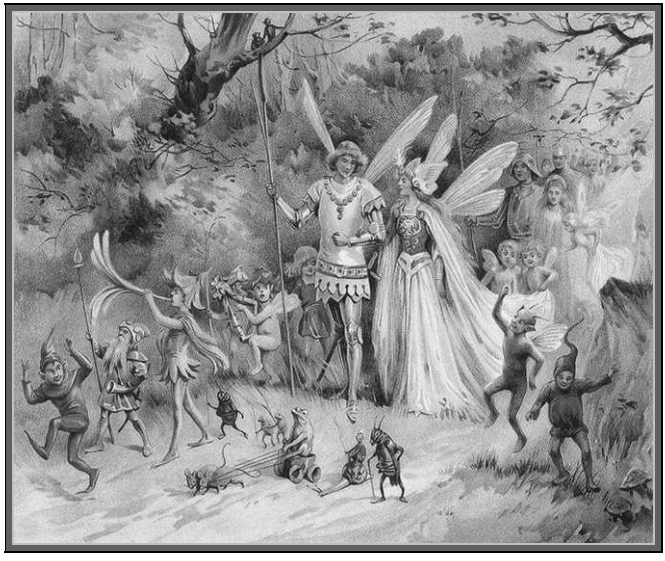
Fairy Tales From all Nations

"Illustrated"

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Anthony R. Montalba

Illustrator: Richard Doyle

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FAIRY TALES FROM ALL NATIONS.

BY

ANTHONY R. MONTALBA.

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
BY RICHARD DOYLE.

LONDON

MDCCCXLIX.

TO

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PATRON OF LETTERS

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL FITZWILLIAM,

This Little Book

IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

AS A MARK OF SINCEREST GRATITUDE AND RESPECT,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

A. R. MONTALBA.



PREFACE.

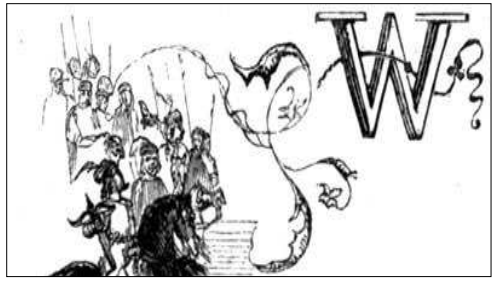
The time has been, but happily exists no longer, when it would have been necessary to offer an apology for such a book as this. In those days it was not held that

Beauty is its own excuse for being; on the contrary, a spurious utilitarianism reigned supreme in literature, and fancy and imagination were told to fold their wings, and travel only in the dusty paths of every-day life. Fairy tales, and all such flights into the region of the supernatural, were then condemned as merely idle things, or as pernicious occupations for faculties that should be always directed to serious and profitable concerns. But now we have cast off that pedantic folly, let us hope for ever. We now acknowledge that innocent amusement is good for its own sake, and we do not affect to prove our advance in civilisation by our incapacity to relish those sportive creations of unrestricted fancy that have been the delight of every generation in every land from times beyond the reach of history.

The materials of the following Collection have been carefully chosen from more than a hundred volumes of the fairy lore of all nations; and none of them, so far as the Editor is aware, have been previously translated into English.

The Editor cannot close this brief Preface without expressing his grateful acknowledgments of the enhanced attraction imparted to his little work by Mr. Richard Doyle's admirable Illustrations.

THE BIRTH OF THE FAIRY TALE.



hen nursery tales and entertaining stories did not yet exist—and those were dull times for children, for then their youthful paradise wanted its gayest butterfly—there lived two royal children, a brother and sister. They played with each other in a garden allotted to them by their royal sire. This garden was full of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers; its paths were over-spread with golden sands and many-coloured stones, which vied in brilliancy with the dew which glistened on the flowers, illuminated by the splendour of an eastern sun. There were in it cool grottos with rippling streams; fountains spouting high towards heaven; exquisitely chiselled marble statues; lovely arbours and bowers inviting to repose; gold and silver fish swam in the reservoirs, and the most beautiful birds flitted about in gilded cages so spacious that they scarcely felt that they were confined, whilst others at full liberty flew from tree to tree, filling the air with their sweet song. Yet the children who possessed all these delights, and saw them daily, were satiated with them and felt weary. They looked without pleasure on the brilliancy of the stones; the fragrance of the flowers and the dancing water of the fountains no longer attracted them; they cared not for the fish which were mute to them, nor for the birds whose warbling they did not comprehend. They sat mournful and listless beside each other; having everything that children could

desire—kind parents, costly toys, the richest clothing, every delicacy the land could furnish, with liberty to roam from morning until evening in the beautiful garden,—still they were unsatisfied and they knew not why!—they could not tell what else they wanted.

Then came to them the queen, their mother, beautiful and majestic, with a countenance expressive of love and gentleness. She grieved to see her children so mournful, meeting her with melancholy smiles, instead of gaily bounding to her embrace. Her heart was sorrowful because her children were not happy as she thought they ought to be, for as yet they knew not care; and, thanks to an all-good Providence, the heaven of childhood is usually bright and cloudless.

The queen placed herself between her two children. She threw her full white arms round their necks, and said to them with endearing maternal tenderness, "What ails you, my beloved children?"—"We know not, dear mother!" replied the boy.—"We do not feel happy!" said the girl.

"Yet everything is fair in this garden, and you have everything that can give you pleasure. Do all these things then afford you no enjoyment?" demanded the queen, whilst tears filled her eyes, through which beamed a soul of goodness.

"What we have and enjoy seems not to be the one thing which we want," answered the girl.—"We wish for something else, but we know not what it is," added the boy.

The queen sat silent and sad, pondering what that might be for which her children pined. What could possibly afford them greater pleasure than that splendid garden, the richness of their clothing, the variety of their toys, the delicacy of their food, the

flavour of their beverage? But in vain; she could not divine the unknown object of their desire.

"Oh, that I myself were again a child!" said the queen to herself with a deep sigh. "I should then perhaps discover what would impart cheerfulness to my children. To comprehend the wish of a child, one should be a child oneself. But I have already wandered too far beyond the boundaries of childhood where fly the golden birds of paradise; those beautiful birds without feet, that never require the repose of which all earthly creatures stand in need. Oh, that such a bird would come to my assistance, and bring to my dear children that precious gift which should dispel their gloom and make them happy!"

And, behold, the queen had scarcely formed this wish, when a wondrously beautiful bird, whose splendour surpassed all that can be imagined, bent its flight from the ethereal sky, and wheeled round and round until it attracted the gaze of the queen and her children, who on beholding it were filled with astonishment, and with one voice exclaimed: "Oh, how wonderful is that bird!" And wonderful indeed it was, and gorgeous to behold as it gradually descended towards them. Like burnished gold blended with sparkling jewels shone its plumage, reflecting the seven colours of the rainbow, and dazzling the eye which it still rivetted anew by its indescribable charms. Beautiful as it was, the aspect of the bird inspired them with a kind of awe, which, though not unpleasing, increased when they felt the wafting of its wings, and suddenly beheld it rest in the lap of the queen. It looked on them with its full eyes, which, though they resembled the friendly smiling eyes of a child, had yet in them something strange and almost unearthly; an expression the children could not comprehend, and therefore feared to consider. They now observed also,

that mingled with the bright coloured plumage of this unearthly bird, were some black feathers which they had not before perceived. But scarcely was a moment permitted to them for these observations, ere the wonder-bird again arose, soared aloft higher and higher till it was lost to the sight in the blue and cloudless ether. The queen and her children watched its flight in amazement until it had entirely vanished, and when they again looked down, lo, a new wonder! The bird had deposited in the mother's lap an egg which beamed like the precious opal with many-coloured brilliancy. With one voice, the royal children exclaimed: "Oh, the beautiful egg!" whilst the mother smiled in an ecstasy of joy; for a voice within her predicted to her that this was the jewel which alone was wanting to complete the happiness of her children. This egg, she thought, within its thousand-coloured shell, must contain the treasure that would ensure to her children that which has ever been, and ever will be withheld from age—Contentment;—the longing for that treasure and the anticipation of it would charm away their childish melancholy.

The children could not gaze their fill on the splendid egg, and soon in admiring it, forgot the bird that had bestowed it on them. At first they hardly ventured to touch their treasure, but after a while, the maiden first took courage to lay upon it one of her rosy fingers, exclaiming whilst a purple blush of delight over-spread her innocent face: "The egg is warm!" then the royal youth, to try the truth of his sister's words, cautiously touched it also, and lastly the mother placed her beautifully white and taper finger on the costly egg, which then separated into two parts, and there came out from it a being most marvellous to behold. It had wings, and yet it was no bird, nor yet butterfly nor bee, though it was a combination of all these

infinitely and indescribably blended. It was in short, that multiform many-coloured childish Ideal, the *Fairy Tale*, dispensing pleasure, and happiness, and inspiration to infancy and youth. The mother thenceforth no longer beheld her children pining with melancholy, for the Fairy Tale became their constant companion, and remained with them till the sun which shone on their last day of childhood had set. The possession of this wondrous being from that day endeared to them garden and flowers, bowers and grottos, forests and valleys; for it gave new life and charms to all around them. Borne on its wings they flew far and wide through the great measureless world, and yet, ever at their wish, they were in a moment wafted back to their own home.

Those royal children were mankind in their youthful paradise, and nature was their lovely serene and mild mother. Their wishes drew down from heaven the wonder-bird, Phantasy, most brilliant of plumage although intermingled with its feathers, were some of the deepest black: the egg deposited by this bright bird, contained the Golden Fairy Tales: and as the affection of the children for Fairy Lore grew stronger from day to day, enlivening and making happy the time of their childhood, the stories themselves wandered forth, and were welcomed alike in hall and palace, castle and cottage, ever growing in charms and novelty, till they at length received the mission of pleasing manhood also. The grave, the toil-worn, and the aged, would listen with pleased ear to their wonderful relations, and dwell with fond recollection on the golden birth of those Fairy charms.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSY-RED.

[Danish.]



n a far-distant land, there reigned a queen, who was one day driving in a sledge over the new fallen snow, when, as it chanced, she was seized with a bleeding at her nose, which obliged her to alight. As she stood leaning against the stump of a tree, and gazed on her crimson blood that fell on the snow, she thought to herself, "I have now twelve sons, and not one daughter; could I but have a daughter fair as that snow and rosy as that blood, I should no longer care about my sons." She had scarcely murmured the wish, before a sorceress stood beside her. "Thou shalt have a daughter," said she, "and she shall be fair as this snow and rosy as thy blood; but thy twelve sons shall then be mine; thou may'st, however, retain them with thee, until thy daughter shall be baptized."

Now, at the appointed time the queen brought into the world a daughter, who was fair as snow and rosy as blood, just as the sorceress had promised, and on that account she was called Snow-white and Rosy-red; and there was great joy throughout all the royal household, but the queen rejoiced more than all the rest. But when she remembered her promise to the sorceress, a strange sensation oppressed her heart, and she sent for a silversmith, and commanded him to make twelve silver spoons, one for each of the princes; she had one made

for the princess also. On the day that the princess was baptized, the twelve princes were transformed into twelve wild ducks, and flew away, and were no more seen. The princess, however, grew up, and became wonderfully beautiful; but she was always wrapped in her own thoughts, and so melancholy, that no one could guess what was the matter with her.

One evening, when the queen was also in a very melancholy mood, thinking on her lost sons, she said to Snow-white and Rosy-red, "Why are you always so sad, my daughter? If there is anything the matter with you, tell it me. If there is anything you wish for, you shall have it."

"Oh, dear mother," she replied, "all around me seems so desolate; other children have brothers and sisters, but I have none, and that is why I am so sad."

"My daughter," said the queen, "you also once had brothers, for I had twelve sons, but I gave them all up in order to have you;" and thereupon she related to her all that had occurred.

When the princess heard what had befallen her brothers, she could no longer remain at home in peace, and notwithstanding all her mother's tears and entreaties, nothing would satisfy her but she must and would set off in search of her brothers, for she thought that she alone was guilty of causing their misfortune; so she secretly left the palace. She wandered about the world, and went so far that you would not believe it possible that such a delicate maiden could have gone to such a distance. Once she strayed about a whole night in a great forest, and towards the morning she was so tired that she lay down on a bank and slept. Then she dreamed that she penetrated still farther into the forest, till she came to a little wooden hut, and therein she found her brothers. When she

awoke, she saw before her a little beaten path through the moss, and she followed it till in the thickest of the forest she saw a little wooden hut, just like that she had dreamed of.

She entered it, but saw no one. There were, however, twelve beds and twelve chairs, and on the table lay twelve spoons, and, in fact, there were twelve of every article she saw there. The princess was overjoyed, for she could not but fancy that her twelve brethren dwelt there, and that it was to them that the beds, and the chairs, and the spoons belonged. Then she made a fire on the hearth, swept the room, and made the beds; afterwards she cooked a meal for them, and set everything out in the best order possible. And when she had finished her cooking and had prepared everything for her brothers, she sat down and ate something for herself, laid her spoon on the table, and crept under the bed belonging to her youngest brother.

She had scarcely concealed herself there, when she heard a great rustling in the air, and presently in flew twelve wild ducks; but the moment they crossed the threshold, they were instantly transformed into the princes, her brothers!

"Ah, how nicely everything is arranged here, and how delightfully warm it is already," they exclaimed.

"Heaven reward the person who has warmed our room so nicely, and prepared such an excellent repast for us;" and hereupon each took his silver spoon in order to begin eating. But when each prince had taken his own, there was still one remaining, so like the others that they could not distinguish it. Then the princes looked at each other, and were very much astonished.

"That must be our sister's spoon," said they; "and since the spoon is here, she herself cannot be far off."

"If it is our sister, and if she is here," said the eldest, "she shall be killed, for she is the cause of our misfortune."

"Nay," said the youngest, "it would be a sin to kill her; she is not guilty of what we suffer; if any one is in fault, it is no other than our own mother."

Then they all began to search high and low, and at last they looked under all the beds, and when they came to the bed of the youngest prince, they found the princess, and drew her from under it.

The eldest prince was now again for killing her, but she entreated them earnestly to spare her life, and said, "Ah, do not kill me; I have wandered about so long seeking for you, and I would willingly give my life if that would disenchant you."

"Nay, but if you will disenchant us," said they, "we will spare your life; for you can do it if you will."

"Indeed; only tell me then what I am to do, for I will do anything you wish," said the princess.

"You must collect the down of the dandelion flowers, and you must card, and spin, and weave it; and of that material you must cut out and make twelve caps, and twelve shirts, and twelve cravats, a set for each of us; but during the time that you are occupied in doing so, you must neither speak, nor weep, nor smile. If you can do that, we shall be disenchanted."

"But where shall I be able to find sufficient down for all the caps, and shirts, and cravats?" asked she.

"That you shall soon see," said the princes; and then they led her out into a great meadow, where were so many dandelions

with their white down waving in the wind and glittering in the sun, that the glitter of them could be seen at a very great distance. The princess had never in all her life seen so many dandelions, and she began directly to pluck and collect them, and she brought home as many as she could carry; and in the evening she began to card and spin them into yarn. Thus she continued doing for a very long time; every day she gathered the down from the dandelions, and she attended on the princes also; she cooked for them, and made their beds; and every evening they flew home as wild ducks, became princes again during the night, and in the morning flew away again, as wild ducks.

Now it happened one day when Snow-white and Rosy-red had gone to the meadow to collect the dandelion-down—if I do not mistake, that was the last time that she required to collect them—that the young king of the country was hunting, and rode towards the meadow where Snow-white and Rosy-red was collecting her material. The king was astonished to see such a beautiful maiden walking there, and gathering the dandelion-down. He stopped his horse and addressed her; but when he could get no answer from her, he was still more astonished, and as the maiden pleased him so well, he resolved to carry her to his royal residence, and make her his wife. He commanded his attendants, therefore, to lift her upon his horse; but Snow-white and Rosy-red wrung her hands, and pointed to the bag wherein she had her work. So the king understood at last what she meant, and bade his attendants put the bag also on his horse. That being done, the princess, by degrees, yielded to his wish that she should go with him, for the king was a very handsome man, and spoke so gently, and kindly, to her. But when they arrived at the palace, and the old

queen, who was the king's step-mother, saw how beautiful Snow-white and Rosy-red was, she became quite jealous and angry; and she said to the king:—"Do you not see, then, that you have brought home a sorceress with you? for she can neither speak, nor laugh, nor cry." The king, however, heeded not his step-mother's words, but celebrated his nuptials with the fair maiden, and lived very happily with her. She, however, did not cease to work continually at the shirts.

Before the year was out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a little prince into the world. This made the old queen still more envious and spiteful than before; and when night came, she slipped into the queen's room, and whilst she slept, carried off the infant, and threw it into a pit which was full of snakes. Then she returned, made an incision in one of the queen's fingers, and having smeared her mouth with the blood, she went to the king, and said:—"Come now, and see what sort of a wife you have got; she has just devoured her own child." Thereupon the king was so distressed that he very nearly shed tears, and said:—"Yes, it must be true, since I see it with my own eyes; but she surely will not do so again; this time I will spare her." Before the year was out the queen brought into the world another prince, and the same occurred this time, as before. The step-mother was still more jealous and spiteful; she again slipped into the young queen's room, during the night, and, whilst she slept, carried off the babe, and threw it into the pit to the serpents. Then she made an incision in the queen's finger, smeared her lips with the blood, and told the king that his wife had again devoured her own child. The king's distress was greater than can be imagined, and he said:—"Yes, it must be so, since I see it with my own eyes; but surely she will never do so again; I will spare her this once more."

Before that year was out, Snow-white and Rosy-red brought a daughter into the world, and this also the old queen threw into the serpent hole, as she had done the others, made an incision in the young queen's finger, smeared her lips with the blood, and then again said to the king: "Come and see if I do not say truly, she is a sorceress: for she has now devoured her third child," Then the king was more distressed than can be described, for he could no longer spare her, but was obliged to command that she should be burnt alive. Now when the pile of faggots was blazing, and the young queen was to ascend, she made signs that twelve boards should be laid round the pile. This being done she placed on them, the shirts, caps, and cravats, she had made for her brothers; but the left sleeve of the youngest brother's shirt was wanting, for she had not been able to finish it. No sooner had she done this than a great rustling and fluttering was heard in the air, and twelve wild ducks came flying from the wood, and each took a shirt, cap, and cravat in his beak, and flew off with them.

"Are you convinced now that she is a sorceress?" said the wicked step-mother to the king: "make haste and have her burnt before the flames consume all the wood."

"There is no need of such haste," said the king; "we have plenty more wood, and I am very desirous to see what will be the end of all this."

At that moment came the twelve princes riding up, all as handsome and graceful as possible, only the youngest prince, instead of a left arm, had a duck's wing.

"What are you going to do?" asked the princes.

"My wife is going to be burnt," said the king, "because she is a sorceress, and has devoured her children."

"That has she not," said the princes. "Speak now, sister! You have delivered us, now save yourself."



SNOW-WHITE AND ROSY-RED.

Then Snow-white and Rosy-red spoke, and related all that had happened, and that each time she had a child, the old queen had slipped into the room, taken the child, and then made an incision in her finger, and smeared the blood upon her lips. And the princes led the king to the serpent hole, and there lay the children, playing with the serpents and adders, and finer children than these could not be seen. Then the king carried them with him to his step-mother, and asked her what the person deserved who had desired to betray an innocent queen, and three such lovely children.

"To be torn in pieces by twelve wild horses," said the old queen.

"You have pronounced your own doom, and shall suffer the punishment," said the king, and forthwith the old queen was tied to twelve wild horses, and torn to pieces. But Snow-white and Rosy-red set off with the king, her husband, and her three children, and her twelve brothers, and went home to her parents, and told them all that had happened to her; and there were rejoicings throughout the kingdom, because the princess was saved, and that she had disenchanted her twelve brothers.

THE STORY OF ARGILIUS AND THE FLAME-KING.

[Slavonic]



n a certain distant land once reigned a king and queen, who had three daughters and one son. As the king and queen were talking one day together about family matters, the king said to his consort: "Whenever our daughters happen to marry we shall be obliged to give to each of their husbands a portion of our kingdom, which will thereby be greatly diminished; I think therefore that we cannot do better than marry them all three to our son, and so the kingdom will remain entire. In another eight days, harvest will be over, and then we will celebrate the nuptials."

The son overheard this discourse, and thought within himself, "that shall never come to pass."

Now the king and queen having gone to a distant farm to superintend the reapers, some one approached the window, knocked at it, and said to the prince: "Little prince, I am come to marry your eldest sister."

The young prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He called his eldest sister, and as soon as she entered the room, he caught her in his arms, and threw her out of the window. She did not, however, fall to the ground, but on a golden bridge, which was very, very long, in fact it reached to the sun. Her unknown lover took her by the hand, and led her along the golden bridge to his kingdom in the centre of the sun, for this unknown happened to be the Sun-king.

About noon some one else knocked at the window and said, as the former had done: "Little prince, I want to marry your second sister."

The little prince replied: "Wait a moment, you shall have her directly." He went into his second sister's apartment, lifted her up, and threw her out of the window. She did not fall to the ground either, but into a chariot in the air. Four horses, which never ceased snorting and prancing, were harnessed to it. The unknown placed himself in the chariot, and as he brandished the whip, the clouds spread themselves out so as to form a road, the rolling of the chariot wheels was like a storm, and they disappeared in an instant. The unknown was the Wind-king.

The little prince was right glad to think that he had already established two sisters, and when toward evening some one else knocked at the window, he said: "You need not speak, I know what you want:" and out he threw his youngest sister.

She fell into a silvery stream. The unknown took her by the arm, and the waves bore her gently to the moon, for her lover was no other than the Moon-king. The young prince then went well pleased to bed.

When the king and queen returned the next day they were very much surprised at hearing what their son had done; but as they had got three such powerful sons-in-law, as the kings of the Sun, Wind, and Moon, they were well satisfied, and said to the young prince: "See how grand your sisters are become through their husbands. You must try also to find some powerful queen to be your wife."

The prince answered: "I have already fixed on one Kavadiska, and no other shall be my wife."

The king and queen were quite shocked at this audacious speech, and endeavoured to dissuade him from the thought by all kinds of rational arguments; as, however, they in no wise succeeded, they at length said: "Well, then go forth, my son, and may Heaven guide thee in thy rash enterprise."

The old king then took two bottles from his chest and gave them to his son, with these words: "See, my son, this bottle contains the water of life, and this the water of death. If thou sprinkle a corpse with the water of life it will be restored to life, but if thou sprinkle a living being with this water of death, it will immediately die. Take these bottles, they are my greatest treasure; perhaps they may be serviceable to thee." Now all the courtiers began to weep excessively, especially the ladies, who were all very partial to the prince. He, however, was very cheerful and full of hope, kissed the hands of his royal parents, placed the bottles about his person, that of life on the right

side, and that of death on the left, girded on his sword, and departed.

He had already wandered far when he reached a valley which was full of slain men. The young prince took his bottle of the water of life and sprinkled some in the eyes of one of the dead, who immediately rose up, rubbed his eyes, and said: "Ha! how long I have been sleeping." The king's son asked him, "What has taken place here?" to which the dead man replied: "Yesterday we fought against Kavadiska and she cut us all to pieces." The king's son said: "Since you were so weak as not to be able to defend yourselves against a woman, you do not deserve to live;" and then he sprinkled him with the water of death, on which the man fell down again, dead, amongst the other corpses.

In the next valley lay a whole army in the same condition; the prince again re-animated one of the dead, and inquired: "Did you also fight against Kavadiska?" "Yes," returned the dead. "Why did you make war upon her?" resumed the prince. "Know'st thou not," rejoined the dead, "that our king desires to marry her, but that she will have no one for her husband, but him who shall conquer her? We went out against her with three armies: yesterday she destroyed one; this morning at sunrise the second; and she is at this moment fighting against the third?" The prince sprinkled the speaker with the water of death, and immediately he also fell to the ground.

In the third valley lay the third host. The re-animated warrior said: "The fight is only just now ended; Kavadiska has slain us all." "Where shall I find her?" asked the prince. "Her castle is on the other side of that mountain," replied the warrior, and sank down again as soon as the prince sprinkled him.

Argilius—so was the prince called—crossed the mountain and came to Kavadiska's castle. He entered. No one was within. In Kavadiska's chamber hung a sword, which ceased not to spring out of its sheath and then in again. "Ho, ho, since thou art so restless," thought Argilius, "I will take possession of thee. Thou pleasest me better than my own sword, which never stirs unless I wield it." So he took off his own sword and exchanged it for the other. He had scarcely done so, when Kavadiska suddenly stood before him. "Thou darest to intrude into my castle?" exclaimed she; "draw then, thou must fight me." She snatched the sword from the wall. Argilius drew the blade for which he had just exchanged his own. They began to fight, but the first time their swords crossed Kavadiska's broke off in the middle. Then she said joyfully: "Thou art my bridegroom!" and fell on his neck, and kissed and caressed him, and forthwith became his wife.

After they had lived some time happily together, Kavadiska said one morning: "Beloved husband, I must leave thee for a short time. It is the first and last time I shall ever separate from thee. In seven times seven days I shall return, and thenceforth our life shall flow on in uninterrupted happiness. Everything in the castle is at thy command, only do not enter the furthest room; great misfortunes may befall us if you do." Having said these words she vanished.

The time passed very heavily for Argilius after his wife had left him; he wandered through the whole castle, till at last he came to the furthest chamber. Being young and thoughtless he opened it. He saw therein an old man, whose beard was fire; this was the Flame-king Holofernes, but Argilius did not know who he was. The old man had three iron hoops round his body, which bound him fast to the wall.

"Hail to thee, young man," said he; "see, my beard is flame; I am very hot, give me a goblet of wine." Now, as Argilius was very kindly disposed, he gave him a goblet; and as soon as he had drunk it, one of the hoops round his body gave way. He chuckled and said: "Thou hast greatly relieved me; give me now another goblet." Argilius did so, and when the Flame-king had emptied that, another hoop gave way. He chuckled again and said: "Twice hast thou given me wine, now give me a goblet of water." And when Argilius had done as he was requested, the third hoop sprang off, and the Flame-king disappeared.

Kavadiska had not performed half of her journey before Holofernes stood by her side. He addressed her, and his beard waved in anger: "Thou hast rejected me for thy husband, thou hast slain three of my armies, thou hast detained me in prison: now thou art in my power; and now not my wife, but the lowest of my servants shalt thou be." Since her marriage with Argilius, Kavadiska had lost all her power, therefore her resistance was in vain. In three leaps the Flame-king had already borne her to his realm.

Seven times seven days passed, and Kavadiska did not return. Then Argilius became very uneasy, and he resolved to go and see his three brothers-in-law, and inquire if they could give him any information where Kavadiska was. He arrived first at the Sun-king's palace, who was just then coming home.

"Welcome, little brother-in-law," began he.

"Ah! dear brother-in-law," said Argilius, "I am in search of my wife Kavadiska; know'st thou not where she is? Hast thou not seen her?"