

Walking along the shore, he saw at a distance what seemed to be a man, standing on shore at the edge of the bushes, looking at him. Wondering who the stranger could be, he walked over toward him and hailed him. Receiving no answer, he went up to him, and was surprised to find only a stump with a curving dome resembling a man's head. Turning to go away, a voice which seemed to come from the head said: "Don't go away; take me down, take me down." Hearing these words, he took the stump in his arms, pulling him down at the same time. I say him, because it was a man under enchantment. Taking him down broke the spell, and he instantly became himself again.

When thus restored, he told our hero that long ago he had been taking liberties with the *Cowgans*, who as a punishment had cast upon him a spell, under the influence of which he was to remain as a stump until a young man who lived with his grandmother would come and set him free, and he, our hero, was the person predicted. The *Cowgans*, or wood nymphs (literally wood mice), were said to be a number of beautiful young women whose homes were in the woods and among the mountains. At the head of these was a queen who was remarkable for her beauty, and who also lived in a magnificent palace in some unknown locality.

In order to discover the palace, and to see the queen, a thing permitted to none except those who could show some act of kindness done, the young man used to go to the woods and mountains, from which quest many never returned, and of this number were the ten brothers of our hero. These nymphs, it also appears, used to seek the company of young men, and lead them to take liberties with them, and when tired of their services would turn them into stumps.

The stump man asked our hero if he would like to see the queen and her palace, to which he answered yes.

"Well, then, go your way until you find a lame mouse trying to run on a big log, be kind to it, and it will show you what to do, and where to go."

After leaving the stump man, our hero did not go far until he saw a poor lame mouse trying to run along a large log of wood; he watched it for a while, and saw that it would run a little way and then fall off. Seeing this, he went and picked it up, put it on the log and set it going again; this he did several times. At last it stopped trying, and told our hero: "You are a good man and a kind one. Instead of killing me, every time I fell off the log you picked me up and put me on again. Many a one would have chased me and tried to kill me, but you did neither. I am not lame; I only feigned lameness in order to try you. You are Scanna gan Nuncus, and you would like to see the queen of the *Cowgans*. Your ten