

was much more tedious for him because he was obliged to wind a reel of silk for the exact same amount of time that the other had spent closing the window. The third young man was tricked just like his friends, and he had to comb my hair the entire night on account of my orders.

These young men did not have the strength to conceal their misadventures for a long time. All three were outraged, and their tenderness changed into obsessive hate. Therefore, they agreed to denounce me to the judges as the most despicable sorceress in the world. As a result, I was taken from my house and imprisoned. They worked feverishly at getting ready for my trial, and my adversaries were powerful and very motivated. Besides, I did not deny a single fact which they accused me of. Thus, the affair would not have lasted four days if I had not distributed some money among some of the judges through the help of a good friend, who was kind enough to do this. The decision was postponed for three whole months in part due to the money and in part due to the fact that two of the other judges were appreciative of the charms that they believed to see in me. They did everything they could to save me and were convinced that I would not be ungrateful after such a great service. Nevertheless, in the end my persecutors won, and I was condemned to be burned alive.

After this cruel sentence had been pronounced, I was led to the stake that had been set up in the middle of the most beautiful square in Soucad. When I arrived there, they made sure to tell me everything that one tells a person in that country when one is to be executed in a public ceremony, and they bound me to the stake with a large chain. The people hurled insults at me as if I were a sorceress and an enemy of the human race. They accused me of all the bad things that had happened naturally or accidentally to all those people who had bought my works. They were delighted to see the executioner advance toward the stake with a flaming torch in his hand. But this unsuspecting crowd was greatly surprised a moment later to see this same executioner become immobile and entranced. The only thing he could do was to hold his burning torch. This effect had been induced by the words that I had secretly pronounced against him. Everyone was in suspense due to this strange incident. Then their mood changed all at once, and they could not stop themselves from laughing as they watched this truly ridiculous figure that was supposed to be the executioner.

The three young men were present and had a large number of partisans in the crowd. They became extraordinarily furious at seeing an event that reminded them of what had happened to them. They cried out that this was public proof of my guilt and that they should quickly reduce a woman to ashes who, even at the point of death, had abominable ties with evil spirits. The mob was moved by these words and ran to the nearby houses to fetch firebrands. I prepared myself again to stop this rage when a noise that was mixed with acclamations caught their attention in the main street that emptied into the square.

It was the king of Soucad who had caused this pleasant commotion. After a long absence, he had wanted to surprise his people by making a sudden appearance. Since he was greatly beloved, everyone's attention was

drawn to him and taken away from the stake, the executioner, the victim, and the judges.

The king had gotten out of his carriage and was riding slowly on horseback in order to appear more popular. He advanced right into the middle of the square and saw a spectacle, which he found rather strange, since it did not fit the public joy that had been aroused by his happy return. When he turned toward the stake, he granted me the reprieve that only he could give, and he had me united. Immediately, I ran to embrace the knees of my liberator, who looked at me very attentively. He dismounted and embraced me with a joy that equaled the amazement of all the spectators. I did not dare to raise my eyes, but finally, once I glimpsed the person from whom I had received such a surprising reprieve, I recognized the King Leopard, whose image had remained deeply engraved in my mind.

It is impossible to express the feelings of my heart, my thoughts, and what I wanted to say. I could not form a single coherent sentence. My gratitude and joy took away all the words that came to my mind. The king had me get into his carriage without getting in himself and conducted me to his palace in triumph. Some days later, he married me in a solemn ceremony and empowered me to reign in his dominions. The first merciful act I asked him to perform was to pardon my accusers. Then I gave the judges who had let themselves be bribed by my money the punishment they deserved. On the other hand, those judges who had been moved by my beauty were punished in a more lenient way.

JEANNE-MARIE LEPRINCE DE BEAUMONT

Beauty and the Beast†

Once upon a time, there was an extremely rich merchant who had six children, three boys and three girls. Since he was a sensible man, the merchant spared no expense in educating his children, and he hired all kinds of tutors for their benefit.

His daughters were very pretty, but everyone admired the youngest one in particular. When she was a small child, they simply called her "Little Beauty." As a result, the name stuck and led to a great deal of jealousy on the part of her sisters. Not only was the youngest girl prettier than her sisters, but she was also better. The two elder girls were very arrogant because they were rich. They pretended to be ladies and refused to receive the visits of daughters who belonged to merchant families. They chose only people of quality for their companions. Every day they went to the balls, the theater, and the park, and they made fun of their younger sister, who spent most of her time reading books.

Since these girls were known to be very rich, many important merchants sought their hand in marriage. But the two elder sisters maintained that

† Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont, "Beauty and the Beast" — "La Belle et la Bête" (1756), in *Magasin des enfants* (Lyon: Reguilhat, 1756).

they would never marry unless they found a duke, or, at the very least, a count. But Beauty—as I have mentioned, this was the name of the youngest daughter—thanked all those who proposed marriage to her and said that she was too young and that she wanted to keep her father company for some years to come.

Suddenly the merchant lost his fortune, and the only property he had left was a small country house quite far from the city. With tears in his eyes, he told his children that they would have to go and live in this house and work like farmers to support themselves. His two elder daughters replied that they did not want to leave the city and that they had many admirers who would be only too happy to marry them, even though they no longer had a fortune. But these fine young ladies were mistaken. Their admirers no longer paid them any attention now that they were poor. Moreover, since they were so arrogant, everyone disliked them and said, “They don’t deserve to be pitied. It’s quite nice to see their pride take a fall. Now let’s see them pretend to be ladies while minding the sheep in the country.”

Yet, at the same time, people said, “As for Beauty, we’re disturbed about her misfortune. She’s such a good girl. She was always kind to poor people. She’s such a good girl, so sweet and so forthright!”

There were even several gentlemen who wanted to marry her, despite the fact that she told them that she could not bring herself to abandon her poor father in his distress, and that she was going to follow him to the country to console him and help him in his work. Poor Beauty had been greatly upset by the loss of her fortune, but she said to herself, “My tears will not bring back my fortune. So I must try to be happy without it.”

When they arrived at the country house, the merchant and his three daughters began farming the land. Beauty got up at four o’clock in the morning and occupied herself by cleaning the house and preparing breakfast for the family. At first she had a great deal of difficulty because she was not accustomed to working like a servant. But after two months she became stronger, and the hard work improved her health. After finishing her chores, she generally read, played the harpsichord, or sung while spinning. On the other hand, her two sisters were bored to death. They arose at ten o’clock in the morning, took walks the entire day, and entertained themselves bemoaning the loss of their beautiful clothes and the fine company they used to have.

“Look at our little sister,” they would say to each other. “Her mind is so dense, and she’s so stupid that she’s quite content in this miserable situation.”

The good merchant did not agree with his daughters. He knew that Beauty was more suited to stand out in company than they were. He admired the virtues of this young girl—especially her patience, for her sisters were not merely content to let her do all the work in the house, but they also insulted her at every chance they got.

After living one year in this secluded spot, the merchant received a letter informing him that one of his ships that contained some of his merchandise had just arrived safely. This news turned the heads of the two elder girls, for they thought that they would finally be able to leave the coun-

tryside where they had been leading a life of boredom. When they saw their father getting ready to depart for the city, they begged him to bring them back dresses, furs, caps, and all sorts of finery. Beauty asked for nothing because she thought that all the profit from the merchandise would not be sufficient to buy what her sisters had requested.

“Don’t you want me to buy you something?” her father said to her.

“Since you are so kind to think of me,” she replied, “please bring me a rose, for there are none here.”

Beauty was not really anxious to have a rose, but she did not want to set an example that would disparage her sisters, who would have said that she had requested nothing to show how much better she was than they were.

The good man set out for the city, but when he arrived, he found there was a lawsuit concerning his merchandise, and after a great deal of trouble, he began his return journey much poorer than he had been before. He had only thirty miles to go before he would reach his house, and he was already looking forward to seeing his children again. But he had to pass through a large forest to get to his house, and he got lost. There was a brutal snowstorm, and the wind was so strong that he was knocked from his horse two times. When nightfall arrived, he was convinced that he would die of hunger and cold or be eaten by the wolves that were howling all around him. Suddenly he saw a big light at the end of a long avenue of trees. It appeared to be quite some distance away, and he began walking in that direction. Soon he realized that the light was coming from a huge palace that was totally illuminated. The merchant thanked God for sending this help, and he hurried to the castle, but he was very surprised to find nobody in the courtyards. His horse, which had followed him, saw a large open stable and entered. Upon finding hay and oats, the poor animal, who was dying of hunger, began eating with a rapacious appetite. The merchant tied the horse up in the stable and walked toward the palace without encountering a soul. However, when he entered a large hall, he discovered a good fire and a table covered with food that was set for just one person. Since the rain and snow had soaked him from head to foot, he approached the fire to dry himself. “The master of this house will forgive the liberty I’m taking,” he said to himself, “and I’m sure that he’ll be here soon.”

He waited a considerable time, but when the clock struck eleven, and he still did not see anyone, he could not resist his hunger anymore and took a chicken that he devoured in two mouthfuls while trembling all over. As he became more hardy, he left the hall and went through several large and magnificently furnished apartments. Finally he found a room with a good bed, and since it was past midnight and he was tired, he decided to shut the door and go to bed. It was ten o’clock in the morning when he awoke the next day, and he was greatly surprised to find very clean clothes in place of his own, which had been completely tarnished.

“Surely,” he said to himself, “this palace belongs to some good fairy who has taken pity on my predicament.”

He looked out the window and no longer saw snow but arbors of flowers that gave rise to an enchanting view. He went back to the large hall where

he had dined the night before and saw a small table with a cup of chocolate on it.

"I want to thank you, madame fairy," he said aloud, "for being so kind as to think of my own breakfast."

After drinking his chocolate, the good man went to look for his horse, and as he passed under an arbor of roses, he remembered that Beauty had asked for one, and he plucked a rose from a branch filled with roses. All of a sudden he heard a loud noise and saw a beast coming toward him. It was so horrible-looking that he almost fainted.

"You're very ungrateful," the beast said in a ferocious voice. "I saved your life by offering you hospitality in my castle, and then you steal my roses, which I love more than anything else in the world. You shall have to die for this mistake. I'll give you just a quarter of an hour to ask for God's forgiveness."

The merchant threw himself on his knees and pleaded with his hands clasped. "Pardon me, my lord. I didn't think that I'd offend you by plucking a rose for one of my daughters who had asked me to bring her one."

"I'm not called lord," replied the monster, "but Beast. I don't like compliments and prefer that people speak their minds. So don't think that you can move me by flattery. But you didn't tell me that you had daughters. Now I'll pardon you on the condition that one of your daughters will come here voluntarily to die in your place. Don't try to reason with me. Just go. And if your daughters refuse to die for you, swear to me that you'll return within three months."

The good man did not intend to sacrifice one of his daughters to this hideous monster, but he thought, "At least I'll have the pleasure of embracing them one more time."

So he swore he would return, and the beast told him he could leave whenever he liked. "But," he added, "I don't want you to leave empty-handed. Go back to the room where you slept. There you'll find a large empty chest. You may fill it with whatever you like, and I shall have it carried home for you."

Meanwhile, the Beast withdrew, and the good man said to himself, "If I must die, I shall still have the consolation of leaving my children with something to sustain themselves."

He returned to the room where he had slept, and upon finding a large quantity of gold pieces, he filled the big chest that the Beast had mentioned. After closing it, he went to his horse, which he found in the stable, and he left the palace with a sadness that matched the joy that he had experienced upon entering it. His horse took one of the forest roads on its own, and within a few hours the good man arrived at his small house, where his children gathered around him. But instead of responding to their caresses, the merchant burst into tears at the sight of them. His hand held the branch of roses that he had brought for Beauty, and he gave it to her saying, "Beauty, take these roses. They will cost your poor father dearly."

Immediately thereafter he told his family about the tempestuous adventure that he had experienced. On hearing the tale, the two elder daughters uttered loud cries and berated Beauty, who did not weep.

"See what this measly creature's arrogance has caused!" they said. "Why didn't she settle for the same gifts as ours. But no, our lady had to be different. Now she's going to be the cause of our father's death, and she doesn't even cry."

"That would be quite senseless," replied Beauty. "Why should I lament my father's death when he is not going to perish. Since the monster is willing to accept one of his daughters, I intend to offer myself to placate his fury, and I feel very happy to be in a position to save my father and prove my affection for him."

"No, sister," said her three brothers, "you won't die. We shall go and find this monster, and we'll die under his blows if we can't kill him."

"Don't harbor any such hopes, my children," said the merchant. "The Beast's power is so great that I don't have the slightest hope of having him killed. I'm delighted by the goodness of Beauty's heart, but I won't expose her to death. I'm old, and I don't have much longer to live. Therefore, I'll only lose a few years of my life, which I won't regret losing on account of you, my dear children."

"Rest assured, Father," said Beauty, "you won't go to this palace without me. You can't prevent me from following you. Even though I'm young, I'm not all that strongly tied to life, and I'd rather be devoured by this monster than to die of the grief that your loss would cause me."

Words were in vain. Beauty was completely determined to depart for this beautiful palace. And her sisters were delighted by this because the virtues of their younger sister had filled them with a good deal of jealousy. The merchant was so concerned by the torment of losing his daughter that he forgot all about the chest that he had filled with gold. But as soon as he returned to his room to sleep, he was quite astonished to find it by the side of his bed. He decided not to tell his children that he had become rich because his daughters would have wanted to return to the city, and he was resolved to die in the country. However, he confided his secret to Beauty, who informed him that several gentlemen had come during his absence and that there were two who loved her sisters. She pleaded with her father to let her sisters get married, for she was of such a kind nature that she loved them and forgave the evil they had done her with all her heart.

When Beauty departed with her father, the two nasty sisters rubbed their eyes with onions to weep. But her brothers wept in reality as did the merchant. Beauty was the only one who did not cry because she did not want to increase their distress.

The horse took the road to the palace, and by nightfall, they spotted it totally illuminated as before. The horse was installed in the stable all alone, and the good man entered the large hall with his daughter. There they found a table magnificently set for two people. However, the merchant did not have the heart to eat. On the other hand, Beauty forced herself to appear calm, and she sat down at the table and served him. Then she said to herself, "It's clear that the Beast is providing such a lovely feast to fatten me up before eating me."

After they had finished supper, they heard a loud noise, and the merchant said good-bye to his daughter with tears in his eyes, for he knew it

was the Beast. Beauty could only tremble at the sight of this horrible figure, but she summoned her courage. The monster asked her if she had come of her own accord, and she responded yes and continued to shake.

"You are, indeed, quite good," said the Beast, "and I am very much obliged to you. As for you, my good man, you are to depart tomorrow, and never think of returning here. Good-bye, Beauty."

"Good-bye, Beast," she responded.

Suddenly the Beast disappeared.

"Oh, my daughter!" said the merchant embracing Beauty. "I'm half dead with fear. Believe me, it's best if I stay."

"No, my father," Beauty said firmly. "You're to depart tomorrow morning, and you'll leave me to the mercy of heaven. Perhaps heaven will take pity on me."

After they had gone to bed, they thought they would not be able to sleep the entire night. But they were hardly in their beds when their eyes closed shut. During her sleep, Beauty envisioned a lady who said to her, "Your kind heart pleases me, Beauty. The good deed you're performing to save your father's life shall not go unrewarded."

When Beauty awoke the next morning, she told her father about the dream, and though this consoled him somewhat, it did not prevent him from sobbing loudly when he had to separate himself from his dear child. After he departed, Beauty sat down in the great hall and also began to weep. Yet, since she had a great deal of courage, she asked God to protect her and resolved not to grieve any more during the short time she had to live. She firmly believed that the Beast was going to eat her that night, and in the meantime she decided to take a walk and explore this splendid castle. She could not help but admire its beauty, and she was quite surprised when she found a door on which were written the words "Beauty's Room." She opened the door quickly, and she was dazzled by the magnificence that radiated throughout the room. But what struck her most of all was a large library, a harpsichord, and numerous books of music. "They don't want me to get bored," she whispered to herself. "If I'm only supposed to spend one day here, they wouldn't have made all these preparations."

This thought renewed her courage. She opened the library, saw a book, and read these letters on it: "Your wish is our command. You are queen and mistress here."

"Alas!" she said with a sigh. "My only wish is to see my poor father again and to know what he's doing at this very moment."

She had said this only to herself, so you can imagine her surprise when she glanced at a large mirror and saw her home, where her father was arriving with an extremely sad face. Her sisters went out to meet him, and despite the grimaces they made to pretend to be distressed, the joy on their faces at the loss of their sister was visible. One moment later, everything in the mirror disappeared, and Beauty could not but think that the Beast had been most compliant and that she had nothing to fear from him.

At noon she found the table set, and during her meal she heard an excellent concert, even though she did not see a soul. That evening, as

she was about to sit down at the table, she heard the noise made by the Beast and could not keep herself from trembling.

"Beauty," the monster said to her, "would you mind if I watch you dine?"

"You're the master," replied Beauty trembling.

"No," responded the Beast. "You are the mistress here, and you only have to tell me to go if I bother you. Then I'll leave immediately. Tell me, do you find me very ugly?"

"Yes, I do," said Beauty. "I don't know how to lie. But I believe that you're very good."

"You're right," said the monster. "But aside from my ugliness, I'm not all that intelligent. I know quite well that I'm just a beast."

"A stupid person doesn't realize that he lacks intelligence," Beauty replied. "Fools never know what they're missing."

"Enjoy your meal, Beauty," the monster said to her, "and try to amuse yourself in your house, for everything here is yours. I'd feel upset if you were not happy."

"You're quite kind," Beauty said. "I assure you that I am most pleased with your kind heart. When I think of that, you no longer seem ugly to me."

"Oh, yes," the Beast answered, "I have a kind heart, but I'm still a monster."

"There are many men who are more monstrous than you," Beauty said, "and I prefer you with your looks rather than those who have a human face but conceal false, ungrateful, and corrupt hearts."

"If I had the intelligence," the Beast responded, "I'd make you a fine compliment to thank you. But I'm stupid so that I can only say that I'm greatly obliged to you."

Beauty ate with a good appetite. She was no longer afraid of the Beast, but she nearly died of fright when he said, "Beauty, will you be my wife?" She did not answer right away, for she was fearful of enraging the monster by refusing him. At last, however, she said, trembling, "No, Beast."

At that moment, the poor monster wanted to sigh, but he made such a frightful whistle that it echoed through the entire palace. Beauty soon regained her courage, for the Beast said to her in a sad voice, "Farewell, then, Beauty."

He left the room, turning to look at her from time to time as he went. When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for the Beast.

"It's quite a shame," she said, "that he's so ugly, for he's so good."

Beauty spent three months in the palace in great tranquility. Every evening the Beast paid her a visit and entertained her at supper in conversation with plain good sense, but not what the world calls wit. Every day Beauty discovered new qualities in the monster. She had become so accustomed to seeing him that she adjusted to his ugliness, and far from dreading the moment of his visit, she often looked at her watch to see if it was already nine o'clock, for the Beast never failed to appear at that hour.

There was only one thing that troubled Beauty. Before she went to bed

each night, the Beast would always ask her if she would be his wife, and he seemed deeply wounded when she refused.

"You're making me uncomfortable, Beast," she said one day. "I'd like to be able to marry you, but I'm too frank to allow you to believe that this could ever happen. I'll always be your friend. Try to be content with that."

"I'll have to," responded the Beast. "To be honest with myself, I know I'm quite horrible-looking. But I love you very much. However, I'm happy enough with the knowledge that you want to stay here. Promise me that you'll never leave me."

Beauty blushed at these words, for she had seen in her mirror that her father was sick with grief at having lost her, and she wished to see him again.

"I could very easily promise never to leave you," she said to the Beast. "But I have such a desire to see my father again that I would die of grief if you were to refuse me this request."

"I'd rather die myself than to cause you grief," the monster said. "I'll send you to your father's home. You shall stay with him, and your poor beast will die of grief."

"No," Beauty said to him with tears in her eyes. "I love you too much to want to cause your death. I promise to return in a week's time. You've shown me that my sisters are married and my brothers have left home to join the army. Just let me stay a week with my father since he's all alone."

"You shall be there tomorrow morning," the Beast said. "But remember your promise. You only have to place your ring on the table before going to bed if you want to return. Farewell, Beauty."

As was his custom, the Beast sighed when he said these words, and Beauty went to bed very sad at having disturbed him. When she awoke the next morning, she found herself in her father's house, and when she rang a bell that was at her bedside, it was answered by a servant who uttered a great cry upon seeing her. Her good father came running when he heard the noise and almost died of joy at seeing his dear daughter again. They kept hugging each other for more than a quarter of an hour. After their excitement subsided, Beauty recalled that she did not have any clothes to wear. But the servant told her that he had just found a chest in the next room, and it was full of dresses trimmed with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked the good Beast for looking after her. She took the least rich of the dresses and told the servant to lock up the others, for she wanted to send them as gifts to her sisters. But no sooner had she spoken those words than the chest disappeared. Her father told Beauty that the Beast probably wanted her to keep them for herself, and within seconds the dresses and the chest came back again.

While Beauty proceeded to get dressed, a message was sent to inform her sisters of her arrival, and they came running with their husbands. Both sisters were exceedingly unhappy. The oldest had married a young gentleman who was remarkably handsome but was so enamored of his own looks that he occupied himself with nothing but his appearance from morning until night, and he despised his wife's beauty. The second sister had married a man who was very intelligent, but he used his wit only to enrage everyone, first and foremost his wife. The sisters almost died of grief when

they saw Beauty dressed like a princess and more beautiful than daylight. It was in vain that she hugged them, for nothing could stifle their jealousy, which increased when she told them how happy she was.

The two envious sisters went down into the garden to vent their feelings in tears. "Why is this little snip happier than we are?" they asked each other. "Aren't we just as pleasing as she is?"

"Sister," said the oldest, "I've just had an idea. Let's try to keep her here more than a week. That stupid beast will become enraged when he finds out that she's broken her word, and perhaps he'll devour her."

"Right you are, sister," responded the other. "But we must show her a great deal of affection to succeed."

Having made this decision, they returned to the house and showed Beauty so much attention that Beauty wept with joy. After a week had passed, the two sisters tore their hair and were so distressed by her departure that she promised to remain another week. However, Beauty reproached herself for the grief she was causing her poor Beast, whom she loved with all her heart. In addition, she missed not being able to see him any longer. On the tenth night that she spent in her father's house, she dreamt that she was in the palace garden and saw the Beast lying on the grass nearly dead and repudiating her for her ingratitude. Beauty awoke with a start and burst into tears.

"Aren't I very wicked for causing grief to a beast who's gone out of his way to please me?" she said. "Is it his fault that he's so ugly and has so little intelligence? He's so kind, and that's worth more than anything else. Why haven't I wanted to marry him? I'm more happy with him than my sisters are with their husbands. It is neither handsome looks nor intelligence that makes a woman happy. It is good character, virtue, and kindness, and the Beast has all these good qualities. It's clear that I don't love him, but I have respect, friendship, and gratitude for him. So there's no reason to make him miserable, and if I'm ungrateful, I'll reproach myself my entire life."

With these words Beauty arose, placed her ring on the table, and lay down again. No sooner was she in her bed than she fell asleep, and when she awoke the next morning, she saw with joy that she was in the Beast's palace. She put on her most magnificent dress to please him and spent a boring day waiting for nine o'clock in the evening to arrive. But the clock struck in vain, for the Beast did not appear.

Now Beauty feared that she had caused his death. She ran throughout the palace sobbing loudly and was terribly despondent. After searching everywhere, she recalled her dream and ran into the garden toward the canal where she had seen him in her sleep. There she found the poor Beast stretched out and unconscious, and she thought he was dead. She threw herself on his body without being horrified by his looks, and she felt his heart still beating. So she fetched some water from the canal and threw it on his face.

Beast opened his eyes and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise. The grief I felt upon having lost you made me decide to die of hunger. But I shall die content since I have the pleasure of seeing you one more time."



Beauty and the Beast. Walter Crane, 1875.

"No, my dear Beast, you shall not die," said Beauty. "You shall live to become my husband. From this moment on, I give you my hand and swear that I belong only to you. Alas! I thought that I only felt friendship for you, but the torment I am feeling makes me realize that I cannot live without you."

Beauty had scarcely uttered these words when the castle radiated with light. Fireworks and music announced a feast. But these attractions could not hold her attention. She returned her gaze toward her dear Beast, whose dangerous condition made her tremble. But how great was her surprise! The Beast had disappeared, and at her feet was a prince more handsome than Eros himself, and he thanked her for having put an end to his enchantment. Although the prince merited her undivided attention, she could not refrain from asking what had happened to the Beast.

"You're looking at him right at your feet," the prince said. "A wicked fairy had condemned me to remain in this form until a beautiful girl would consent to marry me, and she had prohibited me from revealing my intelligence. You were the only person in the world kind enough to allow the goodness of my character to touch you, and in offering you my crown, I'm only discharging the obligations I owe you."

Beauty was most pleasantly surprised and assisted the handsome prince in rising by offering her hand. Together they went to the castle, and Beauty was overwhelmed by joy in finding her father and entire family in the hall, for the beautiful lady who had appeared to her in her dream had transported them to the castle.

"Beauty," said this lady, who was a grand fairy, "come and receive the reward for your good choice. You've preferred virtue over beauty and wit, and you deserve to find these qualities combined in one and the same person. You're going to become a great queen, and I hope that the throne will not destroy your virtues. As for you, my young ladies," the fairy said to Beauty's two sisters, "I know your hearts and all the malice they contain. You shall become statues, but you shall retain your ability to think beneath the stone that encompasses you. You shall stand at the portal of your sister's palace, and I can think of no better punishment to impose on you than to witness her happiness. I'll only allow you to return to your original shape when you recognize your faults. But I fear that you'll remain statues forever. Pride, anger, gluttony, and laziness can all be corrected, but some sort of miracle is needed to convert a wicked and envious heart."

All at once the fairy waved her wand and transported everyone in the hall to the prince's realm. His subjects rejoiced upon seeing him again, and he married Beauty, who lived with him a long time in perfect happiness because their relationship was founded on virtue.

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