



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

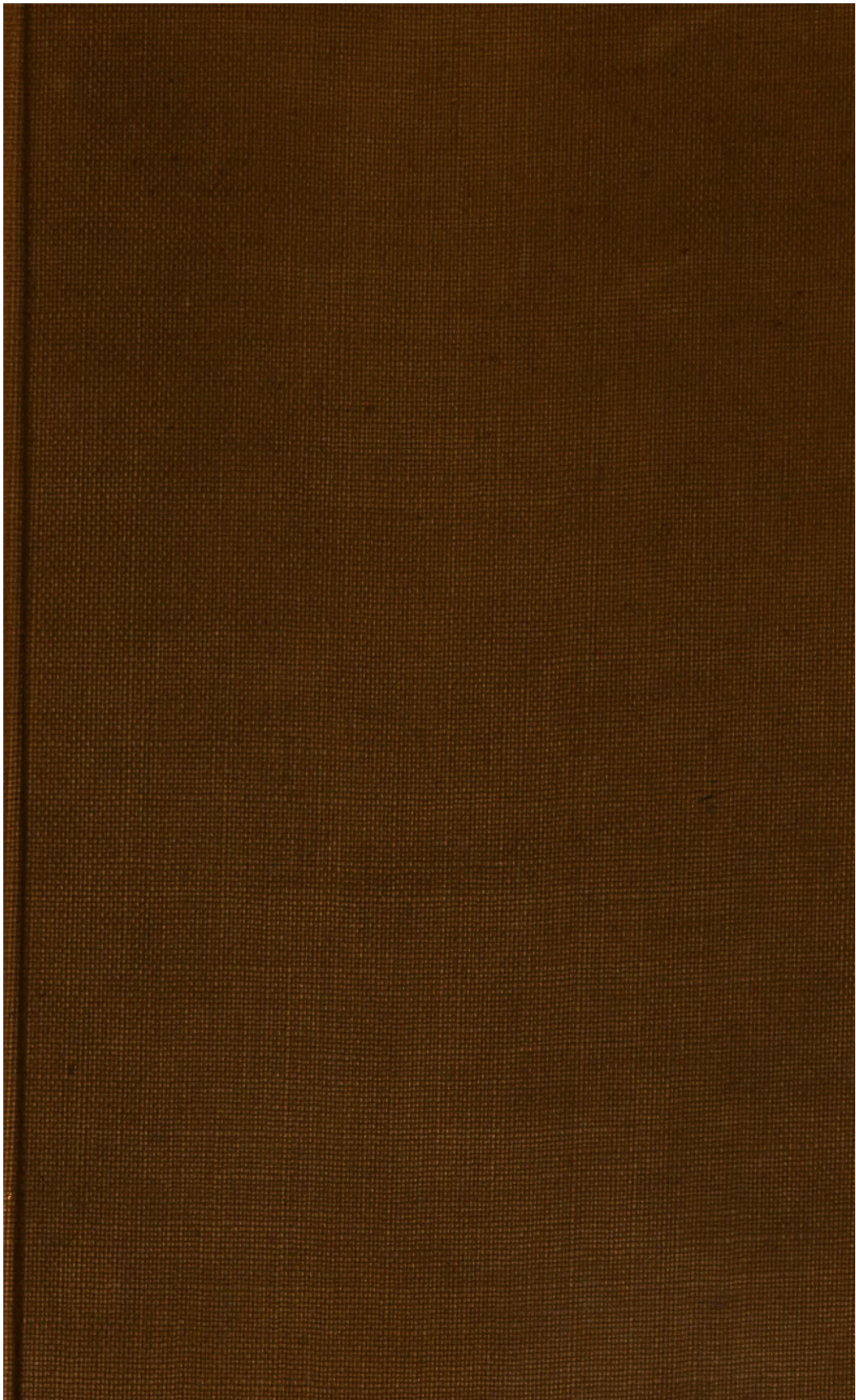
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





1, sh 4



Fiedler A. 440. 2



GERMAN ROMANCE.

II

ROYAL ROYAL MANUFACTURE

ROYAL

ROYAL

GERMAN ROMANCE

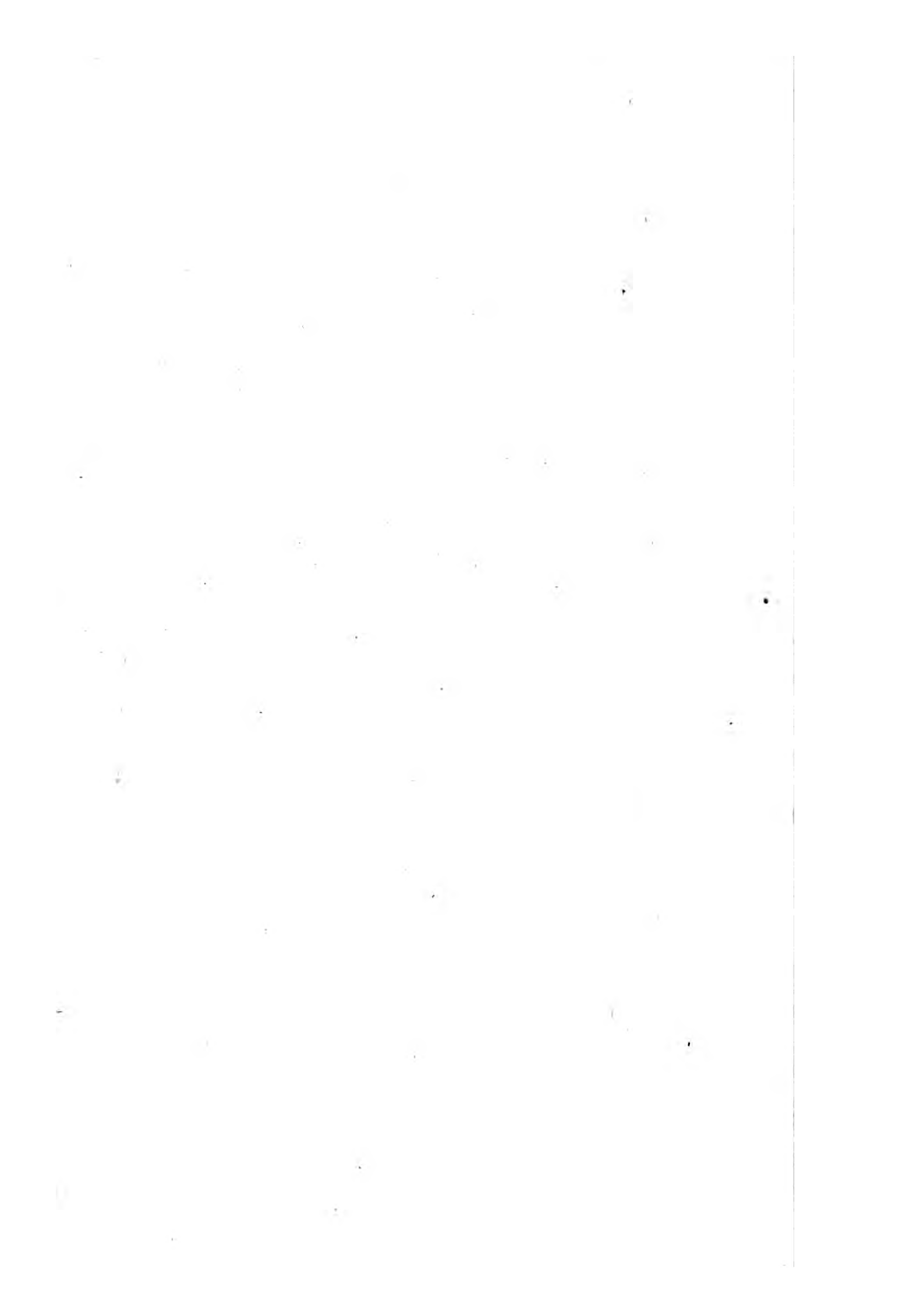
VOL. II.



"And Bertha was thy Sister."

Page 42.

EDINBURGH,
PUBLISHED BY W. TAIT, 78 PRINCES STREET;
AND CHARLES TAIT, 63 FLEET STREET
LONDON.



**GERMAN ROMANCE:
SPECIMENS**

OF

ITS CHIEF AUTHORS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

NOTICES.

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF WILHELM MEISTER, AND
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF SCHILLER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

TIECK AND HOFFMANN.

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM TAIT, PRINCE'S STREET;
AND CHARLES TAIT, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

MDCCCXXVII.

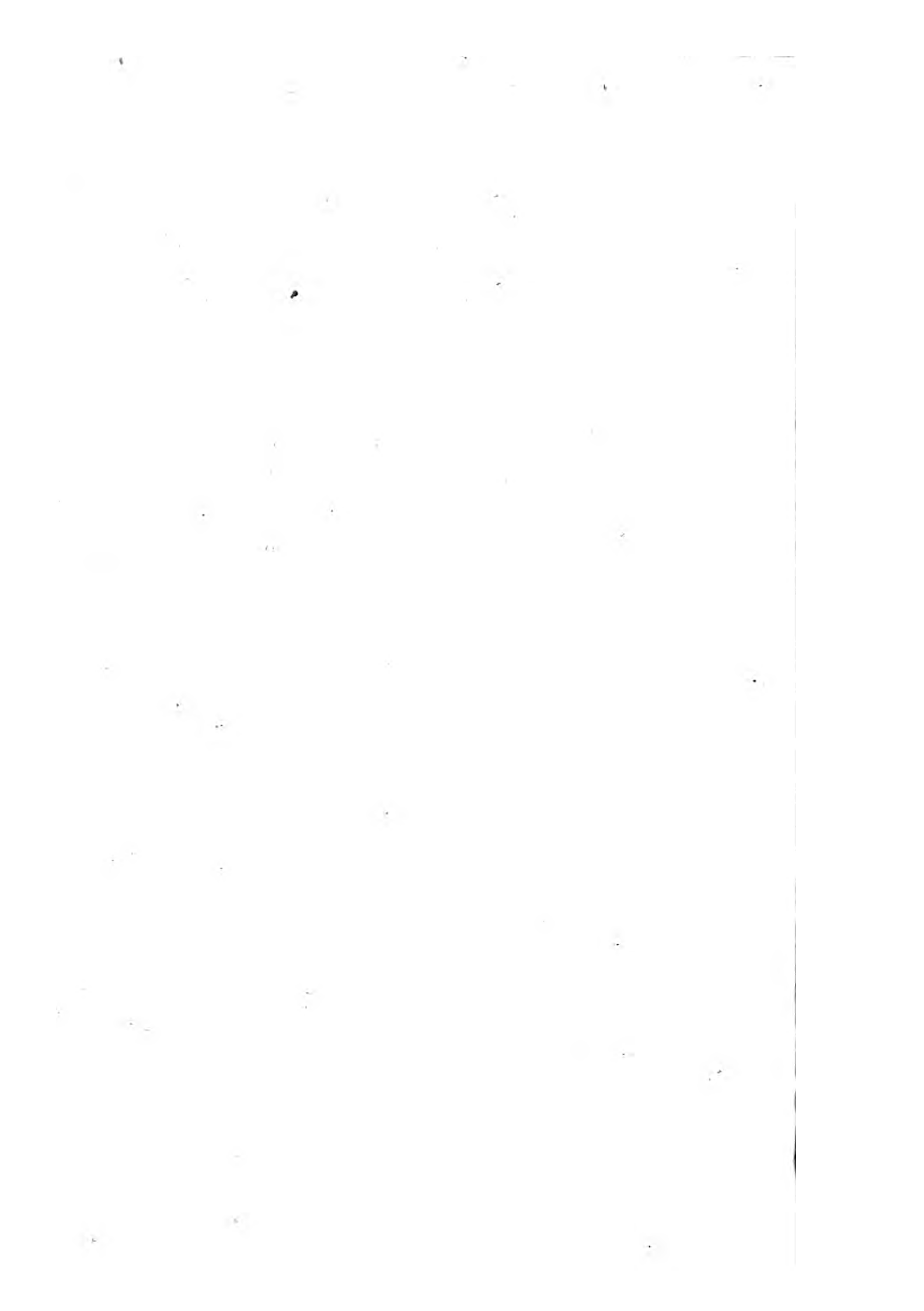


EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

LUDWIG TIECK.

VOL. II.

▲



LUDWIG TIECK.

LUDWIG TIECK, born at Berlin, on the 31st of May, 1773, is known to the world only as a Man of Letters, having never held any public station, or followed any profession, except that of authorship. Of his private history the critics and news-hunters of his own country complain that they have little information; a deficiency which may arise in part from the circumstance, that till of late years, though from the first admired by the Patricians of his native literature, he has stood in no high favour, and of course awakened no great curiosity, among the reading *Plebs*; and may indicate, at the same time, that in his walk and conversation, there is little wonderful to be discovered.

His literary life he began at Berlin, in his twenty-second year, by the publication of three novels, following each other in quick succession: *Abdallah*, *William Lovell*, and *Peter Leberrecht*. These works found small

patronage at their first appearance, and are still regarded as immature products of his genius ; the opening of a cloudy, as well as fervid dawn ; betokening a day of strong heat, and perhaps at last, of serene brightness. A gloomy tragic spirit is said to reign throughout all of them ; the image of a high passionate mind, scorning the base and the false, rather than accomplishing the good and the true ; in rapt earnestness “ interrogating Fate,” and receiving no answer but the echo of its own questions reverberated from the dead walls of its vast and lone imprisonment.

In this stage of spiritual progress, where so many not otherwise ungifted minds at length painfully content themselves to take up their permanent abode, where our own noble and hapless Byron perished from among us at the instant when his deliverance seemed at hand, it was not Tieck's ill fortune to continue too long. His *Popular Tales*, published in 1797, as an appendage to his last novel, under the title of *Peter Leberrechts Volksmärchen*, already indicate that he had worked his way through these baleful shades into a calmer and sunnier elevation ; from which, and happily without looking at the world through a painted glass of any sort, he had begun to see that there were things to be believed, as well as things to be denied ; things to be loved and forwarded, as well as things to be hated and trodden under foot. The active and positive of Goodness was displacing the barren and tormenting negative ; and worthy feelings were now to be translated

into their only proper language, worthy actions. In Tieck's mind, all Goodness, all that was noble or excellent in Nature, seems to have combined itself under the image of Poetic Beauty; to the service and defence of which he has ever since unweariedly devoted his gifts and his days.

These *Volkmährchen* are of the most varied nature; sombre, pathetic, fantastic, satirical; but all pervaded by a warm, genial soul, which accommodates itself with equal aptitude to the gravest or the gayest form. A soft abundance, a simple and kindly but often solemn majesty is in them: wondrous shapes, full of meaning, move over the scene, true modern denizens of the old Fairyland; low tones of plaintiveness or awe flit round us; or a starry splendour twinkles down from the immeasurable depths of Night.

It is by this work, as revised and perfected long afterwards, that we now purpose introducing Tieck to the notice of the English reader: it was by this also that he was introduced to the notice of his countrymen. *Peter Leberrechts Volkmährchen* was reviewed by August Wilhelm Schlegel, in the *Jena Litteraturzeitung*; and its author, for the first time, brought under the eye of the world as a man of rich endowments, and in the fair way for turning them to proper account. To the body of the world, however, this piece of news was surprising rather than delightful; for Tieck's merits were not of a kind to split the ears of the groundlings, and his manner of producing them was ill calculated to

conciliate a kind hearing. Schiller and Goethe were at this time silent, or occupied with History and Philosophy: Tieck belonged not to the existing poetic guild; and, far from soliciting admission, he had not scrupled, in the most pleasant fashion, to inform the craftsmen that their great Diana was a dumb idol, and their silver shrines an unprofitable thing. Among these *Volksmärchen*, one of the most prominent is *Der Gestiefelte Kater*, a dramatised version of *Puss in Boots*; under the grotesque mask of which, he had laughed with his whole heart, in a true Aristophanic vein, at the actual aspect of literature; and without mingling his satire with personalities, or any other false ingredient, had rained it like a quiet shower of volcanic ashes on the cant of Illumination, the cant of Sensibility, the cant of Criticism, and the many other cants of that shallow time, till the gum-flower products of the poetic garden hung draggled and black under their unkindly coating. In another country, at another day, the drama of *Puss in Boots* may justly be supposed to appear with enfeebled influences; yet even to a stranger there is not wanting a feast of broad joyous humour in this strange phantasmagoria, where pit and stage, and man and animal, and earth and air, are jumbled in confusion worse confounded, and the copious, kind, ruddy light of true mirth overshines and warms the whole.

This What-d'ye-call-it of *Puss in Boots* was, as it were, the key-note which for several years determined

the tone of Tieck's literary enterprises. The same spirit lives in his *Verkehrte Welt*, (World Turned Topsy-turvy), a drama of similar structure, which accompanied the former; in his tale of *Zerbino, or the Tour in search of Taste*, which soon followed it; and in numerous parodies and lighter pieces which he gave to the world in his *Poetic Journal*; the second and last volume of which periodical contains his *Letters on Shakspeare*, inculcating the same doctrines, in a graver shape. About this time, after a short residence in Hamburgh, where he had married, he removed his abode to Jena; a change which confirmed him in his literary tendencies, and facilitated the attainment of their objects. It was here that he became acquainted with the two Schlegels; and, at the same time, with their friend Novalis, a young man of a pure, warm, and benignant genius, whose fine spirit died in its first blossoming, and whose posthumous works it was, ere long, the melancholy task of Tieck, and the younger Schlegel, to publish under their superintendance. With Wackenroder of Berlin, a person of kindred mind with Novalis, and kindred fortune also, having died very early, Tieck was already acquainted and united; for he had co-operated in the *Herzensergiessungen eines einsamen Klosterbruders*, an elegant and impressive work on pictorial art, and Wackenroder's chief performance.

These young men sympathised completely in their critical ideas with Tieck; and each was labouring in his own sphere to disseminate them, and reduce them to

practice. Their endeavours, it would seem, have prospered ; for, in colloquial literary history, this gifted cinquefoil, often it is only the trefoil of Tieck and the two Schlegels, have the credit, which was long the blame, of founding a New School of Poetry, by which the Old School, first fired upon in the *Gestiefelte Kater*, and ever afterwards assailed, without intermission, by eloquence and ridicule, argument and entreaty, was at length displaced and hunted out of being ; or, like Partridge the Astrologer, reduced to a life which could be proved to be no life.

Of this New School, which has been the subject of much unwise talk, and of much not very wise writing, we cannot here attempt to offer any suitable description, far less any just estimate. One thing may be remarked, that the epithet *School* seems to describe the case with little propriety. That since the beginning of the present century, a great change has taken place in German literature, is plain enough, without commentators ; but that it was effected by three young men, living in the little town of Jena, is not by any means so plain. The critical principles of Tieck and the Schlegels had already been set forth, in the form both of precept and prohibition, and with all the aids of philosophic depth and epigrammatic emphasis, by the united minds of Goethe and Schiller, in the *Horen* and *Xenien*. The developement and practical application of the doctrine is all that pertains to these reputed founders of the sect. But neither can the change be

said to have originated with Schiller and Goethe ; for it is a change originating not in individuals, but in universal circumstances, and belongs not to Germany, but to Europe. Among ourselves, for instance, within the last thirty years, who has not lifted up his voice with double vigour in praise of Shakspeare and Nature, and vituperation of French taste and French philosophy ? Who has not heard of the glories of old English literature ; the wealth of Queen Elizabeth's age ; the penury of Queen Anne's ; and the inquiry whether Pope was a poet ? A similar temper is breaking out in France itself, hermetically sealed as that country seemed to be against all foreign influences ; and doubts are beginning to be entertained, and even expressed, about Corneille and the Three Unities. It seems to be substantially the same thing which has occurred in Germany, and been attributed to Tieck and his associates : only, that the revolution, which is here proceeding, and in France commencing, appears in Germany to be completed. Its results have there been embodied in elaborate laws, and profound systems have been promulgated and accepted : whereas with us, in past years, there has been as it were a Literary Anarchy ; for the Pandects of Blair and Bossu are obsolete or abrogated, but no new code supplies their place ; and, author and critic, each sings or says that which is right in his own eyes. For the principles of German Poetics, we can only refer the reader to the treatises of Kant, Schiller, Richter, the Schlegels, and their many copyists and expositors ;

with the promise that his labour will be hard, but not unrewarded by a plenteous harvest of results, which, whether they be doubted, denied, or believed, he will find no trivial or unprofitable subject for his contemplation.

These doctrines of taste, which Tieck embraced every opportunity of enforcing as a critic, he did not fail diligently to exemplify in practice ; as a long and rapid series of poetical performances lies before the world to attest. Of these, his *Genoveva*, a play grounded on the legend of that Saint, appears to be regarded as his master-piece by the best judges ; though *Franz Sternebalds Wanderungen*, the fictitious History of a Student of Painting, was more relished by others ; and, as a critic tells us, “ here and there a low voice might be even heard voting that this novel equalled *Wilhelm Meister* ; the peaceful clearness of which it however nowise attained, but only, with visible effort, strove to imitate.” In this last work he was assisted by Wackenroder. At an earlier period, he had come forth, as a translator, with a new version of *Don Quixote* : he now appeared also as a commentator, with a work entitled *Minnelieder aus dem Schwabischen Zeitalter* (Minstrelsy of the Swabian Era), published at Berlin in 1803 ; with an able Preface, explaining the relation of these poets to Petrarca and the Troubadours. In 1804, he sent out his *Kaiser Octavianus*, a story which, like the other works mentioned in this paragraph, I have never seen, but which I find praised by his countrymen

in no very intelligible terms, as "a fair revival of the old *Mährchen* (Traditionary Tale); in which, however, the poet moves freely, and has completed the cycle of the romance." *Die Gemälde* (The Pictures), another of his fictions, has lately been translated into English.

Tieck's frequent change of place bespeaks less settledness in his domestic, than happily existed in his intellectual circumstances. From Jena he seems to have again removed to Berlin; then to a country residence near Frankfort on the Oder; which, in its turn, he quitted for a journey into Italy. In this classic country he found new facilities for two of his favourite pursuits: He employed himself, it is said, to good purpose, in the study of ancient and modern art; to which, while in Rome, he added the examining of many old German manuscripts preserved in the Vatican Library. From his labours in this latter department, and elsewhere, his countrymen have not long ago obtained, in addition to the *Minstrelsy*, an *Altdeutsches Theater* (Old-German Theatre), in two volumes, with the hope of more. A collection of Old-German Poetry is still expected.

In 1806, he returned to Germany; first to Munich, then to his former retreat near Frankfort; but for the next seven years, he was little heard of as an active member of the literary world; and the regret of his admirers was increased by intelligence that ill health was the cause of his inactivity. That this inactivity was more apparent than real, he has proved by his reappearance in new vigour, at a time when he finds a rea-

dier welcome and more willing audience. He has since published abundantly in various forms ; as a translator, an editor, and a writer both of poetry and prose. In 1812, appeared his early *Volksmärchen*, retouched, and improved, and combined into a whole, by conversations, critical, disquisitionary, and descriptive, in two volumes, entitled *Phantasus* ; from which our present specimens of him are taken. His *Altdeutsches Theater* was followed by an *Altenglisches*, including the disputed plays of Shakspeare ; a work gladly received by his countrymen, no less devoted admirers of Shakspeare than ourselves. Since that time, he has paid us a personal visit. In 1818, he was in London, and is said to have been well satisfied with his reception ; which we cannot but hope was as respectful and kind as a guest so accomplished, and so friendly to England, deserved at our hands. The fruit of his residence among us, it seems, has already appeared in his writings. He has very lately given to the world a novel on Shakspeare and his Times ; in which he has not trembled to introduce, as acting characters, the great dramatist himself, with Marlowe, and various other poets of that age. Such is the report, which adds, that his work is admired in Germany ; but that any copy of it has crossed the Channel, I have not heard. Of Tieck's present residence, or special pursuits, or economical circumstances, I am sorry to confess my entire ignorance. One little fact may perhaps be worth adding ; that Sophie Bernhardi, an esteemed authoress, is his sister.

A very slight power of observation will suffice to convince us that Tieck is no ordinary man ; but a true Poet, a Poet *born* as well as *made*. Of a nature at once susceptible and strong, he has looked over the circle of human interests with a far-sighted and piercing eye, and partaken deeply of its joy and woe ; and these impressions on his heart or his mind have been like seed sown on fertile ground, ripening under the skyey influences into rich and varied luxuriance. He is no mere observist and compiler ; rendering back to us, with additions or substractions, the Beauty which existing things have of themselves presented to him ; but a true Maker, to whom the actual and external is but the *excitement* for ideal creations, representing and ennobling its effects. His feeling or knowledge, his love or scorn, his gay humour or solemn earnestness, all the riches of his inward world, are pervaded and mastered by the living energy of the soul which possesses them ; and their finer essence is wafted to us in his poetry, like Arabian odours on the wings of the wind.

But this may be said of all true poets ; and each is distinguished from all by his individual characteristics. Among Tieck's, one of the most remarkable is his combination of so many gifts in such full and simple harmony. His ridicule does not obstruct his adoration ; his gay Southern fancy lives in union with a Northern heart. With the moods of a longing and impassioned spirit he seems deeply conversant ; and a still imagination, in the highest sense of that word, reigns over all

his poetic world. Perhaps, on the whole, this is his distinguishing faculty ; an imagination, not of the intellect, but of the character, not so much vague and gigantic as altogether void and boundless. A feeling as of desert vastness steals over us in what appeared to be a common scene ; or in high passages, a fire as of a furnace glows in one small spot, under the infinitude of darkness : Immensity and Eternity seem to rest over the bounded and quickly-fading.

His mind we should call well cultivated ; for no part of it seems stunted in its growth, and it acts in soft unimpeded union. His heart seems chastened in the school of experience ; fervid, yet meek and humble, heedful of good in mean forms, and looking for its satisfaction not in passive, but in active enjoyments. His poetical taste seems no less polished and pure : with all his mental riches and excursiveness, he merits in the highest degree the praise of chaste simplicity, both in conception and style. No man ever rejected more carefully the aid of exaggeration in word and thought, or produced more result by humbler means. Who could have supposed that a tragedy, no mock-heroic, but a real tragedy, calculated to affect and excite us, could have been erected on the ground-work of a nursery tale ? Yet let any one read *Blaubart* in the *Phantasia*, and say whether this is not accomplished. Nor is Tieck's history of our old friend *Bluebeard* any Fairyland *George Barnwell* ; but a genuine play, with comic as well as tragic life in it ; " a group of earnest

figures, painted on a laughing ground," and surprising us with poetical delight, where we looked for anything sooner.

In his literary life, Tieck has essayed many provinces, both of the imaginative and the intellectual world; but his own peculiar province seems to be that of the *Mährchen*; a word which, for want of a proper synonym, we are forced to translate by the imperfect periphrase of Popular Traditionary Tale. Here, by the consent of all his critics, including even the collectors of real *Mährchen*, he reigns without any rival. The true tone of that ancient time, when man was in his childhood, when the universe within was divided by no wall of adamant from the universe without, and the forms of the Spirit mingled and dwelt in trustful sisterhood with the forms of the Sense, was not easy to seize and adapt with any fitness of application to the feelings of modern minds. It was to penetrate into the inmost shrines of Imagination, where human passion and action are reflected in dim and fitful, but deeply significant resemblances, and to copy these with the guileless humble graces which alone can become them. Such tales ought to be poetical, because they spring from the very fountains of natural feeling; they ought to be moral, not as exemplifying some current apophthegm, but as imaging forth in shadowy emblems the universal tendencies and destinies of man. That Tieck has succeeded thus far in his Tales is not asserted by his warmest admirers; but only that he now and then

approaches such success, and throughout approaches it more closely than any of his rivals.

How far this judgement of Tieck's admirers is correct, our readers are now to try for themselves. Respecting the reception of these Tales, I cannot boast of having any very certain, still less any very flattering presentiment. Their merits, such as they have, are not of a kind to force themselves on the reader ; and to search for merits few readers are inclined. The ordinary lovers of witch and fairy matter will remark a deficiency of spectres and enchantments here, and complain that the whole is rather dull. Cultivated free-thinkers again, well knowing that no ghosts or elves exist in this country, will smile at the crack-brained dreamer, with his spelling-book prose and doggrel verse, and dismiss him good-naturedly as a German Lake-poet. Alas ! alas ! Ludwig Tieck could also fantasy, "like a drunk Irishman," with great conveniency, if it seemed good to him ; he can laugh, too, and disbelieve, and set springes to catch wood-cocks in manifold wise : but his present business was not this : nor, I fear, is the lover of witchmatter, or the free-thinker, likely soon to discover what it was.

Other readers there are, however, who will come to him in a truer and meeker spirit, and, if I mistake not, be rewarded with some touches of genuine poetry. For the credit of the stranger, I ought to remind them that he appears under many disadvantages. In the pro-

cess of translation he has necessarily lost, and perhaps in more than the usual proportion: the childlike character of his style was apt to diverge into the childish; the nakedness of his rhymes, perhaps at first only wavering between simplicity and silliness, must in my hands too frequently have shifted nearer the latter. Above all, such works as his come on us unprepared; unprovided with any model* by which to estimate them, or any category under which to arrange them. Nevertheless, the present specimens of Tieck do exhibit some features of his mind; a few, but those, as it seems to me, its rarest and highest features: to such readers, and with such allowances, the *Runenberg*, the *Trusty Eckart* and their associates, may be commended with some confidence.

* I have not forgotten Allan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*; a work full of kind fancy and soft glowing exuberance, and with traces of a genius which might rise into a far loftier and purer element than it has ever yet moved and lived in.

POPULAR TALES.

I.

THE FAIR-HAIRED ECKBERT.

IN a district of the Harz, dwelt a Knight, whose common designation in that quarter was the Fair-haired Eckbert. He was about forty years of age, scarcely of middle stature, and short light-coloured locks lay close and sleek round his pale and sunken countenance. He led a retired life, had never interfered in the feuds of his neighbours; indeed, beyond the outer wall of his castle, he was seldom to be seen. His wife loved solitude as much as he; both seemed heartily attached to one another; only now and then they would lament that Heaven had not blessed their marriage with children.

Few came to visit Eckbert, and when guests did happen to be with him, their presence made but little alteration in his customary way of life; Temperance abode in his household, and Frugality herself appeared to be the mistress of the entertainment. On these occasions, Eckbert was always cheerful and lively; but when he was alone, you might observe in him a certain mild reserve, a still, retiring melancholy.

His most frequent guest was Philip Walther ; a man to whom he had attached himself, from having found in him a way of thinking like his own. Walther's residence was in Franconia ; but he would often stay for half a year in Eckbert's neighbourhood, gathering plants and minerals, and then sorting and arranging them. He lived on a small independency, and was connected with no one. Eckbert frequently attended him in his sequestered walks ; year after year, a closer friendship grew betwixt them.

There are hours in which a man feels grieved that he should have a secret from his friend, which, till then, he may have kept with niggard anxiety ; some irresistible desire lays hold of our heart to open itself wholly, to disclose its inmost recesses to our friend, that so he may become our friend still more. It is in such moments that tender souls unveil themselves, and stand face to face : and at times it will happen, that the one recoils affrighted from the countenance of the other.

It was late in Autumn, when Eckbert, one cloudy evening, was sitting, with his friend and his wife Bertha, by the parlour fire. The flame cast a red glimmer through the room, and sported on the ceiling ; the night looked sullenly in through the windows, and the trees without rustled in wet coldness. Walther complained of the long road he had to travel ; and Eckbert proposed to him to stay where he was, to while away half of the night in friendly talk, and then to take a bed in the house till morning. Walther agreed, and

the whole was speedily arranged : by and by wine and supper were brought in ; fresh wood was laid upon the fire ; the talk grew livelier and more confidential.

The cloth being removed, and the servants gone, Eckbert took his friend's hand, and said to him : " Now you must let my wife tell you the history of her youth ; it is curious enough, and you should know it."—" With all my heart," said Walther ; and the party again drew round the hearth.

It was now midnight, the moon looked fitfully through the breaks of the driving clouds. " You must not reckon me a babbler," began the lady. " My husband says you have so generous a mind, that it is not right in us to hide aught from you. Only do not take my narrative for a fable, however strangely it may sound.

" I was born in a little village ; my father was a poor herdsman. Our circumstances were not of the best ; often we knew not where to find our daily bread. But what grieved me far more than this, were the quarrels which my father and mother often had about their poverty, and the bitter reproaches they cast on one another. Of myself too, I heard nothing said but ill ; they were for ever telling me that I was a silly stupid child, that I could not do the simplest turn of work ; and in truth I was extremely inexpert and helpless ; I let things fall, I neither learned to sew nor spin, I could be of no use to my parents ; only their straits I understood too well. Often I would sit in a corner, and fill my little

heart with dreams, how I would help them, if I should all at once grow rich, how I would overflow them with silver and gold, and feast myself on their amazement; and then, spirits came hovering up, and showed me buried treasures, or gave me little pebbles which changed into precious stones; in short the strangest fancies occupied me, and when I had to rise and help with anything, my inexpertness was still greater, as my head was giddy with these motley visions.

“My father in particular was always very cross to me; he scolded me for being such a burden to the house; indeed he often used me rather cruelly, and it was very seldom that I got a friendly word from him. In this way I had struggled on to near the end of my eighth year; and now it was seriously fixed that I should begin to do or learn something. My father still maintained that it was nothing but caprice in me, or a lazy wish to pass my days in idleness; accordingly he set upon me with furious threats, and as these made no improvement, he one day gave me a most cruel chastisement, and added, that the same should be repeated day after day, since I was nothing but a useless sluggard.

“That whole night I wept abundantly; I felt myself so utterly forsaken, I had such a sympathy with myself that I even longed to die. I dreaded the break of day, I knew not on earth what I was to do or try. I wished from my very heart to be clever, and could not understand how I should be worse than the other children of the place. I was on the borders of despair.

“ At the dawn of day I arose, and scarcely knowing what I did, unfastened the door of our little hut. I stept upon the open field ; next minute I was in a wood, where the light of the morning had yet hardly penetrated. I ran along, not looking round ; for I felt no fatigue, and I still thought my father would catch me, and in his anger at my flight would beat me worse than ever.

“ I had reached the other side of the forest, and the sun was risen a considerable way ; I saw something dim lying before me, and a thick fog resting over it. Ere long my path began to mount, at one time I was climbing hills, at another winding among rocks ; and I now guessed that I must be among the neighbouring Mountains ; a thought that made me shudder in my loneliness. For, living in the plain country, I had never seen a hill ; and the very word Mountains, when I heard talk of them, had been a sound of terror to my young ear. I had not the heart to go back, my fear itself drove me on ; often I looked round affrighted when the breezes rustled over me among the trees, or the stroke of some distant woodman sounded far through the still morning. And when I began to meet with charcoal-men and miners, and heard their foreign way of speech, I had nearly fainted for terror.

“ I passed through several villages ; begging now and then, for I felt hungry and thirsty ; and fashioning my answers as I best could when questions were put to me. In this manner I had wandered on some four days,

when I came upon a little footpath, which led me farther and farther from the highway. The rocks about me now assumed a different and far stranger form. They were cliffs so piled on one another, that it looked as if the first gust of wind would hurl them all this way and that. I knew not whether to go on or stop. Till now I had slept by night in the woods, for it was the finest season of the year, or in some remote shepherd's hut; but here I saw no human dwelling at all, and could not hope to find one in this wilderness; the crags grew more and more frightful; I had many a time to glide along by the very edge of dreadful abysses; by degrees my foot-path became fainter, and at last all traces of it vanished from beneath me. I was utterly comfortless; I wept and screamed; and my voice came echoing back from the rocky valleys with a sound that terrified me. The night now came on, and I sought out a mossy nook to lie down in. I could not sleep; in the darkness I heard the strangest noises; sometimes I took them to proceed from wild beasts, sometimes from wind moaning through the rocks, sometimes from unknown birds. I prayed; and did not sleep till towards morning.

“When the light came upon my face, I awoke. Before me was a steep rock; I clomb up, in the hope of discovering some outlet from the waste, perhaps of seeing houses or men. But when I reached the top, there was nothing still, so far as my eye could reach, but a wilderness of crags and precipices; all was covered with

a dim haze, the day was grey and troubled, and no tree, no meadow, not even a bush could I find, only a few shrubs shooting up stunted and solitary in the narrow clefts of the rocks. I cannot utter what a longing I felt but to see one human creature, any living mortal, even though I had been afraid of hurt from him. At the same time I was tortured by a gnawing hunger; I sat down, and made up my mind to die. After a while, however, the desire of living gained the mastery; I roused myself, and wandered forward amid tears and broken sobs all day; in the end I hardly knew what I was doing; I was tired and spent, I scarcely wished to live, and yet I feared to die.

“ Towards night the country seemed to grow a little kindlier; my thoughts, my desires revived, the wish for life awoke in all my veins. I thought I heard the rushing of a mill afar off; I redoubled my steps; and how glad, how light of heart was I, when at last I actually gained the limits of the barren rocks, and saw woods and meadows lying before me, with soft green hills in the distance! I felt as if I had stepped out of hell into a paradise; my loneliness and helplessness no longer frightened me.

“ Instead of the hoped-for mill, I came upon a water-fall, which, in truth, considerably damped my joy. I was lifting a drink from it in the hollow of my hand, when all at once I thought I heard a slight cough some little way from me. Never in my life was I so joyfully surprised as at this moment: I went near, and at the

border of the wood I saw an old woman sitting resting on the ground. She was dressed almost wholly in black ; a black hood covered her head, and the greater part of her face ; in her hand she held a crutch.

“ I came up to her, and begged for help ; she made me sit by her, and gave me bread, and a little wine. While I ate, she sang in a screeching tone some kind of spiritual song. When she had done, she told me I might follow her.

“ The offer charmed me, strange as the old woman’s voice and look appeared. With her crutch she limped away pretty fast, and at every step she twisted her face so oddly, that at first I was like to laugh. The wild rocks retired behind us more and more : I never shall forget the aspect and the feeling of that evening. All things were as molten into the softest golden red ; the trees were standing with their tops in the glow of the sunset ; on the fields lay a mild brightness ; the woods and the leaves of the trees were standing motionless ; the pure sky looked out like an opened paradise, and the gushing of the brooks, and, from time to time, the rustling of the trees, resounded through the serene stillness, as in pensive joy. My young soul was here first taken with a forethought of the world and its vicissitudes. I forgot myself and my conductress ; my spirit and my eyes were wandering among the shining clouds.

“ We now mounted an eminence planted with birch-trees ; from the top we looked into a green valley, likewise full of birches ; and down below, in the middle of

them, was a little hut. A glad barking reached us, and immediately a little nimble dog came springing round the old woman, fawned on her, and wagged its tail; it next came to me, viewed me on all sides, and then turned back with a friendly look to its old mistress.

“On reaching the bottom of the hill, I heard the strangest song, as if coming from the hut, and sung by some bird. It ran thus :

Alone in wood so gay
'Tis good to stay,
Morrow like to-day,
For ever and aye :
O, I do love to stay,
Alone in wood so gay.

“These few words were continually repeated, and to describe the sound, it was as if you heard forest-horns and shalms sounded together from a far distance.

“My curiosity was wonderfully on the stretch; without waiting for the old woman's orders, I stepped into the hut. It was already dusk; here all was neatly swept and trimmed; some bowls were standing in a cupboard, some strange-looking casks or pots on a table; in a glittering cage, hanging by the window, was a bird, and this in fact proved to be the singer. The old woman coughed, and panted: it seemed as if she never would get over her fatigue; she patted the little dog, she talked with the bird, which only answered her with its accustomed song; and for me, she did not seem to recollect that I was there at all. Looking at her so, many qualms

and fears came over me ; for her face was in perpetual motion ; and, besides, her head shook from old age, so that, for my life, I could not understand what sort of countenance she had.

“ Having gathered strength again, she lit a candle, covered a very small table, and brought out supper. She now looked round for me, and bade me take a little cane chair. I was thus sitting close fronting her, with the light between us. She folded her bony hands, and prayed aloud, still twisting her countenance, so that I was once more on the point of laughing ; but I took strict care that I might not make her angry.

“ After supper she again prayed, then showed me a bed in a low narrow closet ; she herself slept in the room. I did not watch long, for I was half stupified ; but in the night I now and then awoke, and heard the old woman coughing, and between whiles talking with her dog and her bird, which last seemed dreaming, and replied with only one or two words of its rhyme. This, with the birches rustling before the window, and the song of a distant nightingale, made such a wondrous combination, that I never fairly thought I was awake, but only falling out of one dream into another still stranger.

“ The old woman awoke me in the morning, and soon after gave me work. I was put to spin, which I now learned very easily ; I had likewise to take charge of the dog and the bird. I soon learned my business in the house : I now felt as if it all must be so ; I never once remembered that the old woman had so many sin-

gularities, that her dwelling was mysterious, and lay apart from all men, and that the bird must be a very strange creature. Its beauty, indeed, always struck me, for its feathers glittered with all possible colours ; the fairest deep blue, and the most burning red, alternated about his neck and body ; and when singing, he blew himself proudly out, so that his feathers looked still finer.

“ My old mistress often went abroad, and did not come again till night ; on these occasions I went out to meet her with the dog, and she used to call me child and daughter. In the end I grew to like her heartily ; as our mind, especially in childhood, will become accustomed and attached to anything. In the evenings, she taught me to read ; and this was afterwards a source of boundless satisfaction to me in my solitude, for she had several ancient-written books, that contained the strangest stories.

“ The recollection of the life I then led is still singular to me : Visited by no human creature, secluded in the circle of so small a family ; for the dog and the bird made the same impression on me which in other cases long-known friends produce. I am surprised that I have never since been able to recall the dog’s name, a very odd one, often as I then pronounced it.

“ Four years I had passed in this way (I must now have been nearly twelve) when my old dame began to put more trust in me, and at length told me a secret. The bird, I found, laid every day an egg, in which there

was a pearl or a jewel. I had already noticed that she often went to fettle privately about the cage, but I had never troubled myself farther on the subject. She now gave me charge of gathering these eggs in her absence, and carefully storing them up in the strange-looking pots. She would leave me food, and sometimes stay away longer, for weeks, for months. My little wheel kept humming round, the dog barked, the bird sang ; and withal there was such a stillness in the neighbourhood, that I do not recollect of any storm or foul weather all the time I staid there. No one wandered thither ; no wild beast came near our dwelling : I was satisfied, and worked along in peace from day to day. One would perhaps be very happy, could he pass his life so undisturbedly to the end.

“ From the little that I read, I formed quite marvellous notions of the world and its people ; all taken from myself and my society. When I read of witty persons, I could not figure them but like the little shock ; great ladies, I conceived, were like the bird ; all old women, like my mistress. I had read somewhat of love, too ; and often, in fancy, I would sport strange stories with myself. I figured out the fairest knight on Earth ; adorned him with all perfections, without knowing rightly, after all my labour, how he looked : but I could feel a hearty pity for myself when he ceased to love me ; I would then, in thought, make long melting speeches, or perhaps aloud, to try if I could win him back. You smile ! These young days are, in truth, far away from us all.

“ I now liked better to be left alone, for I was then sole mistress of the house. The dog loved me, and did all I wanted; the bird replied to all my questions with his rhyme ; my wheel kept briskly turning, and at bottom I had never any wish for change. When my dame returned from her long wanderings, she would praise my diligence ; she said her house, since I belonged to it, was managed far more perfectly ; she took a pleasure in my growth and healthy looks ; in short, she treated me in all points like her daughter.

“ ‘ Thou art a good girl, child,’ said she once to me, in her creaking tone ; ‘ if thou continuest so, it will be well with thee : but none ever prospers when he leaves the straight path ; punishment will overtake him, though it may be late.’ I gave little heed to this remark of hers at the time, for in all my temper and movements I was very lively ; but by night it occurred to me again, and I could not understand what she meant by it. I considered all the words attentively ; I had read of riches, and at last it struck me that her pearls and jewels might perhaps be something precious. Ere long, this thought grew clearer to me. But the straight path, and leaving it ? What could she mean by this ?

“ I was now fourteen ; it is the misery of man that he arrives at understanding through the loss of innocence. I now saw well enough that it lay with me to take the jewels and the bird in the old woman’s absence, and go forth with them and see the world which I had read of. Perhaps, too, it would then be possible that I might

meet that fairest of all knights, who for ever dwelt in my memory.

“ At first this thought was nothing more than any other thought ; but when I used to be sitting at my wheel, it still returned to me, against my will ; and I sometimes followed it so far, that I already saw myself adorned in splendid attire, with princes and knights around me. On awakening from these dreams, I would feel a sadness when I looked up, and found myself still in the little cottage. For the rest, if I went through my duties, the old woman troubled herself little about what I thought or felt.

“ One day she went out again, telling me that she should be away on this occasion longer than usual ; that I must take strict charge of everything, and not let the time hang heavy on my hands. I had a sort of fear on taking leave of her, for I felt as if I should not see her any more. I looked long after her, and knew not why I felt so sad ; it was almost as if my purpose had already stood before me, without myself being conscious of it.

“ Never did I tend the dog and the bird with such diligence as now ; they were nearer to my heart than formerly. The old woman had been gone some days, when I rose one morning in the firm mind to leave the cottage, and set out with the bird to see this world they talked so much of. I felt pressed and hampered in my heart ; I wished to stay where I was, and yet the thought of that afflicted me ; there was a strange con-

tention in my soul, as if between two discordant spirits. One moment my peaceful solitude would seem to me so beautiful; the next the image of a new world, with its many wonders, would again enchant me.

“ I knew not what to make of it; the dog leaped up continually about me; the sunshine spread abroad over the fields; the green birch-trees glittered; I always felt as if I had something I must do in haste; so I caught the little dog, tied him up in the room, and took the cage with the bird under my arm. The dog writhed and whined at this unusual treatment: he looked at me with begging eyes, but I feared to have him with me. I also took one pot of jewels, and concealed it by me; the rest I left.

“ The bird turned its head very strangely when I crossed the threshold; the dog tugged at his cord to follow me, but he was forced to stay.

“ I did not take the road to the wild rocks, but went in the opposite direction. The dog still whined and barked, and it touched me to the heart to hear him; the bird tried once or twice to sing; but as I was carrying him, the shaking put him out.

“ The farther I went, the fainter grew the barking, and at last it altogether ceased. I wept, and had almost turned back, but the longing to see something new still hindered me.

“ I had got across the hills, and through some forests, when the night came on, and I was forced to turn aside into a village. I blushed exceedingly on entering the

inn ; they showed me to a room and bed ; I slept pretty quietly, only that I dreamed of the old woman, and her threatening me.

“ My journey had not much variety ; the farther I went, the more was I afflicted by the recollection of my old mistress and the little dog ; I considered that in all likelihood the poor shock would die of hunger, and often in the woods I thought my dame would suddenly meet me. Thus amid tears and sobs I went along ; when I stopped to rest, and put the cage on the ground, the bird struck up his song, and brought but too keenly to my mind the fair habitation I had left. As human nature is forgetful, I imagined that my former journey, in my childhood, had not been so sad and woful as the present ; I wished to be as I was then.

“ I had sold some jewels ; and now, after wandering on for several days, I reached a village. At the very entrance I was struck with something strange ; I felt terrified and knew not why ; but I soon bethought myself, for it was the village where I was born ! How amazed was I ! How the tears ran down my cheeks for gladness, for a thousand singular remembrances ! Many things were changed : new houses had been built, some just raised when I went away, were now fallen, and had marks of fire on them ; everything was far smaller and more confined than I had fancied. It rejoiced my very heart that I should see my parents once more after such an absence : I found their little cottage, the well-known threshold ; the door-latch was standing as of old ; it

seemed to me, as if I had shut it only yesternight. My heart beat violently, I hastily lifted that latch; but faces I had never seen before looked up and gazed at me. I asked for the shepherd Martin; they told me that his wife and he were dead three years ago. I drew back quickly, and left the village weeping aloud.

“I had figured out so beautifully how I would surprise them with my riches: by the strangest chance, what I had only dreamed in childhood was become reality; and now it was all in vain, they could not rejoice with me, and that which had been my first hope in life was lost for ever.

“In a pleasant town I hired a small house and garden, and took myself a maid. The world, in truth, proved not so wonderful as I had painted it: but I forgot the old woman and my former way of life rather more, and on the whole I was contented.

“For a long while the bird had ceased to sing: I was therefore not a little frightened, when one night he suddenly began again, and with a different rhyme. He sang:

Alone in wood so gay,
 Ah, far away!
 But thou wilt say
 Some other day,
 'Twere best to stay
 Alone in wood so gay.

“Throughout the night I could not close an eye; all things again occurred to my remembrance; and I felt, more than ever, that I had not acted rightly. When I rose, the aspect of the bird distressed me greatly; he

looked at me continually, and his presence did me ill. There was now no end to his song; he sang it louder and more shrilly than he had been wont. The more I looked at him, the more he pained and frightened me; at last I opened the cage, put in my hand, and grasped his neck; I squeezed my fingers hard together, he looked at me, I slackened them; but he was dead. I buried him in the garden.

“After this, there often came a fear over me for my maid; I looked back upon myself, and fancied she might rob me or murder me. For a long while, I had been acquainted with a young knight, whom I altogether liked: I bestowed on him my hand; and with this, Sir Walther, ends my story.”

“Ay, you should have seen her then,” said Eckbert warmly; “seen her youth, her loveliness, and what a charm her lonely way of life had given her. I had no fortune; it was through her love these riches came to me; we moved hither, and our marriage has at no time brought us anything but good.”

“But with our tattling,” added Bertha, “it is growing very late; we must go to sleep.”

She rose, and proceeded to her chamber; Walther, with a kiss of her hand, wished her good night, saying: “Many thanks, noble lady; I can well figure you beside your singing bird, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*.”

Walther likewise went to sleep; Eckbert alone still walked in a restless humour up and down the room.

“Are not men fools?” said he at last: “I myself oc-

casioned this recital of my wife's history, and now such confidence appears to me improper ! Will he not abuse it ? Will he not communicate the secret to others ? Will he not, for such is human nature, cast unblest thoughts on our jewels, and form pretexts and lay plans to get possession of them ?”

It now occurred to his mind that Walther had not taken leave of him so cordially as might have been expected after such a mark of trust : the soul once set upon suspicion finds in every trifle something to confirm it. Eckbert, on the other hand, reproached himself for such ignoble feelings to his worthy friend ; yet still he could not cast them out. All night he plagued himself with such uneasy thoughts, and got very little sleep.

Bertha was unwell next day, and could not come to breakfast ; Walther did not seem to trouble himself much about her illness, but left her husband also rather coolly. Eckbert could not comprehend such conduct ; he went to see his wife, and found her in a feverish state ; she said her last night's story must have agitated her.

From that day, Walther visited the castle of his friend but seldom ; and when he did appear, it was but to say a few unmeaning words and then depart. Eckbert was exceedingly distressed by this demeanour : to Bertha or Walther he indeed said nothing of it ; but to any person his internal disquietude was visible enough.

Bertha's sickness wore an aspect more and more serious ; the Doctor grew alarmed ; the red had va-

nished from his patient's cheeks, and her eyes were becoming more and more inflamed. One morning she sent for her husband to her bedside ; the nurses were ordered to withdraw.

“ Dear Eckbert,” she began, “ I must disclose a secret to thee, which has almost taken away my senses, which is ruining my health, unimportant trifle as it may appear. Thou mayest remember, often as I talked of my childhood, I could never call to mind the name of the dog that was so long beside me : now, that night on taking leave, Walther all at once said to me : ‘ I can well figure you, and how you fed poor little *Strohman*.’ Is it chance ? Did he guess the name ; did he know it, and speak it on purpose ? If so, how stands this man connected with my destiny ? At times I struggle with myself, as if I but imagined this mysterious business ; but, alas ! it is certain, too certain. I felt a shudder that a stranger should help me to recall the memory of my secrets. What sayest thou, Eckbert ?”

Eckbert looked at his sick and agitated wife, with deep emotion ; he stood silent and thoughtful ; then spoke some words of comfort to her, and went out. In a distant chamber, he walked to and fro in indescribable disquiet. Walther, for many years, had been his sole companion ; and now this person was the only mortal in the world whose existence pained and oppressed him. It seemed as if he should be gay and light of heart, were that one thing but removed. He took his bow, to dissipate these thoughts ; and went to hunt.

It was a rough stormy winter day ; the snow was lying deep on the hills, and bending down the branches of the trees. He roved about ; the sweat was standing on his brow ; he found no game, and this embittered his ill-humour. All at once he saw an object moving in the distance ; it was Walther gathering moss from the trunks of trees. Scarce knowing what he did, he bent his bow ; Walther looked round, and gave a threatening gesture, but the arrow was already flying, and he sank transfixed by it.

Eckbert felt relieved and calmed, yet a certain horror drove him home to his castle. It was a good way distant ; he had wandered far into the woods. On arriving, he found Bertha dead : before her death, she had spoken much of Walther and the old woman.

For a great while after this occurrence, Eckbert lived in the deepest solitude ; he had all along been melancholy, for the strange history of his wife disturbed him, and he dreaded some unlucky incident or other ; but at present he was utterly at variance with himself. The murder of his friend arose incessantly before his mind ; he lived in the anguish of continual remorse.

To dissipate his feelings, he occasionally moved to the neighbouring town, where he mingled in society and its amusements. He longed for a friend to fill the void in his soul ; and yet, when he remembered Walther, he would shudder at the thought of meeting with a friend ; for he felt convinced that, with any friend, he must be unhappy. He had lived so long with his Ber-

tha in lovely calmness ; the friendship of Walther had cheered him through so many years ; and now both of them were suddenly swept away. As he thought of these things, there were many moments when his life appeared to him some fabulous tale, rather than the actual history of a living man.

A young knight, named Hugo, made advances to the silent melancholy Eckbert, and appeared to have a true affection for him. Eckbert felt himself exceedingly surprised ; he met the knight's friendship with the greater readiness, the less he had anticipated it. The two were now frequently together ; Hugo showed his friend all possible attentions ; one scarcely ever went to ride without the other ; in all companies they got together. In a word, they seemed inseparable.

Eckbert was never happy longer than a few transitory moments : for he felt too clearly that Hugo loved him only by mistake ; that he knew him not, was unacquainted with his history ; and he was seized again with the same old longing to unbosom himself wholly, that he might be sure whether Hugo was his friend or not. But again his apprehensions, and the fear of being hated and abhorred, withheld him. There were many hours in which he felt so much impressed with his entire worthlessness, that he believed no mortal not a stranger to his history, could entertain regard for him. Yet still he was unable to withstand himself : on a solitary ride, he disclosed his whole history to Hugo, and asked if he could love a murderer. Hugo seemed

touched, and tried to comfort him. Eckbert returned to town with a lighter heart.

But it seemed to be his doom that, in the very hour of confidence, he should always find materials for suspicion. Scarcely had they entered the public hall, when, in the glitter of the many lights, Hugo's looks had ceased to satisfy him. He thought he noticed a malicious smile ; he remarked that Hugo did not speak to him as usual ; that he talked with the rest, and seemed to pay no heed to him. In the party was an old knight, who had always shown himself the enemy of Eckbert, had often asked about his riches and his wife in a peculiar style. With this man Hugo was conversing, they were speaking privately, and casting looks at Eckbert. The suspicions of the latter seemed confirmed ; he thought himself betrayed, and a tremendous rage took hold of him. As he continued gazing, on a sudden he discerned the countenance of Walther, all his features, all the form so well known to him ; he gazed, and looked, and felt convinced that it was none but Walther who was talking to the knight. His horror cannot be described ; in a state of frenzy he rushed out of the hall, left the town over night, and after many wanderings, returned to his castle.

Here, like an unquiet spirit, he hurried to and fro from room to room ; no thought would stay with him ; out of one frightful idea he fell into another still more frightful, and sleep never visited his eyes. Often he believed that he was mad, that a disturbed imagination was the origin of all this terror ; then, again, he recol-

lected Walther's features, and the whole grew more and more a riddle to him. He resolved to take a journey, that he might reduce his thoughts to order; the hope of friendship, the desire of social intercourse, he had now for ever given up.

He set out, without prescribing to himself any certain route; indeed, he took small heed of the country he was passing through. Having hastened on some days at the quickest pace of his horse, he, on a sudden, found himself entangled in a labyrinth of rocks, from which he could discover no outlet. At length he met an old peasant, who took him by a path leading past a waterfall: he offered him some coins for his guidance, but the peasant would not have them. "What use is it?" said Eckbert. "I could believe that this man, too, was none but Walther." He looked round once more, and it was none but Walther. Eckbert spurred his horse as fast as it could gallop, over meads and forests, till it sank exhausted to the earth. Regardless of this, he hastened forward on foot.

In a dreamy mood, he mounted a hill: he fancied he caught the sound of lively barking at a little distance; the birch-trees whispered in the intervals, and in the strangest notes, he heard this song:

Alone in the wood so gay,
 Once more I stay;
 None dare me slay,
 The evil far away:
 Ah, here I stay,
 Alone in wood so gay.

The sense, the consciousness of Eckbert had departed ; it was a riddle which he could not solve, whether he was dreaming now, or had before dreamed of a wife and friend. The marvellous was mingled with the common ; the world around him seemed enchanted, and he himself was incapable of thought or recollection.

A crooked, bent, old woman, crawled coughing up the hill with a crutch. " Art thou bringing me my bird, my pearls, my dog ?" cried she to him. " See how injustice punishes itself ! No one but I was Walther, was Hugo."

" God of Heaven !" said Eckbert, muttering to himself ; " in what frightful solitude have I passed my life ?"

" And Bertha was thy sister."

Eckbert sank to the ground.

" Why did she leave me deceitfully ? All would have been fair and well ; her time of trial was already finished. She was the daughter of a knight, who had her nursed in a shepherd's house ; the daughter of thy father."

" Why have I always had a forecast of this dreadful thought ?" cried Eckbert.

" Because in early youth thy father told thee : he could not keep this daughter by him for his second wife, her step-mother."

Eckbert lay distracted and dying on the ground. Faint and bewildered, he heard the old woman speaking, the dog barking, and the bird repeating its song.

II.

THE TRUSTY ECKART.

BRAVE Burgundy no longer
Could fight for fatherland ;
The foe they were the stronger,
Upon the bloody sand.

He said : The foe prevaieth,
My friends and followers fly,
My striving nought avaieth,
My spirits sink and die.

No more can I exert me,
Or sword and lance can wield ;
O, why did he desert me,
Eckart, our trusty shield !

In fight he used to guide me,
In danger was my stay ;
Alas ! he's not beside me,
But stays at home to-day.

The crowds are gathering faster,
Took captive shall I be ?
I may not run like dastard,
I'll die like soldier free.

Thus Burgundy so bitter,
Has at his breast his sword ;
When, see ! breaks in the Ritter
Eckart, to save his lord !

With cap and armour glancing,
Bold on the foe he rides,
His troop behind him prancing,
And his two sons besides.

Burgundy sees their token,
And cries : Now, God be praised !
Not yet we're beat or broken,
Since Eckart's flag is raised.

Then like a true knight, Eckart
Dash'd gaily through the foe :
But with his red blood flecker'd,
His little son lay low.

And when the fight was ended,
Then Burgundy he speaks :
Thou hast me well befriended,
Yet so as wets my cheeks.

The foe is smote and flying ;
Thou'st saved my land and life ;
But here thy boy is lying,
Returns not from the strife.

Then Eckart wept almost,
The tear stood in his eye ;
He clasp'd the son he'd lost,
Close to his breast the boy.

Why died'st thou, Heinz, so early,
And scarce wast yet a man ?
Thou'rt fallen in battle fairly ;
For thee I'll not complain.

Thee, Prince, we have deliver'd ;
From danger thou art free :
The boy and I are sever'd ;
I give my son to thee.

Then Burgundy our chief,
His eyes grew moist and dim ;
He felt such joy and grief,
So great that love to him.

His heart was melting, flaming,
He fell on Eckart's breast,
With sobbing voice exclaiming :
Eckart, my champion best,

Thou stood'st when every other
Had fled from me away ;
Therefore thou art my brother
For ever from this day.

The people shall regard thee
As wert thou of my line ;
And could I more reward thee,
How gladly were it thine !

And when we heard the same,
We joy'd as did our prince ;
And Trusty Eckart is the name
We've call'd him ever since.

The voice of an old peasant sounded over the rocks, as he sang this ballad ; and the trusty Eckart sat, in his grief, on the declivity of the hill, and wept aloud. His youngest boy was standing by him : “ Why weep-est thou aloud, my father Eckart ? ” said he : “ Art thou not great and strong, taller and braver than any other man ? Whom, then, art thou afraid of ? ”

Meanwhile the Duke of Burgundy was moving homewards to his Tower. Burgundy was mounted on a stately horse, with splendid trappings ; and the gold and jewels of the princely Duke were glittering in the evening sun ; so that little Conrad could not sate himself with viewing and admiring the magnificent procession. The trusty Eckart rose, and looked gloomily over it ; and young Conrad, when the hunting train had disappeared, struck up this stave :

On good steed,
Sword and shield
Wouldst thou wield,
With spear and arrow,
Then had need
That the marrow
In thy arm,
That thy heart and blood,
Be good,
To save thy head from harm.

The old man clasped his son to his bosom, looking with wistful tenderness on his clear blue eyes. “ Didst thou hear that good man’s song ? ” said he.

“ Ay, why not ? ” answered Conrad : “ he sang it loud enough, and thou art the trusty Eckart thyself, so I liked to listen.”

“ That same Duke is now my enemy,” said Eckart ; “ he keeps my other son in prison, nay, has already put him to death, if I may credit what the people say.”

“ Take down thy broad-sword, and do not suffer it,” cried Conrad ; “ they will tremble to see thee, and all the people in the whole land will stand by thee, for thou art their greatest hero in the land.”

“ Not so, my son,” said the other ; “ I were then the man my enemies have called me ; I dare not be unfaithful to my liege ; no, I dare not break the peace which I have pledged to him, and promised on his hand.”

“ But what wants he with us, then ? ” said Conrad, impatiently.

“ Eckart sat down again, and said : “ My son, the entire story of it would be long, and thou would'st scarcely understand it. The great have always their worst enemy in their own hearts, and they fear it day and night ; so Burgundy has now come to think that he has trusted me too far ; that he has nursed in me a serpent in his bosom. People call me the stoutest warrior in our country ; they say openly that he owes me land and life ; I am named the Trusty Eckart ; and thus oppressed and suffering persons turn to me, that I may get them help. All this he cannot suffer. So he has aken

up a grudge against me ; and every one that wants to rise in favour with him increases his distrust ; so that at last he has quite turned away his heart from me."

Hereupon the hero Eckart told, in smooth words, how Burgundy had banished him from his sight, how they had become entire strangers to each other, as the Duke suspected that he even meant to rob him of his dukedom. In trouble and sorrow, he proceeded to relate how the Duke had cast his son into confinement, and was threatening the life of Eckart himself, as of a traitor to the land.

But Conrad said to his father : " Wilt thou let me go, my old father, and speak with the Duke, to make him reasonable and kind to thee ? If he has killed my brother, then he is a wicked man, and thou must punish him ; but that cannot be, for he could not so falsely forget the great service thou hast done him."

" Dost thou know the old proverb ?" said Eckart,

" Doth the king require thy aid,
Thou'rt a friend can ne'er be paid ;
Hast thou help'd him through his trouble,
Thy friendship is an empty bubble.

" Yes ; my whole life has been wasted in vain. Why did he make me great, to cast me down the deeper ? The friendship of princes is like a deadly poison, which can only be employed against our enemies, and with which at last we unwarily kill ourselves."

" I will to the Duke," cried Conrad : " I will call

back into his soul all that thou hast done, that thou hast suffered for him ; and he will again be as of old."

"Thou hast forgot," said Eckart, "that they look on us as traitors. Therefore let us fly together to some foreign country, where a better fortune may betide us."

"At thy age," said Conrad, "wilt thou turn away thy face from thy kind home ? I will to Burgundy ; I will quiet him, and reconcile him to thee. What can he do to me, even though he still hate and fear thee ?"

"I let thee go unwillingly," said Eckart ; "for my soul forebodes no good ; and yet I would fain be reconciled to him, for he is my old friend ; and fain save thy brother, who is pining in the dungeon beside him."

The sun threw his last mild rays on the green Earth : Eckart sat pensively leaning back against a tree ; he looked long at Conrad, then said : "If thou wilt go, my little boy, go now, before the night grow altogether dark. The windows in the Duke's Castle are already glittering with lights, and I hear afar off the sound of trumpets from the feast ; perhaps his son's bride may have arrived, and his mind may be friendlier to us."

Unwillingly he let him go, for he no longer trusted to his fortune : but Conrad's heart was light ; for he thought it would be an easy task to turn the mind of Burgundy, who had played with him so kindly but a short while before. "Wilt thou come back to me, my little boy ?" sobbed Eckart : "if I lose thee, no other

of my race remains." The boy consoled him ; flattered him with caresses : at last they parted.

Conrad knocked at the gate of the Castle, and was let in ; old Eckart stayed without in the night alone. " Him too have I lost," moaned he in his solitude ; " I shall never see his face again."

Whilst he so lamented, there came tottering towards him a grey-haired man ; endeavouring to get down the rocks ; and seeming, at every step, to fear that he should stumble into the abyss. Seeing the old man's feebleness, Eckart held out his hand to him, and helped him to descend in safety.

" Which way come ye ?" inquired Eckart.

The old man sat down, and began to weep, so that the tears came running over his cheeks. Eckart tried to soothe him and console him with reasonable words ; but the sorrowful old man seemed not at all to heed these well-meant speeches, but to yield himself the more immoderately to his sorrows.

" What grief can it be that lies so heavy on you as to overpower you utterly ?" said Eckart.

" Ah, my children !" moaned the old man.

Then Eckart thought of Conrad, Heinz, and Dietrich, and was himself altogether comfortless. " Yes," said he, " if your children are dead, your misery in truth is very great."

" Worse than dead," replied the old man, with his mournful voice ; " for they are not dead, but lost for

ever to me. Oh ! would to Heaven that they were but dead !”

These strange words astonished Eckart, and he asked the old man to explain the riddle ; whereupon the latter answered : “ The age we live in is indeed a marvellous age, and surely the last days are at hand ; for the most dreadful signs are sent into the world, to threaten it. Every sort of wickedness is casting off its old fetters, and stalking bold and free about the Earth ; the fear of God is drying up and dispersing, and can find no channel to unite in ; and the Powers of Evil are rising audaciously from their dark nooks, and celebrating their triumph. O my dear sir ! we are old, but not old enough for such prodigious things. You have doubtless seen the Comet, that wondrous light in the sky, that shines so prophetically down upon us ? All men predict evil ; and no one thinks of beginning the reform with himself, and so essaying to turn off the rod. Nor is this enough ; but portents are also issuing from the Earth, and breaking mysteriously from the depths below, even as the light shines frightfully on us from above. Have you never heard of the Hill, which people call the Hill of Venus ?”

“ Never,” said Eckart, “ far as I have travelled.”

“ I am surprised at that,” replied the old man ; “ for the matter is now grown as notorious as it is true. To this Mountain have the Devils fled, and sought shelter in the desert centre of the Earth, according as the growth of our Holy Faith has cast down the idolatrous

worship of the Heathen. Here, they say, before all others, Lady Venus keeps her court, and all her hellish hosts of worldly Lusts and forbidden Wishes gather round her, so that the Hill has been accursed since time immemorial."

"But in what country lies the Hill?" inquired Eckart.

"There is the secret," said the old man, "that no one can tell this, except he have first given himself up to be Satan's servant; and, indeed, no guiltless person ever thinks of seeking it out. A wonderful Musician on a sudden issues from below, whom the Powers of Hell have sent as their ambassador; he roams through the world, and plays, and makes music on a pipe, so that his tones sound far and wide. And whoever hears these sounds, is seized by him with visible yet inexplicable force, and drawn on, on, into the wilderness; he sees not the road he travels; he wanders, and wanders, and is not weary; his strength and his speed go on increasing; no power can restrain him; but he runs frantic into the Mountain, from which he can never more return. This power has, in our day, been restored to Hell; and in this inverse direction, the ill-starred, perverted pilgrims, are travelling to a Shrine where no deliverance awaits them, or can reach them any more. For a long while, my two sons had given me no contentment; they were dissolute and immoral; they despised their parents, as they did religion; but now the Sound has caught and carried them off, they

are gone into unseen kingdoms ; the world was too narrow for them, they are seeking room in Hell."

" And what do you intend to do in such a mystery ?" said Eckart.

" With this crutch I set out," replied the old man, " to wander through the world, to find them again, or die of weariness and woe."

So saying, he tore himself from his rest with a strong effort ; and hastened forth with his utmost speed, as if he had found himself neglecting his most precious earthly hope ; and Eckart looked with compassion on his vain toil, and rated him in his thoughts as mad.]

It had been night, and was now day, and Conrad came not back. Eckart wandered to and fro among the rocks, and turned his longing eyes on the Castle ; still he did not see him. A crowd came issuing through the gate ; and Eckart no longer heeded to conceal himself ; but mounted his horse, which was grazing in freedom ; and rode into the middle of the troop, who were now proceeding merrily and carelessly across the plain. On his reaching them, they recognized him ; but no one laid a hand on him, or said a hard word to him ; they stood mute for reverence, surrounded him in admiration, and then went their way. One of the squires he called back, and asked him : " Where is my Conrad ?"

" O ! ask me not," replied the squire ; " it would but cause you sorrow and lamenting."

" And Dietrich !" cried the father.

" Name not their names any more," said the aged

squire, "for they are gone; the wrath of our master was kindled against them, and he meant to punish you in them."

A hot rage mounted up in Eckart's soul; and, for sorrow and fury, he was no longer master of himself. He dashed the spurs into his horse, and rode through the Castle-gate. All drew back, with timid reverence, from his way; and thus he rode on to the front of the Palace. He sprang from horseback, and mounted the great steps with wavering pace. "Am I here in the dwelling of the man," said he, within himself, "who was once my friend?" He endeavoured to collect his thoughts; but wilder and wilder images kept moving in his eye, and thus he stepped into the Prince's chamber.

Burgundy's presence of mind forsook him, and he trembled as Eckart stood in his presence. "Art thou the Duke of Burgundy?" said Eckart to him. To which the Duke answered, "Yes."

"And thou hast killed my son Dietrich?"—The Duke said, "Yes."

"And my little Conrad too," cried Eckart, in his grief, "was not too good for thee, and thou hast killed him also?" To which the Duke again answered, "Yes."

Here Eckart was unmanned, and said, in tears: "O! answer me not so, Burgundy, for I cannot bear these speeches. Tell me but that thou art sorry, that thou wishest it were yet undone, and I will try to comfort myself; but thus, thou art utterly offensive to my heart."

The Duke said : “ Depart from my sight, false traitor ; for thou art the worst enemy I have on Earth.”

Eckart said : “ Thou hast of old called me thy friend ; but these thoughts are now far from thee. Never did I act against thee ; still have I honoured and loved thee as my prince ; and God forbid that I should now, as I well might, lay my hand upon my sword, and seek revenge of thee. No, I will depart from thy sight, and die in solitude.”

So saying, he went out ; and Burgundy was moved in his mind ; but at his call, the guards appeared with their lances, who encircled him on all sides, and motioned to drive Eckart from the chamber with their weapons.

To horse the hero springs,
Wild through the hills he rideth :
“ Of hope in earthly things,
Now none with me abideth.

“ My sons are slain in youth,
I have no child or wife ;
The Prince suspects my truth,
Has sworn to take my life.”

Then to the wood he turns him,
There gallops on and on ;
The smart of sorrow burns him,
He cries : “ They’re gone, they’re gone !

“ All living men from me are fled,
New friends I must provide me,
To the oaks and firs beside me,
Complain in desert dead.

“ There is no child to cheer me,
By cruel wolves they're slain ;
Once three of them were near me,
I see them not again.”

As Eckart cried thus sadly,
His sense it pass'd away ;
He rides in fury madly
Till dawning of the day.

His horse in frantic speed,
Sinks down at last exhausted ;
And nought does Eckart heed,
Or think or know what caused it ;

But on the cold ground lie,
Not fearing, loving longer ;
Despair grows strong and stronger,
He wishes but to die.

No one about the Castle knew whither Eckart had gone ; for he had lost himself in the waste forests, and let no man see him. The Duke dreaded his intentions ; and he now repented that he had let him go, and not laid hold of him. So, one morning, he set forth with a great train of hunters and attendants, to search the woods, and find out Eckart ; for he thought, that till Eckart were destroyed, there could be no security. All were unwearied, and regardless of toil ; but the sun set without their having found a trace of Eckart.

A storm came on, and great clouds flew blustering over the forest ; the thunder rolled, and lightning struck the tall oaks : all present were seized with an unquiet

terror, and they gradually dispersed among the bushes, or the open spaces of the wood. The Duke's horse plunged into the thicket; his squires could not follow him: the gallant horse rushed to the ground, and Burgundy in vain called through the tempest to his servants; for there was no one that could hear him.

Like a wild man, had Eckart roamed about the woods, unconscious of himself or his misfortunes; he had lost all thought, and in blank stupefaction, satisfied his hunger with roots and herbs: the hero could not now be recognized by any one, so sore had the days of his despair defaced him. As the storm came on, he awoke from his stupefaction, and again felt his existence and his woes, and saw the misery that had befallen him. He raised a loud cry of lamentation for his children; he tore his white hair; and called out, in the bellowing of the storm: "Whither, whither are ye gone, ye parts of my heart? And how is all strength departed from me, that I could not even avenge your death? Why did I hold back my arm, and did not send to death him who had given my heart these deadly stabs? Ha, fool, thou deservest that the tyrant should mock thee, since thy powerless arm and thy silly heart withstood not the murderer. Now, O now were he with me! But it is in vain to wish for vengeance, when the moment is gone by."

Thus came on the night, and Eckart wandered to and fro in his sorrow. From a distance he heard as it were a voice calling for help. Directing his steps by

the sound, he came up to a man in the darkness, who was leaning on the stem of a tree, and mournfully entreating to be guided to his road. Eckart started at the voice, for it seemed familiar to him; but he soon recovered, and perceived that the lost wayfarer was the Duke of Burgundy. Then he raised his hand to his sword, to cut down the man who had been the murderer of his children; his fury came on him with new force, and he was upon the point of finishing his bloody task, when all at once he stopped, for his oath and the word he had pledged came into his mind. He took his enemy's hand, and led him to the quarter where he thought the road must be.

The Duke foredone and weary
Sank in the wilder'd brakes;
Him in the tempest dreary
He on his shoulder takes.

Said Burgundy: "I'm giving
Much toil to thee, I fear."
Eckart replied: "The living
On Earth have much to bear."

"Yet," said the Duke, "believe me,
Were we out of the wood,
Since now thou dost relieve me,
Thy sorrows I'll make good."

The hero at this promise
Felt on his cheek the tear;
Said he: "Indeed I nowise
Do look for payment here."

“ Harder our plight is growing,”
The Duke cries, dreading scath,
“ Now whither are we going ?
Who art thou ? Art thou Death ?”

“ Not Death,” said he, still weeping,
“ Or any fiend am I ;
Thy life is in God’s keeping,
Thy ways are in his eye.”

“ Ah,” said the Duke, repenting,
“ My breast is foul within ;
I tremble, while lamenting,
Lest God requite my sin.

“ My truest friend I’ve banish’d,
His children have I slain,
In wrath from me he vanish’d,
As foe he comes again.

“ To me he was devoted,
Through good report and bad ;
My rights he still promoted,
The truest man I had.

“ Me he can never pardon,
I kill’d his children dear ;
This night, to pay my guerdon,
I’ th’ wood he lurks, I fear.

“ This does my conscience teach me,
A threat’ning voice within ;
If here to-night he reach me,
I die a child of sin.”

Said Eckart : “ The beginning
Of our woes is guilt ;
My grief is for thy sinning,
And for the blood thou’st spilt.

“ And that the man will meet thee
Is likewise surely true ;
Yet fear not, I entreat thee,
He’ll harm no hair of you.”

Thus were they going forward talking, when another person in the forest met them ; it was Wolfram, the Duke’s Squire, who had long been looking for his master. The dark night was still lying over them, and no star twinkled from between the wet black clouds. The Duke felt weaker, and longed to reach some lodging, where he might sleep till day ; besides, he was afraid that he might meet with Eckart, who stood like a spectre before his soul. He imagined he should never see the morning ; and shuddered anew when the wind again rustled through the high trees, and the storm came down from the hollows of the mountains, and went rushing over his head. “ Wolfram,” cried the Duke, in his anguish, “ climb one of these tall pines, and look about if thou can’st spy no light, no house, or cottage, whither we may turn.”

The Squire, at the hazard of his life, clomb up a lofty pine, which the storm was waving from the one side to the other, and ever and anon bending down the top of it to the very ground ; so that the squire wavered to and fro upon it like a little squirrel. At last he

reached the top, and cried : “ Down there, in the valley, I see the glimmer of a candle ; thither must we turn.” So he descended and showed the way ; and in a while, they all perceived the cheerful light ; at which the Duke once more took heart. Eckart still continued mute, and occupied within himself ; he spoke no word, and looked at his inward thoughts. On arriving at the hut, they knocked ; and a little old housewife let them in : as they entered, the stout Eckart set the Duke down from his shoulders, who threw himself immediately upon his knees, and in a fervent prayer thanked God for his deliverance. Eckart took his seat in a dark corner ; and there he found fast asleep the poor old man, who had lately told him of his great misery about his sons, and the search he was making for them.

When the Duke had done praying, he said : “ Very strange have my thoughts been this night, and the goodness of God and his almighty power never showed themselves so openly before to my obdurate heart : my mind also tells me that I have not long to live ; and I desire nothing save that God would pardon me my manifold and heavy sins. You two, also, who have led me hither, I could wish to recompense, so far as in my power, before my end arrive. To thee, Wolfram, I give both the castles that are on these hills beside us ; and in future, in remembrance of this awful night, thou shalt call them the Tannenhäuser, or Pine-houses. But who art thou, strange man,” continued he, “ that hast placed thyself there in the nook, apart ? Come forth, that I may also pay thee for thy toil.”

Then rose the hero from his place,
 And stept into the light before them ;
 Deep lines of woe were on his face,
 But with a patient mind he bore them.

And Burgundy his heart forsook him,
 To see that mild old grey-hair'd man ;
 His face grew pale, a trembling took him,
 He swoon'd and sank to earth again.

“ O, saints of heaven,” he wakes and cries,
 “ Is't thou that art before my eyes ?
 How shall I fly ? Where shall I hide me ?
 Was't thou that in the wood didst guide me ?
 I kill'd thy children young and fair,
 Me in thy arms, how could'st thou bear ”

Thus Burgundy goes on to wail,
 And feels the heart within him fail ;
 Death is at hand, remorse pursues him,
 With streaming eyes he sinks on Eckart's bosom,
 And Eckart whispers to him low :
 “ Henceforth I have forgot the slight,
 So thou and all the world may know,
 Eckart was still thy trusty knight.”

Thus passed the hours till morning, when some other servants of the Duke arrived, and found their dying master. They laid him on a mule and took him back to his Castle. Eckart he could not suffer from his side ; he would often take his hand and press it to his breast, and look at him with an imploring look. Then Eckart would embrace him, and speak a few kind words

to him, and so the Prince would feel composed. At last he summoned all his Council, and declared to them that he appointed Eckart, the trusty man, to be guardian of his sons, seeing he had proved himself the noblest of all. And thus he died.

Thenceforward Eckart took on him the government with all zeal ; and every person in the land admired his high manly spirit. Not long afterwards a rumour spread abroad in all quarters, of a strange Musician, who had come from Venus' Hill, who was travelling through the whole land, and seducing men with his playing, so that they disappeared, and no one could find any traces of them. Many credited the story, others not ; Eckart recollected the unhappy old man.

“ I have taken you for my sons,” said he to the young Princes, as he once stood with them on the hill before the Castle ; “ your happiness must now be my posterity ; when dead, I shall still live in your joy.” They lay down on the slope, from which the fair country was visible for many a league ; and here Eckart had to guard himself from speaking of his children ; for they seemed as if coming towards him from the distant mountains, while he heard afar off a lovely sound.

“ Comes it not like dreams
Stealing o'er the vales and streams ?
Out of regions far from this,
Like the song of souls in bliss ?”

This to the youths did Eckart say,
And caught the sound from far away ;
And as the magic tones came nigher,
A wicked strange desire
Awakens in the breasts of these pure boys,
That drives them forth to seek for unknown joys.

“ Come, let's to the fields, to the meadows and mountains,
The forests invite us, the streams and the fountains ;
Soft voices in secret for loitering chide us,
Away to the Garden of Pleasure they'll guide us.”

The Player comes in foreign guise,
Appears before their wondering eyes ;
And higher swells the music's sound,
And brighter glows the emerald ground ;
The flowers appear as drunk,
Twilight red has on them sunk ;
And through the green grass play, with airy lightness,
Soft, fitful, blue and golden streaks of brightness.

Like a shadow, melts and flits away
All that bound men to this world of clay ;
In Earth all toil and tumult cease,
Like one bright flower it blooms in peace ;
The mountains rock in purple light,
The valleys shout as with delight ;
All rush and whirl in the music's noise,
And long to share of these offered joys ;
The soul of man is allured to gladness,
And lies entranced in that blissful madness.

The trusty Eckart felt it,
But wist not of the cause ;
His heart the music melted,
He wondered what it was.

The world seems new and fairer,
All blooming like the rose ;
Can Eckart be a sharer
In raptures such as those ?

“ Ha ! Are those tones restoring
My wife and bonny sons ?
All that I was deploring,
My lost beloved ones ?”

Yet soon his sense collected
Brought doubt within his breast ;
These hellish arts detected,
A horror him possess'd.

And now he sees the raging
Of his young princes dear ;
Themselves to Hell engaging,
His voice no more they hear.

And forth, in wild commotion,
They rush, not knowing where ;
In tumult like the ocean,
When mad his billows are.

Then, as these things assail'd him,
He wist not what to do ;
His knighthood almost fail'd him
Amid that hellish crew.

Then to his soul appeareth
The hour the Duke did die ;
His friend's faint prayer he heareth,
He sees his fading eye.

And so his mind's in armour,
And hope is conquering fear ;
When see, the fiendish Charmer
Himself comes piping near !

His sword to draw he essayeth,
And smite the caitiff dead ;
But as the music playeth,
His strength is from him fled.

And from the mountains issue
Crowds of distorted forms,
Of Dwarfs a boundless tissue
Come simmering round in swarms.

The youths, possess'd, are running
As frantic in the crowd :
In vain is force or cunning ;
In vain to call aloud.

And hurries on by castle,
By tower and town, the rout ;
Like imps in hellish wassail,
With cackling laugh and shout.

He too is in the rabble ;
May not resist their force,
Must hear their deafening babble,
Attend their frantic course.

But now the Hill appeareth,
And music comes thereout ;
And as the Phantoms hear it,
They halt, and raise a shout.

The Mountain starts asunder,
A motley crowd is seen ;
This way and that they wander,
In red unearthly sheen.

Then his broad sword he drew it,
And says : " Still true, though lost !"
And with mad force he heweth,
Through that Infernal host.

His youths he sees (how gladly !)
Escaping through the vale ;
The Fiends are fighting madly,
And threatening to prevail.

The Dwarfs, when hurt, fly downward,
And rise up cured again ;
And other crowds rush onward,
And fight with might and main.

Then saw he from a distance
The children safe, and cried :
" They need not my assistance,
I care not what betide."

His good broad sword doth glitter
And flash i' th' noontide ray ;
The Dwarfs, with wailing bitter,
And howls, depart away.

Safe at the valley's ending,
The youths far off he spies ;
Then faint and wounded, bending,
The hero falls and dies.

So his last hour o'ertook him,
Fighting like lion brave ;
His truth, it ne'er forsook him,
He was faithful to the grave.

Now Eckart having perish'd,
The eldest son bore sway ;
His memory still he cherish'd,
With grateful heart would say :

“ From foes and wreck to save me,
Like lion grim he fought ;
My throne, my life, he gave me,
And with his heart's blood bought.”

And soon a wondrous rumour
The country round did fill,
That when a desp'rate humour
Doth send one to the Hill,

There straight a Shape will meet him,
The Trusty Eckart's ghost,
And wistfully entreat him
To turn, and not be lost.

There he, though dead, yet ever
True watch and ward doth hold ;
Upon the Earth shall never
Be man so true and bold.

THE TRUSTY ECKART.

PART SECOND.

MORE than four centuries had elapsed since the trusty Eckart's death, when a noble Tannenhäuser, in the station of Imperial Counsellor, was living at Court in the highest estimation. The son of this knight surpassed in beauty all the other nobles of the land, and on this account was loved and prized by every one. Suddenly, however, after some mysterious incidents had been observed to happen him, the young man disappeared; and no one knew or guessed what was become of him. Since the times of the Trusty Eckart, there had always been a story current in the land about the Venus-Hill; and many said that he had wandered thither, and was lost for ever.

One of those that most lamented him was his young friend Friedrich von Wolfsburg. They had grown up together, and their mutual attachment seemed to each

of them to have become a necessary of life. Tannenhäuser's old father died : Friedrich married some years afterwards ; already was a ring of merry children round him, and still he heard no tidings of his youthful friend ; so that, in the end, he was forced to conclude him dead.

He was standing one evening under the gate of his Castle, when he perceived afar off a pilgrim travelling towards the mansion. The wayfaring man was clad in a strange garb ; and his gait and gestures the Knight thought extremely singular. On his approaching nearer, Wolfsburg thought that he knew him ; and at last he became convinced that the stranger was no other than his long-lost friend, the Tannenhäuser. He felt amazed, and a secret horror took possession of him, as he recognized distinctly these much-altered features.

The two friends embraced ; then started back next moment ; and gazed astonished at each other as at unknown beings. Of questions, of perplexed replies, were many. Friedrich often shuddered at the wild look of his friend, which seemed to burn as with unearthly light. The Tannenhäuser had reposed himself a day or two, when Friedrich learned that he was on a pilgrimage to Rome.

The two friends by and by renewed their former intimacy ; took up their old topics, and told stories to each other of their youth ; but the Tannenhäuser always carefully concealed where he had been since then. Friedrich, however, pressed him to disclose it,

now that they were once more on their ancient confidential footing ; the other long endeavoured to ward off the friendly prayer ; but at last he exclaimed : “ Well, be it so ; thy will be done ! Thou shalt know all ; but cast no reproaches on me after, should the story fill thee with inquietude and horror.”

They went into the open air, and walked a little in a green wood of the pleasure-grounds, where at last they sat down ; and now the Tannenhäuser hid his face among the grass, and, with loud sobs, held back his right hand to his friend, who pressed it tenderly in his. The woe-worn pilgrim raised himself, and began his story in the following words :

“ Believe me, Wolfsburg, many a man has, at his birth, an Evil Spirit linked to him, that vexes him through life, and never lets him rest, till he has reached his black destination. So has it been with me ; my whole existence has been but a continuing birth-pain, and my awakening will be in Hell. For this have I already wandered so many weary steps, and have so many yet before me on the pilgrimage which I am making to the Holy Father, that I may endeavour to obtain forgiveness at Rome. In his presence will I lay down the heavy burden of my sins ; or fall beneath it, and die despairing.”

Friedrich attempted to console him, but the Tannenhäuser seemed to pay little heed to what he said ; and, after a short while, he proceeded in the following words : “ There is an old legend of a Knight who is said to have lived many centuries ago, under the name of the

Trusty Eckart. They tell how, in those days, a Musician issued from some marvellous Hill ; and, by his magic tones, awoke in the hearts of all that heard him so deep a longing, such wild wishes, that he led them irresistibly along with his music, and forced them to rush in with him to the Hill. Hell had then opened wide her gates to poor mortals, and enticed them in with seductive music. In boyhood I often heard this story, and at first without particularly minding it ; yet ere long it so took hold of me, that all Nature, every sound, every flower, recalled to me the story of these heart-subduing tones. I cannot tell thee what a sadness, what an unutterable longing used to seize me, when I looked on the driving of the clouds, and saw the light lordly blue peering out between them ; or what remembrances the meadows and the woods would awaken in my deepest heart. Oftentimes the loveliness and fulness of royal Nature so affected me, that I stretched out my arms, as if to fly away with wings ; that I might pour myself out like the Spirit of Nature over mountain and valley ; that I might brood over grass and forest, and inhale the riches of her blessedness. And if by day the free landscape charmed me, by night dark dreaming fantasies tormented me ; and set themselves in louring grimness before me, as if to shut up my path of life for ever. Above all, there was one dream that left an ineffaceable impression on my feelings, though I never could distinctly call the forms of it to memory. Methought there was a vast

tumult in the streets ; I heard confused unintelligible speaking ; it was dark night ; I went to my parents' house ; none but my father was there, and he sick. Next morning I clasped my parents in my arms, and pressed them with melting tenderness to my breast, as if some hostile power had been about to tear them from me. ' Am I to lose thee ?' said I to my father. ' Oh ! how wretched and lonely were I without thee in this world !' They tried to comfort me, but could not wipe away the dim image from my remembrance.

" I grew older, still keeping myself apart from other boys of my age. I often roamed solitary through the fields : and it happened one morning, in my rambles, that I had lost my way ; and so was wandering to and fro in a thick wood, not knowing whither to turn. After long seeking vainly for a road, I at last on a sudden came upon an iron-grated fence, within which lay a garden. Through the bars, I saw fair shady walks before me ; fruit-trees and flowers ; and close by me were rose-bushes glittering in the sun. A nameless longing for these roses seized me ; I could not help rushing on ; I pressed myself by force through between the bars, and was now standing in the garden. Immediately I sank on my knees ; clasped the bushes in my arms ; kissed the roses on their red lips, and melted into tears. I had knelt a while, absorbed in a sort of rapture, when there came two maidens through the alleys ; the one of my own years, the other elder. I awoke from my trance, to fall into a higher ecstasy. My eye lighted

on the younger, and I felt at this moment as if all my unknown woe was healed. They took me to the house ; their parents, having learned my name, sent notice to my father, who, in the evening, came himself, and brought me back.

“ From this day, the uncertain current of my life had got a fixed direction ; my thoughts for ever hastened back to the castle and the maiden ; for here, it seemed to me, was the home of all my wishes. I forgot my customary pleasures, I forsook my playmates, and often visited the garden, the castle, and Emma. Here I had, in a little time, grown, as it were, an inmate of the house, so that they no longer thought it strange to see me ; and Emma was becoming dearer to me every day. Thus passed my hours ; and a tenderness had taken my heart captive, though I myself was not aware of it. My whole destination seemed to me fulfilled ; I had no wish but still to come again ; and when I went away, to have the same prospect for the morrow.

“ Matters were in this state, when a young knight became acquainted in the family ; he was a friend of my parents ; and he soon, like me, attached himself to Emma. I hated him, from that moment, as my deadly enemy ; but nothing can describe my feelings, when I fancied I perceived that Emma liked him more than me. From this hour, it was as if the music, which had hitherto accompanied me, went silent in my bosom. I meditated but on death and hatred ; wild thoughts now

awoke in my breast, when Emma sang her well-known songs to her lute. Nor did I hide the aversion which I felt ; and when my parents tried to reason and remonstrate with me, I grew fierce and contradictory.

“ I now roved about the woods and rocky wastes, infuriated against myself. The death of my rival was a thing I had determined on. The young knight, after some few months, made a formal offer of himself to the parents of my mistress, and she was betrothed to him. All that was rare and beautiful in Nature, all that had charmed me in her magnificence, had been united in my soul with Emma’s image ; I fancied, knew, or wished for no other happiness but Emma ; nay, I had wilfully determined that the day, which brought the loss of her, should also bring my own destruction.

“ My parents sorrowed in heart at such perversion ; my mother had fallen sick, but I paid no heed to this ; her situation gave me little trouble, and I saw her seldom. The wedding-day of my enemy was coming on ; and with its approach increased the agony of mind which drove me over woods and mountains. I execrated Emma and myself with the most horrid curses. At this time I had no friend ; no man would take any charge of me, for all had given me up for lost.

“ The fearful marriage-eve came on. I had wandered deep among the cliffs, I heard the rushing of the forest-streams below ; I often shuddered at myself. When the morning came, I saw my enemy proceeding

down the mountains : I assailed him with injurious speeches ; he replied ; we drew our swords, and he soon fell beneath my furious strokes.

“ I hastened on, not looking after him, but his attendants took the corpse away. At night, I hovered round the dwelling which enclosed my Emma ; and a few days afterwards, I heard in the neighbouring cloister the sound of the funeral-bell, and the grave-song of the nuns. I inquired ; and was told that Fräulein Emma, out of sorrow for her bridegroom’s death, was dead.

“ I could stay no longer ; I doubted whether I was living, whether it was all truth or not. I hastened back to my parents ; and came next night, at a late hour, to the town where they lived. Here all was in confusion ; horses and military waggons filled the streets, soldiers were jostling one another this way and that, and speaking in disordered haste : the Emperor was on the point of undertaking a campaign against his enemies. A solitary light was burning in my father’s house when I entered ; a strangling oppression lay upon my breast. As I knocked, my father himself, with slow, thoughtful steps, advanced to meet me ; and immediately I recollected the old dream of my childhood ; and felt, with cutting emotion, that now it was receiving its fulfilment. In perplexity, I asked : ‘ Why, are you up so late, Father ? ’ He led me in, and said : ‘ I may well be up, for thy mother is even now dead.’

“ His words struck through my soul like thunderbolts.

He took a seat with a meditative air ; I sat down beside him. The corpse was lying in a bed, and strangely wound in linen. My heart was like to burst. ‘ I wake here,’ said the old man, ‘ for my wife is still sitting by me.’ My senses failed ; I fixed my eyes upon a corner ; and, after a little while, there rose, as it were, a vapour ; it mounted and wavered ; and the well-known figure of my mother gathered itself visibly together from the midst of it, and looked at me with an earnest mien. I wished to go, but I could not ; for the form of my mother beckoned to me, and my father held me in his arms, and whispered to me, in a low voice : ‘ She died of grief for thee.’ I embraced him with a childlike transport of affection ; I poured burning tears on his breast. He kissed me ; and I shuddered ; for his lips, as they touched me, were cold, like the lips of one dead. ‘ How art thou, Father ?’ cried I, in horror. He writhed painfully together, and made no reply. In a few moments, I felt him growing colder ; I laid my hand on his heart, but it was still ; and, in wailing delirium, I held the body fast clasped in my embrace.

“ As it were a gleam, like the first streak of dawn, went through the dark room ; and behold, the spirit of my father sat beside my mother’s form ; and both looked at me compassionately, as I held the dear corpse in my arms. After this, my consciousness was over : exhausted and delirious, the servants found me next morning in the chamber of the dead.”

So far the Tannenhäuser had proceeded with his nar-

rative : Friedrich was listening to him with the deepest astonishment, when all on a sudden he broke off, and paused with an expression of the keenest pain. Friedrich felt embarrassed and immersed in thought ; they both returned in company to the Castle, but staid in the same room apart from others.

“The Tannenhäuser had kept silence for a while, then he again began : “ The remembrance of those hours still agitates me deeply ; I understand not how I have survived them. The world, and its life, now appeared to me as if dead and utterly desolate ; without thoughts or wishes I lived on from day to day. I then became acquainted with a set of wild young people ; and endeavoured, in the whirl of pleasure and intoxication, to lay the tumultuous Evil Spirit that was in me. My ancient burning impatience again awoke ; and I could no longer understand myself or my wishes. A debauchee, named Rudolf, had become my confident ; he, however, always laughed to scorn my longings and complaints. About a year had passed in this way, when my misery of spirit rose to desperation ; there was something drove me onwards, onwards, into unknown space ; I could have dashed myself down from the high mountains into the glowing green of the meadows, into the cool rushing of the waters, to slake the burning thirst, to stay the insatiability of my soul : I longed for annihilation ; and again, like golden morning clouds, did hope and love of life arise before me, and entice me on. The thought then struck me, that Hell was hungering for

me, and was sending me my sorrows as well as my pleasures to destroy me ; that some malignant Spirit was directing all the powers of my soul to the Infernal Abode ; and leading me, as with a bridle, to my doom. And I surrendered to him ; that so these torments, these alternating raptures and agonies, might leave me. In the darkest night, I mounted a lofty hill ; and called on the Enemy of God and man, with all the energies of my heart, so that I felt he would be forced to hear me. My words brought him : he stood suddenly before me, and I felt no horror. Then in talking with him, the belief in that strange Hill again arose within me ; and he taught me a Song, which of itself would lead me by the straight road thither. He disappeared, and for the first time since I had begun to live, I was alone with myself ; for I now understood my wandering thoughts, which rushed as from a centre to find out another world. I set forth on my journey ; and the Song, which I sang with a loud voice, led me over strange deserts ; but all other things besides myself I had forgotten. There was something carrying me, as on the strong wings of desire to my home : I wished to escape the shadow which, amid the sunshine, threatens us ; the wild tones which, amid the softest music, chide us. So travelling on, I reached the Mountain, one night when the moon was shining faintly from behind dim clouds. I proceeded with my Song ; and a giant form stood by me, and beckoned me back with his staff. I went nearer : ' I am the Trusty Eckart,' said the superhuman figure ;

‘ by God’s goodness, I am placed here as watchman, to warn men back from their sinful rashness.’—I pressed through.

“ My path was now as in a subterraneous mine. The passage was so narrow, that I had to press myself along ; I caught the gurgling of hidden waters ; I heard spirits forming ore, and gold and silver, to entice the soul of man ; I found here concealed and separate the deep sounds and tones from which earthly music springs : the farther I went, the more did there fall, as it were, a veil from my sight.

“ I rested, and saw other forms of men come gliding towards me ; my friend Rudolf was among the number. I could not understand how they were to pass me, so narrow was the way ; but they went along, through the middle of the rock, without perceiving me.

“ Anon I heard the sound of music ; but music altogether different from any that had ever struck my ear before. My thoughts within me strove towards the notes : I came into an open space ; and strange radiant colours glittered on me from every side. This it was that I had always been in search of. Close to my heart I felt the presence of the long-sought, now-discovered glory ; and its ravishments thrilled into me with all their power. And then the whole crowd of jocund Pagan gods came forth to meet me, Lady Venus at their head, and all saluted me. They have been banished thither by the power of the Almighty ; their worship is abo-

lished from the Earth ; and now they work upon us from their concealment.

“ All pleasures that Earth affords, I here possessed and partook of in their fullest bloom ; insatiable was my heart, and endless my enjoyment. The famed Beauties of the ancient world were present ; what my thought coveted was mine ; one delirium of rapture was followed by another ; and day after day, the world appeared to burn round me in more glorious hues. Streams of the richest wine allayed my fierce thirst ; and beauteous forms sported in the air, and soft eyes invited me ; vapours rose enchanting around my head : as if from the inmost heart of blissful Nature, came a music, and cooled with its fresh waves the wild tumult of desire ; and a horror, that glided faint and secret over the rose-fields, heightened the delicious revel. How many years passed over me in this abode I know not : for here there was no time, and no distinctions ; the flowers here glowed with the charms of women ; and in the forms of the women bloomed the magic of flowers ; colours here had another language ; the whole world of sense was bound together into one blossom, and the spirits within it for ever held their rejoicing.

“ Now, how it happened, I can neither say nor comprehend : but so it was, that in all this pomp of sin, a love of rest, a longing for the old innocent Earth, with her scanty joys, took hold of me here, as keenly as of old the impulse which had driven me hither. I was

again drawn on to live that life which men, in their unconsciousness, go on leading : I was sated with this splendour, and gladly sought my former home once more. An unspeakable grace of the Almighty permitted my return ; I found myself suddenly again in the world ; and now it is my intention to pour out my guilty breast before the chair of our Holy Father in Rome ; that so he may forgive me, and I may again be reckoned among men."

The Tannenhäuser ceased ; and Friedrich long viewed him with an investigating look, then took his hand, and said : " I cannot yet recover from my wonder, nor can I understand thy narrative ; for it is impossible that all thou hast told me can be aught but an imagination. Emma still lives, she is my wife ; thou and I never quarrelled, or hated one another, as thou thinkest : yet before our marriage, thou wert gone on a sudden from the neighbourhood ; nor didst thou ever tell me, by a single hint, that Emma was dear to thee."

Hereupon he took the bewildered Tannenhäuser by the hand, and led him into another room to his wife, who had just then returned from a visit to her sister, which had kept her for the last few days from home. The Tannenhäuser spoke not, and seemed immersed in thought ; he viewed in silence the form and face of the lady, then shook his head, and said : " By Heaven, that is the strangest incident of all !"

Friedrich, with precision and connectedness, related

all that had befallen him since that time ; and tried to make his friend perceive that it had been some singular madness which had, in the meanwhile, harassed him. " I know very well how it stands," exclaimed the Tannenhäuser. " It is now that I am crazy ; and Hell has cast this juggling show before me, that I may not go to Rome, and seek the pardon of my sins."

Emma tried to bring his childhood to his recollection, but the Tannenhäuser would not be persuaded. He speedily set out on his journey ; that he might the sooner get his absolution from the Pope.

Friedrich and Emma often spoke of the mysterious pilgrim. Some months had gone by, when the Tannenhäuser, pale and wasted, in a tattered pilgrim's dress, and barefoot, one morning entered Friedrich's chamber, while the latter was in bed asleep. He kissed his lips, and then said, in breathless haste : " The Holy Father cannot, and will not forgive me ; I must back to my old dwelling." And with this he went hurriedly away.

Friedrich roused himself ; but the ill-fated pilgrim was already gone. He went to his lady's room ; and her maids rushed out to meet him, crying that the Tannenhäuser had pressed into the apartment early in the morning, with the words : " She shall not obstruct me in my course !" — Emma was lying murdered.

Friedrich had not yet recalled his thoughts, when a horror came over him : he could not rest ; he ran into the open air. They wished to keep him back ; but he

told them that the pilgrim had kissed his lips, and that the kiss was burning him till he found the man again. And so, with inconceivable rapidity, he ran away to seek the Tannenhäuser, and the mysterious Hill; and, since that day, he was never seen any more. People say, that whoever gets a kiss from any emissary of the Hill, is thenceforth unable to withstand the lure that draws him with magic force into the subterraneous chasm.

III.

THE RUNENBERG.

A YOUNG hunter was sitting in the heart of the Mountains, in a thoughtful mood, beside his fowling-floor, while the noise of the waters and the woods was sounding through the solitude. He was musing on his destiny; how he was so young, and had forsaken his father and mother, and accustomed home, and all his comrades in his native village, to seek out new acquaintances, to escape from the circle of returning habitude; and he looked up with a sort of surprise that he was here, that he found himself in this valley, in this employment. Great clouds were passing over him, and sinking behind the mountains; birds were singing from the bushes, and an echo was replying to them. He slowly descended the hill; and seated himself on the margin of a brook, that was gushing down among the rocks with foamy murmur. He listened to the fitful melody of the water; and it seemed to him as if the waves were saying to him, in unintelligible words,

a thousand things that concerned him nearly ; and he felt an inward trouble that he could not understand their speeches. Then again he looked aloft, and thought that he was glad and happy ; so he took new heart, and sang aloud this hunting song :

Blithe and cheery through the mountains
Goes the huntsman to the chace,
By the lonesome shady fountains,
Till he finds the red-deer's trace.

Hark ! his trusty dogs are baying
Through the bright green solitude ;
Through the groves the horns are playing :
O, thou merry gay green wood !

In some dell, when luck hath blest him,
And his shot hath stretch'd the deer,
Lies he down, content, to rest him,
While the brooks are murmuring clear.

Leave the husbandman his sowing,
Let the shipman sail the sea ;
None, when bright the morn is glowing,
Sees its red so fair as he,

Wood, and wold, and game that prizes,
While Diana loves his art ;
And, at last, some bright face rises :
Happy huntsman that thou art !

Whilst he sung, the sun had sunk deeper, and broad shadows fell across the narrow glen. A cooling twi-

light glided over the ground ; and now only the tops of the trees, and the round summits of the mountains, were gilded by the glow of evening. Christian's heart grew sadder and sadder : he could not think of going back to his bird-fold, and yet he could not stay ; he felt himself alone, and longed to meet with men. He now remembered with regret those old books, which he used to see at home, and would never read, often as his father had advised him to it : the habitation of his childhood came before him, his sports with the youth of the village, his acquaintances among the children, the school that had afflicted him so much ; and he wished he were again amid these scenes, which he had wilfully forsaken, to seek his fortune in unknown regions, in the mountains, among strange people, in a new employment. Meanwhile it grew darker ; and the brook rushed louder ; and the birds of night began to shoot, with fitful wing, along their mazy courses. Christian still sat disconsolate, and immersed in sad reflection ; he was like to weep, and altogether undecided what to do or purpose. Unthinkingly, he pulled a straggling root from the earth ; and on the instant, heard, with affright, a stifled moan under ground, which winded downwards in doleful tones, and died plaintively away in the deep distance. The sound went through his inmost heart : it seized him as if he had unwittingly touched the wound, of which the dying frame of Nature was expiring in its agony. He started up to fly ; for he had already heard of the mysterious mandrake-root, which, when torn, yields

such heart-rending moans, that the person who has hurt it runs distracted by its wailing. As he turned to go, a stranger man was standing at his back, who looked at him with a friendly countenance, and asked him whether he was going. Christian had been longing for society, and yet he started in alarm at this friendly presence.

“Whither so fast?” said the stranger again.

The young hunter made an effort to collect himself, and told how all at once the solitude had seemed so frightful to him, he had meant to get away; the evening was so dark, the green shades of the wood so dreary, the brook seemed uttering lamentations, and his longing drew him over to the other side of the hills.

“You are but young,” said the stranger, “and cannot yet endure the rigour of solitude: I will accompany you, for you will find no house or hamlet within a league of this; and in the way we may talk, and tell each other tales, and so your sad thoughts will leave you: in an hour the moon will rise behind the hills; its light also will help to chase away the darkness of your mind.”

They went along, and the stranger soon appeared to Christian as if he had been an old acquaintance. “Who are you?” said the man; “by your speech I hear that you belong not to this part.”

“Ah!” replied the other, “upon this I could say much, and yet it is not worth the telling you, or talking of. There was something dragged me, with a foreign

force, from the circle of my parents and relations ; my spirit was not master of itself : like a bird which is taken in a net, and struggles to no purpose, so my soul was meshed in strange imaginations and desires. We dwelt far hence, in a plain, where all round you could see no hill, scarce even a height : few trees adorned the green level ; but meadows, fertile corn-fields, gardens stretched away as far as the eye could reach ; and a broad river glittered like a potent spirit through the midst of them. My father was gardener to a nobleman, and meant to breed me to the same employment. He delighted in plants and flowers beyond aught else, and could unweariedly pass day by day in watching them and tending them. Nay, he went so far as to maintain, that he could almost speak with them ; that he got knowledge from their growth and spreading, as well as from the varied form and colour of their leaves. To me, however, gardening was a tiresome occupation ; and the more so that my father kept persuading me to take it up, or even attempted to compel me to it with threats. I wished to be a fisherman, and tried that business for a time ; but a life on the waters would not suit me : I was then apprenticed to a tradesman in the town ; but soon came home from this employment also. My father happened to be talking of the Mountains, which he had travelled over in his youth ; of the subterranean mines and their workmen ; of hunters and their occupation : and that instant, there arose in me the most decided wish ; the feeling that at last I had found out

the way of life, which would entirely fit me. Day and night I meditated on the matter ; representing to myself high mountains, chasms, and pine forests : my imagination shaped wild rocks ; I heard the tumult of the chase, the horns, the cry of the hounds and the game ; all my dreams were filled with these things, and they left me neither peace nor rest any more. The plain, our patron's castle, and my father's little hampered garden, with its trimmed flower-beds ; our narrow dwelling ; the wide sky which stretched above us in its dreary vastness, embracing no hill, no lofty mountain, all became more dull and odious to me. It seemed as if the people about me were living in most lamentable ignorance ; that every one of them would think and long as I did, should the feeling of their wretchedness but once arise within their souls. Thus did I bait my heart with restless fancies ; till one morning I resolved on leaving my father's house directly, and for ever. In a book, I had found some notice of the nearest mountains ; some charts of the neighbouring districts, and by them I shaped my course. It was early in spring, and I felt myself cheerful, and altogether light of heart. I hastened on, to get away the faster from the level country : and one evening, in the distance, I descried the dim outline of the Mountains, lying on the sky before me. I could scarcely sleep in my inn, so impatient did I feel to have my foot upon the region which I regarded as my home : with the earliest dawn I was awake, and again in motion. By the afternoon, I had got among my beloved hills ; and here,

as if intoxicated, I went on, then stopped a while, looked back ; and drank, as in inspiring draughts, the aspect of these foreign, yet well-known objects. Ere long, the plain was out of sight ; the forest streams were rushing down to meet me ; the oaks and beeches sounded to me from their steep precipices with wavering boughs ; my path led me by the edge of dizzy abysses ; blue hills were standing vast and solemn in the distance. A new world was opened to me ; I was never weary. Thus, after some days, having roamed over great part of the Mountains, I reached the dwelling of an old forester, who consented, at my urgent request, to take me in, and instruct me in the business of the chase. It is now three months since I entered his service. I took possession of the district where I was to live, as of my kingdom. I got acquainted with every cliff and dell among the mountains ; in my occupation, when at dawn of day we moved to the forest, when felling trees in the wood, when practising my fowling-piece, or training my trusty attendants, our dogs, to do their feats, I felt completely happy. But for the last eight days I have staid up here at the fowling-floor, in the loneliest quarter of the hills ; and to-night I grew so sad as I was never in my life before ; I seemed so lost, so utterly unhappy ; and even yet I cannot shake aside that melancholy humour."

The stranger had listened with attention, while they both wandered on through a dark alley of the wood. They now came out into the open country, and the

light of the moon, which was standing with its horns over the summit of the hill, saluted them like a friend. In undistinguishable forms, and many separated masses, which the pale gleam again perplexingly combined, lay the cleft mountain-range before them; in the background a steep hill, on the top of which an antique weathered ruin rose ghastly in the white light. "Our roads part here," said the stranger; "I am going down into this hollow; there, by that old mine-shaft, is my dwelling: the metal ores are my neighbours; the mine streams tell me wonders in the night; thither thou canst not follow me. But look, there stands the Runenberg, with its wild ragged walls; how beautiful and alluring the grim old rock looks down on us! Wert thou never there?"

"Never," said the hunter. "Once I heard my old forester relating strange stories of that hill, which I, like a fool, have forgotten; only I remember that my mind that night was full of dread and unearthly notions. I could like to mount the hill some time; for the colours there are of the fairest, the grass must be very green, the world around one very strange; who knows, too, but one might chance to find some curious relic of the ancient time up there?"

"You could scarcely fail," replied the stranger: "whoever knows how to seek, whoever feels his heart drawn towards it with a right inward longing, will find friends of former ages there, and glorious things, and all that he wishes most." With these words the stran-

ger rapidly descended to a side, without bidding his companion farewell ; he soon vanished in the tangles of the thicket, and after some few instants, the sound of his footsteps also died away. The young hunter did not feel surprised, he but went on with quicker speed towards the Runenberg : thither all things seemed to beckon him ; the stars were shining towards it ; the moon pointed out as it were a bright road to the ruins ; light clouds rose up to them ; and from the depths, the waters and sounding woods spoke new courage into him. His steps were as if winged ; his heart throbbed ; he felt so great a joy within him, that it rose to pain. He came into places he had never seen before ; the rocks grew steeper ; the green disappeared ; the bald cliffs called to him, as with angry voices, and a lone moaning wind drove him on before it. Thus he hurried forward without pause ; and late after midnight he came upon a narrow footpath, which ran along by the brink of an abyss. He heeded not the depth which yawned beneath, and threatened to swallow him for ever ; so keenly was he driven along by wild imaginations and vague wishes. At last his perilous track led him close by a high wall, which seemed to lose itself in the clouds ; the path grew narrower every step ; and Christian had to cling by projecting stones to keep himself from rushing down into the gulf. Ere long, he could get no farther ; his path ended underneath a window : he was obliged to pause, and knew not whether he should turn or stay. Suddenly he saw a light, which seemed to move with-

in the ruined edifice. He looked towards the gleam ; and found that he could see into an ancient spacious hall, strangely decorated, and glittering in manifold splendour, with multitudes of precious stones and crystals, the hues of which played through each other in mysterious changes, as the light moved to and fro ; and this was in the hand of a stately female, who kept walking with a thoughtful aspect up and down the apartment. She seemed of a different race from mortals ; so large, so strong was her form, so earnest her look ; yet the enraptured huntsman thought he had never seen or fancied such surpassing beauty. He trembled, yet secretly wished she might come near the window and observe him. At last she stopped ; set down the light on a crystal table ; looked aloft, and sang with a piercing voice :

What can the Ancient keep
That they come not at my call ?
The crystal pillars weep,
From the diamonds on the wall
The trickling tear-drops fall ;
And within is heard a moan,
A chiding fitful tone :
In these waves of brightness,
Lovely changeful lightness,
Has the Shape been form'd,
By which the soul is charm'd,
And the longing heart is warm'd.
Come, ye Spirits, at my call,
Haste ye to the Golden Hall ;
Raise, from your abysses gloomy,

Heads that sparkle ; faster
Come, ye Ancient Ones, come to me !
Let your power be master
Of the longing hearts and souls,
Where the flood of passion rolls,
Let your power be master !

On finishing the song, she began undressing ; laying her apparel in a costly press. First, she took a golden veil from her head ; and her long black hair streamed down in curling fulness over her loins : then she loosed her bosom-dress ; and the youth forgot himself and all the world, in gazing at that more than earthly beauty. He scarcely dared to breathe, as by degrees she laid aside her other garments : at last she walked about the chamber naked ; and her heavy waving locks formed round her, as it were, a dark billowy sea, out of which, like marble, the glancing limbs of her form beamed forth, in alternating splendour. After a while, she went forward to another golden press ; and took from it a tablet, glittering with many inlaid stones, rubies, diamonds, and all kinds of jewels ; and viewed it long with an investigating look. The tablet seemed to form a strange inexplicable figure, from its individual lines and colours ; sometimes, when the glance of it came towards the hunter, he was painfully dazzled by it ; then, again, soft green and blue playing over it, refreshed his eye : he stood, however, devouring the objects with his looks, and at the same time sunk in deep thought. Within his soul, an abyss of forms and har-

mony, of longing and voluptuousness, was opened : hosts of winged tones, and sad and joyful melodies flew through his spirit, which was moved to its foundations : he saw a world of Pain and Hope arise within him ; strong towering crags of Trust and defiant Confidence, and deep rivers of Sadness flowing by. He no longer knew himself : and he started as the fair woman opened the window ; handed him the magic tablet of stones, and spoke these words : " Take this in memory of me ! " He caught the tablet ; and felt the figure, which, unseen, at once went through his inmost heart ; and the light, and the fair woman, and the wondrous hall, had disappeared. As it were, a dark night, with curtains of cloud, fell down over his soul : he searched for his former feelings, for that inspiration and unutterable love ; he looked at the precious tablet, and the sinking moon was imaged in it faint and bluish.

He had still the tablet firmly grasped in his hands, when the morning dawned ; and he, exhausted, giddy, and half-asleep, fell headlong down the precipice.—

The sun shone bright on the face of the stupified sleeper ; and, awakening, he found himself upon a pleasant hill. He looked round, and saw far behind him, and scarce discernible at the extreme horizon, the ruins of the Runenberg ; he searched for his tablet, and could find it nowhere. Astonished and perplexed, he tried to gather his thoughts, and connect together his remembrances ; but his memory was as if filled with a waste haze, in which vague irrecognisable shapes were

wildly jostling to and fro. His whole previous life lay behind him, as in a far distance ; the strangest and the commonest were so mingled, that all his efforts could not separate them. After long struggling with himself, he at last concluded that a dream, or sudden madness, had come over him that night ; only he could never understand how he had strayed so far into a strange and remote quarter.

Still scarcely waking, he went down the hill ; and came upon a beaten way, which led him out from the mountains into the plain country. All was strange to him: he at first thought that he would find his old home; but the country which he saw was quite unknown to him ; and at length he concluded that he must be upon the south side of the Mountains, which, in spring, he had entered from the north. Towards noon, he perceived a little town below him : from its cottages a peaceful smoke was mounting up ; children, dressed as for a holiday, were sporting on the green ; and from a small church came the sound of the organ, and the singing of the congregation. All this laid hold of him with a sweet, inexpressible sadness ; it so moved him, that he was forced to weep. The narrow gardens, the little huts with their smoking chimneys, the accurately-parted corn-fields, reminded him of the necessities of poor human nature ; of man's dependence on the friendly Earth, to whose benignity he must commit himself ; while the singing, and the music of the organ, filled the stranger's heart with a devoutness it had never felt be-

fore. The desires and emotions of the bygone night seemed reckless and wicked ; he wished once more, in childlike meekness, helplessly and humbly to unite himself to men as to his brethren, and fly from his ungodly purposes and feelings. The plain, with its little river, which, in manifold windings, clasped itself about the gardens and meadows, seemed to him inviting and delightful : he thought with fear of his abode among the lonely mountains amid waste rocks ; he wished that he could be allowed to live in this peaceful village ; and so feeling, he went into its crowded church.

The psalm was just over, and the preacher had begun his sermon. It was on the kindness of God in regard to Harvest ; how His goodness feeds and satisfies all things that live ; how marvellously He has, in the fruits of the Earth, provided support for men ; how the love of God incessantly displays itself in the bread He sends us ; and how the humble Christian may therefore, with a thankful spirit, perpetually celebrate a Holy Supper. The congregation were affected ; the eyes of the hunter rested on the pious priest, and observed, close by the pulpit, a young maiden, who appeared beyond all others reverent and attentive. She was slim and fair ; her blue eye gleamed with the most piercing softness ; her face was as if transparent, and blooming in the tenderest colours. The stranger youth had never been as he now was ; so full of charity, so calm, so abandoned to the stillest, most refreshing feelings. He bowed himself in tears, when the clergyman pro-

nounced his blessing ; he felt these holy words thrill through him like an unseen power ; and the vision of the night drew back before them to the deepest distance, as a spectre at the dawn. He issued from the church ; stopped beneath a large lime-tree ; and thanked God, in a heart-felt prayer, that He had saved him, sinful and undeserving, from the nets of the Wicked Spirit. *e-mark*

The people were engaged in holding harvest-home that day, and every one was in a cheerful mood ; the children, with their gay dresses, were rejoicing in the prospect of the sweetmeats and the dance ; in the village square, a space encircled with young trees, the youths were arranging the preparations for their harvest sport ; the players were seated, and essaying their instruments. Christian went into the fields again, to collect his thoughts and pursue his meditations ; and on his returning to the village, all had joined in mirth, and actual celebration of their festival. The fair-haired Elizabeth was there, too, with her parents ; and the stranger mingled in the jocund throng. Elizabeth was dancing ; and Christian, in the meantime, had entered into conversation with her father, a farmer, and one of the richest people in the village. The man seemed pleased with his youth and way of speech ; so, in a short time, both of them agreed that Christian should remain with him as gardener. This office Christian could engage with ; for he hoped that now the knowledge and employments, which he had so much despised at home, would stand him in good stead.

From this period, a new life began for him. He went to live with the farmer, and was numbered among his family. With his trade, he likewise changed his garb. He was so good, so helpful and kindly ; he stood to his task so honestly, that ere long every member of the house, especially the daughter, had a friendly feeling to him. Every Sunday, when he saw her going to church, he was standing with a fair nosegay ready for Elizabeth ; and then she used to thank him with blushing kindness : he felt her absence, on days when he did not chance to see her ; and at night, she would tell him tales and pleasant histories. Day by day they grew more necessary to each other ; and the parents, who observed it, did not seem to think it wrong ; for Christian was the most industrious, and handsomest youth in the village. They themselves had, at first sight, felt a touch of love and friendship for him. After half a year, Elizabeth became his wife. Spring was come back ; the swallows and the singing birds had revisited the land ; the garden was standing in its fairest trim ; the marriage was celebrated with abundant mirth ; bride and bridegroom seemed intoxicated with their happiness. Late at night, when they retired to their chamber, the husband whispered to his wife : ‘ No, thou art not that form which once charmed me in a dream, and which I never can entirely forget ; but I am happy beside thee, and blessed that thou art mine.’

How delighted was the family, when, within a year, it became augmented by a little daughter, who was

baptized Leonora. Christian's looks, indeed, would sometimes take a rather grave expression as he gazed on the child ; but his youthful cheeriness continually returned. He scarcely ever thought of his former way of life, for he felt himself entirely domesticated and contented. Yet, some months afterwards, his parents came into his mind ; and he thought how much his father, in particular, would be rejoiced to see his peaceful happiness, his station as husbandman and gardener ; it grieved him that he should have utterly forgotten his father and mother for so long a time ; his own only child made known to him the joy which children afford to parents ; so at last he took the resolution to set out, and again revisit home.

Unwillingly he left his wife ; all wished him speed ; and the season being fine, he went off on foot. Already at the distance of a few miles, he felt how much the parting grieved him ; for the first time in his life, he experienced the pains of separation ; the foreign objects seemed to him almost savage ; he felt as if he had been lost in some unfriendly solitude. Then the thought came on him, that his youth was over ; that he had found a home to which he now belonged, in which his heart had taken root ; he was almost ready to lament the lost levity of younger years ; and his mind was in the saddest mood, when he turned aside into a village inn to pass the night. He could not understand how he had come to leave his kind wife, and the parents she

had given him ; and he felt dispirited and discontented, when he rose next morning to pursue his journey.

His pain increased as he approached the hills : the distant ruins were already visible, and by degrees grew more distinguishable ; many summits rose defined and clear amid the blue vapour. His step grew timid ; frequently he paused, astonished at his fear ; at the horror which, with every step, fell closer on him. “ Madness !” cried he, “ I know thee well, and thy perilous seductions ; but I will withstand thee manfully. Elizabeth is no vain dream ; I know that even now she thinks of me, that she waits for me, and fondly counts the hours of my absence. Do I not already see forests like black hair before me ? Do not the glancing eyes look to me from the brook ? Does not the stately form step towards me from the mountains ?” So saying, he was about to lay himself beneath a tree, and take some rest ; when he perceived an old man seated in the shade of it, examining a flower with extreme attention ; now holding it to the sun, now shading it with his hands, now counting its leaves ; as if striving in every way to stamp it accurately in his memory. On approaching nearer, he thought he knew the form ; and soon no doubt remained that the old man with the flower was his father. With an exclamation of the liveliest joy, he rushed into his arms ; the old man seemed delighted, but not much surprised, at meeting him so suddenly.

“ Art thou with me already, my son ?” said he : “ I

knew that I should find thee soon, but I did not think such joy had been in store for me this very day."

"How did you know, father, that you would meet me?"

"By this flower," replied the old gardener; "all my days I have had a wish to see it; but never had I the fortune; for it is very scarce, and grows only among the mountains. I set out to seek thee, for thy mother is dead, and the loneliness at home made me sad and heavy. I knew not whither I should turn my steps; at last I came among the mountains, dreary as the journey through them had appeared to me. By the road, I sought for this flower, but could find it nowhere; and now, quite unexpectedly, I see it here, where the fair plain is lying stretched before me. From this I knew that I should meet thee soon; and, lo! how true the fair flower's prophecy has proved!"

They embraced again, and Christian wept for his mother; but the old man grasped his hand, and said: "Let us go, that the shadows of the mountains may be soon out of view; it always makes me sorrowful in the heart to see these wild steep shapes, these horrid chasms, these torrents gurgling down into their caverns. Let us get upon the good, kind, guileless level ground again."

They went back, and Christian recovered his cheerfulness. He told his father of his new fortune, of his child and home: his speech made himself as if intoxicated; and he now, in talking of it, for the first time

truly felt that nothing more was wanting to his happiness. Thus, amid narrations sad and cheerful, they returned into the village. All were delighted at the speedy ending of the journey; most of all, Elizabeth. The old father stayed with them, and joined his little fortune to their stock; they formed the most contented and united circle in the world. Their crops were good, their cattle thrived; and in a few years Christian's house was among the wealthiest in the quarter; Elizabeth had also given him several other children.

Five years had passed away in this manner, when a stranger halted from his journey in their village; and took up his lodging in Christian's house, as being the most respectable the place contained. He was a friendly, talking man; he told them many stories of his travels; sported with the children, and made presents to them: in a short time, all were growing fond of him. He liked the neighbourhood so well, that he proposed remaining in it for a day or two; but the days grew weeks, and the weeks months. No one seemed to wonder at his loitering; for all of them had grown accustomed to regard him as a member of the family. Christian alone would often sit in a thoughtful mood; for it seemed to him as if he knew this traveller of old, and yet he could not think of any time when he had met with him. Three months had passed away, when the stranger at last took his leave, and said: "My dear friends, a wondrous destiny, and singular anticipations, drive me to the neighbouring mountains; a magic

image, not to be withstood, allures me : I leave you now, and I know not whether I shall ever see you any more. I have a sum of money by me, which in your hands will be safer than in mine ; so I ask you to take charge of it ; and if within a year I come not back, then keep it, and accept my thanks along with it for the kindness you have shown me."

So the traveller went his way, and Christian took the money in charge. He locked it carefully up ; and now and then, in the excess of his anxiety, looked over it ; he counted it to see that none was missing, and in all respects took no little pains with it. " This sum might make us very happy," said he once to his father ; " should the stranger not return, both we and our children were well provided for."

" Heed not the gold," said the old man ; " not in it can happiness be found : hitherto, thank God, we have never wanted aught ; and do thou put away such thoughts far from thee."

Christian often rose in the night to set his servants to their labour, and look after everything himself : his father was afraid lest this excessive diligence might harm his youth and health ; so one night he rose to speak with him about contracting such unreasonable efforts ; when, to his astonishment, he found him sitting with a little lamp at his table, and counting, with the greatest eagerness, the stranger's gold. " My son," said the old man, full of sadness ; " must it come to this with thee ? Was this accursed metal brought be-

Evil of money

neath our roof to make us wretched? Bethink thee, my son, or the Evil One will consume thy blood and life out of thee."

"Yes," replied he; "it is true, I know myself no more; neither day nor night does it give me any rest: see how it looks on me even now, till the red glance of it goes into my very heart! Hark how it clinks, this golden stuff! It calls me when I sleep; I hear it when music sounds, when the wind blows, when people speak together on the street; if the sun shines, I see nothing but these yellow eyes, with which it beckons to me, as it were, to whisper words of love into my ear: and therefore I am forced to rise in the night time, though it were but to satisfy its eagerness; and then I feel it triumphing and inwardly rejoicing when I touch it with my fingers; in its joy, it grows still redder and lordlier. Do but look yourself at the glow of its rapture!" The old man, shuddering and weeping, took his son in his arms; he said a prayer, and then spoke: "Christel, thou must turn again to the Word of God; thou must go more zealously and reverently to church, or else, alas! my poor child, thou wilt droop and die away in the most mournful wretchedness."

The money was again locked up; Christian promised to take thought and change his conduct, and the old man was composed. A year and more had passed, and no tidings had been heard of the stranger: the old man at last gave in to the entreaties of his son; and the money was laid out in land, and other property. The

young farmer's riches soon became the talk of the village ; and Christian seemed contented and comfortable, and his father felt delighted at beholding him so well and cheerful ; all fear had now vanished from his mind. What then must have been his consternation, when Elizabeth one evening took him aside ; and told him, with tears, that she could no longer understand her husband ; how he spoke so wildly, especially at night ; how he dreamed strange dreams, and would often in his sleep walk long about the room, not knowing it ; how he spoke strange things to her, at which she often shuddered. But what terrified her most, she said, was his pleasantry by day ; for his laugh was wild and hollow, his look wandering and strange. The father stood amazed, and the sorrowing wife proceeded : " He is always talking of the traveller, and maintaining that he knew him formerly, and that the stranger man was in truth a woman of unearthly beauty ; nor will he go any more into the fields or the garden to work, for he says he hears underneath the ground a fearful moaning, when he but pulls out a root ; he starts and seems to feel a horror at all plants and herbs."

" Good God !" exclaimed the father, " is the frightful hunger in him grown so rooted and strong, that it is come to this ? Then is his spell-bound heart no longer human, but of cold metal ; he who does not love a flower, has lost all love and fear of God."

Next day the old man went to walk with his son, and told him much of what Elizabeth had said ; calling

*attracted
or all
evil*

on him to be pious, and devote his soul to holy contemplations. "Willingly, my father," answered Christian; "and I often do so with success, and all is well with me: for long periods of time, for years, I can forget the true form of my inward man, and lead a life that is foreign to me, as it were, with cheerfulness: but then on a sudden, like a new moon, the ruling star, which I myself am, arises again in my heart, and conquers this other influence. I might be altogether happy; but once, in a mysterious night, a secret sign was imprinted through my hand deep on my soul; frequently the magic figure sleeps and is at rest; I imagine it has passed away; but in a moment, like a poison, it darts up and lives over all its lineaments. And then I can think or feel nothing else but it; and all around me is transformed, or rather swallowed up, by this subduing shape. As the rabid man recoils at the sight of water, and the poison in him grows more fell; so too it is with me at the sight of any cornered figure, any line, any gleam of brightness; anything will then rouse the form that dwells in me, and make it start into being; and my soul and body feel the throes of birth; for as my mind received it by a feeling from without, she strives in agony and bitter labour to work it forth again into an outward feeling, that she may be rid of it, and at rest."

"It was an evil star, that took thee from us to the Mountains," said the old man; "thou wert born for calm life, thy mind inclined to peace and the love of plants; then thy impatience hurried thee away to the

Can Nick
2 part Bill
Mian
adventures
a peccolator

company of savage stones : the crags, the torn cliffs, with their jagged shapes, have overturned thy soul, and planted in thee the wasting hunger for metals. Thou shouldst still have been on thy guard, and kept thyself away from the view of mountains ; so I meant to bring thee up, but it has not so been to be. Thy humility, thy peace, thy childlike feeling, have been thrust away by scorn, boisterousness, and caprice."

"No," said the son ; " I remember well that it was a plant which first made known to me the misery of the Earth ; never, till then, did I understand the sighs and lamentations one may hear on every side, throughout the whole of Nature, if one but give ear to them. In plants and herbs, in trees and flowers, it is the painful writhing of one universal wound that moves and works ; they are the corpse of foregone glorious worlds of rock, they offer to our eye a horrid universe of putrefaction. I now see clearly it was this, which the root with its deep-drawn sigh was saying to me ; in its sorrow it forgot itself, and told me all. It is because of this that all green shrubs are so enraged at me, and lie in wait for my life ; they wish to obliterate that lovely figure in my heart ; and every spring, with their distorted death-like looks, they try to win my soul. Truly it is piteous to consider how they have betrayed and cozened thee, old man ; for they have gained complete possession of thy spirit. Do but question the rocks, and thou wilt be amazed when thou shalt hear them speak."

life in
nature

The father looked at him a long while, and could answer nothing. They went home again in silence, and the old man was as frightened as Elizabeth at Christian's mirth; for it seemed a thing quite foreign; and as if another being from within were working out of him, awkwardly and ineffectually, as out of some machine.

The harvest-home was once more to be held; the people went to church, and Elizabeth, with her little ones, set out to join the service; her husband also seemed intending to accompany them, but at the threshold of the church he turned aside; and with an air of deep thought, walked out of the village. He set himself on the height, and again looked over upon the smoking cottages; he heard the music of the psalm and organ coming from the little church; children, in holiday dresses, were dancing and sporting on the green. "How have I lost my life as in a dream!" said he to himself: "years have passed away since I went down this hill to the merry children; they who were then sportful on the green, are now serious in the church; I also once went into it, but Elizabeth is now no more a blooming childlike maiden; her youth is gone; I cannot seek for the glance of her eyes with the longing of those days; I have wilfully neglected a high eternal happiness, to win one which is finite and transitory."

With a heart full of wild desire, he walked to the neighbouring wood, and immersed himself in its thickest shades. A ghastly silence encompassed him; no breath of air was stirring in the leaves. Meanwhile,

he saw a man approaching him from a distance, whom he recognised for the stranger; he started in affright, and his first thought was, that the man would ask him for his money. But as the form came nearer, he perceived how greatly he had been mistaken; for the features, which he had imagined known to him, melted into one another; an old woman of the utmost hideousness approached; she was clad in dirty rags; a tattered clout bound up her few grey hairs; she was limping on a crutch. With a dreadful voice she spoke to him, and asked his name and situation; he replied to both inquiries, and then said, "But who art thou?"

"I am called the Woodwoman," answered she; "and every child can tell of me. Did'st thou never see me before?" With the last words she whirled about, and Christian thought he recognised among the trees the golden veil, the lofty gait, the large stately form which he had once beheld of old. He turned to hasten after her, but nowhere was she to be seen.

Meanwhile, something glittered in the grass, and drew his eye to it. He picked it up; it was the magic tablet with the coloured jewels, and the wondrous figure, which he had lost so many years before. The shape and the changeful gleams struck over all his senses with an instantaneous power. He grasped it firmly, to convince himself that it was really once more in his hands, and then hastened back with it to the village. His father met him. "See," cried Christian, "the thing which

I was telling you about so often, which I thought must have been shown to me only in a dream, is now sure and true."

The old man looked a long while at the tablet, and then said: "My son, I am struck with horror in my heart when I view these stones, and dimly guess the meaning of the words on them. Look here, how cold they glitter, what cruel looks they cast from them, bloodthirsty, like the red eye of the tiger! Cast this writing from thee, which makes thee cold and cruel, which will turn thy heart to stone:

See the flowers, when morn is beaming,
Waken in their dewy place;
And, like children roused from dreaming,
Smiling look thee in the face.

By degrees, that way and this,
To the golden Sun they're turning,
Till they meet his glowing kiss,
And their hearts with love are burning:

For, with fond and sad desire,
In their lover's looks to languish,
On his melting kisses to expire,
And to die of love's sweet anguish:

This is what they joy in most;
To depart in fondest weakness;
In their lover's being lost,
Faded stand in silent meekness.

Then they pour away the treasure
Of their perfumes, their soft souls,
And the air grows drunk with pleasure,
As in wanton floods it rolls.

Love comes to us here below,
Discord harsh away removing ;
And the heart cries : Now I know
Sadness, Fondness, Pain of Loving."

"What wonderful incalculable treasures," said the other, "must there still be in the depths of the Earth ! Could one but sound into their secret beds and raise them up, and snatch them to oneself ! Could one but clasp this Earth like a beloved bride to one's bosom, so that in pain and love she would willingly grant one her costliest riches ! The Woodwoman has called me ; I go to seek for her. Near by is an old ruined shaft, which some miner has hollowed out many centuries ago ; perhaps I shall find her there !"

He hastened off. In vain did the old man strive to detain him ; in a few moments Christian had vanished from his sight. Some hours afterwards, the father, with a strong effort, reached the ruined shaft : he saw footprints in the sand at the entrance, and returned in tears ; persuaded that his son, in a state of madness, had gone in, and been drowned in the old collected waters, and horrid caves of the mine.

From that day his heart seemed broken, and he was incessantly in tears. The whole neighbourhood deplored

the fortune of the young farmer. Elizabeth was inconsolable, the children lamented aloud. In half a year the aged gardener died ; the parents of Elizabeth soon followed him ; and she was forced herself to take charge of everything. Her multiplied engagements helped a little to withdraw her from her sorrow ; the education of her children, and the management of so much property, left little time for mourning. After two years, she determined on a new marriage ; she bestowed her hand on a young light-hearted man, who had loved her from his youth. But, ere long, everything in their establishment assumed another form. The cattle died ; men and maid-servants proved dishonest ; barns full of grain were burnt ; people in the town, who owed them sums of money, fled and made no payment. In a little while, the landlord found himself obliged to sell some fields and meadows ; but a mildew, and a year of scarcity, brought new embarrassments. It seemed as if the gold, so strangely acquired, were taking speedy flight in all directions. Meanwhile, the family was on the increase ; and Elizabeth, as well as her husband, grew reckless and sluggish in this scene of despair : he fled for consolation to the bottle, he was often drunk, and therefore quarrelsome and sullen ; so that frequently Elizabeth bewailed her state with bitter tears. As their fortune declined, their friends in the village stood aloof from them more and more ; so that after some few years they saw themselves entirely forsaken, and were forced to struggle on, in penury and straits, from week to week.

They had nothing but a cow and a few sheep left them ; these Elizabeth herself, with her children, often tended at their grass. She was sitting one day with her work in the field, Leonora at her side, and a sucking child on her breast, when they saw from afar a strange-looking shape approaching towards them. It was a man with a garment all in tatters, barefoot, sunburnt to a black brown colour in the face, deformed still farther by a long matted beard : he wore no covering on his head ; but had twisted a garland of green branches through his hair, which made his wild appearance still more strange and haggard. On his back he bore some heavy burden in a sack, very carefully tied, and as he walked, he leaned upon a young fir.

On coming nearer, he put down his load, and drew deep draughts of breath. He bade Elizabeth good-day ; she shuddered at the sight of him, the girl crouched close to her mother. Having rested for a little while, he said : “ I am getting back from a very hard journey among the wildest mountains of the Earth ; but to pay me for it, I have brought along with me the richest treasures which imagination can conceive, or heart desire. Look here, and wonder !” Thereupon he loosed his sack, and shook it empty : it was full of gravel, among which were to be seen large bits of chuk-stone, and other pebbles. “ These jewels,” he continued, “ are not ground and polished yet, so they want the glance and the eye ; the outward fire, with its glitter, is too deeply buried in their inmost heart ; yet you

have but to strike it out and frighten them, and show that no deceit will serve, and then you see what sort of stuff they are." So saying, he took a piece of flinty stone, and struck it hard against another, till they gave red sparks between them. "Did you see the glance?" cried he. "Ay, they are all fire and light; they illuminate the darkness with their laugh, though as yet it is against their will." With this he carefully repacked his pebbles in the bag, and tied it hard and fast. "I know thee very well," said he then, with a saddened tone, "Thou art Elizabeth." The woman started.

"How comest thou to know my name?" cried she, with a forecasting shudder.

"Ah, good God!" said the unhappy creature, "I am Christian, he that was a hunter: Dost thou not know me, then?"

She knew not, in her horror and deepest compassion, what to say. He fell upon her neck and kissed her. Elizabeth exclaimed: "O Heaven! my husband is coming!"

"Be at thy ease," said he; "I am as good as dead to thee: in the forest, there, my fair one waits for me; she that is tall and stately, with the black hair, and the golden veil. This is my dearest child, Leonora. Come hither, darling: come, my pretty child; and give me a kiss, too; one kiss, that I may feel thy mouth upon my lips once again, and then I leave you."

Leonora wept; she clasped close to her mother, who, in sobs and tears, half held her towards the wanderer,

while he half drew her towards him, took her in his arms, and pressed her to his breast. Then he went away in silence, and in the wood they saw him speaking with the hideous Woodwoman.

"What ails you?" said the husband, as he found mother and daughter pale and melting in tears. Neither of them answered.

The ill-fated creature was never seen again from that day.

IV.

THE ELVES.

“ **W**HERE is our little Mary ?” said the father.

“ She is playing out upon the green there, with our neighbour’s boy,” replied the mother.

“ I wish they may not run away and lose themselves,” said he ; “ they are so thoughtless.”

The mother looked for the little ones, and brought them their evening luncheon. “ It is warm,” said the boy ; “ and Mary had a longing for the red cherries.”

“ Have a care, children,” said the mother, “ and do not run too far from home, and not into the wood ; Father and I are going to the fields.”

Little Andres answered : “ Never fear, the wood frightens us ; we shall sit here by the house, where there are people near us.”

The mother went in, and soon came out again with her husband. They locked the door, and turned towards the fields to look after their labourers, and see

their hay-harvest in the meadow. Their house lay upon a little green height, encircled by a pretty ring of paling, which likewise enclosed their fruit and flower garden. The hamlet stretched somewhat deeper down, and on the other side lay the castle of the Count: Martin rented the large farm from this nobleman; and was living in contentment with his wife and only child; for he yearly saved some money, and had the prospect of becoming a man of substance by his industry, for the ground was productive, and the Count not illiberal.

As he walked with his wife to the fields, he gazed cheerfully round, and said: "What a different look this quarter has, Brigitta, from the place we lived in formerly! Here it is all so green; the whole village is bedecked with thick-spreading fruit-trees; the ground is full of beautiful herbs and flowers; all the houses are cheerful and cleanly, the inhabitants are at their ease: nay, I could almost fancy that the woods are greener here than elsewhere, and the sky bluer; and, so far as the eye can reach, you have pleasure and delight in beholding the bountiful Earth."

"And whenever you cross the stream," said Brigitta, "you are, as it were, in another world, all is so dreary and withered; but every traveller declares that our village is the fairest in the country far and near."

"All but that fir-ground," said her husband; "do but look back to it, how dark and dismal that solitary spot is lying in the gay scene: the dingy fir-trees with

*Carthage
A500*

the smoky huts behind them, the ruined stalls, the brook flowing past with a sluggish melancholy."

"It is true," replied Brigitta; "if you but approach that spot, you grow disconsolate and sad, you know not why. What sort of people can they be that live there, and keep themselves so separate from the rest of us, as if they had an evil conscience?"

"A miserable crew," replied the young Farmer: "gypsies, seemingly, that steal and cheat in other quarters, and have their hoard and hiding-place here. I wonder only that his Lordship suffers them."

"Who knows," said the wife, with an accent of pity, "but perhaps they may be poor people, wishing, out of shame, to conceal their poverty; for, after all, no one can say aught ill of them; the only thing is, that they do not go to church, and none knows how they live; for the little garden, which indeed seems altogether waste, cannot possibly support them; and fields they have none."

"God knows," said Martin, as they went along, "what trade they follow; no mortal comes to them; for the place they live in is as if bewitched and excommunicated, so that even our wildest fellows will not venture into it."

Such conversation they pursued, while walking to the fields. That gloomy spot they spoke of lay aside from the hamlet. In a dell, begirt with firs, you might behold a hut, and various ruined office-houses; rarely

was smoke seen to mount from it, still more rarely did men appear there ; though at times curious people, venturing somewhat nearer, had perceived upon the bench before the hut, some hideous women, in ragged clothes, dandling in their arms some children equally dirty and ill-favoured ; black dogs were running up and down upon the boundary ; and, of an evening, a man of monstrous size was seen to cross the foot-bridge of the brook, and disappear in the hut ; and, in the darkness, various shapes were observed, moving like shadows round a fire in the open air. This piece of ground, the firs, and the ruined huts, formed in truth a strange contrast with the bright green landscape, the white houses of the hamlet, and the stately new-built castle.

The two little ones had now eaten their fruit ; it came into their heads to run races ; and the little nimble Mary always got the start of the less active Andres. "It is not fair," cried Andres at last : "let us try it for some length, then we shall see who wins."

"As thou wilt," said Mary ; "only to the brook we must not run."

"No," said Andres ; "but there, on the hill, stands the large pear-tree, a quarter of a mile from this. I shall run by the left, round past the fir-ground ; thou canst try it by the right over the fields ; so we do not meet till we get up, and then we shall see which of us is swifter."

"Done," cried Mary, and began to run ; "for we shall not mar one another by the way, and my father

says it is as far to the hill by that side of the Gypsies' house as by this."

Andres had already started, and Mary, turning to the right, could no longer see him. "It is very silly," said she to herself: "I have only to take heart, and run along the bridge, past the hut, and through the yard, and I shall certainly be first." She was already standing by the brook and the clump of firs. "Shall I? No; it is too frightful," said she. A little white dog was standing on the farther side, and barking with might and main. In her terror, Mary thought the dog some monster, and sprang back. "Fy! fy!" said she: "the dolt is gone half way by this time, while I stand here considering." The little dog kept barking, and, as she looked at it more narrowly, it seemed no longer frightful, but, on the contrary, quite pretty: it had a red collar round its neck, with a glittering bell; and as it raised its head, and shook itself in barking, the little bell sounded with the finest tinkle. "Well, I must risk it!" cried she: "I will run for life; quick, quick, I am through; certainly to Heaven, they cannot eat me up alive in half a minute!" And with this, the gay, courageous, little Mary, sprang along the foot-bridge; passed the dog, which ceased its barking, and began to fawn on her; and in a moment she was standing on the other bank, and the black firs all round concealed from view her father's house, and the rest of the landscape.

But what was her astonishment when here! The loveliest, most variegated flower-garden, lay round her;

tulips, roses, and lilies, were glittering in the fairest colours ; blue and gold-red butterflies were wavering in the blossoms ; cages of shining wire were hung on the espaliers, with many-coloured birds in them, singing beautiful songs ; and children, in short white frocks, with flowing yellow hair and brilliant eyes, were frolicking about ; some playing with lambkins, some feeding the birds, or gathering flowers, and giving them to one another ; some, again, were eating cherries, grapes, and ruddy apricots. No hut was to be seen ; but instead of it, a large fair house, with a brazen door and lofty statues, stood glancing in the middle of the space. Mary was confounded with surprise, and knew not what to think ; but, not being bashful, she went right up to the first of the children, held out her hand, and wished the little creature good even.

“ Art thou come to visit us, then ? ” said the glittering child ; “ I saw thee running, playing on the other side, but thou wert frightened for our little dog.”

“ So you are not gypsies and rogues,” said Mary, “ as Andres always told me ? He is a stupid thing, and talks of much he does not understand.”

“ Stay with us,” said the strange little girl ; “ thou wilt like it well.”

“ But we are running a race.”

“ Thou wilt find thy comrade soon enough. There, take and eat.”

Mary ate, and found the fruit more sweet than any she had ever tasted in her life before ; and Andres, and

the race, and the prohibition of her parents, were entirely forgotten.

A stately woman, in a shining robe, came towards them, and asked about the stranger child. "Fairest lady," said Mary, "I came running hither by chance, and now they wish to keep me."

"Thou art aware, Zerina," said the lady, "that she can be here but for a little while; besides, thou should'st have asked my leave."

"I thought," said Zerina, "when I saw her admitted across the bridge, that I might do it; we have often seen her running in the fields, and thou thyself hast taken pleasure in her lively temper. She will have to leave us soon enough."

"No, I will stay here," said the little stranger; "for here it is so beautiful, and here I shall find the prettiest playthings, and store of berries and cherries to boot. On the other side it is not half so grand."

The gold-robed lady went away with a smile; and many of the children now came bounding round the happy Mary in their mirth, and twitched her, and incited her to dance; others brought her lambs, or curious playthings; others made music on instruments, and sang to it.

She kept, however, by the playmate who had first met her; for Zerina was the kindest and loveliest of them all. Little Mary cried and cried again: "I will stay with you for ever; I will stay with you, and you shall be my sisters;" at which the children all laughed,

and embraced her. "Now, we shall have a royal sport," said Zerina. She ran into the Palace, and returned with a little golden box, in which lay a quantity of seeds, like glittering dust. She lifted of it with her little hand, and scattered some grains on the green earth. Instantly the grass began to move, as in waves; and, after a few moments, bright rose-bushes started from the ground, shot rapidly up, and budded all at once, while the sweetest perfume filled the place. Mary also took a little of the dust, and, having scattered it, she saw white lilies, and the most variegated pinks, pushing up. At a signal from Zerina, the flowers disappeared, and others rose in their room. "Now," said Zerina, "look for something greater." She laid two pine-seeds in the ground, and stamped them in sharply with her foot. Two green bushes stood before them. "Grasp me fast," said she; and Mary threw her arms about the slender form. She felt herself borne upwards; for the trees were springing under them with the greatest speed; the tall pines waved to and fro, and the two children held each other fast embraced, swinging this way and that in the red clouds of the twilight, and kissed each other; while the rest were climbing up and down the trunks with quick dexterity, pushing and teasing one another with loud laughter when they met; if any one fell down in the press, it flew through the air, and sank slowly and surely to the ground. At length Mary was beginning to be frightened; and the other little child sang a few loud tones, and the trees

again sank down, and set them on the ground as gradually as they had lifted them before to the clouds.

They next went through the brazen door of the palace. Here many fair women, elderly and young, were sitting in the round hall, partaking of the fairest fruits, and listening to glorious invisible music. In the vaulting of the ceiling, palms, flowers, and groves stood painted, among which little figures of children were sporting and winding in every graceful posture; and with the tones of the music, the images altered and glowed with the most burning colours; now the blue and green were sparkling like radiant light, now these tints faded back in paleness, the purple flamed up, and the gold took fire; and then the naked children seemed to be alive among the flower-garlands, and to draw breath, and emit it through their ruby-coloured lips; so that by fits you could see the glance of their little white teeth, and the lighting up of their azure eyes.

From the hall, a stair of brass led down to a subterranean chamber. Here lay much gold and silver, and precious stones of every hue shone out between them. Strange vessels stood along the walls, and all seemed filled with costly things. The gold was worked into many forms, and glittered with the friendliest red. Many little dwarfs were busied sorting the pieces from the heap, and putting them in the vessels; others, hunch-backed, and bandy-legged, with long red noses, were tottering slowly along, half-bent to the ground, under full sacks, which they bore as millers do their

grain ; and, with much panting, shaking out the gold-dust on the ground. Then they darted awkwardly to the right and left, and caught the rolling balls that were like to run away ; and it happened now and then that one in his eagerness overset the other, so that both fell heavily and clumsily to the ground. They made angry faces, and looked askance, as Mary laughed at their gestures and their ugliness. Behind them sat an old crumpled little man, whom Zerina reverently greeted ; he thanked her with a grave inclination of his head. He held a sceptre in his hand, and wore a crown upon his brow, and all the other dwarfs appeared to regard him as their master, and obey his nod.

“What more wanted ?” asked he, with a surly voice, as the children came a little nearer. Mary was afraid, and did not speak ; but her companion answered, they were only come to look about them in the chambers. “Still your old child’s tricks !” replied the dwarf : “Will there never be an end to idleness ?” With this, he turned again to his employment, kept his people weighing and sorting the ingots ; some he sent away on errands, some he chid with angry tones.

“Who is the gentleman ?” said Mary.

“Our Metal-Prince,” replied Zerina, as they walked along.

They seemed once more to reach the open air, for they were standing by a lake, yet no sun appeared, and they saw no sky above their heads. A little boat received them, and Zerina steered it diligently for-

wards. It shot rapidly along. On gaining the middle of the lake, the stranger saw that multitudes of pipes, channels, and brooks, were spreading from the little sea in every direction. "These waters to the right," said Zerina, "flow beneath your garden, and this is why it blooms so freshly; by the other side we get down into the great stream." On a sudden, out of all the channels, and from every quarter of the lake, came a crowd of little children swimming up; some wore garlands of sedge and water-lily; some had red stems of coral, others were blowing on crooked shells; a tumultuous noise echoed merrily from the dark shores; among the children might be seen the fairest women sporting in the waters, and often several of the children sprang about some one of them, and with kisses hung upon her neck and shoulders. All saluted the strangers; and these steered onwards through the revelry out of the lake, into a little river, which grew narrower and narrower. At last the boat came aground. The strangers took their leave, and Zerina knocked against the cliff. This opened like a door, and a female form, all red, assisted them to mount. "Are you all brisk here?" inquired Zerina. "They are just at work," replied the other, "and happy as they could wish; indeed, the heat is very pleasant."

They went up a winding stair, and on a sudden Mary found herself in a most resplendent hall, so that as she entered, her eyes were dazzled by the radiance. Flame-coloured tapestry covered the walls with a

purple glow ; and when her eye had grown a little used to it, the stranger saw, to her astonishment, that, in the tapestry, there were figures moving up and down in dancing joyfulness ; in form so beautiful, and of so fair proportions, that nothing could be seen more graceful ; their bodies were as of red crystal, so that it appeared as if the blood were visible within them, flowing and playing in its courses. They smiled on the stranger, and saluted her with various bows ; but as Mary was about approaching nearer them, Zerina plucked her sharply back, crying : “ Thou wilt burn thyself, my little Mary, for the whole of it is fire.”

Mary felt the heat. “ Why do the pretty creatures not come out,” said she, “ and play with us ?”

“ As thou livest in the Air,” replied the other, “ so are they obliged to stay continually in Fire, and would faint and languish if they left it. Look now, how glad they are, how they laugh and shout ; those down below spread out the fire-floods everywhere beneath the earth, and thereby the flowers, and fruits, and wine, are made to flourish ; these red streams again, are to run beside the brooks of water ; and thus the fiery creatures are kept ever busy and glad. But for thee it is too hot here ; let us return to the garden.”

In the garden, the scene had changed since they left it. The moonshine was lying on every flower ; the birds were silent, and the children were asleep in complicated groups, among the green groves. Mary and her friend, however, did not feel fatigue, but walked about

in the warm summer night, in abundant talk, till morning.

When the day dawned, they refreshed themselves on fruit and milk, and Mary said : " Suppose we go, by way of change, to the firs, and see how things look there ?"

" With all my heart," replied Zerina ; " thou wilt see our watchmen, too, and they will surely please thee ; they are standing up among the trees on the mound." The two proceeded through the flower-garden by pleasant groves, full of nightingales ; then they ascended a vine-hill ; and at last, after long following the windings of a clear brook, arrived at the firs, and the height which bounded the domain. " How does it come," said Mary, " that we have to walk so far here, when without, the circuit is so narrow ?"

" I know not," said her friend ; " but so it is."

They mounted to the dark firs, and a chill wind blew from without in their faces ; a haze seemed lying far and wide over the landscape. On the top were many strange forms standing ; with mealy, dusty faces ; their mis-shapen heads not unlike those of white owls ; they were clad in folded cloaks of shaggy wool ; they held umbrellas of curious skins stretched out above them ; and they waved and fanned themselves incessantly with large bat's wings, which flared out curiously beside the woollen roquelaures. " I could laugh, yet I am frightened," cried Mary.

" These are our good trusty watchmen," said her

playmate ; “ they stand here and wave their fans, that cold anxiety and inexplicable fear may fall on every one that attempts to approach us. They are covered so, because without it is now cold and rainy, which they cannot bear. But snow, or wind, or cold air, never reaches down to us ; here is an everlasting spring and summer : yet if these poor people on the top were not frequently relieved, they would certainly perish.”

“ But who are you, then ?” said Mary, while again descending to the flowery fragrance ; “ or have you no name at all ?”

“ We are called the Elves,” replied the friendly child ; “ people talk about us in the Earth, as I have heard.”

They now perceived a mighty bustle on the green. “ The fair Bird is come !” cried the children to them : all hastened to the hall. Here, as they approached, young and old were crowding over the threshold, all shouting for joy ; and from within resounded a triumphant peal of music. Having entered, they perceived the vast circuit filled with the most varied forms, and all were looking upwards to a large Bird with glancing plumage, that was sweeping slowly round in the dome, and in its stately flight describing many a circle. The music sounded more gaily than before ; the colours and lights alternated more rapidly. At last the music ceased ; and the Bird, with a rustling noise, floated down upon a glittering crown that hung hovering in air under the high window, by which the hall was lighted from above.

His plumage was purple and green, and shining golden streaks played through it ; on his head there waved a diadem of feathers, so resplendent that they glanced like jewels. His bill was red, and his legs of a glancing blue. As he moved, the tints gleamed through each other, and the eye was charmed with their radiance. His size was as that of an eagle. But now he opened his glittering beak ; and sweetest melodies came pouring from his moved breast, in finer tones than the lovesick nightingale gives forth ; still stronger rose the song, and streamed like floods of Light, so that all, the very children themselves, were moved by it to tears of joy and rapture. When he ceased, all bowed before him ; he again flew round the dome in circles, then darted through the door, and soared into the light heaven, where he shone far up like a red point, and then soon vanished from their eyes.

“ Why are ye all so glad ? ” inquired Mary, bending to her fair playmate, who seemed smaller than yesterday.

“ The King is coming ! ” said the little one ; “ many of us have never seen him, and whithersoever he turns his face, there is happiness and mirth ; we have long looked for him, more anxiously than you look for spring when winter lingers with you ; and now he has announced, by his fair herald, that he is at hand. This wise and glorious Bird, that has been sent to us by the King, is called Phœnix ; he dwells far off in Arabia, on a tree, which there is no other that resembles on Earth, as in

like manner there is no second Phoenix. When he feels himself grown old, he builds a pile of balm and incense, kindles it, and dies singing ; and then from the fragrant ashes, soars up the renewed Phoenix with unlesened beauty. It is seldom he so wings his course that men behold him ; and when once in centuries this does occur, they note it in their annals, and expect remarkable events. But now, my friend, thou and I must part ; for the sight of the King is not permitted thee."

Then the lady with the golden robe came through the throng, and beckoning Mary to her, led her into a sequestered walk. "Thou must leave us, my dear child," said she ; "the King is to hold his court here for twenty years, perhaps longer ; and fruitfulness and blessings will spread far over the land, but chiefly here beside us ; all the brooks and rivulets will become more bountiful, all the fields and gardens richer, the wine more generous, the meadows more fertile, and the woods more fresh and green ; a milder air will blow, no hail shall hurt, no flood shall threaten. Take this ring, and think of us : but beware of telling any one of our existence ; or we must fly this land, and thou and all around will lose the happiness and blessing of our neighbourhood. Once more, kiss thy playmate, and farewell." They issued from the walk ; Zerina wept, Mary stooped to embrace her, and they parted. Already she was on the narrow bridge ; the cold air was blowing on her back from the firs ; the little dog barked

with all its might, and rang its little bell ; she looked round, then hastened over, for the darkness of the firs, the bleakness of the ruined huts, the shadows of the twilight, were filling her with terror.

“ What a night my parents must have had on my account !” said she within herself, as she stept on the green ; “ and I dare not tell them where I have been, or what wonders I have witnessed, nor indeed would they believe me.” Two men passing by saluted her, and as they went along, she heard them say : “ What a pretty girl ! Where can she come from ?” With quickened steps she approached the house : but the trees which were hanging last night loaded with fruit, were now standing dry and leafless ; the house was differently painted, and a new barn had been built beside it. Mary was amazed, and thought she must be dreaming. In this perplexity she opened the door ; and behind the table sat her father, between an unknown woman and a stranger youth. “ Good God ! Father,” cried she, “ where is my mother ?”

“ Thy mother !” said the woman, with a forecasting tone, and sprang towards her : “ Ha, thou surely canst not—Yes, indeed, indeed thou art my lost, long-lost dear, only Mary !” She had recognised her by a little brown mole beneath the chin, as well as by her eyes and shape. All embraced her, all were moved with joy, and the parents wept. Mary was astonished that she almost reached to her father’s stature ; and she could not understand how her mother had become so changed

and faded ; she asked the name of the stranger youth. " It is our neighbour's Andres," said Martin. " How comest thou to us again, so unexpectedly, after seven long years ? Where hast thou been ? Why didst thou never send us tidings of thee ?"

" Seven years !" said Mary, and could not order her ideas and recollections. " Seven whole years ?"

" Yes, yes," said Andres, laughing, and shaking her trustfully by the hand ; " I have won the race, good Mary ; I was at the pear-tree and back again seven years ago, and thou, sluggish creature, art but just returned !"

They again asked, they pressed her ; but remembering her instruction, she could answer nothing. It was they themselves chiefly that, by degrees, shaped a story for her : How, having lost her way, she had been taken up by a coach, and carried to a strange remote part, where she could not give the people any notion of her parents' residence ; how she was conducted to a distant town, where certain worthy persons brought her up, and loved her ; how they had lately died, and at length she had recollected her birth-place, and so returned. " No matter how it is !" exclaimed her mother ; " enough, that we have thee again, my little daughter, my own, my all !"

Andres waited supper, and Mary could not be at home in anything she saw. The house seemed small and dark ; she felt astonished at her dress, which was clean and simple, but appeared quite foreign ; she look-

ed at the ring on her finger, and the gold of it glittered strangely, inclosing a stone of burning red. To her father's question, she replied that the ring also was a present from her benefactors.

She was glad when the hour of sleep arrived, and she hastened to her bed. Next morning she felt much more collected ; she had now arranged her thoughts a little, and could better stand the questions of the people in the village, all of whom came in to bid her welcome. Andres was there too with the earliest, active, glad, and serviceable beyond all others. The blooming maiden of fifteen had made a deep impression on him ; he had passed a sleepless night. The people of the castle likewise sent for Mary, and she had once more to tell her story to them, which was now grown quite familiar to her. The old Count and his Lady were surprised at her good breeding ; she was modest, but not embarrassed ; she made answer courteously in good phrases to all their questions ; all fear of noble persons and their equipage had passed away from her ; for when she measured these halls and forms by the wonders and the high beauty she had seen with the Elves in their hidden abode, this earthly splendour seemed but dim to her, the presence of men was almost mean. The young lords were charmed with her beauty.

It was now February. The trees were budding earlier than usual ; the nightingale had never come so soon ; the spring rose fairer in the land than the oldest men could recollect it. In every quarter, little brooks

gushed out to irrigate the pastures and meadows ; the hills seemed heaving, the vines rose higher and higher, the fruit-trees blossomed as they had never done ; and a swelling fragrant blessedness hung suspended heavily in rosy clouds over the scene. All prospered beyond expectation : no rude day, no tempest injured the fruits ; the wine flowed blushing in immense grapes ; and the inhabitants of the place felt astonished, and were captivated as in a sweet dream. The next year was like its forerunner ; but men had now become accustomed to the marvellous. In autumn, Mary yielded to the pressing entreaties of Andres and her parents ; she was betrothed to him, and in winter they were married.

She often thought with inward longing of her residence behind the fir-trees ; she continued serious and still. Beautiful as all that lay around her was, she knew of something yet more beautiful ; and from the remembrance of this, a faint regret attuned her nature to soft melancholy. It smote her painfully when her father and mother talked about the gypsies and vagabonds, that dwelt in the dark spot of ground. Often she was on the point of speaking out in defence of those good beings, whom she knew to be the benefactors of the land ; especially to Andres, who appeared to take delight in zealously abusing them : yet still she repressed the word that was struggling to escape her bosom. So passed this year ; in the next, she was so-laced by a little daughter, whom she named *Elfrida*, thinking of the designation of her friendly *Elves*.

The young people lived with Martin and Brigitta, the house being large enough for all ; and helped their parents in conducting their now extended husbandry. The little Elfrida soon displayed peculiar faculties and gifts ; for she could walk at a very early age, and could speak perfectly before she was a twelvemonth old ; and after some few years, she had become so wise and clever, and of such wondrous beauty, that all people regarded her with astonishment ; and her mother could not keep away the thought that her child resembled one of those shining little ones in the space behind the Firs. Elfrida cared not to be with other children ; but seemed to avoid, with a sort of horror, their tumultuous amusements ; and liked best to be alone. She would then retire into a corner of the garden, and read, or work diligently with her needle ; often also you might see her sitting, as if deep sunk in thought ; or violently walking up and down the alleys, speaking to herself. Her parents readily allowed her to have her will in these things, for she was healthy, and waxed apace ; only her strange sagacious answers and observations often made them anxious. " Such wise children do not grow to age," her grandmother, Brigitta, many times observed ; " they are too good for this world ; the child, besides, is beautiful beyond nature, and will never find its proper place on Earth."

The little girl had this peculiarity, that she was very loath to let herself be served by any one, but endeavoured to do everything herself. She was almost the

earliest riser in the house ; she washed herself carefully, and dressed without assistance : at night she was equally careful ; she took special heed to pack up her clothes and washes with her own hands, allowing no one, not even her mother, to meddle with her articles. The mother humoured her in this caprice, not thinking it of any consequence. But what was her astonishment, when, happening one holiday to insist, regardless of Elfrida's tears and screams, on dressing her out for a visit to the castle, she found upon her breast, suspended by a string, a piece of gold of a strange form, which she directly recognised as one of that sort she had seen in such abundance in the subterranean vault ! The little thing was greatly frightened ; and at last confessed that she had found it in the garden, and as she liked it much, had kept it carefully : she at the same time prayed so earnestly and pressingly to have it back, that Mary fastened it again on its former place, and, full of thoughts, went out with her in silence to the castle.

Sidewards from the farm-house lay some offices for the storing of produce and implements ; and behind these there was a little green, with an old grove, now visited by no one, as, from the new arrangement of the buildings, it lay too far from the garden. In this solitude, Elfrida delighted most ; and it occurred to nobody to interrupt her here, so that frequently her parents did not see her for half a day. One afternoon her mother chanced to be in these buildings, seeking for some lost article among the lumber ; and she no-

ticed that a beam of light was coming in, through a chink in the wall. She took a thought of looking through this aperture, and seeing what her child was busied with ; and it happened that a stone was lying loose, and could be pushed aside, so that she obtained a view right into the grove. Elfrida was sitting there on a little bench, and beside her the well-known Zerina ; and the children were playing, and amusing one another, in the kindest unity. The Elf embraced her beautiful companion, and said mournfully : “ Ah ! dear little creature, as I sport with thee, so have I sported with thy mother, when she was a child ; but you mortals so soon grow tall and thoughtful ! It is very hard : wert thou but to be a child as long as I ! ”

“ Willingly would I do it,” said Elfrida ; “ but they all say, I shall come to sense, and give over playing altogether ; for I have great gifts, as they think, for growing wise. Ah ! and then I shall see thee no more, thou dear Zerina ! Yet it is with us as with the fruit-tree flowers : how glorious the blossoming apple-tree, with its red bursting buds ! It looks so stately and broad ; and every one, that passes under it, thinks surely something great will come of it ; then the sun grows hot, and the buds come joyfully forth ; but the wicked kernel is already there, which pushes off and casts away the fair flower’s dress ; and now, in pain and waxing, it can do nothing more, but must grow to fruit in harvest. An apple, to be sure, is pretty and refreshing ; yet nothing to the blossom of spring. So is it also with us mortals :

I am not glad in the least at growing to be a tall girl. Ah ! could I but once visit you !”

“ Since the King is with us,” said Zerina, “ it is quite impossible ; but I will come to thee, my darling, often, often, and none shall see me either here or there. I will pass invisible through the air, or fly over to thee like a bird : Oh ! we will be much, much together, while thou art still little. What can I do to please thee ?”

“ Thou must like me very dearly,” said Elfrida, “ as I like thee in my heart : but come, let us make another rose.”

Zerina took the well-known box from her bosom, threw two grains from it on the ground ; and instantly a green bush stood before them, with two deep-red roses, bending their heads, as if to kiss each other. The children plucked them smiling, and the bush disappeared. “ O that it would not die so soon !” said Elfrida ; “ this red child, this wonder of the Earth !”

“ Give it me here,” said the little Elf ; then breathed thrice upon the budding rose, and kissed it thrice. “ Now,” said she, giving back the rose, “ it will continue fresh and blooming till winter.”

“ I will keep it,” said Elfrida, “ as an image of thee ; I will guard it in my little room, and kiss it night and morning, as if it were thyself.”

“ The sun is setting,” said the other, “ I must home.” They embraced again, and Zerina vanished.

In the evening, Mary clasped her child to her breast, with a feeling of alarm and veneration. She henceforth

allowed the good little girl more liberty than formerly ; and often calmed her husband, when he came to search for the child ; which for some time he was wont to do, as her retiredness did not please him, and he feared that, in the end, it might make her silly, or even pervert her understanding. The mother often glided to the chink ; and almost always found the bright Elf beside her child, employed in sport, or in earnest conversation.

“ Wouldst thou like to fly ? ” inquired Zerina once.

“ Oh, well ! How well ! ” replied Elfrida ; and the fairy clasped her mortal playmate in her arms, and mounted with her from the ground, till they hovered above the grove. The mother, in alarm, forgot herself ; and pushed out her head in terror to look after them ; when Zerina, from the air, held up her finger, and threatened yet smiled ; then descended with the child, embraced her, and disappeared. After this, it happened more than once that Mary was observed by her ; and every time, the shining little creature shook her head, or threatened, yet with friendly looks.

Often, in disputing with her husband, Mary had said in her zeal : “ Thou dost injustice to the poor people in the hut ! ” But when Andres pressed her to explain why she differed in opinion from the whole village, nay, from his Lordship himself ; and how she could understand it better than the whole of them, she still broke off embarrassed, and became silent. One day, after dinner, Andres grew more violent than ever ; and

maintained that, by one means or another, the crew must be packed away, as a nuisance to the country ; when his wife, in anger, said to him : " Hush ! for they are benefactors to thee and to every one of us."

" Benefactors !" cried the other, in astonishment : " These rogues and vagabonds ?"

In her indignation, she was now at last tempted to relate to him, under promise of the strictest secrecy, the history of her youth : and as Andres at every word grew more incredulous, and shook his head in mockery, she took him by the hand, and led him to the chink ; where, to his amazement, he beheld the glittering Elf sporting with his child, and caressing her in the grove. He knew not what to say ; an exclamation of astonishment escaped him, and Zerina raised her eyes. On the instant she grew pale, and trembled violently ; not with friendly, but with indignant looks, she made the sign of threatening, and then said to Elfrida : " Thou canst not help it, dearest heart ; but they will never learn sense, wise as they believe themselves." She embraced the little one with stormy haste ; and then, in the shape of a raven, flew with hoarse cries over the garden, towards the Firs.

In the evening, the little one was very still, she kissed her rose with tears ; Mary felt depressed and frightened, Andres scarcely spoke. It grew dark. Suddenly there went a rustling through the trees ; birds flew to and fro with wild screaming, thunder was heard to roll, the Earth shook, and tones of lamentation moan-

ed in the air. Andres and his wife had not courage to rise ; they shrouded themselves within the curtains, and with fear and trembling awaited the day. Towards morning, it grew calmer ; and all was silent when the Sun, with his cheerful light, rose over the wood.

Andres dressed himself, and Mary now observed that the stone of the ring upon her finger had become quite pale. On opening the door, the sun shone clear on their faces, but the scene around them they could scarcely recognise. The freshness of the wood was gone ; the hills were shrunk, the brooks were flowing languidly with scanty streams, the sky seemed grey ; and when you turned to the Firs, they were standing there no darker or more dreary than the other trees. The huts behind them were no longer frightful ; and several inhabitants of the village came and told about the fearful night, and how they had been across the spot where the gypsies had lived ; how these people must have left the place at last, for their huts were standing empty, and within had quite a common look, just like the dwellings of other poor people : some of their household gear was left behind.

Elfrida in secret said to her mother : “ I could not sleep last night ; and in my fright at the noise, I was praying from the bottom of my heart, when the door suddenly opened, and my playmate entered to take leave of me. She had a travelling-pouch slung round her, a hat on her head, and a large staff in her hand. She was very angry at thee ; since on thy account she

had now to suffer the severest and most painful punishments, as she had always been so fond of thee ; for all of them, she said, were very loath to leave this quarter."

Mary forbade her to speak of this ; and now the ferryman came across the river, and told them new wonders. As it was growing dark, a stranger man of large size had come to him, and hired his boat till sunrise ; and with this condition, that the boatman should remain quiet in his house, at least should not cross the threshold of his door. " I was frightened," continued the old man, " and the strange bargain would not let me sleep. I slipped softly to the window, and looked towards the river. Great clouds were driving restlessly through the sky, and the distant woods were rustling fearfully ; it was as if my cottage shook, and moans and lamentations glided round it. On a sudden, I perceived a white streaming light, that grew broader and broader, like many thousands of falling stars ; sparkling and waving, it proceeded forward from the dark Fir-ground, moved over the fields, and spread itself along towards the river. Then I heard a trampling, a jingling, a bustling, and rushing, nearer and nearer ; it went forwards to my boat, and all stepped into it, men and women, as it seemed, and children ; and the tall stranger ferried them over. In the river were by the boat swimming many thousands of glittering forms ; in the air white clouds and lights were wavering ; and all lamented and bewailed that they must travel forth so far, far away, and leave their beloved dwelling. The noise

of the rudder and the water creaked and gurgled between whiles, and then suddenly there would be silence. Many a time the boat landed, and went back, and was again laden ; many heavy casks, too, they took along with them, which multitudes of horrid-looking little fellows carried and rolled ; whether they were devils or goblins, Heaven only knows. Then came, in waving brightness, a stately freight ; it seemed an old man, mounted on a small white horse, and all were crowding round him. I saw nothing of the horse but its head ; for the rest of it was covered with costly glittering cloths and trappings : on his brow the old man had a crown, so bright, that as he came across, I thought the sun was rising there, and the redness of the dawn glimmering in my eyes. Thus it went on all night ; I at last fell asleep in the tumult, half in joy, half in terror. In the morning all was still ; but the river is, as it were, run off, and I know not how I am to steer my boat in it now."

The same year there came a blight ; the woods died away, the springs ran dry ; and the scene, which had once been the joy of every traveller, was in autumn standing waste, naked, and bald ; scarcely showing here and there, in the sea of sand, a spot or two where grass, with a dingy greenness, still grew up. The fruit-trees all withered, the vines faded away, and the aspect of the place became so melancholy, that the Count, with his people, next year left the castle, which in time decayed and fell to ruins.

Elfrida gazed on her rose day and night with deep longing, and thought of her kind playmate ; and as it drooped and withered, so did she also hang her head ; and before the spring, the little maiden had herself faded away. Mary often stood upon the spot before the hut, and wept for the happiness that had departed. She wasted herself away like her child, and in a few years she too was gone. Old Martin, with his son-in-law, returned to the quarter where he had lived before.

V.

THE GOBLET.

THE forenoon bells were sounding from the high cathedral. Over the wide square in front of it, were men and women walking to and fro, carriages rolling along, and priests proceeding to their various churches. Ferdinand was standing on the broad stair, with his eyes over the multitude, looking at them as they came up to attend the service. The sunshine glittered on the white stones, all were seeking shelter from the heat. He alone had stood for a long time leaning on a pillar, amid the burning beams, without regarding them; for he was lost in the remembrances which mounted up within his mind. He was calling back his bygone life; and inspiring his soul with the feeling which had penetrated all his being, and swallowed up every other wish in itself. At the same hour, in the past year, had he been standing here, looking at the women and the maidens coming to mass; with indifferent heart,

and smiling face, he had viewed the variegated procession ; many a kind look had roguishly met his, and many a virgin cheek had blushed ; his busy eye had observed the pretty feet, how they mounted the steps, and how the wavering robe fell more or less aside, to let the dainty little ancles come to sight. Then a youthful form had crossed the square : clad in black ; slender, and of noble mien, her eyes modestly cast down before her, carelessly she hovered up the steps with lovely grace ; the silken robe lay round that fairest of forms, and rocked itself as in music about the moving limbs ; she was mounting the highest step, when by chance she raised her head, and struck his eye with a ray of the purest azure. He was pierced as if by lightning. Her foot caught the robe ; and quickly as he darted towards her, he could not prevent her having, for a moment, in the most charming posture, lain kneeling at his feet. He raised her ; she did not look at him, she was all one blush ; nor did she answer his inquiry whether she was hurt. He followed her into the church : his soul saw nothing but the image of that form kneeling before him, and that loveliest of bosoms bent towards him. Next day he visited the threshold of the church again ; for him that spot was consecrated ground. He had been intending to pursue his travels, his friends were expecting him impatiently at home ; but from henceforth his native country was here, his heart and its wishes were inverted. He saw her often, she did not shun him ; yet it was but for a

few separate and stolen moments ; for her wealthy family observed her strictly, and still more a powerful and jealous bridegroom. They mutually confessed their love, but knew not what to do ; for he was a stranger, and could offer his beloved no such splendid fortune as she was entitled to expect. He now felt his poverty ; yet when he reflected on his former way of life, it seemed to him that he was passing rich ; for his existence was rendered holy, his heart floated for ever in the fairest emotion ; Nature was now become his friend, and her beauty lay revealed to him ; he felt himself no longer alien from worship and religion ; and he now crossed this threshold, and the mysterious dimness of the temple, with far other feelings than in former days of levity. He withdrew from his acquaintances, and lived only to love. When he walked through her street, and saw her at the window, he was happy for the day. He had often spoken to her in the dusk of the evening ; her garden was adjacent to a friend's, who, however, did not know his secret. Thus a year had passed away.

All these scenes of his new existence again moved through his remembrance. He raised his eyes ; that noble form was even then gliding over the square ; she shone out of the confused multitude like a sun. A lovely music sounded in his longing heart ; and as she approached, he retired into the church. He offered her the holy water ; her white fingers trembled as they touched his, she bowed with grateful kindness. He

followed her, and knelt down near her. His whole heart was melting in sadness and love ; it seemed to him as if, from the wounds of longing, his being were bleeding away in fervent prayers ; every word of the priest went through him, every tone of the music poured new devotion into his bosom ; his lips quivered, as the fair maiden pressed the crucifix of her rosary to her ruby mouth. How dim had been his apprehension of this Faith and this Love before ! The priest elevated the Host, and the bell sounded ; she bowed more humbly, and crossed her breast ; and, like a flash, it struck through all his powers and feelings, and the image on the altar seemed alive, and the coloured dimness of the windows as a light of paradise ; tears flowed fast from his eyes, and allayed the swelling fervour of his heart.

The service was concluded. He again offered her the consecrated font ; they spoke some words, and she withdrew. He staid behind, in order to excite no notice ; he looked after her till the hem of her garment vanished round the corner ; and he felt like the wanderer, weary and astray, from whom, in the thick forest, the last gleam of the setting sun departs. He awoke from his dream, as an old withered hand slapped him on the shoulder, and some one called him by name.

He started back, and recognised his friend, the testy old Albert, who lived apart from men, and whose solitary house was open to Ferdinand alone : “ Do you remember our engagement ? ” said the hoarse husky

voice. "O yes," said Ferdinand: "and will you perform your promise to-day?"

"This very hour," replied the other, "if you like to follow me."

They walked through the city to a remote street, and there entered a large edifice. "To-day," said the old man, "you must push through with me into my most solitary chamber, that we may not be disturbed." They passed through many rooms, then along some stairs; they wound their way through passages: and Ferdinand, who had thought himself familiar with the house, was now astonished at the multitude of apartments, and the singular arrangement of the spacious building; but still more that the old man, a bachelor, and without family, should inhabit it by himself, with a few servants, and never let out any part of the superfluous room to strangers. Albert at length unbolted a door, and said: "Now, here is the place." They entered a large high chamber, hung round with red damask, which was trimmed with golden listings; the chairs were of the same stuff; and, through heavy red silk curtains covering the windows, came a purple light. "Wait a little," said the old man, and went into another room. Ferdinand took up some books: he found them to contain strange unintelligible characters, circles, and lines, with many curious plates; and from the little he could read, they seemed to be works on alchemy; he was aware already that the old man had the reputation of a gold-maker. A lute was lying on the table,

singularly overlaid with mother-of-pearl, and coloured wood ; and representing birds and flowers in very splendid forms. The star in the middle was a large piece of mother-of-pearl, worked in the most skilful manner into many intersecting circular figures, almost like the centre of a window in a Gothic church. " You are looking at my instrument," said Albert, coming back ; " it is two hundred years old : I brought it with me as a memorial of my journey into Spain. But let us leave all that, and do you take a seat."

They sat down beside the table, which was likewise covered with a red cloth ; and the old man placed upon it something which was carefully wrapped up. " From pity to your youth," he began, " I promised lately to predict to you whether you could ever become happy or not ; and this promise I will in the present hour perform, though you hold the matter only as a jest. You need not be alarmed, for what I purpose will take place without danger ; no dread invocations shall be made by me, nor shall any horrid apparition terrify your senses. The business I am on may fail in two ways : either if you do not love so truly as you have been willing to persuade me ; for then my labour is in vain, and nothing will disclose itself ; or, if you shall disturb the oracle and destroy it by a useless question, or a hasty movement, should you leave your seat and dissipate the figure ; you must therefore promise me to keep yourself quite still."

Ferdinand gave his word, and the old man unfolded

from its cloths the packet he had placed on the table. It was a golden goblet, of very skilful and beautiful workmanship. Round its broad foot ran a garland of flowers, intertwined with myrtles, and various other leaves and fruits, worked out in high chasing with dim and with brilliant gold. A corresponding ring, but still richer, with figures of children, and wild little animals playing with them, or flying from them, wound itself about the middle of the cup. The bowl was beautifully turned ; it bent itself back at the top as if to meet the lips ; and within, the gold sparkled with a red glow. Old Albert placed the cup between him and the youth, whom he then beckoned to come nearer. " Do you not feel something," said he, " when your eye loses itself in this splendour ?"

" Yes," answered Ferdinand, " this brightness glances into my inmost heart ; I might almost say I felt it like a kiss in my longing bosom."

" It is right, then !" said the old man. " Now let not your eyes wander any more, but fix them steadfastly on the glittering of this gold, and think as intensely as you can of the woman whom you love."

Both sat quiet for a while, looking earnestly upon the gleaming cup. Ere long, however, Albert, with mute gestures, began, at first slowly, then faster, and at last in rapid movements, to whirl his outstretched finger in a constant circle round the glitter of the bowl. Then he paused, and recommenced his circles in the opposite direction. After this had lasted for a little,

Ferdinand began to think he heard the sound of music ; it came as from without, in some distant street, but soon the tones approached, they quivered more distinctly through the air ; and at last no doubt remained with him that they were flowing from the hollow of the cup. The music became stronger, and of such piercing power, that the young man's heart was throbbing to the notes, and tears were flowing from his eyes. Busily old Albert's hand now moved in various lines across the mouth of the goblet ; and it seemed as if sparks were issuing from his fingers, and darting in forked courses to the gold, and tinkling as they met it. The glittering points increased ; and followed, as if strung on threads, the movements of his finger to and fro ; they shone with various hues, and crowded more and more together till they joined in unbroken lines. And now it seemed as if the old man, in the red dusk, were stretching a wondrous net over the gleaming gold ; for he drew the beams this way and that at pleasure, and wove up with them the opening of the bowl ; they obeyed him, and remained there like a cover, wavering to and fro, and playing into one another. Having so fixed them, he again described the circle round the rim ; the music then moved off, grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. While the tones departed, the sparkling net quivered to and fro as in pain. In its increasing agitation it broke in pieces ; and the beaming threads rained down in drops into the cup : but as the drops fell, there arose from them a ruddy cloud, which

moved within itself in manifold eddies, and mounted over the brim like foam. A bright point darted with exceeding swiftness through the cloudy circle, and began to form the Image in the midst of it. On a sudden there looked out from the vapour as it were an eye; over this came a playing and curling as of golden locks; and soon there went a soft blush up and down the shadow, and Ferdinand beheld the smiling face of his beloved, the blue eyes, the tender cheeks, the fair red mouth. The head waved to and fro; rose clearer and more visible upon the slim white neck, and nodded towards the enraptured youth. Old Albert still kept casting circles round the cup; and out of it emerged the glancing shoulders; and as the fair form mounted more and more from its golden couch, and bent in lovely kindness this way and that, the soft curved parted breasts appeared, and on their summits two loveliest rose-buds glancing with sweet secret red. Ferdinand fancied he felt the breath, as the beloved form bent waving towards him, and almost touched him with its glowing lips; in his rapture he forgot his promise and himself; he started up and clasped that ruby mouth to him with a kiss, and meant to seize these lovely arms, and lift the enrapturing form from its golden prison. Instantly a violent trembling quivered through the lovely shape; the head and body broke away as in a thousand lines; and a rose was lying at the bottom of the goblet, in whose redness that sweet smile still seemed to play. The longing young man caught it and pressed it to his lips; and in his burning ardour it withered and melted into air.

“Thou hast kept thy promise badly,” said the old man, with an angry tone; “thou hast none but thyself to blame.” He again wrapped up the goblet, drew aside the curtains, and opened a window: the clear daylight broke in; and Ferdinand, in sadness, and with many fruitless excuses, left old Albert still in anger.

In an agitated mood, he hastened through the streets of the city. Without the gate, he sat down beneath the trees. She had told him in the morning that she was to go that night, with some relations, to the country. Intoxicated with love, he rose, he sat, he wandered in the wood: that fair kind form was still before him, as it flowed and mounted from the glowing gold; he looked that she would now step forth to meet him in the splendour of her beauty, and again that loveliest image broke away in pieces from his eyes; and he was indignant at himself that, by his restless passion and the tumult of his senses, he should have destroyed the shape, and perhaps his hopes, for ever.

As the walk, in the afternoon, became crowded, he withdrew deeper into the thickets; but he still kept the distant highway in his eye; and every coach that issued from the gate was carefully examined by him.

The night approached. The setting sun was throwing forth its red splendour, when from the gate rushed out the richly gilded coach, gleaming with a fiery brightness in the glow of evening. He hastened towards it. Her eye had already seized him. Kindly and smilingly she leaned her glittering bosom from the window; he caught her soft salutation and signal; he was stand-

ing by the coach, her full look fell on his, and as she drew back to move away, the rose which had adorned her bosom flew out, and lay at his feet. He lifted it, and kissed it; and he felt as if it presaged to him that he should not see his loved one any more, that now his happiness had faded away from him for ever.

Hurried steps were passing up stairs and down; the whole house was in commotion; all was bustle and tumult, preparing for the great festivities of the morrow. The mother was the gladdest and most active; the bride heeded nothing, but retired into her chamber to meditate upon her changing destiny. The family were still looking for their elder son, the captain, with his wife; and for two elder daughters, with their husbands: Leopold, the younger, was maliciously busied in increasing the disorder, and deepening the tumult; perplexing all, while he pretended to be furthering it. Agatha, his still unmarried sister, was in vain endeavouring to make him reasonable, and persuade him simply to do nothing, and to let the rest have peace; but her mother said: "Never mind him and his folly; for to-day a little more or less of it amounts to nothing; only this I beg of one and all of you, that as I have so much to think about already, you would trouble me with no fresh tidings, unless it be of something that especially concerns us. I care not whether any one have let

some china fall, whether one spoon or two spoons are wanting, whether any of the stranger servants have been breaking windows ; with all such freaks as these, I beg you would not vex me by recounting them. Were these days of tumult over, we will reckon matters ; not till then."

" Bravely spoken, mother !" cried her son ; " these sentiments are worthy of a governor. And if it chance that any of the maids should break her neck ; the cook get tipsy, or set the chimney on fire ; the butler, for joy, let all the malmsey run upon the floor, or down his throat, you shall not hear a word of such small tricks. If, indeed, an earthquake were to overset the house ! That, my dear mother, could not be kept secret."

" When will he leave his folly !" said the mother : " What must thy sisters think, when they find thee every jot as riotous, as when they left thee two years ago ?"

" They must do justice to my force of character," said Leopold ; " and grant that I am not so changeable as they or their husbands, who have altered so much within these few years, and so little to their advantage."

The bridegroom now entered, and inquired for the bride. Her maid was sent to call her. " Has Leopold made my request to you, my dear mother ?" said he.

" I did, forsooth ?" said Leopold. " There is such confusion here among us, not one of them can think a reasonable thought."

The bride entered, and the young pair joyfully saluted one another. "The request I meant," continued the bridegroom, "is this: That you would not take it ill, if I should bring another guest into your house, which, in truth, is full enough already."

"You are aware yourself," replied the mother, "that extensive as it is, I could scarcely find another chamber."

"Notwithstanding, I have partly managed it already," cried Leopold; "I have had the large apartment furnished up."

"Why, that is quite a miserable place," replied the mother; "for many years, it has been nothing but a lumber-room."

"But it is splendidly repaired," said Leopold; "and our friend, for whom it is intended, does not mind such matters, he desires nothing but our love. Besides, he has no wife, and likes to be alone; it is the very place for him. We have had enough of trouble in persuading him to come, and show himself again among his fellow-creatures."

"Not your dismal conjuror and gold-maker, certainly?" cried Agatha.

"No other," said the bridegroom, "if you will still call him so."

"Then do not let him, mother," said the sister. "What should a man like that do here? I have seen him on the street with Leopold, and I was positively frightened at his face. The old sinner, too, almost never

goes to church; he loves neither God nor man; and it cannot come to good to bring such infidels under the roof, on a solemnity like this. Who knows what may be the consequence!"

"To hear her talk!" said Leopold, in anger. "Thou condemnest without knowing him; and because the cut of his nose does not please thee, and he is no longer young and handsome, thou concludest him a wizard, and a servant of the Devil."

"Grant a place in your house, dear mother," said the bridegroom, "to our old friend, and let him take a part in our general joy. He seems, my dear Agatha, to have endured much suffering, which has rendered him distrustful and misanthropic; he avoids all society, his only exceptions are Leopold and myself. I owe him much; it was he that first gave my mind a good direction; nay, I may say, it is he alone that has rendered me perhaps worthy of my Julia's love."

"He lends me all his books," continued Leopold; "and, what is more, his old manuscripts; and what is more still, his money, on my bare word. He is a man of the most christian turn, my little sister. And who knows, when thou hast seen him better, whether thou wilt not throw off thy coyness, and take a fancy to him, ugly as he now appears to thee?"

"Well, bring him to us," said the mother; "I have had to hear so much of him from Leopold already, that I have a curiosity to be acquainted with him. Only

you must answer for it, that I cannot lodge him better."

Meantime, strangers were announced. They were members of the family, the married daughters, and the officer ; they had brought their children with them. The good old lady was delighted to behold her grandsons ; all was welcoming, and joyful talk ; and Leopold and the bridegroom, having also given and received their greeting, went away to seek their ancient melancholic friend.

The latter lived most part of the year in the country, about a league from town ; but he also kept a little dwelling for himself in a garden near the gate. Here, by chance, the young men had become acquainted with him. They now found him in a coffeehouse, where they had previously agreed to meet. As the evening had come on, they brought him, after some little conversation, directly to the house.

The stranger met a kindly welcome from the mother ; the daughters stood a little more aloof from him. Agatha especially was shy, and carefully avoided his looks. But the first general compliments were scarcely over, when the old man's eye appeared to settle on the bride, who had entered the apartment later ; he seemed as if transported, and it was observed that he was struggling to conceal a tear. The bridegroom rejoiced in his joy, and happening sometime after to be standing with him by a side at the window, he took his hand, and asked

him: "Now, what think you of my lovely Julia? Is she not an angel?"

"O, my friend!" replied the old man, with emotion, "such grace and beauty I have never seen; or rather, I should say (for that expression was not just), she is so fair, so ravishing, so heavenly, that I feel as if I had long known her; as if she were to me, utter stranger though she is, the most familiar form of my imagination, some shape which had always been an inmate of my heart."

"I understand you," said the young man: "yes, the truly beautiful, the great, and sublime, when it overpowers us with astonishment and admiration, still does not surprise us as a thing foreign, never heard of, never seen; but, on the other hand, our own inmost nature in such moments becomes clear to us, our deepest remembrances are awakened, our dearest feelings made alive."

The stranger, during supper, mixed but little in the conversation; his looks were fixed on the bride, so earnestly and constantly, that she at last became embarrassed and alarmed. The captain told of a campaign which he had served in; the rich merchant of his speculations and the bad times; the country gentleman, of the improvements which he meant to make in his estate.

Supper being done, the bridegroom took his leave, returning for the last time to his lonely chamber; for in future it was settled that the married pair were to live in the mother's house, their chambers were al-

ready furnished. The company dispersed, and Leopold conducted the stranger to his room. "You will excuse us," said he, as they went along, "for having been obliged to lodge you rather far away, and not so comfortably as our mother wished; but you see, yourself, how numerous our family is, and more relations are to come to-morrow. For one thing, you will not run away from us; there is no finding of your course through this enormous house."

They went through several passages, and Leopold at last took leave, and bade his guest good-night. The servant placed two wax-lights on the table; then asked the stranger whether he should help him to undress, and as the latter waived his help in that particular, he also went away, and the stranger found himself alone.

"How does it chance, then," said he, walking up and down, "that this Image springs so vividly from my heart to-day? I forgot the long past, and thought I saw herself. I was again young, and her voice sounded as of old; I thought I was awakening from a heavy dream; but no, I am now awake, and those fair moments were but a sweet delusion."

He was too restless to sleep; he looked at some pictures on the walls, and then round on the chamber. "To-day," cried he, "all is so familiar to me, I could almost fancy I had known this house and this apartment of old." He tried to settle his remembrances, and lifted some large books which were standing in a corner. As he turned their leaves, he shook his head. A

lute-case was leaning on the wall ; he opened it, and found a strange old instrument, time-worn, and without the strings. " No, I am not mistaken ! " cried he, in astonishment ; " this lute is too remarkable ; it is the Spanish lute of my long-departed friend, old Albert ! Here are his magic books ; this is the chamber where he raised for me that blissful vision ; the red of the tapestry is faded, its golden hem is become dim ; but strangely vivid in my heart is all pertaining to those hours. It was for this the fear went over me as I was coming hither, through these long complicated passages where Leopold conducted me. O Heaven ! On this very table did the Shape rise budding forth, and grow up as if watered and refreshed by the redness of the gold. The same image smiled upon me here, which has almost driven me crazy in the hall to-night ; in that hall where I have walked so often in trustful speech with Albert ! "

He undressed, but slept very little. Early in the morning he was up, and looking at the room again ; he opened the window, and the same gardens and buildings were lying before him as of old, only many other houses had been built since then. " Forty years have vanished," sighed he, " since that afternoon ; and every day of those bright times has a longer life than all the intervening space."

He was called to the company. The morning passed in varied talk : at last the bride entered in her marriage-dress. As the old man noticed her, he fell into

a state of agitation, such that every one observed it. They proceeded to the church, and the marriage-ceremony was performed. The party was again at home, when Leopold inquired: "Now, mother, how do you like our friend, the good morose old gentleman?"

"I had figured him, by your description," said she, "much more frightful; he is mild and sympathetic, and might gain from one an honest trust in him."

"Trust?" cried Agatha; "In these burning frightful eyes, these thousand-fold wrinkles, that pale sunk mouth, that strange laugh of his, which looks and sounds so mockingly? No; God keep me from such friends! If evil spirits ever take the shape of men, they must assume some shape like this."

"Perhaps a younger and more handsome one," replied the mother; "but I cannot recognise the good old man in thy description. One easily observes that he is of a violent temperament, and has inured himself to lock up his feelings in his own bosom; perhaps, too, as Leopold was saying, he may have encountered many miseries; so he is grown mistrustful, and has lost that simple openness, which is especially the portion of the happy."

The rest of the party entered, and broke off their conversation. Dinner was served up; and the stranger sat between Agatha and the rich merchant. When the toasts were beginning, Leopold cried out: "Now, stop a little, worthy friends; we must have the golden goblet down for this, then let it travel round."

He was rising, but his mother beckoned him to keep his seat : " Thou wilt not find it," said she, " for the plate is all stowed elsewhere." She walked out rapidly to seek it herself.

" How brisk and busy is our good old lady still !" observed the merchant. " See how nimbly she can move, with all her breadth and weight, and reckoning sixty by this time of day. Her face is always bright and joyful, and to-day she is particularly happy, for she sees herself made young again in Julia."

The stranger gave assent, and the lady entered with the goblet. It was filled with wine, and began to circulate, each toasting what was dearest and most precious to him. Julia gave the welfare of her husband, he the love of his fair Julia ; and thus did every one as it became his turn. The mother lingered, as the goblet came to her.

" Come, quick with it," said the captain, somewhat hastily and rudely ; " we know, you reckon all men faithless, and not one among them worthy of a woman's love. What, then, is dearest to you ?"

His mother looked at him, while the mildness of her brow was on a sudden overspread with angry seriousness. " Since my son," said she, " knows me so well, and can judge my mind so rigorously, let me be permitted *not* to speak what I was thinking of, and let him endeavour, by a life of constant love, to falsify what he gives out as my opinion." She pushed the goblet on,

without drinking, and the company was for a while embarrassed and disturbed.

“It is reported,” said the merchant, in a whisper, turning to the stranger, “that she did not love her husband ; but another, who proved faithless to her. She was then, it seems, the finest woman in the city.”

When the cup reached Ferdinand, he gazed upon it with astonishment ; for it was the very goblet out of which old Albert had called forth to him the lovely shadow. He looked in upon the gold, and the waving of the wine ; his hand shook ; it would not have surprised him, if from the magic bowl that glowing Form had again mounted up, and brought with it his vanished youth. “No !” said he, after some time, half-aloud, “it is wine that is gleaming here !”

“Ay, what else ?” cried the merchant, laughing : “Drink and be merry.”

A thrill of terror passed over the old man ; he pronounced the name “Francesca” in a vehement tone, and set the goblet to his lips. The mother cast upon him an inquiring and astonished look.

“Whence is this bright goblet ?” said Ferdinand, who also felt ashamed of his embarrassment.

“Many years ago, long ere I was born,” said Leopold, “my father bought it, with this house and all its furniture, from an old solitary bachelor ; a silent man, whom the neighbours thought a dealer in the Black Art.”

The stranger did not say that he had known this old

man ; for his whole being was too much perplexed, too like an enigmatic dream, to let the rest look into it, even from afar.

The cloth being withdrawn, he was left alone with the mother, as the young ones had retired to make ready for the ball. " Sit down by me," said the mother ; " we will rest, for our dancing years are past ; and if it is not rude, allow me to inquire whether you have seen our goblet elsewhere, or what it was that moved you so intensely ?"

" O my lady," said the old man, " pardon my foolish violence and emotion ; but ever since I crossed your threshold, I feel as if I were no longer myself ; every moment I forget that my head is grey, that the hearts which loved me are dead. Your beautiful daughter, who is now celebrating the gladdest day of her existence, is so like a maiden whom I knew and adored in my youth, that I could reckon it a miracle. Like, did I say ? No, she is not like ; it is she herself ! In this house, too, I have often been ; and once I became acquainted with this cup in a manner I shall not forget." Here he told her his adventure. " On the evening of that day," concluded he, " in the park, I saw my loved one for the last time, as she was passing in her coach. A rose fell from her bosom ; this I gathered, she herself was lost to me, for she proved faithless, and soon after married."

" God in Heaven !" cried the lady, violently moved, and starting up, " thou art not Ferdinand ?"

“ It is my name,” replied he.

“ I am Francesca,” said the lady.

They sprang forward to embrace, then started suddenly back. Each viewed the other with investigating looks ; both strove again to evolve from the ruins of Time those lineaments which of old they had known and loved in one another ; and as, in dark tempestuous nights, amid the flight of black clouds, there are moments when solitary stars ambiguously twinkle forth, to disappear next instant, so to these two was there shown now and then from the eyes, from the brow and lips, the transitory gleam of some well-known feature ; and it seemed as if their Youth stood in the distance, weeping smiles. He bowed down, and kissed her hand, while two big drops rolled from his eyes. They then embraced each other cordially.

“ Is thy wife dead ?” inquired she.

“ I was never married,” sobbed the other.

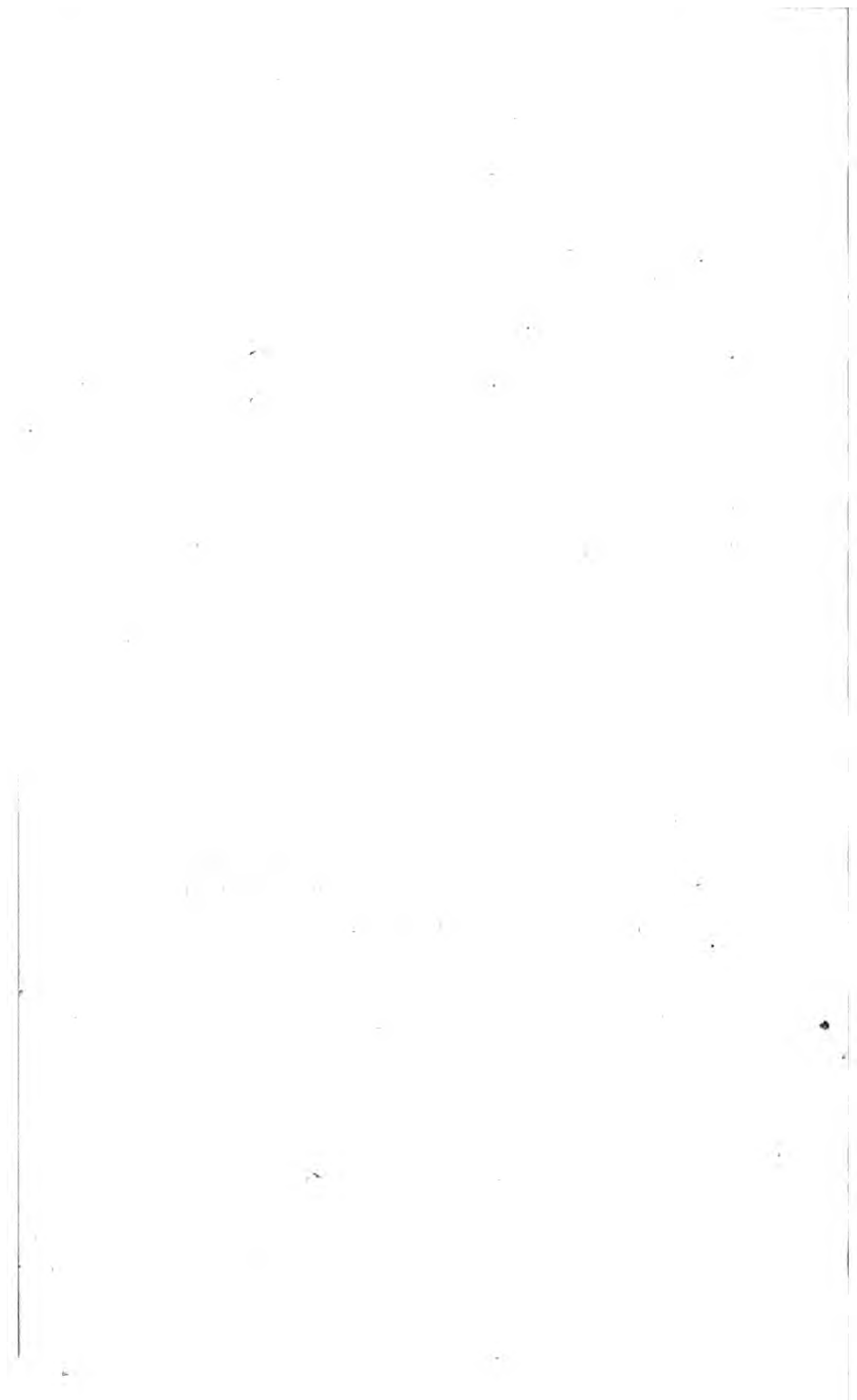
“ Heavens !” cried she, wringing her hands, “ then it is I who have been faithless ! But no, not faithless. On returning from the country, where I stayed two months, I heard from every one, thy friends as well as mine, that thou wert long ago gone home, and married in thy own country. They showed me the most convincing letters, they pressed me vehemently, they profited by my despondency, my indignation ; and so it was that I gave my hand to another, a deserving husband ; but my heart and my thoughts were always thine.”

“ I never left this town,” said Ferdinand ; “ but after a while, I heard that thou wert married. They wished to part us, and they have succeeded. Thou art a happy mother ; I live in the past, and all thy children I will love as if they were my own. But how strange that we should never once have met !”

“ I seldom went abroad,” said she ; “ and as my husband took another name, soon after we were married, from a property which he inherited, thou couldst have no suspicion that we were so near together.”

“ I avoided men,” said Ferdinand, “ and lived for solitude. Leopold is almost the only one that has attracted me, and led me out amongst my fellows. O my beloved friend ! it is like a frightful spectre-story, to think how we lost, and have again found each other.”

As the young people entered, the two were dissolved in tears, and in the deepest emotion. Neither of them told what had occurred, the secret seemed too holy. But ever after, the old man was the friend of the house ; and Death alone parted these two beings, who had found each other so strangely, to reunite them in a short time, beyond the power of separation.



E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

E. T. W. HOFFMANN.

HOFFMANN'S *Life and Remains* have been published, shortly after his decease, and with an amplitude of detail corresponding rather to the popularity, than to the intrinsic merit, of the subject ; for Hoffmann belongs to that too numerous class of vivid and gifted literary men, whose genius, never cultured or elaborated into purity, finds loud and sudden, rather than judicious or permanent admiration ; and whose history, full of error and perplexed vicissitude, excites sympathising regret in a few, and unwise wonder in many. From this Work, which is honestly and modestly enough written, and has, to all appearance, been extensively read and approved of, I borrow most of the following particulars.

Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann was born at Königsberg, in Prussia, on the 24th of January 1776. His father occupied a post of some dignity in the ad-

ministration of Justice ; the mother's relatives were also engaged in the profession of Law ; most of them respectably, some of them with considerable influence and reputation. The elder Hoffmann is said to have been a man of talent ; but his temper and habitudes were irregular ; his wife was sickly, sensitive, and perhaps querulous and uncompliant : in our Ernst their second child's third year, the parents discovered that they could not live together ; and, apparently by mutual consent, dissolved their ill-assorted union. The father withdrew from Königsberg, to prosecute his legal and judicial engagements elsewhere ; and seems to have troubled himself no farther about his offspring or old connexions : he died, several years after, at Insterburg, where he had been stationed as a Judge in the Criminal Court of the Oberland. The other parent retired with young Ernst to her mother's house, also in Königsberg ; and there, in painful inaction, wore out seventeen sick and pitiable years, before death put a period to her sufferings. Prior to the separation, the elder child, also a boy, had gone astray into wicked courses, and at last set forth as an infant prodigal into the wide world. The two brothers never met, though the elder is said to be still in life.

Cut off from his natural guardians and directors, young Hoffmann seems to have received no adequate compensation for the want of them, and his early culture was but ill conducted. The grandmother, like her daughter, was perpetually sick, neither of the two almost ever stirring from their rooms. An uncle, retired

with the barren title of Justizrath from an abortive practice of Law, took charge of the boy's education ; but little Otto had no insight into the endowments or perversities of his nephew, and spent much fruitless effort in endeavouring to train the frolicsome urchin to a clockwork life like his own ; for Otto lived by square and rule ; his history was a rigid, strenuous, methodical procedure ; of which, indeed, except the process of digestion, faithfully enough performed, the result, in Otto's case, was nothing. An unmarried aunt, the only other member of the family, the only member of it gifted with any share of sense, appears to have had a truer view of young Hoffmann ; but she loved the little rogue too well ; and her tenderness, though repaid by equal and continued tenderness on his part, perhaps hurt him more than the leaden constraint of his uncle. For the rest, the boy did not let the yoke lie too heavy on his shoulders : Otto, it is true, was his teacher, his chamber-mate and bed-mate ; but every Thursday, the little Justizrath went out to pay visits, and the pupil could then celebrate a day of bedlam jubilee : in a little while, too, by superiority of natural cunning, he had sounded the Justizrath ; and from his twelfth year, we are told, he scarcely ever spoke a word with him, except for purposes of mystification. In this prim circle, he grew up in almost complete isolation ; for, by reason of its fantastic strictness, the household was visited by few ; and except one boy, a nephew of the Author Hippel's, with whom he accidentally became acquaint-

ed, Hoffmann had no companion but his foolish uncle and his too fond aunt. With young Hippel his intimacy more and more increased ; and it is pleasant to record of both, that this early connexion continued unbroken, often warm and helpful, through many changes of fortune ; Hoffmann's school-friend stood by his death-bed, and took his farewell of him with true heart-felt tears.

For classical instruction, he was early sent to the public school of Königsberg ; but till his thirteenth or fourteenth year, he acquired no taste for these pursuits ; and remained unnoticed by his teacher, and by all his schoolfellows, except Hippel, rather disrespected and disliked. Music and painting, in which also he had masters, were more to his taste : in a short while, he could fantasy to admiration on the harpsichord ; and there was no comic visage in Königsberg which he had not sketched in caricature. His tiny stature (for in youth, as in manhood, he was little, and "incredibly brisk") giving him an almost infantine appearance, added new wonder to these attainments ; and so young Ernst became a musical and pictorial prodigy ; to the no small comfort of Justizrath Otto, who delighted to observe that the little imp, who had played him so many sorry tricks, and so often overset the steady machinery of his household economy, was turning out, not a blackguard, but a genius.

With more prudence and regularity than could have been expected, Hoffmann betook himself, in due time, to preparing for the legal profession ; to which, as if by

hereditary destiny, he was appointed. In the Königsberg University, indeed, he confessed that Kant's prelections were a dead-letter to him, though it was at that time the fashion both for the wise and simple to be metaphysically transcendental: but he abstained from the riotous practices of his fellow-*Bürschen*, and pursued with strict fidelity the tasks by which he hoped ere long to gain an independent livelihood, and be delivered from the thralldom of his grandmother and Justizrath Otto. In this hope he laboured; allowing himself no recreation, except once a-week an evening of literary talk with his fellow-student Hippel, and an occasional glance into *Winkelmann*, or other works on Art, to which, as formerly, the better part of his nature was passionately devoted.

In 1795, he passed his first professional trial, and was admitted Auscultator of the Court of Königsberg; an establishment administrative as well as judicial; in which, however, owing to the pressure of applicants, it was impossible to give him full employment. This leisure, which, with so hot and impatient a spirit, hung heavy enough on his hands, he endeavoured to fill up with subsidiary pursuits: he gave private lessons in music; he painted wild landscapes, or grotesque figures, to which "a bold alternation of colour and shade" gave a specific character; he talked of men and things, with the most sportful fancy, or the most biting sarcasm: in fine, he wrote two Novels. One of these, at least, he had hoped to see in print; for a bookseller had re-

ceived it with some expressions of encouragement : but after half a year, his fair manuscript was returned to him, all soiled and creased, with an answer, that “ the *anonymity* of the work was likely to hurt its sale.” In the meantime, his situation had become still more perplexed by a private incident in the style of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. One of his fair music-pupils was too lovely and too soft-hearted : no marriage could be thought of between the parties, for she was far above him in rank ; and the contradictions and entanglements of this affair so pained and oppressed him, that he longed with double vehemence to be out of Königsberg. At last, after much wavering and consulting, he snatched himself away, with a resolute, indeed almost heroic effort, from the unpropitious scene ; and proceeded, in the summer of 1796, to Great Glogau in Silesia, where another uncle, a brother of Otto’s, occupied a post in the Administration, and had promised to procure him employment.

In Great Glogau he did not find the composure which he was in search of ; his uncle and his cousins treated him with great affection, and his labour was not irksome or unprofitable ; but, in his letters, he complains incessantly of tedium, and other spiritual maladies : and, in 1798, he joyfully took leave of Silesia, following his uncle, who was now promoted to a higher legal post in Berlin. Here, too, the young jurist continued only for a short time. Having passed his third and last trial, the *examen rigorosum*, and this

with no common applause, he was soon afterwards appointed Assessor of the Court at Posen, in South Prussia (Poland); whither he proceeded in March 1800.

With Hoffmann's removal to Poland, begins a new era of his life : he was now director of his own actions, and unhappily he did not direct them well. At Berlin, and even at Great Glogau, he had been accustomed to enliven the routine of legal duty by the study of Art ; for which the public collections of pictures, and the numerous professors of music, had in both cities afforded considerable opportunity. In Posen, these resources were abridged ; there was little music, little painting ; his official associates were dry week-day men, who worked hard at their desks, and lived hard when enfranchised from them ; without taste for literature, or art of any kind, except it were the art of cookery and brewing. The Poles also were a lively, jolly people, and much addicted to " strong Hungary wine." Hoffmann yielded too far to the custom of the land ; and here, it would seem, contracted habits of irregularity, from which he could never after get delivered. Another refuge against tedium, derived from his own peculiar resources, was even less to be excused. In private hours, he had condescended to become the scandalous chronicle of Posen, and to sketch a series of caricatures, exhibiting, under the most ludicrous, yet recognisable aspects, a great number of individuals and transactions ; sparing no rank or relation,

where he fancied himself to have been provoked, or thought his satire might be expected to tell. On occasion of a masquerade, a gay companion, his future brother-in-law, equipped himself like an Italian hawk; and proceeding to the ball with his pestilent ware in his basket, distributed the pictures, each picture to some ill-wisher of the person whom it represented; and then vanished from the room. For the first half hour, there was a general triumph; which, on comparing notes, passed into a general wail. The author was speedily detected: his talent, the only thing admirable in the transaction, betrayed him, and the punishment followed close on the offence. Intelligence was sent to Berlin; and the patent, lying ready for signature, which should have made him Rath (Councillor) at Posen, was changed for a similar appointment at Plozk; a change which, in all points, he regarded as an exile, but which his best friends could not help admitting that he had richly merited.

From Plozk he failed not to emit his *Tristia*; soliciting, with pressing earnestness, deliverance from his Polish Tomos. What was more to the purpose, he seems to have amended his conduct: he had married while in Posen; his wife, a fair Poless, was possessed of many graces, and of contentment and submissiveness without limit; and the husband was beginning to substitute the duties and enjoyments of domestic and studious life, for the revelry and riot in which of late he had much too deeply mingled. In his official capacity,

his assiduity and perseverance so far gained on his superiors, that at length, by the influence of Hippel and other friends, he was transferred from Plozk to Warsaw ; after having spent two regretful, but diligent, and not unprofitable years, in this provincial seclusion. In the summer of 1804, he hastened to his new destination, which his fancy had decked for him in all the colours of hope.

To Hoffmann, the Polish capital was like a vast perpetual masquerade ; and for a time he enjoyed its exotic, many-coloured aspect, the more from its contrast with his late way of life. His public duty was not difficult, and he performed it punctually ; his salary sufficed him ; there were theatres and music on every hand ; and the streets were peopled with a motley tumult of the strangest forms : " gay silken Polesses, talking and promenading over broad stately squares ; the ancient venerable Polish noble, with moustaches, caftan, sash, and red or yellow boots ; the new race equipped as Parisian *Incroyables* ; with foreigners of every nation ;" not excluding long-bearded Jews, puppetshow-men, monks, and dancing-bears. In a little while, Hoffmann had formed some acquaintances among the human part of the throng ; with one Hitzig, his colleague in office, he established a lasting intimacy. It began oddly enough : one day the two were walking home together from the Court, and engaged in laborious, stinted, and formal conversation, when Hoffmann, asking the character of some individual, the other answered, in the words

of Falstaff, that he was "a fellow in buckram;" a phrase which enlightened the caustic visage of Hoffmann, at all times shy to strangers, and at once raised him into one of his brilliant communicative moods. This Hitzig, himself a man of talent and energy, was of great service in assisting Hoffmann's intellectual culture while at Warsaw, and stood by him afterwards in many difficult emergencies.

An enthusiast dilettante prepared a new source of interest to Hoffmann, by a scheme which he proposed of erecting a Musical Institution. By dint of great effort, the dilettante succeeded in procuring subscribers; first one deserted palace, then a larger one, was purchased for a hall of meeting: and Hoffmann, seeing that the scheme was really to take effect, now entered into it with heart and hand. He planned the arrangement of the rooms in the New *Ressource*: for their decorations, he sketched cartoons, part of which were painted by other artists, part he himself painted; not forgetting to introduce caricature portraits of many honest subscribers, whom, by wings and tails, he disguised as sphinxes, gryphons, and other mythological cattle. His time was henceforth divided between his Court and this Musical *Ressource*: here, perched on his scaffold, among his paint-pots, with the brush in his hand, and a bottle of Hungary by his side, he might, in free hours, be seen diligently working, and talking in the meanwhile to his friends assembled below. If called to any juridical function by an extraordinary mandate from

the President, he would doff his painter's-jacket, clamber down from his scaffold, wash his hands, and, to the surprise of parties, transact their business as rapidly and correctly, as if he had known no other employment.

The Musical Ressource prospered beyond expectation : brilliant concerts were given ; all that was fairest and gracefulest in Warsaw attending, or even assisting : Hoffmann officiated as leader in their performance ; and, especially in Mozart's pieces, was allowed to perform his part with consummate skill. Ere long, however, these melodious festivities were abruptly closed. News came of the battle of Jena ; Russian foreposts entered the city ; Tartars, Cossacks, Bashkirs increased the chaos of its population. In due time, arrived French envoys to treat of a surrender ; the Prussians mounted guard with their knapsacks on ; and one morning tidings spread over the city, that the Praga bridge of boats was on fire, that the Russians and Prussians were retiring on the one side, and Murat's advanced-guard entering by the other. The rest is easy to conceive : the Prussian government was at an end in Warsaw ; Hoffmann's *Collegium* honestly divided the contents of their strong-box, then closed the partnership, and dispersed, each whither he listed, to seek safety and new employment.

To most of them this was a grievous stroke : not to Hoffmann. For him, Warsaw was still a fine variegated spectacle ; he had money enough for present wants ; of the future, he took little heed, or thought loosely that

he could live by Art, and that Art was far better than Law. Leaving his large house, where his purse seemed hardly safe from military violence, he took refuge in the garret of the Musical Ressource : here was his pianoforte and a library, here his wife and only child ; without, were Napoleon and his generals, reviews, *restaurateurs*, theatres, churches with musical works ; and abundance of fellow-loungers to attend him in these amusements. It was not till after a severe attack of fever, and the most visible contraction of his purse, that he seriously bethought him what he was to do. A sad enough outlook ! For Art, which had seemed so benignant at a distance, was shy and inaccessible when actually applied to for bread. Hitzig had hastened off to Berlin, and there opened a book-shop, in hope of better times : but his accounts of musical profits in that city were discouraging ; and for the journey to Vienna, which he advised and gave letters to forward, Hoffmann had now no funds. His uncle in Berlin was dead ; from little Otto nothing could be drawn : the perplexity was thickening, and the means of unravelling it were daily diminishing. For the present, he resolved to leave his wife and daughter at Posen, with their relations, and to visit Berlin himself in quest of some employment.

In Berlin he could find no employment whatever, either as a portrait-painter, a teacher, or a composer of music ; meanwhile the last remnant of his cash, his poor six Friederichs d'or, were one night filched from

his trunk ; and news came from Posen, that his little Cecilia was dead, and his wife dangerously ill. In this extremity, his heart for a while had nigh failed him ; but he again gathered courage, and made a fresh attempt. He published in the newspapers an advertisement, offering himself as Music-director, on the most moderate terms, in any theatre ; and was happy enough, soon afterwards, to make an engagement of the kind he wished, with the managers of the Bamberg stage, at that time under the patronage of the Count von Soden.

To an ordinary temper, this very humble preference would have offered but a mortifying contrast with former affluence and official respectability : Hoffmann, however, saw in it the means of realizing his long-cherished wish, a life devoted to Art ; and hastened to his Bamberg musical appointment with gayer hopes than he had ever fixed on any other prospect. Had money or economical comfort been his chief object, he must have felt himself cruelly disappointed : mischance on mischance befell the Bamberg theatre ; contradiction on the back of contradiction awaited the new Music-director, whose life, for the next seven years, differs in no outward respect from that of the most unprosperous strolling player. Nevertheless, he made no complaint ; perhaps he really felt little sorrow. " This must do," writes he in his Diary, " and it will do ; for now I shall never more have a *Relatio ex Actis* to write while I live, and so the Fountain of all Evil is dried up." In a

wealthier station, he might have composed more operas, and painted more caricatures ; but it is possible enough the world might never have heard of him as a writer. The fate of his first two novels had perhaps disgusted him with authorship : his studies at least had long pointed to other objects ; nor was it choice, but necessity, which now led him back to literature. After many stagnations, the Bamberg theatrical cash-box had at length become entirely insolvent ; portrait-painting, and music-teaching, were inadequate to the support of even a frugal household : Hoffmann, who, in all his straits, appears to have disdained pecuniary assistance, now wrote to Rochlitz of Leipzig, Editor of the *Musicalische Zeitung* (Musical Chronicle), soliciting employment in this Work ; and, by way of testimonial, transmitting some of his recent performances. The letter itself, written with the most fantastic drollery, was testimonial enough : Hoffmann was instantly and gladly accepted ; and in ten days, two essays were prepared and dispatched ; the first of a long series, afterwards collected, enlarged, and given to the world under the title of *Fantasiestücke, in Callot's Manier* (Fantasy-pieces, in the style of Callot*), with a preface by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, to whom Hoffmann had paid a visit while at Bamberg.

* Some of my readers may require to be informed that Jacques Callot was a Lorraine painter of the seventeenth century ; a wild genius, whose *Temptation of St Antony* is said to exceed, in chaotic incoherence, that of Teniers himself.

The incipient author was delighted with his new task ; and Rochlitz and his readers no less so with its execution. These *Fantasiestücke* turning chiefly on Music, exclusively on Art, were afterwards to make him known to the world as a brilliant and peculiar writer ; and they served for the present to augment his scanty funds, to bring him into favour and employment as a musical composer, and at last to deliver him from Bamberg. In 1813, by the management of Rochlitz, he formed an engagement at Dresden, again as Music-director, in the theatre of one Seconda. This appointment he hailed as a most propitious change ; but his theatrical career was not destined anywhere to be smooth. Misfortunes, almost destruction, overtook him even on his journey : Seconda he soon found to be a driveller ; the opera shifted from Dresden to Leipzig, and from Leipzig to Dresden ; the country was full of Cossacks and *Gens d'armes*, and Hoffmann's operatic melodies were drowned in the loud clang of Napoleon's battles. Till the end of 1814, he led a life more chequered by hard vicissitudes than ever : now quarrelling with Seconda, now sketching caricatures of the French ; now writing *Fantasies*, now looking at Battles ; sometimes sick, often in danger, generally light of heart, and always short of money. The *Golden Pot*, one of the *Fantasiestücke*, which follows this Introduction, was begun in Dresden, shortly before the Battle of Leipzig, while the cannon of the Allies was bombarding the city ; with grenadoes bursting at the writer's very hand,

nay, at last driving him from his garret into some safer shelter.

The revolution of Europe, which restored so many sovereigns to their thrones, restored Hoffmann to his chair of office. He arrived at Berlin in September 1814; was provided with employment; reinstated in his former rights of seniority; and two years afterwards, promoted, in consequence, to be Rath in the *Kammergericht*, or Exchequer Court of the capital.

Hoffmann's situation, after all his buffetings, might now be considered enviable: the income of his post was amply sufficient, and its labour not excessive; his best friends were in his neighbourhood, Hitzig was working with him at the same table; his public conduct was irreprehensible, and his literary fame was rapidly spreading. The *Fantasiestücke* were already universally popular; the *Elixiere des Teufels* (Devil's Elixir, a novel in two volumes, since translated into English) had just been given to the circulating libraries; and his opera of *Undine*, which Fouqué had versified for Hoffmann's music, was brought out on the Berlin stage with loud plaudits, and reviewed with praises by Weber himself. Hoffmann was happy; and had he been wise, might still have continued happy: but he was not wise, and in this cup of joy there lurked for him a deadly poison.

Berlin, like most other cities, prides itself in being somewhat of a modern Athens; and Hoffmann, the wonder of the day, was invited with the warmest

blandishments to participate in its musical and literary *tea*. But in these polished circles Hoffmann prospered ill: he was sharp-tempered; vain, indeed, but transcendently vain; he required the wittiest talk or the most entire audience; and had a heart-hatred to inanity, however gentle and refined. When his company grew tiresome, he "made the most terrific faces;" would answer the languishing raptures of some perfumed critic by an observation on the weather; would transfix half a dozen harmless dilettanti through the vitals, each on his several bolt; nay, in the end, give vent to his spleen by talking like a sheer maniac; in short, never cease till, one way or other, the hapless circle was reduced to utter desolation. To this intellectual beverage he was seldom twice invited; and, ere long, the musical and literary Tea-urn was for him a closed fountain.

Yet Hoffmann could not do without society, without excitement, and now not well without exclusive admiration. His old friends he had not forsaken, for he seldom, and with difficulty, got intimate with a stranger; but their quiet life could not content him: it was clear that the enjoyment he sought was only to be found among gay laughter-loving toppers, as a guest at their table, or still better, as their sovereign in the wine-house. "The order of his life, from 1816, downwards," says his Biographer, "was this: On Mondays and Thursdays he passed his forenoons at his post in the *Kammergericht*; on other days at home, in working; the afternoons he regularly spent in sleep, to which, in

summer, perhaps he added walking: the evenings and nights were devoted to the tavern. Even when out in company, while the other guests went home, he retired to the tavern to await the morning, before which time it was next to impossible to bring him home." Strangers who came to Berlin went to see him in the tavern; the tavern was his study, and his pulpit, and his throne: here his wit flashed and flamed like an *Aurora Borealis*, and the table was for ever in a roar; and thus, amid tobacco-smoke, and over coarse earthly liquor, was Hoffmann wasting faculties which might have seasoned the nectar of the gods.

Poor Hoffmann was on the highway to ruin; and the only wonder is, that with such fatal speed, he did not reach the goal even more balefully and sooner. His official duties were, to the last, punctually and irreproachably performed. He wrote more abundantly than ever; no Magazine Editor was contented without his contributions; the *Nachtstücke* (Night-pieces) were published in 1817; two years afterwards, *Klein Zaches*, regarded (it would seem falsely) as a local satire; and at last, between 1819 and 1821, appeared in four successive volumes, the *Serapionsbrüder*, containing most of his smaller tales, collected from various fugitive publications, and combined together by dialogues of the *Serapion-brethren*, a little club of friends, which for some time met weekly in Hoffmann's house. The *Prinzessin Brambilla* (1821) is properly another *Fantasy-piece*: The *Lebensaussichten des Kater Murr*

(Tom-cat Murr's Philosophy of Life), published in 1820 and 1821, was meant by the author as his master-work ; but the third volume is wanting ; and the wild anarchy, musical and moral, said to reign in the first two, may for ever remain unreconciled.

Meanwhile, Hoffmann's tavern orgies continued unabated, and his health at last sank under them. In 1819, he had suffered a renewed attack of gout ; from which, however, he had recovered by a journey to the Silesian baths. On his forty-fifth birth day, the 24th of January 1822, he saw his best and oldest friends, including Hitzig and Hippel, assembled round his table ; but he himself was sick ; no longer hurrying to and fro in hospitable assiduity, as was his custom, but confined to his chair, and drinking bath water, while his guests were enjoying wine. It was his death that lay upon him, and a mournful lingering death. The disease was a *Tabes dorsalis* ; limb by limb, from his feet upwards, for five months, his body stiffened and died. Hoffmann bore his sufferings with inconceivable gaiety ; so long as his hands had power, he kept writing ; afterwards, he dictated to an amanuensis ; and four of his Tales, the last, *Der Feind* (The Enemy), discontinued only some few days before his death, were composed in this melancholy season. He would not believe that he was dying, and he longed for life with inexpressible desire. On the evening of the 24th of June, his whole body to the neck had become stiff and powerless ; no longer feeling pain, he said to his

Doctor: "I shall soon be through it now."—"Yes," said the Doctor, "you will soon be through it." Next morning he was evidently dying: yet about eleven o'clock he awoke from his stupor; cried that he was well, and would go on with dictating the *Feind* that night; at the same time calling on his wife to read him the passage where he had stopt. She spoke to him in kind dissuasion: he was silent; he motioned to be turned towards the wall; and scarcely had this been done, when the fatal sound was heard in his throat, and in a few minutes Hoffmann was no more.

Hoffmann's was a mind for which proper culture might have done great things: there lay in it the elements of much moral worth, and talents of almost the highest order. Nor was it weakness of Will that so far frustrated these fine endowments; for in many trying emergencies, he proved that decision and perseverance of resolve were by no means denied him. Unhappily, however, he had found no sure principle of action; no Truth adequate to the guidance of such a mind. What in common minds is called Prudence, was not wanting, could this have sufficed; for it is to be observed, that so long as he was poor, so long as the fetters of every-day duty lay round him, Hoffmann was diligent, unblameable, and even praiseworthy; but these wants once supplied, these fetters once cast off, his wayward spirit was without fit direction or restraint, and its fine faculties rioted in wild disorder. In the practical concerns of life, he felt no interest; in religion

he seems not to have believed, or even disbelieved ; he never talked of it, or would hear it talked of : to politics he was equally hostile, and equally a stranger. Yet the wages of daily labour, the solace of his five senses, and the intercourse of social or gregarious life, were far from completing his ideal of enjoyment : his better soul languished in these barren scenes, and longed for some worthier home. This home, unhappily, he was not destined to find. He sought for it in the Poetry of Art ; and the aim of his writings, so far as they have any aim, as they are not mere interjections, expressing the casual moods of his mind, was constantly the celebration and unfolding of this the best and truest doctrine which he had to preach. But here too his common failing seems to have beset him : he loved Art with a deep but scarcely with a pure love ; not as the fountain of Beauty, but as the fountain of refined Enjoyment ; he demanded from it not heavenly peace, but earthly excitement ; as indeed through his whole life, he had never learned the truth that for human souls a continuance of passive pleasure is inconceivable, has not only been denied us by Nature, but cannot, and could not be granted.

From all this there grew up in Hoffmann's character something player-like, something false, brawling, and tawdry, which we trace both in his writings and his conduct. His philosophy degenerates into levity, his magnanimity into bombast : the light of his fine mind is not sunshine, but the glitter of an artificial fire-work. As in Art, so in Life he had failed to dis-

cover that "agreeable sensations" are not the highest good. His pursuit of these led him into many devious courses, and the close of his mistaken pilgrimage was—the tavern.

Yet if, in judging Hoffmann, we are forced to condemn him, let it be with mildness, with justice. Let us not forget, that for a mind like his, the path of propriety was difficult to find, still more difficult to keep. Moody, sensitive and fantastic, he wandered through the world like a foreign presence, subject to influences of which common natures have happily no glimpse. A whole scale of the most wayward and unearthly humours stands recorded in his Diary: his head was for ever swarming with beautiful or horrible chimeras; a common incident could throw his whole being into tumult, a distorted face or figure would abide with him for days, and rule over him like a spell. It was not things, but "the shows of things," that he saw; and the world and its business, in which he had to live and move, often hovered before him like a perplexed and spectral vision. Withal it should be remembered that, though never delivered from Self, he was not cruel or unjust, nor incapable of generous actions and the deepest attachment. His harshness was often misinterpreted; for heat of temper deformed the movements of kindness; mockery also was the dialect in which he spoke and even thought, and often, under a calm or bitter smile, he could veil the wounds of a bleeding heart. A good or a wise man we must not call him:

but to others his presence was beneficent, his injuries were to himself; and among the ordinary population of this world to note him with the mark of reprobation were ungrateful and unjust.

His genius formed the most important element of his character, and of course participated in its faults. There are the materials of a glorious poet, but no poet has been fashioned out of them. His mind was not cultivated or brought under his own dominion; we admire the rich ingredients of it, and regret that they were never purified, and fused into a whole. His life was disjointed: he had to labour for his bread, and he followed three different arts; what wonder that in none of them he should attain perfection? Accordingly, except perhaps as a musician, the critics of his country deny him the name of an Artist: as a poet, he aimed but at popularity, and has attained little more. His intellect is seldom strong, and that only in glimpses; his abundant humour is too often false and local; his rich and gorgeous fancy is continually distorted into crotchets and caprices. In fact, he elaborated nothing; above all, not himself. His knowledge, except in the sphere of Art, is not extensive; for an author, he had read but little; criticisms, even of his own works, he never looked into; and except Richter, whom he saw only once, he seems never to have met with any individual whose conversation could instruct or direct him. Human nature he had studied only as a caricature painter: men, it is said, in fact interested him chiefly as mimetic ob-

jects ; their common doings and destiny were without beauty for him, and he observed and copied them only in their extravagancies and ludicrous distortions. His works were written with incredible speed, and they bear many marks of haste : it is seldom that any piece is perfected, that its brilliant and often genuine elements are blended in harmonious union. On the largest of his completed Novels, the *Elixiere des Teufels*, he himself set no value ; and the *Kater Murr*, which he meant for a higher object, he did not live to finish, nor is it thought he could have finished it. His smaller pieces were mostly written for transitory publications, and too often with only a transitory excellence. We do not read them without interest, without high amusement, but the second reading pleases worse than the first : for there is too little meaning in that bright extravagance ; it is but the hurried copy of the phantasms which for ever masqueraded through the author's mind ; it less resembles the creation of a poet, than the dream of an opium-eater.

With these faults a rigorous criticism may charge Hoffmann, and this the more strictly, the greater his talent, the more undoubted his capability and obligation to avoid them. At the same time, to reject his claim, as has been done, to what the poets call their immortality, seems hard measure. If Callot and Teniers, his models, still figure in picture galleries ; if Rabelais continues, after centuries, to be read, and even the *Caliph Vathek*, after decades, still finds ad-

mirers, the products of a mind so brilliant, wild, and singular, as that of Hoffmann, may long hover in the remembrance of the world ; as objects of curiosity, of censure, and, on the whole, compared with absolute Nonentity, of entertainment and partial approval. For the present, at least, as a child of his time and his country, he is not to be overlooked in any survey of German Literature, and least of all by the foreign student of it.

Among Hoffmann's shorter performances, I find *Meister Martin* noted by his critics as the most perfect : it is a story of ancient Nürnberg, and worked up in a style which even reminds us of the Author of *Waverley*. Nevertheless, I have selected this *Goldne Topf*, as likelier to interest the English reader : it has more of the faults, but also more of the excellencies peculiar to its author, and exhibits a much truer picture of his individuality. To recommend it, criticisms would be unavailing : there is no deep art involved in its composition ; to minds alive to the graces of Fancy, and disposed to pardon even its aberrations when splendid and kindly, this *Mährchen* will speak its whole meaning for itself, and to others it has little or nothing to say. The most tolerant will see in it much to pardon ; but even under its present disadvantages they may perhaps recognise in it the erratic footsteps of a poet, and lament with me that his course has ended so far short of the goal.

THE GOLDEN POT.

FIRST VIGIL.

The Mishaps of the Student Anselmus. Conrector Paulmann's Tobacco-box, and the Gold-green Snakes.

ON Ascension-day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, there came a young man running through the Schwarzthor, or Black Gate, out of Dresden, and right into a basket of apples and cakes, which an old and very ugly woman was there exposing to sale. The crash was prodigious; all that escaped being squelched to pieces, was scattered away, and the street-urchins joyfully divided the booty which this quick gentleman had thrown them. At the murder-shriek which the crone set up, her gossips, leaving their cake and brandy tables, encircled the young man, and with plebeian violence stormfully scolded him: so that, for shame and vexation, he uttered no word, but merely held out his small, and by no means particularly well-filled purse, which the crone eagerly clutched, and stuck into her pocket. The firm

ring now opened ; but as the young man started off, the crone called after him : “ Ay, run, run thy ways, thou Devil’s bird ! To the Crystal run ! to the Crystal ! ” The squealing, creaking voice of the woman had something unearthly in it : so that the promenaders paused in amazement, and the laugh, which at first had been universal, instantly died away. The Student Anselmus, for the young man was no other, felt himself, though he did not in the least understand these singular phrases, nevertheless seized with a certain involuntary horror ; and he quickened his steps still more, to escape the curious looks of the multitude, which were all turned towards him. As he worked his way through the crowd of well-dressed people, he heard them murmuring on all sides : “ Poor young fellow ! Ha ! what a cursed beldam it is ! ” The mysterious words of the crone had oddly enough given this ludicrous adventure a sort of tragic turn ; and the youth, before unobserved, was now looked after with a certain sympathy. The ladies, for his fine shape and handsome face, which the glow of inward anger was rendering still more expressive, forgave him this awkward step, as well as the dress he wore, though it was utterly at variance with all mode. His pike-gray frock was shaped as if the tailor had known the modern form only by hearsay ; and his well-kept black satin lower habiliments gave the whole a certain pedagogic air, to which the gait and gesture of the wearer did not at all correspond.

The Student had almost reached the end of the al-

ley which leads out to the Linke Bath ; but his breath could stand such a rate no longer. From running, he took to walking ; but scarcely did he yet dare to lift an eye from the ground ; for he still saw apples and cakes dancing round him ; and every kind look from this or that fair damsel was to him but the reflex of the mocking laughter at the Schwarzthor. In this mood, he had got to the entrance of the Bath : one group of holiday people after the other were moving in. Music of wind-instruments resounded from the place, and the din of merry guests was growing louder and louder. The poor Student Anselmus was almost on the point of weeping ; for he too had expected, Ascension-day having always been a family-festival with him, to participate in the felicities of the Linkean paradise ; nay, he had purposed even to go the length of a half *portion* of coffee with rum, and a whole bottle of double beer ; and that he might carouse at his ease, had put more money in his purse than was entirely convenient or advisable. And now, by this fatal step into the apple-basket, all that he had about him had been swept away. Of coffee, of double or single beer, of music, of looking at the bright damsels ; in a word, of all his fancied enjoyments, there was now nothing more to be said. He glided slowly past ; and at last turned down the Elbe road, which at that time happened to be quite solitary.

Beneath an elder-tree, which had grown out through the wall, he found a kind green resting-place : here he sat down, and filled a pipe from the Sanitätsknaster, or

Health-tobacco-box, of which his friend the Conrector Paulmann had lately made him a present. Close before him, rolled and chafed the gold-dyed waves of the fair Elbe-stream : behind this rose lordly Dresden, stretching, bold and proud, its light towers into the airy sky ; which again, farther off, bent itself down towards flowery meads and fresh springing woods ; and in the dim distance, a range of azure peaks gave notice of remote Bohemia. But, heedless of this, the Student Anselmus, looking gloomily before him, blew forth his smoky clouds into the air. His chagrin at length became audible, and he said : “ Of a truth, I am born to losses and crosses for my life long ! That in boyhood, at Odds or Evens, I could never once guess the right way ; that my bread and butter always fell on the buttered side ; of all these sorrows I will not speak : but is it not a frightful destiny, that now, when, in spite of Satan, I have become a student, I must still be a jolthead as before ? Do I ever put a new coat on, without the first day smearing it with tallow, or on some ill-fastened nail or other, tearing a cursed hole in it ? Do I ever bow to any Councillor or any lady, without pitching the hat out of my hands, or even sliding away on the smooth pavement, and shamefully oversetting ? Had I not, every market-day, while in Halle, a regular sum of from three to four groschen to pay for broken pottery, the Devil putting it into my head to walk straight forward, like a leming-rat ? Have I ever once got to my college, or any place I was appointed to, at the right

time? What availed it that I set out half an hour before, and planted myself at the door, with the knocker in my hand? Just as the clock is going to strike, souse! some Devil pours a wash-basin down on me, or I bolt against some fellow coming out, and get myself engaged in endless quarrels till the time is clean gone.

“ Ah! well-a-day! whither are ye fled, ye blissful dreams of coming fortune, when I proudly thought that here I might even reach the height of Privy Secretary? And has not my evil star estranged from me my best patrons? I learn, for instance, that the Councillor, to whom I have a letter, cannot suffer cropt hair; with immensity of trouble, the barber fastens me a little cue to my hindhead; but at the first bow, his unblessed knot gives way, and a little shock, running snuffing about me, frisks off to the Privy Councillor with the cue in its mouth. I spring after it in terror; and stumble against the table, where he has been working while at breakfast; and cups, plates, ink-glass, sand-box, rush jingling to the floor, and a flood of chocolate and ink overflows the Relation he has just been writing. ‘Is the Devil in the man?’ bellows the furious Privy Councillor, and shoves me out of the room.

“ What avails it that Conrector Paulmann gave me hopes of a writership: will my malignant fate allow it, which everywhere pursues me? To-day even! Do but think of it! I was purposing to hold my good old Ascension-day with right cheerfulness of soul: I would stretch a point for once; I might have gone, as well as

any other guest, into Linke's Bath, and called out proudly: 'Marqueur! a bottle of double-beer; best sort, if you please!' I might have sat till far in the evening; and, moreover, close by this or that fine party of well-dressed ladies. I know it, I feel it! heart would have come into me, I should have been quite another man; nay, I might have carried it so far, that when one or other of them asked: 'What o'clock may it be?' or 'What is it they are playing?' I should have started up with light grace, and without overturning my glass, or stumbling over the bench, but in a curved posture, moving one step and a half forward, I should have answered: 'Give me leave, mademoiselle! it is the overture of the *Donanweibchen*;' or, 'It is just going to strike six.' Could any mortal in the world have taken it ill of me? No! I say; the girls would have looked over, smiling so roguishly; as they always do when I pluck up heart to show them that I too understand the light tone of society, and know how ladies should be spoken to. And now the Devil himself leads me into that cursed apple-basket, and now must I sit moping in solitude, with nothing but a poor pipe of——" Here the Student Anselmus was interrupted in his soliloquy by a strange rustling and whisking, which rose close by him in the grass, but soon glided up into the twigs and leaves of the elder-tree that stretched out over his head. It was as if the evening wind were shaking the leaves; as if little birds were twittering among the branches, moving their little wings in capricious

flutter to and fro. Then he heard a whispering and lisp- ing ; and it seemed as if the blossoms were sound- ing like little crystal bells. Anselmus listened and lis- tened. Ere long, the whispering, and lisp- ing, and tink- ling, he himself knew not how, grew to faint and half- scattered words :

“ ’Twixt this way, ’twixt that ; ’twixt branches, ’twixt blossoms, come shoot, come twist and twirl we ! Sisterkin, sisterkin ! up to the shine ; up, down, through and through, quick ! Sun-rays yellow ; even- ing-wind whispering ; dew-drops pattering ; blossoms all singing : sing we with branches and blossoms ! Stars soon glitter ; must down : ’twixt this way, ’twixt that, come shoot, come twist, come twirl we, sisterkin ! ”

And so it went along, in confused and confusing speech. The Student Anselmus thought : “ Well, it is but the evening-wind, which to-night truly is whis- pering distinctly enough.” But at that moment there sounded over his head, as it were, a triple harmony of clear crystal bells : he looked up, and perceived three little Snakes, glittering with green and gold, twisted round the branches, and stretching out their heads to the evening sun. Then, again, began a whispering and twittering in the same words as before, and the little Snakes went gliding and caressing up and down through the twigs ; and while they moved so rapidly, it was as if the elder-bush were scattering a thousand glittering emeralds through the dark leaves.

“ It is the evening sun which sports so in the elder- bush,” thought the Student Anselmus ; but the bells

sounded again ; and Anselmus observed that one Snake held out its little head to him. Through all his limbs there went a shock like electricity ; he quivered in his inmost heart : he kept gazing up, and a pair of glorious dark-blue eyes were looking at him with unspeakable longing ; and an unknown feeling of highest blessedness and deepest sorrow was like to rend his heart asunder. And as he looked, and still looked, full of warm desire, into these kind eyes, the crystal bells sounded louder in harmonious accord, and the glittering emeralds fell down and encircled him, flickering round him in thousand sparkles, and sporting in resplendent threads of gold. The Elder-bush moved and spoke : “ Thou layest in my shadow ; my perfume flowed round thee, but thou understoodst it not. The perfume is my speech, when Love kindles it.” The Evening Wind came gliding past, and said : “ I played round thy temples, but thou understood'st me not. That breath is my speech, when Love kindles it.” The Sun-beam broke through the clouds, and the sheen of it burnt, as in words : “ I overflowed thee with glowing gold, but thou understood'st me not : That glow is my speech, when Love kindles it.”

And, still deeper and deeper sunk in the view of these glorious eyes, his longing grew keener, his desire more warm. And all rose and moved around him, as if awakening to glad life. Flowers and blossoms shed their odours round him ; and their odour was like the lordly singing of a thousand softest voices ; and what they sung was borne, like an echo, on the golden even-

ing clouds, as they flitted away, into far-off lands. But as the last sun-beam abruptly sank behind the hills, and the twilight threw its veil over the scene, there came a hoarse deep voice, as from a great distance :

“ Hey ! hey ! what chattering and jingling is that up there ? Hey ! hey ! who catches me the ray behind the hills ? Sunned enough, sung enough. Hey ! hey ! through bush and grass, through grass and stream. Hey ! hey ! Come dow-w-n, dow-w-w-n ! ”

So faded the voice away, as in murmurs of a distant thunder ; but the crystal bells broke off in sharp discords. All became mute ; and the Student Anselmus observed how the three Snakes, glittering and sparkling, glided through the grass towards the river ; rustling and hustling, they rushed into the Elbe ; and over the waves where they vanished, there crackled up a green flame, which, gleaming forward obliquely, vanished in the direction of the city.

SECOND VIGIL.

How the Student Anselmus was looked upon as drunk and mad. The crossing of the Elbe. Bandmaster Graun's Bravura. Conradi's Stomachic Liqueur, and the bronzed Apple-woman.

“ THE gentleman is ailing some way ! ” said a decent burgher's wife, who, returning from a walk with her family, had paused here, and, with crossed arms,

was looking at the mad pranks of the Student Anselmus. Anselmus had clasped the trunk of the elder-tree, and was calling incessantly up to the branches and leaves : " O glitter and shine once more, ye dear gold Snakes ; let me hear your little bell-voices once more ! Look on me once more, ye kind eyes ; O once, or I must die in pain and warm longing ! " And with this, he was sighing and sobbing from the bottom of his heart most pitifully ; and in his eagerness and impatience, shaking the elder-tree to and fro ; which, however, instead of any reply, rustled quite stupidly and unintelligibly with its leaves ; and so rather seemed, as it were, to make sport of the Student Anselmus and his sorrows.

" The gentleman is ailing some way ! " said the burgher's wife ; and Anselmus felt as if you had shaken him out of a deep dream, or poured ice-cold water on him, that he might awaken without loss of time. He now first saw clearly where he was ; and recollected what a strange apparition had assaulted him, nay, so beguiled his senses, as to make him break forth into loud talk with himself. In astonishment, he gazed at the woman ; and at last snatching up his hat, which had fallen to the ground in his transport, was for making off in all speed. The burgher himself had come forward in the meanwhile ; and, setting down the child from his arm on the grass, had been leaning on his staff, and with amazement listening and looking at the Student. He now picked up the pipe and tobacco-box which the Student

had let fall, and, holding them out to him, said : " Don't take on so dreadfully, my worthy sir, or alarm people in the dark, when nothing is the matter, after all, but a drop or two of christian liquor : go home, like a pretty man, and take a nap of sleep on it."

The Student Anselmus felt exceedingly ashamed ; he uttered nothing but a most lamentable Ah !

" Pooh ! Pooh !" said the burgher, " never mind it a jot ; such a thing will happen to the best ; on good old Ascension-day a man may readily enough forget himself in his joy, and gulp down a thought too much. A clergyman himself is no worse for it : I presume, my worthy sir, you are a *Candidatus*.—But, with your leave, sir, I shall fill my pipe with your tobacco ; mine went done a little while ago."

This last sentence the burgher uttered while the Student Anselmus was about putting up his pipe and box ; and now the burgher slowly and deliberately cleaned his pipe, and began as slowly to fill it. Several burgher girls had come up : these were speaking secretly with the woman and each other, and tittering as they looked at Anselmus. The Student felt as if he were standing on prickly thorns, and burning needles. No sooner had he got back his pipe and tobacco-box, than he darted off at the height of his speed.

All the strange things he had seen were clean gone from his memory ; he simply recollected having babbled all manner of foolish stuff beneath the elder-tree. This was the more frightful to him, as he entertained from

of old an inward horror against all soliloquists. It is Satan that chatters out of them, said his Rector ; and Anselmus had honestly believed him. But to be regarded as a *Candidatus Theologiæ*, overtaken with drink on Ascension-day ! The thought was intolerable.

Running on with these mad vexations, he was just about turning up the Poplar Alley, by the Kosel garden, when a voice behind him called out : “ Herr Anselmus ! Herr Anselmus ! for the love of Heaven, whither are you running in such haste ? ” The Student paused, as if rooted to the ground ; for he was convinced that now some new mischance would befall him. The voice rose again : “ Herr Anselmus, come back, then : we are waiting for you here at the water ! ” And now the Student perceived that it was his friend Conrector Paulmann’s voice : he went back to the Elbe ; and found the Conrector, with his two daughters, as well as Registrar Heerbrand, all on the point of stepping into their gondola. Conrector Paulmann invited the Student to go with them across the Elbe, and then to pass the evening at his house in the Pirna suburb. The Student Anselmus very gladly accepted this proposal ; thinking thereby to escape the malignant destiny, which had ruled over him all day.

Now, as they were crossing the river, it chanced that, on the farther bank, in the Anton garden, a firework was just going off. Sputtering and hissing, the rockets went aloft, and their blazing stars flew to pieces in the air, scattering a thousand vague shoots and flash-

es round them. The Student Anselmus was sitting by the steersman, sunk in deep thought; but when he noticed in the water the reflection of these darting and wavering sparks and flames, he felt as if it was the little golden Snakes that were sporting in the flood. All the wonders that he had seen at the elder-tree again started forth into his heart and thoughts; and again that unspeakable longing, that glowing desire, laid hold of him here, which had before agitated his bosom in painful spasms of rapture.

“Ah! is it you again, my little golden Snakes? Sing now, O sing! In your song let the kind, dear, dark-blue eyes, again appear to me—Ah! are ye under the waves, then?”

So cried the Student Anselmus, and at the same time made a violent movement, as if he were for plunging from the gondola into the river.

“Is the Devil in you, sir?” exclaimed the steersman, and clutched him by the coat-breast. The girls, who were sitting by him, shrieked in terror, and fled to the other side of the gondola. Registrar Heerbrand whispered something in Conrector Paulmann’s ear, to which the latter answered at considerable length, but in so low a tone, that Anselmus could distinguish nothing but the words: “Such attacks more than once?—Never heard of it.” Directly after this, Conrector Paulmann also rose; and then sat down, with a certain earnest, grave, official mien, beside the Student Anselmus, taking his hand, and saying: “How are you,

Herr Anselmus?" The Student Anselmus was like to lose his wits, for in his mind there was a mad contradiction, which he strove in vain to reconcile. He now saw plainly that what he had taken for the gleaming of the golden Snakes was nothing but the image of the fireworks in Anton's garden : but a feeling unexperienced till now, he himself knew not whether it was rapture or pain, cramped his breast together ; and when the steersman struck through the water with his helm, so that the waves, curling as in anger, gurgled and chafed, he heard in their din a soft whispering : " Anselmus ! Anselmus ! seest thou not how we still skim along before thee ? Sisterkin looks at thee again : believe, believe, believe in us !" And he thought he saw in the reflected light three green-glowing streaks : but then, when he gazed, full of fond sadness, into the water, to see whether these gentle eyes would not again look up to him, he perceived too well that the shine proceeded only from the windows in the neighbouring houses. He was sitting mute in his place, and inwardly battling with himself, when Conrector Paulmann repeated, with still greater emphasis : " How are you, Herr Anselmus ?"

With the most rueful tone, Anselmus replied : " Ah ! Herr Conrector, if you knew what strange things I have been dreaming, quite awake, with open eyes, just now, under an elder-tree at the wall of Linke's garden, you would not take it amiss of me that I am a little absent, or so."

“Ey, ey, Herr Anselmus!” interrupted Conrector Paulmann, “I have always taken you for a solid young man: but to dream, to dream with your eyes wide open, and then, all at once, to start up for leaping into the water! This, begging your pardon, is what only fools or madmen could do.”

The Student Anselmus was deeply affected at his friend’s hard saying; then Veronica, Paulmann’s eldest daughter, a most pretty blooming girl of sixteen, addressed her father: “But, dear father, something singular must have befallen Herr Anselmus; and perhaps he only thinks he was awake, while he may have really been asleep, and so all manner of wild stuff has come into his head, and is still lying in his thoughts.”

“And, dearest Mademoiselle! Worthy Conrector!” cried Registrator Heerbrand, “may one not, even when awake, sometimes sink into a sort of dreaming state? I myself have had such fits. One afternoon, for instance, during coffee, in a sort of brown study like this, in the special season of corporeal and spiritual digestion, the place where a lost *Act* was lying occurred to me, as if by inspiration; and last night, no farther gone, there came a glorious large Latin paper tripping out before my open eyes, in the very same way.”

“Ah! most honoured Registrator,” answered Conrector Paulmann; “you have always had a tendency to the *Poetica*; and thus one falls into fantasies and romantic humours.”

The Student Anselmus, however, was particularly

gratified that in this most troublous situation, while in danger of being considered drunk or crazy, any one should take his part ; and though it was already pretty dark, he thought he noticed, for the first time, that Veronica had really very fine dark blue eyes, and this too without remembering the strange pair which he had looked at in the elder-bush. On the whole, the adventure under the elder-bush had once more entirely vanished from the thoughts of the Student Anselmus ; he felt himself at ease and light of heart ; nay, in the capriciousness of joy, he carried it so far, that he offered a helping hand to his fair advocate, Veronica, as she was stepping from the gondola ; and without more ado, as she put her arm in his, escorted her home with so much dexterity and good luck, that he only missed his footing once, and this being the only wet spot in the whole road, only spattered Veronica's white gown a very little by the incident.

Conrector Paulmann failed not to observe this happy change in the Student Anselmus ; he resumed his liking for him, and begged forgiveness for the hard words which he had let fall before. " Yes," added he, " we have many examples to show that certain fantasms may rise before a man, and pester and plague him not a little ; but this is bodily disease, and leeches are good for it, if applied to the right part, as a certain learned physician, now deceased, has directed." The Student Anselmus knew not whether he had been drunk, crazy, or sick ; but at all events the leeches seemed entirely

superfluous, as these supposed fantasms had utterly vanished, and the Student himself was growing happier and happier, the more he prospered in serving the pretty Veronica with all sorts of dainty attentions.

As usual, after the frugal meal, came music; the Student Anselmus had to take his seat before the harpsichord, and Veronica accompanied his playing with her pure clear voice: "Dear Mademoiselle," said Registrar Heerbrand, "you have a voice like a crystal bell!"

"That she has not!" ejaculated the Student Anselmus, he scarcely knew how. "Crystal bells in elder-trees sound strangely! strangely!" continued the Student Anselmus, murmuring half aloud.

Veronica laid her hand on his shoulder, and asked: "What are you saying now, Herr Anselmus?"

Instantly Anselmus recovered his cheerfulness, and began playing. Conrector Paulmann gave a grim look at him; but Registrar Heerbrand laid a music-leaf on the frame, and sang with ravishing grace one of Bandmaster Graun's bravura airs. The Student Anselmus accompanied this, and much more; and a fantasy duet, which Veronica and he now fingered, and Conrector Paulmann had himself composed, again brought all into the gayest humour.

It was now pretty late, and Registrar Heerbrand was taking up his hat and stick, when Conrector Paulmann went up to him with a mysterious air, and said: "Hem!—Would not you, honoured Registrar,

mention to the good Herr Anselmus himself—Hem ! what we were speaking of before ?”

“ With all the pleasure in nature,” said Registrar Heerbrand, and having placed himself in the circle, began, without farther preamble, as follows :

“ In this city is a strange remarkable man, people say he follows all manner of secret sciences ; but as there are no such sciences, I rather take him for an antiquary, and along with this, for an experimental chemist. I mean no other than our Privy Archivarius Lindhorst. He lives, as you know, by himself, in his old sequestered house ; and when disengaged from his office, he is to be found in his library, or in his chemical laboratory, to which, however, he admits no stranger. Besides many curious books, he possesses a number of manuscripts, partly Arabic, Coptic, and some of them in strange characters, which belong not to any known tongue. These he wishes to have copied properly ; and for this purpose he requires a man who can draw with the pen, and so transfer these marks to parchment, in Indian ink, with the highest strictness and fidelity. The work is carried on in a separate chamber of his house, under his own oversight ; and besides free board during the time of business, he pays his man a speziesthaler, or specie-dollar, daily, and promises a handsome present when the copying is rightly finished. The hours of work are from twelve to six. From three to four, you take rest and dinner.

“ Herr Archivarius Lindhorst having in vain tried

one or two young people for copying these manuscripts, has at last applied to me to find him an expert drawer ; and so I have been thinking of you, dear Herr Anselmus, for I know that you both write very neatly, and likewise draw with the pen to great perfection. Now, if in these bad times, and till your future establishment, you could like to earn a speziesthaler in the day, and this present over and above, you can go to-morrow precisely at noon, and call upon the Archivarius, whose house no doubt you know. But be on your guard against any blot ! If such a thing falls on your copy, you must begin it again ; if it falls on the original, the Archivarius will think nothing to throw you over the window, for he is a hot-tempered gentleman."

The Student Anselmus was filled with joy at Registrar Heerbrand's proposal ; for not only could the Student write well and draw well with the pen, but this copying with laborious calligraphic pains, was a thing he delighted in beyond aught else. So he thanked his patron in the most grateful terms, and promised not to fail at noon to-morrow.

All night the Student Anselmus saw nothing but clear speziesthalers, and heard nothing but their lovely clink. Who could blame the poor youth, cheated of so many hopes by capricious destiny, obliged to take counsel about every farthing, and to forego so many joys which a young heart requires ! Early in the morning he brought out his black-lead pencils, his crow-quills, his Indian ink ; for better materials, thought he,

blc phy
imnertal

the Archivarius can find nowhere. Above all, he mustered and arranged his calligraphic masterpieces and his drawings, to show them to the Archivarius, in proof of his ability to do what he wished. All prospered with the Student; a peculiar happy star seemed to be presiding over him; his neckcloth sat right at the very first trial; no tack burst; no loop gave way in his black silk stockings; his hat did not once fall to the dust after he had trimmed it. In a word, precisely at half past eleven, the Student Anselmus, in his pike-grey frock, and black satin lower habiliments, with a roll of calligraphies and pen-drawings in his pocket, was standing in the Schlossgasse, or Castle-gate, in Conradi's shop, and drinking one—two glasses of the best stomachic liqueur; for here, thought he, slapping on the still empty pocket, for here speziesthalers will be chinking soon.

Notwithstanding the distance of the solitary street where the Archivarius Lindhorst's antique residence lay, the Student Anselmus was at the front-door before the stroke of twelve. He stood here, and was looking at the large fine bronze knocker; but now when, as the last stroke tingled through the air with loud clang from the steeple-clock of the Kreuzkirche, or Cross-church, he lifted his hand to grasp this same knocker, the metal visage twisted itself, with horrid rolling of its blue-gleaming eyes, into a grinning smile. Alas, it was the Applewoman of the Schwarzthor! The pointed teeth gnashed together in the loose jaws, and in their chat-

tering through the skinny lips, there was a growl as of :
“Thou fool, fool, fool!—Wait, wait!—Why did'st
run!—Fool!” Horror-struck, the Student Anselmus
flew back; he clutched at the door-post, but his hand
caught the bell-rope, and pulled it, and in piercing dis-
cords it rung stronger and stronger, and through the
whole empty house the echo repeated, as in mockery :
“To the crýstall, fall!” An unearthly terror seized the
Student Anselmus, and quivered through all his limbs.
The bell-rope lengthened downwards, and became a
white transparent gigantic serpent, which encircled and
crushed him, and girded him straiter and straiter in its
coils, till his brittle paralysed limbs went crashing in
pieces, and the blood spouted from his veins, penetra-
ting into the transparent body of the serpent, and
dyeing it red. “Kill me! Kill me!” he would have
cried, in his horrible agony; but the cry was only a
stifled gurgle in his throat. The serpent lifted its head,
and laid its long peaked tongue of glowing brass on
the breast of Anselmus; then a fierce pang suddenly
cut asunder the artery of life, and thought fled away
from him. On returning to his senses, he was lying on
his own poor truckle-bed; Conrector Paulmann was
standing before him, and saying: “For Heaven's sake,
what mad stuff is this, dear Herr Anselmus?”

THIRD VIGIL.

Notices of Archivarius Lindhorst's Family. Veronica's blue Eyes. Registrar Heerbrand.

“ THE Spirit looked upon the water, and the water moved itself, and chafed in foaming billows, and plunged thundering down into the Abysses, which opened their black throats, and greedily swallowed it. Like triumphant conquerors, the granite Rocks lifted their cleft peaky crowns, protecting the Valley, till the Sun took it into his paternal bosom, and clasping it with his beams as with glowing arms, cherished it and warmed it. Then a thousand germs, which had been sleeping under the desert sand, awoke from their deep slumber, and stretched out their little leaves and stalks towards the Sun their father's face ; and like smiling infants in green cradles, the flowrets rested in their buds and blossoms, till they too, awakened by their father, decked themselves in lights, which their father, to please them, tinted in a thousand varied hues.

“ But in the midst of the Valley was a black Hill, which heaved up and down like the breast of man when warm longing swells it. From the Abysses mounted steaming vapours, and rolled themselves together into huge masses, striving malignantly to hide the father's face : but he called the Storm to him, which rushed thither, and scattered them away ; and when the

pure sunbeam rested again on the bleak Hill, there started from it, in the excess of its rapture, a glorious Fire-lily, opening its fair leaves like gentle lips to receive the kiss of its father.

“ And now came a gleaming Splendour into the Valley ; it was the youth Phosphorus ; the Lily saw him, and begged, being seized with warm longing love : ‘ Be mine for ever, thou fair youth ! For I love thee, and must die if thou forsake me ! ’ Then spake the youth Phosphorus : ‘ I will be thine, thou fair flower ; but then wilt thou, like a naughty child, leave father and mother ; thou wilt know thy playmates no longer, wilt strive to be greater and stronger than all that now rejoices with thee as thy equal. The longing which now beneficently warms thy whole being, will be scattered into a thousand rays, and torture and vex thee ; for sense will bring forth senses ; and the highest rapture, which the Spark I cast into thee kindles, will be the hopeless pain wherein thou shalt perish, to spring up anew in foreign shape. This spark is Thought ! ’

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ mourned the Lily, ‘ can I not be thine in this glow, as it now burns in me ; not still be thine ? Can I love thee more than now ; could I look on thee as now, if thou wert to annihilate me ? ’ Then the youth Phosphorus kissed the Lily ; and as if penetrated with light, it mounted up in flame, out of which issued a foreign Being, that hastily flying from the Valley, roved forth into endless Space, no longer heeding its old playmates, or the youth it had loved. This youth

mourned for his lost beloved ; for he too loved her, it was love to the fair Lily that had brought him to the lone Valley ; and the granite Rocks bent down their heads in participation of his grief.

“ But one of these opened its bosom, and there came a black-winged Dragon flying out of it, and said : ‘ My brethren, the Metals are sleeping in there ; but I am always brisk and waking, and will help thee.’ Dashing up and down on its black pinions, the Dragon at last caught the Being which had sprung from the Lily ; bore it to the Hill, and encircled it with his wing ; then was it the Lily again ; but Thought, which continued with it, tore asunder its heart ; and its love for the youth Phosphorus was a cutting pain, before which, as if breathed on by poisonous vapours, the flowrets which had once rejoiced in the fair Lily’s presence, faded and died.

“ The youth Phosphorus put on a glittering coat of mail, sporting with the light in a thousand hues, and did battle with the Dragon, who struck the cuirass with his black wing, till it rung and sounded ; and at this loud clang the flowrets again came to life, and like variegated birds fluttered round the Dragon, whose force departed ; and who, thus being vanquished, hid himself in the depths of the Earth. The Lily was freed ; the youth Phosphorus clasped her, full of warm longing, of heavenly love ; and in triumphant chorus, the flowers, the birds, nay even the high granite Rocks, did reverence to her as the Queen of the Valley.”

“By your leave, worthy Herr Archivarius, this is Oriental bombast,” said Registrator Heerbrand: “and we beg very much you would rather, as you often do, give us something of your own most remarkable life, of your travelling adventures, for instance; above all, something true.”

“What the deuce, then?” answered Archivarius Lindhorst: “True? This very thing I have been telling, is the truest I could dish out for you, good people, and belongs to my life too, in a certain sense. For I come from that very Valley; and the Fire-Lily, which at last ruled as queen there, was my great-great-great-great-grandmother; and so, properly speaking, I am a prince myself.” All burst into a peal of laughter. “Ay, laugh your fill,” continued Archivarius Lindhorst: “To you this matter, which I have related, certainly in the most brief and meagre way, may seem senseless and mad; yet, notwithstanding this, it is meant for anything but incoherent, or even allegorical, and it is, in one word, literally true. Had I known, however, that the glorious love-story, to which I owe my existence, would have pleased you so ill, I might have given you a little of the news my brother brought me on his visit yesterday.”

“How, how is this? Have you a brother, then, Herr Archivarius? Where is he? Where lives he? In his Majesty’s service too? Or perhaps a private scholar?” cried the company from all quarters.

“No!” replied the Archivarius, quite cool, and

composedly taking a pinch of snuff, " he has joined the bad side ; he has gone over to the Dragons."

" What do you please to mean, dear Herr Archivarius ?" cried Registrar Heerbrand : " Over to the Dragons ?"—" Over to the Dragons ?" resounded like an echo from all hands.

" Yes, over to the Dragons," continued Archivarius Lindhorst : " it was sheer desperation, I believe. You know, gentlemen, my father died a short while ago ; it is but three hundred and eighty-five years since at most, and I am still in mournings for it. He had left me, his favourite son, a fine onyx ; this onyx, right or wrong, my brother would have : we quarrelled about it, over my father's corpse ; in such unseemly wise that the good man started up, out of all patience, and threw my wicked brother down stairs. This stuck in our brother's stomach, and so without loss of time he went over to the Dragons. At present, he keeps in a cypress wood, not far from Tunis : he has got a famous mystic carbuncle to watch there, which a dog of a necromancer, who has set up a summer-house in Lapland, has an eye to ; so my poor brother only gets away for a quarter of an hour or so, when the necromancer happens to be out looking after the salamander-bed in his garden, and then he tells me in all haste what good news there are about the Springs of the Nile."

For the second time, the company burst out into a peal of laughter : but the Student Anselmus began to feel quite dreary in heart ; and he could scarcely look in

Archivarius Lindhorst's parched countenance, and fixed earnest eyes, without shuddering internally in a way which he could not himself understand. Moreover, in the rude and strangely metallic sound of Archivarius Lindhorst's voice there was something mysteriously piercing for the Student Anselmus, and he felt his very bones and marrow tingling as the Archivarius spoke.

The special object, for which Registrar Heerbrand had taken him into the coffee-house, seemed at present not to be attainable. After that accident at Archivarius Lindhorst's door, the Student Anselmus had withstood all inducements to risk a second visit: for, according to his own heart-felt conviction, it was only chance that had saved him, if not from death, at least from the danger of insanity. Conrector Paulmann had happened to be passing through the street at the time when Anselmus was lying quite senseless at the door, and an old woman, who had laid her cake and apple-basket to a side, was busied about him. Conrector Paulmann had forthwith called a chair, and so got him carried home. "Think of me what you will," said the Student Anselmus, "consider me a fool or not: I say, the cursed visage of that witch at the Schwarzthor grinned on me from the door-knocker. What happened after I would rather not speak of: but had I recovered from my swoon and seen that infernal Applewife beside me (for the old woman whom you talk of was no other), I should that instant have been struck

by apoplexy, or have run stark mad." All persuasions, all sensible arguments on the part of Conrector Paulmann and Registrator Heerbrand, profited nothing; and even the blue-eyed Veronica herself could not raise him from a certain moody humour, in which he had ever since been sunk. In fact, these friends regarded him as troubled in mind, and meditated expedients for diverting his thoughts; to which end, Registrator Heerbrand thought, there could nothing be so serviceable as this employment of copying Archivarius Lindhorst's manuscripts. The business, therefore, was to introduce the Student in some proper way to Archivarius Lindhorst; and so Registrator Heerbrand, knowing that the Archivarius used to visit a certain coffee-house almost nightly, had invited the Student Anselmus to come every evening to that same coffee-house, and drink a glass of beer and smoke a pipe, at his the Registrator's charges, till such time as Archivarius Lindhorst should in one way or another see him, and the bargain for this copying work be settled; which offer the Student Anselmus had most gratefully accepted. "God will reward you, worthy Registrator, if you bring the young man to reason!" said Conrector Paulmann. "God will reward you!" repeated Veronica, piously raising her eyes to heaven, and vividly thinking that the Student Anselmus was already a most pretty young man, even without any reason.

Now accordingly, as Archivarius Lindhorst, with hat and staff, was making for the door, Registrator Heer-

brand seized the Student Anselmus briskly by the hand, and with him stepping in the way, he said: "Most esteemed Herr Archivarius, here is the Student Anselmus, who has an uncommon talent in calligraphy and drawing, and will undertake the copying of your rare manuscripts."

"I am most particularly glad to hear it," answered Archivarius Lindhorst sharply; then threw his three-cocked military hat on his head; and shoving Registrar Heerbrand and the Student Anselmus to a side, rushed down stairs with great tumult, so that both of them were left standing much bamboozled, gaping at the room-door, which he had slammed in their faces, till the bolts and hinges of it rung again.

"It is a very strange old gentleman," said Registrar Heerbrand. "Strange old gentleman," stammered the Student Anselmus, with a feeling as if an ice-stream were creeping over all his veins, and he were stiffening into a statue. All the guests, however, laughed, and said: "Our Archivarius has got into his high key to-day: to-morrow, you shall see, he is mild as a lamb again, and speaks not a word, but looks into the smoke-vortexes of his pipe, or reads the newspapers: you must not mind these freaks."

"That is true too," thought the Student Anselmus: "who would mind such a thing, after all? Did not the Archivarius tell me he was most particularly glad to hear that I would undertake the copying of his manuscripts; and why did Registrar Heerbrand step direct-

ly in his way, when he was going home? No, no, he is a good man at bottom this Privy Archivarius Lindhorst, and surprisingly liberal. A little curious or so in his figures of speech; but what is that to me? Tomorrow by the stroke of twelve I go to him, though fifty bronzed Apple-wives should try to hinder me!"

FOURTH VIGIL.

Melancholy of the Student Anselmus. The Emerald Mirror. How Archivarius Lindhorst flew off in the shape of a Kite, and the Student Anselmus met nobody.

To thee thyself, favourable reader, I may well venture the question, Whether thou in thy time hast not had hours, nay days and weeks, in which all thy customary trading and transacting raised a most vexing dissatisfaction in thy soul; and all that thou wert wont to look upon as worthy and important, now seemed paltry and unprofitable? Thou knewest not, at this season, what to do, or whither to turn; a dim feeling that somewhere, and some time or other, there must be a higher wish fulfilled, a wish overstepping the circle of all earthly joys, and which the spirit, like a strictly-nurtured and timid child, durst not even utter, still swelled thy breast; and in this longing for the unknown Somewhat, which, wherever thou wentest or stoodest,

hovered round thee like an airy dream with thin translucent forms melting away in thy sharper glance, thou wert mute for all that environed thee here below. Thou glidedst to and fro with troubled look, like a hopeless lover ; and all that thou sawest men attempting or attaining, in the noisy vortex of their many-coloured existence, awakened in thee no sorrow and no joy, as if thou hadst neither part nor lot in this sublunary world.

If such, favourable reader, has at any time been thy humour, then from thy own experience thou knowest the state into which the Student Anselmus had now fallen. On the whole, I could wish much, courteous reader, that it were in my power to bring the Student Anselmus with proper vividness before thy eyes. For in the Night-watches, which I spend in recording his highly singular history, I have still so much of the marvellous, which like a spectral vision may remove into faint remoteness the week-day life of common mortals, to lay before thee, that I fear thou wilt come, in the end, to believe neither in the Student Anselmus, nor in Archivarius Lindhorst ; nay, wilt even entertain some unfounded doubts as to Registrator Heerbrand and Conrector Paulmann, though the last two estimable persons, at least, are yet walking the pavement of Dresden. Make an effort, favourable reader—while in the Fairy region full of glorious Wonders, which with subduing thrills calls forth the highest rapture and the deepest horror ; nay, where the Earnest Goddess herself will waft aside her veil, so that we seem to look upon her

countenance (but a smile often glimmers through her earnest glance ; and this is that jestful teasing, which sports with us in all manner of perplexing enchantments, as mothers in nursing and dandling their dearest children)—in this region, which the spirit so often, at least in dreams, lays open to us, do thou make an effort, favourable reader, again to recognise the well-known shapes which, even in common life, are daily, in fitful brightness, hovering round thee. Thou wilt then find that this glorious kingdom lies much closer at hand, than thou wert wont to suppose ; which I now very heartily desire, and am striving to show thee in the singular story of the Student Anselmus.

So, as was hinted, the Student Anselmus, ever since that evening when he met with Archivarius Lindhorst, had been sunk in a dreamy musing, which rendered him insensible to every outward touch from common life. He felt how an unknown Something was awakening his inmost soul, and calling forth that rapturous pain, which is even the mood of Longing that announces a loftier existence to man. He delighted most when he could rove alone through meads and woods ; and as if loosened from all that fettered him to his necessitous life, could, so to speak, again find himself in the manifold images which mounted from his soul.

It happened once, that in returning from a long ramble, he passed by that notable elder-tree ; under which, as if taken with faery, he had formerly beheld so many marvels. He felt himself strangely attracted by the

green kindly sward ; but no sooner had he seated himself on it, than the whole vision which he had then seen as in a heavenly trance, and which had since as if by foreign influence been driven from his mind, again came floating before him in the liveliest colours, as if he had a second time been looking on it. Nay, it was clearer to him now than ever, that the gentle blue eyes belonged to the gold-green Snake, which had wound itself through the middle of the elder-tree ; and that from the turnings of its taper body all those glorious crystal tones, which had filled him with rapture, must needs have broken forth. As on Ascension-day, he now again clasped the elder-tree to his bosom, and cried into the twigs and leaves : “ Ah, once more shoot forth, and turn and wind thyself among the twigs, thou little fair green Snake, that I may see thee ! Once more look at me with thy gentle eyes ! Ah, I love thee, and must die in pain and grief, if thou return not ! ” All, however, remained quite dumb and still ; and as before, the elder-tree rustled quite unintelligibly with its twigs and leaves. But the Student Anselmus now felt as if he knew what it was that so moved and worked within him, nay, that so tore his bosom in the pain of an infinite longing. “ What else is it,” said he, “ but that I love thee with my whole heart and soul, and even to the death, thou glorious golden little Snake ; nay, that without thee I cannot live, and must perish in hopeless woe, unless I find thee again, unless I have thee as the beloved of my heart. But I know it, thou shalt be mine ;

and then all that glorious dreams have promised me of another higher world shall be fulfilled."

Henceforth the Student Anselmus, every evening, when the sun was scattering its bright gold over the peaks of the trees, was to be seen under the elder-bush, calling from the depths of his heart in most lamentable tones into the branches and leaves, for a sight of his beloved, of his little gold-green Snake. Once as, according to custom, he was going on with this, there stood before him suddenly a tall lean man, wrapped up in a wide light-grey surtout, who, looking at him with his large fiery eyes, exclaimed: "Hey, hey, what whining and whimpering is this? Hey, hey, this is Herr Anselmus that was to copy my manuscripts." The student Anselmus felt not a little terrified at this strong voice, for it was the very same which on Ascension-day had called: "Hey, hey, what chattering and jingling is this," and so forth. For fright and astonishment, he could not utter a word. "What ails you then, Herr Anselmus," continued Archivarius Lindhorst, for the stranger was no other; "what do you want with the elder-tree, and why did you not come to me, and set about your work?"

In fact, the Student Anselmus had never yet prevailed upon himself to visit Archivarius Lindhorst's house a second time, though, that evening, he had firmly resolved on doing it. But now at this moment, when he saw his fair dreams torn asunder, and that too by the same hostile voice which had once before snatch-

ed away his beloved, a sort of desperation came over him, and he broke out fiercely into these words : “ You may think me mad or not, Herr Archivarius ; it is all one to me : but here in this bush, on Ascension-day, I saw the gold-green Snake—ah ! the for ever beloved of my soul ; and she spoke to me in glorious crystal tones ; and you, you, Herr Archivarius, cried and shouted so horribly over the water.”

“ How is this, sweet sir ?” interrupted Archivarius Lindhorst, smiling quite inexpressibly, and taking snuff.

The Student Anselmus felt his breast getting great ease, now that he had succeeded in beginning this strange story ; and it seemed to him as if he were quite right in laying the whole blame upon the Archivarius, and that it was he, and no other, who had so thundered from the distance. He courageously proceeded : “ Well, then, I will tell you the whole mystery that happened to me on Ascension-evening ; and then you may say and do, and withal think of me whatever you please.” He accordingly disclosed the whole miraculous adventure, from his luckless oversetting of the apple-basket, till the departure of the three gold-green Snakes over the river ; and how the people after that had thought him drunk or crazy. “ All this,” so ended the Student Anselmus, “ I actually saw with my eyes ; and deep in my bosom are those dear voices, which spoke to me, still sounding in clear echo : it was nowise a dream ; and if I am not to die of longing and desire, I must

believe in these gold-green Snakes ; though I see by your smile, Herr Archivarius, that you hold these same Snakes as nothing more than creatures of my heated and overstrained imagination."

"Not at all," replied the Archivarius, in the greatest peace and composure ; "the gold-green Snakes, which you saw in the elder-bush, Herr Anselmus, were simply my three daughters ; and that you have fallen over head and ears in love with the blue eyes of Serpentina the youngest, is now clear enough. Indeed, I knew it on Ascension-day myself : and as I on that occasion, sitting busied with my writing at home, began to get annoyed with so much chattering and jingling, I called to the idle minxes that it was time to get home, for the sun was setting, and they had sung and basked enough."

The Student Anselmus felt as if he now merely heard in plain words something he had long dreamed of ; and though he fancied he observed that elder-bush, wall and sward, and all objects about him were beginning slowly to whirl round, he took heart, and was ready to speak ; but the Archivarius prevented him ; for sharply pulling the glove from his left hand, and holding the stone of a ring, glittering in strange sparkles and flames before the Student's eyes, he said : "Look here, Herr Anselmus ; what you see may do you good."

The Student Anselmus looked in, and O wonder ! the stone threw a beam of rays round it, as from a burning focus ; and the rays wove themselves together into a

clear gleaming crystal mirror; in which, with many windings, now flying asunder, now twisted together, the three gold-green Snakes, were dancing and bounding. And when their taper forms, glittering with a thousand sparkles, touched each other, there issued from them glorious tones, as of crystal bells; and the midmost of the three stretched forth her little head from the mirror, as if full of longing and desire, and her dark-blue eyes said: "Knowest thou me then; believest thou in me, Anselmus? In Belief alone is Love: canst thou love?"

"O Serpentina! Serpentina!" cried the Student Anselmus in mad rapture; but Archivarius Lindhorst suddenly breathed on the mirror, and with an electric sputter the rays sank back into their focus; and on his hand there was now nothing but a little emerald, over which the Archivarius drew his glove.

"Did you see the golden Snakes, Herr Anselmus?" said the Archivarius.

"Ah, good Heaven, yes!" replied the Student, "and the fair dear Serpentina."

"Hush!" continued Archivarius Lindhorst, "enough at one time: for the rest, if you resolve on working with me, you may see my daughter often enough; or rather I will grant you this real satisfaction, if you stick tightly and truly to your task, that is to say, copy every mark with the greatest clearness and correctness. But you do not come to me at all, Herr Anselmus, though Registrator Heerbrand promised I should see you forthwith, and I have waited several days in vain."

Not till the mention of Registrar Heerbrand's name, did the Student Anselmus again feel as if he were really standing with his two legs on the ground, and he were really the Student Anselmus, and the man talking to him really Archivarius Lindhorst. The tone of indifference, with which the latter spoke, in such rude contrast with the strange sights which, like a genuine necromancer, he had called forth, awakened a certain horror in the Student, which the piercing look of these fiery eyes, beaming from their bony sockets in the lean puckered visage, as from a leathern case, still farther aggravated; and the Student was again forcibly seized with the same unearthly feeling, which had before gained possession of him in the coffee-house, when Archivarius Lindhorst had talked so wildly. With a great effort he retained his self-command, and as Archivarius again asked: "Well, why have you not come to me?" the Student exerted his whole energies, and related to him all that had happened at the street-door.

"Dear Herr Anselmus," said the Archivarius, when the narrative was finished; "dear Herr Anselmus, I know this Apple-wife of whom you speak: she is a fatal slut of a creature that plays all manner of freaks on me; but that she should have bronzed herself, and taken the shape of a door-knocker, to deter pleasant visitors from calling, is indeed very bad, and truly not to be endured. Would you please, however, worthy Herr Anselmus, if you come to-morrow at noon, and notice aught more of this grinning and growling, just

to be so good as drop me a driblet or two of this liquor on her nose ; it will put all to rights immediately. And now, adieu, dear Herr Anselmus ! I go somewhat fast, therefore I would not advise you to think of returning with me. Adieu, till we meet!—To-morrow at noon !”

The Archivarius had given the Student Anselmus a little vial, with a gold-coloured fluid in it ; and he walked rapidly off ; so rapidly, that in the dusk, which had now come on, he seemed rather to be floating down to the valley than stepping down to it. Already he was near the Kosel garden ; the wind got within his wide great-coat, and drove the breasts of it asunder ; so that they fluttered in the air like a pair of large wings ; and to the Student Anselmus, who was looking full of amazement at the course of the Archivarius, it seemed as if a large bird were spreading out its pinions for rapid flight. And now, while the Student kept gazing into the dusk, a white-grey kite with creaking cry soared up into the air ; and he now saw clearly that the white flutter which he had looked upon, as the retiring Archivarius must have been this very kite, though he still could not understand where the Archivarius had vanished so abruptly.

“ Perhaps he may have flown away in person, this Herr Archivarius Lindhorst,” said the Student Anselmus to himself ; “ for I now see and feel clearly, that all these foreign shapes of a distant wondrous world, which formerly I never saw except in quite peculiarly remarkable dreams, have now come forth into my waking life,

and are making their sport of me. But be this as it will! Thou livest and glowest in my breast, thou lovely, gentle Serpentina; thou alone canst still the infinite longing which now rends my soul in pieces. Ah, when shall I see thy kind eyes, dear, dear Serpentina!" So cried the Student Anselmus quite aloud.—"That is a vile unchristian name!" murmured a bass voice beside him, which belonged to some home-going promena-der. The Student Anselmus, reminded in right season where he was, hastened off at a quick pace; thinking to himself: "Were it not a proper misfortune now if Conrector Paulmann or Registrar Heerbrand were to meet me?"—But neither of these gentlemen met him.

FIFTH VIGIL.

*Die Frau Hofrätthinn Anselmus. Cicero de Officiis.
Meer-cats, and other vermin. The Equinox.*

"THERE is nothing in the world to be made of this Anselmus," said Conrector Paulmann; "all my good advices, all my admonitions, are fruitless; he will apply himself to nothing; though he is a fine classical scholar too, and that is the foundation of all."

But Registrar Heerbrand, with a sly, mysterious smile, replied: "Let Anselmus have his time, dear Conrector! he is a strange subject this Anselmus, but

there is much in him ; and when I say much, I mean a Privy Secretary, or even a Court-councillor, a Hof-rath."

" Hof—" began Conrector Paulmann, in the deepest amazement ; the word stuck in his throat.

" Hush ! hush !" continued Registrar Heerbrand, " I know what I know. These two days he has been with Archivarius Lindhorst, copying manuscripts ; and last night the Archivarius meets me at the coffee-house, and says : ' You have sent me a proper man, good neighbour ! There is stuff in him ! ' And now think of Archivarius Lindhorst's influence—Hush ! hush ! we will talk of it this time twelvemonth." And with these words the Registrar, his face still wrinkled into the same sly smile, went out of the room ; leaving the Conrector speechless from astonishment and curiosity, and fixed, as if by enchantment, in his chair.

But on Veronica this dialogue had made a still deeper impression. " Did I not know all along," thought she, " that Herr Anselmus was a most clever and pretty young man, out of whom something great was to come ? Were I but certain that he really liked me ! But that night when we crossed the Elbe, did he not twice press my hand ? Did he not look at me, in our duet, with such particular glances, that pierced into my very heart ? Yes, yes ! he really likes me ; and I——" Veronica gave herself up, as young maidens are wont, to sweet dreams of a gay future. She was Mrs Hofrath, Frau Hofrathinn ; she occupied a fine house in the Schloss-

gasse, or in the Neumarkt, or in the Moritzstrasse; the fashionable hat, the new Turkish shawl, became her admirably; she was breakfasting in the balcony in an elegant negligee, giving orders to her cook for the day: "And see, if you please, not to spoil that dish; it is the Hofrath's favourite." Then passing beaux glanced up, and she heard distinctly: "Well, it is a heavenly woman, that Hofrathinn; how prettily the lace cap sets her!" Mrs Privy Councillor Ypsilon sends her servant to ask if it would please the Frau Hofrathinn to drive as far as the Linke Bath to-day? "Many compliments; extremely sorry I am engaged to tea already with the Presidentinn Tz. Then comes the Hofrath Anselmus back from his office; he is dressed in the top of the mode: "Ten, I declare," cries he, making his gold watch repeat, and giving his young lady a kiss. "How goes it, little wife? Guess what I have here for thee?" continues he, roguishly toying; and draws from his waistcoat-pocket a pair of beautiful earrings, fashioned in the newest style, and puts them on in place of the old ones. "Ah! the pretty, dainty earrings!" cried Veronica aloud; and started up from her chair, throwing aside her work, to see these fair earrings with her own eyes in the glass.

"What is this, then?" said Conrector Paulmann, roused by the noise from his deep study of *Cicero de Officiis*, and almost dropping the book from his hand; "are we taking fits, like Anselmus?" But at this moment, the Student Anselmus, who, contrary to his

custom, had not been seen for several days, entered the room, to Veronica's astonishment and terror ; for, in truth, he seemed altered in his whole bearing. With a certain precision, which was far from usual in him, he spoke of new tendencies of life which had become clear to his mind, of glorious prospects which were opening for him, but which many a one had not the skill to discern. Conrector Paulmann, remembering Registrator Heerbrand's mysterious speech, was still more struck, and could scarcely utter a syllable, till the Student Anselmus, after letting fall some hints of urgent business at Archivarius Lindhorst's, and with elegant adroitness kissing Veronica's hand, was already down stairs, off and away.

"This was the Hofrath already," murmured Veronica to herself ; "and he kissed my hand, without sliding on the floor, or treading on my foot, as he used ! He threw me the softest look too ; yes, he really likes me !"

Veronica again gave way to her dreaming ; yet now, it was as if a hostile shape were still coming forward among these lovely visions of her future household life as Frau Hofrathinn, and the shape were laughing in spiteful mockery, and saying : "This is all very stupid and trashy stuff, and lies to boot ; for Anselmus will never, never, be Hofrath, and thy husband ; he does not love thee in the least, though thou hast blue eyes, and a fine figure, and a pretty hand." Then an ice-stream poured over Veronica's soul ; and a deep sorrow swept away the delight with which, a little while ago, she had seen

herself in the lace cap and fashionable earrings. Tears almost rushed into her eyes, and she said aloud : " Ah ! it is too true ; he does not love me in the least ; and I shall never, never, be Frau Hofrätthin ! "

" Romance crotchets ! Romance crotchets ! " cried Conrector Paulmann ; then snatched his hat and stick, and hastened indignantly from the house. " This was still wanting," sighed Veronica ; and felt vexed at her little sister, a girl of twelve years, because she sat so unconcerned, and kept sewing at her frame, as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile it was almost three o'clock ; and now time to trim the apartment, and arrange the coffee-table : for the Mademoiselles Oster had announced that they were coming. But from behind every work-box which Veronica lifted aside, behind the note-books which she laid away from the harpsichord, behind every cup, behind the coffee-pot which she took from the cupboard, that shape peeped forth, like a little mandrake, and laughed in spiteful mockery, and snapped its little spider fingers, and cried : " He will not be thy husband ! he will not be thy husband ! " And then, when she threw all away, and fled to the middle of the room, it peered out again, with long nose, in gigantic bulk, from behind the stove, and snarled and growled : " He will not be thy husband ! "

" Dost thou hear nothing, sister ? dost thou see nothing ? " cried Veronica, shivering with affright, and not daring to touch aught in the room. Fränzchen rose, quite grave and quiet, from her broidering-frame, and

said : "What ails thee to-day, sister ? Thou art throwing all topsyturvy, and jingling and tingling. I must help thee, I see."

But here the lively visitors came tripping in with brisk laughter ; and the same moment, Veronica perceived that it was the stove-handle which she had taken for a shape ; and the creaking of the ill-shut stove-door for those spiteful words. Yet, thus violently seized with an inward horror, she could not so directly recover her composure, that the strange excitement, which even her paleness and agitated looks betrayed, was not noticed by the Mademoiselles Oster. As they at once cut short their merry narratives, and pressed her to tell them what, in Heaven's name, had happened, Veronica was obliged to admit that certain strange thoughts had come into her mind ; and suddenly, in open day, a dread of spectres, which she did not use to feel, had got the better of her. She described in such lively colours how a little grey mannikin, peeping out of all the corners of the room, had mocked and plagued her, that the Mademoiselles Oster began to look round with timid glances, and start all manner of unearthly notions. But Fränzchen entered at this moment with the steaming coffee-pot ; and the whole three, taking thought again, laughed outright at their folly.

Angelica, the elder of the Osters, was engaged to an officer : the young man had joined the army ; but his friends had been so long without news of him, that there was too little doubt of his being dead, or at least grievously wounded. This had plunged Angelica into

the deepest sorrow ; but to-day she was merry, even to extravagance ; a state of things which so much surprised Veronica, that she could not but speak of it, and inquire the reason. “ Dear girl,” said Angelica, “ dost thou fancy that my Victor is not still in my heart and my thoughts ? It is for him I am so gay—O Heaven ! so happy, so blessed in my whole soul ! For my Victor is well : in a little while he comes, advanced to be Rittmeister, and adorned with the honours which his boundless courage has won him. A deep, but by no means dangerous wound, in the right arm, which he got too by a sword-cut from a French hussar, prevents him from writing ; and the rapid change of quarters, for he will not consent to leave his regiment, still makes it impossible for him to send me tidings. But to-night he receives a fixed order to withdraw, till his wound be cured. To-morrow he sets out for home ; and just as he is stepping into the coach, he learns his promotion to be Rittmeister.”

“ But, dear Angelica,” interrupted the other, “ how knowest thou all this already ?”

“ Do not laugh at me, my friend,” continued Angelica ; “ and surely thou wilt not laugh ; for might not the little grey mannikin, to punish thee, peep forth from behind the mirror there ? In a word, I cannot lay aside my belief in certain mysterious things, since often enough in life they have come before my eyes, I might say, into my very hands. For example, I cannot reckon it so strange and incredible as many others do, that there should be people gifted with a certain faculty of

prophecy, which, by sure means known to themselves, they may put in action. In the city, here, is an old woman, who possesses this gift to a high degree. It is not, as with others of her tribe, by cards, or melted lead, or grounds of coffee, that she divines to you; but after certain preparations, in which you yourself bear a part, she takes a polished metallic mirror, and there rises in it the strangest mixture of figures and forms, all intermingled; these she interprets, and so answers your question. I was with her last night, and got those tidings of my Victor, in which I have not doubted for a moment."

Angelica's narrative threw a spark into Veronica's soul, which instantly kindled with the thought of consulting this same old prophetess about Anselmus and her hopes. She learned that the crone was called Frau Rauerin, and lived in a remote street near the Seethor; that she was not to be seen except on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from seven o'clock in the evening, but then, indeed, through the whole night till sunrise; and that she liked best if her customers came alone. It was Thursday even now, and Veronica determined, under pretext of accompanying the Osters home, to visit this old woman, and lay the case before her.

Accordingly, no sooner had her friends, who lived in the Neustadt, parted from her at the Elbe-bridge, than she hastened with winged steps towards the Seethor; and, ere long, she had reached the remote narrow street described to her, and at the end of it perceived the little red house in which Frau Rauerin was

said to live. She could not rid herself of a certain dread, nay of a certain horror, as she approached the door. At last she summoned resolution, in spite of inward terror, and made bold to pull the bell: the door opened, and she groped through the dark passage for the stair which led to the upper story, as Angelica had directed. "Does Frau Rauerin live here?" cried she, into the empty lobby, as no one appeared; and instead of answer, there rose a long clear "Mew!" and a large black Cat, with its back curved up, and whisking its tail to and fro in wavy coils, stepped on before her, with much gravity, to the door of the apartment, which, on a second mew, was opened.

"Ah, see! Art thou here already, daughter? Come in, love; come in!" exclaimed the advancing figure, the aspect of which was rooting Veronica to the floor. A long lean woman, wrapped in black rags!—while she spoke, her peaked projecting chin wagged this way and that; her toothless mouth, overshadowed by the bony hawk-nose, twisted itself into a ghastly smile, and gleaming cat's-eyes flickered in sparkles through the large spectacles. From a party-coloured clout wrapped round her head, black wiry hair was sticking out; but what deformed her haggard visage to absolute horror, was two large burnmarks which ran from the left cheek, over the nose. Veronica's breathing stopped; and the scream, which was about to lighten her choked breast, became a deep sigh, as the witch's skeleton hand took hold of her, and led her into the chamber. Here all was awake and astir; nothing but

din and tumult, and squeaking, and mewing, and croaking, and piping all at once, on every hand. The crone struck the table with her fist, and screamed: "Peace, ye vermin!" And the meer-cats, whimpering, clambered to the top of the high bed; and the little meer-swine all run beneath the stove, and the raven fluttered up to the round mirror; and the black Cat, as if the rebuke did not apply to him, kept sitting at his ease on the cushion-chair, to which he had leapt directly after entering.

So soon as quiet was obtained, Veronica took heart; she felt less dreary and frightened than without in the lobby; nay, the crone herself seemed not so hideous. For the first time, she now looked round the room. All manner of odious stuffed beasts hung down from the ceiling: strange unknown household implements were lying in confusion on the floor; and in the grate was a blue scanty fire, which only now and then sputtered up in yellow sparkles; and at every sputter, there came a rustling from above, and monstrous bats, as if with human countenances, in distorted laughter, went flitting to and fro; at times, too, the flame shot up, licking the sooty wall, and then there sounded cutting howling tones of woe, which shook Veronica with fear and horror. "With your leave, Mamsell!" said the crone, knitting her brows, and seizing a brush; with which, having dipt it in a copper skillet, she then besprinkled the grate. The fire went out; and as if filled with thick smoke, the room grew pitch-dark;

but the crone, who had gone aside into a closet, soon returned with a lighted lamp ; and now Veronica could see no beasts or implements in the apartment ; it was a common meanly furnished room. The crone came up to her, and said with a creaking voice : “ I know what thou wantest here, little daughter : tush, thou wouldst have me tell thee whether thou shalt wed Anselmus, when he is Hofrath.”

Veronica stiffened with amazement and terror ; but the crone continued : “ Thou hast told me the whole of it at home, at thy papa’s, when the coffee-pot was standing before thee : I was the coffee-pot ; didst thou not know me ? Daughterkin, hear me ! Give up, give up this Anselmus : ’tis a nasty creature ; he trod my little sons to pieces, my dear little sons, the Apples with the red cheeks, that glide away, when people have bought them, whisk ! out of their pockets again, and roll back into my basket. He trades with the Old One : ’twas but the day before yesterday, he poured that cursed Auripigment on my face, and I had nigh gone blind with it. Thou may’st see the burnmarks yet. Daughterkin, give him up, give him up ! He loves thee not, for he loves the gold-green Snake ; he will never be Hofrath, for he has joined the Salamanders, and he means to wed the green Snake : give him up, give him up !”

Veronica, who had a firm, steadfast spirit of her own, and could soon conquer girlish terror, now drew back a step, and said, with a serious resolute tone : “ Old

dame ! I heard of your gift of looking into futurity ; and wished, perhaps too curiously and thoughtlessly, to learn from you whether Anselmus, whom I love and value, could ever be mine. But if, instead of fulfilling my desire, you keep vexing me with your foolish unreasonable babble, you are doing wrong ; for I have asked of you nothing but what, as I well know, you grant to others. Since, as it would seem, you are acquainted with my inmost thoughts, it might perhaps have been an easy matter for you to unfold to me much that now pains and grieves my mind ; but after your silly slander of the good Anselmus, I care not for talking farther with you. Good night !”

Veronica was hastening away ; but the crone, with tears and lamentation, fell upon her knees ; and, holding the young lady by the gown, exclaimed : “ Veronica ! Veronica ! hast thou forgot old Liese, then ? Her who has so often carried thee in her arms, and nursed and dandled thee ?”

Veronica could scarcely believe her eyes ; for here, in truth, was her old nurse, defaced only by greater age, and chiefly by the two burns ; old Liese in person, who had vanished from Conrector Paulmann’s house, some years ago, no one knew whither. The crone, too, had quite another look now : instead of the ugly many-pieced clout, she had on a decent cap ; instead of the black rags, a gay printed bedgown ; she was neatly dressed, as of old. She rose from the floor ; and, taking Veronica in her arms, proceeded : “ What

I have just told thee may seem very mad ; but, unluckily, it is too true. Anselmus has done me much mischief, though against his will : he has fallen into Archivarius Lindhorst's hands, and the Old One means to marry him with his daughter. Archivarius Lindhorst is my deadliest enemy : I could tell thee thousands of things about him ; which, however, thou wouldst not understand, or, at best, be too much frightened at. He is the Wise Man, it seems ; but I am the Wise Woman : let this stand for that ! I see now, thou lovest this Anselmus heartily ; and I will help thee with all my strength, that so thou mayest be happy, and wed him like a pretty bride, as thou wishest."

" But tell me, for Heaven's sake, Liese——" interrupted Veronica.

" Hush ! child, hush !" cried the old woman, interrupting in her turn : " I know what thou wouldst say ; I have become what I am, because it was to be so ; I could do no other. Well, then ! I know the means which will cure Anselmus of his frantic love for the green Snake, and lead him, the prettiest Hofrath, into thy arms ; but thou thyself must help."

" Speak it out, Liese ; I will do aught and all, for I love Anselmus much !" whispered Veronica, scarce audibly.

" I know thee," continued the crone, " for a courageous child : I could never frighten thee to sleep with the *Wauwau* ; for that instant, thy eyes were open to what the *Wauwau* was like. Thou wouldst go without

a light into the darkest room ; and many a time, with papa's powder-mantle, hast thou terrified the neighbours' children. Well, then, if thou art in earnest about conquering Archivarius Lindhorst and the green Snake by my art ; if thou art in earnest about calling Anselmus by the name of Hofrath and thy husband ; then, at the next Equinox, about eleven at night, glide from thy father's house, and come hither : I will go with thee to the crossing of the roads, which cut the fields hard by here : we shall provide the needful ; and whatever wonders thou mayest see, shall do thee no whit of harm. And now, love, good night : Papa is waiting for thee to supper."

Veronica hastened away : she had the firmest purpose not to neglect the night of the Equinox ; " for," thought she, " old Liese is right ; Anselmus has got entangled in strange fetters ; but I will free him from them, and call him mine for ever and aye ; mine he is, and shall be, the Hofrath Anselmus."

SIXTH VIGIL.

Archivarius Lindhorst's Garden, with some Mock-birds. The Golden Pot. English current-hand. Pot-hooks. The Prince of the Spirits.

" It may be, after all," said the Student Anselmus to himself, " that the superfine strong stomachic liqueur,

which I took somewhat freely in Monsieur Conradi's, might really be the cause of all these shocking fantasies, which so tortured me at Archivarius Lindhorst's door. Therefore, I will go quite sober to-day; and so bid defiance to whatever farther mischief may assail me." On this occasion, as before when equipping himself for his first call on Archivarius Lindhorst, the Student Anselmus put his pen-drawings, and calligraphic masterpieces, his bars of Indian ink, and his well-pointed crow-pens, into his pockets; and was just turning to go out, when his eye lighted on the vial with the yellow liquor, which he had received from Archivarius Lindhorst. All the strange adventures he had met with again rose on his mind in glowing colours; and a nameless emotion of rapture and pain thrilled through his breast. Involuntarily he exclaimed, with a most piteous voice: "Ah, am not I going to the Archivarius solely for a sight of thee, thou gentle lovely Serpentina!" At that moment, he felt as if Serpentina's love might be the prize of some laborious perilous task which he had to undertake; and as if this task were no other than the copying of the Lindhorst manuscripts. That at his very entrance into the house, or more properly, before his entrance, all manner of mysterious things might happen, as of late, was no more than he anticipated. He thought no more of Conradi's strong water; but hastily put the vial of liquor in his waistcoat-pocket, that he might act strictly by the Archivarius' directions, should the bronzed Apple-woman again take it upon her to make faces at him.

And did not the hawk-nose actually peak itself, did not the cat-eyes actually glare from the knocker, as he raised his hand to it, at the stroke of twelve? But now, without farther ceremony, he dribbled his liquor into the pestilent visage; and it folded and moulded itself, that instant, down to a glittering bowl-round knocker. The door went up: the bells sounded beautifully over all the house: "Klingling, youngling, in, in, spring, spring, klingling." In good heart he mounted the fine broad stair; and feasted on the odours of some strange perfumery, that was floating through the house. In doubt, he paused on the lobby; for he knew not at which of these many fine doors he was to knock. But Archivarius Lindhorst, in a white damask night-gown, stept forth to him, and said: "Well, it is a real pleasure to me, Herr Anselmus, that you have kept your word at last. Come this way, if you please; I must take you straight into the Laboratory." And with this he stept rapidly through the lobby, and opened a little side-door, which led into a long passage. Anselmus walked on in high spirits, behind the Archivarius; they passed from this corridor into a hall, or rather into a lordly green-house: for on both sides, up to the ceiling, stood all manner of rare wondrous flowers, nay, great trees with strangely formed leaves and blossoms. A magic dazzling light shone over the whole, though you could not discover whence it came, for no window whatever was to be seen. As the Student Anselmus looked in through the bushes and trees, long

avenues appeared to open in remote distance. In the deep shade of thick cypress groves, lay glittering marble fountains, out of which rose wondrous figures, spouting crystal jets that fell with pattering spray into the gleaming lily-cups; strange voices cooed and rustled through the wood of curious trees; and sweetest perfumes streamed up and down.

The Archivarius had vanished: and Anselmus saw nothing but a huge bush of glowing fire-lilies before him. Intoxicated with the sight and the fine odours of this fairy-garden, Anselmus stood fixed to the spot. Then began on all sides of him a giggling and laughing; and light little voices railed and mocked him: "Herr Studiosus! Herr Studiosus! how came you hither? Why have you dressed so bravely, Herr Anselmus? Will you chat with us for a minute, how grandmammy sat squelching down upon the egg, and young master got a stain on his Sunday waistcoat?—Can you play the new tune, now, which you learned from Daddy Cockadoodle, Herr Anselmus?—You look very fine in your glass perriwig, and post-paper boots." So cried and chattered and sniggered the little voices, out of every corner, nay, close by the Student himself, who now observed that all sorts of party-coloured birds were fluttering above him, and jeering him in hearty laughter. At that moment, the bush of fire-lilies advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was Archivarius Lindhorst, whose flowered night-gown, glittering in red and yellow, had so far deceived his eyes.

“ I beg your pardon, worthy Herr Anselmus,” said the Archivarius, “ for leaving you alone : I wished, in passing, to take a peep at my fine cactus, which is to blossom to-night. But how like you my little house-garden ? ”

“ Ah, Heaven ! Immeasurably pretty it is, most valued Herr Archivarius,” replied the Student ; “ but these party-coloured birds have been bantering me a little.”

“ What chattering is this ? ” cried the Archivarius angrily into the bushes. Then a huge grey Parrot came fluttering out, and perched itself beside the Archivarius on a myrtle-bough ; and looking at him with an uncommon earnestness and gravity through a pair of spectacles that stuck on its hooked bill, it creaked out : “ Don’t take it amiss, Herr Archivarius ; my wild boys have been a little free or so ; but the Herr Studiosus has himself to blame in the matter, for——”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” interrupted Archivarius Lindhorst ; “ I know the varlets ; but thou must keep them in better discipline, my friend !—Now, come along, Herr Anselmus.”

And the Archivarius again stepped forth, through many a strangely decorated chamber ; so that the Student Anselmus, in following him, could scarcely give a glance at all the glittering wondrous furniture, and other unknown things, with which the whole of them were filled. At last they entered a large apartment ; where the Archivarius, casting his eyes aloft, stood still ; and

Anselmus got time to feast himself on the glorious sight, which the simple decoration of this hall afforded. Jutting from the azure-coloured walls, rose gold-bronze trunks of high palm-trees, which wove their colossal leaves, glittering like bright emeralds, into a ceiling far up: in the middle of the chamber, and resting on three Egyptian lions, cast out of dark bronze, lay a porphyry plate; and on this stood a simple Golden Pot, from which, so soon as he beheld it, Anselmus could not turn away an eye. It was as if, in a thousand gleaming reflexes, all sorts of shapes were sporting on the bright polished gold: often he perceived his own form, with arms stretched out in longing—ah! beneath the elder-bush,—and *Serpentina* was winding and shooting up and down, and again looking at him with her kind eyes. Anselmus was beside himself with frantic rapture.

“*Serpentina! Serpentina!*” cried he aloud; and *Archivarius Lindhorst* whirled round abruptly, and said: “How now, worthy Herr Anselmus? If I mistake not, you were pleased to call for my daughter; she is quite in the other side of the house at present, and indeed just taking her lesson on the harpsichord. Let us go along.”

Anselmus, scarcely knowing what he did, followed his conductor; he saw or heard nothing more, till *Archivarius Lindhorst* suddenly grasped his hand, and said: “Here is the place!” Anselmus awoke as from

a dream, and now perceived that he was in a high room, all lined on every side with book-shelves, and nowise differing from a common library and study. In the middle stood a large writing-table, with a stuffed arm-chair before it. "This," said Archivarius Lindhorst, "is your work-room for the present: whether you may work, some other time, in the blue library, where you so suddenly called out my daughter's name, I yet know not. But now I could wish to convince myself of your ability to execute this task appointed you, in the way I wish it and need it." The Student here gathered full courage; and not without internal self-complacence in the certainty of highly gratifying Archivarius Lindhorst, pulled out his drawings and specimens of penmanship from his pocket. But no sooner had the Archivarius cast his eye on the first leaf, a piece of writing in the finest English style, than he smiled very oddly, and shook his head. These motions he repeated at every following leaf, so that the Student Anselmus felt the blood mounting to his face; and at last, when the smile became quite sarcastic and contemptuous, he broke out in downright vexation: "The Herr Archivarius does not seem contented with my poor talents."

"Dear Herr Anselmus," said Archivarius Lindhorst, "you have indeed fine capacities for the art of calligraphy; but, in the meanwhile, it is clear enough, I must reckon more on your diligence and good-will, than on your attainments in the business."

The Student Anselmus spoke largely of his often-acknowledged perfection in this art, of his fine Chinese ink, and most select crow-quills. But Archivarius Lindhorst handed him the English sheet, and said : " Be judge yourself !" Anselmus felt as if struck by a thunderbolt, to see his hand-writing look so : it was miserable, beyond measure. There was no rounding in the turns, no hair-stroke where it should be ; no proportion between the capital and single letters ; nay, villainous school-boy pot-hooks often spoiled the best lines. " And then," continued Archivarius Lindhorst, " your ink will not stand." He dipt his finger in a glass of water, and as he just skimmed it over the lines, they vanished without vestige. The Student Anselmus felt as if some monster were throttling him : he could not utter a word. There stood he, with the unlucky sheet in his hand ; but Archivarius Lindhorst laughed aloud, and said : " Never mind it, dearest Herr Anselmus ; what you could not perfect before, will perhaps do better here. At any rate, you shall have better materials than you have been accustomed to. Begin, in Heaven's name !"

From a locked press, Archivarius Lindhorst now brought out a black fluid substance, which diffused a most peculiar odour ; also pens, sharply pointed and of strange colour, together with a sheet of especial whiteness and smoothness ; then at last an Arabic manuscript : and as Anselmus sat down to work, the Archivarius left the room. The Student Anselmus had

often copied Arabic manuscripts already ; the first problem, therefore, seemed to him not so very difficult to solve. " How these pot-hooks came into my fine English current-hand, Heaven, and Archivarius Lindhorst, know best," said he ; " but that they are not from *my* hand, I will testify to the death !" At every new word that stood fair and perfect on the parchment, his courage increased, and with it his adroitness. In truth, these pens wrote exquisitely well ; and the mysterious ink flowed pliantly, and black as jet, on the bright white parchment. And as he worked along so diligently, and with such strained attention, he began to feel more and more at home in the solitary room ; and already he had quite fitted himself into his task, which he now hoped to finish well, when at the stroke of three the Archivarius called him into the side-room to a savoury dinner. At table, Archivarius Lindhorst was in special gaiety of heart : he inquired about the Student Anselmus' friends, Conrector Paulmann, and Registrar Heerbrand, and of the latter especially he had store of merry anecdotes to tell. The good old Rhenish was particularly grateful to the Student Anselmus, and made him more talkative than he was wont to be. At the stroke of four, he rose to resume his labour ; and this punctuality appeared to please the Archivarius.

If the copying of these Arabic manuscripts had prospered in his hands, before dinner, the task now went forward much better ; nay, he could not himself com-

prehend the rapidity and ease, with which he succeeded in transcribing the twisted strokes of this foreign character. But it was as if, in his inmost soul, a voice were whispering in audible words: "Ah! couldst thou accomplish it, wert thou not thinking of *her*, didst thou not believe in *her* and in her love?" Then there floated whispers, as in low, low, waving crystal tones, through the room: "I am near, near, near! I help thee: be bold, be steadfast, dear Anselmus! I toil with thee, that thou mayest be mine!" And as, in the fulness of secret rapture, he caught these sounds, the unknown characters grew clearer and clearer to him; he scarcely required to look on the original at all; nay, it was as if the letters were already standing in pale ink on the parchment, and he had nothing more to do but mark them black. So did he labour on, encompassed with dear inspiring tones as with soft sweet breath, till the clock struck six, and Archivarius Lindhorst entered the apartment. He came forward to the table, with a singular smile; Anselmus rose in silence: the Archivarius still looked at him, with that mocking smile: but no sooner had he glanced over the copy, than the smile passed into deep solemn earnestness, which every feature of his face adapted itself to express. He seemed no longer the same. His eyes, which usually gleamed with sparkling fire, now looked with unutterable mildness at Anselmus; a soft red tinted the pale cheeks; and instead of the irony which at other times compressed the mouth, the softly-curved graceful lips now seem-

ed to be opening for wise and soul-persuading speech. The whole form was higher, statelier ; the wide night-gown spread itself like a royal mantle in broad folds over his breast and shoulders ; and through the white locks, which lay on his high open brow, there winded a thin band of gold.

“ Young man,” began the Archivarius in solemn tone, “ before thou thoughtest of it, I knew thee, and all the secret relations which bind thee to the dearest and holiest of my interests ! Serpentina loves thee ; a singular destiny, whose fateful threads were spun by enemies, is fulfilled ; should she be thine, and thou obtain, as an essential dowry, the Golden Pot, which of right belongs to her. But only from effort and contest can thy happiness in the higher life arise ; hostile Principles assail thee ; and only the interior force with which thou shalt withstand these contradictions can save thee from disgrace and ruin. Whilst labouring here, thou art passing the season of instruction : Belief and full knowledge will lead thee to the near goal, if thou but hold fast, what thou hast well begun. Bear *her* always and truly in thy thoughts, her who loves thee ; then shalt thou see the marvels of the Golden Pot, and be happy for ever more. Fare thee well ! Archivarius Lindhorst expects thee to-morrow at noon in thy cabinet. Fare thee well !” With these words Archivarius Lindhorst softly pushed the Student Anselmus out of the door, which he then locked ; and An-

selmus found himself in the chamber where he had dined, the single door of which led out to the lobby.

Altogether stupified with these strange phenomena, the Student Anselmus stood lingering at the street-door ; he heard a window open above him, and looked up : it was Archivarius Lindhorst, quite the old man again, in his light-grey gown, as he usually appeared. The Archivarius called to him : “ Hey, worthy Herr Anselmus, what are you studying over there ? Tush, the Arabic is still in your head. My compliments to Herr Conrector Paulmann, if you see him ; and come to-morrow precisely at noon. The fee for this day is lying in your right waistcoat-pocket.” The Student Anselmus actually found the clear speziesthaler in the pocket indicated ; but he took no joy in it. “ What is to come of all this,” said he to himself, “ I know not : but if it be some mad delusion and conjuring work that has laid hold of me, the dear Serpentina still lives and moves in my inward heart ; and before I leave her, I will die altogether ; for I know that the thought in me is eternal, and no hostile Principle can take it from me : and what else is this thought but Serpentina’s love ?”

SEVENTH VIGIL.

How Conrector Paulmann knocked the Ashes out of his Pipe, and went to Bed. Rembrandt and Hölenbreughel. The Magic Mirror ; and Dr Eckstein's Prescription for an unknown Disease.

AT last Conrector Paulmann knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said : " Now, then, it is time to go to bed."—" Yes, indeed," replied Veronica, frightened at her father's sitting so late ; for ten had struck long ago. No sooner, accordingly, had the Conrector withdrawn to his study and bed-room, and Fränzchen's heavy breathing signified that she was asleep, than Veronica, who, to save appearances, had also gone to bed, rose softly, softly, out of it again ; put on her clothes, threw her mantle round her, and glided out of doors.

Ever since the moment when Veronica had left old Liese, Anselmus had continually stood before her eyes ; and it seemed as if a foreign voice, unknown to herself, were ever and anon repeating in her soul that his reluctance sprang from a hostile person holding him in bonds, which, by secret means of magical art, Veronica might break. Her confidence in old Liese grew stronger every day ; and even the impression of unearthliness and horror by degrees softened down, so that all the mystery and strangeness of her relation to

the crone appeared before her only in the colour of something singular, romantic, and so not a little attractive. Accordingly, she had a firm purpose, even at the risk of being missed from home, and encountering a thousand inconveniences, to front the adventure of the Equinox. And now, at last, the fateful night, in which old Liese had promised to afford comfort and help, was come; and Veronica, long used to thoughts of nightly wandering, was full of heart and hope. With winged speed, she flew through the solitary streets; heedless of the storm which was howling in the air, and dashing thick rain-drops in her face.

With stifled droning clang, the Kreuzthurm clock struck eleven, as Veronica, quite wetted, reached old Liese's house. "Art' come, dear! wait, love; wait, love—" cried a voice from above; and instantly the crone, laden with a basket, and attended by her Cat, was also standing at the door. "We will go, then, and do what is proper, and can prosper in the night, which favours the work." So speaking, the crone with her cold hand seized the shivering Veronica, to whom she gave the heavy basket to carry, while she herself produced a little cauldron, a trevet, and a spade. On their reaching the open fields, the rain had ceased, but the storm had become louder; howlings in a thousand tones were flitting through the air. A horrible heart-piercing lamentation sounded down from the black clouds, which rolled themselves together, in rapid flight, and veiled all things in thickest darkness. But the crone stept

briskly forward, crying in a shrill harsh voice : " Light, light, my lad ! " Then blue forky gleams went quivering and sputtering before them ; and Veronica perceived that it was the Cat emitting sparks, and bounding forward to light the way ; while his doleful ghastly screams were heard in the momentary pauses of the storm. Her heart was like to fail ; it was as if ice-cold talons were clutching into her soul : but, with a strong effort, she collected herself ; pressed closer to the crone, and said : " It must all be accomplished now, come of it what may ! "

" Right, right, little daughter ! " replied the crone ; " be steady, like a good girl ; thou shalt have something pretty, and Anselmus to boot. "

At last the crone paused, and said : " Here is the place ! " She dug a hole in the ground, then shook coals into it, put the trevet over them, and placed the cauldron on the top of it. All this she accomplished with strange gestures, while the Cat kept circling round her. From his tail there sputtered sparkles, which united into a ring of fire. The coals began to burn ; and at last blue flames rose up round the cauldron. Veronica was ordered to lay off her mantle and veil, and to cower down beside the crone, who seized her hands, and pressed them hard, glaring with her fiery eyes at the maiden. Ere long the strange materials (whether flowers, metals, herbs, or beasts, you could not determine), which the crone had taken from her basket, and thrown into the cauldron, began to seeth and foam. The crone quitted Veroni-

ca ; then clutched an iron ladle, and plunged it into the glowing mass, which she began to stir ; while Veronica, as she directed, was to look steadfastly into the cauldron, and fix her thoughts on Anselmus. But now the crone threw fresh ingredients, glittering pieces of metal, a lock of hair which Veronica had cut from her head, and a little ring which she had long worn, into the pot ; while she howled in dread yelling tones through the gloom, and the Cat in quick incessant motion, whimpered and whined.—

I could wish much that thou, favourable reader, hadst on this twenty-third of September been thyself travelling towards Dresden. In vain, when late night sank down, did the people try to retain thee at the last stage : the friendly host represented to thee that the storm and the rain were too bitter, and moreover, that it was not safe for unearthly reasons to rush away in the dark, in the night of the Equinox ; but thou regardedst him not, thinking within thyself : “ I will give the postilion a whole thaler of drink-money, and so, at latest, by one o'clock reach Dresden ; where, in the *Golden Angel*, or in the *Helmet*, or in the *City of Naumburg*, a well-readied supper and a soft bed await me.” And now, as thou art driving hither through the dark, thou suddenly observest in the distance a most strange flickering light. Coming nearer, thou perceivest a ring of fire ; and in the midst of it, beside a pot, out of which thick vapour is mounting with quivering red flashes and sparkles, sit two most diverse forms. Right

through the fire goes thy road : but the horses snort, and stamp, and rear ; the postilion curses and prays, and scourges his cattle withal ; they stir not from the spot. Involuntarily thou leapest out of thy carriage, and hurriest a few steps forward. And now thou clearly beholdest the dainty gentle maiden, who, in her white thin night-dress, is kneeling by the cauldron. The storm has loosened her braids, and the long chesnut-brown hair is floating free in the wind. Full in the dazzling fire of the flame flickering up under the trevet, stands the angelic face ; but in the horror which has overflowed it with an ice stream, it is stiffened to the paleness of death ; and by the updrawn eye-brows, by the mouth in vain opened for the shriek of anguish, which cannot find its way from the bosom compressed with nameless torture, thou perceivest her affright, her horror : her soft small hands she holds aloft spasmodically pressed together, as if she were calling with prayers her guardian angel, to deliver her from the monsters of the Pit, which in obedience to this potent spell are forthwith to appear ! There kneels she, motionless as a figure of marble. Over against her sits cowering on the ground, a long, shrivelled, copper-yellow crone, with peaked hawk-nose, and glistering cat-eyes ; from the black cloak, which is huddled round her, stick forth her naked skinny arms ; stirring the Hell-broth, she laughs and cries with creaking voice, through the raging bellowing storm. I can well believe that in thee too, favourable reader, though otherwise unacquainted with fear and

dread, there might have arisen at the aspect of this Rembrandt or Höllenbreughel picture, here standing forth alive, some unearthly feelings ; nay, that for very horror the hairs of thy head might have risen on end. But thy eye could not turn away from the gentle maiden, entangled in these infernal doings ; and the electric stroke, that quivered through all thy nerves and fibres, kindled in thee with the speed of lightning the courageous thought of defying the mysterious powers of the fire-circle ; and in this thought, thy horror disappeared ; nay, the thought itself sprang up from that very horror as its product. Thy heart felt as if thou thyself wert one of those guardian angels, to whom the maiden, terrified to death, was praying ; nay, as if thou must instantly lug forth thy pocket-pistol, and without more ceremony blow the hag's brains out. But while thou wert thinking all this most vividly, thou criedst aloud "Holla !" or "What's the matter here ?" or "What's adoing there ?" The postilion blew a clanging blast on his horn ; the witch ladled about in her brewage, and in a trice the whole had vanished in thick smoke. Whether thou wouldst then have found the maiden, whom with most heartfelt longing thou wert groping for in the darkness, I cannot say : but the spell of the witch thou hadst of a surety destroyed, and undone the magic circle into which Veronica had thoughtlessly entered.

Alas ! Neither thou, favourable reader, nor any other man either drove or walked this way, on the twenty-

third of September, in the tempestuous witch-favouring night ; and Veronica must abide by the cauldron, in deadly terror, till the work was near its close. She heard, indeed, what howling and raging there was around her ; how all sorts of hateful voices bellowed and bleated, and yelled and hummed ; but she opened not her eyes, for she felt that the sight of the abominations and the horrors with which she was encircled might drive her into incurable destroying madness. The hag had ceased to stir the pot : its smoke grew fainter and fainter ; and at last, nothing but a light spirit-flame was burning in the bottom. Then the beldam cried : “ Veronica, my child ! my darling ! look into the grounds there ! What seest thou ? What seest thou ? ”

Veronica could not answer, yet it seemed as if all manner of perplexed shapes were dancing and whirling in the cauldron ; and on a sudden, with friendly looks and reaching her his hand, rose the Student Anselmus from the cavity of the vessel. She cried aloud : “ It is Anselmus ! It is Anselmus ! ”

Instantly the crone turned the cock fixed at the bottom of the cauldron, and glowing metal rushed forth, hissing and bubbling, into a little mould which she had placed beside it. The hag now sprang aloft ; and shrieked, capering about with wild horrific gestures : “ It is done ! It is done ! Thanks, my pretty lad ; hast watched ? —Pooh, pooh, he is coming ! Bite him to death ! Bite him to death ! ” But there sounded a strong rushing

through the air : it was as if a huge eagle were pouncing down, striking round him with his pinions ; and there shouted a tremendous voice : “ Hey, hey, vermin !—It is over ! It is over !—Home with ye !” The crone sank down with bitter howling ; but Veronica’s sense and recollection forsook her.

On her returning to herself, it was broad day, she was lying in her bed, and Fränzchen was standing before her with a cup of steaming tea, and saying to her : “ But tell me then, sister, what in all the world ails thee ? Here have I been standing this hour, and thou lying senseless, as if in the heat of a fever, and moaning and whimpering till we are frightened to death. Father has not gone to his class, this morning, because of thee ; he will be here directly with the Doctor.”

Veronica took the tea in silence : and while drinking it, the horrid images of the night rose vividly before her eyes. “ So it was all nothing but a wild dream that tortured me ? Yet last night, I surely went to that old woman ; it was the twenty-third of September too ? Well, I must have been very sick last night, and so fancied all this ; and nothing has sickened me but my perpetual thinking of Anselmus and the strange old wife who gave herself out for Liese, but was no such thing, and only made a fool of me with that story.”

Fränzchen, who had left the room, again came in with Veronica’s mantle, all wet, in her hand. “ Do but look, sister,” said she, “ what a sight thy mantle is !

There has the storm over night blown up the window, and overset the chair where thy mantle was hanging ; and so the rain has come in, and wetted it all for thee."

This speech sank heavy on Veronica's heart ; for she now saw that it was no dream which had tormented her ; but that she had really been with the witch. Anguish and horror took hold of her at the thought ; and a fever-frost quivered through all her frame. In spasmodic shuddering, she drew the bed-clothes close over her ; but with this, she felt something hard pressing on her breast, and on grasping it with her hand, it seemed like a medallion : she drew it out, so soon as Fränzchen went away with the mantle ; it was a little, round, bright-polished metallic mirror. " This is a present from the woman," cried she eagerly ; and it was as if fiery beams were shooting from the mirror, and penetrating into her inmost soul with benignant warmth. The fever-frost was gone ; and there streamed through her whole being an unutterable feeling of contentment and cheerful delight. She could not but remember Anselmus ; and as she turned her thoughts more and more intensely on him, behold he smiled on her with friendly looks out of the mirror, like a living miniature portrait. But ere long she felt as if it were no longer the image which she saw ; no ! but the Student Anselmus himself alive and in person. He was sitting in a stately chamber, with the strangest furniture, and

diligently writing. Veronica was about to step forward, to pat his shoulder, and say to him: "Herr Anselmus, look round; it is I!" But she could not; for it was as if a fire-stream encircled him; and yet when she looked more narrowly, this fire-stream was nothing but large books with gilt leaves. At last Veronica so far succeeded that she caught Anselmus' eye: it seemed as if he needed, in gazing at her, to bethink himself who she was; but at last he smiled and said: "Ah! Is it you, dear Mademoiselle Paulmann! But why do you please now and then to take the form of a little Snake?" At these strange words, Veronica could not help laughing aloud; and with this she awoke as from a deep dream; and hastily concealed the little mirror, for the door opened, and Conrector Paulmann with Doctor Eckstein entered the room. Doctor Eckstein stepped forward to the bedside; felt Veronica's pulse with long profound study, and then said: "Ey! Ey!" Thereupon he wrote out a prescription; again felt the pulse; a second time said: "Ey! Ey!" and then left his patient. But from these disclosures of Doctor Eckstein's, Conrector Paulmann could not clearly make out what it was that particularly ailed Veronica.

EIGHTH VIGIL.

The Library of the Palm-trees. Fortunes of an unhappy Salamander. How the Black Quill caressed a Parsnip, and Registrar Heerbrand was much overtaken with Liquor.

THE Student Anselmus had now worked several days with Archivarius Lindhorst ; these working hours were for him the happiest of his life ; still encircled with lovely tones, with Serpentina's encouraging voice, he was filled and overflowed with a pure delight, which often rose to highest rapture. Every strait, every little care of his needy existence, had vanished from his thoughts ; and in the new life, which had risen on him as in serene sunny splendour, he comprehended all the wonders of a higher world, which before had filled him with astonishment, nay, with dread. His copying proceeded rapidly and lightly ; for he felt more and more as if he were writing characters long known to him ; and he scarcely needed to cast his eye upon the manuscript, while copying it all with the greatest exactness.

Except at the hour of dinner, Archivarius Lindhorst seldom made his appearance ; and this always precisely at the moment when Anselmus had finished the last letter of some manuscript : then the Archivarius would hand him another, and directly after, leave him, without uttering a word ; having first stirred the ink with

a little black rod, and changed the old pens with new sharp-pointed ones. One day, when Anselmus, at the stroke of twelve, had as usual mounted the stair, he found the door through which he commonly entered, standing locked ; and Archivarius Lindhorst came forward from the other side, dressed in his strange flower-figured night-gown. He called aloud : “ To-day come this way, good Herr Anselmus ; for we must to the chamber where Bhogovotgita’s masters are waiting for us.”

He stept along the corridor, and led Anselmus through the same chambers and halls, as at the first visit. The Student Anselmus again felt astonished at the marvellous beauty of the garden : but he now perceived that many of the strange flowers, hanging on the dark bushes, were in truth insects glancing with lordly colours, hovering up and down with their little wings, as they danced and whirled in clusters, caressing one another with their antennæ. On the other hand again, the rose and azure-coloured birds were odoriferous flowers ; and the perfume which they scattered, mounted from their cups in low lovely tones, which, with the gurgling of distant fountains, and the sighing of the high groves and trees, mingled themselves into mysterious accords of a deep unutterable longing. The mock-birds, which had so jeered and flouted him before, were again fluttering to and fro over his head, and crying incessantly with their sharp small voices : “ Herr Studiosus, Herr Studiosus, don’t be in such a hurry !

Don't peep into the clouds so ! They may fall about your ears—He ! He ! Herr Studiosus, put your powder-mantle on ; cousin Screech-Owl will frizzle your toupee." And so it went along, in all manner of stupid chatter, till Anselmus left the garden.

Archivarius Lindhorst at last stepped into the azure chamber : the porphyry, with the Golden Pot, was gone ; instead of it, in the middle of the room, stood a table overhung with violet-coloured satin, upon which lay the writing-ware already known to Anselmus ; and a stuffed arm-chair, covered with the same sort of cloth, was placed beside it.

"Dear Herr Anselmus," said Archivarius Lindhorst, "you have now copied me a number of manuscripts, rapidly and correctly, to my no small contentment : you have gained my confidence ; but the hardest is yet behind ; and that is the transcribing or rather painting of certain works, written in a peculiar character ; I keep them in this room, and they can only be copied on the spot. You will, therefore, in future, work here ; but I must recommend to you the greatest foresight and attention ; a false stroke, or, which may Heaven forefend, a blot let fall on the original, will plunge you into misfortune."

Anselmus observed that from the golden trunks of the palm-trees, little emerald leaves projected : one of these leaves the Archivarius took hold of ; and Anselmus could not but perceive that the leaf was in truth a roll of parchment, which the Archivarius unfolded,

and spread out before the Student on the table. Anselmus wondered not a little at these strangely inter-twisted characters; and as he looked over the many points, strokes, dashes, and twirls in the manuscript, he almost lost hope of ever copying it. He fell into deep thoughts on the subject.

“Be of courage, young man!” cried the Archivarius; “if thou hast continuing Belief and true Love, Serpentina will help thee.”

His voice sounded like ringing metal; and as Anselmus looked up in utter terror, Archivarius Lindhorst was standing before him in the kingly form, which, during the first visit, he had assumed in the library. Anselmus felt as if in his deep reverence he could not but sink on his knee; but the Archivarius stept up the trunk of a palm-tree, and vanished aloft among the emerald leaves. The Student Anselmus perceived that the Prince of the Spirits had been speaking with him, and was now gone up to his study; perhaps intending, by the beams which some of the Planets had dispatched to him as envoys, to send back word what was to become of Anselmus and Serpentina.

“It may be too,” thought he farther, “that he is expecting news from the Springs of the Nile; or that some magician from Lapland is paying him a visit: me it behoves to set diligently about my task.” And with this, he began studying the foreign characters in the roll of parchment.

The strange music of the garden sounded over to him,

and encircled him with sweet lovely odours ; the mock-birds too he still heard giggling and twittering, but could not distinguish their words, a thing which greatly pleased him. At times also it was as if the leaves of the palm-trees were rustling, and as if the clear crystal tones, which Anselmus on that fateful Ascension-day had heard under the elder-bush, were beaming and flitting through the room. Wonderfully strengthened by this shining and tinkling, the Student Anselmus directed his eyes and thoughts more and more intensely on the superscription of the parchment roll ; and ere long he felt, as it were from his inmost soul, that the characters could denote nothing else than these words : *Of the marriage of the Salamander with the green Snake.* Then resounded a louder triphony of clear crystal bells : “ Anselmus ! dear Anselmus ! ” floated to him from the leaves ; and, O wonder ! on the trunk of the palm-tree the green Snake came winding down.

“ *Serpentina ! Serpentina !* ” cried Anselmus, in the madness of highest rapture ; for as he gazed more earnestly, it was in truth a lovely glorious maiden that, looking at him with those dark blue eyes, full of inexpressible longing, as they lived in his heart, was hovering down to meet him. The leaves seemed to jut out and expand ; on every hand were prickles sprouting from the trunk ; but *Serpentina* twisted and winded herself deftly through them ; and so drew her fluttering robe, glancing as if in changeful colours, along with her,

that, plying round the dainty form, it nowhere caught on the projecting points and prickles of the palm-tree. She sat down by Anselmus on the same chair, clasping him with her arm, and pressing him towards her, so that he felt the breath which came from her lips, and the electric warmth of her frame.

“ Dear Anselmus !” began Serpentina, “ thou shalt now soon be wholly mine ; by thy Belief, by thy Love thou shalt obtain me, and I will bring thee the Golden Pot, which shall make us both happy for evermore.”

“ O thou kind lovely Serpentina !” said Anselmus, “ if I have but thee, what care I for all else ! if thou art but mine, I will joyfully give in to all the wondrous mysteries that have beset me ever since the moment when I first saw thee.”

“ I know,” continued Serpentina, “ that the strange and mysterious things, with which my father, often merely in the sport of his humour, has surrounded thee, have raised distrust and dread in thy mind ; but now, I hope, it shall be so no more ; for I come at this moment to tell thee, dear Anselmus, from the bottom of my heart and soul, all and sundry to a tittle that thou needest to know for understanding my father, and so for seeing clearly what thy relation to him and to me really is.”

Anselmus felt as if he were so wholly clasped and encircled by the gentle lovely form, that only with her could he move and live, and as if it were but the beating of her pulse that throbbed through his nerves and

fibres ; he listened to each one of her words till it sounded in his inmost heart, and, like a burning ray, kindled in him the rapture of Heaven. He had put his arm round that daintier than dainty waist ; but the changeful glistering cloth of her robe was so smooth and slippery, that it seemed to him as if she could at any moment wind herself from his arms, and glide away. He trembled at the thought.

“ Ah, do not leave me, gentlest. *Serpentina* !” cried he ; “ thou art my life.”

“ Not now,” said *Serpentina*, “ till I have told thee all that in thy love of me thou canst comprehend :

“ Know then, dearest, that my father is sprung from the wondrous race of the Salamanders ; and that I owe my existence to his love for the green Snake. In primeval times, in the Fairyland Atlantis, the potent Spirit-prince Phosphorus bore rule ; and to him the Salamanders, and other Spirits of the Elements, were plighted. Once on a time, the Salamander, whom he loved before all others (it was my father), chanced to be walking in the stately garden, which Phosphorus' mother had decked in the lordliest fashion with her best gifts ; and the Salamander heard a tall Lily singing in low tones : ‘ Press down thy little eyelids, till my Lover, the Morning-wind, awake thee.’ He stept towards it : touched by his glowing breath, the Lily opened her leaves ; and he saw the Lily's daughter, the green Snake, lying asleep in the hollow of the flower. Then was the Salamander inflamed with warm

love for the fair Snake ; and he carried her away from the Lily, whose perfumes in nameless lamentation vainly called for her beloved daughter throughout all the garden. For the Salamander had borne her into the palace of Phosphorus, and was there beseeching him : ‘ Wed me with my beloved, and she shall be mine for evermore.’—‘ Madman, what askest thou !’ said the Prince of the Spirits ; ‘ Know that once the Lily was my mistress, and bore rule with me ; but the Spark, which I cast into her, threatened to annihilate the fair Lily ; and only my victory over the black Dragon, whom now the Spirits of the Earth hold in fetters, maintains her, that her leaves continue strong enough to enclose this Spark, and preserve it within them. But when thou claspest the green Snake, thy fire will consume her frame ; and a new Being rapidly arising from her dust, will soar away and leave thee.’

“ The Salamander heeded not the warning of the Spirit-prince : full of longing ardour he folded the green Snake in his arms ; she crumbled into ashes ; a winged Being, born from her dust, soared away through the sky. Then the madness of desperation caught the Salamander ; and he ran through the garden, dashing forth fire and flames ; and wasted it in his wild fury, till its fairest flowers and blossoms hung down, blackened and scathed ; and their lamentation filled the air. The indignant Prince of the Spirits, in his wrath, laid hold of the Salamander, and said : ‘ Thy fire has burnt out, thy flames are extinguished, thy rays darkened :

sink down to the Spirits of the Earth ; let these mock and jeer thee, and keep thee captive, till the Fire-element shall again kindle, and beam up with thee as with a new being from the Earth.' The poor Salamander sank down extinguished : but now the testy old Earth-spirit, who was Phosphorus' gardener, came forth and said : ' Master ! who has greater cause to complain of the Salamander than I ? Had not all the fair flowers, which he has burnt, been decorated with my gayest metals ; had I not stoutly nursed and tended them, and spent many a fair hue on their leaves ? And yet I must pity the poor Salamander ; for it was but love, in which thou, O Master, hast full often been entangled, that drove him to despair, and made him desolate the garden. Remit him the too harsh punishment !'—' His fire is for the present extinguished,' said the Prince of the Spirits ; ' but in the hapless time, when the Speech of Nature shall no longer be intelligible to degenerate man ; when the Spirits of the Elements, banished into their own regions, shall speak to him only from afar, in faint, spent echoes ; when, displaced from the harmonious circle, an infinite longing alone shall give him tidings of the Land of Marvels, which he once might inhabit while Belief and Love still dwelt in his soul : in this hapless time, the fire of the Salamander shall again kindle ; but only to manhood shall he be permitted to rise, and entering wholly into man's necessitous existence, he shall learn to endure its wants and oppressions. Yet not only shall

the remembrance of his first state continue with him, but he shall again rise into the sacred harmony of all Nature; he shall understand its wonders, and the power of his fellow-spirits shall stand at his behest. Then, too, in a Lily-bush, shall he find the green Snake again: and the fruit of his marriage with her shall be three daughters, which, to men, shall appear in the form of their mother. In the spring season these shall disport them in the dark Elder-bush, and sound with their lovely crystal voices. And then if, in that needy and mean age of inward stuntedness, there shall be found a youth who understands their song; nay, if one of the little Snakes look at him with her kind eyes; if the look awaken in him forecastings of the distant wondrous Land, to which, having cast away the burden of the Common, he can courageously soar; if, with love to the Snake, there rise in him belief in the Wonders of Nature, nay, in his own existence amid these Wonders, then the Snake shall be his. But not till three youths of this sort have been found and wedded to the three daughters, may the Salamander cast away his heavy burden, and return to his brothers.—‘Permit me, Master,’ said the Earth-spirit, to make these three daughters a present, which may glorify their life with the husbands they shall find. Let each of them receive from me a Pot, of the fairest metal which I have; I will polish it with beams borrowed from the diamond; in its glitter shall our Kingdom of Wonders, as it now exists in the Harmony of universal Nature, be imaged

back in glorious dazzling reflection ; and from its interior, on the day of marriage, shall spring forth a Fire-lily, whose eternal blossoms shall encircle the youth that is found worthy, with sweet wafting odours. Soon too shall he learn its speech, and understand the wonders of our kingdom, and dwell with his beloved in Atlantis itself.'

“ Thou perceivest well, dear Anselmus, that the Salamander of whom I speak is no other than my father. Spite of his higher nature, he was forced to subject himself to the paltriest contradictions of common life ; and hence, indeed, often comes the wayward humour with which he vexes many. He has told me now and then, that, for the inward make of mind, which the Spirit-prince Phosphorus required as a condition of marriage with me and my sisters, men have a name at present, which, in truth, they frequently enough misapply : they call it a childlike poetic character. This character, he says, is often found in youths, who, by reason of their high simplicity of manners, and their total want of what is called knowledge of the world, are mocked by the populace. Ah, dear Anselmus ! beneath the Elder-bush, thou understoodest my song, my look : thou lovest the green Snake, thou believest in me, and wilt be mine for evermore ! The fair Lily will bloom forth from the Golden Pot ; and we shall dwell, happy, and united, and blessed, in Atlantis together !

“ Yet I must not hide from thee that in its deadly

battle with the Salamanders and Spirits of the Earth, the black Dragon burst from their grasp, and hurried off through the air. Phosphorus, indeed, again holds him in fetters ; but from the black Quills, which, in the struggle, rained down on the ground, there sprung up hostile Spirits, which on all hands set themselves against the Salamanders and Spirits of the Earth. That woman who so hates thee, dear Anselmus, and who, as my father knows full well, is striving for possession of the Golden Pot ; that woman owes her existence to the love of such a Quill (plucked in battle from the Dragon's wing) for a certain Parsnip beside which it dropped. She knows her origin and her power ; for, in the moans and convulsions of the captive Dragon, the secrets of many a mysterious constellation are revealed to her ; and she uses every means and effort to work from the Outward into the Inward and unseen ; while my father, with the beams which shoot forth from the spirit of the Salamander, withstands and subdues her. All the baneful principles which lurk in deadly herbs and poisonous beasts, she collects ; and, mixing them under favourable constellations, raises therewith many a wicked spell, which overwhelms the soul of man with fear and trembling, and subjects him to the power of those Demons, produced from the Dragon when it yielded in battle. Beware of that old woman, dear Anselmus ! She hates thee ; because thy childlike pious character has annihilated many of her wicked charms. Keep true, true to me ; soon art thou at the goal !"

“ O my *Serpentina* ! my own *Serpentina* ! ” cried the Student Anselmus, “ how could I leave thee, how should I not love thee for ever ! ” A kiss was burning on his lips ; he awoke as from a deep dream : *Serpentina* had vanished ; six o'clock was striking, and it fell heavy on his heart that to-day he had not copied a single stroke. Full of anxiety, and dreading reproaches from the Archivarius, he looked into the sheet ; and, O wonder ! the copy of the mysterious manuscript was fairly concluded ; and he thought, on viewing the characters more narrowly, that the writing was nothing else but *Serpentina*'s story of her father, the favourite of the Spirit-prince Phosphorus, in Atlantis, the Land of Marvels. And now entered Archivarius Lindhorst, in his light-grey surtout, with hat and staff : he looked into the parchment on which Anselmus had been writing ; took a large pinch of snuff, and said with a smile : “ Just as I thought !—Well, Herr Anselmus, here is your *speziesthaler* ; we will now to the Linke Bath : do but follow me ! ” The Archivarius stept rapidly through the garden, in which there was such a din of singing, whistling, talking, that the Student Anselmus was quite deafened with it, and thanked Heaven when he found himself on the street.

Scarcely had they walked twenty paces, when they met Registrar Heerbrand, who companionably joined them. At the Gate, they filled their pipes, which they had about them : Registrar Heerbrand complained that he had left his tinder-box behind, and

could not strike fire. "Fire!" cried Archivarius Lindhorst, scornfully; "here is fire enough, and to spare!" And with this he snapped his fingers, out of which came streams of sparks, and directly kindled the pipes.—"Do but observe the chemical knack of some men!" said Registrator Heerbrand; but the Student Anselmus thought, not without internal awe, of the Salamander and his history.

In the Linke Bath, Registrator Heerbrand drank so much strong double beer, that at last, though usually a good-natured quiet man, he began singing student songs in squeaking tenor; he asked every one sharply, Whether he was his friend or not? and at last had to be taken home by the Student Anselmus, long after Archivarius Lindhorst had gone his ways.

NINTH VIGIL.

How the Student Anselmus attained to some Sense.

The Punch Party. How the Student Anselmus took Conrector Paulmann for a Screech-Owl, and the latter felt much hurt at it. The Ink-blot, and its Consequences.

THE strange and mysterious things which day by day befell the Student Anselmus, had entirely withdrawn him from his customary life. He no longer visited any of his friends, and waited every morning with

impatience, for the hour of noon, which was to unlock his paradise. And yet while his whole soul was turned to the gentle Serpentina, and the wonders of Archivarius Lindhorst's fairy kingdom, he could not help now and then thinking of Veronica; nay, often it seemed as if she came before him and confessed with blushes how heartily she loved him; how much she longed to rescue him from the phantoms, which were mocking and befooling him. At times he felt as if a foreign power, suddenly breaking in on his mind, were drawing him with resistless force to the forgotten Veronica; as if he must needs follow her whither she pleased to lead him, nay, as if he were bound to her by ties that would not break. That very night after Serpentina had first appeared to him in the form of a lovely maiden; after the wondrous secret of the Salamander's nuptials with the green Snake had been disclosed, Veronica came before him more vividly than ever. Nay, not till he awoke, was he clearly aware that he had but been dreaming; for he had felt persuaded that Veronica was actually beside him, complaining with an expression of keen sorrow, which pierced through his inmost soul, that he should sacrifice her deep true love to fantastic visions, which only the distemper of his mind called into being, and which, moreover, would at last prove his ruin. Veronica was lovelier than he had ever seen her; he could not drive her from his thoughts: and in this perplexed and contradictory mood he hastened out, hoping to get rid of it by a morning walk.

A secret magic influence led him on to the Pirna gate: he was just turning into a cross street, when Conrector Paulmann, coming after him, cried out: "Ey! Ey!—Dear Herr Anselmus!—*Amice! Amice!* Where, in Heaven's name, have you been buried so long? We never see you at all. Do you know, Veronica is longing very much to have another song with you. So come along; you were just on the road to me, at any rate."

The Student Anselmus, constrained by this friendly violence, went along with the Conrector. On entering the house, they were met by Veronica, attired with such neatness and attention, that Conrector Paulmann, full of amazement, asked her: "Why so decked, Mamsell? Were you expecting visitors? Well, here I bring you Herr Anselmus."

The Student Anselmus, in daintily and elegantly kissing Veronica's hand, felt a small soft pressure from it, which shot like a stream of fire over all his frame. Veronica was cheerfulness, was grace itself; and when Paulmann left them for his study, she contrived, by all manner of rogueries and waggeries, so to uplift the Student Anselmus, that he at last quite forgot his bashfulness, and jigged round the room with the light-headed maiden. But here again the Demon of Awkwardness got hold of him: he jolted on a table, and Veronica's pretty little work-box fell to the floor. Anselmus lifted it; the lid had started up; and a little round metallic mirror was glittering on him, into which

he looked with peculiar delight. Veronica glided softly up to him ; laid her hand on his arm, and pressing close to him, looked over his shoulder into the mirror also. And now Anselmus felt as if a battle were beginning in his soul : thoughts, images flashed out—Archivarius Lindhorst,—Serpentina,—the green Snake—at last the tumult abated, and all this chaos arranged and shaped itself into distinct consciousness. It was now clear to him that he had always thought of Veronica alone ; nay, that the form which had yesterday appeared to him in the blue chamber, had been no other than Veronica ; and that the wild legend of the Salamander's marriage with the green Snake, had merely been written down by him from the manuscript, but nowise related in his hearing. He wondered not a little at all these dreams ; and ascribed them solely to the heated state of mind into which Veronica's love had brought him, as well as to his working with Archivarius Lindhorst, in whose rooms there were, besides, so many strangely intoxicating odours. He could not but laugh heartily at the mad whim of falling in love with a little green Snake ; and taking a well-fed Privy Archivarius for a Salamander : “ Yes, yes ! It is Veronica ! ” cried he aloud ; but on turning round his head, he looked right into Veronica's blue eyes, from which warmest love was beaming. A faint soft Ah ! escaped her lips, which at that moment were burning on his.

“ O happy I ! ” sighed the enraptured Student : “ What I yesternight but dreamed, is in very deed mine to-day.”

“ But wilt thou really wed me, then, when thou art Hofrath ?” said Veronica.

“ That I will,” replied the Student Anselmus ; and just then the door creaked, and Conrector Paulmann entered with the words :

“ Now, dear Herr Anselmus, I will not let you go to-day. You will put up with a bad dinner ; then Veronica will make us delightful coffee, which we shall drink with Registrator Heerbrand, for he promised to come hither.”

“ Ah, best Herr Conrector !” answered the Student Anselmus, “ are you not aware that I must go to Archivarius Lindhorst’s and copy ?”

“ Look you, *Amice !*” said Conrector Paulmann, holding up his watch, which pointed to half past twelve.

The Student Anselmus saw clearly that he was much too late for Archivarius Lindhorst ; and he complied with the Conrector’s wishes the more readily, as he might now hope to look at Veronica the whole day long, to obtain many a stolen glance, and little squeeze of the hand, nay, even to succeed in conquering a kiss. So high had the Student Anselmus’ desires now mounted ; he felt more and more contented in soul, the more fully he convinced himself that he should soon be delivered from all the fantastic imaginations, which really might have made a sheer idiot of him.

Registrator Heerbrand came, as he had promised, after dinner ; and coffee being over, and the dusk come on, the Registrator, puckering his face together, and

gaily rubbing his hands, signified that he had something about him, which, if mingled and reduced to form, as it were, paged and titled, by Veronica's fair hands, might be pleasant to them all, on this October evening.

"Come out, then, with this mysterious substance which you carry with you, most valued Registrar," cried Conrector Paulmann. Then Registrar Heerbrand shoved his hand into his deep pocket, and at three journeys, brought out a bottle of arrack, two citrons, and a quantity of sugar. Before half an hour had passed, a savoury bowl of punch was smoking on Paulmann's table. Veronica drank their health in a sip of the liquor; and ere long there was plenty of gay, good-natured chat among the friends. But the Student Anselmus, as the spirit of the drink mounted into his head, felt all the images of those wondrous things, which for some time he had experienced, again coming through his mind. He saw the Archivarius in his damask night-gown, which glittered like phosphorus; he saw the azure room, the golden palm-trees; nay, it now seemed to him as if he must still believe in Serpentina: there was a fermentation, a conflicting tumult in his soul. Veronica handed him a glass of punch; and in taking it, he gently touched her hand. "Serpentina! Veronica!" sighed he to himself. He sank into deep dreams; but Registrar Heerbrand cried quite aloud: "A strange old gentleman, whom nobody can fathom, he is and will be, this Archivarius Lindhorst. Well, long life to him! Your glass, Herr Anselmus!"

Then the Student Anselmus awoke from his dreams, and said, as he touched glasses with Registrator Heerbrand : “ That proceeds, respected Herr Registrator, from the circumstance, that Archivarius Lindhorst is in reality a Salamander, who wasted in his fury the Spirit-prince Phosphorus’ garden, because the green Snake had flown away from him.”

“ How ? what ? ” inquired Conrector Paulmann.

“ Yes,” continued the Student Anselmus ; “ and for this reason he is now forced to be a Royal Archivarius ; and to keep house here in Dresden with his three daughters, who, after all, are nothing more than little gold-green Snakes, that bask in elder-bushes, and traitorously sing, and seduce away young people, like as many syrens.”

“ Herr Anselmus ! Herr Anselmus ! ” cried Conrector Paulmann, “ is there a crack in your brain ? In Heaven’s name, what monstrous stuff is this you are babbling ? ”

“ He is right,” interrupted Registrator Heerbrand : “ that fellow, that Archivarius, is a cursed Salamander, and strikes you fiery snips from his fingers, which burn holes in your surtout like red-hot tinder. Ay, ay, thou art in the right, brotherkin Anselmus ; and whoever says No, is saying No to me ! ” And at these words Registrator Heerbrand struck the table with his fist, till the glasses rung again.

“ Registrator ! Are you frantic ? ” cried the wroth Conrector. “ Herr Studiosus, Herr Studiosus ! what is this you are about again ? ”

“ Ah !” said the Student, “ you too are nothing but a bird, a screech-owl, that frizzles toupees, Herr Conrector !”

“ What ?—I a bird ?—A screech-owl, a frizzler ?” cried the Conrector, full of indignation : “ Sir, you are mad, horn mad !”

“ But the crone will get a clutch of him,” cried Registrar Heerbrand.

“ Yes, the crone is potent,” interrupted the Student Anselmus, “ though she is but of mean descent ; for her father was nothing but a ragged wing-feather, and her mother a dirty parsnip : but the most of her power she owes to all sorts of baneful creatures, poisonous vermin which she keeps about her.”

“ That is a horrid calumny,” cried Veronica, with eyes all glowing in anger : “ old Liese is a wise woman ; and the black Cat is no baneful creature, but a polished young gentleman of elegant manners, and her cousin german.”

“ Can *he* eat Salamanders without singing his whiskers, and dying like a candle-snuff ?” cried Registrar Heerbrand. ”

“ No ! no !” shouted the Student Anselmus, “ that he never can in this world ; and the green Snake loves me, and I have looked into Serpentina’s eyes.”

“ The Cat will scratch them out,” cried Veronica.

“ Salamander, Salamander beats them all, all,” hollowed Conrector Paulmann, in the highest fury : “ But am I in a madhouse ? Am I mad myself ? What un-

wise stuff am I chattering? Yes, I am mad too! mad too!" And with this, Conrector Paulmann started up; tore the peruke from his head, and dashed it against the ceiling of the room; till the battered locks whizzed, and, tangled into utter disorder, rained down the powder far and wide. Then the Student Anselmus and Registrar Heerbrand seized the punch-bowl and the glasses; and, hallooing and huzzaing, pitched them against the ceiling also, and the sherds fell jingling and tingling about their ears.

"*Vivat* the Salamander!—*Pereat, pereat* the crone!—Break the metal mirror!—Dig the cat's eyes out!—Bird, little Bird, from the air—*Eheu—Eheu—Evoe—Evoe*, Salamander!" So shrieked, and shouted, and bel-
lowed the three, like utter maniacs. With loud weeping, Fränzchen ran out; but Veronica lay whimpering for pain and sorrow on the sofa.

At this moment the door opened: all was instantly still; and a little man, in a small grey cloak, came stepping in. His countenance had a singular air of gravity; and especially the round hooked nose, on which was a huge pair of spectacles, distinguished itself from all the noses ever seen. He wore a strange peruke too; more like a feather-cap than a wig.

"Ey, many good evenings!" grated and cackled the little comical mannikin. "Is the Student Herr Anselmus among you, gentlemen?—Best compliments from Archivarius Lindhorst; he has waited to-day in vain for Herr Anselmus; but to-morrow he begs most re-

spectfully to request that Herr Anselmus would not miss the hour."

And with this, he went out again ; and all of them now saw clearly that the grave little mannikin was in fact a grey Parrot. Conrector Paulmann and Registrar Heerbrand raised a horse-laugh, which reverberated through the room ; and in the intervals, Veronica was moaning and whimpering, as if torn by nameless sorrow ; but, as to the Student Anselmus, the madness of inward horror was darting through him ; and unconsciously he ran through the door, along the streets. Instinctively he reached his house, his garret. Ere long Veronica came in to him, with a peaceful and friendly look, and asked him why, in the festivity, he had so vexed her ; and desired him to be upon his guard against imaginations, while working at Archivarius Lindhorst's. " Good night, good night, my beloved friend !" whispered Veronica, scarce audibly, and breathed a kiss on his lips. He stretched out his arms to clasp her, but the dreamy shape had vanished, and he awoke cheerful and refreshed. He could not but laugh heartily at the effects of the punch ; but in thinking of Veronica, he felt pervaded by a most delightful feeling. " To her alone," said he within himself, " do I owe this return from my insane whims. In good sooth, I was little better than the man who believed himself to be of glass ; or he who durst not leave his room for fear the hens should eat him, as he was a barleycorn. But so soon as I am Hofrath, I marry Mademoiselle Paulmann, and be happy, and there's an end of it."

At noon, as he walked through Archivarius Lindhorst's garden, he could not help wondering how all this had once appeared so strange and marvellous. He now saw nothing past common; earthen flowerpots, quantities of geraniums, myrtles, and the like. Instead of the glittering party-coloured birds which used to flout him, there were nothing but a few sparrows, fluttering hither and thither, which raised an unpleasant unintelligible cry at sight of Anselmus. The azure room also had quite a different look; and he could not understand how that glaring blue, and those unnatural golden trunks of palm-trees, with their shapeless glistening leaves, should ever have pleased him for a moment. The Archivarius looked at him with a most peculiar ironical smile, and asked: "Well, how did you like the punch last night, good Anselmus?"

"Ah, doubtless you have heard from the grey Parrot how——" answered the Student Anselmus, quite ashamed; but he stopt short, bethinking him that this appearance of the Parrot was all a piece of jugglery.

"I was there myself," said Archivarius Lindhorst; "did you not see me? But, among the mad pranks you were playing, I had nigh got lamed: for I was sitting in the punch-bowl, at the very moment when Registrar Heerbrand laid hands on it, to dash it against the ceiling; and I had to make a quick retreat into the Conrector's pipe-head. Now, adieu, Herr Anselmus! Be diligent at your task; for the lost day also you shall have a speziesthaler, because you worked so well before."

“ How can the Archivarius babble such mad stuff ? ” thought the Student Anselmus, sitting down at the table to begin the copying of the manuscript, which Archivarius Lindhorst had as usual spread out before him. But on the parchment roll, he perceived so many strange crabbed strokes and twirls all twisted together in inexplicable confusion, offering no resting-point for the eye, that it seemed to him well nigh impossible to copy all this exactly. Nay, in glancing over the whole, you might have thought the parchment was nothing but a piece of thickly veined marble, or a stone sprinkled over with lichens. Nevertheless he determined to do his utmost ; and boldly dipt in his pen : but the ink would not run, do what he liked ; impatiently he spirted the point of his pen against his nail, and—Heaven and Earth !—a huge blot fell on the outspread original ! Hissing and foaming, rose a blue flash from the blot ; and crackling and wavering, shot through the room to the ceiling. Then a thick vapour rolled from the walls ; the leaves began to rustle, as if shaken by a tempest ; and down out of them darted glaring basilisks in sparkling fire ; these kindled the vapour, and the bickering masses of flame rolled round Anselmus. The golden trunks of the palm-trees became gigantic snakes, which knocked their frightful heads together with piercing metallic clang ; and wound their scaly bodies round Anselmus.

“ Madman ! suffer now the punishment of what, in capricious irreverence, thou hast done ! ” So cried the

frightful voice of the crowned Salamander, who appeared above the snakes like a glittering beam in the midst of the flame : and now the yawning jaws of the snakes poured forth cataracts of fire on Anselmus ; and it was as if the fire-streams were congealing about his body, and changing into a firm ice-cold mass. But while Anselmus' limbs, more and more pressed together, and contracted, stiffened into powerlessness, his sense passed away. On returning to himself, he could not stir a joint : he was as if surrounded with a glistening brightness, on which he struck if he but tried to lift his hand.—Alas ! He was sitting in a well-corked crystal bottle, on a shelf, in the library of Archivarius Lindhorst.

TENTH VIGIL.

Sorrows of the Student Anselmus in the Glass Bottle. Happy Life of the Cross Church Scholars and Law Clerks. The Battle in the Library of Archivarius Lindhorst. Victory of the Salamander, and Deliverance of the Student Anselmus.

JUSTLY may I doubt whether thou, favourable reader, wert ever sealed up in a glass bottle ; or even that any vivid tormenting dream ever oppressed thee with such necromantic trouble. If so were the case, thou wilt keenly enough figure out the poor Student Anselmus'

woe : but shouldst thou never have even dreamed such things, then will thy quick fancy, for Anselmus' sake and mine, be obliging enough still to enclose itself for a few moments in the crystal. Thou art drowned in dazzling splendour ; all objects about thee appear illuminated and begirt with beaming rainbow hues : all quivers and wavers, and clangs and drones, in the sheen ; thou art swimming, motionless and powerless as in a firmly congealed ether, which so presses thee together that the spirit in vain gives orders to the dead and stiffened body. Weightier and weightier the mountain burden lies on thee ; more and more does every breath exhaust the little handful of air, that still played up and down in the narrow space ; thy pulse throbs madly ; and cut through with horrid anguish, every nerve is quivering and bleeding in this deadly agony. Have pity, favourable reader, on the Student Anselmus ! Him this inexpressible torture laid hold of in his glass prison : but he felt too well that death could not relieve him ; for did he not awake from the deep swoon into which the excess of pain had cast him, and open his eyes to new wretchedness, when the morning sun shone clear into the room ? He could move no limb ; but his thoughts struck against the glass, stupifying him with discordant clang ; and instead of the words, which the spirit used to speak from within him, he now heard only the stifled din of madness. Then he exclaimed in his despair : “ O Serpentina ! Serpentina ! save me from this agony of Hell ! ” And it was as if faint sighs

breathed around him, which spread like green transparent elder-leaves over the glass ; the clanging ceased ; the dazzling perplexing glitter was gone, and he breathed more freely.

“ Have not I myself solely to blame for my misery ? Ah ! Have not I sinned against thee, thou kind, beloved *Serpentina* ? Have not I raised vile doubts of thee ? Have not I lost my Belief ; and with it, all, all that was to make me so blessed ? Ah ! Thou wilt now never, never be mine ; for me the Golden Pot is lost, and I shall not behold its wonders any more. Ah ! But once could I see thee ; but once hear thy kind sweet voice, thou lovely *Serpentina* ! ”

So wailed the Student *Anselmus*, caught with deep piercing sorrow : then spoke a voice close by him : “ What the devil ails you, Herr *Studiosus* ? What makes you lament so, out of all compass and measure ? ”

The Student *Anselmus* now perceived that on the same shelf with him were five other bottles, in which he perceived three Cross Church Scholars, and two Law Clerks.

“ Ah, gentlemen, my fellows in misery,” cried he, “ how is it possible for you to be so calm, nay so happy, as I read in your cheerful looks ? You are sitting here corked up in glass bottles, as well as I, and cannot move a finger ; nay, not think a reasonable thought, but there rises such a murder-tumult of clanging and droning, and in your head itself a tumbling and rum-

bling enough to drive one mad. But doubtless you do not believe in the Salamander, or the green Snake."

"You are pleased to jest, Mein Herr Studiosus," replied a Cross Church Scholar; "we have never been better off than at present: for the speziesthalers which the mad Archivarius gave us for all manner of pot-hook copies, are chinking in our pockets; we have now no Italian choruses to learn by heart; we go every day to Joseph's or other houses of call, where the double-beer is sufficient, and we can look a pretty girl in the face; so we sing like real Students, *Gaudeamus igitur*, and are contented in spirit!"

"They of the Cross are quite right," added a Law Clerk; "I too am well furnished with speziesthalers, like my dearest colleague beside me here; and we now diligently walk about on the Weinberg, instead of scurvy Act-writing within four walls."

"But, my best, worthiest masters!" said the Student Anselmus, "do you not observe, then, that you are all and sundry corked up in glass bottles, and cannot for your hearts walk a hairsbreadth?"

Here the Cross Church Scholars and the Law Clerks set up a loud laugh, and cried: "The Student is mad; he fancies himself to be sitting in a glass bottle, and is standing on the Elbe-bridge and looking right down into the water. Let us go along!"

"Ah!" sighed the Student, "they have never seen the kind *Serpentina*; they know not what Freedom, and life in Love, and Belief, signifies; and so by reason of

their folly and low-mindedness, they feel not the oppression of the imprisonment into which the Salamander has cast them. But I, unhappy I, must perish in want and woe, if she, whom I so inexpressibly love, do not deliver me !”

Then waving in faint tinkles, Serpentina’s voice flitted through the room : “ Anselmus ! believe, love, hope !” And every tone beamed into Anselmus’ prison ; and the crystal yielded to his pressure, and expanded, till the breast of the captive could move and heave.

The torment of his situation became less and less, and he saw clearly that Serpentina still loved him ; and that it was she alone, who had rendered his confinement tolerable. He disturbed himself no more about his inane companions in misfortune ; but directed all his thoughts and meditations on the gentle Serpentina. Suddenly, however, there arose on the other side a dull croaking repulsive murmur. Ere long he could observe that it proceeded from an old coffee-pot, with half-broken lid, standing over against him on a little shelf. As he looked at it more narrowly, the ugly features of a wrinkled old woman by degrees unfolded themselves ; and in a few moments, the Apple-wife of the Schwarzthor stood before him. She grinned and laughed at him, and cried with screeching voice : “ Ey, Ey, my pretty boy, must thou lie in limbo now ? To the crystal thou hast run : did not I tell thee long ago ?”

“ Mock and jeer me ; do, thou cursed witch !” said the Student Anselmus, “ thou art to blame for it all ;

but the Salamander will catch thee, thou vile Parsnip !”

“ Ho, ho !” replied the crone, “ not so proud, good readywriter ! Thou hast squelched my little sons to pieces, thou hast burnt my nose ; but I must still like thee, thou knave, for once thou wert a pretty fellow ; and my little daughter likes thee too. Out of the crystal thou wilt never come unless I help thee : up thither I cannot clamber ; but my cousin gossip the Rat, that lives close behind thee, will eat the shelf in two ; thou shalt jingle down, and I catch thee in my apron, that thy nose be not broken, or thy fine sleek face at all injured : then I carry thee to Mamsell Veronica ; and thou shalt marry her, when thou art Hofrath.”

“ Avaunt, thou devil’s brood !” cried the Student Anselmus full of fury ; “ it was thou alone and thy hellish arts that brought me to the sin which I must now expiate. But I bear it all patiently : for only here can I be, where the kind Serpentina encircles me with love and consolation. Hear it, thou beldam, and despair ! I bid defiance to thy power : I love Serpentina, and none but her for ever ; I will not be Hofrath, will not look at Veronica, who by thy means entices me to evil. Can the green Snake not be mine, I will die in sorrow and longing. Take thyself away, thou filthy rook ! Take thyself away !”

The crone laughed, till the chamber rung : “ Sit and die then,” cried she : “ but now it is time to set to work ; for I have other trade to follow here.” She

threw off her black cloak, and so stood in hideous nakedness ; then she ran round in circles, and large folios came tumbling down to her ; out of these she tore parchment leaves, and rapidly patching them together in artful combination, and fixing them on her body, in a few instants she was dressed as if in strange party-coloured harness. Spitting fire, the black Cat darted out of the ink-glass, which was standing on the table, and ran mewling towards the crone, who shrieked in loud triumph, and along with him vanished through the door.

Anselmus observed that she went towards the azure chamber ; and directly he heard a hissing and storming in the distance ; the birds in the garden were crying ; the Parrot creaked out : “ Help ! help ! Thieves ! thieves ! ” That moment the crone returned with a bound into the room, carrying the Golden Pot on her arm, and with hideous gestures, shrieking wildly through the air ; “ Joy ! joy, little son !—Kill the green Snake ! To her, son ! To her ! ”

Anselmus thought he heard a deep moaning, heard *Serpentina's* voice. Then horror and despair took hold of him : he gathered all his force, he dashed violently, as if nerve and artery were bursting, against the crystal ; a piercing clang went through the room, and the *Archivarius* in his bright damask nightgown was standing in the door.

“ Hey, hey ! vermin !—Mad spell !—Witchwork !—Hither, holla ! ” So shouted he : then the black hair of

the crone started up in tufts ; her red eyes glanced with infernal fire, and clenching together the peaked fangs of her abominable jaws, she hissed : “ Hiss, at him ! Hiss, at him ! Hiss ! ” and laughed and neighed in scorn and mockery, and pressed the Golden Pot firmly towards her, and threw out of it handfuls of glittering earth on the Archivarius ; but as it touched the nightgown, the earth changed into flowers, which rained down on the ground. Then the lilies of the nightgown flickered and flamed up ; and the Archivarius caught these lilies blazing in sparky fire and dashed them on the witch ; she howled for agony, but still as she leapt aloft and shook her harness of parchment the lilies went out, and fell away into ashes.

“ To her, my lad ! ” creaked the crone : then the black Cat darted through the air, and soused over the Archivarius’ head towards the door ; but the grey Parrot fluttered out against him ; caught him with his crooked bill by the nape, till red fiery blood burst down over his neck ; and Serpentina’s voice cried : “ Saved ! Saved ! ” Then the crone, foaming with rage and desperation, darted out upon the Archivarius : she threw the Golden Pot behind her, and holding up the long talons of her skinny fists, was for clutching the Archivarius by the throat : but he instantly doffed his nightgown, and hurled it against her. Then, hissing, and sputtering, and bursting, shot blue flames from the parchment leaves, and the crone rolled round in howling agony, and strove to get fresh earth from the Pot, fresh parchment leaves

from the books, that she might stifle the blazing flames ; and whenever any earth or leaves came down on her, the flames went out. But now, from the interior of the Archivarius issued fiery crackling beams, and darted on the crone.

“ Hey, hey ! To it again ! Salamander ! Victory ! ” clanged the Archivarius’ voice through the chamber ; and a hundred bolts whirled forth in fiery circles round the shrieking crone. Whizzing and buzzing flew Cat and Parrot in their furious battle ; but at last the Parrot, with his strong wing, dashed the Cat to the ground ; and with his talons transfixing and holding fast his adversary, which, in deadly agony, uttered horrid mewes and howls, he, with his sharp bill, picked out his glowing eyes, and the burning froth spouted from them. Then thick vapour streamed up from the spot where the crone, hurled to the ground, was lying under the nightgown : her howling, her terrific, piercing cry of lamentation, died away in the remote distance. The smoke, which had spread abroad with irresistible smell, cleared off ; the Archivarius picked up his nightgown ; and under it lay an ugly Parsnip.

“ Honoured Herr Archivarius, here let me offer you the vanquished foe,” said the Parrot, holding out a black hair in his beak to Archivarius Lindhorst.

“ Very right, my worthy friend,” replied the Archivarius : “ here lies my vanquished foe too : be so good now as manage what remains. This very day, as a

small douceur, you shall have six cocoa-nuts, and a new pair of spectacles also, for I see the Cat has villainously broken the glasses of these old ones."

"Yours for ever, most honoured friend and patron!" answered the Parrot, much delighted; then took the Parsnip in his bill, and fluttered out with it by the window, which Archivarius Lindhorst had opened for him.

The Archivarius now lifted the Golden Pot, and cried, with a strong voice, "Serpentina! Serpentina!" But as the Student Anselmus, joying in the destruction of the vile beldam who had hurried him into misfortune, cast his eyes on the Archivarius, behold, here stood once more the high majestic form of the Spirit-prince, looking up to him with indescribable dignity and grace. "Anselmus," said the Spirit-prince, "not thou, but a hostile Principle, which strove destructively to penetrate into thy nature, and divide thee against thyself, was to blame for thy unbelief. Thou hast kept thy faithfulness: be free and happy." A bright flash quivered through the spirit of Anselmus: the royal triphony of the crystal bells sounded stronger and louder than he had ever heard it: his nerves and fibres thrilled; but, swelling higher and higher, the melodious tones rang through the room; the glass which enclosed Anselmus broke; and he rushed into the arms of his dear and gentle Serpentina.

ELEVENTH VIGIL.

Conrector Paulmann's anger at the Madness which had broken out in his Family. How Registrar Heerbrand became Hofrath ; and, in the keenest Frost, walked about in Shoes and silk Stockings. Veronica's Confessions. Betrothment over the steaming Soup-plate.

“ BUT tell me, best Registrar ! how the cursed punch last night could so mount into our heads, and drive us to all manner of *allogria* ?” So said Conrector Paulmann, as he next morning entered his room, which still lay full of broken sherds ; with his hapless peruke, dissolved into its original elements, floating in punch among the ruin. For after the Student Anselmus ran out of doors, Conrector Paulmann and Registrar Heerbrand had still kept trotting and hobbling up and down the room, shouting like maniacs, and butting their heads together ; till Fränzchen, with much labour, carried her vertiginous papa to bed ; and Registrar Heerbrand, in the deepest exhaustion, sunk on the sofa, which Veronica had left, taking refuge in her bedroom. Registrar Heerbrand had his blue handkerchief tied about his head ; he looked quite pale and melancholic, and moaned out : “ Ah, worthy Conrector, not the punch which Mamsell Veronica most ad-

mirably brewed, no! but simply that cursed Student is to blame for all the mischief. Do you not observe that he has long been *mente captus*? And are you not aware that madness is infectious? One fool makes twenty; pardon me, it is an old proverb: especially when you have drunk a glass or two, you fall into madness quite readily, and then involuntarily you manœuvre, and go through your exercise, just as the crack-brained fogleman makes the motion. Would you believe it, Conrector? I am still giddy when I think of that grey Parrot!"

"Grey fiddlestick!" interrupted the Conrector: "it was nothing but Archivarius Lindhorst's little old Famulus, who had thrown a grey cloak over him, and was seeking the Student Anselmus."

"It may be," answered Registrator Heerbrand; "but, I must confess, I am quite downcast in spirit; the whole night through there was such a piping and organing."

"That was I," said the Conrector, "for I snore loud."

"Well, may be," answered the Registrator: "but, Conrector, Conrector! Ah, not without cause did I wish to raise some cheerfulness among us last night—And that Anselmus has spoiled all! You know not—O Conrector, Conrector!" And with this, Registrator Heerbrand started up; plucked the cloth from his head, embraced the Conrector, warmly pressed his hand, and again cried, in quite heart-breaking tone: "O Con-

rector, Conrector!" and snatching his hat and staff, rushed out of doors.

"This Anselmus comes not over my threshold again," said Conrector Paulmann; "for I see very well, that, with this moping madness of his, he robs the best gentlemen of their senses. The Registrator is now over with it too: I have hitherto kept safe; but the Devil, who knocked hard last night in our carousal, may get in at last, and play his tricks with me. So *Apage, Satanas!* Off with thee, Anselmus!" Veronica had grown quite pensive; she spoke no word; only smiled now and then very oddly, and liked best to be alone. "She too has Anselmus in her head," said the Conrector, full of spleen: "but it is well that he does not show himself here; I know he fears me, this Anselmus, and so he never comes."

These concluding words Conrector Paulmann spoke aloud; then the tears rushed into Veronica's eyes, and she said, sobbing: "Ah! how can Anselmus come? He has long been corked up in the glass bottle."

"How? What?" cried Conrector Paulmann. "Ah Heaven! Ah Heaven! she is doting too, like the Registrator: the loud fit will soon come! Ah, thou cursed, abominable, thrice-cursed Anselmus!" He ran forth directly to Doctor Eckstein; who smiled, and again said: "Ey! Ey!" This time, however, he prescribed nothing; but added, to the little he had uttered, the following words, as he walked away: "Nerves! Come round of itself. Take the air; walks; amusements;

theatre ; playing *Soutagskind, Schwestern von Prag*. Come round of itself."

" So eloquent I have seldom seen the Doctor," thought Conrector Paulmann ; " really talkative, I declare !"

Several days and weeks and months were gone ; Anselmus had vanished ; but Registrar Heerbrand also did not make his appearance : not till the fourth of February, when the Registrar, in a new fashionable coat of the finest cloth, in shoes and silk stockings, notwithstanding the keen frost, and with a large nosegay of fresh flowers in his hand, did enter precisely at noon into the parlour of Conrector Paulmann, who wondered not a little to see his friend so dizened. With a solemn air, Registrar Heerbrand stepped forward to Conrector Paulmann ; embraced him with the finest elegance, and then said : " Now at last, on the Saint's-day of your beloved and most honoured Mamsell Veronica, I will tell you out, straight forward, what I have long had lying at my heart. That evening, that unfortunate evening, when I put the ingredients of our noxious punch in my pocket, I purposed imparting to you a piece of good news, and celebrating the happy day in convivial joys. Already I had learned that I was to be made Hofrath ; for which promotion I have now the patent, *cum nomine et sigillo Principis*, in my pocket."

" Ah ! Herr Registr—Herr Hofrath Heerbrand, I meant to say," stammered the Conrector.

“ But it is you, most honoured Conrector,” continued the new Hofrath ; “ it is you alone that can complete my happiness. For a long time, I have in secret loved your daughter, Mamsell Veronica ; and I can boast of many a kind look which she has given me, evidently showing that she would not cast me away. In one word, honoured Conrector ! I, Hofrath Heerbrand, do now entreat of you the hand of your most amiable Mamsell Veronica, whom I, if you have nothing against it, purpose shortly to take home as my wife.”

Conrector Paulmann, full of astonishment, clapped his hands repeatedly, and cried : ‘ Ey, Ey, Ey ! Herr Registr—Herr Hofrath, I meant to say—who would have thought it ? Well, if Veronica does really love you, I for my share cannot object : nay, perhaps, her present melancholy is nothing but concealed love for you, most honoured Hofrath ! You know what freaks they have !’

At this moment Veronica entered, pale and agitated, as she now commonly was. Then Hofrath Heerbrand stept towards her ; mentioned in a neat speech her Saint’s day, and handed her the odorous nosegay, along with a little packet ; out of which, when she opened it, a pair of glittering earrings beamed up to her. A rapid flying blush tinted her cheeks ; her eyes sparkled in joy, and she cried : “ O Heaven ! These are the very earrings which I wore some weeks ago, and thought so much of.”

“ How can this be, dearest Mamsell,” interrupted Hof-

rath Heerbrand, somewhat alarmed and hurt, "when I bought these jewels not an hour ago, in the Schlossgasse, for current money?"

But Veronica heeded him not; she was standing before the mirror to witness the effect of the trinkets, which she had already suspended in her pretty little ears. Conrector Paulmann disclosed to her, with grave countenance and solemn tone, his friend Heerbrand's preferment and present proposal. Veronica looked at the Hofrath with a searching look, and said; "I have long known that you wished to marry me. Well, be it so! I promise you my heart and hand; but I must now unfold to you, to both of you, I mean, my father and my bridegroom, much that is lying heavy on my heart; yes, even now, though the soup should get cold, which I see Fränzchen is just putting on the table."

Without waiting for the Conrector's or the Hofrath's reply, though the words were visibly hovering on the lips of both, Veronica continued: "You may believe me, best father, I loved Anselmus from my heart, and when Registrar Heerbrand, who is now become Hofrath himself, assured us that Anselmus might probably enough get some such length, I resolved that he and no other should be my husband. But then it seemed as if alien hostile beings were for snatching him away from me: I had recourse to old Liese, who was once my nurse, but is now a wise woman, and a great enchantress. She promised to help me, and give Anselmus wholly into my hands. We went at

midnight on the Equinox to the crossing of the roads : she conjured certain hellish spirits, and by aid of the black Cat, we manufactured a little metallic mirror, in which I, directing my thoughts on Anselmus, had but to look, in order to rule him wholly in heart and mind. But now I heartily repent having done all this ; and here abjure all Satanic arts. The Salamander has conquered old Liese ; I heard her shrieks ; but there was no help to be given : so soon as the Parrot had eaten the Parsnip, my metallic mirror broke in two with a piercing clang." Veronica took out both the pieces of the mirror, and a lock of hair from her work-box, and handing them to Hofrath Heerbrand, she proceeded : " Here, take the fragments of the mirror, dear Hofrath ; throw them down, to-night, at twelve o'clock, over the Elbe-bridge, from the place where the Cross stands ; the stream is not frozen there : the lock, however, do you wear on your faithful breast. I here abjure all magic : and heartily wish Anselmus joy of his good fortune, seeing he is wedded with the green Snake, who is much prettier and richer than I. You, dear Hofrath, I will love and reverence as becomes a true honest wife."

" Alake ! Alake !" cried Conrector Paulmann, full of sorrow ; " she is cracked, she is cracked ; she can never be Frau Hofr athinn ; she is cracked !"

" Not in the smallest," interrupted Hofrath Heerbrand ; " I know well that Mamsell Veronica has had some kindness for the loutish Anselmus ; and it may be

that in some fit of passion, she has had recourse to the wise woman, who, as I perceive, can be no other than the card-caster and coffee-pourer of the Seethor ; in a word, old Rauerin. Nor can it be denied that there are secret arts, which exert their influence on men but too balefully ; we read of such in the Ancients, and doubtless there are still such ; but as to what Mamsell Veronica is pleased to say about the victory of the Salamander, and the marriage of Anselmus with the green Snake, this, in reality, I take for nothing but a poetic allegory ; a sort of song, wherein she sings her entire farewell to the Student."

" Take it for what you will, best Hofrath !" cried Veronica ; " perhaps for a very stupid dream."

" That I nowise do," replied Hofrath Heerbrand ; " for I know well that Anselmus himself is possessed by secret powers, which vex him and drive him on to all imaginable mad freaks."

Conrector Paulmann could stand it no longer ; he broke loose : " Hold ! For the love of Heaven, hold ! Are we again overtaken with the cursed punch, or has Anselmus' madness come over us too ? Herr Hofrath, what stuff is this you are talking ? I will suppose, however, that it is love which haunts your brain : this soon comes to rights in marriage ; otherwise I should be apprehensive that you too had fallen into some shade of madness, most honoured Herr Hofrath ; then what would become of the future branches of the family, inheriting the *malum* of their parents ? But now I

give my paternal blessing to this happy union ; and permit you as bride and bridegroom to take a kiss."

This happened forthwith ; and thus before the presented soup had grown cold, was a formal betrothment concluded. In a few weeks, Frau Hofrätthinn Heerbrand was actually, as she had been in vision, sitting in the balcony of a fine house in the Neumarkt, and looking down with a smile on the beaux, who passing by turned their glasses up to her, and said : " She is a heavenly woman, the Hofrätthinn Heerbrand."

TWELFTH VIGIL.

Account of the Freehold Property to which Anselmus removed, as Son-in-law of Archivarius Lindhorst ; and how he lives there with Serpentina. Conclusion.

How deeply did I feel, in the centre of my spirit, the blessedness of the Student Anselmus, who now, indissolubly united with his gentle Serpentina, has withdrawn to the mysterious Land of Wonders, recognised by him as the home towards which his bosom, filled with strange forecastings, had always longed. But in vain was all my striving to set before thee, favourable reader, those glories with which Anselmus is encompassed, or even in the faintest degree to shadow them forth to thee in words. Reluctantly I could not but acknowledge the feebleness of my every expression.

I felt myself enthralled amid the paltrinesses of everyday life ; I sickened in tormenting dissatisfaction ; I glided about like a dreamer ; in brief, I fell into that condition of the Student Anselmus, which, in the Fourth Vigil, I have endeavoured to set before thee. It grieved me to the heart, when I glanced over the Eleven Vigils, now happily accomplished, and thought that to insert the Twelfth, the keystone of the whole, would never be vouchsafed me. For whensoever, in the night season, I set myself to complete the work, it was as if mischievous Spirits (they might be relations, perhaps cousins-german, of the slain witch) held a polished glittering piece of metal before me, in which I beheld my own mean Self, pale, overwatched, and melancholic, like Registrar Heerbrand after his bout of punch. Then I threw down my pen, and hastened to bed, that I might behold the happy Anselmus and the fair Serpentina at least in my dreams. This had lasted for several days and nights, when at length quite unexpectedly I received a note from Archivarius Lindhorst, in which he addressed me as follows :

“ Respected Sir,—It is well known to me that you
“ have written down, in Eleven Vigils, the singular for-
“ tunes of my good son-in-law Anselmus, whilom Stu-
“ dent, now Poet ; and are at present cudgelling your
“ brains very sore, that in the Twelfth and Last Vigil
“ you may tell somewhat of his happy life in Atlantis,
“ where he now lives with my daughter, on the plea-
“ sant Freehold, which I possess in that country. Now,

“ notwithstanding I much regret that hereby my own
“ peculiar nature is unfolded to the reading world ;
“ seeing it may, in my office as Privy Archivarius, ex-
“ pose me to a thousand inconveniences ; nay, in the
“ Collegium even give rise to the question : How far a
“ Salamander can justly and with binding consequen-
“ ces, plight himself by oath, as a Servant of the State ?
“ and how far, on the whole, important affairs may be
“ intrusted to him, since, according to Gabalis and
“ Swedenborg, the Spirits of the Elements are not to
“ be trusted at all ?—notwithstanding, my best friends
“ must now avoid my embrace ; fearing lest, in some
“ sudden anger, I dart out a flash or two, and singe
“ their hair-curls, and Sunday frocks ; notwithstanding
“ all this, I say, it is still my purpose to assist you in
“ the completion of the Work, since much good of me
“ and of my dear married daughter (would the other
“ two were off my hands also !) has therein been said.
“ Would you write your Twelfth Vigil, therefore, then
“ descend your cursed five pair of stairs, leave your
“ garret, and come over to me. In the blue palmtree-
“ room, which you already know, you will find fit wri-
“ ting materials ; and you can then, in few words, spe-
“ cify to your readers, what you have seen ; a better
“ plan for you than any long-winded description of a
“ life, which you know only by hearsay. With esteem,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ The SALAMANDER LINDHORST,

“ P. T. Royal Archivarius.”

This truly somewhat rough, yet on the whole friendly note from Archivarius Lindhorst, gave me high pleasure. Clear enough it seemed, indeed, that the singular manner in which the fortunes of his son-in-law had been revealed to me, and which I, bound to silence, must conceal even from thee, favourable reader, was well known to this peculiar old gentleman; yet he had not taken it so ill as I might readily have apprehended. Nay, here was he offering me his helpful hand in the completion of my work; and from this I might justly conclude, that at bottom he was not averse to have his marvellous existence in the world of spirits thus divulged through the press.

“It may be,” thought I, “that he himself expects from this measure, perhaps, to get his two other daughters the sooner married: for who knows but a spark may fall in this or that young man’s breast, and kindle a longing for the green Snake; whom, on Ascension-day, under the elder-bush, he will forthwith seek and find? From the woe which befell Anselmus, when inclosed in the glass bottle, he will take warning to be doubly and trebly on his guard against all Doubt and Unbelief.”

Precisely at eleven o’clock, I extinguished my study-lamp; and glided forth to Archivarius Lindhorst, who was already waiting for me in the lobby.

“Are you there, my worthy friend? Well, this is what I like, that you have not mistaken my good intentions: do but follow me!”

And with this he led the way through the garden, now filled with dazzling brightness, into the azure chamber, where I observed the same violet table, at which Anselmus had been writing.

Archivarius Lindhorst disappeared : but soon came back, carrying in his hand a fair golden goblet, out of which a high blue flame was sparkling up. " Here," said he, " I bring you the favourite drink of your friend the Bandmaster, Johannes Kreisler.* It is burning arrack, into which I have thrown a little sugar. Sip a touch or two of it : I will doff my night-gown, and to amuse myself and enjoy your worthy company while you sit looking and writing, I shall just bob up and down a little in the goblet."

" As you please, honoured Herr Archivarius," answered I : " but if I am to ply the liquor, you will get none."

* An imaginary musical enthusiast of whom Hoffmann has written much ; under the fiery sensitive wayward character of this crazy Bandmaster, presenting, it would seem, a shadowy likeness of himself. The *Kreisleriana* occupy a large space among these *Fantasy-pieces* ; and Johannes Kreisler is the main figure in *Kater Murr*, Hoffmann's favourite but unfinished work. In the third and last volume, Kreisler was to end, not in composure and illumination, as the critics would have required, but in utter madness : a sketch of a wild, flail-like scarecrow, dancing vehemently and blowing soap-bubbles, and which had been intended to front the last title-page, was found among Hoffmann's papers, and engraved and published in his *Life and Remains* — ED.

“ Don't fear that, my good fellow,” cried the Archivarius ; then hastily threw off his night-gown, mounted, to my no small amazement, into the goblet, and vanished in the blaze. Without fear, softly blowing back the flame, I partook of the drink : it was truly precious !

Stir not the emerald leaves of the palm-trees in soft sighing and rustling, as if kissed by the breath of the morning wind ? Awakened from their sleep, they move, and mysteriously whisper of the wonders, which from the far distance approach like tones of melodious harps ! The azure rolls from the walls, and floats like airy vapour to and fro ; but dazzling beams shoot through it ; and whirling and dancing, as in jubilee of childlike sport, it mounts and mounts to immeasurable height, and vaults itself over the palm-trees. But brighter and brighter shoots beam on beam, till in boundless expanse opens the grove where I behold Anselmus. Here glowing hyacinths, and tulips, and roses, lift their fair heads ; and their perfumes, in loveliest sound, call to the happy youth : “ Wander, wander among us, our beloved ; for thou understandest us ! Our perfume is the Longing of Love : we love thee, and are thine for evermore ! ” The golden rays burn in glowing tones : “ We are Fire, kindled by Love. Perfume is Longing ; but Fire is Desire : and dwell we not in thy bosom ? We are thy own ! ” The dark bushes, the high trees rustle

and sound : " Come to us, thou loved, thou happy one ! Fire is Desire ; but Hope is our cool Shadow. Lovingly we rustle round thy head : for thou understandest us, because Love dwells in thy breast !" The brooks and fountains murmur and patter : " Loved one, walk not so quickly by : look into our crystal ! Thy image dwells in us, which we preserve with Love, for thou hast understood us." In the triumphal choir, bright birds are singing : " Hear us ! Hear us ! We are Joy, we are Delight, the rapture of Love !" But anxiously Anselmus turns his eyes to the glorious Temple, which rises behind him in the distance. The fair pillars seem trees ; and the capitals and friezes acanthus leaves, which in wondrous wreaths and figures form splendid decorations. Anselmus walks to the Temple : he views with inward delight the variegated marble, the steps with their strange veins of moss. " Ah, no !" cries he, as if in the excess of rapture, " she is not far from me now ; she is near !" Then advances Serpentina, in the fulness of beauty and grace, from the Temple ; she bears the Golden Pot, from which a bright Lily has sprung. The nameless rapture of infinite longing glows in her meek eyes ; she looks at Anselmus, and says : " Ah ! Dearest, the Lily has sent forth her bowl : what we longed for is fulfilled ; is there a happiness to equal ours ?" Anselmus clasps her with the tenderness of warmest ardour : the Lily burns in flaming beams over his head. And louder move the trees and bushes ; clearer and gladder play the brooks ; the birds,

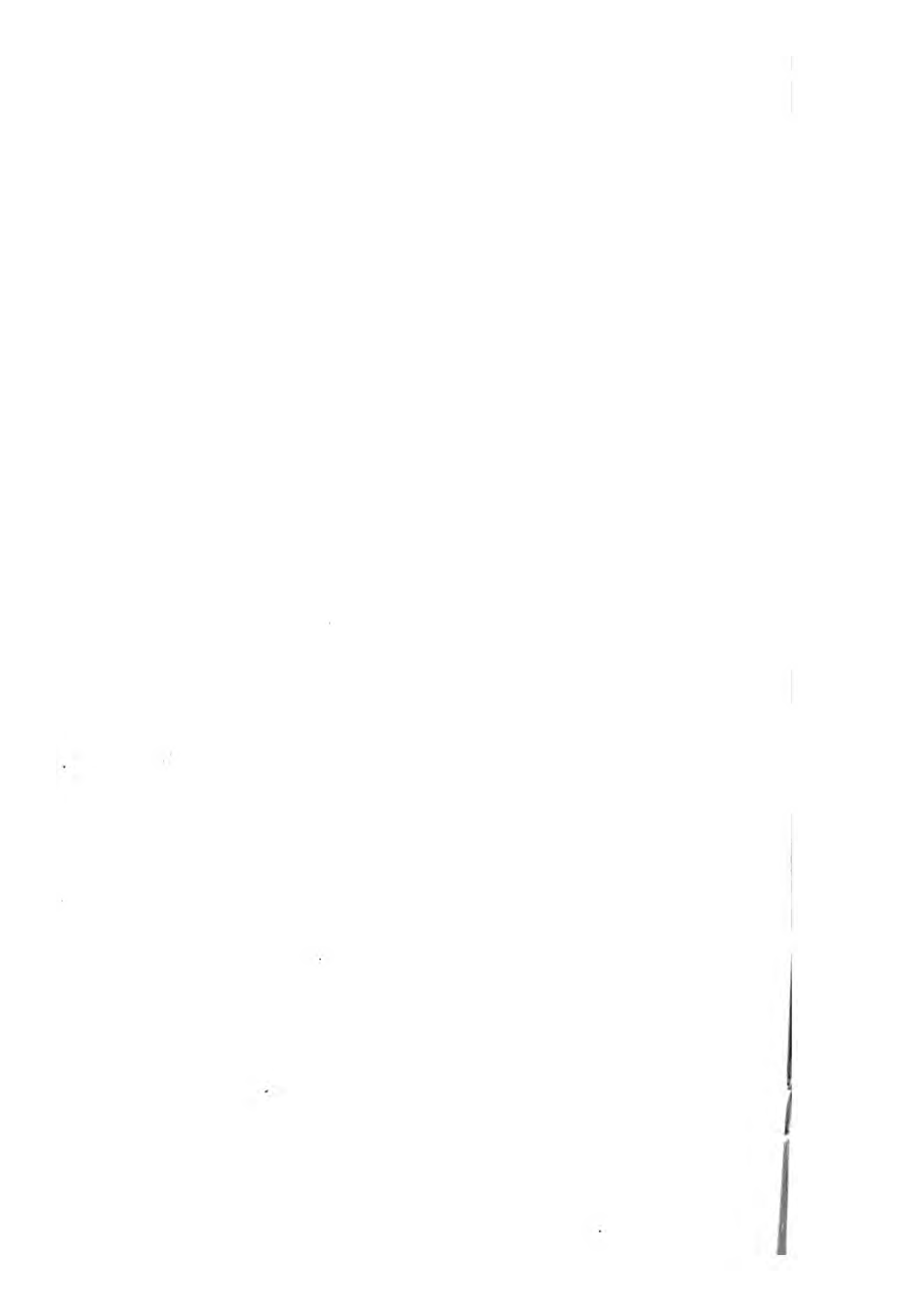
the shining insects dance in the waves of perfume : a gay, bright rejoicing tumult, in the air, in the water, in the earth, is holding the festival of Love ! Now rush sparkling streaks, gleaming over all the bushes ; diamonds look from the ground like shining eyes : strange vapours are wafted hither on sounding wings : they are the Spirits of the Elements, who do homage to the Lily, and proclaim the happiness of Anselmus. Then Anselmus raises his head, as if encircled with a beamy glory. Is it looks ? Is it words ? Is it song ? You hear the sound : “ Serpentina ! Belief in thee, Love of thee has unfolded to my soul the inmost spirit of Nature ! Thou hast brought me the Lily, which sprung from Gold, from the primeval Force of the world, before Phosphorus had kindled the spark of Thought ; this Lily is Knowledge of the sacred Harmony of all Beings ; and in this do I live in highest blessedness for evermore. Yes, I, thrice happy, have perceived what was highest : I must indeed love thee for ever, O Serpentina ! Never shall the golden blossoms of the Lily grow pale ; for, like Belief and Love, this Knowledge is eternal.”

For the vision, in which I had now beheld Anselmus bodily, in his Freehold of Atlantis, I stand indebted to the arts of the Salamander ; and most fortunate was it that, when all had melted into air, I found a paper lying on the violet-table, with the foregoing statement

of the matter, written fairly and distinctly by my own hand. But now I felt myself as if transpierced and torn in pieces by sharp sorrow. " Ah, happy Anselmus, who hast cast away the burden of week-day life, who in the love of thy kind *Serpentina* fliest with bold pinion, and now livest in rapture and joy on thy Freehold in Atlantis ! while I—poor I !—must soon, nay, in few moments, leave even this fair hall, which itself is far from a Freehold in Atlantis ; and again be transplanted to my garret, where, enthralled among the pettinesses of necessitous existence, my heart and my sight are so bedimmed with thousand mischiefs, as with thick fog, that the fair Lily will never, never be beheld by me."

Then *Archivarius Lindhorst* patted me gently on the shoulder, and said : " Soft, soft, my honoured friend ! Lament not so ! Were you not even now in Atlantis ; and have you not at least a pretty little copyhold Farm there, as the poetical possession of your inward sense ? And is the blessedness of *Anselmus* aught else but a Living in Poesy ? Can aught else but Poesy reveal itself as the sacred Harmony of all Beings, as the deepest secret of Nature ?"

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.







—



