POPULAR TALES: INCLUDING SPINDLER'S S. SYLVESTER'S NIGHT, HAUFF'S COLD HEART, DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE'S RED MANTLE

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WILHELM HAUFF

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"Green spot of holy ground!

If thou could'st yet be found

Far in deep woods, with all thy starry flowers;

If not one sullying breath

Of time, or change, or death,

Had touched the vernal glory of thy bowers;

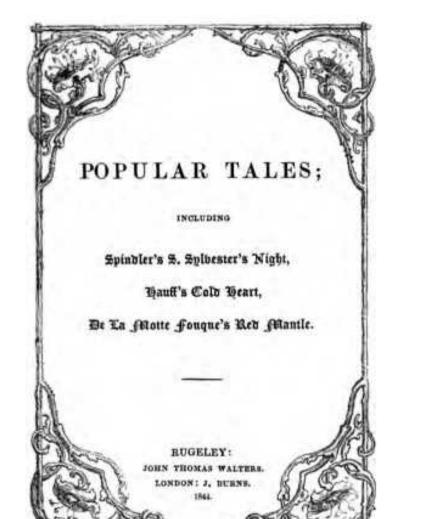
Might our tired pilgrim-feet,

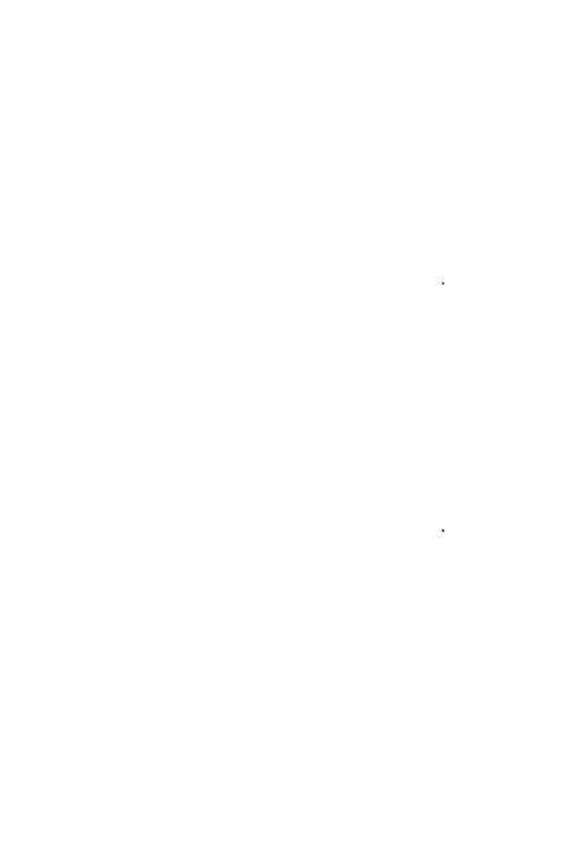
Worn by the desert's heat,

On the bright freshness of thy turf repose?"

Mas. Hamans.







PREFATORY NOTICE.

In putting forth an English Version of Spindler's popular Tale, the Editor would suggest to the youthful reader, that the Allegory, considered as such, is not one the details of which will bear pressing to any great extent; and that it is, therefore, better to confine the elucidation of its meaning to that very general explanation which will be sufficiently obvious to all.

It may also be as well to remind those who are not in the habit of attending to such matters, that the day appointed by the Church for the commemoration of S. Sylvester (a Bishop of Rome in the fourth century), is the 31st of December,—the last day of the civil year.



LONG, long ago, there lived in the depths of a grey old forest a Woodman, who, from his sylvan craft, was called Sylvester.

His hut, rough and rude in its exterior, like the gnarled and knotted trees among which it had been erected, stood solitary and alone, far removed from the concourse and turmoil of the busy, restless world. But within its wattled walls and narrow limits,