THE ORIENTAL STORY BOOK

"A Collection of Old Tales"

[ILLUSTRATED]

By

Wilhelm Hauff

Translator: G. P. Quackenbos

Illustrator: J. W. Orr

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ABOUT AUTHOR:



Wilhelm Hauff (1802 – 1827) was a German poet and novelist.

Early life

* Hauff was born in Stuttgart, the son of August Friedrich Hauff, a secretary in the ministry of foreign affairs, and Hedwig Wilhelmine Elsaesser Hauff. He was the second of four children.

* Young Hauff lost his father when he was seven years old, and his early education was practically self-gained in the library of his maternal grandfather at Tübingen, where his mother had moved after the death of her husband. In 1818 he was sent to the Klosterschule at Blaubeuren, and in 1820 began to study at the University of Tübingen. In four years he completed his philosophical and theological studies at the Tübinger Stift.

Writings

On leaving the university, Hauff became tutor to the children of the famous Württemberg minister of war, General Baron Ernst Eugen von Hugel (1774–1849), and for them wrote his *Märchen* (fairy tales), which he published in his *Märchen almanach auf das Jahr 1826* (*Fairytale Almanac of 1826*). Some of these stories are very popular in German-speaking countries to this day, such as *Der kleine Muck* (*The Story of Little Muck*), *Kalif Storch* (*Caliph Stork*) and *Die Geschichte von dem Gespensterschiff*(*The Tale of the Ghost Ship*)—all set in the Orient; as well as *Der Zwerg Nase* (*Little Longnose*), *Das kalte Herz* (*The Cold Heart* or *The Marble Heart*) and *Das Wirtshaus im Spessart* (*The Spessart Inn*), set in Germany.

* While there, he also wrote the first part of the *Mitteilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan* (1826; *Memoirs of Beelzebub*) and*Der Mann im Mond* (1825; *The Man in the Moon*). The latter, a parody of the sentimental and sensual novels of Heinrich Clauren (the pseudonym of Carl Gottlieb Samuel Heun, 1771–1854), became in the course of composition, a close imitation of that author's style and was actually published under his name. As a result, Clauren brought and won an action for damages against Hauff, whereupon Hauff followed up the attack in his witty and sarcastic *Kontroverspredigt über H. Clauren und den Mann im Mond* (1826) and attained his original object: the moral annihilation of the mawkish and unhealthy literature with which Clauren was flooding the country.



Lichtenstein Castle

* Meanwhile, inspired by Sir Walter Scott's novels, Hauff wrote the historical romance*Lichtenstein: Romantische Sage aus der wuerttembergischen Geschichte* (1826;*Lichtenstein: Romantic Saga from the History of Württemberg*), which became hugely popular in Germany and especially in Swabia, treating as it did the most interesting period in the history of that country, the reign of Duke Ulrich (1487–1550). This novel was the inspiration for Duke Ulrich's heir, Duke Wilhelm of Urach, to rebuild the castle, which had fallen into disrepair, in accordance with Hauff's description.



Wilhelm Hauff's grave stone in Stuttgart, Germany.

* While on a journey to France, the Netherlands, and northern Germany he wrote the second part of the*Memoiren des Satan* and some short novels, among them the charming *Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts* (1826; *The True Lover's Fortune; or, the Beggar of the Pont des Arts*) and his masterpiece, the novella *Phantasien im Bremer Ratskeller* (1827;*The Wine-Ghosts of Bremen*). He also published some short poems, which have passed into *Volkslieder*, among them "Morgenrot, Morgenrot, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod?" ("Dawn's light, you are lighting my way to early death") and "Steh ich in finstrer Mitternacht" ("I stand in the darkest midnight"). The novella Jud Süß was published in 1827.

* In January 1827, Hauff undertook the editorship of the *Stuttgart Morgenblatt* and in the following month married his cousin Luise Hauff, but his happiness was prematurely cut short by his death from fever on 18 November 1827.

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THE ORIENTAL STORY BOOK.

“A COLLECTION OF TALES.”

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

WILHELM HAUFF,

BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. ORR.



OF NEW ORLEANS
IN REMEMBRANCE OF A LONG FRIENDSHIP,
AND MANY HAPPY HOURS SPENT WITH HIM OVER THE
GERMAN CLASSICS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

CHAPTER I

THE CARAVAN.



INTRODUCTION.

IN a beautiful distant kingdom, of which there is a saying, that the sun on its everlasting green gardens never goes down, ruled, from the beginning of time even to the present day, Queen Phantasie. With full hands, she used to distribute for many hundred years, the abundance of her blessings among her subjects, and was beloved and respected by all

who knew her. The heart of the Queen, however, was too great to allow her to stop at her own land with her charities; she herself, in the royal attire of her everlasting youth and beauty, descended upon the earth; for she had heard that there men lived, who passed their lives in sorrowful seriousness, in the midst of care and toil. Unto these she had sent the finest gifts out of her kingdom, and ever since the beauteous Queen came through the fields of earth, men were merry at their labor, and happy in their seriousness.

Her children, moreover, not less fair and lovely than their royal mother, she had sent forth to bring happiness to men. One day Märchen[A], the eldest daughter of the Queen, came back in haste from the earth. The mother observed that Märchen was sorrowful; yes, at times it would seem to her as if her eyes would be consumed by weeping.

“What is the matter with thee, beloved Märchen?” said the Queen to her. “Ever since thy journey, thou art so sorrowful and dejected; wilt thou not confide to thy mother what ails thee?”

“Ah! dear mother,” answered Märchen, “I would have kept silence, had I not known that my sorrow is thine also.”

“Speak, my daughter!” entreated the fair Queen. “Grief is a stone, which presses down him who bears it alone, but two draw it lightly out of the way.”

“Thou wishest it,” rejoined Märchen, “so listen. Thou knowest how gladly I associate with men, how cheerfully I sit down before the huts of the poor, to while away a little

hour for them after their labor; formerly, when I came, they used to ask me kindly for my hand to salute, and looked upon me afterwards, when I went away, smiling and contented; but in these days, it is so no longer!"

"Poor Märchen!" said the Queen as she caressed her cheek, which was wet with a tear. "But, perhaps, thou only fanciest all this."

"Believe me, I feel it but too well," rejoined Märchen; "they love me no more. Wherever I go, cold looks meet me; nowhere am I any more gladly seen; even the children, who ever loved me so well, laugh at me, and slyly turn their backs upon me."

The Queen leaned her forehead on her hand, and was silent in reflection. "And how, then, Märchen," she asked, "should it happen that the people there below have become so changed?"

"See, O Queen Phantasie! men have stationed vigilant watchmen, who inspect and examine all that comes from thy kingdom, with sharp eyes. If one should arrive who is not according to their mind, they raise a loud cry, and put him to death, or else so slander him to men, who believe their every word, that one finds no longer any love, any little ray of confidence. Ah! how fortunate are my brothers, the Dreams! they leap merrily and lightly down upon the earth, care nothing for those artful men, seek the slumbering, and weave and paint for them, what makes happy the heart, and brightens the eye with joy."

“Thy brothers are light-footed,” said the Queen, “and thou, my darling, hast no reason for envying them. Besides, I know these border-watchmen well; men are not so wrong in sending them out; there came so many boastful fellows, who acted as if they had come straight from my kingdom, and yet they had, at best, only looked down upon us from some mountain.”

“But why did they make me, thine own daughter, suffer for this?” wept forth Märchen. “Ah, if thou knewest how they have acted towards me! They called me an old maid, and threatened the next time not to admit me!”

“How, my daughter?—not to admit thee more?” asked the Queen, as anger heightened the color on her cheeks. “But already I see whence this comes; that wicked cousin has slandered us!”

“Fashion? Impossible!” exclaimed Märchen; “she always used to act so friendly towards us.”

“Oh, I know her, the false one!” answered the Queen. “But try it again in spite of her, my daughter: whoever wishes to do good, must not rest.”

“Ah, mother! suppose, then, they send me back again, or slander me so that men let me stay in a corner, disregarded, or alone and slighted!”

“If the old, deluded by Fashion, value thee at nothing, then turn thee to the young; truly they are my little favorites. I send to them my loveliest pictures through thy brothers, the

Dreams; yes, already I have often hovered over them in person, caressed and kissed them, and played fine games with them. They, also, know me well, though not by name; for I have often observed how in the night they laugh at my stars, and in the morning, when my shining fleeces play over the heavens, how they clap their hands for joy. Moreover, when they grow larger, they love me still; then I help the charming maids to weave variegated garlands, and the wild boys to become still, while I seat myself near them, on the lofty summit of a cliff, steep lofty cities and brilliant palaces in the mist-world of the blue mountains in the distance, and, on the red-tinged clouds of evening, paint brave troops of horsemen, and strange pilgrim processions."

"Oh, the dear children!" exclaimed Märchen, deeply affected. "Yes—be it so! with them I will make one more trial."

"Yes, my good child," answered the Queen; "go unto them; but I will attire thee in fine style, that thou mayest please the little ones, and that the old may not drive thee away. See! the dress of an Almanach[B] will I give thee."

"An Almanach, mother? Ah!—I will be ashamed to parade, in such a way, before the people."

The Queen gave the signal, and the attendants brought in the rich dress of an Almanach. It was inwrought with brilliant colors, and beautiful figures. The waiting-maids plaited the long hair of the fair girl, bound golden sandals on her feet, and arrayed her in the robe.

The modest Märchen dared not look up; her mother, however, beheld her with satisfaction, and clasped her in her arms. “Go forth!” said she unto the little one; “my blessing be with thee. If they despise and scorn thee, turn quickly unto me; perhaps later generations, more true to nature, may again incline to thee their hearts.”

Thus spoke Queen Phantasie, while Märchen went down upon the earth. With beating heart she approached the city, in which the cunning watchmen dwelt: she dropped her head towards the earth, wrapped her fine robe closely around her, and with trembling step drew near unto the gate.

“Hold!” exclaimed a deep, rough voice. “Look out, there! Here comes a new Almanach!”

Märchen trembled as she heard this; many old men, with gloomy countenances, rushed forth; they had sharp quills in their fists, and held them towards Märchen. One of the multitude strode up to her, and seized her with rough hand by the chin. “Just lift up your head, Mr. Almanach,” he cried, “that one may see in your eyes whether you be right or not.”

Blushing, Märchen lifted her little head quite up, and raised her dark eye.

“Märchen!” exclaimed the watchmen, laughing boisterously. “Märchen! That we should have had any doubt as to who was here! How come you, now, by this dress?”

“Mother put it on me,” answered Märchen.

“So! she wishes to smuggle you past us! Not this time! Out of the way; see that you be gone!” exclaimed the watchmen among themselves, lifting up their sharp quills.

“But, indeed, I will go only to the children,” entreated Märchen; “this, surely, you will grant to me.”

“Stay there not, already, enough of these menials in the land around?” exclaimed one of the watchmen. “They only prattle nonsense to our children.”

“Let us see what she knows this time,” said another.

“Well then,” cried they, “tell us what you know; but make haste, for we have not much time for you.”

Märchen stretched forth her hand, and described with the forefinger, various figures in the air. Thereupon they saw confused images move slowly across it;—caravans, fine horses, riders gayly attired, numerous tents upon the sand of the desert; birds, and ships upon the stormy seas; silent forests, and populous places, and highways; battles, and peaceful wandering tribes—all hovered, a motley crowd, in animated pictures, over before them.

Märchen, in the eagerness with which she had caused the figures to rise forth, had not observed that the watchmen of the gate had one by one fallen asleep. Just as she was about to describe new lines, a friendly man came up to her, and seized her hand. “Look here, good Märchen,” said he, as he pointed to the sleepers; “for these thy varied creations are as nothing; slip nimbly through the door; they will not suspect

that thou art in the land, and thou canst quietly and unobserved pursue thy way. I will lead thee unto my children; in my house will give thee a peaceful, friendly home; there thou mayest remain and live by thyself; whenever my sons and daughters shall have learned their lessons well, they shall be permitted to run to thee with their plays, and attend to thee. Dost thou agree?"

"Oh! how gladly will I follow thee unto thy dear children! how diligently will I endeavor to make, at times, for them, a happy little hour!"

The good man nodded to her cordially, and assisted her to step over the feet of the sleeping men. Märchen, when she had got safely across, looked around smilingly, and then slipped quickly through the gate.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] Märchen represents the fairy or legendary tales, of which the Germans were at one time so fond.

[B] The German "Almanach" corresponds in a measure with the English "Annual."