

"MODERN GERMAN FAIRY STORIES".

- o o o -

Elizabeth F. Hassebroek.

1908.

The following stories are translations from "New German
Fairy Stories."

(Neuer Deutscher Märchenschatz.)

"Sonderheft der Woche".

* Queen Sympathy.

It was long, long ago.

There lay between mountains and seas a great kingdom, and in the capital Balrivar lived the good and brave King Witticher with his blond queen Sigrune. They were happy and the people loved them; but the king and queen were sad, that no prince was born to them; for there were in the king's domains insubordinate princes and mighty nobles, who gladly would have stretched out their hands for the king's crown; who rejoiced; that the king possessed no son and heir and the queen prayed to God in her sorrow. Then on a sunny May morning in the cradle lay a rosy child but it was no prince, only a dainty princess, that opened to the light her large, dark blue eyes. And the king and the queen were so happy, that they entirely forgot how ardently they had wished for a son. And in all the land the bells rang, and the people came in large crowds before the castle, and the king stepped upon the balcony and showed the people the child. "See, this child shall some day be your queen!"

On this day there was frivolous jubilee and joy in the entire land, from the mountains to the blue ocean the king distributed food and wine on a thousand long tables on all the city squares and throughout the land; then they drank to the health of the royal family. Yes, it seemed a child of happiness, was born to the joy of itself and others. And in the purple hung bed room sat queen Sigrune with folded hands and looked with happy eyes into the small sleeping face.

*Königin Mitleide by Ella von Krause, pages 101-110 of Neuer deutscher Marchenschatz.

"If I could only give you all the most beautiful earthly happiness, my dear child!" whispered her thoughts. Then a gleam of light streamed softly into the room, and out of a misty cloud came two figures enveloped in light and glided over to the cradle. Resplendently beautiful and triumphant the one was in a white garment, sparkling with diamonds, with a diadem on her streaming golden hair. The other was gently enveloped in a long gray fragrant gown with head slightly bent and kindly smile in an earnest dark-eyed face.

"Your thoughts have called us, queen Sigrune", said the beaming one; "we have been sent down to bestow our gifts upon your child for life". "Who are you glorious women?" asked the humble queen.

"I am fortune", said the beaming one, "and the kiss that I give your child, brings her the promise for everything sweet and beautiful for everything bright and glorious that there is upon the earth. The child that I am god-mother to shall be called Felicitas and become a bright child of fortune. Shall I kiss it?"

Then the queen stretched her arms out imploringly and said, "Kiss my child and receive my thanks!" And the fairy bent over the cradle and kissed the child and a sunny smile came over the sleeping child's face. "And who are you, you quite pale women?" asked the queen again and looked timidly at the gray figure. "The quiet companion of Fortune, and still her opponent. I am Sorrow", said softly the gray one. "My kiss opens the person's eyes to all the great sorrow in the world and it is a good person, whose eye I kiss, then it suffers under the sorrows of the world and must soothe it and can never rejoice in entire, complete happi-

ness of mortals. Do you want me to kiss your child?"

Then the queen raised her hands anxiously before the child's cradle to guard it.

"No - No - go away, throw no shadow upon my child's sunny path".

Awakened by the loud voice, the princess opened her eyes and looked straight into the earnest eyes of the Fairy of Sorrow and stretched out her small arms. Then the Fairy smiled softly and sorrowfully.

"I'll go, since you have sent me, away, Queen, and will not kiss your child - may no shadow fall upon the paths of its childhood! But your child looked into my eyes and sooner or later it will remember the eyes of Sorrow, and my voice will resound in her heart. And your child shall be called Sympathy - and I also stood as ambassador of heaven at her cradle!

And she raised her hand with a gentle greeting of blessing and the light visions soared away and melted in the mist, which gently ascended out of the valley, in which it was formed. But the queen pressed her face into the child's pillow and whispered "Felicitas you shall be called and I would give my heart's blood in order to keep sorrow from your path.

And there came to her in this night a soft, dark presentiment of dark pain, which lay concealed in the lap of the future.....

Felicitas grew and became a charming little princess, and all people called her "Fairy", because she was so delicate and light and lovely with her golden sunny hair and those large, dark blue child eyes. Her father had a small golden crown forged for

her, she liked to wear this, and sat between her parents upon the purple cover of the throne, and enjoyed herself and when the people bowed before her and when the people said, how very lovely she was and that she would become a beautiful, radiant princess. So happy years passed by.

Then there came a terrible civil war over the land. The enemies of the king had stirred up the people; and the latter now stormed and raged and cried, they cried to have no king, they wanted to govern themselves. And they forgot all of the good things the king had done for them, and that he often had risked his life for the happiness and grandeur of his land. The palace was surrounded on all sides; the king fought with his loyal subjects against overwhelming numbers of the rebels; who were led by the king's greatest enemy, the black haired count Beowulf, a man of gigantic strength. He was still a youth in years, but filled with a wild desire to rule, and he led the people on in order to snatch the kingdom and the crown for himself.

The queen was upon her knees in her room and held Fay in her arms and cried and was very much afraid. Then old Rudiger, who was the king's bowman and most faithful servant, rushed in, grasped her by the hand, took the child in his arms and hurried with them through the rear doors of the castle. Then he seated the women upon the queen's white palfrey Witular, enveloped them in old gray blankets and led the steed along secret paths into the dark pathless forest farther, and farther. And behind them sprang with great bounds the Wolfdog Gray which had been the princess' playfellow and would not leave his mistress in trouble. And the horse with his burden had to swim through a deep lake and at this

there fell from the head of the princess the little crown, that in spite of great anxiety and trouble she had taken with her, for she loved her crown very much. Then she cried and stretched out her arms and tearfully asked, that Rudiger bring it back to her. But Rudiger scolded and acted as if he were angry, and said: "It would be better, little princess, for you to go in gray rags than in the little golden crown, if I am to save you!" And Fay cried and submitted and was afraid of the severe words.

But Rudiger meant well by them, if though he appeared hard, and in a remote dark forest on the border of the country, out of sight and wayfarers he hid the queen, and her child in a deserted hermit's hut. The stag and roe had their lair here in the thicket and did not fear the fugitives, for the old hermit had been a good friend to them. And Sigrune milked a white hind which pressed close to her confidingly and kindled a fire on the hearth, while Rudiger went to seek rushes on the seashore. They wove baskets from the rushes and Rudiger tied these upon the palfrey to see them in a city after miles of lonely wandering and from the proceeds to bring butter and flour, eggs and meat to the women. He also shoot a wild bird, or fished in the lake, or killed a wild animal, only very far from the hut, for the princess did not permit, one of the stags and roes, that she knew, to become frightened by the gun. And when the old man wandered, Gray sat on guard before the hut, to protect his mistress.

Fairy was a child and lived happily in the deep forest loneliness, she herself blossomed like a wonderful flower and she and roes and bright plumaged birds vied with each other in running

and rejoicing, and loved everything with her large, soft, warm child-heart. Witular and Gray and all animals that lived and stirred around her and with their sparkling eyes she looked at her mother, and child-like hardly noticed, that the poor, sad queen in longing and sorrow on her heart, became more and more pale and tired, that she only smiled when she looked at her child, and in the quiet chamber she pulled her blond hair and wrung her hands and wept for her lost happiness, her husband and her beautiful kingdom. She mourned for the king as dead, and Rudiger, who had heard that he was wasting away in a deep dungeon, did not tell her so in order not to trouble her heart more in compassion and sorrow. The black Beowulf had raised himself to be king of the country, and the people who had betrayed the good king sighed under the iron hand of the tyrant, which they humbly obeyed. But the queen knew nothing of all this. Rudiger wished to let her sorrow sleep in the deep voiceless peace of nature.

The years went by, the child grew to be a lovely young woman, and all animals and trees and flowers did homage to the lovely king's daughter, who in her coarse, gray linen gown was beautiful and radiant as though she wore a diamond in flowing, wavy blond hair. She wore the magic of the fairy of happiness upon the white forehead and all promise of the radiant one in her dreaming child-heart. She did not forget her crown, for which she was born.

And hour after hour she could sit beside the deep dark blue forest lake and look into the depths with her dark dreamy eyes and like a dream there glided longingly sweet tones from her lips and formed themselves into songs.

I won a crown,
A little crown was mine,
A " " of gold
And precious stones.

The crown sank
In the deep lake,
Now I am so sad
My heart full of sorrow.

Who'll bring me the crown?
Who'll take hold of my hand?
Who'll take me back
To my native land?.....

Then in waving, watery vapors, lovely, green wreathed,
water-sprites rose from the waves and splashed and sang with silvery
voices:

A crown slumbers
Deep in the waves -
For months and years
The crown has slept.....

But only wait - wait,
Fine little maid,
Soon the crown
Will adorn your forehead.....
Ony wait - wait.....

And giggling and laughing they glided away and the tones

died away tantalizingly.

But flashing and roaring the old watergod shook his locks,
so that the water drops like foam gushed forth over the waves and
complaining and seep sounded his voice.

A crown rests
In the deep lake
Crowns hide
Much sorrow and woe.

Know, that you will lose
Happiness and laughter,
That you will die
Clothed in purple.

Do you hear it complaining
Through forest and heath?....
Love and suffer,
Love and suffer.....

And in the maiden's heart there glowed a strange surmise
and longing, as if her young breast would break.....like a gleam-
ing vision, the crown rose before her eyes, and it seemed to her,
as if her soul longed for the sorrow, which came from the crown.

I bear a longing in my heart
For my golden crown -
Though it brings me sorrow and pain,
Gladly would I wear it!

A little bird asks what ails me
 In the peaceful forest space?
 My soul feels homesickness
 And dim royal dreams!

Still full of dreams, songs and questions she entered the humble hut one evening. The evening glow fell through the window upon the Mother's pale troubled face, upon her hand, which tired of weaving baskets rested in her lap, and suddenly it seemed to the child, as if there glided an invisible hand over her eyes and opened them wide as if she saw a shimmering gray figure softly vanish.....

And suddenly she saw with changed eyes - she felt with deep sorrow the years of suffering of the pale woman there in the chair - she heard in the complaining scream of a pursued bird outside the keen discord of struggle and sorry and death in luxuriant nature. --

And she knelt down beside her mother, put her arms around her and wept over her. And as the Mother looked into the deep gleaming eyes of her child, then she knew, that the hour had come of which the Fairy of Sorrow had spoken, and as if seized by a shudder of premonition she said:

"You shall not be called Felicitas....Sympathy, my child, blessings on thee!" And she laid her head on her child's shoulder. "Now it is easy for me to die, when I look in your eyes, - after so much sorrow and want and sorrow of death you give me peace. In peace I go home. See, I wished, when I sat at your cradle, to ask only for your earthly happiness - but you will take the sorrows of others upon your young shoulders - Sympathy, my child, blessings on thee!"

The sun went down, and when the moon rose, the queen lay pale and dead upon the wretched bed and Sympathy solemn and quiet and matured by years, knelt with old Rudiger at the couch of death. And in the midst of her prayer and her tears sounded dreamily in her heart the voices of the water.

Love and suffer -

Love and suffer.....

Yes - even the life journey of this silent sleeper also lay enclosed in these words weighed with presentiment.

Months went by. The woods lay in the glory of autumn - the stags cried in the bright moonlight nights, and the crashing of the mighty horns of the fighters brought a shrill note of passion and conflict in the soft melody of the forest. The birds prepared for flight, and Sympathy sat before her hut lonely and sad in dim dreams.- Then, on a sunny autumn day suddenly a shrill blast by a horn broke on the clear air, there was a rustling and crackling in the brushes, and in flying leaps Sympathy's favorite roe broke out through the thickets, and sinking before her concealed its tender head in her lap and looked at her piteously with its great brown velvety eyes. But behind it a mighty, armed knight in green hunting dress, broke out of the forest, followed by a small band of knights, and while the frightened girl threw her arms protectingly around her favorite's neck, a well aimed arrow flew through the animal's shoulder into its heart, so that it fell shuddering before her. And a metallic voice said laughing and piercingly: "Now I call that a master's shot. It killed the game without hurting.

.10.

the forest fairy.....by Jove, what a fine adventure, I have had happen to me!"

And out of the gloomy masterful eyes in the proud dark face a glance flamed up and glided over the pale, trembling girl, who still kept holding the dead roe in her embrace. Then the mighty hunter jumped down from his black steed and with his maled hand wished to raise her lowered chin; but when she lifted her eyes to him, he stepped back, as if he did not dare; for there was a majesty in her glance, which he could not understand. He turned to his retinue and said:

"Dismount, gentlemen, and you, oh maiden, I think will not refuse the king of the land a drink!"

"The king of the land!" Sympathy had scarcely grasped the sense of the words when Rudiger coming from hunting stepped out near the hut, accompanied by the shoggy wolf hound. And when Gray saw the knight he gave a fearful howl - for he recognized the enemy of his mistress - and sprang with a mighty bound for the throat of the stranger. Then the latter drew his sword, struck the dog with one blow to the ground and turned away laughing. And Sympathy shuddered and bowed down to the faithful animal, which looked at her sadly with its intelligent eyes, licked her hand and died. And she was unspeakably afraid of the proud, strange man.

But his hunting companions camped in a half-circle in the little forest glade and waited for their refreshing drink. When Sympathy mixed the drink in her hut and could scarcely think and move her hands under the spell of all the new, unknown things, then Rudiger came up to her and grasped her hand firmly. And when she

looked at him she was frightened for he looked tall and dark, so that she could hardly recognize the good old man. And he whispered to her, "King's - daughter, do you know, to whom you are going to present your drink? That is Beowulf, the Dark, who thrust your Father from his throne and drove your Mother into misery!.....

King's - daughter, do you know, that your Father is still living and languishing in a deep, damp dungeon? I have waited and raged with revenge and grief for many years, for I beheld the sorrow of your Mother and thought of your Father, my much - beloved Master. - - - Now my hour approaches. King's daughter, mix this poison in the cup, it kills instantly - and you and your house are avenged! I'll take you back to your father's city and we will call upon the people, who long for their good King - and you will bring the crown again to your father! Think of the crown, think of the happiness, that beckons you".....

But the girl lifted her mild eyes and looked at him, then his glowing eyes sank.

"Do you not know, that I am Sympathy?" she said earnestly. "How can I do as you advise me? Let my crown rest - I dare not, lift it thus however sweetly it entice me. Know: if you put the poison into the cup, then I will die first before your eyes, for I will taste the cup before I hand it to the King!"

Sympathy stepped out upon the meadow, and the sun wove a golden light around her hair, as she stepped before the resting King. She touched the cup with her lips and offered it to the King and the King arose and looked at her. He wished to embrace her as he grasped the cup; but as he saw her standing in her quiet beauty, so royal in her tattered gown, he felt a strange longing

make you my wife, unless you yourself wish it!"

But he laughed inwardly for he thought: "When she sees all of the splendor and regal magnificence and everything that pleases women, her opinion will be changed of itself!" And he wondered in quiet, that she proudly scorned him, for he was stately and splendid in countenance and figure and a mighty king and the eyes of many women and girls followed him in admiration and wished and dreamed that he might choose them as his queen.

So Sympathy rode out of the forest on her white palfrey beside the King and old Rudiger, who would not leave his mistress, went grumbling with her and swore to himself that he would watch over her. But Sympathy had been obliged to promise him to conceal from the King her descent for he feared the dark King's danger and distrust for the girl.

When the procession went past the lake where the crown had once sunk, Sympathy saw the water-sprites splashing in the rolling waves. They held up a gleaming jewel enticingly and smilingly but Sympathy turned her face away, for she knew, that she could not grasp after the crown, which this man wished to place upon her head. And they rode on, but dreamily there sounded over the water after her:

A crown lies in the deep lake.

Crowns conceal much sorrow and pain.....

Do you hear it complaining

Through forest and heath?.....

Love and suffer

Love and suffer.....

rise in him for there something in her eyes, that moved him strangely - and he bowed deeply and kissed her hand as if she were a queen.

And the knights were very much amazed.

There was a long silence - then the King asked:

"What is your name, wonderous maiden?"

"I am called Sympathy," she said softly.

"Sympathy will you go with me and be my queen? I cannot do without you any longer".

Then Sympathy was greatly frightened, for she thought, what this man had taken from her and what injury he had done her and she said "No, never!"

But the King would not part from her, and he became stern and said:

" I am the King, and my will is law. I command you to go with me. Yet, as I will not command you to become my wife, I will take you with me to my mother's palace, so that you may become one of her women, for I do not wish, that you remain here to be subjected to all the dangers of the wilderness. What will you do if the old man dies?.....You must not die and be destroyed by the animals of the forest!"

The Sympathy shuddered for since her mother was dead, she was often afraid of the solitude of the wilderness and when the King saw that she wept, he asked her once more to go with him. Then she said:

"Yes, King, I will go with you, but promise me by your sword that you will never require me to become your wife, for that I never can do nor will I".

And the King promised and said: "I swear, I will never

But when the towers of Balrivar became visible, the pal-frey stopped and would not go any farther, for he remembered that he had fled out of those gates with his Mistress, and however much Sympathy spoke to him and implored him to go on, he shook his pretty head and looked at her warningly. Then the King became angry, for he did not understand, why the animal was so stubborn, and commanded Sympathy to dismount. Then he beckoned to his servant, and the latter stabbed the horse. Then Sympathy screamed aloud and took Witulars velvety soft neck in her arms and kissed his soft failing eyes; and she wept and thought:

"He has killed everything which I loved!" And she was very much afraid of the dark man.

When the King saw her tears, he repented of his wildness; but a wicked demon was in him, which continually incited him to anger and cruelty. He had another horse given to her and tried to comfort her, but Sympathy continued quiet and sad, and on the evening of the thid day, when the sun was going down, they rode silently into the gleaming gates of Balrivar.....

The old Queen Jutta received Sympathy among the women of her court and had costly garments and golden jewelry given to her, as the King commanded.

But Sympathy dressed herself in a simple, white, flowing garment, and her long blond hair fell over her girdle of pale gleaming gold. And as she stepped into the hall, everyone was astonished over her and the other women whispered envious words to each other. For she was very beautiful and different from all others.

The Queen, however, grumbled to her son, that he had

brought the poor, strange girl such high honors and that his eyes were continually fixed on her beautiful face. For she had wished for years that he should choose a bride from among the rich daughters of princes and distinguished men of the country, in order to strengthen his authority. King Beowulf was seized with a wonderful magic spell. When he looked into Sympathy's eyes, the dark demon, which often in dark hours mastered him, fell to sleep. His rough voice became gentle, and whoever in such moments begged his mercy, to him it was granted. And his servants did not know, then what had so changed the dark King. But Sympathy went her way quietly with down cast eyes, and all the homage and favor, all the silent pleading of the King glided off her earnest, dreaming eyes.

Banquet followed banquet, for the King thought, that the splendor and glory of his royal power would blind her senses and would waken her approval of the King's hand, for he thought lightly of men and believed, the souls of all people were purchasable. For on his royal throne he had looked deeply into the hearts of men; and as he had once given the happiness of his soul for power and a crown, it seemed to him the law of worldly life for everybody.

The winter passed, and then came a beautiful May day, when a great festival should take place in the city for the King's young brother. The latter had been sent out with an old general to wage war on the border of the country against neighboring races, and was to make his victorious entrance into Balrivar and be rewarded with the laurels by his brother. The King was cheerful for he loved his brother and was proud of his victory. And the queen and her women put on costly garments, and upon the terrace of the castle

under a purple canopy rose booths and laurel booths were built and singers and harpers were brought to welcome the returning hero. And the whole city shone in its dress of flowers and cheerful festoons of tapestry, which were spread under the horses feet. Sympathy was strangely moved, a warm glow lay on her delicate face, and the king's glance hung upon her with ardent supplication. And when she felt this glance, she shuddered; it came over her like a presentiment of something great and mighty, which had power over her, and of which she was afraid.

Then the warriors rode in. Behind the procession of trumpeters, who from their cream-colored steeds blew their victorious strains, there rode on a silvery-gray horse a beautiful, slender knight with light, sunny eyes and curly, blond hair and laughingly and beaming, the beautiful women of the court. And joyously they threw roses and laurels down upon the youth and the people and joyously the people shouted their welcome!

Young Siegman's glance, however, remained fixed on Sympathy's dark blue eyes, and he stopped his horse, saluted with his sword and begged her for the rose at her breast. And blushing deeply she reached him the white rose with its rosy glowing calyx. And their eyes looked deeply into each other. -- Then it seemed to her for a moment, as if a thousand charming voices of spring called, as if a thousand roses poured out their warm odors, as if a thousand suns shone upon a bright path, upon which two young, sunny, bright human creatures went toward the beckoning goal of life.

"Happiness - Happiness!" a thousand voices in wild tumultuous sounds called to her, and in the distance, she saw the

gold-glimmmering garments of the Fairy of Happiness dissolve in the midst of the sun.....

All this was but a moment - then she turned her eyes to the throne of the king, and she trembled before the expression of terrible suffering in his dark face. And the picture in the midst of the sun was blotted out, and she felt rise in her, great, mighty and compelling, a dark feeling: "This is the path which is pointed out to you - this is the soul, which has need of you, the soul which belongs to you and which is woven to your by a thousand fine threads.

What all the splendor of the King's glory had not been able to do, to conquer her fear of the man, whose rough hand had taken from her, everything that she had loved in her life, this the torment of love which she read in his eyes was able to do. And she suddenly felt that it was given to her to change the dark spirit of this man to become a blessing to mankind and peace to himself. - - She bent her head in deep, kind thought, and the evening sun threw a bright red glow over her pure brow. And when the king saw her sitting so with the rare, glorified expression he suspected that she was thinking longingly of his young brother and like a giant rose the demon in him, the demon of anger and hate. And he arose mightily and threatening and gave orders to end the feast, and commanded the people to disperse and the knights, women and people obeyed amazed and with mutterings.....

In the dark night which followed this day, the King sat in his hall of state in deep thought. He sat supporting his head on his hand on the heavy, gold-covered table and before him lay a letter which he had begun to his old general; saying he would send

his brother back to him. The general should send him on an embassy into a region where suffering and danger awaited him. King Beowulf had loved his brother dearly and struggled with the evil thoughts, which desired the end of this sunny life; but like a giant grew the dark spirit of hate and tormenting jealousy over the softer thoughts of his heart. He felt, as if Sympathy was inclined to his brother, he had fallen a prey to the demon of darkness, and the tender germs of the soul, which unknown had struggled to the light under Sympathy's gentle glance - must wither and die. He must destroy the man, who placed himself between him and his wishes, must annihilate what was in his power annihilate.

Pale the full moon shone into his face which was drawn with suffering, and in the dark corners of his room glided and whispered in ghostly fashion the gray shadows of midnight.

He was going to set his name to the bloody command - when the purple hung door opened softly, and in a long, silvery, white garment, her gleaming blond hair waving over her golden girdle - with down cast eyes and timid smile Sympathy stood on the threshold.

"Sympathy what do you wish?"

The eyes of the King stared, his voice trembled,.....then the white figure like a silver moon-beam glided into the room and sank down at his feet. Her soft arms embraced his ailed knee, and while her soft eyes looked gently up to him her shy lips whispered:

"I love you very much - let me be your wife."

Then broke from the King's breast a cry like that of a mortally wounded animal - - the torture of those last hours lay in

it and sounded out in a wild, trembling happiness..... And he lifted the kneeling one from the floor.

"Sympathy,-my wife!".....

And she took his dark head in her white hands and softly pressed a kiss upon his brow.

Then the bloody command was torn up and the wedding was celebrated in great splendor, and a cry of joy went over the entire land. The king, into whose heart a sunbeam had fallen, caused the dungeons to be opened and suffering to be relieved, and to the enemies at the border a message of peace was sent. Sympathy's soft hands over the country....

But Duke Siegmur - in hot flaming pain - left his native land in adventures on distant seas to forget his greivings for Sympathy.

And the King and Queen loved each other deeply and very happy weeks and months went by. - - -

Queen Jutta however was resentful toward her son and his beautiful Queen and whispered a thousand wicked words into his ear:

"See, your wife does not love you with her whole heart - did you not see, how she gave your brother the white rose when he marched into the city?"

And into Beowulf's heart suspicion had come, and he spied into his wife's life..... Then he thought he found, that her love was not ardent, for she was gentle and quiet and kind, and there was not in her eyes the glow, with which the other women of the court sought his eyes, and yet he knew, that Sympathy was more to him than all other women in the world.

And again Jutta said:

"Do you not see, how your wife courts the affection of the people? How the people love her more than you, the King? What work has she to do in the cells of the prisoners and in the huts of the poor?"

And the King began to be angry, when she often asked for pardon or lightened sentences for those he had punished harshly. Then often the demon arose in him and forced him, to be harsh and cruel to his wife. But she smiled, and again and again she drove away the shadows. But often also she was sad, when he looked at her gloomily, and thought of everything, that she already had possessed and lost in life. Yet through her tears she attempted to smile, in order to drive his gloom from him; for she loved her husband more, than she could tell and she had to have light and warmth around her, for she needed that and her smiles called forth smiles, wherever she went.

But in one thing Beowulf resisted his wife with iron severity; she wanted by earnest pleading to get permission to enter the prison of the old King, but at this request the King everytime got into a moody rage. Almost unconsciously he feared still the influence of the conquered, imprisoned man, and the reproofs, with which his conscience approached him in his softer moods, reproached him with the cheerless imprisonment of the former king. But this very weakness he did not want to confess to his wife.

Yet Sympathy grieved over her Father's suffering and with heavy heart, decided to act contrary to the command of her husband. She discussed with old Rudiger, who was employed in the palace, as castellan, and once, when the king was hunting, she went down the stairs with the faithful old man, into the dark vaults of the castle; with fear and trembling she thought of the sad meeting

with her unhappy father. She wanted to bring him comfort and refreshing hope, for how she could have worn her crown, without obtaining by her power hope for the broken-down man? The jailer, who loved the Queen as the whole nation did, dared not resist her entreaty, and opened the heavy door of the dark prison. And soon after this Sympathy lay weeping in the arms of her father who was bent with his long sufferings. He was chained to his stone bench, and the scanty gleam of the light fell upon his head which was bleached snow white from sorrow and misery. And Sympathy weep and vowed that, - even if it should cost her her crown and happiness and life she would obtain from her husband her father's freedom. But as she knelt before her father and told him of everything that had happened - then suddenly her blood began to run cold with fright, for upon the threshold of the prison stood the King, gloomy and mighty. Queen Jutta had sent messengers after him for she had learned of Sympathy's actions from her spies. And the King's voice sounded terrible as he said:

"You have dared to defy my will, and to transgress the King's law? - - What impels you to kneel before the enemy of your husband? Let him die!"

And he raised his spear against the defenseless prisoner. Then Sympathy placed herself between the men and said:

"First kill me, before you kill my old father".

When the King heard this, he cried aloud with terrible and wailing voice:

"Woe is me, you have committed treason against me, all your gracious love was treason! - - You betrayed me for the sake of the crown, which should belong to your family? "Curses and sor-

rows be yours!"

And no longer master of himself in his pain and anger, he raised his hand against the Queen and pushed her back! Then she slipped on the damp floor and struck her head hard against the stone prison bench. And her blood trickled from a small wound on the temple. When the King saw this his anger froze to cold horror, and he took the pale, lifeless Queen in his arms and carried her up through dark hallways, over stone steps, higher and higher, up to the most magnificent room of the castle and laid her upon the couch and placed the purple cover over her. And he knelt down by the couch and hid his head in the folds of her gown, and his strong body trembled in strong, passionate weeping.

Never had King Beowulf wept until this hour .

And outside the autumn rain trickled down on the windows, and the drops of water sang monotonously the old song of love - sorrow - and death:

A crown rests
In the deep lake -
Crowns conceal
Much sorrow and woe.....

You gave her the crown,
Oh King - -
You gave her suffering
And death besides+.....

Do you hear Sympathy!
That song still,
That once you heard

With shudders and fright?

Do you feel the storm blowing

Over the health?

Does the crown pain you,

Poor Sympathy?

Sleep - sleep in peace!

Purple covers the wounds.....

- - Sleep, only sleep - you -

Earth will cover everything- -

Everything - everything.

But below in the dungeon old Rudiger had overpowered and bound the jailer, had freed the old king from his fetters and with hot tears had kissed his hands and feet. Then he led the freed man out into the streets of the city and with thundering voice called on the people for vengeance:

"Gloomy Beowulf has slain, your queen - help us to be revenged, storm the palace!"

For he knew, that the people were with the queen, and the populace rushed to arms and filled with wrath assembled around the grieved old man, and again Rudiger said:

"Do you know who your queen was? The daughter of my lord, and master, king Witticher, who stands before you, she who you carried about in your arms when she was a child with light curly hair!"

Then sounds of joy and of lamenting at the same time went through the crowd, for they had often yearned for the good, old King's scepter, and in great crowds they marched up to the castle

to bring the King to account for the death of his wife.

On the same day Duke Siegmund returned from his journey, and when he heard what his brother had done to Sympathy, he would not believe it; for how could the King raise his hand against the woman, who was so sweet and lovely, and who had made his heart so joyful. And he equipped himself with shield and sword and hurried upon a secret path into the palace, to protect the king with his body against the attack of the people.

And King Beowulf lay beside the couch by his wife and did not hear, or feel that outside, his kingdom and power were slipping away from him, that the great flood of life was directed against him, and threatened to sweep over him, and it seemed to him, as if he would have given all the crowns of the world, if he could only see once more the gentle smile light up these pale features, which almost unconsciously had been half of his soul's happiness. And he whispered and said to her in soft, ardent, tender words: "Awake - awake - once more! Look at me once more with your sweet eyes and say that you forgive me"....

Then it was, as if a faint rosy color appeared in the cheeks which were white as marble.

Suddenly the palace sounded with clattering steps, the door was thrown open, and armed with his head and naked sword in hand, Duke Siegmund stood in the room. King Beowulf raised himself; the brother was about to call to him: "Arm yourself, your throne and your life are at stake!" Then his glance fell upon Sympathy, who lay pale and motionless upon the purple couch. Then his mind clouded with pain and anger, and with the piercing cry: "Murderer!" he thrust his sword deep, into the protected breast

of his brother.

Then Sympathy opened her eyes with one large, last, wide glance. King Beowulf had fallen down on her couch, mortally wounded.

"Sympathy, forgive me, release me from my torture!"

Then a beautiful smile crept over Sympathy's pale face, and softly and wearily, for her eyes were growing dim with death, she raised her white, soft arms and laid them around his neck and said:

"I love you dearly Beowulf!"

And it was the same words, that she had spoken on that dark night, when she had glided like a moon-beam into the room, to remove the torture from his soul, the same soft breath which caressed his brow.

Then a happy smile went over King Beowulf's face and with trembling voice he whispered: Sympathy, my wife - let me go with you to the light!" - -

And a gleam from the setting sun, which once more broke through the gray clouds, fell with a glow on the purple cover of the couch, and Sympathy's golden hair flowed like a shining veil over the King's dark face.....

And outside the bells sounded to the attack; but the mighty deep sounds rushed like a song of battle and victory and redemption through the still air and into the dusky room of the king.

Speechless and deeply moved stood Duke Siegmund - he had cast the bloody sword away, and he folded his hands and prayed at the death couch of the two people, whom he had loved so devotedly - had loved to the point of crime and repentance!

With the last beam of the sinking sun the palace had fallen, before the attack of the people, and led by old Rudiger, who gigantic and threatening went on ahead the crowds pushed the old gray king with them, into the magnificent room. Then Duke Siegmarr raised his hand with an impelling gesture and pointed to the purple couch, and commanded the wild raging to subside. And the rough men shyly uncovered their heads, when they saw the holy peace of death. And the old king sank on his knee and wept for Sympathy, whose flowing blood had opened the door of his prison. And Siegmarr opened the golden chest in the wall of the room, wherein rested the king's crown, took it, sank down upon one knee, presented it to King Witticher, and said:

"Take it from my hand, the crown of your house and let me serve the least of your faithful vassals, as expiation for my bloody deed!"

And the people knelt and did homage to the King in hair, whitened by sorrow.

And upon the purple couch lay Sympathy, and a beautiful white smile lay on her white face. But the smile was not for the crown, of which she had dreamed, as a child, and which through her quiet endeavors, she had given back to her house, it was for the beloved, darkened soul, which had carried with her wandering, with quiet feet through dark valleys, struggling and sorrowing, into the halls of eternal light.

And upon her fair, shining head rested invisibly the external holy crown of women - the thorny crown of deepest woman's love.....

* * * * *

Above the grave under the oaks of the forest, where the royal pairs sleep, the eternal sleep, the roses bloom red and white - throughout the year. And the nightwind stirs their heads and carries their sweet fragrance far out into the land.

But to the wanderer who foot-sore and buffeted by the storm rests his head on this peaceful spot for a short nap, it feels like a wonderous soft breath caressing his forehead, and when he awakens, he smiles, as if the troubles and sorrows in his heart were gone. And when he goes on and tells the people in the villages, what he has experienced, they smile and nod and say: "Do you not know the old song of beautiful queen Sympathy?"

And dreamily the old simple melody rings in his ear:

"In the summer night filled with the
linden fragrance,

When the moon gleams over the hearth -
Then over the splendor of meadows
Softly walks Fairy Sympathy.....
And glides over the slumbering land
With gesture of blessing
And with ministering angel-hand
Heals the sorrow of earth!".....

- o o o -

* The Beggar -- Egg.

There was once a king and a queen, who lived together in a castle, that lay between wide gardens in the middle of their empire. The queen was a very wise woman. She spoke but little, yet it was said, that the king never did anything against her will and therefore was well advised. She possessed as a matter of fact a magic golden bird, which had been presented to her by a forest fairy, who was her god-mother. This little bird was so ingenious that it differed from a living one only in needing nothing to eat. But the most surprising thing about it was, that in its singing it reflected the mood of the queen at all times and could be heard by everyone in the whole castle, that wished to hear, however, tender and soft his voice sounded. If the queen was peaceful and happy, then one heard a soft, satisfied chirp; but if she was somewhat oppressed the singing of the golden bird could become so plaintive and alarming, that the king involuntary did everything to clear the way of that which troubled his wife. So they reached old age in peace and unity.

And now as the king felt his end near at hand, he called his only son to him and said:

"Promise me one thing, so that I know surely, that you will be happy and I will die in peace. Take no woman, who has not a heart-Bird, like your Mother has. How will the beauty of a queen help you if she has not a true heart, and how will you recognize that heart if you do not hear any voice, that will let you know? Give me your hand on it".

* Das Bettel-Ei, by Eugenie Rosenberger, pages 120-25 of Neuer deutscher Märchenschatz.

This the son did after a short hesitation, and the old king died in peace.

The prince now inherited the empire and began to reign. Still he was not in a peaceful mood, as other young princes are accustomed to be, but always went around with earnest and sometimes gloomy face.

"My son", said the old queen, "tell me, what oppresses you?"

"I have lost my good father," he answered, "why should I not mourn for him? And in my empire I must see to the right of everything, there remains no time as in earlier days for gaiety and pastime."

So said the youngking. But it was something entirely different, that gnawed day and night at his soul.

A maiden lay in his mind, the most beautiful and modest in the land, but the child of poor people; she was called Goldy, her wonderful hair gleamed far off like fine woven gold. He had long wished to take her, to his home and to make her his wife, for he had thought:

"When I once am king, I can do what I wish", and now the promise he had given to his father, parted them forever, from one another, for it appeared hardly possible for a princess to promise a magic bird, how could a poor girl of the people get possession of such a thing!

So he went around from day to day more melancholy and thought: "How does it profit me, that I am king? No one can help me".

But the old queen was heavy hearted and thought day and

night how it would be possible to cheer the young king's spirit.

"Dear son," she said one day, "I am old and tired of life and long to go into the grave to your father. You have neither brother or sister and when I die you have no one, who, is closely related to you. Therefore seek after a wife, for I would like to assist you with advice and help".

"Do not ask that of me, dear mother", said the young king, "for upon his death bed I had to promise my father never to take a women, who did not as you do possess a magic heart-bird".

The old queen was alarmed, for she knew only too well, that there was no other such a bird in the world. After she had long considered the matter, she decided, to ask advice from her god-mother the forest fairy, a thing she had ventured to do very seldom and in very serious cases. She therefore drove into the forest, in which the wise women lived, bade her chariot and attendants to wait, and went alone to a deep, dark fish pond under primeval, wide-branched trees. There she called with soft voice three times, the name of the forest fairy and said the magic formula which calls forth the forest-spirit. A blast of wind whistled through the tree tops, the water whirled high upward and out of the branches of a mighty yew tree the forest fairy stepped forth.

"Ah, my daughter," she said troubled at the appearance of the queen, "how old you have become! How white your hair is, and how bent you go! How quickly it goes with you people! Your growing, blossoming and fading appear to me no longer then a summer day".

"Yes," said the queen, "and how this short time often heavy and sad is! And when everything is passed for us, one still troubles himself to the last minute about his children". And she

1000

poured out her heart.

The forest woman was silent a long time. "That is hard to advise", she said. "We could not employ the same magic power twice, or it loses its strength. Perhaps however some way will be found, to accomplish your object."

She talked the matter over long and in detail, and the queen drove home full of confidence.

On the next day she sent invitations to the most beautiful and most respected princesses of the neighborhood and bade the herald to say, that the young king had, to be sure, made no choice still she hoped to close the approaching festivity with a happy wedding and highly rejoiced when the dukes and princes of the neighboring lands accepted the invitations for their daughters.

There were nine princesses who were invited, and on the appointed day music and rolling of the drum with which the arriving coaches were received at the city gate sounded continuously. The noblest princess appeared first, this was the proud Princess Oek-rentina, in a golden coach, which was drawn by six beautiful black horses with golden bridles and red plumes.

Then came Princess Rosetta, who looked like her name, and also horses and coach were covered over with fresh roses. The last and youngest princess was almost a child, still, with a round happy face. She sat upon light-blue silk cushions, in a pretty silver coach with four little milk-white horses, everything adorned with bouquets of for-get-me-nots.

The young king welcomed each princess at the foot of the castle steps, reached her his arm and accompanied her into the hall of mirrors where the old queen received her guests.

When they had all assembled, the old queen began: "It is a pleasure for me to have you with us, you beautiful children! Your dear parents doubtless have told you, that it is my wish, to close this feast with a happy wedding, for my son, the king, is yet unmarried. Since he could not decide to favor one among so many charming and attractive maidens, I have asked the advice of my godmother, the forest fairy, and she has promised to present to the one which is best suited to him just such a magic bird, as she gave me on my wedding day. For this purpose each one of you must undergo a little test. Each of you must go alone into a house, and indeed each of you into a different one and beg for an egg. You are not allowed to pay for it, nor to give anything for it, nor promise anything for it. The egg you must bring into this hall. You see, around about are ten large mirrors. These mirrors are doors, and every one leads into a special room, that I have had prepared as convenient and comfortable as are suitable to such noble princesses. Into each of these rooms one of you must withdraw for three days and hatch the egg, and the one, in whose egg the magic bird is, will become queen. But during these three days no one will be allowed to go to you and with you but my old lady in waiting."

The princesses seemed to be struck dumb with fear and shame, yet the youngest said with tears in her eyes: "But I do not know at all, how that is done! I have never hatched anything, and if I were to sit on the egg, it certainly would break in two and spoil my new blue velvet coat".

"It shall not be that way", said the queen. "Everyone of you will receive a fine, silk web, throw that around your neck

lay the egg in it and warm it upon your bosom. That's the way it is done. Now I will leave you awhile, and when I come back, tell me, whether you will accept the condition or not".

As soon as the queen had left the salon, the princesses looked at each other discontentedly.

"That is a big requirement", said Princess Ockrentina. "Why does she not have some one come, who understands such things, a peasant woman, or a cook, at least to hatch the eggs."

"And why can't one at least take a gentleman-in-waiting, to go in the strange house? One does not know at all, how to address such people", said one of the other princesses.

"I feel inclined to have the coach brought around and return home", said again Princess Ockrentina.

"I also!" said still another voice.

"Just go!" cried one of the princesses, who had a comical stump nose. "So much the better for us who remain here!"

"I know, what I'll do", said Princess Rosetta. "I'll give the waiting woman something, so that she will carry my egg for me. It is only a matter of having the egg hatched. It should make no difference to the queen who does it."

"O, if you please, my good girl, that won't do!" said Princess Ockrentina. "What is right for one is fair for another. The waiting woman cannot carry in her bosom, nine eggs all at once, and if we hatch our eggs ourselves there will fall no pearl out of our crowns."

So the princesses talked back and forth, but before the eyes of each secretly stood the beautiful, young king and the magnificent castle and the wonderful bird, which they all gladly would

have had, and when the queen returned the princesses all declared themselves prepared for the test.

After they had strengthened themselves for the important work with wine and fruit and other good things, they were led to the market place, the attendants went back to the castle, and the princesses remained alone. Somewhat anxious and embarrassed they stood close to one another and considered into which house they wanted to go.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Princess Ockrentina, "what is there to be afraid of! I'll tell them at once, who I am and will get the egg without trouble!" With this she walked to the next house, went through the hall and opened the door to a room. There sat three old ladies, one was crocheting a woolen coat, one was knitting a thick stocking, the third dame wore spectacles on her long nose and was setting a blue patch upon a blue pair of trousers. They looked up very much astonished as suddenly the door was opened, a tall costly dressed maiden stepped in and domineeringly said:

"I am Princess Ockrentina and beg for an egg"

"For what?" asked the three old people, who did not trust their ears.

"I beg for an egg," said the princess loud and clear.

"What does she want?" asked the old lady with a patch, who was hard of hearing.

"An egg!" repeated the one and added something softly.

"Not in her right mind?" cried the deaf old lady frightened. "Quick, give her, what she wants!" And one of the other two stood up, opened a wall cupboard, took an egg out and gave it to the princess, who went away with it satisfied. Not two minutes

had passed, since she had entered the house and triumphantly came back with the egg.

"Do you see!? she cried. "One needs only to say, who he is and what he wants! Nothing else is necessary. Begging is really very easy!"

That now gave the rest courage. One after another chose a house, went in and came back, the one in a short time, the other in a longer time with hot cheeks and embarrassed faces, but always with an egg. Only next to the last princess did not succeed. Very red she came with empty hands out of the house, into which she went first, also in the second she succeeded no better. At the third attempt she had the egg, to be sure but she cried bitterly.

"Never will I beg again", she sobbed, "never!" "And when I get home, I'll ask my mother, that every beggar-man, that comes to the castle, be given at once everything, that he wants. Oh, it is terrible, to be obliged to beg, very terrible!"

At this the smallest princess became so frightened, that she would not go, till the others told her: "We all did it, and now you must do it too!"

Then she went to be sure, but when she stood at a door, her courage failed her, and she saw another house, of which she thought, that perhaps friendlier people might live there, and went to that.

So she went down a whole street to a corner. There she saw a small, poor, little house, that lay off to one side in a small grassy plot. And in the little garden stood a beautiful maiden who was tying a white goat to the fence. The maiden was very beautiful in face and manner, and her hair shone like woven

gold, for it was no one else but Goldy, whom the young king carried in his heart. The small princess in her anxiety paid no attention to that, but walked up to the little house, for she thought: "The people, who live there, are surely poor and beg now and then themselves: and they will gladly give me an egg".

She knocked, and so harsh a voice cried: "Come in!" that the small princess was frightened and only slowly ventured to open the door. There sat a family at the table, father, mother and children, everyone with a piece of dark bread, and all ate sour milk with their spoons out of a large bowl. They stopped astonished, as the small princess appeared, and Goldy looked in at the window, for she also wanted to hear, what the fine stranger wanted of them.

"How-do-you-do, dear people", said the princess shyly, "will you be so kind and give me an egg?"

"What" asked the man and the women together.

"Oh please, I'd like an egg," said the small princess anxiously.

"Have you not enough in the castle, that you must go out to search for something to eat?" asked the man.

"Oh yes, but I must have an egg", said the princess.

"Perhaps she is hungry", said Goldy from the window.

"Then give her a piece of bread Mother", said the man.

"I am not hungry, I only want an egg", said the small princess.

"I do not sell eggs now", said the woman. "When guests are in the castle, I carry all the eggs into the court kitchen to the chief cook's assistant".

1006

"I do not want to buy an egg, I only want it as a gift", said the princess.

"May the Lord strike the devil dead!" exclaimed the man. "The little fool came in here, front and back all covered with bobs and fobs and draped all over with gold and pearls and carbuncles, and whatever the stuff is called, and asks of us, who hardly have life."

"Only one! I pray, do give it to me!" said the princess, and two large tears rolled down her cheeks. She did not see the signal, that Goldy made to her, as she just disappeared from the window, for the small princess had not yet learned to pay attention to signals. Yet the man was not so angry, as he appeared, and when he saw the princess cry, he said to his wife: "For all I care give her one, and then she can clear out".

The woman searched for an foun an egg in a basket, which hung beside her on the wall, and handed it to the princess, who smiled very happily.

"I thank you very much", she said and hurried up the street so fast, that she came to the rest of the princesses before she could be over-taken by Goldy, who with one egg in her hand had run after her.

"Here", she said, still out of breath, "here is an egg! The neighbor's wife did not want to give it to me at all, for it is the first one from her white hen - therefore it is so small - but I begged, till she gave it to me".

"I thank you, I already have one", said the small princess.

"There now we have the eggs", said one of the others, "but how shall we get them into the castle? That is the question".

"Perhaps we can carry them ourselves", said the princess with the stub nose, "they are not heavy".

"We begged them, and we must also hatch them, no one can require us besides this to carry them in ourselves", said Princess Ockrentina.

"I could perhaps take them in my apron", said Goldy shyly.

"Yes, that will do", said several of the princesses.

"No, that will not do", said Princess Ockrentina, "How then shall we hatch the eggs, if the peasant maid has first had them in her apron?"

"That does not hurt. They must all of them first be warmed, soaped off and have fragrant water poured over them", said Princess Rosetta.

With this they laid all of their eggs carefully in the apron, which Goldy held up, and went toward the castle, where already for a long time nine court ladies and nine gentlemen in waiting had stood down by the steps, in order to escort them back in the room hung with mirrors.

"Well, dear children, have you the eggs?" asked the queen.

"Yes, your majesty", answered the princesses, and each one took an egg out of the apron.

"Here is one left", said Goldy, as she held up the little egg, that was left behind.

"How did Goldy come here?" asked the queen, for of course she too recognized the most beautiful maiden in her empire, if only by sight. The princesses explained how it came, and the queen said some thought:

"We dare not change from that which the fairy has decided. Every young maiden, that brings me an egg, to day shall hatch it

here for three days. Consequently Goldy shall remain heretoo, and shall live in the tenth room and hatch with you".

Goldy became red with joy, when she understood, that she dared remain in the castle. She did not observe the unpleasant looks, that the princesses threw at her, and since she believed, she would help them with their hatching, she said quite confidently:

"That is not difficult. When Jltis had killed our hen and the little chicks, I took the last egg, that remained in the nest, and carried it in my neckerchief, and it turned out all right".

So Goldy remained with the princesses in the castle.

When the three days had passed the throne room was beautifully fitted up. The whole court assembled, the queen seated herself on the throne, and the king stood at her right hand. The princesses walked in in solemn train and bowed before the queen, who spoke several words of thanks. "And now", she concluded, "we will test the eggs. Princess Ockrentina, will you begin?".

In the spacious hall it was so quiet, that one could hear a pin fall, when the princess slowly broke her egg open, and everyone saw something glisten between her fingers. Impatiently she threw the shell to the floor, and produced a small peacock feather, all out of gems, wonderfully fine and sparkling, but it was not the golden-bird.

Princess Rosetta drew a costly rose out of her egg, with filaments of diamonds and small pointed thorns made of rubies; so every princess found a piece of jewelry, which suited her but to no one was the bird allotted. At last the smallest princess opened her egg and she gave a cry of delight, and a large agitation arose in the hall. Everyone pushed forward, for they thought nothing

1009

else, but that she had the magic bird in her hand. But it was only a small, glittering butterfly, which quite naturally moved his wings and feelers upon the little hand of the princess, and the young king, who had become very pale, breathed again.

So there still remained only the one egg, which Goldy held in her hand, and suddenly one heard a soft peeping, and out of the breaking egg arose a little bird and flew upon Goldy's shoulder. It was snow-white and with every movement changed to the most delicate colors. The little beak and feet were rosy-red, likewise a tuft, that it wore like a crown upon its head, and its eyes glistened like black diamonds. It drew softly and uncertainly several soft tones, as though it did not trust itself to let its voice resound freely.

And Goldy stood there, as if she had had blood poured over her, trembling for joy and for happiness, and did not venture to raise her eyes.

But with shining eyes the young king stepped up to Goldy and grasped her hand.

"Blessed be the wise forest-woman, who looked into my heart!" cried he with joyful voice. "I have loved you since as children we played together in the forest! Year after year I have ridden past your house, only to see you and to greet you. Yes, thanks to the good fairy, who so wonderfully has bestowed upon me my life's happiness!"

And the queen embraced Goldy, as her loving daughter, and the small princess came and kissed her. Then the other princesses wished her happiness, although they looked sour-sweet as they did so, and the whole hall sounded with jubilee and hurrahs. Then

the queen led Goldy into her room, so that the royal dresses might be put on her, and the young king had her parents and sisters and brothers fetched. Then he turned to the princesses and asked them, to beautify the wedding as brides-maids. They gladly accepted, for they could hardly wait to adorn themselves with their new jewels. Only Ockrentina turned away, without saying a word, motioned to her attendants and walked with raised head out of the hall and went down the large outside steps, got into her golden coach and chased, as fast as the six black horses could go, through the city-gate out of the realm, while behind her rang all of the bells and the cannons thundered and the flags were raised and flowers were strewn, and all people ran and shouted, for the wedding was celebrated at once and with great splendor and magnificence.

* * * * *