

THE JEWEL

A ROMANCE

OF

FAIRYLAND

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Fairyland



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Once upon a time when the world was ages younger, when fairy godmothers sponsored all the babies, when Princesses were beautiful and good, when the justice of Kings was like Solomon's and their mercy like the Saviors, once upon a time, in fact, in Fairyland there lived a Prince of whom it was said that once in youth he had questioned God; and who in

punishment was doomed ceaselessly to wander forlorn and alone over all the face of the world until he should through love find his answer and happiness in the faithful heart of a woman. And so through the world he went seeking; and although he peered earnestly into many hearts yet never could he find that which could end his punishment.

At last one day he came to a great city in a foreign land. Its streets and its houses were of stone and one must wonder how its people,



for the lack of green fields and the blue sky to look upon ever outlived their youth. The Prince, so weary of heart, stayed his journey there. And of what befell - that is our story.

It has been written in another tale how one day there met the Prince a beautiful young girl; and how they hand each other by the hand and from that moment loved each

other. All the world knows how wonderfully fair she was and good, and how truly a sister of the wild deer that runs in the forest. In their love they drew ever closer 'till the burden in the Prince's heart lightened. For he felt the nearness of God's secret and the journey's end. Then he told his dear love of the spruce-clad mountains, of the streams, the high pastures and the sheltered valleys of his native land and of the mighty and sorrowful sea that surrounded it. And one day he



brought to her a crystal globe where, looking into it, she saw that northern land its very self with every gleaming cloud and leaf and blade of grass; and at her feet a glade carpeted with moss and starred with flowers. There she knew that she and her dear love should build their home and live. And with their arms

about each other they cried
for very happiness. Now they
shall work and save for the
little house in the north
and when they've enough put
by they'll go and dwell there
together all the days of their
lives. So it was vowed be-
tween them. He wrought
in the city and brought his
love each day the earnings
to store away. And, marvel-
lous to tell, as they saved
they saw within the crystal
globe, fair in the green
glade, a tiny house begin
to grow. As the little for-
tune accumulated so the walls



reared themselves by magic;
there were the studio, the
nursery and then the little
bedroom with the bed for
love and peace canopied like
Heaven. And at last, with
birds come from the deep forest
to nest beneath the eaves and
flowers blooming everywhere,
Hildegarten in the far North
was ready.

Then the Princess saw how beautiful it was, — and yet she was not glad. "Why do we go, my love", she said, "let us stay, for there I might not be happy." For into her heart there had crept doubt.

And the Prince was deeply sad. "Darling", he said, "since, then, our little savings are not to be used for Hildegarten let us buy with them a jewel for my Princess." And, oh! she was happy. Straight they went to the casket that held their treasure. Near it stood the magic

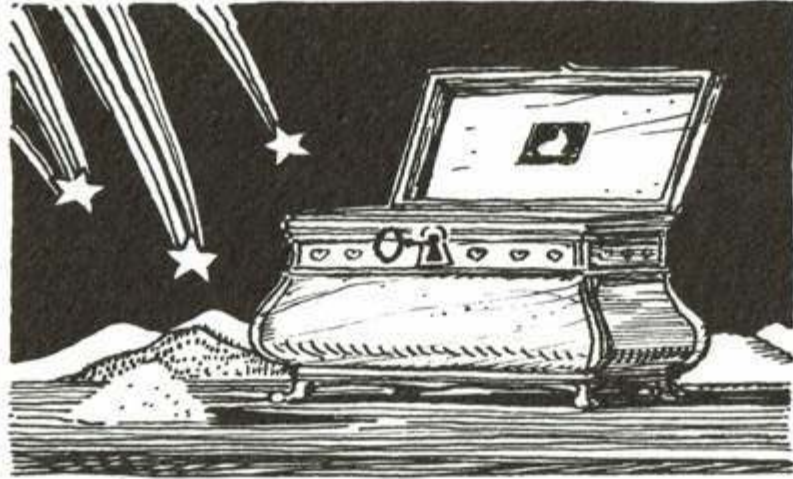


crystal globe. The soft wind rustled through the forest trees and sent the little spruce cones tumbling to the earth; the flowers of Hildegarten nodded their heads and the birds sang of love. It was the first time they had been heard. "Listen, how wonderful!" cried the unhappy Prince, "let us go there." But the maiden

heard nothing for her hand was already upon the treasure chest. She raised the cover. Crash! The crystal globe, its fairy-land, mountains, forests, land-and-sea, flowers and singing birds and the Hildergartenhouse itself were gone, and only a pile of splintered glass lay in its place. But the little Princess was staring aghast into the open treasure chest. It was empty.

Oh she could have wept.*.*

But look! The Prince who meanwhile had curiously touched the wreckage of



the crystal globe now held it in his hand. It had become a jewel.

The mirror never showed so radiant an image as this maiden with the royal gem upon her breast. Coyly she looks and smiles back at herself from her blue eyes. Ah, dear maiden, you are as sweet to the senses as spring itself. At last, thinking

of her lover's kiss, she turns.
His eyes are staringly upon
her, and it is not love that's
in them. He looked, - and
the madness of his years of
wandering returned to him,
while in his breast it seemed
as if the heart had burst.
The little Princess stamped
her foot; - he was so unrea-
sonable.

And to this day who wears
that jewel seems to her lov-
er's eyes untrue. So the
good fairies have named it
Broken Faith.

No enchantment but
can be broken ; and the
means for the undoing that
of the jewel shall be re-
vealed in another tale
when a loving heart shall
desire it.