cutting and slashing this way and that, and yelling in a voice like a tornado, "Let

me get at the little wretches and mash them into jelly!"

But the little girls dodged him and his weapons, and one ran one way round the cavern, and the other the other; the giant rushing first after one and then after the other, cursing and howling, and cutting and slashing with all his might. And as she ran, Ina saw a piece of reed, and snatching it up she clapped it to her mouth, and when the giant came striding after her she blew a pepper out of it right down his throat. The giant turned sixteen somersaults, and every time he turned a piece broke off of him, and bounced up like an india-rubber ball, clean through the roof of the cavern, till with the sixteenth piece there was not so much of him left as the paring of your little finger nail. Scarcely had the sisters recovered their breath when a beautiful lady, all dressed in gorgeous apparel, and smiling sweetly, came towards them, stretching out both her hands, and saying, "Welcome—welcome, my darlings: my brave little dears," and at the same instant the gloomy cavern changed to a lofty hall, the

ceiling of which was of blue enamel fretted with gold, and frescoed with the loveliest paintings, and supported by a thousand columns of porphyry and jasper. Delicious odors filled it, and the sound of gentle music intoxicated the senses with delight.

The poor little girls thought all their trouble and dangers over, and flew to meet the beautiful lady, who hugged and petted them. But suddenly Trudchen cried out, "Oh, sister, she is strangling me!" With that Ina the quick-witted threw her arm around the lady's neck, and put up her lips to kiss her, pretending she did not hear Trudchen; but when the lady bent to kiss her she thrust one of the peppers, which she had in her own mouth, into that of the lady with her tongue, and instantly the deceitful shape turned into a green and putrid slime, and sunk away into the earth, and with her vanished the lofty hall, with all its splendors, and the cavern became as gloomy and frightful as before.

Out started then from every nook, and crack, and crevice, ten thousand hideous objects, devils, and monstrous toads, serpents with crests of flame,

and hedgehogs with mouths a yard wide, wildcats, and monkeys, and all the tribes of foul and terrible beasts, and birds, and snakes; and circled them around, hissing and roaring, bellowing and chattering, and making such a din that the whole infernal pit seemed emptied of its horrors to furnish up the scene. But the sisters stood back to back, and fast as they came on they cast the peppers, and by the magic power which their bravery bestowed upon them every pepper went straight into the throat of some one of the revolting crew, until in a few minutes, with a great whirr and clamor, like a flock of unclean birds rising from the ground where they had been gorging upon carrion, the whole infernal pageant vanished quite away.

And last a pleasant light began to shine, and the place changed again to their own little red house by the Tea-Water Pump, and their mother was sitting there, too, just as usual. She started up at sight of them, exclaiming:

“Oh, my dear daughters, have you come back to me? Have you brought the little green snakes?”

And Trudchen would have rushed into her arms, but Ina had grown a little distrustful of appearances by this time and held her back, saying to herself, "If it is our mother, a red pepper won't hurt her." So she lunched one at her, and sure enough it went into her mouth, and the old woman vanished with a horrible curse, and their pretended home became again the cavern of the king of the genii. But now the sixth and last trial was over; the night changed to bright sunshine, and lying at their feet the sisters saw two little green snakes. But they were only so in shape, for when they took them up they found them each a single emerald in the shape of a snake.

At that moment, Prince Codig and Prince Taciturn appeared at the door. They showed them the little green snakes, and told the princes all their mother had said to them. Then all four with great joy went to the gate of Fairy Land, and Mohak, the king of the genii, was forced, by the power which the possession of his sons gave them, to open the gate and let them out. No sooner was the gate of

Fairy Land shut behind them than they found themselves standing at the door of their mother's house.

Poor old mother Hayes welcomed them with frantic joy when she saw the little green snakes, and stopping only to make a bundle of the shining robes in which she was dressed when she first came into Tom Hayes', the baker's shop, away they all sped together, back to the gate of Fairy Land. Again old Mohak opened to them, and before she had taken three steps on fairy ground, mother Hayes was changed back to her former self, and was as delicate, ethereal, and young as when she first left her well to live on earth so many troubled years.

Clothed again in her fairy robes, she went with her daughters and the princes to her brother's, the king of the bull-frogs. You may be sure there was wild feasting and mirth in Fairy Land that day, and the next Ina was married to Prince Codig, and Trudchen to Prince Taciturn, and the king built them each a golden palace beside his own, and there they lived happily in Fairy Land forever afterwards.



After awhile the neighbors missed them from the little red house, and came to look, but the house was empty. And everybody wondered, and wondered, and wondered, but old mother Hayes and her twin-daughters never came back; and gradually the old house fell into a ruin, and strange stories were told about it, and people shook their heads and said it was a mysterious disappearance, and feared there must have been foul play.

The old well, too, and the Tea-Water Pump, went at last the way of all things, and the city grew up upon the ruins of it all; but Urla and her daughters lived in their palaces by the Bull-Frog Lake.

7

THE END.





















