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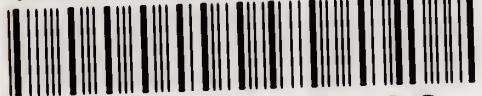


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The Princess and the Goblin

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“THIS IS THE WAY MY THREAD GOES”

Page 209

Frontispiece

The Princess and the Goblin

BY

GEORGE MAC DONALD

Author of "The Princess and Curdie" "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood"
"At the Back of the North Wind" &c.

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BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
LONDON AND GLASGOW

By George Mac Donald

At the Back of the North Wind.

The Princess and the Goblin.

The Princess and Curdie.

Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood.

A Rough Shaking.

Short Stories; including **The Light Princess, The Giant's Heart, The Golden Key, and Cross Purposes.**

GEORGE MAC DONALD

George Mac Donald's stories for children, with their appeal to readers of all ages, hold a unique position in our literature. Their distinctive and enduring charm has made them classics.

Writing in 1924, on the centenary of his birth, the *Times Literary Supplement* expressed the opinion that the work which George Mac Donald did as no one else has quite done it, was the writing of these tales for children. Their peculiar and special quality was indicated by another appreciative critic, who spoke of the author as having "one foot on earth and one in fairyland".

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CHAPTER I

Why the Princess has a Story about Her

THERE was once a little princess whose father was king over a great country full of mountains and valleys. His palace was built upon one of the mountains, and was very grand and beautiful. The princess, whose name was Irene, was born there, but she was sent soon after her birth, because her mother was not very strong, to be brought up by country people in a large house, half castle, half farmhouse, on the side of another mountain, about halfway between its base and its peak.

The princess was a sweet little creature, and at the time my story begins, was about eight years old, I think, but she got older very fast. Her face was fair and pretty, with eyes like two bits of night-sky, each with a star dissolved in the blue. Those eyes you would have thought

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must have known they came from there, so often were they turned up in that direction. The ceiling of her nursery was blue, with stars in it, as like the sky as they could make it. But I doubt



if ever she saw the real sky with the stars in it, for a reason which I had better mention at once.

These mountains were full of hollow places underneath; huge caverns, and winding ways, some with water running through them, and some

shining with all colours of the rainbow when a light was taken in. There would not have been much known about them, had there not been mines there, great deep pits, with long galleries and passages running off from them, which had been dug to get at the ore of which the mountains were full. In the course of digging, the miners came upon many of these natural caverns. A few of them had far-off openings out on the side of a mountain, or into a ravine.

Now in these subterranean caverns lived a strange race of beings, called by some gnomes, by some kobolds, by some goblins. There was a legend current in the country, that at one time they lived above ground, and were very like other people. But for some reason or other, concerning which there were different legendary theories, the king had laid what they thought too severe taxes upon them, or had required observances of them they did not like, or had begun to treat them with more severity, in some way or other, and impose stricter laws; and the consequence was that they had all disappeared from the face of the country. According to the legend, however, instead of going to some other country,

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they had all taken refuge in the subterranean caverns, whence they never came out but at night, and then seldom showed themselves in any numbers, and never to many people at once.



It was only in the least frequented and most difficult parts of the mountains that they were said to gather even at night in the open air. Those who had caught sight of any of them said that they had greatly altered in the course

of generations; and no wonder, seeing they lived away from the sun, in cold and wet and dark places. They were now, not ordinarily ugly, but either absolutely hideous, or ludicrously grotesque both in face and form. There was no invention, they said, of the most lawless imagination expressed by pen or pencil, that could surpass the extravagance of their appearance. But I suspect those who said so, had mistaken some of their animal companions for the goblins themselves—of which more by and by. The goblins themselves were not so far removed from the human as such a description would imply. And as they grew misshapen in body, they had grown in knowledge and cleverness, and now were able to do things no mortal could see the possibility of. But as they grew in cunning, they grew in mischief, and their great delight was in every way they could think of to annoy the people who lived in the open-air-storey above them. They had enough of affection left for each other, to preserve them from being absolutely cruel for cruelty's sake to those that came in their way; but still they so heartily cherished the ancestral grudge against those who occupied their former

possessions, and especially against the descendants of the king who had caused their expulsion, that they sought every opportunity of tormenting them in ways that were as odd as their inventors; and although dwarfed and misshapen, they had strength equal to their cunning. In the process of time they had got a king and a government of their own, whose chief business, beyond their own simple affairs, was to devise trouble for their neighbours. It will now be pretty evident why the little princess had never seen the sky at night. They were much too afraid of the goblins to let her out of the house then, even in company with ever so many attendants; and they had good reason, as we shall see by and by.

CHAPTER II

The Princess loses Herself

I HAVE said the Princess Irene was about eight years old when my story begins. And this is how it begins.

One very wet day, when the mountain was covered with mist which was constantly gathering itself together into raindrops, and pouring down on the roofs of the great old house, whence it fell in a fringe of water from the eaves all round about it, the princess could not of course go out. She got very tired, so tired that even her toys could no longer amuse her. You would wonder at that if I had time to describe to you one half of the toys she had. But then you wouldn't have the toys themselves, and that makes all the difference: you can't get tired of a thing before you have it. It was a picture, though, worth seeing —the princess sitting in the nursery with the sky ceiling over her head, at a great table covered

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with her toys. If the artist would like to draw this, I should advise him not to meddle with the toys. I am afraid of attempting to describe them, and I think he had better not try to draw



them. He had better not. He can do a thousand things I can't, but I don't think he could draw those toys. No man could better make the princess herself than he could, though—leaning with her back bowed into the back of the chair,

her head hanging down, and her hands in her lap, very miserable as she would say herself, not even knowing what she would like, except it were to go out and get thoroughly wet, and catch a particularly nice cold, and have to go to bed and take gruel. The next moment after you see her sitting there, her nurse goes out of the room.

Even that is a change, and the princess wakes up a little, and looks about her. Then she tumbles off her chair, and runs out of the door, not the same door the nurse went out of, but one which opened at the foot of a curious old stair of worm-eaten oak, which looked as if never anyone had set foot upon it. She had once before been up six steps, and that was sufficient reason, in such a day, for trying to find out what was at the top of it.

Up and up she ran—such a long way it seemed to her! until she came to the top of the third flight. There she found the landing was the end of a long passage. Into this she ran. It was full of doors on each side. There were so many that she did not care to open any, but ran on to the end, where she turned into another passage, also full of doors. When she had turned twice

more, and still saw doors and only doors about her, she began to get frightened. It was so silent! And all those doors must hide rooms with nobody in them! That was dreadful. Also the rain made a great trampling noise on the roof. She turned and started at full speed, her little footsteps echoing through the sounds of the rain—back for the stairs and her safe nursery. So she thought, but she had lost herself long ago. It doesn't follow that she *was* lost, because she had lost herself, though.

She ran for some distance, turned several times, and then began to be afraid. Very soon she was sure that she had lost the way back. Rooms everywhere, and no stair! Her little heart beat as fast as her little feet ran, and a lump of tears was growing in her throat. But she was too eager and perhaps too frightened to cry for some time. At last her hope failed her. Nothing but passages and doors everywhere! She threw herself on the floor, and burst into a wailing cry broken by sobs.

She did not cry long, however, for she was as brave as could be expected of a princess of her age. After a good cry, she got up, and brushed

the dust from her frock. Oh what old dust it was! Then she wiped her eyes with her hands, for princesses don't always have their handkerchiefs in their pockets, any more than some other little girls I know of. Next, like a true princess, she resolved on going wisely to work to find her way back: she would walk through the passages, and look in every direction for the stair. This she did, but without success. She went over the same ground again and again without knowing it, for the passages and doors were all alike. At last, in a corner, through a half-open door, she did see a stair. But alas! it went the wrong way: instead of going down, it went up. Frightened as she was, however, she could not help wishing to see where yet further the stair could lead. It was very narrow, and so steep that she went on like a four-legged creature on her hands and feet.

CHAPTER III

The Princess and—we shall see who

WHEN she came to the top, she found herself in a little square place, with three doors, two opposite each other, and one opposite the top of the stair. She stood for a moment, without an idea in her little head what to do next. But as she stood, she began to hear a curious humming sound. Could it be the rain? No. It was much more gentle, and even monotonous than the sound of the rain, which now she scarcely heard. The low sweet humming sound went on, sometimes stopping for a little while and then beginning again. It was more like the hum of a very happy bee that had found a rich well of honey in some globular flower, than anything else I can think of at this moment. Where could it come from? She laid her ear first to one of the doors to hearken if it was there—then to another. When she laid her

ear against the third door, there could be no doubt where it came from: it must be from something in that room. What could it be? She was rather afraid, but her curiosity was stronger



than her fear, and she opened the door very gently and peeped in. What do you think she saw? A very old lady who sat spinning.

Perhaps you will wonder how the princess could tell that the old lady was an old lady, when

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I inform you that not only was she beautiful, but her skin was smooth and white. I will tell you more. Her hair was combed back from her forehead and face, and hung loose far down and all over her back. That is not much like an old lady—is it? Ah! but it was white almost as snow. And although her face was so smooth, her eyes looked so wise that you could not have helped seeing she must be old. The princess, though she could not have told you why, did think her very old indeed—quite fifty—she said to herself. But she was rather older than that, as you shall hear.

While the princess stared bewildered, with her head just inside the door, the old lady lifted hers, and said, in a sweet, but old and rather shaky voice, which mingled very pleasantly with the continued hum of her wheel: “Come in, my dear; come in. I am glad to see you.”

That the princess was a real princess, you might see now quite plainly; for she didn’t hang on to the handle of the door, and stare without moving, as I have known some do who ought to have been princesses but were only rather vulgar little girls. She did as she was told, stepped

inside the door at once, and shut it gently behind her.

“Come to me, my dear,” said the old lady.

And again the princess did as she was told. She approached the old lady—rather slowly, I confess, but did not stop until she stood by her side, and looked up in her face with her blue eyes and the two melted stars in them.

“Why, what have you been doing with your eyes, child?” asked the old lady.

“Crying,” answered the princess.

“Why, child?”

“Because I couldn’t find my way down again.”

“But you could find your way up.”

“Not at first—not for a long time.”

“But your face is streaked like the back of a zebra. Hadn’t you a handkerchief to wipe your eyes with?”

“No.”

“Then why didn’t you come to me to wipe them for you?”

“Please, I didn’t know you were here. I will next time.”

“There’s a good child!” said the old lady.

Then she stopped her wheel, and rose and,

going out of the room, returned with a little silver basin and a soft white towel, with which she washed and wiped the bright little face. And the princess thought her hands were so smooth and nice!

When she carried away the basin and towel, the little princess wondered to see how straight and tall she was, for, although she was so old, she didn't stoop a bit. She was dressed in black velvet with thick white heavy-looking lace about it; and on the black dress, her hair shone like silver. There was hardly any more furniture in the room than there might have been in that of the poorest old woman who made her bread by her spinning. There was no carpet on the floor—no table anywhere—nothing but the spinning-wheel and the chair beside it. When she came back, she sat down again, and without a word began her spinning once more, while Irene, who had never seen a spinning-wheel, stood by her side and looked on. When the old lady had got her thread fairly going again, she said to the princess, but without looking at her:

“Do you know my name, child?”

“No, I don’t know it,” answered the princess.

“My name is Irene.”

“That’s *my* name!” cried the princess.

“I know that. I let you have mine. I haven’t got your name. You’ve got mine.”

“How can that be?” asked the princess, bewildered. “I’ve always had my name.”

“Your papa, the king, asked me if I had any objection to your having it; and of course I hadn’t. I let you have it with pleasure.”

“It was very kind of you to give me your name—and such a pretty one,” said the princess.

“Oh, not so *very* kind!” said the old lady. “A name is one of those things one can give away and keep all the same. I have a good many such things. Wouldn’t you like to know who I am, child?”

“Yes, that I should—very much.”

“I’m your great-great-grandmother,” said the lady.

“What’s that?” asked the princess.

“I’m your father’s mother’s father’s mother.”

“Oh dear! I can’t understand that,” said the princess.

“I dare say not. I didn’t expect you would. But that’s no reason why I shouldn’t say it.”

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“Oh, no!” answered the princess.

“I will explain it all to you when you are older,” the lady went on. “But you will be able to understand this much now: I came here to take care of you.”

“Is it long since you came? Was it yesterday? Or was it to-day, because it was so wet that I couldn’t get out?”

“I’ve been here ever since you came yourself.”

“What a long time!” said the princess. “I don’t remember it at all.”

“No. I suppose not.”

“But I never saw you before.”

“No. But you shall see me again.”

“Do you live in this room always?”

“I don’t sleep in it. I sleep on the opposite side of the landing. I sit here most of the day.”

“I shouldn’t like it. My nursery is much prettier. You must be a queen too, if you are my great big grandmother.”

“Yes, I am a queen.”

“Where is your crown then?”

“In my bedroom.”

“I *should* like to see it.”

“You shall some day—not to-day.”

“I wonder why nursie never told me.”

“Nursie doesn’t know. She never saw me.”

“But somebody knows that you are in the house?”

“No; nobody.”

“How do you get your dinner then?”

“I keep poultry—of a sort.”

“Where do you keep them?”

“I will show you.”

“And who makes the chicken broth for you?”

“I never kill any of my chickens.”

“Then I can’t understand.”

“What did you have for breakfast this morning?” asked the lady.

“Oh! I had bread and milk, and an egg.—I dare say you eat their eggs.”

“Yes, that’s it. I eat their eggs.”

“Is that what makes your hair so white?”

“No, my dear. It’s old age. I am very old.”

“I thought so. Are you fifty?”

“Yes—more than that.”

“Are you a hundred?”

“Yes—more than that. I am too old for you to guess. Come and see my chickens.”

Again she stopped her spinning. She rose,

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took the princess by the hand, led her out of the room, and opened the door opposite the stair. The princess expected to see a lot of hens and chickens, but instead of that, she saw the blue sky first, and then the roofs of the house, with a multitude of the loveliest pigeons, mostly white, but of all colours, walking about, making bows to each other, and talking a language she could not understand. She clapped her hands with delight, and up rose such a flapping of wings, that she in her turn was startled.

“You’ve frightened my poultry,” said the old lady, smiling.

“And they’ve frightened me,” said the princess, smiling too. “But what very nice poultry! Are the eggs nice?”

“Yes, very nice.”

“What a small egg-spoon you must have! Wouldn’t it be better to keep hens, and get bigger eggs?”

“How should I feed them, though?”

“I see,” said the princess. “The pigeons feed themselves. They’ve got wings.”

“Just so. If they couldn’t fly, I couldn’t eat their eggs.”

“But how do you get at the eggs? Where are their nests?”

The lady took hold of a little loop of string in the wall at the side of the door, and lifting a shutter, showed a great many pigeonholes with nests, some with young ones and some with eggs in them. The birds came in at the other side, and she took out the eggs on this side. She closed it again quickly, lest the young ones should be frightened.

“Oh what a nice way!” cried the princess. “Will you give me an egg to eat, I’m rather hungry.”

“I will some day, but now you must go back, or nursie will be miserable about you. I dare say she’s looking for you everywhere.”

“Except here,” answered the princess. “Oh how surprised she *will* be when I tell her about my great big grand-grandmother!”

“Yes, that she will!” said the old lady with a curious smile. “Mind you tell her all about it exactly.”

“That I will. Please will you take me back to her?”

“I can’t go all the way, but I will take you to

the top of the stair, and then you must run down quite fast into your own room."

The little princess put her hand in the old lady's, who, looking this way and that, brought her to the top of the first stair, and thence to the bottom of the second, and did not leave her till she saw her halfway down the third. When she heard the cry of her nurse's pleasure at finding her, she turned and walked up the stairs again, very fast indeed for such a very great grandmother, and sat down to her spinning with another strange smile on her sweet old face.

About this spinning of hers I will tell you more another time.

Guess what she was spinning.

CHAPTER IV

What the Nurse thought of it

WHY, where can you have been, princess?" asked the nurse, taking her in her arms. "It's very unkind of you to hide away so long. I began to be afraid—" Here she checked herself.

"What were you afraid of, nursie?" asked the princess.

"Never mind," she answered. "Perhaps I will tell you another day. Now tell me where you have been?"

"I've been up a long way to see my very great, huge, old grandmother," said the princess.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the nurse, who thought she was making fun.

"I mean that I've been a long way up and up to see my GREAT grandmother. Ah, nursie, you don't know what a beautiful mother of grandmothers I've got upstairs. She is *such* an old

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lady! with such lovely white hair!—as white as my silver cup. Now, when I think of it, I think her hair must be silver."

"What nonsense you are talking, princess!" said the nurse.

"I'm not talking nonsense," returned Irene, rather offended. "I will tell you all about her. She's much taller than you, and much prettier."

"Oh, I dare say!" remarked the nurse.

"And she lives upon pigeons' eggs."

"Most likely," said the nurse.

"And she sits in an empty room, spin-spinning all day long."

"Not a doubt of it," said the nurse.

"And she keeps her crown in her bedroom."

"Of course—quite the proper place to keep her crown in. She wears it in bed, I'll be bound."

"She didn't say that. And I don't think she does. That wouldn't be comfortable—would it? I don't think my papa wears his crown for a nightcap. Does he, nursie?"

"I never asked him. I dare say he does."

"And she's been there ever since I came here—ever so many years."

“Anybody could have told you that,” said the nurse, who did not believe a word Irene was saying.

“Why didn’t you tell me then?”

“There was no necessity. You could make it all up for yourself.”

“You don’t believe me then!” exclaimed the princess, astonished and angry, as she well might be.

“Did you expect me to believe you, princess?” asked the nurse coldly. “I know princesses are in the habit of telling make-believes, but you are the first I ever heard of who expected to have them believed,” she added, seeing that the child was strangely in earnest.

The princess burst into tears.

“Well, I must say,” remarked the nurse, now thoroughly vexed with her for crying, “it is not at all becoming in a princess to tell stories *and* expect to be believed just because she is a princess.”

“But it’s quite true, I tell you.”

“You’ve dreamt it, then, child.”

“No, I didn’t dream it. I went upstairs, and I lost myself, and if I hadn’t found the

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beautiful lady, I should never have found myself."

"Oh, I dare say!"

"Well, you just come up with me, and see if I'm not telling the truth."

"Indeed I have other work to do. It's your dinner-time, and I won't have any more such nonsense."

The princess wiped her eyes, and her face grew so hot that they were soon quite dry. She sat down to her dinner, but ate next to nothing. Not to be believed does not at all agree with princesses; for a real princess cannot tell a lie. So all the afternoon she did not speak a word. Only when the nurse spoke to her, she answered her, for a real princess is never rude—even when she does well to be offended.

Of course the nurse was not comfortable in her mind—not that she suspected the least truth in Irene's story, but that she loved her dearly, and was vexed with herself for having been cross to her. She thought her crossness was the cause of the princess's unhappiness, and had no idea that she was really and deeply hurt at not being believed. But, as it became more and more

plain during the evening in her every motion and look, that, although she tried to amuse herself with her toys, her heart was too vexed and troubled to enjoy them, her nurse's discomfort grew and grew. When bedtime came, she undressed and laid her down, but the child, instead of holding up her little mouth to be kissed, turned away from her and lay still. Then nursie's heart gave way altogether, and she began to cry. At the sound of her first sob, the princess turned again, and held her face to kiss her as usual. But the nurse had her handkerchief to her eyes, and did not see the movement.

"Nursie," said the princess, "why won't you believe me?"

"Because I can't believe you," said the nurse, getting angry again.

"Ah! then, you can't help it," said Irene, "and I will not be vexed with you any more. I will give you a kiss and go to sleep."

"You little angel!" cried the nurse, and caught her out of bed, and walked about the room with her in her arms, kissing and hugging her.

"You *will* let me take you to see my dear old

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great big grandmother? won't you?" said the princess, as she laid her down again.

"And *you* won't say I'm ugly, any more--will you, princess?"

"Nursie, I never said you were ugly. What can you mean?"

"Well, if you didn't say it, you meant it."

"Indeed, I never did."

"You said I wasn't so pretty as that——"

"As my beautiful grandmother—yes, I did say that; and I say it again, for it's quite true."

"Then I *do* think you *are* unkind!" said the nurse, and put her handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Nursie, dear, everybody can't be as beautiful as every other body, you know. You are *very* nice-looking, but if you had been as beautiful as my grandmother——"

"Bother your grandmother!" said the nurse.

"Nurse, that's very rude. You are not fit to be spoken to—till you can behave better."

The princess turned away once more, and again the nurse was ashamed of herself.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, princess," she said, though still in an offended tone. But the

princess let the tone pass, and heeded only the words.

“You won’t say it again, I am sure,” she answered, once more turning towards her nurse. “I was only going to say that if you had been twice as nice-looking as you are, some king or other would have married you, and then what would have become of me?”

“You are an angel!” repeated the nurse, again embracing her.

“Now,” insisted Irene, “you *will* come and see my grandmother—won’t you?”

“I will go with you anywhere you like, my cherub,” she answered; and in two minutes the weary little princess was fast asleep.

CHAPTER V

The Princess lets well alone

WHEN she woke the next morning, the first thing she heard was the rain still falling. Indeed, this day was so like the last, that it would have been difficult to tell where was the use of it. The first thing she thought of, however, was not the rain, but the lady in the tower; and the first question that occupied her thoughts was whether she should not ask the nurse to fulfil her promise this very morning, and go with her to find her grandmother as soon as she had had her breakfast. But she came to the conclusion that perhaps the lady would not be pleased if she took anyone to see her without first asking leave; especially as it was pretty evident, seeing she lived on pigeons' eggs, and cooked them herself, that she did not want the household to know she was there. So the princess resolved to take the first opportunity

of running up alone and asking whether she might bring her nurse. She believed the fact that she could not otherwise convince her she was telling the truth, would have much weight with her grandmother.

The princess and her nurse were the best of friends all dressing time, and the princess in consequence ate an enormous little breakfast.

“I wonder, Lootie”—that was her pet name for her nurse—“what pigeons’ eggs taste like?” she said, as she was eating her egg—not quite a common one, for they always picked out the pinky ones for her.

“We’ll get you a pigeon’s egg, and you shall judge for yourself,” said the nurse.

“Oh, no, no!” returned Irene, suddenly reflecting they might disturb the old lady in getting it, and that even if they did not, she would have one less in consequence.

“What a strange creature you are,” said the nurse—“first to want a thing and then to refuse it!”

But she did not say it crossly, and the princess never minded any remarks that were not unfriendly.

“Well, you see, Lootie, there are reasons,” she returned, and said no more, for she did not want to bring up the subject of their former strife, lest her nurse should offer to go before she had had her grandmother’s permission to bring her. Of course she could refuse to take her, but then she would believe her less than ever.

Now the nurse, as she said herself afterwards, could not be every moment in the room, and as never before yesterday had the princess given her the smallest reason for anxiety, it had not yet come into her head to watch her more closely. So she soon gave her a chance, and, the very first that offered, Irene was off and up the stairs again.

This day’s adventure, however, did not turn out like yesterday’s, although it began like it; and indeed to-day is very seldom like yesterday, if people would note the differences—even when it rains. The princess ran through passage after passage, and could not find the stair of the tower. My own suspicion is that she had not gone up high enough, and was searching on the second instead of the third floor. When she turned to go back, she failed equally in her search after the stair. She was lost once more.

Something made it even worse to bear this time, and it was no wonder that she cried again. Suddenly it occurred to her that it was after having cried before that she had found her



grandmother's stair. She got up at once, wiped her eyes, and started upon a fresh quest. This time, although she did not find what she hoped, she found what was next best: she did not come on a stair that went up, but she came upon one

that went down. It was evidently not the stair she had come up, yet it was a good deal better than none; so down she went, and was singing merrily before she reached the bottom. There, to her surprise, she found herself in the kitchen. Although she was not allowed to go there alone, her nurse had often taken her, and she was a great favourite with the servants. So there was a general rush at her the moment she appeared, for everyone wanted to have her; and the report of where she was soon reached the nurse's ears. She came at once to fetch her; but she never suspected how she had got there, and the princess kept her own counsel.

Her failure to find the old lady not only disappointed her, but made her very thoughtful. Sometimes she came almost to the nurse's opinion that she had dreamed all about her; but that fancy never lasted very long. She wondered much whether she should ever see her again, and thought it very sad not to have been able to find her when she particularly wanted her. She resolved to say nothing more to her nurse on the subject, seeing it was so little in her power to prove her words.

CHAPTER VI

The Little Miner

THE next day the great cloud still hung over the mountain, and the rain poured like water from a full sponge. The princess was very fond of being out-of-doors, and she nearly cried when she saw that the weather was no better. But the mist was not of such a dark dingy grey; there was light in it; and as the hours went on, it grew brighter and brighter, until it was almost too brilliant to look at; and late in the afternoon, the sun broke out so gloriously that Irene clapped her hands, crying,

“See, see, Lootie! The sun has had his face washed. Look how bright he is! Do get my hat, and let us go out for a walk. Oh dear! oh dear! how happy I am!”

Lootie was very glad to please the princess. She got her hat and cloak, and they set out together for a walk up the mountain; for the road

was so hard and steep that the water could not rest upon it, and it was always dry enough for walking a few minutes after the rain ceased. The clouds were rolling away in broken pieces, like great, overwoolly sheep, whose wool the sun had bleached till it was almost too white for the eyes to bear. Between them the sky shone with a deeper and purer blue, because of the rain. The trees on the roadside were hung all over with drops, which sparkled in the sun like jewels. The only things that were no brighter for the rain, were the brooks that ran down the mountain; they had changed from the clearness of crystal to a muddy brown; but what they lost in colour they gained in sound—or at least in noise, for a brook when it is swollen is not so musical as before. But Irene was in raptures with the great brown streams tumbling down everywhere; and Lootie shared in her delight, for she too had been confined to the house for three days. At length she observed that the sun was getting low, and said it was time to be going back. She made the remark again and again, but, every time, the princess begged her to go on just a little farther and a little farther;

reminding her that it was much easier to go downhill, and saying that when they did turn, they would be at home in a moment. So on and on they did go, now to look at a group of ferns over whose tops a stream was pouring in a watery arch, now to pick a shining stone from a rock by the wayside, now to watch the flight of some bird. Suddenly the shadow of a great mountain peak came up from behind, and shot in front of them. When the nurse saw it, she started and shook, and catching hold of the princess's hand turned and began to run down the hill.

“What’s all the haste, nursie?” asked Irene, running alongside of her.

“We must not be out a moment longer.”

“But we can’t help being out a good many moments longer.”

It was too true. The nurse almost cried. They were much too far from home. It was against express orders to be out with the princess one moment after the sun was down; and they were nearly a mile up the mountain! If his majesty, Irene’s papa, were to hear of it, Lootie would certainly be dismissed; and to leave the princess would break her heart. It was no

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wonder she ran. But Irene was not in the least frightened, not knowing anything to be frightened at. She kept on chattering as well as she could, but it was not easy.



“Lootie! Lootie! why do you run so fast? It shakes my teeth when I talk.”

“Then don’t talk,” said Lootie.

But the princess went on talking. She was always saying, “Look, look, Lootie!” but Lootie

paid no more heed to anything she said, only ran on.

“Look, look, Lootie! Don’t you see that funny man peeping over the rock?”

Lootie only ran the faster. They had to pass the rock, and when they came nearer, the princess saw it was only a lump of the rock itself that she had taken for a man.

“Look, look, Lootie! There’s *such* a curious creature at the foot of that old tree. Look at it, Lootie! It’s making faces at us, I do think.”

Lootie gave a stifled cry, and ran faster still—so fast, that Irene’s little legs could not keep up with her, and she fell with a clash. It was a hard downhill road, and she had been running very fast—so it was no wonder she began to cry. This put the nurse nearly beside herself; but all she could do was to run on, the moment she got the princess on her feet again.

“Who’s that laughing at me?” said the princess, trying to keep in her sobs, and running too fast for her grazed knees.

“Nobody, child,” said the nurse, almost angrily.

But that instant there came a burst of coarse

tittering from somewhere near, and a hoarse indistinct voice that seemed to say, "Lies! lies! lies!"



"Oh!" cried the nurse with a sigh that was almost a scream, and ran on faster than ever.

"Nursie! Lootie! I can't run any more. Do let us walk a bit."

"What *am* I to do?" said the nurse. "Here. I will carry you."

She caught her up; but found her much too

heavy to run with, and had to set her down again. Then she looked wildly about her, gave a great cry, and said—

“We’ve taken the wrong turning somewhere, and I don’t know where we are. We are lost, lost!”

The terror she was in had quite bewildered her. It was true enough they had lost the way. They had been running down into a little valley in which there was no house to be seen.

Now Irene did not know what good reason there was for her nurse’s terror, for the servants had all strict orders never to mention the goblins to her, but it was very discomposing to see her nurse in such a fright. Before, however, she had time to grow thoroughly alarmed like her, she heard the sound of whistling, and that revived her. Presently she saw a boy coming up the road from the valley to meet them. He was the whistler; but before they met, his whistling changed to singing. And this is something like what he sang.

“Ring! dod! bang!
Go the hammers’ clang!

Hit and turn and bore!
Whizz and puff and roar!
Thus we rive the rocks,
Force the goblin locks.—
See the shining ore!
One, two, three—
Bright as gold can be!
Four, five, six—
Shovels, mattocks, picks!
Seven, eight, nine—
Light your lamp at mine
Ten, eleven, twelve—
Loosely hold the helve.
We're the merry miner-boys,
Make the goblins hold their noise.”

“I wish you would hold *your* noise,” said the nurse rudely, for the very word goblin at such a time and in such a place made her tremble. It would bring the goblins upon them to a certainty, she thought, to defy them in that way. But whether the boy heard her or not, he did not stop his singing.

“Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen—
This is worth the siftn’;
Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—
There’s the match, and lay’t in.
Nineteen, twenty—
Goblins in a plenty.”

“Do be quiet,” cried the nurse, in a whispered shriek. But the boy, who was now close at hand, still went on.

“Hush! scush! scurry!
There you go in a hurry!
Gobble! gobble! goblin!
There you go a wobblin’;
Hobble, hobble, hobblin’!
Cobble! cobble! cobblin’!
Hob-bob-goblin!—Huuuuuh!”

“There!” said the boy, as he stood still opposite them. “There! that’ll do for them. They can’t bear singing, and they can’t stand that song. They can’t sing themselves, for they have no more voice than a crow; and they don’t like other people to sing.”

The boy was dressed in a miner’s dress, with a curious cap on his head. He was a very nice-looking boy, with eyes as dark as the mines in which he worked, and as sparkling as the crystals in their rocks. He was about twelve years old. His face was almost too pale for beauty, which came of his being so little in the open air and the sunlight—for even vegetables grown in the dark are white; but he looked happy, merry indeed—

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perhaps at the thought of having routed the goblins; and his bearing as he stood before them had nothing clownish or rude about it.

“I saw them,” he went on, “as I came up; and I’m very glad I did. I knew they were after somebody, but I couldn’t see who it was. They won’t touch you so long as I’m with you.”

“Why, who are you?” asked the nurse, offended at the freedom with which he spoke to them.

“I’m Peter’s son.”

“Who’s Peter?”

“Peter the miner.”

“I don’t know him.”

“I’m his son, though.”

“And why should the goblins mind *you*, pray?”

“Because I don’t mind them. I’m used to them.”

“What difference does that make?”

“If you’re not afraid of them, they’re afraid of you. I’m not afraid of them. That’s all. But it’s all that’s wanted—up here, that is. It’s a different thing down there. They won’t always mind that song even, down there. And if any-

one sings it, they stand grinning at him awfully; and if he gets frightened, and misses a word, or says a wrong one, they—oh! don't they give it him!"

"What do they do to him?" asked Irene, with a trembling voice.

"Don't go frightening the princess," said the nurse.

"The princess!" repeated the little miner, taking off his curious cap. "I beg your pardon; but you oughtn't to be out so late. Everybody knows that's against the law."

"Yes, indeed it is!" said the nurse, beginning to cry again. "And I shall have to suffer for it."

"What does that matter?" said the boy. "It must be your fault. It is the princess who will suffer for it. I hope they didn't hear you call her the princess. If they did, they're sure to know her again: they're awfully sharp."

"Lootie! Lootie!" cried the princess. "Take me home."

"Don't go on like that," said the nurse to the boy, almost fiercely. "How could I help it? I lost my way."

“You shouldn’t have been out so late. You wouldn’t have lost your way if you hadn’t been frightened,” said the boy. “Come along. I’ll soon set you right again. Shall I carry your little highness?”

“Impertinence!” murmured the nurse, but she did not say it aloud, for she thought if she made him angry, he might take his revenge by telling someone belonging to the house, and then it would be sure to come to the king’s ears.

“No, thank you,” said Irene. “I can walk very well, though I can’t run so fast as nursie. If you will give me one hand, Lootie will give me another, and then I shall get on famously.”

They soon had her between them, holding a hand of each.

“Now let’s run,” said the nurse.

“No, no,” said the little miner. “That’s the worst thing you can do. If you hadn’t run before, you would not have lost your way. And if you run now, they will be after you in a moment.”

“I don’t want to run,” said Irene.

“You don’t think of *me*,” said the nurse.

“Yes, I do, Lootie. The boy says they won’t touch us if we don’t run”

“Yes, but if they know at the house that I’ve kept you out so late, I shall be turned away, and that would break my heart.”

“Turned away, Lootie! Who would turn you away?”

“Your papa, child.”

“But I’ll tell him it was all my fault. And you know it was, Lootie.”

“He won’t mind that. I’m sure he won’t.”

“Then I’ll cry, and go down on my knees to him, and beg him not to take away my own dear Lootie.”

The nurse was comforted at hearing this, and said no more. They went on, walking pretty fast, but taking care not to run a step.

“I want to talk to you,” said Irene to the little miner; “but it’s so awkward! I don’t know your name.”

“My name’s Curdie, little princess.”

“What a funny name! Curdie! What more?”

“Curdie Peterson. What’s your name, please?”

“Irene.”

“What more?”

“I don’t know what more.—What more is my name, Lootie?”

“Princesses haven’t got more than one name. They don’t want it.”

“Oh then, Curdie, you must call me just Irene and no more.”

“No, indeed,” said the nurse indignantly. “He shall do no such thing.”

“What shall he call me, then, Lootie?”

“Your royal Highness.”

“My royal Highness! What’s that? No, no, Lootie. I won’t be called names. I don’t like them. You told me once yourself it’s only rude children that call names; and I’m sure Curdie wouldn’t be rude.—Curdie, my name’s Irene.”

“Well, Irene,” said Curdie, with a glance at the nurse which showed he enjoyed teasing her, “it is very kind of you to let me call you anything. I like your name very much.”

He expected the nurse to interfere again; but he soon saw that she was too frightened to speak. She was staring at something a few yards before them, in the middle of the path, where it narrowed between rocks so that only one could pass at a time.

“It is very much kinder of you to go out of your way to take us home,” said Irene.

‘I’m not going out of my way yet,’ said Curdie. ‘It’s on the other side of those rocks the path turns off to my father’s.’

‘You wouldn’t think of leaving us till we’re safe home, I’m sure,’ gasped the nurse.

‘Of course not,’ said Curdie.

‘You dear, good, kind Curdie! I’ll give you a kiss when we get home,’ said the princess.

The nurse gave her a great pull by the hand she held. But at that instant the something in the middle of the way, which had looked like a great lump of earth brought down by the rain, began to move. One after another it shot out four long things, like two arms and two legs, but it was now too dark to tell what they were. The nurse began to tremble from head to foot. Irene clasped Curdie’s hand yet faster, and Curdie began to sing again.

“One, two—
Hit and hew!
Three, four—
Blast and bore!
Five, six—
There’s a fix!
Seven, eight,
Hold it straight.

Nine, ten—
Hit again!
Hurry! scurry!
Bother! smother!
There's a toad
In the road!
Smash it!
Squash it!
Fry it!
Dry it!
You're another!
Up and off!
There's enough!—Huuuuh!"

As he uttered the last words, Curdie let go his hold of his companion, and rushed at the thing in the road, as if he would trample it under his feet. It gave a great spring, and ran straight up one of the rocks like a huge spider. Curdie turned back laughing, and took Irene's hand again. She grasped his very tight, but said nothing till they had passed the rocks. A few yards more and she found herself on a part of the road she knew, and was able to speak again.

"Do you know, Curdie, I don't quite like your song: it sounds to me rather rude," she said.

"Well, perhaps it is," answered Curdie. "I

never thought of that; it's a way we have. We do it because they don't like it."

"Who don't like it?"

"The cobs, as we call them."

"Don't!" said the nurse.

"Why not?" said Curdie.

"I beg you won't. Please don't."

"Oh! if you ask me that way, of course I won't; though I don't a bit know why.—Look! there are the lights of your great house down below. You'll be at home in five minutes now."

Nothing more happened. They reached home in safety. Nobody had missed them, or even known they had gone out; and they arrived at the door belonging to their part of the house without anyone seeing them. The nurse was rushing in with a hurried and not over-gracious good night to Curdie; but the princess pulled her hand from hers, and was just throwing her arms round Curdie's neck, when she caught her again and dragged her away.

"Lootie! Lootie! I promised Curdie a kiss," cried Irene.

"A princess mustn't give kisses. It's not at all proper," said Lootie.

“But I promised,” said the princess.

“There’s no occasion; he’s only a miner-boy.”

“He’s a good boy, and a brave boy, and he



has been very kind to us. Lootie! Lootie! I *promised.*”

“Then you shouldn’t have promised.”

“Lootie, I promised him a kiss.”

“Your royal Highness,” said Lootie, suddenly grown very respectful, “must come in directly.”

“Nurse, a princess must *not* break her word,” said Irene, drawing herself up and standing stock-still.

Lootie did not know which the king might count the worst—to let the princess be out after sunset, or to let her kiss a miner-boy. She did not know that, being a gentleman, as many kings have been, he would have counted neither of them the worse. However much he might have disliked his daughter to kiss the miner-boy, he would not have had her break her word for all the goblins in creation. But, as I say, the nurse was not lady enough to understand this, and so she was in a great difficulty, for, if she insisted, someone might hear the princess cry and run to see, and then all would come out. But here Curdie came again to the rescue.

“Never mind, Princess Irene,” he said. “You mustn’t kiss me to-night. But you sha’n’t break your word. I will come another time. You may be sure I will.”

“Oh, thank you, Curdie!” said the princess, and stopped crying.

“Good night, Irene; good night, Lootie,” said

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Curdie, and turned and was out of sight in a moment.

“I should like to see him!” muttered the nurse, as she carried the princess to the nursery.

“You *will* see him,” said Irene. “You may be sure Curdie will keep his word. He’s *sure* to come again.”

“I should like to see him!” repeated the nurse, and said no more. She did not want to open a new cause of strife with the princess by saying more plainly what she meant. Glad enough that she had succeeded both in getting home unseen, and in keeping the princess from kissing the miner’s boy, she resolved to watch her far better in future. Her carelessness had already doubled the danger she was in. Formerly the goblins were her only fear: now she had to protect her charge from Curdie as well.