

In the year '13

English – Low German



At de Franzosentiet

Engelsch – Plattdeutsch

Fritz Reuter

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Contents / Enthalt

Introduction - Summary	4
Chapter 1	5
Chapter 2	18
Chapter 3	29
Chapter 4	40
Chapter 5	49
Chapter 6	56
Chapter 7	64
Chapter 8	70
Chapter 9	77
Chapter 10	83
Chapter 11	94
Chapter 12	106
Chapter 13	116
Chapter 14	125
Chapter 15	136
Chapter 16	145
Chapter 17	159
Chapter 18	170
Chapter 19	179
Chapter 20	190
Chapter 21	198
Dictionaries	214

Introduction – Fritz Reuter

The outstanding Low German novelist Fritz Reuter was born in 1810 in a small country town in Mecklenburg in northern Germany. Mecklenburg lies between Friesland and Danzig, two earlier areas of concentration of the Mennonites in northern Germany.

Reuter's father was mayor and sheriff of the town, and in addition carried on the work of a farmer. Fritz' early education was at home and at local gymnasia. He began university studies in 1831 at Jena and in 1833 was arrested on political charges. He was condemned to death but his sentence was commuted to thirty years imprisonment. He was set free in 1840 in a general amnesty. At the age of thirty he resumed his studies, but returned to Mecklenburg when these studies faltered.

Reuter then began working on an estate as a trainee. When he was disinherited by his father he began writing. His first efforts were in High German, but he later found success in Low German. His first publication was a collection of poems which appeared in 1853. Minor works followed until 1860, when he launched a highly successful series of stories under the title of *Olle Kamellen* (old stories of bygone days). The first entry was *Ut de Franzosentiet* dealing with events in Germany during the period of the Napoleonic wars. His second entry was *Ut mine Festungstiet* dealing with the author's period of imprisonment. The third entry, his major work, was *Ut mine Stromtid*. This work, given in three volumes, describes the men and women he knew in Mecklenburg, and their real life.

Reuter died on 12 July 1874, but his stories are still loved for their clever portrayal of the nobility and plain folk of the Mecklenburg countryside. While no Mennonites appear in Reuter's work, his stories are of interest to members of this faith. They depict accurately the people and life surrounding Mennonites during the period of their residency in northern Germany. And perhaps more importantly the Low German used by Reuter offers a view of the source language for the Mennonite dialect, Plautdietsch.

Summary – *Ut de Franzosentid*

Ut de Franzosentid is a novel which deals with the resistance in 1813 of the people of a town in Mecklenburg in northern Germany to the French occupation under Napoleon.

The French troops were in retreat from Moscow heading home to France. They demanded quarters and requisitioned provisions from a populace severely impoverished after years of brutal war. The story begins with an assault by marauding soldiers on the town hall. The miller Voss is recruited by the head of office to appease a wild French soldier. Voss engages the Frenchman, drinking with him, and leaving the marauder very drunk. Not desiring to abandon a drinking companion, Voss orders his servant to load the man onto his wagon and bring him home with them. The servant doesn't think this a good idea and along the way dumps the Frenchman in a forest. At the same time he finds many valuable objects looted by the Frenchman, and appropriates these.

In this way a very difficult situation is created for the town. A regular French regiment arrives, and to its commander it appears that the populace has murdered one of his soldiers. He feels compelled to act to preserve the dwindling authority of the French. He begins by making arrest of the townspeople. The townspeople in their turn take heart in the defiance offered by a few brave souls, and embark on the difficult and dangerous enterprise to regain their sovereignty and to evict the foreign invaders.

Ut de Franzosentid was the first successful novel written by Reuter in Low German. He portrays the desperate resistance of the townspeople with humor and sympathy, keeping the brutality in the background. The events are depicted honestly and accurately in keeping with the local characteristics. The story shows modern readers how ordinary citizens can offer courageous resistance against implacable foes without the loss of the humanity which makes their own lives worthwhile.

CHAPTER I

Showing why Miller Voss could not be made a bankrupt, and how he helped the Amtshauptmann in a great difficulty.

I was baptised, and had godfathers: four of them. And, if my godfathers were still alive, and walked through the streets with me, people would stop and say: "Look, what fine fellows! you won't see many such." They were indeed godfathers! And one of them was a head taller than the others, and towered above them as Saul did above his brethren. This was the old Amtshauptmann Weber. He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blackened boots, and his face was so marked by the small-pox that it looked as if the Devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, and in his eyes too you could read, "Not the fear of Man but the fear of God." And he was the right man in the right place.

About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut-trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: "Yes, look old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair, and if I can wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head."

Dat irste Kapittel

Worüm Möller Voß nich Pankerott spelen kann, un woans hei den Herrn Amtshauptmann in grote Not bisteiht.

Döfft bün ick ok un heww ok Pädings hatt: vir Stück. Un wenn min vir Pädings noch lewten un güngen mit mi äwer de Strat, denn würden de Lüd' still stahn un seggen: "Kikt, wat sünd dat för däge Kirls! Nah so'n Ort kann ein up Stun'ns lang säuken; dat sünd noch Pädings!" Un ein was dorunner, de was en Kopp länger as de annern un kek äwer ehr rut as Saul äwer sine Bräuder; dat was de oll Amtshauptmann Wewer un hadd en saubern blagen Rock an un 'ne gelrige Hos' un lange blankgewichste Stäweln, un was sin Gesicht ok von Pocken terreten un hadd de Düwel ok sin Arwten dorup döscht, dat hei utsach, as hadd hei mit dat Gesicht up en Ruhrstaul seten; up sin breide Stirn stunn schrewen un ut sin blagen Ogen kunnt ji lesen: "Kein Minschenfurcht, woll äwer Gottesfurcht!" Un hei was en Kirl up en Platz.

Des Morgens hentau elwen, denn satt bei midden in de Stuw' up en Staul, un sine leiwe Fru snerte en denn 'ne witte Schawrack üm den Hals, wat sei dunnmals en "Purgiermantel" näumen deden, un stöwte em mit Puder in un bünnd de Hor hin'n tausam un drehte em en nüdlichen Zopp.

Dat was denn grad nicks Besonders, un uns' Frugenslud' dreih'n uns achter'n Rücken jo ok noch ümmer en nüdlichen Zopp; äwer so einen, as de Fru Amtshauptman'n drehen ded, so einen krigen uns' Ort nu nich mihr t'recht, denn wenn de oll Herr 's Middags unner de Kastannenböm in'n Schatten spazieren gung, denn kek dat oll lütt Spitzbauwen-Zöppken so fidel un vernimm äwer den blagen Rockkragen weg un säd tau jeden, de 't hüren wull: "Ja, kik, Klas Abendsegen! Wat du di denkst? Ick bün blot dat bütelst En'n von sinen Kopp un wippel all so kurjos in de Welt herin, nu kannst du di verstellen, wo lustig dat

binnen utsüht.”

When I took him a message from my father, and managed to give it straight off, he would pat me on the head, and then say: “Now, away with you, boy. Off, like a shot! When you pull the trigger the gun mustn't hang fire, but must go off like a flash of lightning. Run to Mamsell Westphalen, and ask her for an apple.”

To my father he would say: “Well, friend, what do you think? Are not you glad that you have a son, boys are much better than girls; girls are always fretting and crying. Thank God, I have a boy too, my Joe. What say you, eh!”

My father told my mother. “Do you know,” said he, “what the old Amtshauptmann says? Boys are better than girls.” Now, I was in the room at the time and overheard this, and of course I said to myself: “My godfather is always right, boys are better than girls, and every one should have his deserts.” So I took the large piece of plumcake for myself and gave my sister the small one, and thought not a little of myself, for I knew now that I was the larger half of the apple. But this was not to last; the tables were to be turned.

One day, it was at the time when the rascally French had just come back from Russia, and everything was in commotion, some one knocked at the Herr Amtshauptmann's door. “Come in,” cried the old gentleman, and in came old Miller Voss of Gielow, ducking his head nearly down to the ground by way of a bow.

“Good afternoon, Herr Amtshauptmann,” said he. “Good morning. Miller.”

Now, though the one said “good afternoon” and the other said “good morning,” each was right from his own point of view; for the Miller got up at four

Un wenn ick denn 'ne Bestellung utrichten ded von minen Vader un hadd't glatt rut kregen, denn slog hei mi up den Kopp un säd: “Fix, Jung', as en Füerslott! Dat möt nich lang' hacken un knarren un knacken; as du losdrückst, möt't ok blitzen. Nu gah hen nah Mamsell Westphalen un lat di en Appel gewen.”

Tau minen Vader säd hei denn: “Min Herzenskindting, ne, wat denn? Sei freu'n sick woll ok, dat Sei en Jungen hewwen. Jungs sünd beter as Dirns; Dirns sünd mi tau quarig. Gottlob, ick heww ok en Jungen; ick mein minen Jochen. Ne, wat denn?”

Min Vader säd tau min Moder: “Weißt, wat de oll Amtshauptmann seggt? Jungs sünd beter as Dirns.” Ick stunn äwer in de Kamer un hör't dat un säd natürlich: “Ja woll”, säd ick, “min Päding hett ümmer recht, Jungs sünd beter as Dirns, un allens nah Verdeinst un Würdigkeit”, un namm dat grot Stück Pottkauken un gaww min Swester dat lütt un bild't mi nicks Gerings in, denn ick wüßt jo nu, dat ick en grot Stück von en lütten Appel was. Äwer dat süll nich so bliwen; de Sak, de kreg en Ümswang.

Eines Dags, 't was in de Tid, as dat Takeltüg, de Franzosen, ut Rußland t'rügg kamen wiren un as sick dat all bi uns so rögen würd, kloppt wer an den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Stuw'. ‘Herein!’ rep de oll Herr, un rinne kamm oll Möller Voß ut Gielow, mit't verkihr't En'n tauirst, un makt en Diner, de hellsch dwaslings rute kamm, as müßt bei den Herrn Amtshauptmann vör allen Dingen irst wisen, von wat för 'ne Ort Tüg sin Hosenbodden makt wir.

“Gun Dag, Herr Amtshauptmann!” säd hei. “Gun Morr'n, min leiw' Möller!” säd de oll Herr.

Na, wenn sei sick ok verschiedene Dagstid böden, so hadden sei doch, jedwerein up sin Ort, recht, denn de Möller stunn des Morgens Klock vir up,

o'clock in the morning, and with him it was afternoon, while with the Amtshauptmann it was still early in the morning, as he did not rise till eleven.

“What is it, Miller?”

“Herr Amtshauptmann, I've come to you about a weighty matter. I'll tell you what it is: I want to be made a bankrupt.”

“What, Miller!”

“I want to be made a bankrupt, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Hm, Hm,” muttered the Amtshauptmann, “that's an ugly business.” And he paced up and down the room scratching his head. “How long have you been at the Bailiwick of Stemhagen?”

“Three and thirty years come Midsummer.”

“Hm, hm,” again muttered the Amtshauptmann, “and how old are you, Miller?”

“Come peas-harvest five-and-sixty, or may be six-and-sixty; for as to our old Pastor Hammerschmidt he wasn't much given to writing, and didn't trouble his head about parish registers, and the Frau Pastor, who made the entries, I' faith she had a deal to do besides, only attended to them every three years, so that there might be enough to make it worth while; and then some fine afternoon she would go through the village and write down the children's ages, but more according to height and size than to what they really were; and my mother always said she had cut off a year from me, because I was small and weakly. Bat less than five-and-sixty I'm not. I am sure of that.”

During this speech the Amtshauptmann had kept walking up and down the room, listening with only one ear; he now stood still before the Miller, looked straight into his eyes, and said sharply: “Then, Miller Voss, you're much too old for anything of the kind.”

“How so, Herr?” exclaimed the poor Miller,

un bi em was 't Nahmiddagstid, un bi den Herrn Amtshauptmann was't tidig an'n Morgen, denn hei stunn Klock elwen up.

“Wat wull Hei, min leiw' Möller?” Denn dunn würden de Möllers noch “Hei” heiten. “Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, ick kam tau Sei in 'ne grote Sak. Ick wull Sei man mellen, ick wull nu ok Pankerott spelen.”

“Wat wull Hei, min leiw' Möller?”

“Pankerott spelen, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Hm, hm!” brummt de oll Herr, “das ist ja eine verzweifelte Sache”, un riwwt sick den Kopp un geiht in de Stuw' up un dal. “Wo lang' wahnt Hei all in dat Stemhäger Amt?”

“Taukamen Jehanni warden't dreiundörtig Johr.”

“Hm, hm”, brummt de Herr Amtshauptmann wider, “un wo olt is Hei, Möller?”

“In'n Arwtaust warden't fiwunsööstig Johr, känen mäglich ok sößunsööstig sin, denn wat uns' oll Paster Hammersmidt was, de was nich sihr för de Kirchenbäuker un för Schriwen äwerall nich, un de Fru Pastern, de dat Anschriwen besorgen ded, leiwer Gott, sei hadd ok süs ehr Last, de let dat ümmer up en drei Johr ansummen, dormit dat sick de Schriweri ok lohnen ded, un gung denn eins 's Nahmiddags dörch dat Dörp un schrew de Gören an; äwer dat gung denn ümmer mihr nah de Grött un nah de Vülligkeit as nah't Öller, un min Moder säd ümmer, sei hadd mi 'n Johr in'n Schaden rekent, wil dat ick man en knendlich Kind west wir. Äwer von fiwunsööstig bruk ick mi nicks afstriden tau laten, de bün ick wiß.”

De oll Herr Amtshauptmann is währenndes in de Stuw up un dal gahn un hett mit halven Uhr tauhürt un steiht nu vör den Möller still un kickt em stiw in de Ogen rin un seggt barsch: “Möller Voß, denn is Hei vel tau olt tau Sin Vörnehmen.”

“Wo so denn?” fröggt de Möller ganz

quite cast down.

"Bankruptcy is a hard matter; at your age you could not carry it through."

"Do you think so, Herr?"

"Yes, I do. We are both too old for it. We must leave such things to younger people. What do you think folks would say if I were to get myself declared bankrupt? Why, they would say, of course, the old Amtshauptmann up at the Schloss has gone quite mad! And," added he, laying his hand gently on the Miller's shoulder, "they would be right, Miller Voss. What say you, eh?"

The Miller looked down at the toes of his boots and scratched his head: "It's true, Herr."

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "where does the shoe pinch? What is troubling you?"

"Troubling! say you, Herr Amtshauptmann," shouted the Miller, clapping his hand to the side of his head as if a wasp had stung him.

"Troubling! Torturing, you mean. Torturing! That Jew! That cursed Jew! And then the lawsuit, Herr Amtshauptmann, the cursed lawsuit!"

"Look you, Miller, that's another of your follies, entangling yourself at your age in a lawsuit."

"True enough, Herr; but when I began it I was in my prime and thought to be able to fight it out; now, I see clear enough that your lawsuit has a longer breath than an honest Miller."

"But I think it's coming to an end now."

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and then I shall be hard up, for my affairs are in a bad way. The lawyers have muddled them, and as for my uncle, old Joe Voss, why his son who will soon get possession of all is a downright vagabond, and they say he's sworn a great oath to oust me

verduzt.

"Pankerottmaken is en swer Geschäft, dor ward Hei in Sinen Öller nich mihr mit farig."

"Meinen Sei, Herr Amtshauptmann?"

"Ja, dat mein ick. Wi sünd dor beid tau olt tau, dat möt wi jung'n Lüd' äwerlaten. Bedenk Hei mal, wat würden de Lüd' seggen, wenn ick Pankerott spelen wull? Sei würden seggen: de oll Amtshauptmann up den Sloß is nahrsch worden", un läd em nahdrücklich de Hand up de Schuller, "un sei hadden recht, Möller Voß. Ne, wat denn?"

De Möller kickt sin Stäwelsnuten an un kratzt sick achter de Uhren: "Woher is't, Herr!"

"Na", fröggt de oll Herr un schüddelt den Möller so'n beten an de Schuller, "wo drückt Em denn de Schau? Wat quält Em denn hauptsächlich?"

"Quälen, seggen Sei, Herr Amtshauptmann?" rep de Möller, un 't was, as hadd em 'ne Imm achter't Uhr steken, so kratzt bei.

"Schinnen, Herr, süllen Sei seggen, schinnen! De Jud', de verfluchtige Jud'! Un denn de Prinzeß, Herr Amtshauptmann, de verfluchtige Prinzeß!"

"Süht Hei, Möller, dat is ok en Hansbunkenstreich von Em, dat Hei sick in Sinen Öller in en Prozeß rin giwwt."

"Je, Herr, as ick mi in den rin gaww, was ick noch in gauden Johren, un ick dacht ok so, ick würd em noch bi Lewstiden utfechten; äwer ick mark woll, so'n Prinzeß hett en längern Aten, as 'ne ihrlich Möllerlung' uthollen kann."

"Hei löppt nu äwer, mein ick, stark tau En'n."

"Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann, un denn löppt hei mi dod, denn min Sak ward woll slimm stahn, un de Avkaten hewwen s' verbruddelt, un wat minen Vaterbrauder, den ollen Jochen Vossen, sin Sähn is, de nu dat Ganze arwen deiht, dat sall so'n richtigen Slus'uhr sin, un de Lüd' seggen

from the Borcherts Inn at Malchin. But I have the right on my side, Herr Amtshauptmann. And how I got into this lawsuit I don't know to this day, for old Frau Borcherts while she was still alive, she was the aunt of my mother's sister's daughter, and Joe Voss, he was my cousin..."

jo, hei hett en Swur dorup dahn, dat hei mi rutsmiten will ut de Borchertsche Wirtschaft tau Malchin. Un, Herr Amtshauptmann, ick heww 'ne gerechte Sak, un wo ick tau'n Prinzeß kamen bün, weit ick hüt noch nich, denn de oll Borchertsch, as sei noch lewen ded, was de Tanten von min Mutter ehr Swesterdochter, un Jochen Voß, wat min Vedder was..."

"I know the story," interrupted the Amtshauptmann, "and if you would follow my advice, you would make it up."

"Ick weit de Geschicht", seggt de Herr Amtshauptmann, "un wenn ick Em raden kann, denn verglik Hei sick."

"But I can't, Herr, for Joe Voss's rascally son wouldn't be satisfied with less than half the money, and if I pay that, I shall be a beggar. No, Herr Amtshauptmann, it may go as it will, but one thing I'm resolved on, I won't give in though I go to prison for it. Is a ruffian like that, who struts about with his father's money in his pocket, spending it right and left, and who doesn't know what it is to have to keep up a house in these hard times, and who's never had his cattle carried off by those cursed French, nor his horses stolen out of the stable, nor his house plundered, is such a rascal as that, to get the better of me? By your leave, Herr, I could kick the fellow."

"Dat kann ick nich, Herr! Unner de Hälft deiht dat Jochen Vossen sin Slüngel nich, un wenn ick de rut gewen sall, bün 'ck en Snurrer. Ne, Herr Amtshauptmann, 't mag gahn, wohen 't gahn will, gewen dauh 'ck mi nich, ick gah bet an den Herzog. So'n Slüngel, so'n Näs'water, de mit sin Vaders Geld in de Tasch gahn un trecken kann, wo hei will, un nich weit, wo 'n Minschen tau Maud' is, de 'n Husstand erhollen sall in desen slichten Tiden, den de gottverdammten Hallunken-Franzosen sin Veih nich namen hewwen un sin Mähren nich ut den Stall treckt hewwen un sin Hus nich plünnert hewwen, de will sick gegen mi rāken? Herr Amtshauptmann, Sei verlöwen woll, ick haust in so'n Bengel, un nemen S' nich äwel, wenn ick unbescheiden bün."

"Miller Voss, gently, Miller Voss," said the old gentleman, "the lawsuit will come to an end sometime or other. It is going on."

"Möller Voß", seggt de oll Herr, "ruhig, Möller Voß! De Prozeß kümmt jo ok enmal tau En'n, denn hei is jo in vullen Gang."

"Going, Herr Amtshauptmann? It's flying, as the Devil said when he tied the Bible to his whip and swung it round his head."

"In'n Gang, Herr Amtshauptmann? Ne, hei 's in'n Swung, as de Düwel säd, dunn hadd bei Gottswurd in de Pietsch bunnen un swenkt't sick üm den Kopp rüm."

"True, true. Miller Voss; but at present you're not much pressed."

"Wohr, Möller Voß, wohr is't! Äwer indessen, dit kann Em doch up den Ogenblick nich so drücken."

"Pressed? Why, I'm fixed in a vice, in a vice, I say! That Jew, Herr Amtshauptmann, that thrice cursed Jew!"

"Drücken? Klemmen, seggen Sei, Herr, klemmen, dat einen dat Blaud ut de Fingerspitzen spritzt. De Jud', Herr Amtshauptmann, de dreimal distellierte Jud'!"

"What Jew is it?" asks the Herr Amtshauptmann. And the Miller twirls his hat between his finger and thumb, looks cautiously round to see that no one is listening, draws closer to the old gentleman, and, laying a finger on his lip, whispers: "Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Whew!" said the old Herr. "How came you to be mixed up with that fellow?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, how came the ass to have long ears? Some go to gather wild strawberries, and get stung by nettles. The sexton of Gaegelow thought his wheelbarrow was full of holy angels, and when he had got to the top of the mountain and expected to see them fly up to heaven, the Devil's grandmother was sitting in the wheelbarrow, and she grinned at him and said: 'Neighbour, we shall meet again!' In my troubles, when the enemy had taken everything I had, I borrowed two hundred thalers from him, and for the last two years I have been obliged to renew the bill from term to term, and the debt has crept up to five hundred thalers, and the day after to-morrow I shall be forced to pay it."

"But, Miller, did you sign?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Then you must pay. What's written is written."

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thought..."

"It can't be helped, Miller; what's written is written."

"But the Jew?..."

"Miller, what's written is written."

"Then, Herr Amtshauptmann, what shall I do?" The old gentleman began again to walk backwards and forwards in the room, tapping his forehead. At last he stopped, looked earnestly in the Miller's face, and said: "Miller, young people get out of such difficulties better than old ones; send me one of your boys."

The old Miller looked once more at the toes of his boots, and then turning his face away, said in a tone which went straight to

"Wecke Jud' is dat?" fröggt de Herr Amtshauptmann. Un de Möller dreiht sinen Haut in de Fingern un kickt sick so hallweg üm, ob em ok ein hört, un slept de Tritten so langsam an den ollen Herrn ran, leggt de Hand an den Mund un flüstert halwlud: "De' Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Pfui!" seggt de oll Herr. "Wo kümmt Hei tau den Kirl?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, wo kümmt de Esel tau de langen Uhren? Weck gahn nah'n Irbeernplücken un verbrennen sick in'n Nettel, un de Gägelowsch Köster glöwt, bei hadd sin Schuwkohr vull heilige Engel, un as bei baben up den Barg kamm un as bei glöwt, sei sullen nu upburren, dunn satt den Düwel sin Großmoder dorin un grint em an un säd: ›Vader, wi spreken uns wider!‹ – In mine grötste Not, as de Find mi allens namen hadd, heww ik mi tweihunnert Daler von em leihnt, un nu heww ick sid zwei Johr von Termin tau Termin mi ümmer unnerschriwen müßt, un de Schuld is ruppe krapen bet up fiwhunnert Daler, un äwermorgen sall ick sei betahlen."

"Möller, hett Hei sick unnerschrewen?"

"Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Denn möt Hei s' ok betahlen. Wat schrewen is, is schrewen."

"Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, ick dacht..."

"Helpt Em nicks: wat schrewen is, is schrewen."

"Äwer de Jud'..."

"Möller, wat schrewen is, is schrewen."

"Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, wat dauh ick denn dorbi?" De oll Herr gung in de Stuw' rüm un rew sick den Kopp un kek den Möller denn mal wedder so recht irnsthaft an, un de Möller kek em wedder so an, un endlich säd hei: "Möller, jung' Lüd' kamen ut so'n Verlegenheiten beter rut as oll; schick Hei mi einen von Sin Jungs."

De oll Möller kek sick wedder up de Stäwelsnuten un dreiht sick 'ne halwe Wenning rüm un säd mit 'ne Stimm, de

the old Amtshauptmann's heart: "Sir, whom shall I send? My Joe was ground to death in the mill, and Karl was carried off to Russia by the French last year, and he's not come back."

"Miller," replied the old Amtshauptmann patting him on the back, "have you then no children at all?"

"I have," said he wiping a tear from his eye, "a little girl left."
"Well, Miller, I am not particularly fond of girls myself, they are always fretting and crying."

"That's true, sir, they are always fretting and crying."
"And they can be of no use in a matter like this, Miller."
"But what will happen to me then?"

"The Jew will put in an execution, and will take away everything."
"Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, the French have done that twice already, so the Jew may as well try it now. At any rate he will leave the millstone behind. And you think I'm too old to be made bankrupt?"

"Yes, Miller, I fear so."
"Well, then, good day, Herr Amtshauptmann." And so he went away.

The old gentleman stands still a while and looks after the Miller as he goes across the courtyard of the Schloss, and says to himself: "It's hard for one old man to see another gradually going to ruin through the bad times and bad people. But who can help him?... The only thing is to give him time. Five hundred thalers!! Who in these days can pay down five hundred thalers?... Take away old Roggenbom of Scharfzow, and I think you might set the whole bailiwick of Stemhagen, town and all, on its head, and no five hundred thalers would fall out... And Roggenbom won't do it... Possibly at Easter it might be done; but the Jew will not wait as long as

gung den ollen Herrn Amtshauptmann dörch un dörch: "Herr, wen sall ick schicken? Min Jochen hett sick dod mahl't, un Korlen hewwen verleden Johr de Franzosen mitnamen nah Rußland, un hei 's nich wedder kamen."

"Möller", seggt de oll Amtshauptmann un strakt den ollen Möller den Puckel dal un fött em unner dat Kinn, "hett Hei denn gor kein Kinner?"

"Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann", seggt hei un wischt sick äwer de Ogen, "noch so'n lütt Dirnwarks."
"Je", seggt de oll Herr, "Möller, ick bün nich sihr för de Dirns, Dirns sünd mi tau quarig!"

"Dat sünd sei, Herr, sei sünd tau quarig!"
"Un nützen känen sei Em in so'n Umstän'n gor nich, Möller."
"Wat ward denn ut min Sak?"

"Exkutschon, oll Fründ; de Jud' ward Em allens wegdragen laten."
"Na, Herr Amtshauptmann, dat hett de Franzos' all tweimal dahn, denn kann't de Jud' nu ok mal versäuken. De Mählenstein ward hei jo liggen laten. Un tau'n Pankerott, meinen Sei, bün ick tau olt?"

"Ja, min leiw' Möller."
"Na, denn adjüs, Herr Amtshauptmann!"
Dormit gung hei.

De oll Herr steiht noch 'ne Wil un kickt den Möller nah, as hei äwer den Sloßhof geiht, un seggt tau sick: "t is en slim Stück für einen ollen Mann, den annern so allmählich an de slichten Tiden un an de noch slichteren Minschen tau Grun'n gahn tau seihn. Wer äwer kann em helpen? Dat einzigst is, em Tid gewinnen laten. Fiwhunnert Daler! Wer hett up Stun'ns fiwhunnert Daler? Ick glöw, wenn de oll Roggenbom tau Scharpzow utnamen ward, denn kann em dat ganze Stemhäger Amt up den Kopp stellen un de Stadt dortau, dor fallen kein fiwhunnert Daler rut; un Roggenbom deiht dat nich. Tau Ostern güng dat möglicher Wis'; so

that. Yes, yes, they are hard times for everybody.”

But while he thus stood and looked out of the window, the courtyard became full of life, and seven French Chasseurs rode in at the gate. One of them got down, and fastened his horse to the door of Mamsell Westphalen's hen-house, and went straight into the Amtshauptmann's room, and began swearing and gesticulating at him, while the old gentleman remained standing, and stared at him.

But as it grew more serious, and the Frenchman began to draw his sword, the Amtshauptmann stepped towards the bell and called for his factotum Fritz Sahlmann, who used to run his errands for him, and “Fritz,” said he, “run down to the Herr Burmeister and see if he cannot come up here a little while, for I have come to the end of my Latin.”

And Fritz Sahlmann now comes down to my father and says: “Herr Burmeister, come quickly to the Amtshauptmann's help, or, by my life, things will go badly.”

“Why, what's the matter?” asks my father. “There are six rascally French Chasseurs in the courtyard at the Schloss, and the Captain of them, he is in with the Herr, and has forgotten his manners, and has drawn his sword, and is brandishing it before the eyes of the Herr, and the Herr stands fixed to the spot, and doesn't move an inch; for he knows about as much of French as the cow does of Sunday.”

“The devil!” said my father and jumped up, for he was a quick, determined man, and did not know what fear meant.

When he entered the room, the Frenchman was rushing about like a wild beast, and the words came sputtering out of his mouth like the beer from a barrel without a bung. The Amtshauptmann was standing quite still, and had his French

lang' täuwt äwer de Jud' nich. Ja, ja! För olle Lüd' is't 'ne slimme Tid!”

Un as hei noch so rute kickt ut dat Finster, dunn ward dat buten so lewig up den Hof, un säben französche Schassürs riden in't Dur rin, un de ein stiggt af un binnt sin Pird an de Klink von Mamsell Westphalen ehren Hühnerstall un geiht stracks rinne nah den ollen Herrn sin Stuw' un fangt dor an, em wat vör tau ßackerieren un mit de Arm tau fuchteln, wobi de oll Herr ganz ruhig stahn bliwwt un em ankickt.

As dat äwer düller ward un de Franzos' de Plämp blank treckt, geiht de oll Herr an de Klingel un röppt nah Fritz Sahlmannen, wat sin Klafakter was un de lopenden Geschäfte besorgen müßt, un hei seggt: “Fritz”, seggt hei, “lop runne nah den Herrn Burmeister, ob hei nich glik en beten kamen wull, denn min Latin wir wedder mal tau En'n.”

Un Fritz Sahlmann kümmt nu dal nah minen Vader un seggt: “Herr Burmeister, kamen S' fixing ruppe nah't Sloß; dat geiht süs allmeindag nich gaud!”

“Wat is 'e denn los?” fröggt min Oll. “Up den Sloßhof hollen söß entfahmtige französche Spitzbauwen-Schassürs, un wat de Öbberst von ehr is, de is binnen bi den ollen Herrn un hett allen Respekt vergeten un hett blank treckt un fackelt em mit de nackte Plämp vör de Ogen, un de oll Herr steiht vör em steidel in En'n un rüppelt un rögt sick nich, denn hei versteiht so vel von't Französch as de Kauh von'n Sünndag.”

“Dat wir der Deuvel!” seggt min Oll un sprung up, denn hei was en kräsigen resolvierten Mann, un Furcht hadd hei nich so vel as dat Swart' unner'n Nagel, un lep up't Sloß.

As min Oll rin kümmt tau den Herrn Amtshauptmann, dunn futert de Franzos' dor rüm as en will Dirt, un ut sin Mulwark prust't dat herut, as wenn en Tappen ut 'ne Tunn treckt is; de oll Herr äwerst steiht ruhig dor un hett sinen Tikzionnöhr

pocket dictionary in his hand, and whenever he caught a word the Frenchman said, he turned over the leaves to see what the dictionary made of it, and when my father came in, he asked: "My friend, what does the fellow want? Eh! Ask the fellow what he wants."

My father thereupon began to speak to the Frenchman, but he was so loud and vehement, shouted and gesticulated so much, that the old Amtshauptmann asked: "What is he so excited for, friend?" Well, at last my father got out of the Frenchman what it was he wanted: "fifteen fat oxen, and a load of corn, and seven hundred ells of green cloth, and a hundred louis d'ors;" and a great deal "doo vang," (as my father told the Amtshauptmann) for himself, and his men besides. "My friend," then said the old Herr, "tell the fellow he is a scound..."

"Stop!" cried my father, "don't say that word, Herr Amtshauptmann, he will often have heard it lately, and maybe he understands it. No, I advise that we should give him plenty 'doo vang' now, it will be time enough to think of the rest afterwards." And the Herr Amtshauptmann agreed, and ordered Fritz Sahlmann to get glasses and wine from Mamsell Westphalen, "but not the best."

Well, the wine comes, and my father fills the Frenchman's glass and the Frenchman fills my father's, and they drink and fill alternately, and my father soon says: "Herr Amtshauptmann, you must sit down too and help me, for this fellow is a cask without a bottom."

"My friend," answered the Amtshauptmann, "I am an old man and the chief justiciary in his Grace's bailiwick of Stemhagen; it is not fitting that I should sit and drink with this fellow."

"Yes," said my father, "but necessity knows no law, and besides, this is for our

von Pochen in de Hand, un wenn hei'n Wurd von den Franzosen hallweg' versteiht, denn sleiht hei nah, wat Poche woll dortau seggen deiht, un as min Oll heran kümmt, dunn fröggt hei: "Min Herzenskindting, wat will de Kirl? Ne, wat denn? Fragen S' doch den Kirl, wat hei will."

Min Vader fangt also mit den Kirl an tau reden, de äwer stellt sick so ungebärdig un schimpt un schandiert, dat de oll Amtshauptmann wedder fröggt: "Min Herzenskindting, wat iwert sick de Kirl?" Na, endlich kriggt min Oll den Franzosen so wid, dat hei mit sin Sak herut rückt, un as hei nu den ollen Herrn verfloren deiht, dat de Franzmann föfteihn fett Ossen un 'ne Last Weiten un säbenhunnert Ehl gräun Laken un hunnert Luggerdur verlangt un denn för sick un sin Lüd' noch velen "dü Wäng", dunn seggt de oll Amtshauptmann: "Min Herzenskindting, seggen S' den Kirl, wi wull'n em brav..."

"Holt!" röppt min Oll, "Herr Amtshauptmann! Dat Wurd seggen Sei nich, dat ward hei in de letzte Tid up vel Fläg' all hört hewwen, un hei künn't mägliche Wis' verstahn. Ne, ick rad dortau, wi gewen em den dü Wäng', denn mag jo woll dat anner in de Hor drögen." Un de Herr Amtshauptmann giwwt em recht un röppt Fritz Sahlmannen, hei sall von Mamsell Westphalen Gläs' un Win besorgen, äwer nich von den besten.

Na, de Win, de kümmt, un min Vader schenkt den Franzosen in, un de Franzos' schenkt minen Vader in, un 't geht ümmer ümschichtig, un min Oll, de seggt: "Herr Amtshauptmann", seggt hei, "Sei möten mit ran un möten mi helpen, denn dit is ein von de Ort, de keinen Bodden in'n Liw' hett."

"Min Herzenskindting", seggt de oll Herr, "ick bün en ollen Mann un bün irste Herzogliche Beamte in't Stemhäger Amt, wo paßt sick dat vör mi, dat ick mi mit den Kirl in de Zech gew?"

"Je", seggt min Oll, "Not kennt kein Gebot; un dit is för't Vaterland."

country.”

And so the old Herr sat down and did his best. But after some time my father said: “Herr Amtshauptmann, the fellow is too many for us; what a mercy it would be if we could get hold of some one with a strong head.”

And as he said this, there came a knock at the door. “Come in.”

“Good day,” says old Miller Voss of Gielow, coming in, “good day, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Good day, Miller, what is the matter now?”

“O! Herr, I have come again about my lawsuit.”

“There's no more time for that to-day; you see the position we are in.”

But my father cried out: “Voss, come here, and do a Christian deed. Just seat yourself by this Frenchman and drink him down.” Miller Voss looked first at my father and then at the Amtshauptmann, and thought to himself: “I've never been at a session like this before;” but nevertheless he soon found himself at home in it.

My father now goes to the Amtshauptmann, and says: “Herr Amtshauptmann, this is our man; he will finish the fellow, I know him.”

“Good,” said the old Herr, “but how are we to get rid of the six fellows out there in the courtyard?”

“They are but a band of ruffians and marauders,” replied my father, “only let me do as I like, and I will soon get rid of them,” and he called Fritz Sahlmann and said: “Fritz, my lad, go down through the Schloss-garden, mind no one sees you, and run to Droz the watchmaker; he is to put on his uniform and his black leggings and bearskin and sword and gun, and slip across the garden through the little green gate to the corner window, and then

Un de oll Herr set't sick mit ran un wirkt ok nah Kräften. Doch nah einige Wil seggt min Oll: ”Herr Amtshauptmann, de Kirl ward uns äwer; dat wir 'ne Gnad von Gott, wenn hei uns up Stun'ns einen schicken ded, de en gauden Magen un en fasten Kopp hett.” Un as hei dit seggt, dunn kloppt dor wat an de Dör. ”Herein!”

“Gun Dag ok!” seggt oll Möller Voß ut Gielow un kümmt in de Dör. “Gun Dag, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Gun Dag, min leiw' Möller.”

“Je, Herr, ick kam noch mal in min Sak.”

”Dor is hüt kein Tid dortau”, seggt de oll Herr, ”denn Hei süht woll, in wat för Umstän'n wi uns befindenen.”

Un min Vater röppt: “Min leiw' Voß, kam Hei her un dau Hei en christlich Wark un legg Hei sick dwars vör den Franzosen in't Geschirr un nehm Hei'n mal tau Protokoll, äwer scharp.” Un Möller Voß kickt minen Ollen an un kickt den Herrn Amtshauptmann an un denkt sin Deil as jenne Kuhnahn un seggt tau sick: up so'n Gerichtsdag bün 'ck noch nich west, find't sick äwer licht in de Sak.

Min Vater geht nu an den Herrn Amtshauptmann ran un seggt: “Herr Amtshauptmann, dit is uns' Mann, de ward mit em farig, ick kenn em.”

“Schön”, seggt de oll Herr, ”min Herzenskindting, wo warden wi äwer mit de söß Kirls hir buten up den Sloßplatz farig?”

“Dit is man so'ne Marodür- und Ströper-Ban'n”, seggt min Oll, ”laten S' mi man minen Willen, ick mak sei grugen”; un hei röppt Fritz Sahlmannen un seggt: “Fritz, min Sähn, gah hinnen dörch den Sloßgoren, dat di keiner süht, un lop nah den Uhrkenmaker Droz, un hei süll stantepeh sin Unneform antrecken mit de langen swarten Stifeletten un de Borenmütz un Obergewehr un Unnergewehr un süll sick dörch de lütt

cough.”

Now as concerns Droz the watchmaker, he was by birth a Neufchatelois; he had served under many flags, amongst them the French, and at last had come to a halt in my native town, where he had married a widow and settled. He had hung up his French uniform, and in the evening twilight when it was too dark to see to mend watches, he used to put it on and strut up and down his little room, but with his head bare, as the ceiling was too low for him to wear his bearskin. And then he would talk about “la grande nation” and “le grand Empereur” and command the division: Right wheel: Left wheel: Right about face: till his wife and children crept behind the bed for fear. But he was a good man and would not hurt a fly, and the next day “la grande nation” would be safe in the cupboard, and he mending away at his watches and eating Mecklenburg dumplings dipped in the fat of Mecklenburg bacon.

Well, while the watchmaker was buttoning on his leggings and putting on his bearskin. Miller Voss sat drinking with the Frenchman, both working well at the Amtshauptmann's red wine, and the Frenchman clinked glasses with the Miller and said: “A vous!” and the Miller then took his glass, drank and said: “Pooh, pooh!” and then the Miller clinked glasses with the Frenchman, and the Frenchman thanked him and said: “Serviteur,” and then the Miller drank again and said: “Rasc'lly cur!” And in this way they went on drinking and talking French together.

Gradually they became more and more friendly, and the Frenchman put his sword in its sheath, and before very long they were in each other's arms. At this moment a cough was heard under the corner window, and my father stole out and gave the watchmaker directions what he was to do. But the Herr Amtshauptmann kept

gräun Purt dörch den Goren sliken bet unner dat Eckfinster, un denn süll hei hausten.”

Wat nu den Uhrkenmaker Droz anbedrapen deiht, so was hei von Geburt en Nöffschandeller, hadd vele Potentaten deint un ok de Franzosen un was nahsten in min Vaderstadt hacken blewen, indem dat hei 'ne Wittfru frigen ded. Sine französche Unneform hadd hei uphegt, un wenn hei des Abends in de Schummerstun'n tau'n Uhrenflicken nich mihr seihn kunn, denn treckt hei sick sin Mondierung an un gung ümmer in sin lütt Kamer up un dal; äwer in'n Horen, denn mit de Borenmütz gung't nich, de schrammt an'n Bähn. Un denn redte hei von "la grang Nationg" un "lö grang Amperör" un kommandierte dat ganze Batteljon un let rechts inswenken un links inhau'n, dat sick Fru un Kinner achter't Bedd verkröpen. Hei was äwer en gauden Mann un ded kein Kind wat, un Dags äwer lagg "la grang Nationg" in'n Kuffert, un hei flickte Uhren un puste un smerte sei un att meckelbörgsch Pölltüften un stippte sei in meckelbörgsch Speck.

Na, während des nu also de Uhrkenmaker sick de Stifeletten anknöpt un de Borenmütz upset't, satt Möller Voß mit den Franzosen tausam un let sick dat in den Herrn Amtshauptmannen sinen Rotwin sur warden, un de Franzos' stödd mit den Möller an un säd: “A Wuh!”, un de Möller namm denn sin Glas, drunk un säd: “Na nu!”, un denn stödd de Möller wedder mit den Franzosen an, un de Franzos' bedankte sick un säd: “Serwitör!”, un de Möller drunk denn ok un säd: “Sett en vör de Dör!”, un so redten sei französch mit enanner un drunken.

So würden sei denn nu ümmer fründschaftlicher mit enanner; de Franzos' stek de blanke Plämp in de Scheid, un't wohrt nich lang', dunn russelt sin swarte Snurrbort den ollen Möller unner de stuw Näs', und de Möller smet em en por in't Gesicht, de säden man so "Stah!", denn de oll Möller hadd en

walking up and down, wondering what the Duke would say to all this if he were to see it, and said to the Miller: "Miller, don't give in, I will not forget you." And the Miller did not give in, but drank sturdily on.

Mulgeschirr, as wir hei mit 'ne Worpschüpp upfött, un jedwerein von sin Küß güll gaud drei gadlich.

Grad' as dit geschach, dunn haust dat unner dat Eckfinster, un min Oll slek sick rut un säd den Uhrkenmaker Bescheid, wat hei dauhn süll. De Herr Amtshauptmann äwer gung ümmer up un dal un dacht, wat hohe Herzogliche Kammer woll dortau seggen würd, wenn sei dit mit anseg, un säd tau den Möller: "Möller, verzag' Hei nich, ick ward't Em gedenken." Un de Möller verzagt ok nich, sondern drunk rüstig wider.

Meanwhile the watchmaker went stealthily back again through the Schloss-garden, and when he came on to the road leading up to the Schloss, he slapped himself on the breast and drew himself up to his full height, for he was now "grande nation" again, and he marched in at the Schloss-gate in military style which suited him well, for he was a fine-looking fellow.

De Uhrkenmaker gung wildeß heimlich wedder t'rügg dörch den Sloßgoren, as hei äwerst up den gewöhnlichen Weg kamm, de nah't Sloß ruppe geiht, dunn smet hei sick in de Bost un trampst up, denn hei was nu wedder "grang Nationg", un hei marschirt strack un stramm in't Sloßdur rinne, wat hei denn ok schön taurecht kreg, wil dat hei von Angesicht un Statur en ansehnlichen Kirl was.

The six Chasseurs who were standing by their horses, looked at him and whispered together, and one of them went after him and demanded whence he came and whither he was going. But Droz looked scornfully over his shoulder at him and answered him sharply and shortly in French that he was the quartermaster of the seventy-third Regiment, and that it would be up from Malchin in half-an-hour, and he must first of all speak to "Monsieur le Baillif."

Na, de söß Schassürs, de bi ehr Pird stunden, de keken un flusterten mit enanner, un de ein gung nah em ran un frog: wohen? Un woher? Droz äwerst kek em recht höhnschen äwer de Schuller an un antwort't em kort un barsch up Französch, hei wir de Quartiermeister von't dreiunsäbentigste Regiment un in 'ne halw' Stun'n kem dat von Malchin rup un hei müßt irst mit Mußiö lö Balljif reden.

The Chasseur turned pale, and as Droz began to talk about marauders and related how his Captain had had a couple shot the day before, first one and then another jumped on to his horse, and although a few did chatter together for a moment or two and pointed to the Schloss, yet none of them felt inclined to stay any longer, and almost before you could lift your finger, the courtyard was empty. And we boys stood at the

Dunn schot den Schassür dat Blatt, un as Droz en beten handgriplich mit den Tunpahl up Marodürs tau spitzen anfang un vertellte, dat sin Oberst gistern en por hadd dod scheiten laten, dunn drückt sick irst de ein un dunn de anner, un wenn ok noch weck von ehr tausam snatern deden un up dat Sloß wis'ten von wegen ehren Kummandür, so hadd doch keiner rechte Tid taum Täuwen, un in'n Handümdreihn was de Sloßhof leddig, un

Brandenburg gate and watched the six French Chasseurs as they floundered about in the mud, for it was just the season for the Mecklenburg roads, being the spring and the thaw having just set in.

in't Bramborg'sch Dur stun'n wi Jungs un keken de söß französchen Schassürs nah, wo sei den deipen Leimweg hendal klabasterten, denn dat was grad in de schönste Tid von den dunmaligen meckelbörgschen Landweg', so in'n Frühjohr, in'n Andäu.

CHAPTER II

What Mamsell Westphalen and the watchmaker talked about; why Friedrich wanted to cut the buttons off the Frenchman's trousers; how he put him to bed in the Stemhagen Wood; and why Fieka did not accept the Malchin Merchant.

As soon as the courtyard was clear, the watchmaker marched with sword and gun into Mamsell Westphalen's pantry; and Mamsell Westphalen dried her eyes and said: "Herr Droï, you are an angel of deliverance." She always called him Droï instead of Droz because she thought Droï was better French and that people did not pronounce it properly. The angel of deliverance now put his musket down beside the soap-tub, hung up his sword on the meat hook, threw his bearskin on a chair, and seated himself on the table; he then drew forth a checked handkerchief, laid it on his knees and folded it neatly, passed it twice slowly under his nose, and then pulled out his large round snuff box and offered it to Mamsell Westphalen saying: "Plait i'?"

"Certainly," said Mamsell Westphalen, "it platee's me; for, Herr Droï, my eyes are very bad, and they have been getting weaker ever since last autumn, it was then I had my great illness, and the doctors gave it a long name, but, Herr Droï, I said it was nothing but the common hay-fever, and I hold to that still."

So saying she set before Herr Droï a delicious roast duck and a bottle of wine, of the Amtshauptmann's best, and made a little bobbing curtsey, and said in her turn: "Platee?"

Well, it "plaiti'd" the watchmaker very much, and it seemed to him as if he were an angel of deliverance, and Mamsell Westphalen's pantry a paradise after his

Dat tweede Kapittel

Wat Mamsell Westphalen un de Uhrkenmaker mit enanner redten, un worüm Fridrich den Franzosen de Knöp von de Hosen sniden will un em nahsten in den Stemhäger Babenholt tau Bedd bringt, un worüm Fiken den Malchiner Kopmann nich namen hett.

As de Sloßhof leddig was, marschirt de Uhrkenmaker mit Obergewehr un Unnergewehr in Mamsell Westphalen ehr Spis'kamer rin, un Mamsell Westphalen drögt sick de Ogen un säd: "Herr Droï, Sei sünd en Engel der Rettung!" Sei nenntem nämlich ümmer "Droï" staats "Droz", wil sei glöwt, "Droï" wir richtiger Französch, un de Lüd' gewen em den richtigen Akzang nich. De Engel der Rettung set't nu sinen Schapschinken in den Septubben, hung sin Kes'metz an den Fleischhaken, stülpt sin Borenmütz up dat Botterfatt un set't sick sülwst up den Anrichtklotz, treckt en gewürfelt Snuwdauk herut, läd dat sauber up de Knei tausam un fohrt sick dormit tweimal sachtmäudig unner de krumme Näs' dörch, treckt drup sine grote, runne Snuwtobacksos' herut un reckt sei Mamsell Westphalen hen un frog ehr: "Pläh t'i?"

"Ja woll", säd Mamsell Westphalen, "pläh t'i mi dat, denn, Herr Droï, ick heww sihr slichte Ogen, un sei sünd sid verleden Harwst ümmer swäcker worden; ick hadd dunn de grote Krankheit, un de Dokters gewen ehr en hogen Namen; äwer, Herr Droï, ick segg, dat was dat gewöhnliche miserabele Stoppelfewer, un dorbi bliw ick."

So säd sei un set't vör Herr Droï'n 'ne schöne braden Ahnt un 'ne Buddel Win, äwer von den Herrn Amtshauptmann sinen gauden, un makt en Knix, as wenn ein in't Water unnerduken deiht, un säd ok: "Pläh t'i?"

Na, den Uhrkenmaker "pläh t'i 't" denn dit ok sihr, un em würd tau Maud', as wir hei'n würllichen Engel, un Mamsell Westphalen ehr Spis'kamer wir gegen sin

dumplings and bacon; and when he was at his second bottle, he talked a great deal about the "vin de Vaud" and "ze beauteeful Suisse."

"Ah!" said he, "je suis fier de mon pays, it must zat you come one time to my pays, zere zing ze birds and zere murmurent ze brooks."

Darkness had gradually crept upon them, when all on a sudden Fritz Sahlmann burst into the room and said: "Well, here's a pretty business! The Herr Amtshauptmann is striding up and down the garden without any hat on, talking to himself; the Herr Burmeister has made off without saying a word to anybody; Miller Voss's Friedrich has been standing at the gate for the last hour swearing away at the 'cursed patriots' and the 'gallowsbird Dumouriez,' and the Miller is holding his fist in the Frenchman's face, and asking what the French have done with the four horses and six oxen which they robbed him of; and the Frenchman is sitting there and not moving an inch, only rolling his eyes about."

"Fritz Sahlmann," asked Mamsell Westphalen, "doesn't he move at all?"
"No, Mamsell."
"I know you're a bit of a coward, and that you don't always speak the truth. Tell me, Fritz, on your conscience, are you sure that he does not move?"

"No, Mamsell, he does not move or stir."
"Well then, Herr Droï, let us go upstairs; we will soon set him to the right about; but take some of your instruments for cutting and stabbing with you, and if you see he is going to do me any harm, you must protect me. And you, Fritz Sahlmann, run to the Miller's Friedrich and tell him that he is to put up his horses and come in here, for better is better, and 'what one can do easily won't be difficult for two.'"

Pölltüften un Speck en Paradis, un as hei bi de tweede Buddel Win was, redte hei vel von den schönen "Wäng dö Walangäng" un von "der ßöne Sweiz". Un Mamsell Westphalen säd: "Sei hewwen recht, Herr Droï, Sweit is e ne schöne Sak, vör allen bi'n Snuppen; ick drink den ümmer Fledertee."

"Ah", seggt Herr Droï, "Fiereteh! Wui, sche swi fiähr von meine Land. Oh, Sie muß mal kommen in die Land, da singen die Vögel, un da brummen die Bachen."

Na, mit de Wil was dat düster worden, un Fritz Sahlmann kümmt herin in de Spis'kamer un seggt: "Na, dit's ne schöne Geschicht: de Herr Amtshauptmann löppt in'n Horen bi düster Nacht in'n Goren rümmer un resonniert för sick hen, de Burmeister hett sick sachten ut den Stohm makt, Möller Vossen sin Fridrich hölt nu all 'ne Stun'n lang vör den Dur un schimpt up de verfluchten Patriotten un up den Spitzbauwen Dümurrjöh, un de Möller hölt den Franzosen de Fust vör de Snut un fröggt, wo sin vir Mähren un sin söß Ossen blewen sünd, de em de Franzosen namen hewwen, un de Franzos' sitt dor un rüppelt un rögt sick nich un rallögt."

"Fritz Sahlmann", fröggt Mamsell Westphalen, "rögt hei sick nich?"
"Ne, Mamselling."
"Fritz Sahlmann, ick weit, du hest tauwilen den Hasenfaut in de Tasch, un du dröggst di männigmals stark mit Unwahrheiten; ick frag di up din Gewissen: rögt hei sick gor nich?"

"Ne, Mamselling, ganz un gor nich."
"Na, Herr Droï, denn kamen S', denn will wi ruppe gahn un dor taum Rechten seihn; nemen Sei sick äwer wat von Ehr Geschirr taum Hauen un taum Steken mit, un wenn Sei seihn, dat hei mi tau Liw' will, denn stahn Sei mi bi. Un du, Fritz Sahlmann, lop nah den Möller sinen Fridrich un segg em, hei sall de Pird afsträngen un sall rin kamen, denn beter is beter, un wat ein gaud dauhn kann, ward twei nich sur."

So Friedrich now comes in, and gets a huge dram, and shakes himself, as is the custom after a good draught, and the procession moves forward towards the Amtshauptmann's room: Friedrich in front, then Mamsell Westphalen, who had taken the watchmaker's arm, and finally Fritz Sahlmann in the rear.

As they entered the room, the Miller sat at the table, a broad grin on his round face, and before him two glasses which he clinked together, first the one against the other, and then the other against the one, drinking for himself and the Frenchman too. He had taken off his coat, the work having made him warm. On his head he had got the Frenchman's helmet with the long horse-hair plume; and round his huge body, as well as it would go, the Frenchman's sword. The latter lay stretched on the sofa, arrayed in the Herr Amtshauptmann's white cotton nightcap and flowered dressing-gown; and the rogue of a Miller had given him, instead of his sword, a long quill pen, which he silently waved about in the air, for he could not speak a word.

When Mamsell Westphalen got to the door and beheld this spectacle, she set her arms a-kimbo, as every right-thinking elderly person would naturally do under such circumstances, and asked: "Miller Voss, what is this? What do you call this? What do you mean by this?"

The Miller tried to answer, but burst out laughing, and could with difficulty and only after some time, bring out, "Fun."

"What!" exclaimed Mamsell Westphalen. "Is that a proper answer for a man with wife and children? Do you call that respect for your superiors, to play such tricks in the Amtshauptmann's study? Herr Droi, follow me!" So saying, she went over to where the Frenchman lay, snatched the nightcap from his head, gave him a couple of boxes on the ear, said merely: "The poor innocent nightcap!" and, "You pig!"

Fridrich kümmt denn nu ok rin un kriggt en dägten Snaps un schüddt sick, as dat nah en groten Sluck Mod' is, un de Tog geiht nu vorwärts nah den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Stuw'; Fridrich vöran, denn Mamsell Westphalen, de den Uhrkenmaker unner den Arm fat't hett, un taulezt Fritz Sahlmann in'n Hinnerholt.

As sei rin kamen in de Stuw', sitt de Möller an'n Disch un hett zwei vulle Gläs' vör sick stahn un stött mit dat ein an dat anner un mit dat anner an dat ein un drinkt ümschichtig för twei un grint lustig äwer dat ganze breide Gesicht. Den Rock hett hei uttagen, wil em bi de Sak heit worden is, un up den Kopp hett hei den Franzosen sine Kaskett mit den langen Pirdswanz, un äwer sinen dicken Buk hett hei, so gaud as't geiht, den Franzosen sinen Säbel snallt. De äwer liggt verlangs in 'ne Eck von den Sofa un hett den Herrn Amtshauptmann sine witt bomwull'ne Slapmütz up un sinen Slaprock mit de roden Blaumen an, un de Spitzbauw von Möller hett em staats den Säbel 'ne grote Fedderflunk in de Hand gewen, un dormit fuchtelt hei stillswigend in de Luft rüm, denn reden kann hei kein Wurd.

As Mamsell Westphalen in de Dör kümmt un den Umstand süht, set't sei de beiden Arm in de Sid, as jede rechtschaffene, öllerhafte Person, de up richtigen Wegen is, eigentlich dauhn müßt, un fröggt: "Möller Voß, wat sall dit? Wat heit dit? Un wat bedüd't dit?"

De Möller will antwurten, kriggt äwer dat Lachen un bringt mit knappe Not herut: "Kemedikram!"

"Wat?" fröggt Mamsell Westphalen. "Is dat 'ne Antwort von en Mann mit Fru un Kinner? Is dat en Respekt vör sinen Vorgesetzten, so'ne Uhlenspiegelstreich in sine Studierstuw' antaustellen? Herr Droi, kamen S' mit." Dormit geiht sei up den Franzosen los un ritt ein de Slapmütz von den Kopp un sleiht sei em tweimal üm de Uhren un seggt blot de beiden Würd: "de unschüllige Slapmütz!" un "du

and turned round and cried out to Friedrich: "Friedrich, come here and help me take off the Herr's dressing-gown from this fellow; and you, Herr Droï, for you will understand such things, take the soup-dish off that stupid Miller's head, and unbuckle his sword."

When that was done, she said: "Fritz Sahlmann, you chatterbox, mind you don't say a word to the Herr Amtshauptmann about what has happened to his things, for he would be sure to burn them, and how could the innocent nightcap and dressing-gown help it if grown-up men will behave like schoolboys?" As she said this, she looked sharply at the grinning Miller, replaced the cork in the half-finished bottle, put her arms once more a-kimbo, and said: "Well, what's to be done now?"

"I know," cried Friedrich; and he pulled his clasp-knife out of his pocket, and opened it with a snap, then walked up to the Frenchman, tore open his coat, and was proceeding to insert the knife, when Mamsell Westphalen rushed in between them, crying: "Good heavens, Friedrich! Is the devil tempting you? Surely you would not murder him?"

"Diable," said Herr Droï, and caught hold of Friedrich's arm; and Fritz Sahlmann threw up the window and shouted: "Herr Amtshauptmann, Herr Amtshauptmann, it's beginning now." Smack! He got a blow on the mouth. It seemed, however, to come quite naturally to him, for Mamsell Westphalen gave him daily three, more or less.

Friedrich remained where he was, and said coolly: "What do you mean? Do you think I'm a cannibal? I was only going to cut the buttons off his trousers. We used always to do it when we took any prisoners when I served in Holland under the Duke of Brunswick against the cursed patriots and the gallowsbird Dumouriez in the year '90;" and, turning to Mamsell

Farken!" un dreiht sick üm un röppt: "Un Hei, Fridrich, kam Hei her, un help Hei mi den Kirl ut den oll'n Herrn sinen Rockelur; un Sei, Herr Droï, denn Sei warden sick dorup verstahn, nemen S' den unklauken Möller den Suppenpott von den Kopp un snallen S' em von den Säbel los."

As dit denn nu gescheihn is, dunn seggt sei: "Un du, Fritz Sahlmann, du olle Plätertasch, du Snackfatt von de Eck, du unnersteihst di nich un seggst den Herrn Amtshauptmann, wat mit sin Kommoditäten hir passiert is, denn hei lett sei süs verbrennen, un wat kann de Slaprock un de Slapmütz dorför, dat olle Lüd' tau Jungs warden." Dorbi kiek sei den ollen grinigen Möller scharp an, steckt den Proppen up de Winbuddel, set't de Arm wedder in de Sid un fröggt: "Wat nu?"

"Ick weit't", seggt Fridrich, tüht sin Klappmetz ut de Tasch, snappt dat up, geiht up den Franzosen los, ritt em de Mondierung up un ward em dor up 'ne sihr sonderbore Ort unner de korten Rippen rümfummeln. "Herre Jesus, Fridrich!" röppt Mamsell Westphalen un springt dortwischen, "wo, plagt Em de Bös'? Hei ward hir doch keinen Murd anstiften?"

"Diabel!" seggt Herr Droï un ritt Fridrichen den Arm t'rügg, un Fritz Sahlmann, de unverständnige Slüngel, ritt dat Finster up un schriet: "Herr Amtshauptmann, Herr Amtshauptmann! Nu geiht't los!" Swabb! hett hei einen up dat Mul, de em ganz bekannt vörkamm, wil dat hei däglich von Mamsell Westphalen ehr Ort en Stückener drei kreg; dat heit in'n pohlschen Bogen berekent, denn tellt würden sei nich.

Fridrich äwer stunn ganz ruhig dor un säd: "Wo so denn? Wat meinen Sei? Denken Sei, dat ick Kinner freten dauh? Ick will em blot de Knöp von de Bux afsniden, denn so hewwen wi dat ümmer makt, wenn wi weck fungen hadden, as ick noch gegen de verfluchten Patriotten in Holland deinen ded un gegen den Spitzbauwen Dümurrjöh unner den

Westphalen, he added "You see, Mamsell, then they can't escape, for if they tried, their trousers would fall down over their knees."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Friedrich, for saying such a thing. What have I got to do with the Frenchman's trousers? Our business is to think what we are to do with this fellow!"

"Do? Do, indeed?" cried Miller Voss, "What do you mean? Where I go, he goes; and we have sworn eternal friendship; and he's a jolly Frenchman, and I'm a jolly Mecklenburger, and whoever wants to know about it, let him come here." And he looked at them all, one after another. As nobody said anything, he clapped the Frenchman on the shoulder and said: "Brother, you shall go with me."

"That will be best," said Mamsell Westphalen; "then we shall be rid of both of them. Herr Droï, take hold of him." And the one "grande nation" took the other "grande nation's" legs, and Friedrich took his head; Fritz Sahlmann carried the light, Mamsell Westphalen commanded the whole, and the Miller stumbled along after her.

"Now," said Friedrich, "in with him into the waggon under the straw! That's it. Now lie there! Fritz Sahlmann, put the horses to. And you, Herr Droz, help me up with the Miller; but take care he does not lose his balance, for I know him, and he slips over if you're not careful."

When the Miller was seated, Friedrich asked: "Well, is everything on board?" "Everything," replied Mamsell Westphalen.

"Well then, gee-up," said Friedrich. But scarcely had they gone a couple of paces

Herzog von Brunswik in de nägentiger Johren." Un wend't sick an Mamsell Westphalen: "Denn, Mamselling, denn känen sei nich schappieren, denn sackt ehr de Hos' in de Knei."

"Schäm Hei sick, Fridrich, mi so wat tau seggen! Wat gellen mi den Franzosen sin Hosen an un sin Knei? Un von so'n Anblick will ick hir nicks weiten, un kein Minsch sall seggen, dat hir in den Herrn Amtshauptmann sine Studierstuw' so wat Despektierliches tau seihn west is. Ne, leiwerst will'n wi ratslagen, wo wi mit den Kirl bliwen."

Dunn drängt sick Möller Voß nah vör un will sick vör de Bost slagen, sleiht sick äwer wider dalwärts up de Mag' un seggt. "Bliwen? Wat bliwen? Wo ick bliw, bliwwt hei ok, un wi beiden hewwen Bräuderschaft drunken, un hei 's en richtigen Franzos' un ick en richtigen Meckelnbörger, un wer dorvon wat weiten will, de kam her!" Un kickt sei all de Reih nah an, un as keiner wat dortau seggt, kloppt hei den Franzosen up de Schuller un seggt: "Brauder, ick nem di mit mi."

"Dat is ok dat Best", seggt Mamsell Westphalen, "denn sünd wi em los. – Herr Droï, faten S' an!" Un de ein "grang Nationg" fött de anner "grang Nationg" an de Bein, un Fridrich fött em 't Ens den Kopp, Fritz Sahlmann dröggt dat Licht, Mamsell Westphalen kummandiert dat Ganze, un de Möller geiht in'n lütten Bogen achter her.

"So", seggt Fridrich, "nu man hinnen rin in dat Krett! – So, nu ligg du man! – Fritz Sahlmann, sträng mi de Mähren an! Un Sei, Herr Droï, helpen S' mi den Möller rup; äwer nemen S' sick in acht, dat hei de Blansierung nich verliert, denn ick kenn em, hei sleiht äwer."

As de Möller nu sitt, fröggt Fridrich: "Na, allens an Burd?" "Allens an Burd!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen.

"Na, denn man, jüh!" seggt Fridrich. Knapp äwerst is hei en por Schritt führt,

when the watchmaker cried out, "Halte, halte, Frederic! you have forget ze camerade's horse, it stop in ze logis for ze leetle poules."

"Yes," said Fritz Sahlmann; "it's standing in the hen-house."

"Well, then, wo!" cried Friedrich; "fasten it to the tail of the waggon."

They set about doing so; but before it was done, the old Amtshauptmann came back from his walk in the garden, and asked what the matter was.

"Oh! nothing, nothing!" said Mamsell Westphalen; "only Miller Voss has invited the Frenchman to go home with him and spend the night up at the Gielow Mill."

"It's all right then," said the old Herr. "Good-bye, Miller. I shall not forget you."

The Miller muttered something in his teeth about fine weather, and Mamsell Westphalen whispered to Fritz Sahlmann to run up in advance and take the Frenchman's helmet and sword out of the Herr Amtshauptmann's room, so that he should not see them. "Take them into my room," said she, "and put them behind my bed."

Friedrich now applied his whip to the horses, and drove down the hill into the Malchin road, and said to himself: "This'll be the proof; if the Miller remains sitting on his sack with all this jolting, he will be able to get down from the waggon alone to-night." But when they had got as far as the Barns, and he turned round to look, the Miller lay between the foremost and the hindmost sack, and Friedrich thought: "He won't get down without help to-night, that's clear." And he threw a couple of sacks over the Miller to prevent his getting cold.

And so they passed through the Barns, and the horses trotted along at an even pace through the heavy roads and the dark night; and all kinds of thoughts came into Friedrich's head. First of all, he

dunn röppt de Uhrkenmaker: "Alt! alt! Friderik! – Sie aben vorgestern die Kamerad sein Schewal, es stehn in die Logis für die kleine Puhl!"

"Ja", seggt Fritz Sahlmann. "t steiht in den Hauhnerstall."

"Na, denn halt", seggt Fridrich, "un bind't achter den Wagen."

Na, dat schüht denn ok, un as sei noch dorbi sünd, kümmt de oll Amtshauptmann von sin Motschon ut den Goren taurügg un fröggt, wat hir los wir.

"Nicks nich", seggt Mamsell Westphalen. "Möller Voß hett blot den Franzosen inladen, mit em tau führen un de Nacht up de Gielowsch Mähl tau bliwen."

"Das ist denn eine andere Sache!" seggt de oll Herr. "Adjüs ok, Möller! Ich ward Em dat gedenken."

De Möller brummelt wat in den Bort von sihr schönes, fruchtbores Weder, un Mamsell Westphalen flüstert Fritz Sahlmannen tau, hei süll vörup lopen un süll den Franzosen sinen Säbel un sinen Pirdswanz ut den Herrn sine Stuw' halen, dat sei em nich in de Ogen felen. "Bring sei man nah min Stuw", säd sei, "un stell sei achter min Bedd."

Fridrich äwer klappte nu mang de Mähren un jog den Sloßbarg hendal, rin in de Malchiner Strat un säd tau sick: "Dit is dat Prauwstück; wenn de Möller bi desen Damm un bi dit Bädeln up den Sack sitten bliwwt, denn kümmt hei hüt abend ok allein von den Wagen run." Äwer as hei mang de Schüns kamm un sick ümsach, dunn lagg de Möller tischen den vöddelsten un hindelsten Sack, un Fridrich säd: "Ahn Hülp kümmt de nich wedder run", un halt en por Säck hervor un deckt sei em äwer't Liw, dat hei sick nich verküllen ded.

So kemen sei ut de Schüns rut, un de Mähren sleus'ten ümmer 'n eben Schritt dörch den deipen Weg un de düster Nacht hendörch, un Fridrichen kemen allerlei Gedanken. Tauirst föll em de

thought of the Miller's wife, and what she had said once before when the Miller had come home in this state; but then he had been alone, what would she say to-night when there were two of them? and what would the Miller's daughter, Fieka, say to it? And he shook his head: "It can't go well anyhow."

And then he remembered how it was just about this time of year and in such a night that he had run away from the Prussians at Prenzlau, ten years before, and how until he got to Stenmagen he had been obliged to sleep in the open air, and had covered himself over with hawthorn boughs. And then, too, he recollected, and as the remembrance came back upon him he gnashed his teeth, the time when he was in France under the Duke of Brunswick, and had no clothes and nothing inside him except craving hunger, and how the French had hunted and pursued them, and how many of his comrades had fallen dead by the roadside, amongst them his best friend, Kristian Krueger, and how the people had had no pity for him. "And my two beautiful bays," he added to himself, "which they took away from me, and here I must drive two lame old broken-winded jades. It's a shame they should be tormented drawing a harpy of a marauder along these heavy roads, a fellow who's not a real soldier, even. Cursed patriots! Gallowsbird Dumouriez!"

These were his oaths when he was angry. "Wo!" he cried, jumped down from the waggon, went round to the back of it, raised up the straw, drew the Frenchman half out by his leg, then laid him across his shoulders, carried him into the Stenmagen Wood, and laid him down under a beech-tree. "Yes," said he, as the Frenchman moved rather uneasily, "it's rather damp, no doubt, but then you're damp inside; so why shouldn't you be damp outside too?"

And he looked up at the sky and said, "For the end of February it's a nice warm night, and if the cuckoo isn't singing just now, I heard him singing in this beech-tree last

Möllerfru in, wat de vördem seggt hadd, wenn de Möller allein so ankamen was, un wat sei nu woll seggen würd, wenn hei sülw't tweit so ankem, un wat den Möller sin Fiken woll dortau seggen würd, un hei schüdd't mit den Kopp un säd: "Keinen gauden Gang geiht't nich."

Un taum annern föll em in, dat dat ok üm dese Johrstid west was un in so'ne Nacht, as hei vör 'n halw Stig Johr von de Preußen ut Prenzlau dissentiert was, un dat hei ok dunntaumen, bet hei sick in't Stenmäger Amt rin slagen, in'n Fien legen hadd un hadd sick mit en Sledurnbusch taudeckt. – Un taum drüdden föll em in – un as em dat infallen ded, dunn gnurrscht hei mit de Tähn –, wo hei mit den Herzog von Brunswik in Frankreich west was, nicks up den Liw', nicks in den Liw' as de rode Ruhr, un wo em de Franzosen jagt un stäkert hadden, un wo so vel von sine Kammeraden an de Landstrat liggen blewen wiren un ok sin beste Fründ, Krischan Kräuger, un wo dat Volk kein Erbarmen hewwen ded. "Un de beiden schönen Brunen", säd hei tau sick, "hewwen sei mi ok namen, un ick möt hir führen mit twei olle spatlahme Schinners? Un de sälen sick hir noch in den deipen Weg mit so'n Karnallenvagel von Marodür afquälen, wat gor keinen ordlichen Militör is? Verfluchte Patriotten! Spitzbauw, Dümurrjöh!"

Dit wiren sin einzigsten Flüch, wenn hei bö's was. – "Purr, öh!" rep hei un sprung von den Wagen un gung achter rüm un klinkt dat Krett up un kreg den Franzosen bi de Bein un treckt em halw ut den Wagen, hukt mit de Schuller unner un drög em äwer'n Grawen in dat Stenmäger Babenholt un läd em unner 'ne Bäuk. "Je", seggt hei, as de Franzos' sick dor wat rögen würd, "dat is di woll en beten fucht, äwer du büst binnen fucht, worüm denn nich ok buten?"

Un kek tau Höcht taum Hewen un säd: "Vör de letzten Dag' von den Februori is dit 'ne sihr schöne warme Nacht, un wenn de Kukuk ok just nich

summer, and he'll sing here again this year, please God." And, on the Frenchman giving a slight shudder as though he were cold, he added: "It's a bit cool, camerade, isn't it? I might cover you with a good three foot of clay and nobody be the wiser, but I'll show you that I have a Christian heart." With that he went to the waggon, fetched a couple of armfuls of straw, and threw it over the Frenchman and said: "Now adieu! I can't take you with me; for why should the Miller's wife and Fieka be troubled with you?" He climbed into the waggon again and drove off.

When they were near the mill, he woke up the Miller and said: "Miller, sit up straight on the sack. I'll help you down again." Voss sat up and said: "Thank you, Herr Amtshauptmann;" and stared wildly about to see where he was, and asked whose horse that was running after the waggon. When he had a little recovered his senses, he put his hand under the straw and asked: "Friedrich, where's the Frenchman?"

"Yes, where is he?" answered Friedrich; and drew up before the door, and jumped down, and helped the Miller off before the women came out with a light. The Miller scrambled up the steps, and his wife came out to meet him, "Well, father, how has it gone?" she asked. The Miller stumbled over the doorsill into the room, laid hat and gloves on the table, and walked up and down the room a couple of times, fixing his eyes on the cracks of the floor to steady himself, and at last brought out the words: "It's very hard work."

"So I see," said his wife. Fieka sat at the other side of the table mending clothes. And the Miller walked up and down again proudly and asked: "Don't you see anything remarkable about me to-night?"

"Indeed I do," replied his wife; "you have been sitting drinking again with Baker Witte and have forgotten your wife and children, and that we are all ruined."

singt, so heww ick em doch verleden Sommer in dese Bäuk singen hürt, un, so Gott will, singt hei dit Johr hir wedder." Un as de Franzos' so'n beten schuddern ded, as wenn em frür, seggt hei: "Nich wohr, Brauder, 't is en beten käuhl, un ick künn di hir nu schön taudecken mit en gauden widen Schacht, un dor kreiht nich Hund noch Hahn nah, äwer ick will di wisen, dat ick en christlich Hart heww", un geiht nah'n Wagen ran un halt en por Arm vull Stroh un smitt em dat äwer un seggt: "Na, adjüs! Mitnehmen dauh 'ck di nich, wotau sall sick de Möllerfru un Fiken äwer di argern?" Stiggt up den Wagen rup un führt sachten nah Hus.

Nich wid von de Mähl weckte hei den Möller up un vermünte em un säd: "Möller, setten S' sick steidel up den Sack, ick help Sei nahst raf." De Möller richt sick up un säd: "Ick bedank mi ok, Herr Amtshauptmann!" un kek sick wild üm, wo hei wir, un frog, wat dat för 'ne Mähr wir, de achter'n Wagen anbammeln ded, un as hei sick wat besonnen hadd, grep hei achter dal in dat Krett un frog: "Fridrich, wo 's de Franzos'?"

"Je, wo 's de!" säd Fridrich un führt vör de Husdör vör un sprung von den Wagen un hülp den Möller runne, ihre de Frugenslud' mit Licht kemen. Sin Herr kräpelt sick nah de Dähl herup, un de Möllerfru kamm em entgegen un frog: "Na, Vatting, wo is't worden?" – De Möller snuwwelt äwer den Dörensüll nah de Stuw' herinne, läd Haut un Hanschen up den Disch un gung en pormal in de Stuw' up un dal, wobi hei sihr de Ritz in't Og fat't hadd, un säd: "Dat is en sworn Gang!"

"Dat seih ick", seggt de Möllerfru. Fiken satt achter'n Disch un neiht Linnentüg. Un de Möller gung wedder stolz up un dal un frog: "Seiht ji mi gor nicks an?"

"Naug", säd sin Fru. "Du hest wedder bi Bäcker Witten seten un hest dine bedrängten Umstän'n vergeten un din Fru un Kinner un hest di in 'ne Zech gewen."

“Oh! that's what you think? Well then, let me tell you, even wise hens sometimes lay outside the nest. No, I have been drinking with the Herr Amtshauptmann, and the Herr Burmeister, and a French General, or something of that sort, and the Herr Amtshauptmann has told me, he won't forget me, for 'this was for our country.' And Fieka, I say to you, don't throw yourself away. You needn't do it. I wouldn't mind your marrying the Malchin Merchant; but you don't want to.”

Fieka looked up from her work and said: “Father, don't talk of that, at least not this evening.”

“Very well. You are right, my child. Remember, you are my only one now, for where are Karl and Joe? Ah! merciful heaven! But I only said, don't throw yourself away; that was all I said. And, Mother, about the money, think of what the old Herr Amtshauptmann said. 'Miller Voss, I will not forget you!' But the Frenchman, where is he? Donnerwetter! where's the Frenchman? He was lying in the straw. Friedrich must know,” and he threw up the window and shouted: “Friedrich, Friedrich, don't you hear me?”

Friedrich heard him well enough, but he winked to himself and said: “Yes, yes, cry away as long as you like. Why should I go and blurt out what the Miller's wife can see for herself plainly enough? I'm not going to burn my fingers.” So saying he fastened up the Frenchman's horse and took off the saddle, and as he took down the valise he said: “The Devil, isn't this heavy!” and laid it in the oat bin, gave his horses their last feed, lay down on his bed, and slept as if nothing had happened that day.

As the Miller was beginning to fume because Friedrich did not come, his wife said: “Father, never mind him; you are tired and wearied with the jolting of the waggon, come to bed; Fieka shall warm a little beer for you to drive out the night air.”

“So? Meinst du? Denn lat di seggen: en klauk Huhn leggt ok vörbi. Ne, ick heww mit den Herrn Amtshauptmann un den Burmeister un en französch General, oder so wat, Bräuderschaft drunken, un de Herr Amtshauptmann hett mi seggt, hei wull mi't gedenken, denn dit güng för't Vaterland. Un, Fiken, di segg ick, smit di nich weg! Dat hest du nich nödig! Den Malchiner Kopmann haddst du vör minentwegent frigen künnt; äwer du wullst jo nich!”

Fiken kek so halw tau Höcht von ehr Neiheri un säd: “Vatting, lat dat doch, taum wenigsten hüt abend!”

“Schön, min Döchting! Du hest recht, min Kindting. Süh, du büst jo min einzigst, denn wo is Korl un Jochen? Ach, du leiwer Gott! Äwer ick segg blot: smit di nich weg!, un wider segg ick nicks. – Un, Mutter, uns' Geldsak? Wat seggt de oll Herr Amtshauptmann? 'Möller Voß, ick will Em dat gedenken.' Un denn de Franzos! Mutter, de Franzos! Wo, Dunnerwetter, is de Franzos? Hei lagg doch in dat Krett; Fridrich möt dat doch weiten.” Un ritt dat Finster up un röppt: “Fridrich! Fridrich, hörst du nich?”

Fridrich hört em recht gaud; äwer hei plinkt mit dat ein Og un säd: “Ja, schri du man! Wat sall ick dor grot seggen, wat de Möllerfru gaud seih'n kann? Ick ward mi de Fingern nich klemmen.” Dorbi bünn hei den Franzosen sin Mähr an de Röp un namm ehr dat Sadeltüg af, un as hei den Mantelsack afnam, säd hei: “Deuvel! Is de swor!” un läd em in sin Fauderkist, schüdd't sin Mähren de letzte Faudering in, läd sick in't Bedd un slep, as wir em hüt nicks passiert.

As nu de Möller an tau schellen fangen wull, dat Fridrich nich kamm, säd sin leiw' Fru: “Vatting, lat em, du büst mäud, du hest den Dag äwer up den Wagen zuckelt un hest di sur warden laten, kumm tau Bedd; Fiken sall di 'n beten Bir warm maken, dat di de Nachtluft nich schaden deiht.”

"Mother," he answered, "you're right as usual, I am dreadfully tired, for money business is so wearying. Well, it's in order now, as good as in order at least, for the Herr Amtshauptmann said: 'Miller Voss, I shall not forget you.' I must be in again at Stemhagen early to-morrow morning."

So saying, he went to bed, and was asleep and snoring in five minutes.

Mother and daughter sat up a while longer, Fieka lost in thought and knitting away rapidly. "Fieka, you are industrious," said her mother at last; "and I don't fold my hands and lay them in my lap either; and Father has worked and done what he could all his life. But what is the use of it all? The bad times come and what the French have left, the Jews and lawyers take; the day after to-morrow we must pay Itzig five hundred thalers, and we haven't a shilling."

"But Father speaks as if it were all right now?"

"Don't trust what he says this evening; a red sky in the morning and a red sky in the evening are very different things; but he was right about one thing this evening; if you had only accepted the Malchin Merchant!"

"Mother dear," said Fieka and laid her hand gently in her mother's and looked up into her face, "He was not the right one."

"Few people are able to marry exactly as they would like now-a-days, daughter; there is always something. The Merchant is well off and if your father and I knew that you were well provided for, it would take a great stone off our hearts."

"Mother, dear mother, don't talk so. Would you have me leave you when you're in trouble, and in a dishonest way?"

"Dishonest, Fieka?"

"Yes, dishonest, mother," she answered, "for when the Merchant sought me, he thought we were rich, and therefore he

"Mutting", antwurt't hei, "du hest ümmer recht, ick heww mi schändlich afstrapziert, denn Geldsaken gripen ümmer an. Na, min sünd in de Reih, so gaud as in de Reih, denn de Herr Amtshauptmann säd: 'Möller Voß, ick ward Em dat gedenken.' Un morgen tidig möt ick wedder hen nah Stemhagen."

Un dormit ward hei in de Kamer gahn, leggt sick dal, un snart slöppt hei los.

Mutter un Fiken sitten noch 'ne Tidlang up, un Fiken sitt still in Gedanken un neiht förfötsch weg. "Ja", seggt Mutter endlich, "Fiken, du büst flitig, un ik legg de Hän'n ok nich in'n Schot, un uns' Vater hett sin Lewdag' wirkt un dahn, wat hei kunnt hett; äwer wat helpt dat all? De slimmen Tiden wassen uns äwer den Kopp, un wat uns de Franzosen laten hewwen, dat nemen uns de Avkaten un de Juden; äwermorgen säl wi fiwhunnert Daler an Itzigen betahlen, un wi hewwen keinen Schilling."

"Vatting deiht jo doch so, as wenn hei mit allens dörch is."

"Kihr di hüt abend an den nich, Abendred un Morgenred sünd zweierlei; äwer in ein Sak hett hei hüt abend recht hatt: haddst du man den Malchiner Kopmann namen!"

"Mutting", seggt Fiken und läd ehr Hand sachten up Muttern ehr un kek ehr ruhig in de Ogen: "Mutting, dat was nich de Rechte."

"Min Döchting, ganz nah ehren frien Willen frigen up Stun'ns wenig in de Welt, wat bammelt dor ümmer bi rüm. Süh, de Kopmann hett sin gaud Brod, un wenn din Vader un ick di versorgt wüßten, denn wir uns en groten Stein von'n Harten namen."

"Mutting, Mutting, red nich so! Ick süll jug verlaten, wenn ji in Not wirt? Un dat noch dortau up 'ne unihrlische Wis'?"

"Unihrlisch, Fiken?"

"Ja, unihrlisch, Mutting!" säd Fiken, un ein künn't ehr anseihn, dat't ehr kribbeln würd, "denn as de Kopmann üm mi

wished to have me, but I would not deceive him. I knew we were poor, for though you and father in your goodness have tried to keep it from me that we had lost our money, I have seen it for a long while. Now, pretty nearly every one knows it, so if any one comes and wants to marry me, he will want me and not my money; and perhaps he will be the right one."

Then she got up, and put her knitting things away and kissed her mother. "Good night," she said and went into her bedroom.

The Miller's wife, after sitting thinking some time longer, sighed: "She's right, and we must trust in God, who orders all for the best."

She too went to bed, and everything lay in deep quiet. Only the Miller went working on without ceasing or resting, grinding and groaning, flinging its arms about like a man in sore trouble striving and struggling to rise above the toil of daily life. And from the wheel the water ever drips like bitter sweat; and deep down below the stream rushes on with its monotonous chant: "Nought avails it, nought avails it. I am thy heart. As long as I flow wave upon wave, wish upon wish, so long hast thou no rest. But when autumn comes and the corn is ripe, my stream will slacken; and then the miller will close his mill, and everything be standing still, and then 'tis Sunday."

anhöll, dacht hei, bi uns hüng vel ut, un dorüm wull hei mi hewwen, ick wull em äwer nich bedreigen, denn wenn du un Vader in jug Gaudheit mi't ok nich seggt hewwt, wo dat mit uns steiht un dat wi arm Lüd' worden sünd, so heww ick dat doch lang markt. Nu weiten't de Lüd' so tämlich all, un wenn nu ein kümmt un will mi heww'n, denn will hei mi un nich dat Geld, un't is jo mäglich, dat hei de Rechte is."

Un dormit stunn sei up un namm ehr Neihgeschirr tausam un küßt ehr Mutting: "Gun Nacht, Mutting!" un gung in ehr Slapkamer.

De Möllerfru satt noch 'n Tidlang still in Gedanken un süfzt: "Recht hett sei, un uns' Herrgott mag allens taum besten regieren!"

Sei gung ok tau Bedd, un allens lagg in deipe Rauh; blot de Mähl, de dreiht sick ahn Rauh un Rast un klappert un jog, un de Arm grepen nah links un nah rechts in wille Hast as en Minsch, de in drange Not sitt un arbeit't sick af un quält sick, dat hei rute kamen mügg't ut den Stoff von dat dägliche Gewarw; un von dat Mählrad leckt dat Water run, as wir't de bittersure Sweit, un deip un'n in'n Grun'n, dor runscht de Bäk mit einerlei Red' un mit einerlei Sang: "Dat helpt di nich! Dat helpt di nich! Ick bün din Hart. So lang ick fleit mit Well up Well, mit Wunsch up Wunsch, so lang hest du kein Rauh. Wenn de Aust äwer kümmt un dat Kurn ript, denn ward min Strom sachter fleiten, denn makt de Möller dat Schütt tau, denn steiht allens still, un denn is't Sünndag."

CHAPTER III

Why Fritz Sahlmann got a box on the ears, and the watchmaker spent the night fighting with Mamsell Westphalen's four-post bed, and why the French Colonel paid a visit to the watchmaker in a red blanket.

When the Miller's waggon had driven off, the Amtshauptmann began to walk towards the house, but suddenly turning round again, he went up to Herr Droz and asked: "Droz, how much do I owe you?" Droz said as well as he could that he had been very glad to do it, for "ze Allemagne is now my patrie and I am tout for ze patrie."

"I don't mean that," said the old Herr, "I meant for my watch which you set to rights for me?" Droz replied that that was already paid for, adding "ze leetle boy, Fritz Sahlmann, had make it all right."

"I am quite aware of that," said the old Herr; "but, my dear Droz, a watchmaker must be paid not only for what he does to a watch but also for what he does not do, and therefore take this," and he put a couple of thalers into his hand and went into the house.

"Oh! let him go," said Mamsell Westphalen, "he's a curious old gentleman, but he means it well. But Herr Droz now come in with me and stay a bit in my room for this weather is enough to make one's soul freeze in one's body."

Herr Droz went with her, but they had scarcely sat down when in came Fritz Sahlmann with the Frenchman's sword in his hand, and the Frenchman's helmet on his head, and a moustache which he had grown on the instant with the snuff of a candle. Smack! he had a box on his ears from Mamsell Westphalen: "Monkey!" and she took the sword and helmet from him and put them by her bed: "Monkey, have

Dat drüdde Kapittel

Worüm Fritz Sahlmann 'ne Mulschell kriegt un de Uhrkenmaker de ganze Nacht mit Mamsell Westphalen ehr Gardinenbeddstell in de Stuw' herümmerführt, un worüm de französche Oberst in 'ne rode Beddeck bi den Uhrkenmaker taum Besäuk kümmt.

As de Möller den Sloßweg dalführt was, gung de Herr Amtshauptmann nah sin Stuw' tau, kihrt äwer wedder üm, gung up Herr Droz los un frog: "Wat bün ick Sei schüllig, min leiw' Droz?" Na, de säd nu so gaud as hei kunn: hei hadd dat girn dahn, denn die Allemange sei nun seine Patrie un hei wir tuh för de Patrie.

"Dat mein ick nich", säd de oll Herr, "ick mein för min Taschenuhr, de Sei mi t'recht makt hewwen." Dat wir allens betahlt, säd Herr Droz, die kleine Garßong, die Fritz Sahlmann, hadd allens richtig makt.

"Dat weit ick woll", säd de oll Herr, "äwer min leiw' Droz, einen Uhrkenmaker möt einer nich blot dorför betahlen, dat hei an de Uhr wat makt hett, ne, ok dorför, dat hei dor nicks an makt hett, un wil Sei dit nich dahn hewwen, dorüm hir, min leiw' Droz", un drückt ein twei Daler in de Hand un gung in't Hus.

"Na", säd Mamsell Westphalen, "lat em gahn! Hei is en ollen wunderlichen Heiligen; äwer hei meint dat gaud. Äwer Herr Droz, nu kamen S' mit rin un däuen S' sick en beten up in min Stuw', denn bi dit oll grusig Weder kann einen de Seel in'n Liw friren warden.

"Herr Droz gung ok mit, un as sei sick knapp dal set't hadden, kamm Fritz Sahlmann herin mit den Franzosen sinen Pirdswanz up den Kopp un den blanken Säbel in de Hand un hadd sick in alle Geschwindigkeit en Snurrbort mit en Lichtäsel makt. Swabb! hadd hei einen von Mamsell Westphalen ehr Ort an de Uhren: "Uhlenspiegel!", un sei ret em den Blackpott von den Kopp un den Säbel ut

you nothing better to do than to be playing your tricks on an evening like this when we're all in such trouble? Go down to Herr Drois good wife, represent my compliments to her, and she is not to be anxious; Herr Drois with me, and there is no danger."

Fritz Sahlmann goes; and now they both sit down and tell one another about old times and new, that is to say, they try; but what Mamsell Westphalen says, Herr Drois does not understand well, and what Herr Drois says, Mamsell Westphalen understands very badly indeed.

"He are bon," said Droz and chinks the two thalers in his hand.

"Of course, they're good," replied Mamsell Westphalen, "do you think the Amtshauptmann would give you bad money?"

"Ah! not bad money! I mean him, lui-meme," and he pointed to the room above.

"Oh! the Herr Amtshauptmann you mean is bong. Yes, certainly he is bong, but the older he gets the more whimsical he grows, for he turns night into day and day into night, Herr Drois. Just think, here have I to sit up and roast and fry right into the middle of the night because he won't eat his supper till eleven or even twelve o'clock; and if it is burnt or dried up, he begins to scold, and then Frau Amtshauptmann who is very soft-hearted, she begins to cry. Then I say, 'Frau Amtshauptmann, why do you cry? Can we help it if he will live like a heathen? Leave off crying, we have a good conscience.' But Herr Drois it's very hard for me, a lone person, to sit here and listen to the storm raging round the Schloss, and the rain beating against the windows, and the owls hooting, and the winds whistling along the passages, as if all the evil spirits were let loose. Just listen! What weather it is again! Herr Drois, are you at all afraid?"

de Hand un stellt sei achter ehr Bedd: "Uhlenspiegel! An so'n Abend, wo wi all in Nöten sitten, willst du din Hanswurststreich maken? Gah leiwerst runne nah Herr Droin sine leiwe Fru, un en Kumpelment von mi, sei süll sick nich ängsten, Herr Drois wir bi mi in min Stuw' un Gefohr hadd dat hir gor nich."

Fritz Sahlmann geiht, un nu sitten sei dor un vertellen sick von ollen un nigen Tiden; dat heit, wat Herr Drois vertellt, dat versteiht Mamsell Westphalen man sihr slicht, un wat Mamsell Westphalen vertellt, dat versteiht Herr Drois nich recht.

"Er sein bong!" seggt Drois un klimpert mit de beiden Dalers in de Hand herüm.

"Ja woll", seggt Mamsell Westphalen, "sünd sei gaud. Meinen Sei, dat de Herr Amtshauptmann Sei falsch Geld gewen ward?"

"Ah, nicks falsch Geld! Ick meinen ihn lüi mehm", seggt Herr Drois un wis't mit den Finger nah baben.

"Ach so, Sei meinen den Herrn Amtshauptmann! Ja woll is hei bong, äwer je öller hei ward, je wunderlicher ward hei, denn hei makt de Nacht taum Dag, Herr Drois. Seihn S', dor möt ick nu sitten un möt braden un rösten in de Nacht herin, denn hei ett sin Abendbrod irst nachts Klock elwen, un't ward ok woll twölw; un wenn dat leiw' Eten verdrögt un verbradt is, denn schellt hei, un de Fru Amtshauptmannen is man sihr weikmäudig un kriggt denn dat Rohren. Denn segg ick: ›Fru Amtshauptmannen, wat hulen S'? Känen wi dörför, dat hei lewt as en Unchrist? Laten S' dat Hulen, wi hewwen en gaud Gewissen!‹ Äwer, Herr Drois, dat is en swor Stück för mi, hir tau sitten as 'ne einsame Person un tautauhören, wo de Stormwind üm dat Sloß rümme brus't, de Regen ankloppt an de Finstern, de Ulen schri'n un de Togwind dörch de Gäng' hult, as wiren de bösen Geister los. Nu hören S' blot, wat is dat wedder för en' Weder! Herr Drois, Sei grugen sick woll gor nich?"

“Oh, non!” replied Herr Droj; but he sat still and listened to the weather outside and said at last: “Leesten, Mamsell, du tonnerre!”

“What! Pommes de terre?” asked Mamsell Westphalen, “what have potatoes to do with the weather at this season?”

“I not mean ze leetle boys wid ze brown jack’ts, I mean,” and here he made a rapid gesture with his hand indicating forked lightning, “I mean ze bright tsick-tsack wid rumpel, pumpel, rat-tat-te-tah.”

“Then you are right, Herr Droj, for it really does go rumpel, pumpel, rat-tat-te-tah, out of doors.”

“Ah!” said Herr Droj, “zat are ze tambours, zat are my camerades, ze grenadier.” And he jumped up and marched up and down with his bearskin on his head, for here it was high enough; and then he stood still again: “Ecoutez, zey march on ze marche, on ze market, and ecoutez, zat are ze grand canons!”

And Mamsell Westphalen sat there with her hands folded in her lap and looked at him and shook her head and said: “How his soldiering does cling to him! He’s generally a well-behaved man, what does he want to be looking so fierce for now? It’s just like the old coachmen, when they can drive no longer, they are still always cracking their whips.”

Presently the wife of Stalsch the weaver came in at the door, she was Mamsell Westphalen’s oracle and newspaper, bringing her the news of the town, and for every mouthful of news she brought to the castle, she took away a plateful of food, she had turned her gown up over her head and the rain was streaming off her as from the roof of a house.

She shook herself once, twice. “Br-r-r, what a night it is,” she said. “That it is, Frau Meister,” answered

“Ah, nong”, seggt Herr Droj, sitt äwer still un horkt nah dat Weder rut un seggt endlich: “Attangdeh, dü Tonnähr!”

“Wat Pommdeätähr?” fröggt Mamsell Westphalen, “wat hett dat Weder in dese Joirstid mit de Tüften tau dauhn?”

“Ick meinen nich die kleine Garßong mit die graue Jack, ick meinen,” un hei rückt mit den Finger krüz un quer in de Luft, “Ick meinen der helle Szik-Szak mit Rumpel, Pumpel, Rattetetah.”

“Denn hewwen Sei recht, Herr Droj”, seggt Mamsell Westphalen, “denn bute geiht dat würrklich: Rumpel, Pumpel, Rattetetah.”

“Ah”, seggt Herr Droj, “das sein deh Tambur, das sein meine Kamerad, die Grenadier”, un sprung up un marschieret up un dal mit de Borenmütz up den Kopp, denn hir was’t hoch naug dortau, un stunn denn wedder still: “Hork! Sie marschier auf die Marsché, auf die Markt!” un “Hork! Das sein die grang Kanong, die swere Geßütz!”

Un Mamsell Westphalen sitt dor un hett de Hän’n in den Schot un kickt em an un schüddelt den Kopp un seggt: “Wo dat doch einmal insitt! Hei ’s süs en orndlich Minsch, üm wat stellt hei sick denn nu so wütig an? ’t is as mit de ollen Fuhrlüd’, wenn sei nich mihr führen können, mägen sei noch ümmer klappen.”

Un’t wohrt nich lang!, dunn kümmt Wewer Stahlsch in de Dör rin, dat was Mamsell Westphalen ehr dägliche Apotendträger un Apostel, de drog ehr dat Nige ut de Stadt tau, un för jeden Mund vull Niglichkeiten, den sei rup drog up’t Sloß, drog sei ein Henkelpott vull Eten wedder raf, hadd den Rock äwer’n Kopp namen un leckt as ’ne Dackrönn.

Sie schüddelt sick irst en pormal un säd dunn: “Brr, wat is’t för’n Weder!” “Dat ist dat, Fru Meistern”, säd de

Mamsell Westphalen; she always called her Frau Meister to show that she was the wife of a master weaver, "not for Stalsch's sake" she would say, "no, for my own sake, for what would people say if I were to be intimate with a woman of no standing. I can be proud like other folk."

"Mamsell," said the Frau Meister, "I came up to tell you the market-place is full of Frenchmen, and they've brought with them ever so many great cannons, and the Burmeister has sent for my husband, and has ordered him this dark night and in this weather to the villages round about to tell the peasants to be here with their waggons at noon tomorrow, and you see if you don't get some one quartered on you to-night."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Mamsell Westphalen, and went to the door and called to Hanchen and Corlin (the maids) and told them to light the fire in the blue room next hers, and to put up a couple of bedsteads for the Devil would soon send a bigmouthed French Colonel and a chattering ape of an adjutant up to the Schloss, and turning round to her company: "There they may lie," she said, "and if the ghost in the blue room is a Christian ghost it's not much sleep they'll get to-night and that's the best luck I wish them. For, Herr Droi," she went on, "the next room to this is haunted. Do you believe in ghosts?"

Herr Droi said, no. Presently there was a noise outside and as Mamsell Westphalen looked out at the window, yes, there was a French Colonel with his adjutant coming in at the gate, and a couple of orderlies were following them. They were taken into the blue room where they put on dry clothes, and then they went up to the Amtshauptmann's room and had supper.

Herr Droi in the meantime sat deep in thought, muttering over and over again "Diable" and "Diantre", and on their questioning him it came out that he was in great fear; it might be his death he said, for if he were to go out in his uniform and

Mamsell; sei nennt sei ümmer "Fru Meistern"; "nich üm Stalsch ehrentwillen", säd sei, "ne, üm minentwillen, denn wat würden de Lüd' dortau seggen, wenn ick mi mit en gewöhnlich Frugensmensch afgew, ne! ick heww ok minen Stolz!"

"Mamselling", säd de Fru Meistern, "ick kam ruppe: up de Mark grimmelt un wimmelt dat vull Franzosen, un hewwen en groten Hümpel Kanonen mitbröcht, un de Burmeister hett nah minen Mann schickt, de sall in dit Weder un in de düster Nacht up de Dörpe rümlopen un sall de Buren un de Häw tau Fuhrwark bestellen up morgen middag, un passen S' up, Sei krigen ok Inquartierung."

"Dat weit de leiw' Gott!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen un geiht an de Dör un röppt Korlin un Fik, sei sälen Füler in de blag' Stuw' maken neben ehr an un sälen zwei Bedden uprichten, denn de Düwel würd bald so'n grotmüligen französchen Obersten un so'n ßawwerig Krät von Adjutanten den Sloßbarg rup karen, un dreiht sick üm tau ehr Gesellschaft un seggt: "Dor känen sei liggen; un wenn dat Späuk in de blag' Stuw' en christlich Späuk is, denn warden sei just nich vel Rauh finnen in de Nacht, un dat günn ick ehr. Denn, Herr Droi", seggt sei, "hir neben an späukt dat, glöwen Sei ok an Späuk?"

Herr Droi seggt: "Ne", un't ward mitdewil buten en Upstand, un as Mamsell Westphalen rute kickt, kümmt richtig en französchen Oberst mit sinen Adjutanten rinne in de Husdör, un en por Ordonnanzen folgen achter drin. Sei warden in de blag' Stuw' bröcht, wo sei sick drög antrecken, un gahn dunn rup nah'n Herrn Amtshauptmann un eten dor Abendbrod.

Wildeß sitt Herr Droi deip in Gedanken, un hei seggt einmal äwer't anner: "Diabel!" un "Diangter!", un as sei em fragen, kümmt hei endlich dormit rut: hei wir in grote Swulitäten un't künn sin Unglück sin, denn wenn hei mit sin

the bearskin and sword and gun, he might be seen by one of the orderlies or one of the French sentries or some ruffian or other of a Frenchman and they might ask him where he came from and where he was going to, and then if he could not give a satisfactory account of himself, there would be the devil's own work, and the story of this afternoon might come out, and what would happen then?

“Herr Droï,” said Mamsell Westphalen, “that's a bad business. You couldn't put on that imp Fritz Sahlmann's things, for if you did manage to squeeze yourself into them, they would be much too short for you. And the Herr Amtshauptmann's clothes? No, Herr Droï, you mustn't ask that of me. It would be just as if I were to set fire to the Schloss with my own hands. And, heaven be praised, we have no other men here.

But Herr Droï you saved us when we were in danger this afternoon, and so I will save you in return. Your wife knows that you're up here amongst Christian folk. You shall sleep to-night in my four-post bedstead, and I will sleep with the housemaid; I'll put on fresh linen. Come, Frau Meister.” So saying she went out, and presently she came back again, put fresh sheets on the bed and asked once more: “Herr Droï, are you not afraid?”

And Herr Droï again replied that he was not. “That's all right,” said she; “for it often goes tap, tap, tap, in a curious way close by. But it never comes into the room. I have had a horseshoe nailed over the door. Listen, just listen! The Frenchmen are going to bed now. Just listen to the chattering! Herr Droï can you understand it all?”

“Ah, yes,” said Herr Droï. “I can easily believe it, for the wall is very thin. This was one large room once, but now it's made into two. Well, good night, Herr

Mondierung un de Borenmütz un Obergewehr un Unnergewehr ut de Stuw'güng un dörch de Straten, künn em de Ordonnanz seihn oder ein von de französchen Wachtposten oder so'n Ströper von Franzos', un sei kün'n em fragen: wo so? un woans?, un wenn hei denn nich Hals gewen künn, künn de Düwel sin Spill heww'n un de Geschicht von hüt nahmiddag künn rute kamen, un wat denn?”

“Herr Droï”, seggt Mamsell Westphalen, “dat is en slimm Stück! Den Slüngel, den Fritz Sahlmann sin Tüg känen Sei nich antrecken, denn wenn Sei ok Ehr leiw' Middelstück dorinne pressen wullen, wo bliwen de En'n? Un von den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Tüg? Ne, Herr Droï, verlangen S' nich von mi so 'ne Undaht, denn dat wir jo, as süll ick mit eigne Hand dat Sloß anstecken. Un anner Mannslüd' hewwen wi, Gott sei Dank, nich hir.

Äwer Herr Droï, Sei hewwen uns hüt nahmiddag ut grote Not reddt, un dorüm redd ick Sei wedder. Ehr Fru weit, dat Sei hir baben unner Christenminschen sünd; Sei sälen des' Nacht in min Gardinenbeddstäd slapen, ick legg Sei frisch Laken up, un ick slap bi dat Stubenmäten. Fru Meistern, kamen S'!” Dormit geiht sei ut de Dör, un't wohrt nich lang', dunn kümmt sei wedder rin un deckt frisch Laken äwer dat Bedd un fröggt wedder: “Herr Droï, grugen Sei sick ok?”

Herr Droï seggt wedder: “Ne”, un sei seggt: “Dat is schön! Denn männigmal geiht dat hir nebenan up 'ne sonderbare Ort üm, ›tap! tap! tap!‹, äwer hir kümmt dat nich rinne, ick heww en Haufisen up min Dör nageln laten. Nu hür mal einer! Nu hür mal einer! Nu gahn de Franzosen hir bian ok tau Bedd. Nu hür mal einer dat Gesnater! Herr Droï”, fröggt sei lis”, “känen Sei dat all verstahn?”

“Wui”, seggt Herr Droï. “Ick glöw't”, seggt sei, “denn de Wand is sihr dünn. Dit was irst 'ne grote Stuw', nu sünd dor äwer twei ut makt worden. Na, gun Nacht ok, Herr

Droi. Come, Frau Meister."

So saying she went out, followed by the Frau Meister, and shortly afterwards by Herr Droi too, who suddenly remembered he had a message for the Frau Meister to take to his wife.

Scarcely were the three out of the room, when some one flew along the corridor where the night-lamp was burning, into Mamsell Westphalen's room. It was that young rogue Fritz Sahlmann, and under his arm he had a lump of ice as large as a pumpkin; he climbed up the bedpost like a cat, and laid the lump of ice on the top of the bed. "Wait a little while, you old termagant, this is for the box on the ears I got," he said to himself. "It will perhaps cool you a little." And he slid down again and was out of the door in a moment.

Herr Droi now came back again, undressed, laid "la grande nation" on a chair by the side of the bed, blew out his candle, lay down, and stretched himself out in the nice soft bed and said: "Ah! que c'est bon;" then listened to the storm outside and the rain pouring down and the jabbering of the Frenchmen. At last the chattering ceased; and Herr Droi was half asleep and half awake, when tap, tap, tap. "Haha," thought Herr Droi, in French, "that's the ghost in the next room;" and he listened to hear what his countrymen would have to say to it. They lay quite still; but tap, tap, tap, it goes again and now it seems to Herr Droi to be in his room. Yes, it is in his room; and if it's in the room, it must have come in at the door. How else could it get in? So he caught up one of his shoes and flung it at the door. Bang! went the shoe against the door; the noise resounded through the corridor as if a thunderbolt had fallen. The Frenchmen in the next room began to move and to speak to one another. All however was

Droi! Fru Meistern, kamen S'!"

Herr Droi seggt ok sin gun Nacht up Französch, süht äwer ut, as hadd hei noch wat up den Harten, wat hei nich seggen künn oder nich seggen mügg, un Mamsell Westphalen seggt sachten tau de Fru Meistern: "Fru Meistern, Sei sünd 'ne verfrigte Fru, för mi paßt sick dat nich, seggen S' den Mann Bescheid", un geht. As sei furt is, geht de Uhrkenmaker mit de Fru Meistern ok rut.

As sei all rut sünd, dunn wutscht wat äwer den Gang, wo de Nachtlamp brennt, in Mamsell Westphalen ehr Stuw' herin, dat is de Spitzbauben-Jung', de Fritz Sahlmann, un hett unner'n Arm en groten Klupen Is as en Hauttöppel grot, un as 'ne Katt springt hei up de Beddlad von Mamsell Westphalen ehr grot Gardinenkutsch in de Höcht un leggt den Isklumpen baben up den Himmel von dat Beddggestell un seggt tau sick: "Täuw, du olle Racker! Dit is för de Mulschellen, de ik kregen heww; dit sall di de upstigende Hitz woll kühlen", un dormit wutscht hei wedder rut ut de Dör.

Herr Droi kümmt nu ok wedder rin, treckt sick ut, leggt "la grang Nationg" vör't Bedd up den Staul, pust dat Licht ut un leggt sick dal, reckt sick in dat schöne, weike Bedd lang ut un seggt: "Ah! Szeh bong!", horkt nu up den Storm buten un up den Regen, wo de dal gütt, un up dat Resonnieren von de beiden Franzosen nebenan, doch endlich hört dat Szackerieren up, un Herr Droi is grad so twischen Slapen un Waken, dunn geht dat: tap – tap – tap. "Haha", denkt Herr Droi up Französch, "dat is dat Späuk hir nebenan!" un horkt nu, wat sin Landslud' woll dortau seggen warden. De liggen ganz still; äwer tap – tap – tap, geht dat ruhig wider, un nu is det Herr Droin, as wenn't in sin Stuw' is. Ja, in sin Stuw' is't, un wenn't in sin Stuw' is, denn is't in de Dör rinne kamen, wo süll't süs rin kamen sin? Hei grippt also nah einen von sin Schauh un smitt nah de Dör hen, bautz! fohrt de Schauh gegen de Dör, un up den Gang bullert dat, as wenn't Gewitter inslagen hadd. De Franzosen nebenan

soon quiet again, but tap, tap, tap, it went once more, close to Herr Droï's bed. He raised himself up and bent over the side of the bed to be able to hear better, splash! fell a drop on his bald head, and splash! another on his nose, and on stretching out his hands he found the bedclothes were beginning to get wet through. "Diantre!" he exclaimed, in French, "there's a hole in the roof, and the rain's coming in through the ceiling. What's to be done?"

Of course he at once thought of moving his bed as any other sensible person in his place would have done. He therefore got up and began to drag at the head of the old bed, but forgot all about the French Chasseur's helmet and sword which were standing in the corner and which now fell rattling and jangling along the wall down to the ground. Herr Droï was not a little startled and stood still and listened and, yes, the two Frenchmen had been awakened by the noise and were raging and swearing.

"But," thought he, "even this much must have done some good," and he crept into bed again. But the lump of ice was now nearly melted and the water of course came streaming through on to the bed; he lay still a while, but it kept coming faster and faster, and the water came through the bedclothes, and he got quite cold and he thought, in French, "they will be fast asleep now, if I can only bring the foot of the bed as far away from the wall, I shall get rid of this rain," and got up and began to move the foot of the bed; crash! fell his musket along the wall on to the floor; and if there was no noise before, there was certainly noise now.

The poor watchmaker stood there biting his lip, biting his nails, and holding his breath as if his very breathing might wake the Frenchmen, who were already swearing half aloud and crying "silence" and tapping against the wall.

fangen an sick tau rögen un reden mit enanner. Bald is dat indes wedder still; äwer tap, tap, tap, geiht dat wedder dicht bi Herr Droin sin Bedd. Herr Droï richt sick in En'n un bögt sick vöräwer, üm beter hüeren tau känen, klatscht föllt em en Druppen up den kahlen Kopp, un klatsch! Noch ein up de krumme Näs', un as hei vör sick hengrippt, dunn fäuhlt hei, dat sin Äwerbedd so bi Lütten anfangt örchtaweiken. "Dianger!" seggt hei, "dat Dack is nich dicht, un dat leckt dörch den Bähn. Wat nu?"

Hei verföllt natürlich glik up dat vernünftigeste Mittel, up wat en Minsch in so'n Umstän'n verfallen kann, hei will mit sin Bedd ümtrecken; hei steiht also up un fangt mit de olle swere Beddlad t'Ens den Kopp an tau schurren, denkt äwer nich an den Franzosen sin Kaskett un Säbel, de in de Eck stahn, un, hest nich geseihn, schurrt dat an de Wand entlang un klappert un rummelt up den Fautboden dal. Herr Droï verfirt sick nich slicht un steiht un horkt, un, richtig! de beiden Franzosen sünd upwakt von den Spektakel un schellen un futern.

Hei denkt äwer, dat mag jo woll hulpen hewwn, un krüppt in't Bedd. Nu was de oll Isklumpen äwer all schön dörchdäu't, un dat pirrt natürlich in dat Bedd herin; hei liggt 'ne Wil, äwer dat löppt ümmer düller, dat ward em all so käuhlhaftig, dat Water sleiht all dörch, un hei denkt, natürlich up Französch: "Nu slapen s' woll. Wenn du dat Fauten'n nu so nahbringen künnst, denn müggst du jo woll von de Leck loskamen"; steiht up un rückt dat Fauten'n los, bautz! föllt sin Obergewehr de Wand entlang up den Fautboden, un hett dat irst nicht knallt, denn knallt dat nu.

Dor stunn nu de arm Uhrkenmaker un bet sick up de Lipp un kau't sick up de Nägel un höll de Luft an, as wenn sin Atenhalen de Franzosen upwecken künn, de nebenan all ludhals' schimpfen un schandierten un "Szilanz" repen un an de Wand kloppten.

“Que faire?” he said to himself, in French. “The first want must be supplied, as the old woman said when she burned her kneading-trough to heat the water for the bread;” crept into bed again and said, “Heaven be praised at last I'm out of the drip.”

But he had got out of the drip to come into the torrent, for dash! it came down from above, splash! it poured into the bed. He felt cold and wet, like a frog in spring. It was all of no use. He must get up once more and turn the bed round again; but softly so as not to throw anything over. He pulled it into one corner, it had been dry there before; he pulled it into the other corner, there too it had been dry before, and in this way he went pulling the bed about the livelong night always gently, very gently, but wherever he went there was water.

At last he stood still in the middle of the room, and thought and thought, and finally slapped his forehead, in French, saying: “Fool that I am!” for a light had flashed across him, that's to say across his mind, for in the room it was quite dark. But a light in the room he must have. So he stole out into the corridor, yes, the nightlamp was still burning; he lighted his candle, and went back, looked up at the top of the bed and saw something lying there, muttered: “Ah, Canaille!” and mounted on to the bed, but could not reach. He stretched himself out as far as he could and tried to get the lump of ice, but it was so slippery he could not hold it. Parbleu! half an inch more. He leant his whole weight against the top of the bed when, crack it went, and bed and ice and Droi all fell in a heap against the wall, and there lay Herr Droi among the innocent white curtains, helplessly kicking his feet about, as if they could express the state of their owner's mind.

All at once the door opens, and in comes the French Colonel. In order not to catch

“Kö fährt?” säd hei up Französch vör sick hen. “De irste Not möt kihrt warden, as dat oll Wiw säd, dunn slog s' den Backetrog intwei un makt dat Sürwater dormit heit”, krop in dat Bedd un säd: “Gott sei Dank! Nu bün ick ut de Leck.”

Hei was äwer ut den Regen in de Drupp kamen, denn, strull! göt dat runner von den Bähn, strull! göt dat in dat Bedd herin. Em würd ganz kolt un waterig tau Maud', as wir hei' ne Pogg in Frühjohrstid. Dat hülpe em allens nich, hei müßt wedder rut un müßt wedder ümtrecken; äwer lising, dat hei nicks ümstöten ded. Hei treckt in de ein Eck, dor was't doch vörher drög west, hei treckt in de anner Eck, dor was't doch ok drög west, un so führt hei de schöne lange Nacht mit de Gardinenkutsch in de Stuw' ümmer rund herüm, lising, ganz lising, äwer wo hei henkamm, was ok de Leck.

So stunn hei denn nu in'n blanken Hemd midden in de Stuw' un sünn un sünn, wo dit woll wir un wo dat woll wir, un slog sick endlich up Französch mit de Hand vör'n Kopp un säd: “Ick Schapskopp!”, denn em was en Licht upgahn. Dat heit in'n Kopp, denn in de Stuw' was't düster, un Licht müßt hei doch hewwen. Hei slek sick also lising rut up den Gang, un richtig! Dor brennt ok de Lamp noch; hei stek sin Licht an, gung t'rügg, lücht nah den Beddhimmel rup, sach dor wat baben liggen, säd: “Ah, Cannalje!”, steg up de Beddlad, kunn't äwer nich langen. Hei reckt sick nah Möglichkeit un grawwelt up den Isklumpen rüm, de was äwer tau gliwwerig, hei let sick nich faten. Parblöh! Einen halwen Toll länger! Hei leggt sick mit aller Gewalt in't Geschirr, knack! seggt de Himmel, un Himmel un Isklumpen un Droi, allens föllt gegen de Franzosen ehr Wand, un dor liggt Herr Droi unner de unschülligen witten Gardinen un ampelt mit de nakten Beinen in de Luft herüm, as können de vertellen, wo ehren Herrn tau Maud' was.

Mit einmal geiht de Dör up, un herinne kümmt de französche Oberst un hett sick

cold he had thrown a red blanket over his shoulders and in his hand he held a double-barrelled pistol. Behind him stood the adjutant with a drawn sword. Herr Droi scrambles out from under the bed-curtains, puts on his bearskin, then draws himself up to his full height and makes a salute saying: "Bon soir, mon colonel."

The Colonel looked at Droz, and the adjutant looked at the Colonel. They saw that they had a Frenchman to deal with. They saw the black leggings and the whole "grande nation" lying beside the bed. They saw the sword and gun, and worse and worse, they saw the Chasseur's sabre and helmet. What's this? What's the meaning of this? Herr Droi stammers out something. Herr Droi begins to tell them about Jena and Marengo. Herr Droi begins to tell lies. Herr Droi lies capitally, pity they don't believe him.

In the room and in the corridor there is a fearful noise; the Colonel calls Herr Droi a deserter and marauder, the adjutant calls for the orderlies, the orderlies in haste and in scant apparel, as if some one had fallen into the water and they wanted to jump in after him without wetting their trousers, rush in from one side of the corridor, while from the other side advances Mamsell Westphalen with the cook and the housemaid. In her hand she has a large stable lantern, but otherwise she is not well off as to clothes. She holds one hand up to her eyes as if the light of the lantern blinded her, and the housemaid looks over her (Mamsell Westphalen's) shoulder and says to the cook "Good heavens, Corlin, do look."

"For shame," says Mamsell Westphalen, "what is she to look at? What have you got to look at? And what is there here to look at? We have come here on account of this heathenish noise at a time when every one ought to be asleep, and because we heard Herr Droi's voice crying out in terror and trouble. And now turn about." The two women and Mamsell

gegen de Verküllung 'ne rode wullin'tlinnen Beddeck ümnamen un höllt 'ne duwweltlöpig Pistol vör sick hen, un achter em steiht mit en blanken Degen un süs noch mit allerlei Blanks sin Adjutant. Herr Droi rappelt sick ut den Himmel rut, stülpt sick de Borenmütz up den Kopp, richt sick steidel in En'n, leggt de Hand an de Mütz un seggt: "Bong Swar, mong Colonel!"

De Oberst, de kickt em an, de Adjutant kickt den Obersten an, sei hüren, dat sei mit en Franzosen tau dauhn hewwen, sei seihn de swarten Stifeletten un de ganze "grang Nationg" vör dat Bedd liggen, sei seihn Obergewehr un Unnergewehr, un wat düller is as dull, sei seihn den Säbel un den Pirdswanz von den Schassür. Wat heit dit? un wat sall dit? Herr Droi stamert up sine Ort wat taurecht, Herr Droi fangt an, von Marengo un Jena tau vertellen, Herr Droi fangt an tau leigen, Herr Droi lüggt wunderschön, man schad, sei glöwen em nich.

In de Stuw' un up den Gang ward dat en Höllenlarm, de Oberst schellt Herrn Droin für en Dissentür un en Marodür, de Adjutant röppt äwer de Ordonnanzen; de Ordonnanzen störten von de ein Sid von den Gang in Hast un korten Tüg' vör, as wir wer in't Water follen un sei wullen em nahspringen, ahn sick de Hosen natt tau maken; von de anner Sid rückt Mamsell Westphalen mit dat Stubenmäten un de Käksch vör un hett 'ne grote Stallücht in de Hand, süs äwer man in sihr bedrängten Kleidungsümstän'n. Sei höllt sick de Hand vör de Ogen, as wir sei ganz blen'nt von de Stallücht, un äwer ehr Schuller kickt de Stubendirn un seggt tau de Käksch: "Herre je, doch! kik, Korlin...!"

"Schäm di wat", seggt Mamsell Westphalen, "wat sall sei kiken? Wat hest du tau kiken? Un wat is hir tau kiken? Wi sünd hir wegen dat unchristlich Wesen bi Nachtslapentid, un wil dat Herr Droin sin Stimm ut Ängsten un Nöten tau uns raupen hett. Un nu dreiht jug üm!" De beiden Dirns un Mamsell Westphalen dreihn sick nu üm un wisen de Franzosen

Westphalen turn their backs on the Frenchmen and Mamsell says: "Herr French Colonel, what is this? what do you call this? and what is the meaning of this? Why don't you let Herr Droin sleep in peace in my room? This is a Christian house and a quiet house, and we are not accustomed to such ways." And she added to herself half aloud "one of them will be sure to understand me."

The French Colonel looked at himself, as he stood there in his red blanket, and Herr Droin with the bearskin on his head, and his thin-legged adjutant skipping about in his zeal, and Mamsell Westphalen's broad back; and the whole scene looked so comical, he burst out laughing and said in good German that she was only to go on, he could understand her well enough, for he was a German, a Westphalian (Westphalen).

"That's my name," said Mamsell Westphalen. The Colonel laughed and said he was only a Westphalian by birth, his name was "von Toll."

Mamsell Westphalen dropped a low curtsy, backwards. "Begging your pardon, are you perhaps a relative of Toll our postmaster and innkeeper down in the town?"

The Colonel said that he had not the honour, but that he was almost freezing; that the orderlies were to remain with Herr Droin, for he must be a French deserter, and they were also to search for the French Chasseur to whom the helmet and sabre belonged.

Herr Droin now began again to lie, and Mamsell Westphalen felt quite ashamed of him and turned round in anger and said: "For shame, Herr Droin, to be stuffing the easy chair that ought to make you comfortable in your old age with wickedness, you're making a hard pillow for your conscience." Then making a little curtsy, she said to the colonel, "My compliments, Herr Colonel von Toll," and marched off with the two maids.

ehr Rüggsid, un de Mamsell seggt: "Herr französche Oberst, wat sall dit? wat is dit? un wat bedüd't dit? Wat laten Sei Herr Droin nich in min Stuw' ruhig slapen? Dit is en christlich Hus un en ruhig Hus, un so'n Upstand sünd wi hir nich gewennt." Un set't halw lud för sick hentau: "Ein von't oll Takeltüg ward mi jo woll verstahn."

De französche Oberst kickt sick an, wo hei dor steiht in sin rod Deck, un denn Herr Droin mit de Borenmütz up den Kopp un sinen spirrbeinigen Adjudanten, wo dei herümmer hüppen deiht in sinen lwer, un Mamsell Westphalen ehr breide Achtersid, un dat Ganze kümmt em so nahr sch vör, dat hei lud anfangt tau lachen, un hei seggt up gaud Dütsch: sei süll man wider reden, hei künn ehr gaud naug verstahn, denn hei wir en Dütscher, hei wir en Westfal.

"So schriw ick mi ok!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen. De Oberst lacht un seggt: hei wir blot en Westfal, heiten ded hei von Toll.

Mamsell Westphalen makt en deipen Knix von achter: "Um Vergebung tau fragen: sünd Sei villicht 'ne Fründschaft von den Herrn Postmeister un Gastwirt Tollen hir unnen in de Stadt?"

Dat nich! säd de Oberst; äwer em würd nahgrad friren; de Ordonnanzen süllen bi Herr Droin bliiben, denn hei würd woll'n französchen Dissentür sin, un sei süllen ok nahforschen, wo de französche Schassür blewen wir, den Säbel un Kaskett hüren ded.

Herr Droin fung nu wedder an tau leigen, un Mamsell Westphalen schämt sick in sine Seel un dreiht sich in'n Arger rüm un seggt: "Schämen S' sick, Herr Droin, den Lehnstaul för't Öller mit Slichtigkeiten tau pulstern, dat giwwt en hart Küssen för't Gewissen. Un schämen S' sick, Herr Droin, wecke anständig Mannsmensch set't sick irst de Mütz up un treckt sick nahst irst de Hosen an!" Dreiht sick üm, un as sei gewohr ward, dat dat Stubenmäten

sick ok ümdreihet hett, giwwt sei ehr en lütten Fuck in de horten Ribben un seggt: "Dumme Dirn!" un makt wedder en deipen Knix von achter un seggt: "Mine Empfehlung, Herr Oberst von Toll!" un marschieret mit de beiden Dirns af.

The others also went; and soon all was still again, and the Herr Amtshauptmann had no suspicion of what was passing in his house for he slept the sleep of the just.

De annern gungen ok, un bald würd denn allens still, un de Herr Amtshauptmann hadd kein Ahnung dorvon, wat in sinen Hus' passieren ded, denn hei slep den Slap der Gerechten.

CHAPTER IV

How the Miller felt next morning; why Friedrich appeared to the Miller's wife like the serpent in the Garden of Paradise; and why Fieka thought Joe Voss's son was sent to them by Providence.

The next morning Miller Voss felt as if he had half-a-dozen sparrows in his head, which were pecking away at flies. It was not, he said to himself, because of last night's deep drinking. No, it was chiefly because of the Frenchman.

"Mother," said he as he pulled on his boots, and he nodded his head and looked knowingly into their wide tops, "red wine is a fine thing in the evening, but, in the morning, it seems to me it's no better than brandy or beer. However, if you jump over a dog you jump over his tail too. But where is the Frenchman? He lay in the straw, and Friedrich must know what has become of him."

"Father," said his wife, "never mind that now. Friedrich must come soon you know, for it's time for the first breakfast."

The Miller went into the room, sat down at the table where the large bowl of barley-broth was standing and helped himself; then the mother helped herself and then Fieka and, lastly, the two maid-servants; for such was the custom in those days; and no miller had yet heard of coffee.

The Miller ate, then laid down his spoon: "Where can Friedrich be?" He began eating again, then went to the window and shouted across the yard; "Friedrich." Still no Friedrich.

The bowl of broth was empty; the servants took away the things, and the Miller said: "When I have hired a servant, I'm not going to have him play the fine gentleman!" and was just setting out to look after him, when Friedrich came in, carrying something under his arm.

Dat virte Kapittel

Woans den Möller den annern Morgen tau Maud' was; worüm Fridrich de Möllerfru as de Slang' ut den Paradisgorn vorkamm, un worüm Fiken de Meinung is, dat Jochen Vossen sin Sähn von Gott schickt is.

Den annern Morgen was Möller Vossen tau Maud', as hadd hei'n halw Dutzend Sparlings in den Kopp un snappten dor nah Brümmers, nich blot von wegen dat swer Gedränk von gistern abend, ne, in de Hauptsak von wegen den Franzosen.

"Mutter", säd hei, as hei sick de Stäweln antog, un wiwakt mit den Kopp so hen un her un kek so wiß in de Stäwelschächt rinne, "Rotwin is des Abends 'ne schöne Sak, äwer des Morgens kümmt hei mi ok man so vör as Bramwin un Brunbir. Indessen, kümmt ein äwer'n Hund, kümmt hei ok äwer'n Swanz; dat is blot mit den Franzosen! In't Krett hett hei legen, un Fridrich möt weiten, wo hei blewen is."

"Vatting", seggt sin Fru, "lat dat; Fridrich möt jo kamen, denn't is Tid tau't irste Frühstück."

De Möller geiht rin in sin Dönsk un set't sick achter den Disch, wo de Mehlsuppschöttel steiht, un langt mit den Lepel tauirst in de Supp, un dorup langt Mutter tau un Fiken un tauletzt de beiden Deinstdirns, denn so was't dunn Mod, un von Koffe wüßt noch kein Möller wat.

De Möller ett un leggt den Lepel hen: "Wo Fridrich woll bliwwt?" Hei ett wedder un geiht an't Finster un röppt äwer'n Hof: "Fridrich!" Fridrich kümmt nich.

De Schöttel ward leddig, de Dirns dragen dat Geschirr rut, un de Möller seggt: "Wenn'ck en Knecht meid't heww, will'ck keinen Herrn in'n Hus' hewwen!" un will eben rut un den Knecht up den Deinst passen, dunn kümmt Fridrich in de Dör herin un dröggt wat unner'n Arm.

"Where have you been, you vagabond?" asked the Miller? "Miller," said Friedrich, and drew his clasp-knife out of his pocket and stuck it under the door-latch, "don't speak like that; it's not fit for you, nor yet for me. When wild geese are in the air it's ill sowing peas, and when gossiping women are in the room it's best not to say what you don't wish everybody to know. So I waited till the maids had left the room. Here!" and he threw something on to the table so that it rang again. "Here, Miller Voss. I've not brought you the fox himself, nor yet his skin, but here's his leather bag."

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the Miller, and hastily seized the valise and began unbuckling the straps. "What does it mean?" said Friedrich "You must find that out for yourself; it's no business of mine. I have taken my share already."

The Miller shook the valise over the table, and a packet of silver spoons fell out and a quantity of silver coin, and beautiful, round, yellow gold, and a little box came to light, and when the Miller's wife opened it, there lay rings and broaches with gold chains coiled in amongst them like serpents among brilliant flowers.

"Heaven preserve us!" she cried, and let the box fall. Fieka had stood there looking on, her hands pressed to her bosom and her eyes getting larger and larger. She now threw herself, pale as death, across the table, laid her arms over the gold and silver treasure and cried: "It is the Frenchman's! It is the Frenchman's. It is not ours."

When she lifted up her head, and glanced at her father, she looked as if some one had stabbed her with a knife, and the anguish of death was in her face as she said "Father, father."

And the old Miller sat there fidgeting about with his night-cap, and he looked at his child in her anguish and then again at the

"Wo bliwwst du, Hallunk?" fröggt de Möller. "Möller", seggt Fridrich un treckt sin Klappmetz ut de Tasch un klemmt dat unner'n Dörendrucker, "wenn'n Sei sick so'ne Redensorten af, dat paßt sick nich för Sei un nich för mi. Wenn will Gäus' in de Luft sünd, is slicht Arwten sei'n, un wenn snatrige Dirns in de Stuw' sünd, is slicht Geschichten tau vertellen. Dorüm heww ick so lang täuwt, bet de Dirns rut sünd. Un hir!" seggt hei un smitt wat up den Disch, dat dat binnen klimpert un klingt, "un hir, Möller Voß, is twors nich de Voß sülwst un ok nich sin Fell, äwer sin Fellisen!"

"Wat sall dit?" fröggt de Möller un fohrt in Hast äwer den Mantelsack her un snallt de Reims up. "Wat dat sall?" seggt Fridrich, "dat mägen Sei seggen, dat's nich min Sak. Min Deil heww ick mi namen."

De Möller schüdd't den Mantelsack äwer den Disch ut, un en Pack sülwerne Lepel felen rut un grotes Sülwergeld un schönes, rundes, geles Gold, un 'ne lütt Schachtel kamm taum Vörschin, un as de Möllerfru de apen maken ded, dunn lagg dor Ring bi Uhrring, un de golden Keden slüngen sick dordörch as Slangen unner bunte Blaumen.

"Gott bewohr uns!" schreg sei up un let de Schachtel fallen. Fiken hadd dor stahn un allens mit anseihn, un de Hän'n läden sick äwer ehr Bost, un ehr Ogen würden gröter un gröter, un blaß as de Dod smet sei sick äwer den Disch un äwer den golden un sülwernen Schatz un deckt de Arm doräwer un rep: "Dat is den Franzosen sin! Dat is den Franzosen sin! Dat is nich uns!"

Sei böhrt den Kopp up un kek ehren Vater an un sach ut, as hadd ein ehr 'n Metz in de Bost stött, un de Dodesangst lagg up ehr Gesicht, un sei säd: "Vatting, Vatting!"

Un de oll Möller satt dor un schow mit de Slapmütz up den Kopp herüm un kek sin Kind an un sin Angst un denn wedder dat

glittering money. All at once he sprang up, nearly overturning the table, and cried: "God in Heaven! I know nothing about it. I don't know what has become of him; he lay in the straw, that I know," and added in a feeble voice, "Friedrich must know the rest."

Fieka left the money, and darted towards Friedrich. "Where is the Frenchman?" she screamed.

Friedrich, with his old iron face, stood quietly looking at her. "God save us!" he said at last. "Is this to be a court of justice then? Why, Fieka, Fieka! Do I look like a robber and murderer? I laid the Frenchman with my own hands under a beech-tree in the Stemhagen wood, and, if the night air hasn't been too cool for him, he'll be lying there now, still as a rat, for he was dead drunk."

"That he was," said the Miller. Fieka looked first at Friedrich and then at her old father, who was listening to what Friedrich was saying, "Friedrich," she said, "how could I help thinking it. You are always talking about killing and murdering Frenchmen." And she put her apron up to her eyes, threw herself down on the bench behind the large, tile-covered stove, and began to cry bitterly.

"Dumouriez! That I am," said Friedrich, "and if I could wring the neck of those d--- patriots I'd do it. But a man who could not defend himself? And for his money too!" He muttered something in his beard and went to the door; he took his knife from under the latch, and then turned round and said: "Miller, the air is clear again, for the two girls are gone to their work. I have given you the things; consider well what you do with them.

If you wish to keep them, well and good. I have nothing to say against it, for, according to my poor wits you've a right to them. The French have taken more than this from you; and, if you don't wish it to be talked about, I, for my part, can be

blanke Geld, un mit einmal sprung hei up, dat hei binah den Disch ümstött hadd, un rep: "Gott in'n Himmel, ick weit von nicks, ick weit nich, wo hei blewen is, hei lagg in min Krett, dat weit ick!", un ganz swack set't hei hentau: "Fridrich möt dat äwrig weiten."

Fiken let dat Geld un sprung up Fridrichen in un schreg: "Wo is de Franzos' blewen?"

Fridrich stunn ruhig dor un kek sei mit sin oll isern Gesicht an un säd: "Gott bewohr uns, dat ward jo wol en orndlichen Gerichtsdag? Fiken! Fiken! Wo? Seih ick denn ut as en Röwer un Mürder? Den Franzosen heww ick mit min eigen Hand in'n Stemhäger Babenholt unner 'ne Bäuk leggt, un wenn em de Nacht nich tau käuhl worden is, denn liggt hei noch dor as 'ne Rott, denn hei was stiww dun."

"Dat was hei", seggt de Möller; un Fiken kickt Fridrichen an un ehren ollen Vater, de ok up Fridrichen sin Red' horkt, un seggt: "Fridrich, Fridrich! Wat kann ick dorför? Hei hett all ümmer so'ne Reden führt von Ümbringen un Franzosendodslahn"; un namm de Schört vör de Ogen, smet sick up de Bänk achter'n Aben un fung bitterlich an tau weinen.

"Dümurrjöh!" seggt Fridrich, "dat heww ick! Un wenn ick dit verdammte Patriottentakel mit de Hand dat Gnick ümdreihn künn, denn ded ick't; äwer'n Minschen, de sick nich wehren kann, un denn noch üm Geld un Gaud?", brummt wat in'n Bort un gung an de Dör, treckt sin Klappmetz unner den Drücker rut, un as hei rut gahn wull, dreiht hei sick üm un seggt: "Möller, de Luft is nu rein, denn de beiden Dirns gahn nah'n Meßstreuen. Ick heww Sei nu den Kram gewen, äwerleggen S' sick de Sak woll.

Willen Sei't behollen, gaud! För minentwegen, ick heww nicks dorwedder, denn nah minen dummen Verstand heww'n Sei Recht dortau. De Franzosen heww'n Sei mihr namen as dit, un willen Sei nich, dat doräwer redt ward, ick för

silent. But if you are going to deliver it up to the Amtshauptmann, and have to swear that nothing has been taken out of it, just say that I have taken my share.”

“Friedrich, Friedrich,” said the Miller's wife, “do not be bringing yourself into trouble, nor us either. At this moment you seem to me to be like the serpent in the Garden of Paradise.”

“Frau,” replied Friedrich, “everybody knows best what he ought to do himself. Two years ago when I had been taking salt to the Inn at Klaukow for Rathsherr Krueger of Malchin, and was going to pay my bill, and put an eight-groschen piece down on the table, an infamous rascal of a Chasseur pounced upon it, and when I tried to get it back, three of them fell upon me and nearly beat me to death. I have taken the eight groschen, but the blows I keep in store for them. And if this fellow did not do it himself, perhaps his brother did, or his comrade, the account remains in the family. The eight groschen I shall certainly keep.” And so saying he went out at the door.

The Miller, meanwhile, had been walking up and down the room, and had rubbed his head, and had scratched his head, had stood still and looked at the money, and when Friedrich went out, he walked up to his cupboard, brought out Adler Erben of Rostock's Calendar, and looked for that which he had looked for a hundred times before, and sighed “Yes, it is tomorrow.” His wife stood with her back against the clock, wringing her hands.

“Yes,” said the Miller, “if we keep it, we shall be out of our troubles.”
“O God, Father!” groaned his wife, and looked up anxiously in his face.

“And the fellow has stolen it,” he went on; “the silver spoons have a crest; but even if it can be found out who they have

min Part kann swigen. Willen Sei't äwerst an't Amt utliwern un sälen Sei dat beswören, dat dor nicks von afhannen kamen is, denn seggen Sei man, ick hadd min Deil dorvon namen.”

“Fridrich, Fridrich”, seggt de Möllerfru, ”sett Hei sick in kein Ungelegenheiten un uns ok nich; denn in desen Ogenblick kümmt Hei mi vör as de Slang' ut den Paradisgorn.”

“Fru”, seggt Fridrich, ”jedwerein möt weiten, wat hei tau dauhn hett. Vör twei Johren führt ick för Ratsherr Krüger tau Malchin mit Solt äwer'n Klaukowschen Kraug, un as ick min Zech dor betahlen wull un en Achtgröschenstück up den Disch läd, sprung so'n infame Spitzbauben-Schassür tau un grappst mi dat weg, un as ick mi dorwedder läd, kemen sei sülw't drei äwer mi her un slogen mi dat Fell so mör, dat ick dacht, ick süll an'n Lewen verzagen. De acht Gröschen heww ick mi wedder namen; äwer de Släg' behollen sei noch tau gaud. Un hett des' Kirl dat ok nich dahn, denn het't mäglich sin Brauder dahn oder sin Kamerad, un't bliwwt denn in de Fründschaft. De acht Gröschen beholl ick.” Un dormit gung hei ut de Dör.

De oll Möller was wildeß in de Stuw' up un dal gahn un hadd sick den Kopp rewen un sick in de Hor kratzt, hadd denn mal stillstahn un dat Geld anseihn, un as Fridrich ut de Dör was, gung hei an sin Schapp un halt den Kalenner von Adlers Erben in Rostock herut un kek dornah, wo hei all hunnertmal nah keken hadd, un süfzt vör sick hen: ”Ja, morgen ist dat.” Sin Fru stunn mit den Rüggen an de Stubenklock un slog einmal äwer't anner de Hän'n tausam un wunnerwarkt in'n stillen.

“Ja”, seggt de Möller, ”wenn wi't behollen, sünd wi ut all uns' Not.”
”Ach Gott, Vatting!” seggt de Fru un kickt so verzagt tau em tau Höcht.

“Un stahlen hett de Kirl dat”, seggt hei wider, ”de sülwernen Lepel hewwen en grotes Wapen, un wenn sick dat ok

belonged to, the money is from all sorts of places and won't easily find its way back to the right pockets."

"Father," said his wife, "you risk your neck if the fellow accuses you publicly of having taken them from him."

"He won't open his mouth, for if he has to tell where the money has all come from, they won't quite feed him on raisins and almond cakes. And after all, have we taken it? They fastened the horse to the tail of the waggon up at the Schloss, and the horse brought the leather bag into the stable to Friedrich last night. Who can say I took it?"

Thereupon he began to count the money, and sort it into heaps. "Yes, but it does not belong to us," said his wife. "Who does it belong to, then?" asked the Miller. "It doesn't belong to the Frenchman either; and, if we wanted to give it back to him, where is he?"

"Why, Friedrich tells you he is in the Stemhagen Wood."

"Indeed!" said the Miller scornfully. "Do you think then that he would lie there in this weather from eight o'clock in the evening till nine o'clock in the morning? He will have gone on his way long ago; and who is to order me to run after him with his money?"

He began to count again, and his wife sat down and folded her hands in her lap, and sighed. "You know who orders it." Fieka was still sitting on the bench crying by herself. The Miller went on counting the money, but looked up so frequently at Fieka that it seemed as if he must certainly miscount. At last he had finished, and leaning with his two hands on the table, he looked once more over the treasure, and said, "A third of this gold and silver would make more than seven hundred thalers in Prussian money. Now, we are out of our troubles."

utfinnig maken let, wen de tauhürt hewwen, so is dat Geld von allerlei Ort, un de einzeln Stücken warden woll knapp in de richtige Tasch taurügg finden."

"Vatting", seggt sin Fru, "du wagst den Hals, wenn de Kirl nu klagt, dat ji't em namen hewwt." "De ward dat Mul woll hollen, denn wenn de vertellen sall, wo hei tau dat Geld kamen is, denn warden s' em ok grad nich sin Lewlang mit Rosinen un Mandelkarn fettmaken. Un hewwen wi't denn namen? Dat Pird hewwen s' uns up den Sloß achter'n Wagen anbunnen, dat Pird hett den Mantelsack Fridrichen gistern in den Stall rinne dragen, un Fridrich hett en mi hüt morgen in de Stuw' rinne bröcht; wer seggt denn nu, dat ick't namen heww?"

Un dorbi fung hei an, de Geldstücken utenanner tau lesen, un tellt sei in Reih un Glid. "Je, hüren deih't uns äwer nich", seggt sin Fru. "Wenn hürt't denn?" fröggt de Möller. "Den Franzosen hürt't ok nich, un wenn wi't em wedder gewen wullen, wo is hei?"

"Fridrich seggt jo: in'n Babenholt."

"So?" fröggt de Oll. "Meinst du, dat de bi dit Weder von 's Abends Klock acht bet 's Morgens Klock nägen dor liggen ward? De ward lang sin Weg' gahn sin; un wer het mi tau befehlen, dat ick achter em an karjolen un em sin Geld nahdragen sall?"

Dormit tellt hei wider, un de Fru set't sick dal un leggt de Hän'n in den Schot, kickt vör sick hen un süfzt: "Du möst dat weiten." Fiken sitt up de Bänk un weint sachten för sick hen. De Möller tellt dat Geld tau En'n un kickt af un an so unsäker nah Fiken räwer, un 't is denn ümmer, as wenn hei sick vertellen müßt. Endlich is hei dormit farig un stemmt de beiden Hän'n vör sick up den Disch un kickt dat Geld noch mal äwer un seggt: "Wenn ick dat Drüttelgeld un dat Gold tau preußschen Krant reken, denn sünd't äwer säbenhunnert Daler. Nu sünd wi ut all uns' Not."

Then Fieka stood up and dried her eyes; her face was pale and quiet; "Our troubles are only just beginning," she said in a low voice.

"Don't talk like that, Fieka," said her father, and turned his head away from her.

"From this time forward we shall eat unblessed bread, and sleep unblessed sleep, and you can bury the money and bury your own good name with it.

"There is no question of burying," said the Miller, "No indeed! I shall pay my debts with it honestly."

"Honestly, Father? And if it were so, which it is not. would not the old Herr Amtshauptmann ask you what money you had paid the Jew with? And would not the French ask where you got the horse from? And how can you be sure that Friedrich will not tell?"

The Miller looked half taken aback and half angry, and was just going to burst out as people do when any one catches them in some stupid or dishonest act. They try to silence their conscience by bluster, as children in the dark try to keep away the ghosts by whistling and singing.

But Fieka did not let the storm come; she flung her arms round her father, looked straight into his eyes, and cried, "Father! Father! Take the money to the bailiwick; give it to the Herr Amtshauptmann. You know he said he would not forget you. How often you have told me about your old father, and about your mother, how she honestly earned her bread to the end of her life by spinning; and how often you have told me about when you were an apprentice, and your finding the other apprentice's purse, and how you gave it back to him, and how glad he was, and how glad you were."

"That was quite a different thing," said the

Dunn steiht Fiken up un drögt sick de Tranen af, un ehr Gesicht is ganz witt un ruhig, un sei seggt still för sick hen: "Uns' Not geiht nu irst an."

"Fiken, red nich so", seggt ehr Vader un kickt bi Sid weg.

"Von nu an", seggt sei, "eten wi ungesegent Brod un slapen ungesegenten Slap, un du kannst dat Geld vergrawen un vergröwwst dinen ihrlichen Namen mit."

"Von Vergrawen is kein Red", seggt de Möller. "Ne, ick betahl ihrlich min Schulden dormit."

"Ihrlich, Vatting? Un wenn't ok all so wir, as't nich is, ward de oll Herr Amtshauptmann nich fragen, mit wat för Geld du den Juden betahlt hest, un warden de Franzosen nich fragen, woher du dat Pird hest, un wer steiht di dorför, dat Fridrich reinen Mund höllt?"

De Oll makt en Gesicht, halw verduzt un halw argerlich, un wull eben losbullern, as de Minsch deiht, wenn en anner em up 'ne Dummheit oder 'ne Unredlichkeit bedröppt. Hei will sick denn binnen dat Gewissen wegresonnieren, as de Kinner dauhn, wenn sei in'n Düstern singen un fläuten, üm sick dat Späuk von'n Liw' tau hollen.

Äwer Fiken let dat dortau nich kamen, sei smet sick hastig an ehren Vader ran, slog de Arm üm em, kek em so wiß in de Ogen un rep: "Vatting! Vatting! drag dat Geld up't Amt, giww dat den ollen Amtshauptmann, hei hett seggt, hei will di dat gedenken, hei ward di dit ok gedenken. Wo oft hest du mi vertellt von dinen ollen Vader, wo oft hest du mi seggt von din Moder, wo sei sick mit Spinnen hett ihrlich dörchhulpen bet an ehr En'n; wo oft hest du mi vertellt, wo du up din Wannerschaft den annern Handwerksburßen sinen Geldbüdel funnen un wo du em den wedder gewen hest, wo de Minsch sick freut hett un wo di tau Maud' west is!"

"Dat was jo ok ganz wat anners", seggt

Miller. "I knew who that money belonged to, but I don't know whose this is, and I haven't either taken or stolen it. I have a clear conscience."

All at once the Miller's wife jumped up from her chair, and cried, "Good Heavens! A strange man has just passed the window and he is coming in."

"Bolt the door!" shouted the Miller, and turned sharply round towards the money; knocked up against the table, and shook down some of the gold pieces which went rolling along the floor.

"Is that your clear conscience?" asked Fieka, and looked at her father and mother, and said: "Mother, unbolt the door. The man is sent by Providence; he brings a blessing upon the house."

Her mother unbolted the door, and stood with her eyes cast down, while the Miller grew very red, and turned hastily round, and looked out at the window.

A knock came. "Come in," said Fieka, and in stepped a fine young fellow of about two-and-twenty. He glanced round the room rather curiously as if he had long been wishing to know how it stood with them; made a proper bow with a little scrape of the foot, and said, "Good morning."

"Good morning," returned Fieka. The Miller did not move, and his wife stooped down and picked up the gold pieces which had fallen on the floor. As the two elders did not return his greeting, and he became aware of the money on the table, the young man said, "I am afraid I am in the way?"

"Oh, no!" said Fieka and put a chair for him by the tile-stove, "Father will soon have done his business." "Yes, directly," said the Miller, and he opened the window, and called out "Friedrich, get out the little cart, and put the horse to, and fasten the Frenchman's horse behind. We are going to the bailiwick." He shut the

de Möller, "ick wüßt jo, wen dat Geld hürt, un hir weit ick't nich un heww't jo ok nich stahlen un namen. Ick heww en gaud Gewissen."

Mit einmal springt de Möllerfru von ehren Staul tau Höcht un röppt: "Herre Jesus! dor geiht en fremden Minsch an't Finster vörbi un kümmt nah de Dör rin!"

"Holl de Dör tau!" röppt de Möller un springt kort herüm nah dat Geld, stött an den Disch, un weck Stapel fallen üm, un dat Geld tründelt in de Stuw' rin.

"Is dat jug gaud Gewissen?" fröggt Fiken un kickt ehren Vater un ehr Moder an un seggt: "Mutting, lat de Dör los! Den Minschen schickt uns' Herrgott, de bringt uns Segen in't Hus."

De Möllerfru lett de Dör los un kickt still vör sick dal; de Möller ward äwer un äwer rod un dreiht sick hastig üm un kickt ut dat Finster.

Buten kloppt dat. "Herein!" röppt Fiken; un rin kümmt en jungen schiren Kirl von so'n Johrener twintig un noch en por un kickt sick so en beten niglich üm, as einer tau dauhn pleggt, de all lang' girn hadd weiten müggt, woans dat woll bi de un de Lüd' utseg, un makt en anständigen Diner mit ein lütt En'n von Kratzfaut un seggt: "Gun Mornn!"

"Schön Dank!" seggt Fiken; de Möller rögt sick nich, un de Fru bückt sick dal un sammelt de Dalers up, de in de Stuw' fallen sünd. As de beiden Ollen em nich "schön Dank!" beiden un hei dat Geld up den Disch gewohr ward, seggt de jung' Minsch: "Nich för ungaud! Ick kam Sei hir woll nich tau Paß?"

"O doch!" seggt Fiken un set't en Staul an den Aben taurecht. "Setten S' sick en beten. Vatting is glik mit sin Angelegenheiten prat." "Ja, glik!" seggt de Möller un ritt dat Finster up un röppt: "Fridrich! Schirr de Mähren an den lütten Wagen un binn dat Franzosenpird achter an; wi führen tau Amt." Makt dat Finster

window, and said, turning to his wife and daughter: "Well! That's done. Now, pack the things into the leather bag, and Friedrich can put it into the cart." He went up to the stranger and said "welcome."

"Miller Voss," said the young man, rising and giving the Miller his hand, "don't let me disturb you. I can wait; for, though the matter I have come to you about is important, there is no great hurry. In fact what I chiefly came for was to see my relations."

"Relations?" said the Miller, and looked at him doubtfully.

"Yes," said the other, "I am Joe Voss's son, your twin-brother's child;" and as the Miller was silent, and drew back his hand, he added: "a fortnight ago, I came of age, and then I thought to myself, 'I have no brother or sister or any relation hereabouts, I must drive over to Stemhagen and see if there is no one there who will care to know Joe Voss's son.'" And, so saying he went up to the Miller's wife, and gave her his hand, and then to Fieka; and, as the miller still stood pondering and looking as if the mice had taken the butter off his bread, he added: "Uncle, the lawsuit is weighing on your mind; let it be, we can be friends all the same."

"The devil we can!" said the Miller. "And you've been boasting to people that you would oust me from the Borcherts Inn."

"Whom have I said it to?" asked Heinrich. "People will talk. Can I help it? My father began the quarrel; he thought he was in the right, my guardian has gone on with it; and I have stood by. But a pretty sum of money has slipped through my fingers, I honestly confess, and it shall not be my fault if we don't come to an understanding."

"You want to beat the bush; your lawyer has advised you to come here."

tau, dreiht sick üm un seggt tau Mutter un Fiken: "So! mit de Sak sünd wi dörch. Nu packt den Kram hir tausam in den Mantelsack, un Fridrich kann em nahsten ruppe smiten." Geiht up den Frömden tau, reekt em de Hand hen un seggt: "Willkam ok!"

"Möller Voß", seggt de jung' Minsch, giwwt em de Hand un steiht von den Staul up, "laten S' sick nich stüren in Ehr Geschäften, min Sak hett Tid, un wenn ick ok in 'ne besondere Angelegenheit kamen bün, so hett de doch kein Il, un de Hauptsak is doch dorbi: ick wull min Fründschaft doch mal begrüßen."

"Fründschaft?" fröggt de Möller un kickt em ungewiß an.

"Ja", seggt de anner, "denn ick bün Jochen Vossen sin Sähn un Ehr Annerbäulkenkind", un as de Oll nicks seggt un sin Hand t'rügg tüht, set't hei noch tau: "Un vör virteihn Dag' hewwen sei mi münig spraken, un dunn dacht ick so bi mi: Swestern un Bräuder hest du nich un ok kein Fründschaft hir in de Gegend, sallst mal in't Stemhäger Amt führen un dor mal nahseihn, wat sei dor noch woll wat von Jochen Vossen sinen Sähn weiten willen." Un dormit geiht hei up de Möllerfru tau un giwwt ehr de Hand un Fiken ok, un as de Möller noch ümmer so ebendrchtig dor steiht un utsüht, as hadden em de Müs' de Botter von't Brod namen, seggt hei: "Vedder, Sei liggt uns' Prinzeß in den Sinn, laten S' den, wi känen bi alldem gaude Frün'n sin."

"So?" seggt de Möller, "un hest di vör de Lüd' beräuhmt, du willst mi rutsmiten ut de Borchertsche Wirtschaft?"

"Wat Lüd'?" fröggt Hinrich Voß. "De Lüd' reden. Wat kann ick dorför? Min Vader hett den Strid anfangen un glöwt ok, hei hadd recht, un min Vormund hett en wider fuchten, un ick heww taukeken. Äwer dat will ick ehrlich bekennen, en schön Stück Geld hett hei mi all ut de Fingern reten, un wenn wi uns einigen kün'n, an mi süll't nich fehlen."

"Du willst up den Busch kloppen; dit Stück hett di din Avkat raden." "Ick rad mi

"I advise myself, uncle," said the young man, and took up his hat, "for, if I were to listen much longer to the lawyer's advice, the water would run short and my mill would stop. It's very different for you. Any one who can lard his leather bag like that, can fry a long time without burning." And he pointed to the valise which was just packed.

"What the devil does that matter to you?" thundered the Miller, and turned hastily round quite black in the face. "That money, that money is not mine." Fieka went up to her father, and stroked his cheek. "Father, he did not mean anything wrong."

"No," said Heinrich, "I came with good intentions, and I will not go away in anger if I can help it. So I wish you good morning. My waggon is standing out there before the yard gate only a couple of paces off."

"Stop," said Fieka, "Cousin Heinrich, do not be in such a hurry. Father's head is full of business that must be attended to this morning. It would vex him very much if you were to leave us in ill will."

"Fieka," said the old Miller, and turned round, and kissed his daughter on the forehead, "you have been twice right and I twice wrong, this morning; you are a darling child," and he gave his hand to the young man. "Heinrich, it shall never be said that I drove Joe Voss's son out of my house with hard words. You want to go away without having anything to eat or drink? No, my son, you must stay here till I come back, for I must be off now to the bailiwick, I have pressing business. Look, Friedrich is waiting. Well, goodbye! and if you are really in earnest about coming to an understanding, something may be done. Goodbye, mother; goodbye, Fieka." And he went out and mounted into his

sülvst, Vedder", seggt de jung' Mann un langt nah sinen Haut, "denn wenn ick noch lang' up de Avkaten ehren Rat hüren will, künn mi't Water knapp warden, un min Mähl künn still stahn. Bi Sei frilich is dat wat anners. Wer sin Fellisen so spicken kann, de kann noch lang' braden, ihr hei anbrennt", un wis't up den Mantelsack, den Mutter un Fiken grad vull packt hadden.

"Dat gellt di en Quark an!" begäht de Möller up un dreiht sick hastig üm, ganz brun in't Gesicht. "Dat Geld, dat Geld, dat hürt mi nich." Fiken geiht nah ehren Vater ran un strakt em un seggt: "Vatting, dat was jo nich bös meint."

"Ne", seggt Hinrich, "ick bün in'n Gauden kamen un will ok in'n Gauden gahn. Min Fuhrwark steiht buten vör de Hofstäd anbunnen, un bet dorhen sünd dat man en por Schritt."

"Holt!" seggt Fiken, "Vedder Hinrich, nich so hastig! Uns' Vater hett vörmorn sinen Kopp vull von 'ne Sak, de besorgt warden möt. Dat würd em arg verdreiten, wenn Sei in Unfreden von em gahn wiren."

"Fiken," seggt de oll Möller un dreiht sick üm un küßt sin Dochter up de Stirn, "du hest hüt morn all tweimal recht hatt, un ich tweimal unrecht; du büst min leiw' Kind", un rekt den jungen Mann de Hand hen. "Un, Hinrich, dat sall keiner von mi seggen, dat ick Jochen Vossen sinen Sähn mit harte Würd' ut minen Hus' drewen heww. – Du wullst hir gahn ahn Natt un Drög? Ne, min Sähn, du bliwwst mi hir, bet ick wedder kam, denn ick möt tau Amt in 'ne notwennige Sak. – Süh, Fridrich höllt all. Na, adjüs, min Sähn, un wenn du't mit dat Einigen ihrlich meint hest, denn kann dor wat ut warden. Adjüs, Mutter, adjüs, Fiken!" Somit geiht hei rut un stiggt up den Wagen.

CHAPTER V

In which Friedrich translates the Prussian motto "suum cuique" for the Miller's benefit, and goes on a wild-goose chase after the Frenchman: and the Miller finds he has sat down on a swarm of bees.

"Miller," said Friedrich as they left the mill and came out into the high road, "have you ever seen an old woman break her pitcher and then put the pieces together and say 'that's how it was?'"

"Why?" asked the Miller.

"Oh! nothing," said Friedrich, and he waved his whip vacantly over the horses as if it were the season for flies. The Miller sat lost in thought.

After a time Friedrich asked again, "Miller, have you ever seen a boy out of whose hand a sparrow has just escaped, look into his empty hand and say 'O!'"

"Why?" asked the Miller. Friedrich simply repeated "Oh! nothing."

The Miller sat still again, and all sorts of things passed through his mind, and he puzzled over some such rule-of-three sum as: "What will the bushel of oats come to next Easter if I don't pay the Jew tomorrow?" and was soon lost in the fractions.

They drive on and on. At last Friedrich turns half round and asks, "Miller, do you know the proverb: 'don't pour your dirty water away till you have got clean?'"

The Miller began to get angry, and after thinking for some time what Friedrich was driving at with these questions, he said: "Are you chaffing me?"

"Chaffing?" said Friedrich. "No, heaven forbid! I didn't mean anything. But I know

Dat föfte Kapittel

Wo Fridrich den Möller den preußschen Spruch "suum cuique" äwersetten deiht un achter den Schassür up de wille Gaus'jagd geiht, un wo den Möller klor ward, dat hei sick in en Immenswarm dalset't hett.

"Möller", seggt Fridrich, as sei ut dat Gehöft sünd un in den deipen Weg kamen, "hewwen Sei all mal 'ne olle Fru seihn, wenn s' en Pott intwei smeten hett un paßt denn de Stücken an enanner un seggt: So het't seten?"

"Worüm meinst du?" fröggt oll Voß.

"Oh, ick mein man", seggt Fridrich un swept so verluuren mit de Pitsch äwer de Mähren, as wir't in de Fleigentid. De Möller sitt in Gedanken.

Nah 'ne Wil fröggt Fridrich wedder: "Möller, hewwen S' mal en Jungen seihn, den de Sparling ut de Hand flagen is un de denn in de leddig Hand herinkickt un seggt: Oh?"

"Worüm meinst du?" fröggt de Möller, un Fridrich seggt: "Oh, ick mein man."

De Möller sitt wedder still dor, lett sick allerlei dörch den Kopp gahn un set't grad en schönes Regeldetri-Exempel in den Kopp tausam: wat woll üm Ostern ut de Schepel Roggen kosten würd, wenn hei morgen den Juden dat Geld nich gew, un kamm dorbi sihr in de Brüch.

Sei führen un führen; endlich dreiht sick Fridrich so halw up den Sack rüm un fröggt: "Möller, kennen Sei dat Sprückwurt woll: Geit kein smutzig Water ut, ihr du rein wedder hest?"

Den Möller fung dat nu an tau argern, un as hei sick so'n Tidlang bedacht hadd, wat Fridrichen sin Fragen woll eigentlich bedüden süllen, smet hei de Unnerlipp tau Höcht un säd: "Wo, dit sälen jo woll Spitzen sin?"

"Spitzen?" frog Fridrich wedder. "Bewohr uns! Ick mein man. Äwer ick weit noch en

another saying, and that is, 'If you have a thing, you've got it.' And we Prussians have an eagle for our crest, and underneath is a Latin verse which fits that saying as close as your finger and thumb when you nip a pig's tail. And the sergeant of my company, he was a runaway student, he understood the verse and translated it: 'Hold fast what you've got, and take what you can get.' Now, this proverb is handy at times, 'specially in time of war.'

Turning round again he went on. "Miller Voss, cursed be the shilling I steal from my neighbour, and cursed be the wheat, oats, or barley I cheat my master of; but in time of war it's quite different. The Turks and the French are the country's enemy, and the country's enemy is not better by a hair than the arch-enemy. What said old Captain von Restorp? 'Injury must be done to the enemy in every way!' Now, Miller Voss," and he pointed to the valise, "that would be an injury."

"Hold your tongue," said the Miller sharply, "the thing is settled. I'll have nothing to do with the money, I'll take it to the bailiwick, and I wish I could take the Frenchman along with it. Fieka thinks some bad end will come of the business."

"As you please," said Friedrich, "Gee up," and he touched the horses with his whip. "Some listen to men, and some listen to women; for my part I don't hold by women's advice."

"Nor I neither generally," said the Miller. They drove on silently again till at length Friedrich asked, "Miller, who was that young fellow who came to the mill this morning?"

"That was Joe Voss's son; it's him I have the lawsuit with. Do you like him?"

anner Sprückwurt, dat heit: Wat einer hett, dat hett 'e; un wi Preußen hewwen en Adler in't Wapen, un dor steiht en latinschen Vers unner, de hürt sick binah an, as wenn ein en Farken in den Start knippt, un wat uns' Feldwebel bi de Kumpani was, was en weglopen Student un verstunn den Vers un äwerset't en: Holl wiß, wat du hest, un nimm, wat du krigen kannst. De Spruch is up Fläg' tau bruken, vör allen in Krigstiden.

"Prrr öh!" säd hei un dreiht sick wedder rüm up den Sack. "Möller Voß, verflucht sall de Schilling sin, den ick in minen Lewen minen Mitkollegen stahlen un namen heww, un verflucht sall dat Kurn Hawern oder Roggen sin, wat ick minen Brodherrn veruntrut heww; äwer in'n Krig is dat anners: de Türk un de Franzos' is de Riksfind, un en Riksfind is üm kein Hor beter as de Erzfind, un uns' Herr Gott lacht äwer't ganze Gesicht, wenn einer den Düwel ordlich eins up de Likdürn pedd't. Wo säd de oll Hauptmann von Restörp? 'Dem Feinde muß in jeder Weise Abbruch geschehn.' Möller Voß" un hei wis't up den Mantelsac, "dit wir denn nu woll so'n Abbruch."

"Lat dat!" seggt de Möller kortweg, "de Sak is afmakt, ick will nicks mit de Geschicht tau dauhn hewwen, ick bring dat Geld tau Amt, un ick wull, ick künn den Franzosen mit henbringen; Fiken meint ok, dat künn en slimm Stück warden."

"Mi nich tauwedder", seggt Fridrich. "Jüh!" un klappt de Mähren an, "Weck hüren up Mannslüd' un weck up Frugenslüd'; ick bün nich sihr för de Frugenslüd' ehren Rat."

"Ick süs ok nich", seggt de Möller. Sei führen nu sachten wider, un Fridrich fröggt nah 'ne Wil: "Möller, wat was dat för en schiren Kirl, de hüt morgen in de Mähl rin gung?"

"Dat was Jochen Vossen sin Sähn, mit den ick den Prinzeß heww. Geföllt hei di?"

"I only saw his back. Well, yes he'd make a grenadier."

"He says he wants to come to an understanding," said the Miller.

"Then I like him still better; a lean compromise is better than a fat lawsuit."

"He is going to wait for me till I come back."

"Is he?" said Friedrich, and turned half round again, "Miller, I tell you what, it would be better if he came to an understanding with Fieka."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Miller. "Oh! nothing," said Friedrich.

Presently he bent down and looked sharply along the road, then gave the reins into the Miller's hand, jumped off the waggon, unfastened the Chasseur's horse and, before Voss knew what was going to happen, was in the great Kolpin dyke, had turned round a corner and bound the horse to a thorn-tree in the dyke, so that he could not be seen.

"What is the matter?" asked the Miller, when he came back.

"What's the matter? Why, two men are coming along on horseback, out yonder by the Stemhagen fields, and just now when the sun came out, I saw a bright flash. Those are Frenchmen, and if they were to catch a Chasseur's horse here with bridle and saddle, they would have something to say to us; take my word for it."

"True," said the Miller.

When they came to the Stemhagen wood. Friedrich pointed with his whip to the beech-tree where the straw still lay, and said: "That's where I laid him."

"If he were only there now!" sighed the Miller.

"You can't expect it, Miller. For it rained in torrents last night, and a beech-tree is not quite waterproof at this time of year."

"True," said the Miller again.

Whilst they were still talking, the two Frenchmen rode up, and asked

"Ick heww en blot von achter seihn. Ih, ja; 't giwwt en Granedier."

"Hei seggt jo, hei will sick mit mi vergliken." "Denn geföllt hei mi all en ganz Deil beter. En magern Verglik is beter as en fetten Prozeß."

"Hei will up mi täuwen, bet ick wedder kam."

"So?" fröggt Fridrich un dreiht sick wedder so halw üm un seggt: "Möller, weiten S' wat, hei süll sick leiwer mit uns' Fiken vergliken, dat wir dat Best."

"Wo meinst du dat?" fröggt de Möller.

"Ick mein man", seggt Fridrich.

Un as hei sick wedder ümdreihet hett, bögt hei sick vöräwer un kickt scharp den Weg langs, giwwt den Möller de Lin in de Hand, springt von den Wagen, binnt dat Schassürpird hinnen von dat Krett los, un ihr de Möller noch recht weit, wat los warden sall, is hei mit de Mähr in den groten Kölpiner Scheidelgraben rinne, bögt üm 'ne Eck un binnt dat Kretur an'n Dornbusch in den Graben an, dat de Möller nicks von em seihn kann.

"Wat hest du?" fröggt de Möller, as hei wedder kümmt. "Wat ick heww? Ick heww nicks Gaud's seihn. Dor hinnen up den Stemhäger Stadtfelln kamen twei an tau riden, un as de Sünn so'n beten hervor kek, blitzt dat so; dat sünd Franzosen, un wenn de hir en Schassürpird mit Sadel un Tom drapen hadden, de würden nich slicht mit uns redt hewwen."

"Wohr ist's", seggt de Möller.

So kamen sei nah't Stemhäger Babenholt ran, un Fridrich wis't mit de Pitsch nah de Bäuk, wo noch dat Stroh liggt, un seggt: "Dor heww ick en henleggt." "Wenn hei doch noch dor leg!" seggt Möller Voß.

"Nich tau verlangen, Möller! Denn dat hett dese Nacht Bindfaden regent, un in dese Jahrstid höllt so'ne Bäuk nich recht dicht." "Wohr is't", seggt de Möller, un as sei dor noch dräwer judizieren, kamen twei Franzosen an tau riden un fragen in

the way to the Gielow mill; for several roads met here. Before the Miller could answer, Friedrich pointed to the right, the way to Cumrowsch wood, and on their asking how far it was, he said "a little lieu," whereupon they rode off.

"Are you possessed by the devil?" asked the Miller. "If they go on riding that way, they may look at the Gielow mill with their backs all their lives. But what was it for?" "Those sorts of fellows leave a house cleared out, and I have no wish to eat warmed-up cabbage for the first breakfast every morning."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I only mean, look here, Miller; who knows but what those two, if they had gone to the mill, might have fallen in love with our Stiena. And perhaps they might have followed her into the cowhouse, and the cowhouse might have seemed a little crowded, and they might have led out our two milch-cows; and when they had got them out, it might have come into their heads to drive them away, and then we should have no more boiled milk for breakfast, and the cabbages would have come on in their turn and I can't bear cabbages."

"Yes, that is possible," said the Miller.

"But maybe they weren't after cows at all," Friedrich went on after a short pause. "They were a couple of your mounted Gensdarmes, and they are no doubt looking for something very different. I think it's a mercy we are not at the mill, for, Miller, we must look out, they are after the Frenchman or perhaps after you. Who knows what has happened in Stemhagen. Something may have come out. Perhaps Fieka was right after all. I should be glad myself now, if we had the Frenchman with us."

"That's what I said, that's what I said," cried the Miller.

"Hm," said Friedrich, "he lay here, and he's got up, and he has gone down here,

ehre Wis' nah de Gielowsch Mähl, denn hir was en Krüzweg, un ihr de Möller noch antworten kann, wis't ehr Fridrich rechts af nah'n Kummerowschen Holt rin, un as sei fragen: wo wid noch?, seggt hei: "ne lütt liöh"; un de Franzosen riden af.

"Wo? Plagt hei di, oder ritt hei di?" fröggt de Möller un schüddelt mit den Kopp: "Wenn de so wider riden, denn känen sei ehr Lewlang de Gielowsch Mähl mit den Start ankiken. – Äwer wotau dat?" "Möller", seggt Fridrich, "de Ort dröggt einen nicks in't Hus, un ick heww kein Lust, alle Morgen taum irsten Frühstück korten, upgewarmten Kohl tau eten."

"Wo meinst du dat?" fröggt de Möller.

"Oh, ick mein man. Seihn S', Möller, wer weit, ob de beiden, wenn sei nah de Mähl kamen wiren, sick nich in uns' Stin verleiwt hadden. Un't künn jo ok mäglich sin, dat sei ehr nah den Kauhstall nahgahn wiren un dat ehr dat in den Stall en beten beengt vorkamen wir un hadden uns' beiden letzten Melkkäuh rute ledd't; un wenn sei s' denn buten hatt hadden, hadden sei s' villicht in Gedanken vör sick hen drewen, un denn wir't mit de Melksupp des Morgens vörbi west, un de gräun Kohl wir an de Reih kamen, un ick mag den Kohl nich."

"Mäglich wir dat", säd de Möller.

"Mäglich is't ok, dat dat nich de Käuh gelt", seggt Fridrich. "Dit sünd en por von ehr Armeeschandoren, de säuken woll wat anners, un ick glöw, dat is en Glück von Gott, dat wi rut ut de Mähl sünd, denn, Möller, Möller, passen S' up! sei säuken den Franzosen oder ok Sei sülwst. Wer weit, wat in Stemhagen passiert is! Dor kann wat ruchbor worden sin, un wer weit, ob Fiken nich recht hatt hett. Nu wull ick sülwst, wi hadden den Franzosen."

"Dat segg ick!" röppt de Möller, "dat segg ick!"

"Hm", seggt Fridrich, "legen hett hei hir, un upstahn is hei, un hir is hei hendalen

these are his marks in the mud; and look, he has dragged the straw along with him a little way, and he's gone towards Guelzow. Now, I'll bring you back the horse, and then you can drive to the bailiwick and deliver up bag and horse together, and I will go after the Frenchman and stop him."

So the horse was fastened to the waggon once more, and Friedrich started off towards Guelzow, and said to himself: "Dumouriez! I've brought the Miller into a pretty mess, and our Fieka is, after all, a clever girl. But if the Frenchman is to be found between here and Gripswald, I'll find him."

The Miller drove towards Stemhagen. "Lord of my life!" he said, "If it had not been for my little Fieka, most likely I should be sitting in irons now. And I'm many miles from safe yet, for the devil's only just beginning his work. It's raining, too, and pretty heavily!"

The first person he met when he reached the Stemhagen Barns was Witte, the baker, standing before his barn by a waggon of straw: "Good morning, neighbour," said Witte. "What the thunder! How came you by that French horse?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Miller Voss; and he briefly narrated the story. "That's ugly," said the baker, "for the whole town is filled with French, and you couldn't get the horse through without being seen. I advise you to leave him here in my empty barn."

This was done. Old Baker Witte drew his crooked brass comb through his hair several times, shook his head and said: "Neighbour, you have let yourself in for a scrape you won't get out of easily, and up at the Schloss things don't seem to be quite right; for this morning the Herr Amtshauptmann sent for the roll he takes with his coffee, at eight o'clock instead of

gahn; dit sünd sin Spor in den deipen Leihm, un kiken S', hei hett dat Stroh noch en En'n lang mit slept, un nah Gölzow is hei hentaugahn. Nu will ick Sei dat Pird halen, un Sei führen tau Amt un liwern Pird un Mantelsack af, un ick gah achter den Franzosen her un grip em."

Geseggt, gedahn. Dat Pird ward anbun'n, un Fridrich geiht dörch dat Babenholt nah Gölzow tau un seggt tau sick: "Dümurrjöh! Ick heww den ollen Möller schön wat anrührt, un uns' Fiken is doch 'ne lütte hellsche Dirn, un wenn de Franzos' noch twischen hir un Gripswold tau finnen is, her sall hei!"

De Möller satt up den Wagen un führt nah Stemhagen tau, un hei kratzt sick den Kopp un wunnerwart, un allerlei gung em mit Grundis. "Herr du meines Lewens", säd hei, "wenn min lütt Fiken nich west wir, ick set jo woll all in Block un in Isen, un rut bün ick noch lang' nich, denn der Deuwel geiht nu irst los, un regen deiht't nu ok all, un dat nich slicht."

So kümmt hei mang de Stemhäger Schüns, un de irst, de em upstött, is Bäcker Witt; de höllt mit en Strohwagen vör sin Schün un seggt: "Gun Morgen, Gevatter. Wo Dunner? Wo kümmt du tau 'n Franzosenpird?"

"Je, dat segg man mal!" seggt Möller Voß un vertellt em de Sak ganz in'n korten. "Dat's en slimm Stück", seggt Bäcker Witt, "denn de ganze Stadt liggt vull Franzosen, un dat Pird kannst du nich dörchbringen, ahn dat sei't künnig warden; ick rad di, stell't hir in min leddig Schünfack."

Na, dat geschüht, un oll Bäcker Witt treckt sinen krummen missingschen Horkamm von vör nah achter dörch dat grise Hor, schüddelt den Kopp un seggt: "Vadder, du hest di dor in 'ne Sak inlaten, wo du vel Ungelegenheiten von hewwen kannst; un up den Sloß schint mi dat all gor nich richtig tau sin, denn de Herr Amtshauptmann hett sick hüt

eleven. And Fritz Sahlmann says Mamsell Westphalen has disappeared, not a soul knows where she is to be found, and the watchmaker has been thrown into prison, that I saw with my own eyes; and people are talking about court-martials and executions.”

“Lord, save us!” cried the old Miller. “What a swarm of bees I have sat down on! But it can't be helped; I must take the bag up to the Schloss. And, neighbour, I'll drive round the town till I get near the green gate of the Schloss garden, and then I'll fasten up my horse. You follow to take care of him and the cart, and if I am carried off to prison, drive over to the mill and break the news gently to my wife and Fieka; and tell the young man you'll find there to do his uncle the favour of looking after the house and mill, and not to leave the women.”

Baker Witte promised, and the Miller drove round, as they had agreed, tied up his horse, and was proceeding on his way on foot, when Farmer Roggenbom's waggoner, Johann Brummer, dashed through the gate, lashing his four greys till they struck out behind and bespattered the Miller with mud.

“Better mud in my face than your lashes across the back,” cried the Miller.

“Hmm! It only wanted this. Robbers!” grumbled old Zanner of Gielow, as he drove full gallop with his cream-coloured horses through the gate after Brummer.

“Yes,” said Adler of Stemhagen, who had thrown a sack over his shoulders (the only waterproof coats known in those days), giving his black saddle-horse a dig in the ribs; “it would be nice work for us to be drawing cannons, wouldn't it, old fellow? No! I'll take you to the Stemhagen wood, and fasten you to a tree by the sand-pit. It's all one here or there, for there's nothing at home for you to eat, confound it, how it's raining!”

morgen sin Herrenbrod tau'n Koffe all Klock acht halen laten staats süs Klock elben; un Fritz Sahlmann seggt, Mamsell Westphalen wir feldflüchtig worden, kein Minsch wüßt, wo sei staben un flagen wir; un dat de Uhrkenmaker in't Börgergehursam smeten is, heww ick sülwst seihn, un de Lüd' reden jo von Standrecht un von Dodscheiten.”

“Gott sall mi bewahren!” röppt de oll Möller, “in wat för'n Immenswarm heww ick mi dalset't! Äwer dat helpt nich, den Mantelsack möt ick den ollen Herrn up't Sloß bringen. Un, Vadder, ick ward üm de Stadt rüm führen bet nah de gräun Purt von den Sloßgorn, un dor ward ich min Mähren anbin'n, gah mi nah un bring dat Fuhrwark in Säkerheit, un sülln sei mi in den Presong bringen, denn führ rut nah de Mähl un bring min Fru un Fiken dat mit Gelimplichkeit bi, un segg den jungen Minschen, den du dor drapen wardst, hei süll't sinen Vedder tau Gefallen dauhn un süll up Mähl un Wirtschaft passen un de Frugenslud' nich verlaten.”

Bäcker Witt verspreckt em dat, un hei führt üm den Sloßgorn rüm, binnt dat Fuhrwark an un will den Mantelsack up't Sloß dragen, dunn jagt oll Pächter Roggenbomen sin Kutscher, Jehann Brümmer, dörch de Purt un klappt achter de vir Hellbrunen, dat sei hinnen utslahn un em den Dreck in de Ogen smiten, un röppt: “Beter mi wat in't Gesicht as jug Strimen up't Fell!”

Achter drin kümmt oll Zanner ut Gülzow mit sin beiden Gelen un seggt: “Na, dat fehlt noch! Schinnerban'n!” un jöggt in'n G'lopp äwer'n Amtsbrink.

“Ja”, seggt oll Ackersmann Adler ut Stemhagen, hett sick en Sack äwer de Schullern namen, denn dat wiren de dunmaligen Regenröck – un stangelt sin oll swart Sadelmähr in de Ribben rüm, “Kanonenführen? Nich wohr, Ollsch, dat wir en Geschäft för uns? Ne, ick bring jug in't Stemhäger Stadtholt un binn jug in de Sandkuhl an. 't is ganz egal: tau freten hewwt ji tau Hus ok nicks; äwer regen deiht't verfluchten.”

When the Miller entered the garden, he found it all alive, peasants hustling and bustling about, hiding their carts and waggon, some behind the bushes and some behind the ramparts.

“Miller Voss,” said the son of the Schult Besserdich of Gielow, “hide your horse. Everyone who is wise is taking advantage of this rain, for the French have all crept under cover.”

But the old Miller went steadily on, and took the valise to the Schloss.

Un as de Möller in den Goren kümmt, dunn tockt un hurrickt dat allens dor mit de Gespannen rümme achter de Bösche un achter den Wall, un jeder will sin Mähren in Säkerheit bringen.

“Möller Voß”, seggt Schult Besserdichen sin Sähn ut Gölzow, “bring Hei sin Mähren bi Sid! Wat jichtens en beten klauk is, makt sick den schönen Regen tau Nutz, denn de Franzosen sünd unner Dack un Fack krapen.”

De oll Möller geiht äwer stramm wider un dröggt sinen Mantelsack up't Sloß.

CHAPTER VI

The sight which met Mamsell Westphalen's eyes when she went into her room; and the reason why she let Corlin slap her twice on the back. How Fritz Sahlmann smashed the Herr Amtshauptmann's pipes, and the French Colonel nearly drew his sword.

If you wish to tell a story properly, you must do as the husbandman does when he tills a field: you must keep the furrows straight, clearing everything as you go along, and leaving no stubble standing. But do this as carefully as you may, there will always be some few bits left untouched here and there, and you must go back and finish them off. Even so must I go back a little way in my story to finish off Herr Drois and Mamsell Westphalen's ends, that I may be able once more to work straight on.

On the same morning that the Miller, with his headache, looked into his boot-tops, Mamsell Westphalen dressed herself, and was just going to put on her cap, when she saw it was rather out of shape; so she went into her room to get a fresh one, but tapped first at the door and asked, "Herr Drois, are you quite dressed?" The watchmaker said he was. She opened the door, merciful heavens, what a sight! Anything like it she had never seen in her life; for in the night she had only been as far as the door, and had not even glanced into the room. The top of the bed was broken in, and right across the door lay one of the Frenchmen rolled up in the white bed-curtains, and smoking a clay pipe, with her beautiful red-and-white-striped pillow under his head; the other was sitting in her easy chair, and had wrapped his feet up in her new gingham gown; Herr Drois sat at the foot of the bed, and from under his bearskin peered a face that spoke only of sorrow and woe. What a sight her poor room was! It had been her pride, her jewel-box; here she had reigned supreme; here she had sat with everything round her clean and in order. She had dusted and polished everything

Dat söste Kapittel

Wat Mamsell Westphalen för 'ne Ansicht von ehr Bedd kreg, un worüm sei sick von Korlin en por in't G'nick gewen let. Worüm Fritz Sahlmann den Herr Amtshauptmann sin Pipen intwei smet un de französche Oberst binah den Degen treckt hadd.

Wenn einer 'ne Geschicht richtig vertellen will, denn möt hei 't grad so maken as de Häkers un de Pläugers, wenn s' en Acker bestellen, hei möt ümmer gradut haken, allens mitnemen un kein Balken stahn laten. Äwer wenn hei dit ok all befolgt, so bliwwt doch hir un dor en En'n liggen, un hei möt taurügg trecken un hir en Kiel utspitzen un dor 'ne Ahnwenning nahhalen. So geiht mi dat denn nu ok, ick möt en Strämel taurügg trecken un möt Herr Droin un Mamsell Westphalen ehr En'n heranholen, dormit ick wedder in eine Flucht weghaken kann.

Den sülwigen Morgen, as de Möller mit de Koppweihdag' in sin Stäwelschächt rin kek, treckt sick Mamsell Westphalen vullständig an, denn sei was sihr ordentlich, un as sei ehr Mützenwark upsetten wull, dücht ehr dat nich mihr in den richtigen Verfat tau sin, denn sei was sihr rendlich; sei gang also nah ehr Stuw' un wull sick 'ne reine Mütz halen, kloppt äwer irst an un frog: "Herr Drois, sünd Sei ok in Ehren vullständigen Habit?" "Wui", säd de Uhrkenmaker. Sei makt de Stuwendör up, Gott in den hogen Himmel! wo sach dat dor ut! So wat hadd sei noch mindag' nich seihn, denn in de Nacht was sei man bet up den Gang kamen un hadd kein Og in ehr Stuw' smeten. De ganze Himmel was dalbraken, un dwars vör de Stuwendör lagg ein von de Franzosen in de witten Wulkengardinen un rokt ut 'ne irden Pip, den schönen witt- und rodstripigen Pähl unner'n Kopp; de anner satt in ehren Lehnstaul un hadd sick de Beinen mit ehren nigen ghinghangenen Äwerrock taudeckt; Herr Drois satt up't Fauten'n von't Bedd, un unner sin Borenmütz kek en Gesicht rut, dat redt von nicks anners as van Waddik un Weihdag'. Wo sach dat

with her own hands. No one else had dared to touch or alter anything, not even her oracle the Frau Meister. "No," she had said, "the Frau Meister is all very well in her way, but since she let my amber earrings fall, I cannot trust her any more."

And now everything was turned upside down, the room was blue with tobacco-smoke, her clothes had been taken out of the closet and were lying beside Herr Drois gun, and the French Chasseur's helmet; and her bed, her beautiful bed, stood out in the middle of the room. The bed was her own; her godfather, the joiner Reuss (the old Reuss, not the young one) had made it for her from the same block of wood from which he made her coffin; she had spun the yarn for the sacking herself, and the Meister Stahl had woven it "pretty well," she said, "but two inches too small each way, and that was stupid of him, for I am a well-grown woman, and that he might have known."

The Frau Amtshauptmann had wished to make her a present of the feathers, but she had not accepted the offer, and had paid for them herself; "for, Frau Meister," she said, "it's my pride to earn my earthly and my heavenly rest." And when the bed was so far on, she bought two sets of snow-white curtains, and put them up, and then she drew back a few paces, and, nodding her head complacently, said, "Frau Meister, 'the last touch crowns the work.'" And now the bedding lay scattered about in disorder, and the crown lay levelled in the dust.

At first she stood as if thunderstruck, and looked through the tobacco-smoke like the full moon through the evening mist; then she advanced a couple of paces towards Herr Drois, her face as red as the inside of

in ehr lütt Stüwken ut! – Dat was ümmer ehr Stolz west, ehr Putzkasten; hir hadd sei ümmer up ehr eigen Hand regiert, hir hadd sei ümmer in purer Ordnung un Rendlichkeit seten, hadd allens eigenhändig afwischt un afstöhmt. Keiner dürwt ehr hir wat anfatzen un ümkatern, sülwst de Fru Meistern nich: "Ne", säd sei, "de Fru Meistern is recht gaud; äwer sörredem, dat sei mi mal min Bernsteinkralen up de Ird fallen let, sörredem tru ick ehr nich."

Un nu! Allens was ümreten un ümstellt, de Stuw' was blag von Tobacksqualm, ehr Kleidungsstücken wiren unner dat Rigel rutreten un legen bi Herr Droin sin Obergewehr un den Franzosen sinen Pirdswanz, un ehr Bedd, ehr schönes Bedd, stunn midden in de Stuw'. Dat Bedd was ehr eigen; ehr Gevadder, de Discher Reuß, de oll Reuß, nich de jung', hadd ehr de Beddlad ut dat sülwige Stück Holt makt, worut hei ehr ehr Sark hadd maken müßt, sei hadd dat Gorn tau de Inlett sülwst spinnen; Meister Stahl hadd't wewt, "tämlich gaud", säd sei, "äwer jede Bahn zwei Finger breid tau small, un dat is 'ne Dummheit, denn ick bün en wat vullkamen Frugensmensch, un dat möt hei weiten."

De Feddern hadd ehr de Fru Amtshauptmannen schenken wullt, sei hadd s' äwer nich annamen un hadd s' ehr betahlt, "denn", säd sei, "Fru Meistern, mine zeitliche un mine ewige Rauh will ick mi verdeint hewwen, denn dat is min Stolz." Un as nu dat Bedd so wid farig was, dunn köfft sei sick zwei Gäng' slohwitte Gardinen von dow Hirschen un stek sei sick an dat Himmelgestell un stellt sick in de Stuw' drei Schritt von af un nickt mit den Kopp un säd: "Fru Meistern, dat En'n krönt dat Wark!" Nu legen de Beddstücken in Unordnung herüm, un de Kron lag up de Ird.

Tauirst steiht sei as andunnert un kickt dörch den Tobacksqualm as de Vullmahn dörch den Abenddak, dorup geiht sei en por Schritt up Herr Droin los, ehr Gesicht ward so rod as de Bodden von den

the great copper washing-kettle in her kitchen, and her cap shaking with anger; but she merely said, "What's this?" Herr Droï stuttered and stammered, and stammered and stuttered; but, looking him sharply in the face, she said, "Lies, Herr Droï. You lied last night, and you are lying again this morning. I gave up my room and my own bed to you out of pity, and this is the thanks I get." So saying, she went to her chest of drawers, and took out a clean cap, and then, without casting another glance at Herr Droï, she sailed out of the room like Innocence going to the block. The two Frenchmen laughed and joked, but she paid no heed to them.

groten köppern Waschketel in ehr Käk, ehr Nachtmütz bewert ehr up den Kopp vör Arger, äwer sei seggt nicks wider as: "Wat is dit?" Herr Droï stamert wat taurecht von dit un von dat, äwer sei süht em scharp in't Gesicht un seggt: "Lägen, Herr Droï! Sei hewwen dese Nacht lagen, Sei leigen ok hüt morrn. Ick heww Sei ut Barmherzigkeit min Slapstäd, min eigen Bedd inrümt, un dit is min Dank!" Dormit geiht sei an ehr Kommod un halt sich 'ne reine Morgenmütz ut de Schuwlad' un will nu ut de Dör gahn, ahn Herr Droin antauseihn, dunn süht sei äwer ehr schönes Unnerbedd ut de Beddlad heruthängen, halw an de Ird; dat jammert ehr denn doch tau sihr, un sei will't in de Höcht böhren, fött äwer unglückliche Wis' grad up dat natte Flag, wo dat Water rin lopen was, un smitt dat Herr Droin an den Kopp un seggt: "Pfui! Ok dat noch!" un segelt ut de Dör un lett von achter so priswürdig un ihrenfast, as wenn de Unschuld up den Richtplatz führt ward. De beiden Franzosen lachen un ßackerieren.

As she passed down the corridor, the Colonel stepped out of the blue room in full uniform, with his adjutant, and made her a polite bow. She was not exactly in the mood for civilities, but if you are asked a question you must give an answer; and, besides, man is a creature that must have his sausages cooked, so she answered him with a low curtsey, "Good morning, Herr Colonel von Toll," and walked on.

Sei äwer kihrt sick nich doran, un as sei den Gang hendalen geiht, trett de französche Oberst mit sin Adjutanten in vuller Uniform ut de blag' Stuw' un makt ehr 'ne höfliche Rewerenz. Frilich is ehr gor nich sihr nah Höflichkeiten tau Maud'; äwer so as einer anfröggt, möt hei jo doch ok Antwort hewwen, un as de Mann is, möt em doch ok de Wust brad't warden, sei dukert also wedder mit en Knix unner un seggt: "Gun Morrn, Herr Oberst von Toll", un will vöräwer.

But the Colonel stopped her. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I must speak to the Herr Amtshauptmann. Where shall I be likely to find him?" Mamsell Westphalen felt as if she should go into a fit. "What do you want?" she asked, quite dumbfounded.

De Oberst höllt sei äwer up un seggt: "Erlauben Sei, ick möt den Herrn Amtshauptmann spreken. Wo is de woll tau finnen?" Mamsell Westphalen denkt, ehr sall de Slag rühren. "Wat wull'n Sei?" fröggt sei ganz verduzt.

The Frenchman repeats his question. "Is it possible," exclaims she, "that you want to speak to the Herr Amtshauptmann, our Herr Amtshauptmann at half-past seven o'clock in the morning?"

De Franzos' bringt sin Gewarw noch mal an. "Wo wir dat woll mäglich!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen." Unsern Herrn Amtshauptmann willen Sei des Morgens halwig acht spreken?"

Finding he was not to be shaken, she said: "Herr Colonel von Toll, everything was turned topsy-turvy in my room last night. Unfortunately I must put up with it as well as I can, but no one shall ever say of me that I lent a hand to overturn the laws of nature. And, though it's no Christian sleep that the old gentleman takes, still he is a gentleman, and can sleep like a gentleman, and do as he pleases. No king, no emperor, no, not even our Duke, Friedrich Franz himself shall drag me into a conspiracy against the laws of this house."

"Then I will do it myself," said the colonel, and politely put her on one side and went up-stairs.

"Lord, save us!" said Mamsell; and her hands fell down helplessly by her side. "I do believe he'll do it;" and when she heard him go into the old Herr's room, "He has!" said she.

The adjutant went into her room to Herr Droi. "You long-legged donkey!" thought Mamsell Westphalen, "Must you poke yourself in there too;" and she went into the kitchen and said to the two maids, "Corlin and Hanchen, this God-given day has begun badly; and if it goes on so, Heaven only knows how it will end. We will put the clothes in soak to-morrow. I have my reasons for it; to-day we'll go about our work just as if nothing had happened."

And, so saying, she took the coffee-mill and turned and turned, and the mill rattled and rattled; but when she came to take the drawer out, there was nothing in it; for she had forgotten to pour any coffee-beans in at the top.

Up stairs, in the old Herr's room, the sound of loud talking was now heard, and that silly boy, Fritz Sahlmann, who was filling the Amtshauptmann's long pipes, must of course want to tell them what was going on, and rushed in at the kitchen-

Un as de Franzos' dorbi bliwwt, seggt sei: "Herr Oberst von Toll, in mine Stuw' is mi dese Nacht dat Bäbelst tau't Unnerst ümkihrt, leider Gotts möt ick mi dat gefallen laten äwer keiner sall von mi seggen, dat ick de Hand dortau baben heww, dat de Weltordnung ümkihrt warden sall. Un wenn dat ok kein christlich Slapen is mit den ollen Herrn, so is hei doch Herr un kann slapen as en Herr un dauhn, wat em geföllt. Kein König un kein Kaiser, un wenn uns' Herzog Fridrich Franz sülwen kem, süllen mi dortau bewegen, mi in 'ne Rebelljon gegen dat hüsliche Herkamen intaulaten."

Denn würd hei dat sülwst dauhn, säd de Oberst, schow Mamsell Westphalen höflich bi Sid un gung de Stufen nah baben rup. "Gott sall mi bewohren!" säd de oll Dam, un ehr sackten de Hän'n an den Liw' hendal: "Ick glöw, de Kirl deiht't!" Un as sei den Franzosen in den ollen Herrn sine Stuw' rinne gahn hört, seggt sei. "Hei deiht't!".

Un as de Adjutant nah ehr Stuw' tau Herr Droin geht, seggt sei: "Scheiwbeinige Ekel, du fehlst noch!" un geht in de Käk un seggt tau de beiden Dirns: "Fik un Korlin, unsen Herrgott sin hütige Dag fangt slimm an, un wenn dat so bibliwwt, denn ward hei dat sülwst am besten weiten, womit dat hei en'n sall. Morgen legg wi up de Bük, dor heww ick min Grün'n tau; hüt geht jeder von uns an sin Arbeit un deiht, as wenn nicks passiert is."

Un dormit namm sei de Kaffemähl un dreiht un dreiht, un de Kaffemähl, de rättert un rättert, un as sei de lütt Schuwlad' unnen utschüdden wull, dunn was dor nicks in, denn sei hadd baben kein Bohnen upschüdd't.

Baben bi den ollen Herrn würd dat nu sihr lebendig, un sihr lud würd dor spraken, un Fritz Sahlmann, de unverstännige Slüngel, de grad dorbi was, den ollen Herrn sin irden Pipen tau stoppen, wull denn nu jo doch vertellen, wo't baben

door with the pipes in his hand; but Hanchen had that moment put her ear against the door-post to hear a little of what was being said, and, bang! he went up against her, and, smash! went the pipes as they fell clattering on the floor. Mamsell Westphalen's hand was not raised this time; her hands lay on her lap, and she said meekly: "It's not to be wondered at! If everything is going to rack and ruin, of course clay pipes will be amongst the first; and 'if the heavens fall the sparrows will all be crushed!' It would not surprise me now if some one were to come in and throw the whole of the crockery out at the window."

The quarrel upstairs became louder; the voices resounded over the house and the Amtshauptmann came down stairs into the hall with the Colonel.

The old Herr said, in short, sharp sentences, that he must allow what he could not prevent. The Frenchman must do as he chose, for the power was in his hands.

The Colonel said he knew that. But before he made use of his power he should inquire into things, for there could be no doubt events had happened which there was an attempt to conceal.

He had nothing to conceal, the old Amtshauptmann said. If there was anything to be concealed it was on the part of the French. And was a vagabond like the Chasseur really held in such high esteem and regard by them? For his own part, he knew nothing further than that the fellow had come to him like a robber, had behaved like a pig, and that his servants and the watchmaker Droz had told him the Gielow Miller had taken him away in his waggon.

But where did the watchmaker get his French uniform from, the Colonel asked?

That did not concern him, was the old Herr's reply; the man was not in his district. He had, however, heard it said, that the fellow sometimes put the uniform

hergüing, un stör't mit dat ganze Pipengedriw' in de Hand nah de Käkendör rin, wo Fik grad ganz andächtig ehr Uhr an den Dörenpost leggt hadd, üm ok en beten dorvon tau profentieren, un bautz! fohrt hei gegen Fik, un klacks! liggt de ganze Pipenbescherung un klätert in de Käk rüm. Mamsell Westphalen ehr Hand reekt sich äwerst nich äwer em, ehr Hän'n liggen in ehren Schot, un sei seggt ganz sachtmäudig: "Ganz in de Ordnung! Wenn allens unnergahn un tausambreken sall, breckt so'n irden Pip woll am irsten, un wenn de Himmel inföllt, fallen all de Sparlings dod. Mi süll't gor nich wunnern, wenn nu wer rin kem un smet all uns' puzzellanen Geschirr dörch de Finsterruten."

De Strit baben würd luder, de Wurdwessel schallt von den Vörplatz her, ein de oll Herr Amtshauptmann steg mit den Obersten de Stufen runner nah den Gang. De oll Herr säd mit barsche, korte Würd': de anner süll dauhn, wat hei nich laten künn, denn hei hadd jo de Macht.

De Oberst säd: dat wüßt hei. Ihre hei äwerst von de Macht Gebruk makt, wull hei irst unnersäuken, wo de Sak stünn, denn dat künn nich anners sin: hir wiren Ding' vörgahn, de vertuscht warden süllen. Hei hadd nicks tau vertuschen, säd de Amtshauptmann. Wenn hir wat tau vertuschen wir, denn hadden de Franzosen wat tau vertuschen; oder ob so'n Hallunk, as de Schassür west wir, bi ehr in Ihren un Achtung stünn. Hei för sin Part wüßt wider nicks, as dat de Kirl as en Röwer tau em kamen wir un as en Swinhund sick bedragen hadd un dat sin Lüd' un de Uhrkenmaker Droz em seggt hadden, de Gielowsch Möller hadd em up den Wagen un wull em mitnemen; denn seihn hadd hei'n nich.

Woher denn äwer de Uhrkenmaker Droz in de französche Uniform kem? frog de Oberst. Dat kümmert em nich, säd de oll Herr, un hei brukt dor nich för uptaukamen, denn de Mann wir nich amtssäsig. Hei hadd man hört, de Mann

on for his amusement. The Colonel said those were merely excuses.

At that the old Herr fired up, and drawing himself to his full height, he looked in his dignified way at the Frenchman, and said, "Excuses are the cousins of lies. You forget my age and rank."

The Colonel became more violent, and said: "In short, the whole story is incredible."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Amtshauptmann, and from under his grey eyebrows there shot a look full of scorn and anger, like a flash of lightning darting from out of a cloud over a peaceful landscape. "You think it is incredible?" And he half turned his back upon the Colonel. "Why mayn't a Frenchman wear the French uniform for his pleasure when so many Germans wear it for theirs?" he added, looking over his shoulder at Colonel von Toll.

The Frenchman turned red as fire, then pale as death; he stepped back a couple of paces and clutched at his sword. The ghost of a fearful deed haunted him for a moment and guided his hand; but, overcoming the dark thought, he turned hastily round and went with long strides down the hall, and Hanchen, who saw it all through a chink in the door, said, ever after, that she had never in her life seen anything like it. "He was a handsome man, and had a pleasant face," she would add, "but when he came striding down the hall, I don't know why, but it reminded me of how once, when I was herding geese, on a fine day in the middle of summer, suddenly there came a fierce wind, and in the twinkling of an eye, all the leaves were blown off from the beautiful oak at the back of the Convent garden and were flying about."

The Colonel turned round again, went up to the Amtshauptmann, and said in a quiet cold voice, that they would discuss the point at a future time; but his duty required

treckt männigmal tau sinen Vergnäugen de Uniform an. Dat wiren Utflücht, säd de Oberst.

Dunn brus't äwer de oll Herr up, un hei richt't sick in sine ganze Läng' in de Höcht, hei kek den Franzosen mit so'n vörnehmen Blick an un säd: "Utflücht sünd Swesterkinner von Lügen. Sei vergeten min Öller un minen Stand!"

De Oberst ward heftiger un seggt: kort un gaud, de Sak wir em unwohrschinlich. "So?" fröggt de oll Herr, un unner sin grisen Ogenbranen lücht dat rute mit en Blick vull Haß un Grull, as wenn ut 'ne düster Dunnerwulk en Blitz äwer 'ne fründliche Landschaft fohrt, "dat schint Sei unwohrschinlich?" un makt 'ne halwe Wenning un kickt den Obersten so äwer de Schuller an. "Worüm süll sick en Franzos' nich tau sinen Vergnäugen 'ne französche Uniform antrecken, wenn dorin so vele Dütsche tau ehren Vergnäugen rümme lopen?"

Füerrod gütt dat den Obersten äwer dat Gesicht, en korten Ogenblick, blaß as de Dod tritt hei en por Schritt taurügg, grippt nah den Degen, un't was, as wenn 'ne grugliche Gewaltdaht as en Späuk achter em stünn un em de Hand lenken wull ok man en korten Ogenblick. Hastig dreiht hei sick üm un gang mit starken Schritten den Gang dal. Un Fik, de in de Käk dörch de Dörenritz allens mit anseihn hadd, säd nahsten ümmer, so wat hadd sei in ehren Lewen nich seihn: "Hei was jo en smucken Mann un hadd en fründlich Gesicht", set't sei hentau, "äwer, as hei den Gang so runner kamm, dunn weit ick nich, föll mi dat mit einmal in, dat ick mal, as ick noch Gäus' häuden ded, midden in'n Sommer bi hellen Sünnschin en Küselwind erlewt heww, de in'n Handümdreihn von de schöne Eik achter'n Preistergorn all de Telgen afbrök, dat allens dörchenanner flog, un so flog dat ok äwer sin Gesicht."

De Oberst dreiht sick wedder üm, gung up den Amtshauptmann los un säd kolt un ruhig: sei spröken sick äwer den Punkt woll mal wider; sin Pflicht verlangt, de

that the matter should be probed to the bottom without delay. "Why had the watchmaker slept at the Schloss last night?"

"He did not sleep here," said the old Herr. "Yes," said the Colonel, "he did sleep here, he slept in that room," and he pointed to Mamsell Westphalen's room.

"Impossible," cried the old Herr, raising his voice as if to defend Innocence before the whole world, "that's Mamsell Westphalen's room. She has been in my house twenty years, and do you mean to say she would let a man be in her room?"

"Corlin;" said Mamsell Westphalen in the kitchen, "give me a couple of blows in the neck, for I feel as if I were going to faint; and my head swims round."

The Colonel threw open the door, and there stood the watchmaker before them. The adjutant had just been examining him, and he had told the adjutant everything, except the truth.

The old Amtshauptmann was quite aghast when he saw the watchmaker before him. "This is inexplicable!" he cried. The Colonel laughed scornfully, and said he hoped it would not long remain inexplicable; then he whispered a few words to the adjutant and asked for the keys of the state prison.

"I cannot give them out for this prisoner," said the Amtshauptmann, "for he has no right to the state prison; he is a citizen and must go to the town gaol."

"So much the better," replied the Colonel, "for there will be less opportunity there for connivance." So Herr Droi was marched off between a couple of soldiers, for gradually the

Sak up den Grund tau kamen. Worüm de Uhrkenmaker dese Nacht up den Sloß slapen hadd?

"Hei hett hir nich slapen", säd de oll Herr. Ja, säd de Oberst, hei hadd hir slapen, in de Stuw' hadd hei slapen, un wis't up Mamsell Westphalen ehr Stuw'.

"Nich möglich!" rep de oll Herr un erhöw de Stimm, as wull hei vör aller Welt 'ne Unschuld vertreden, "dat is Mamsell Westphalen ehr Stuw'. Dat olle Mäten is äwer twintig Johr in minen Hus', un de süll des Nachts Mannslüd' bi sick beharbargen?"

"Korlin", säd Mamsell Westphalen in de Käk, "slah mi dreimal drist in dat G'nick, denn mi treden de Ahnmachten an, un allens geiht mit mi rund!"

Indessen ritt de Oberst de Dör up, un dor süht denn de Herr Amtshauptmann den Uhrkenmaker vör sick stahn, den währenddeß grad de Adjudant in't Gebett namen hett, un de allens Mägliche vertellt hett, blot nich de Woorheit, dat min Vader em as Schugels gegen de Franzosen brukt hett, un de ok Stein un Bein sworn hett, daß de Gielowsch Möller den Schassür mitnamen hett.

De oll Herr Amtshauptmann verfert sick dägern, as hei den Uhrkenmaker dor süht. "Dit is mi unerklärlich!" röppt hei ut. De Oberst lacht höhnschen vör sick hen un seggt: hei hofft, dat süll nich lang' unerklärlich bliwen; redt dorup en par Würd' heimlich mit den Adjudanten un verlangt de Slätel tau't Amtsgefängnis.

"De gew ick nich rut för desen Gefangen", seggt de Amtshauptmann, "denn de Mann hett kein Recht an dat Amtsgefängnis, hei is en Börger, un hei hürt up't Börgergehursam."

Dat wir schön, seggt de Oberst, un so wir't em ok leiwer, denn so wüßt hei doch, dat nich so licht Dörchstekerien passieren kün'n. Herr Droi ward also in de Midd von en por Soldaten namen

courtyard had got filled with French, and was transported to the Rathaus.

The Colonel also went; but, when he reached the door, he turned round and said that, strictly according to duty, he ought to have the Herr Amtshauptmann arrested, but because the Herr was an old man, and more especially because of the hard words he had used, he should be left in peace. The Colonel would keep himself clear from the slightest suspicion of having wished to revenge himself for those bitter words; but if the presence of the Amtshauptmann or Mamsell Westphalen were necessary at the examination, they must come before him. The old Herr coldly acquiesced, and the Colonel went, but ordered a couple of gensdarmes off to the Gielow Mill, and looked sharply at the Amtshauptmann as he gave the order.

When they were gone, the old Herr went towards the kitchen, and Hanchen started back from her chink in the door, for she thought her master was coming in. But all at once he stood still, turned round and said to himself: "What did the fellow say about 'connivance' and 'keeping himself clear of any appearance of revenge.' What a French Colonel can only talk about, the Amtshauptmann Weber can surely do. I too will keep my name clear. There shall be no appearance of connivance on my part." And he went into his room.

denn mit de Wil grimmelt dat all vull allerlei französich Volk up den Sloßhof un würd nah't Rathus transportiert.

De Oberst gung ok; äwerst as hei in de Dör was, dreiht bei sick üm un säd, wenn hei streng nah sin Pflicht güng, müßt hei den Herrn Amtshauptmann ok arretieren laten, äwer wil hei en ollen Mann wir, un vör allen, wil hei em persönlich hir so'n grausam bitter Wurd seggt hadd, wull hei em in Freden laten, denn hei wull in dese Sak ok nich den entfirttesten Schin up sick laden, as wull hei sick för dat Wurd räken; äwer dat säd hei em, süll sin Gegenwärtigkeit oder de von Mamsell Westphalen in de Unnersäukung nödig warden, denn künn hei't em nich schenken, un hei müßt för sick un Mamsell Westphalen stahn. Dat säd de oll Herr ruhig un kolt tau, un de Oberst gung, beordert äwer up de Städ' en por Schandoren nah de Gielowsch Mähl, wobi bei den ollen Herrn scharp ankek.

De oll Herr gung irst up de Käk tau, un Fik verkröp sick all un buckt von ehr Dörenritz t'rügg, den sei dacht, de Herr würd rinkamen, de äwer stunn mit einmal still un dreiht sick üm un säd vör sick hen: "Wat säd de Kirl von de Dörchstekeri un von Schin up sick laden? Wat so'n französische Oberst blot reden kann, kann de Amtshauptmann Wewer gaud dauhn: ick will ok nich den Schin up mi laden, as hadd ick in den Sinn, Dörchstekeri tau driwen." Un he gung in sin Stuw'.

CHAPTER VII

My uncle Herse, what he was and what he did; and why Fritz Sahlmann had to whistle.

When the watchmaker was led off to prison, Fritz Sahlmann must of necessity go too, merely to see what would happen to the prisoner, and whether he would escape; but, in this last he was disappointed. The procession moved but slowly down to the Rathhaus, for they had to wind their way through all the carts and waggons which had been ordered up from the town and neighbouring villages for the transport of the baggage and cannon, and were now collected in the courtyard and along the road leading to the Schloss. They were surrounded by French soldiers, that they might not escape, for our old peasants had got wonderfully clever at that.

The watchmaker marched along with his two guards, through the crowd, as quiet and patient as a lamb; for though at first he had been dreadfully frightened, and though the affair of last night looked decidedly awkward, yet during the interview with the adjutant, he had fallen into a state of apathy, in which he had seemed to say, "Talk away as long as you like; you may go on talking all day for what I care," and his answers had been few and far between. And, though he was not one of those wild spirits that fly at once at everything, he had been too long in the world, and had been in too many scrapes before, to lose heart immediately now. He made up his mind for whatever might come. "What's to be the end of this I wonder?" he thought, as he was pushed in at the Rathhaus door.

"Fritz Sahlmann," said Rathsherr Herse, as the boy was about to return to the Schloss, "what's the meaning of this?"

Fritz now related with immense importance all that had taken place yesterday, how Droz had slept in Mamsell Westphalen's room and turned everything,

Dat säbente Kapittel

Wat min Unkel Hers' säd, un wat min Unkel Hers' was; un worüm Fritz Sahlmann fläuten müßt.

As de Uhrkenmaker den Sloßbarg hendal bröcht ward, was jo denn nu natürlich Fritz Sahlmann mitgahn, blot üm tau seihn, wo den Arrestanten de Sak kleden würd un wat hei woll nich utrischen ded; doch dit letztere geschach nich. De Tog gung langsam dal nah't Rathus, denn hei müßt sick mit Mäuh dörchwinnen dörch allerlei Gespann un Fuhrwark, dat taum Transportieren von Gepäck un Maroden un taum Vörspann von Kanonen ut de Dörper un de Stadt kummandiert was un de nu up den Sloßhof un den Weg taum Sloß tausam drewen un mit Franzosen ümstellt wiren, dat sei nich wedder schappieren süllen, denn dor wiren de ollen Buren nu all hellschen klauk up.

De Uhrkenmaker gung gedüllig as en Lamm un ok ganz ruhig mit sin beiden Wächters dörch den Hümpel, denn wenn hei sick ok in de Irst hellschen verfert hadd un wenn em de ganze Sak dese Nacht äwer ok hellschen eklich un bedenklich was, so was hei doch während dat Verhör, wat de Adjudant mit em anstellen ded, in 'ne Ort von Verfat kamen, de sick mit de Redensort beteiken lett: "Red du man! Du kannst vel reden, ihre mi en Wurd dorvon gefällt", un sin Antwurten wiren hellschen sporsam utfollen. Un wenn hei ok nich so'ne wille Krasch' in sick hadd, de up allens glik losgeiht, so was hei doch all tau lang' in de Welt west un hadd all so oft in de Tint' seten, dat bei nich glik verzagt. Hei let dat an sick kamen. "Wo dit woll ward?" säd hei sülwst, as hei in de Rathusdör rinne schuppst würd.

"Fritz Sahlmann", seggt Ratscherr Hers', as de Jung' wedder nah't Sloß ruppe will, "wat heit dit?"

Fritz vertellt denn nu mit de grötste Wichtigkeit de Geschicht von gistern, un wo Herr Droz in Mamsell Westphalen ehre Stuw' slapen un allens kort slagen hadd

upside down; and how he himself had smashed the Herr Amtshauptmann's pipes, he couldn't help it, though, it was Hanchen's fault; and how the Colonel had been going to run the Herr Amtshauptmann through the body with his sword; and how Mamsell Westphalen was sitting in the kitchen, like a picture of woe. But he said nothing about the lump of ice.

Now, my uncle, the Rathsherr Herse, was an ardent patriot, but he kept it a profound secret. And he had his reasons. For, as he whispered to me many years afterwards when Buonaparte had long been dead, he belonged at this time to the secret society of the "Tugendbund." And I can believe it, for when he was in company he was always playing with a long watch-chain made of light-coloured hair, and Aunt Herse's was black, and he wore a large dangerous-looking iron ring on his finger, with which he once struck Hoepner the locksmith's apprentice nearly dead, when he was behaving rudely in court. "Fritz," he said to me later on, "this light hair is that of an heroic virgin who had her head shaven for the Fatherland in the year thirteen, and the iron ring cost me my gold one. But don't talk of it; I don't like it spoken about." He was rightly therefore much given to secrets about the time of this story.

And it is possible, too, that his habit of looking at life from a commanding point of view and seizing everything as a whole without regard to details had something to do with his secret brotherhood, for while my Father had to plague himself day and night with the smallest squabbles and quarrels, in order that the government of the little town might not lose what small amount of life it had, Rathsherr Herse commanded Kutusoff to march to the right and Czeruitcheff to the left, and praised York, and blamed Buelow because he didn't understand his business; for he ought not to have gone to Berlin, he ought to have marched to the right of Stemhagen and fallen on Buonaparte's flank. In short Uncle Herse was just the man to make a thunderstorm out of a

un wo hei sülwst den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Pipen intwei smeten hadd, hei künn dor äwer nich vör, denn Fik wir schüllig doran, un wo de Oberst den Herrn Amtshauptmann hadd dodstecken wollt un wo Mamsell Westphalen in de Käk set as en Bild des Leidens; von den Isklumpen säd hei äwerst nicks.

Nu was äwerst min Unkel, de Ratscherr Hers', en ungeheuren Patriot, wenn ok man heimlich. Un dat hett sinen Grund. Denn, as hei mi nah langen Johren, as Bonepart all dod was, tauflostern ded, hört hei üm dese Tid tau den Tugendbund. Un glöwen will ick em dat, denn wenn hei in Gesellschaft was, denn spelt hei ümmer mit 'ne lange Uhrked von sihr helle Hor, un Tanten Hersen ehr wiren swart, un wis't ümmer en gefährlich groten isern Fingerring, womit hei mal den Vagebunden, den Slössergesellen Höpner, binah dodslagen hadd, as de sick in de Gerichtsstuw' sihr unhöflich upführen ded. "Fritz", säd hei späder tau mi, "dit helle Hor is von eine heldenmütige Jungfrau, de sick Anno drütteihn den Kopp för't Vaterland hett scheren laten, un de isern Ring hett mi minen gollenen kost. Red' äwer nich dorvon, ick mag dat nich." Hei was also üm de Tid, as dese Geschicht spelen ded, mit Recht sihr för Heimlichkeiten.

Un mäglich is't ok, dat sin Ort un Wis', allens in'n ganzen, ut en widen Gesichtspunkt tau äwerslahn, mit sine heimliche Verbräuderung tausam hung, denn wenn min Oll mit de nichtswürdigsten Plackerien un Schinnerien sick Nacht un Dag afquälen müßt, dormit dat oll lütt dürrtig Stadtwesen knapp noch tausam hacken blew un nich ganz ut den Lim güng, denn let Ratscherr Hers' Kutusoffen rechts marschieren un Czernitscheffen links un lawt Yorcken un schüll up Bülowen, hei verstünn sin Sak nich, denn hei hadd sick nich up Berlin, hei hadd sick bet rechts nah Stemhagen trecken un hadd Boneparten bet in de Flanken fohren müßt. Kort, hei was so recht de Mann dortau, ut en Sünnenprust en Dunnerslag

sunshower. In every innocent French corporal he saw the Corsican monster, and if Luth, the Town Messenger, happened to get a blow in a peasants' row on Blue Monday, he made as much fuss as if the Duke of Mecklenburg himself had been struck.

"Hold your tongue, boy," he whispered impressively. "Do you want to scream out your sentence of death in the public market-place! I wouldn't give a groschen for the watchmaker's chance of life, for it is certain that the Miller and his Friedrich have murdered the French Chasseur."

"Not the Miller," interrupted Fritz, "the Miller was made up of brandy and good-nature yesterday."

"Well, then, his Friedrich has. He's a Prussian. Do you know what a Prussian is? Do you know what the meaning of Prussian is? Do you know...? Blockhead! What are you staring at me for? Do you think I'm going to tell you all my secrets? But what I was going to say is, they'll send the old Amtshauptmann to Bayonne in France, where they also sent Graf Ivenacker's white horse, Herodotus; and Mamsell Westphalen, as far as I know the French laws, will simply be strung up, and you, my lad, will get a good flogging for coming down here."

Fritz Sahlmann now saw a sad prospect before him, and made a wry face accordingly.

"But, Herr Rathsherr, not in a public place?" he asked.

"Wherever they can catch you. Though, if the matter is taken up in the proper quarters, everything may still be made right. Can you be silent?"

Fritz Sahlmann replied that he could be most modestly silent.

"Well, then, come here, and put both your

tau maken: in jeden unschälligen französchen Kapperal sach hei den korsikanischen Wüterich, un hadd de Stadtdeiner Luth an'n blagen Mandag bi 'ne Gesellen-Slägeri en por Raps afkregen, denn hadd hei sick, as wir de Herzog von Meckelnborg mit Mulschellen traktiert worden.

"Holl din Mul, Jung'", flüstert Ratsherr Hers' sihr indringlich, "Willst du jug' Dodsurtel hir up den öffentlichen Mark utschrigen? För den Uhrkenmaker sin Lewen gew ik keinen Gröschen, denn dat is gewiß, dat de Möller un sin Fridrich den Schassür dodslagen hewwen ..."

"De Möller nich", föllt em Fritz in de Red', "de Möller was gistern nicks as Bramwin un Barmherzigkeit."

"Na, denn sin Fridrich, dat's en Preuß. Weitst du, wat en Preuß is? Weitst du, wat en Preuß tau bedüden hett? Weitst du...? Dumme Jung', wat kickst mi an? Meinst du, dat ick di min Angelegenheiten up de Näs' binnen sall? Doch, wat ick seggen wull – den ollen Amtshauptmann warden sei nah Bäjonn in Frankrik schicken, wo sei den Ivenacker Grafen sinen Schimmelhingst, den Herodoht, ok henschickt hewwen, un Mamsell Westphalen, so vel as ick de französchen Kriegsgesetze kennen dauh, ward woll einfach uphängt warden, un du, min Sähn, för de Bestellung, de du utricht hest, wardst woll en ungeheuren Puckel vull Släg' krigen."

Fritz Sahlmann sach denn nu in 'ne trurige Taukunft un makt ok en Gesicht dornah.

"Herr Rathsherr, doch nich up den öffentlichen Mark?" frog hei.

"Wo du grad geihst un steihst; dorüm heit dat jo Standrecht. Wenn äwer de Sak in de richtige Hand namen ward, kann allens noch schön taurecht kamen. Kannst du swigen?"

Fritz Sahlmann säd, hei künn ganz utverschamten swigen. "Na, denn kumm mal her un stek de beiden Hän'n in de

hands in your trousers' pockets, and whistle. That's it. And now look quite unconcerned as you do in summer time when you are knocking down the apples from the tree in the Schlossgarden, and you see Mamsell Westphalen coming. Yes that's right. And now, observe every word that I say; go with this face and with this look of child-like innocence through the French and peasants up to the Schloss into the kitchen, and take Mamsell Westphalen aside into a corner and then say to her just these words, 'help is near.'

If she is not satisfied with this you can break to her gently what I have told you about hanging, and, if she's at all frightened at that, say she is to keep up her heart, for I, Rathsherr Herse, have taken the matter in hand. But first of all, she must at once shut and bolt the kitchen-door and the back-door leading to the garden, and she and the two maids and you must each arm yourselves with weapons, and on no account let any Frenchman in, and you must defend yourselves to the last man till I come. I will go at once and will come through the Schlossgarden to the back-door. I'll only get my cloak first for it's raining desperately, and my pass-word will be 'All's well' and my war-cry 'York.' But no! She won't understand that.

What do you say? It's all the same, it's all the same. Well, my war-cry will be 'Pickled pork.' She'll understand that. So when some one comes, and calls it out, she is to open the back-door. Have you understood it all?"

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr."

"Well, then, now be off; and don't let anyone, not even the Herr Amtshauptmann knows a word about it." Fritz went, and the Rathsherr too.

My uncle Herse had, of course, had the blue Rathsherr uniform with red and gold collar made, as soon as he had become Rathsherr; and, as he was a fine, tall man he was very fond of putting it on, in order

Hosentaschen un fläut mal. So! dat geiht all! Un nu mak man so'n verluren Gesicht, as wir di gor nicks weg, as du bi Sommertiden makst, wenn die in'n Sloßgoren Appel von de Böm smittst un Mamsell Westphalen d'räwer taukümmst. Richtig! Un nu mark di jedes Wurd, wat ick di segg: nu geihst du mit dit Gesicht un mit desen schönen Schin vull kindliche Unschuld dörch de Franzosen un de Buren dörch up dat Sloß in de Käk un röppst Mamsell Westphalen allein in de Eck un seggst denn blot de beiden Wörd': Rettung naht!

Süll sei sick dormit nich taufreden gewen, denn kannst du ehr in aller Gelimplichkeit seggen, wat ick von't Uphängen seggt heww, un süll sei sick doräwer in etwas verfiren, denn seggst du ehr, sei süll noch lang' nich verzagen, denn ick, de Ratscherr Hers', hadd de Sak in de Hand namen. Vör allen süll sei äwerst glik de Käkendör afsluten un de Achterdör nah den Goren hen, un sei un de beiden Dirns un du süllen jeder en Stück Dings in de Hand nemen un keinen Franzosen rinne laten un süll'n sick wehren bet up den letzten Mann, bet ick kam. Ick äwer ward glik dörch den Sloßgorn nah de Achterdör gahn – will mi man irst en Mantel halen, denn dat regent all infam –, un min Parol wir: Wohl, wohl!«, un min Feldgeschri wir: 'York!' Ne, dat geiht nich, dat versteiht sei nich.

Na, wat denn? 't is ganz egal, 't is ganz egal. Na, min Feldgeschri wir, wir, 'Sur Swinfleisch!' Dat versteiht sei. Wenn also einer kem un röp dit Wurd, denn süll sei de Achterdör upmaken. Hest allens behollen? "Ja, Herr Ratscherr."

"Na, denn gah! Un keiner, sülwst de Amtshauptmann nich, erfahrt dorvon en Wurd!" Fritz gung, un ok de Herr Ratscherr.

Min Unkel Hers' hadd sick natürlich glik, as hei Ratscherr worden was, de blage Ratscherruniform mit den roden un gollen Kragen maken laten, un wil hei en groten, starken, statschen Mann was, treckt hei

to command proper respect, whenever an opportunity presented itself, such as, for example, when the fire-engines were to be tried, or when the cows were first driven to pasture in the spring, or foreign troops were quartered in the town. Then, too, when my father was sitting in his grey coat at the court table writing till his fingers ached, Rathsherr Herse would march up and down in front of the table, keeping up the official pomp and dignity by the splendour of his appearance, and it pleased him mightily when a Frenchman by mistake addressed him as "Monsieur le Maire."

My father had nothing to say against this, for there was generally a good deal of disputing to be done, and he gave this over, with the pomp and dignity, to the Rathsherr, taking the real business upon himself. In this way, they had divided the work fairly between them, and what with Rathsherr Susemihl, who on days when the court was sitting performed the onerous duty of assessor, and what with the zeal of Dohmstreich the Recorder, and the exertions of Luth the Town Messenger, and the firemen who every month took out their engines to try them, and Panner Hirsch, who used to drive the boys out of the peas-fields, I should like to know where you could have found a town or parish in better trim than my native town of Stemhagen. And all because my uncle Herse was fond of wearing his uniform!

When my uncle Herse reached home, he looked in his clothes-closet for his grey cloak, for it was still pouring with rain, and he caught sight of his uniform. "Ah," thought he, "now, to-day will be a good opportunity for me to put it on; and, who knows, perhaps it may be of use in this enterprise." So he put it on, and also the fine cocked hat that we boys used afterwards to make a boat of and sail on old Nahmaker's pond. At this time it was in its best days, and, as the Rathsherr stepped out at the door, he drew the cape of his cloak over it so that it should not get

sei sihr girn an, wenn jichtens Gelegenheit dortau was, taum Bispill wenn de Sprütten probiert würden oder wenn an'n Maidag de Käuh in de Koppel kemen oder wenn Inquartierung kamm, üm sick in den gehörigen Respekt tau setten. Wenn denn min Vater in sinen grisen Röckschen achter den Gerichtsdisch sitten ded un schrew, dat em de Fingern knackten, gung Ratscherr Hers' vör den Gerichtsdisch up un dal un besorgte de Würd un den Glanz, wobi em dat denn sihr ketteln ded, wenn so'n Franzos' em mit "Monsieur le maire" anredt!

Minen Vater was dat ok nich entgegen, denn meistens gaww dat bi dit Geschäft wat uttaubaden, un dat äwerlet hei denn mit den Glanz ok den Herrn Ratscherrn, un hei äwernamm de Arbeit. So hadden sei sick dat richtig indeilt, un wenn Ratscherr Susemihl sin swor Deil as Bisitzer bi 'n Gerichtsdag ordentlich besorgte un Stadtdeiner Luth dat Lopen up de Strat un Stadtspreker Dohmstreich nich dicker würd, as hei würllich was, dat hei noch af un an dörch Feld un Holt gung un up 'ne weike Grawenburd sinen Middagsslap beschaffte, wenn de Viertelslud' af un an de Sprütten probierten un de Bullenangelegenheit besorgten un Panner Hirsch de Jungs ut de Arwtpalen jog, denn wull ick mal eins seihn, wo 'ne Stadt un 'ne Feldmark tau finnen wir, de so in'n Tog un up den Damm was as min Vaterstadt Stemhagen! Un dat kamm all dorvon her, dat Ratscherr Hers' girn sin Uniform dragen mügg.

Also, as min Unkel Hers' nu nah Hus gung, denn dat regent all piplings, söcht hei in sinen Klederschapp nah sinen grisen Mantel, un dorbi föll em sin Uniform in de Hand, un hei dacht: "Süh, hüt is de Gelegenheit dornah, un wer weit, sei kann mi mäglich in min Vörnemen nütten", un treckt sei an un set't sick ok den schönen Dreimaster up, den wi Jungs nahsten ümmer as Kahn up den ollen Nahmaker sinen Dik hewwen swemmen laten. Na, tau dese Tid was hei noch in sinen besten Verfat, un as de Herr Ratscherr ut de Husdör gung, slog

wet; and then he looked like a French General when he reconnoitres the enemy's post by night. "Well," he said, "no one will know me now."

He went across the market-place, and then by a little roundabout way across the timber yard, where Farmer Nahmaker was looking after his horses, which the French had taken out of the stable and were now driving away.

"Good morning, Herr Rathsherr," said the farmer, "what times these are!"
"Hush!" said my uncle and went on. Behind the timber-yard barns, Swerdfeger, the joiner, met him.

"Good morning, Herr Rathsherr."
"Hold your tongue!" said my uncle angrily, and went round outside the Garden.
"Good morning, Herr Rathsherr," said the son of old Harloff the actor.

Smack! The boy had a blow with the back of the hand on his mouth.
"Blockhead! Don't you see that I do not wish to be known?"

So saying, he entered the Schloss-garden and said angrily: "The devil take it! A public position lies on one as heavy as a curse."

hei den Mantelkragen doräwer, dat de Haut nich natt würd, un min Unkel Hers' sach nu bi heiligen Dag' ut as en französch General bi Nacht, wenn hei de findlichen Posten wohrschu't. "So!" säd hei, "un nu kennt mi ok kein Minsch!"

Hei gang äwer'n Mark un makt en lütten Ümweg äwer'n Buhof, wo Pächter Nahmaker ut dat Eckfinster sine Mähren nahkek, de em de Franzosen ut den Stall treckt hadden.

"Gun Morrn, Herr Ratscherr!" säd de Pächter. "Min Herzing, wat is dit för 'ne Tid!" "Still!" säd min Unkel Hers' un gung wider. Achter de Buhofsschün begegnet em Dresler Swirdfeger:

"Gun Morrn, Herr Ratscherr!"
"Hollen S' Ehr Mul!" seggt min Unkel ärgerlich un geiht achter'n Sloßgorn rüm.
"Gun Morrn, Herr Ratscherr!" seggt oll Spelmann Hartloffen sin Jung'.

Swabb! hett hei eins mit de verwendte Hand an den Däts: "Dumme Jung! sühst du nich, dat ick nich kundbor warden will?"

Somit geiht hei in den Sloßgoren un argert sick un seggt: "Dat weit de Düwel! 'ne öffentliche Stellung liggt ordentlich as en Fluch up einen!"

CHAPTER VIII

How my uncle Herse came with password and war-cry; and Mamsell Westphalen refused to hide in the peat bog. How the Herr Rathsherr got into Miller's cart, and how he got out of it again.

In the meanwhile, Fritz Sahlmann had made his way to the Schloss with his hands in his pockets, whistling, with an unconcerned face, as directed by the Rathsherr; but, when he came into the kitchen, he forgot his orders and made a face like Balaam's when his ass began to speak, and he stammered into Mamsell Westphalen's ear, "Oh! I'm to say there's help near."

"Boy! Fritz Sahlmann," cried Mamsell Westphalen, "what is this? What do you mean? What do you mean, I say?"

Fritz now told her what she was to do; that she was to hold out the kitchen to the last man and let no Frenchman in, and that Rathsherr Herse would come with password and war-cry and take the command.

"Heavens! What shall I do?" exclaimed Mamsell Westphalen, "I can't let myself be seen by the Herr Amtshauptmann after what has passed. Well, I suppose I had best trust to the Herr Rathsherr and follow his counsel; it must be right, for else what would be the good of his being a councillor. Hanchen and Corlin, you look after the back-door, Fritz Sahlmann and I will take the front. Now, mind, and be sure you don't miss the war-cry."

The doors were locked; Hanchen armed herself with a broom, Corlin with a poker, Fritz Sahlmann with a long brass ladle; and Mamsell Westphalen took up a pestle; but she quickly let it drop again, exclaiming, "No, merciful heavens! I have done enough harm already without slaying and killing besides. No, I know what will do better;" and she fetched the box in which

Dat achte Kapittel

Worüm min Unkel Hers' mit Parol un Feldgeschri kümmt; worüm Mamsell Westphalen nich in't Torfmur sitten will, un worüm de Herr Ratscherr up den Möller sinen Wagen rup un ok wedder runnen kümmt.

Wildeß is Fritz Sahlmann mit dat vorgeschrewe Gesicht, de Hän'n in de Tasch un mit Fläuten up't Sloß ruppe gahn, doch as hei in de Käk rin kümmt, vergeet hei alle Vörschriften un set't en Gesicht up, dat kunn ein verlangs bekiken un verdwas bekiken, dat sach ümmer ut as Bileammen sin, as sin Esel an tau reden fung, un stamert Mamsell Westphalen in't Uhr: "Rettung naht!"

"Jung! Fritz Sahlmann!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen, "wat is dit? wat sall dit? un wat bedüd't dit?"

Fritz seggt denn nu, wat sei dauhn süllen, dat sei sick in de Käk bet up den letzten Mann hollen süllen un keinen Franzosen rinne laten un dat Ratscherr Hers' mit Parol un Feldgeschri kamen un't Kommando ävernehmen wull.

"Leiwer Gott!" seggt Mamsell Westphalen, "wat sall ick dauhn? Den Herrn Amtshauptmann kann ick unner so'ne Ümstän'n nich unner de Ogen gahn, denn dat litt min Schimp nich. Ick will mi also getrost den Herrn Ratscherr in de Arm smiten un sinen Rat folgen, un de ward richtig sin, woför wir hei süs Ratscherr. Fik un Korlin, nemt ji beiden de Achterdör, Fritz Sahlmann un ick nemen de Käkendör, un nu paßt gaud up, dat ji dat Feldgeschri nich verfehlt."

De Dören würden afslaten, Fik namm en Bessen, Korlin 'ne Kohlhack, Fritz Sahlmann 'ne Füllkell, un Mamsell Westphalen langt all nah 'ne Mäuserkül, let s' äwer liggen un säd: "Gott sall mi bewahren, dat ick mit Murd un Dodslag min Schuld gröter mak! Ne, ick weit en beter Middel", ein halt en Aschkasten, sett em vör sick up den Käkendisch, von wo ut sei de Achterdör un de Käkendör

the peat-ashes were carried away, and set it down before her on the table, from this point she could command both front and back-doors. "Now let them come when they like," she said, "but whoever gets a volley in the face from me may rub his eyes for a long time before he'll be able to see again."

It was not long before they heard a voice at the back-door crying: "All's well;" and presently the same voice said half aloud through the keyhole "Pickled pork."

"That's the Rathsherr," said Mamsell Westphalen, "Corlin, open the door just wide enough for a man to pass, and, as soon as he is inside, shut it fast again."

So Corlin opens the door a little way, and the Rathsherr proceeds to squeeze through; but in the process the cape of his cloak falls back, and reveals the cocked hat and the red uniform collar.

"Ah! Ah!" screamed Corlin, and held the Rathsherr fast in the door. "A Frenchman! The French!"

"Pickled pork," cried Rathsherr Herse. "Don't you hear? Pickled pork."

But it came too late; Hanchen had knocked the hat off his head and the skin off his face with her broom, and Mamsell Westphalen had thrown two hands full of ashes into his eyes.

My uncle Herse now stood in the kitchen, puffing, and blowing, and snorting and groping with his hands out, as if he were playing at "blind man's buff," his heart full of rage, and dark night before his eyes. His whole plan had turned out a nest of addled eggs; for what is there in a secret that becomes a kitchen scene! what can an imposing face do when it is battered about by a broom! and what becomes of the splendour of a Rathsherr's uniform when peat-ashes lie on it like blight on a flower!

bestriken kunn, un säd: "So, nu mit Gott! Nu lat s' man kamen! Wer äwer von min Ort 'ne Salw in't Gesicht kriggt, de sall sick de Ogen gaud wischen."

Dat wohrt denn ok nich alltaulang', dunn röp ein vör de Achterdör: "Wohl, wohl!", un nah 'ne lütte Wil röp de sülwige Stimm halw lud dörch dat Slätellock: "Sur Swinfleisch."

"Dat is de Rechte", seggt Mamsell Westphalen. "Korlin, mak mannsbreid de Dör up, un wenn hei rin is, denn snapp glik wedder tau."

Korlin makt denn nu also de Dör en En'nlang up, un de Herr Ratsherr will sick dor dörch drängen, dunn schüfft sick sin Mantelkragen taurügg, un sin Dreimaster un rode Uniformskragen kümmt taum Vörschin.

"Huch!" krischt Korlin up un klemmt den Herrn Ratsherrn halw in de Dör fast, "en Franzosenkirl! En Franzosenkirl!"

"Sur Swinfleisch!" röppt Ratsherr Hers', "hür' ji nich? Sur Swinfleisch!"

Äwer't kamm tau lat: Fik hadd em all mit ehren stuwen Bessen den Haut von den Kopp un dat Fell von't Gesicht runnestrakt, un Mamsell Westphalen hadd em all mit twei Hän'n vull Asch in de Ogen schaten.

Min Unkel Hers' stunn dor un pust un prust un snow un grappst mit de Hän'n vör sick hen, as wenn einer Blindkauh spelt, Nacht vör sine Ogen un helle Wut in sinen Harten. Sin ganzes Vörnemen was en Klackeierkauken worden, denn wat will 'ne Heimlichkeit seggen, ut de en Käkenspektakel ward, wat kann en wichtig Gesicht utrichten, wenn't mit en stuwen Bessen bearbeit't is, un wo bliwwt alle Glanz, wenn de Torfasch doräwer liggt as de Mehdau up 'ne Blaum.

The first who recovered her senses, and became aware who it was that they had been treating in this fashion, was Hanchen. With one bound she was out of doors in the rain. Corlin followed and said to her, "I'd rather be wet through, than get one of Mamsell Westphalen's scoldings." "By George! It's the Herr Rathsherr," cried Fritz Sahlmann.

Mamsell Westphalen stood there like Lot's wife, only that she was perhaps stouter, and looked at the Rathsherr as if he were Sodom and Gomorrah. "Merciful heavens! We are all wandering in the dark," she said in a feeble voice.

"It's very well for you to talk of wandering in the dark," sputtered my uncle Herse. "You can see, but I can't open my eyes. Get me some water."

Now began a scene of washing, and rubbing, and pitying, and wondering, and scolding, and consoling; but my uncle was still angry, and said that all the women in the Schloss might be hanged for what he cared, it would be a long time before he was caught entering into secret conspiracies with women again. Mamsell Westphalen held her apron up to her eyes and began to cry: "Herr Rathsherr," she said, "tell me what I ought to do. I have no father or mother left and, I after last night, I couldn't let myself be seen by the Herr Amtshauptmann. You are the only one I can look to for help now."

My uncle Herse had a heart, a soft heart; my uncle Herse had a soul, a tender soul; and, when he had quite got the ashes out of his eyes, and Mamsell Westphalen had rubbed cold cream on the scratches in his face till it looked like a red and white toadstool, he said kindly: "Leave off crying. I will help you. You must take to flight."

De irste, de de Besinnung wedder kreg un gewohr würd, wen eigentlich dit allens passiert was, was Fik; mit einen Satz was sei ut de Achterdör rin in den Regen. Korlin folgt ehr nah un rep: "Beter en natt Johr von unsen Herrgott as von uns' Mamsell!" Fritz Sahlmann röp: "Herr Je, dat is de Herr Ratsherr!"

Mamsell Westphalen stunn dor as Lots Wiw, man blot, dat sei vullständiger was as de Lotten, un kek up den Herrn Ratsherrn, as wir hei Sodom un Gomorrha, un röp ganz swack: "Allbarmherziger! Wi wandeln all in Finsternis!"

"Sei hewwen gaud reden", prust min Unkel Hers' herut," Sei känen doch kiken; äwer ick kann de Ogen nich upmaken. Water her!"

Nu gung denn dat Waschen los un dat Wischen un dat Duren un dat Wunnern un dat Schellen un dat Begäuschen; äwer min Unkel was tau arg un säd: för sinentwegen können all de Sloßmamsells uphängt warden, hei würd sick woll häuden un sick mit Frugenslüd' in 'ne heimliche Verswörung inlaten. Mamsell Westphalen treckt de Schört an de Ogen un fung an tau rohren un säd: "Herr Ratsherr, raden Sei mi; Vader un Moder heww ick nich mihr, den Herrn Amtshauptmann kann ick in so'ne Umstän'n nich unner de Ogen treden; Sei sünd min einzigste Trost."

Min Unkel Hers' hadd en Hart un en gaudes Hart, min Unkel Hers' hadd en Sinn un en weikmäudigen Sinn, un as em de Asch nich mihr in de Ogen fratt un as em Mamsell Westphalen de Schrammen in sin Gesicht mit säuten Rohm insmert hadd, dat sin leiwes rodes Antlitz utsach as en Poggenstaul, wo de Fleigen mit dodmakt warden, säd hei fründlich: "Laten S' dat Weinen man sin, ick help Sei taurecht: Sei möten feldflüchtig warden."

"Take to flight!" she exclaimed and looked in a puzzled way at her figure from head to foot; "Do you mean me to take to flight?"

And she thought of the pigeons up in her pigeon-house; and if the matter had not been too serious for her, she would almost have laughed.

"Yes," said my uncle. "Do you think that with these roads and in this weather you could walk three or four miles at a stretch, for no conveyance is to be had, and besides it would not be secret enough?"

"Herr Rathsherr," she said, and all desire to laugh entirely left her, "look at me for a moment. Is it likely I could? Why, it's hard work for me now to go upstairs."

"Can you ride then?"

"What?"

"I ask, can you ride?"

Mamsell Westphalen now got up, set her arms a-kimbo and said: "What respectable woman ever rides? I have known one female in my life who did; she was a young lady, and the rest of her conduct was of a piece with it."

Rathsherr Herse now also got up, and walked once or twice up and down the kitchen, lost in thought, and at last asked, "Do you think you could sit for twenty-four hours in the town peat-bog?"

"But, Herr Rathsherr," said Mamsell Westphalen, and put her apron up to her eyes again and wiped away the tears, "I'm now over fifty, and I had my great illness last autumn and..."

"Then that won't do either," broke in the Rathsherr. "There are only two ways left, one upstairs, the other down below. Fly you must, either on to the roof or into the cellar."

"Herr Rathsherr," cried Fritz Sahlmann, and he crept from behind the stove, "I know a place."

"Feldflüchtig?" röp sei un kek ganz verdutzt ehre Figur von baben bet unnen an. "Herr Rathsherr, ick feldflüchtig!" un dacht dorbi an de Feldflüchters, de sei baben up den Duwenslag hadd, un wenn ehr Umstän'n nich so bedräuwt west wiren, hadd sei binah lacht.

"Ja", seggt min Unkel. "Känen Sei bi desen Weg un Weder woll so'n Milener drei bet vir in einer Tour marschieren? Denn Fuhrwark is nich tau krigen, is ok nich heimlich naug."

"Herr Rathsherr", seggt Mamsell Westphalen, un dat Lachen vergung ehr ganz un gor, "Seihn S' min Perßon an, ick bün wat vüllig bugt, un dat Treppenstigen ward mi tau Tiden all wat sur."

"Känen Sei denn riden?"

"Wat seggen Sei?"

"Ick mein', ob Sei riden können?"

Mamsell Westphalen stunn nu up un set't de Hän'n in de Sid un säd: "Mit Schan'n will ick nich lewen. Wecker Frugensmensch ritt? Ick heww man ein kennt in minen Lewen, un dat was en Frölen, äwer de was ok dornah."

Rathsherr Hers' stunn nu ok up un gung en pormal in Gedanken in de Käk up un dal un frog endlich: "Trugen Sei sick dat woll tau, dat Sei bi dese Witterung viruntwintig Stun'n in uns' städtisches Torfmur in't Schülp steken können?"

"Herr Rathsherr", seggt Mamsell Westphalen un grippt wedder nah de Schört un drögt sick de Ogen, "seihn S', ick bün nu in de Föftigen un heww vörleden Harwst de grote Krankheit hatt."

"Denn geiht dat ok nich", föllt ehr Rathsherr Hers' in de Red', "denn giwwt dat blot noch zwei Weg', einen nah baben un einen nah unnen. Flüchten möten Sei, entweder up den Bähn oder in den Keller."

"Herr Rathsherr", röp Fritz Sahlmann un krüppt achtern Fühherd herut, "ick weit't."

"What you here!" exclaimed Rathsherr Herse. "Yes," said Fritz quite abashed.

"Well then it's all over again with secrecy, for what three know, the whole world knows."

"I promise faithfully I won't tell, Herr Rathsherr," said Fritz. "And, Mamsell, I know a capital place. There's a plank loose in the garret where you hang your hams and sausages to smoke, and, if you make yourself small, you can squeeze through, and behind there by the chimney there's a little place where you can hide and no one would ever find you."

"You young scoundrel," said Mamsell Westphalen, forgetting all her sorrows and woes, "then it's you who are always stealing the sausages from up there; and, Herr Rathsherr, I have always suspected the innocent rats."

My uncle, having threatened Fritz Sahlmann with a sound thrashing, said it was now high time and they must fly, and it would be the very place. So they all set off up to the garret, and when Fritz Sahlmann had shown them the loose plank and the hiding-place, my uncle Herse said, "Well, Mamsell, now sit down on the floor. There's no help for it. I will lock the door of the garret; and if you hear anyone coming, creep softly into the hole, and mind you don't sneeze or cough."

"You may well say that, Herr Rathsherr, in this smoke," she replied.

"Oh, we will soon manage that," said he, and opened the dormer window. They were going away when she said, "Fritz, my lad, don't forsake me; and bring me word how things are going on."

"Under no circumstances must he come up here," said the Rathsherr, "he might be seen, and then everything would be discovered."

"Leave it to me, Mamsell," said Fritz, and

"Jung", seggt min Unkel, "büst du hir?" "Ja", seggt Fritz ganz benau't.

"Denn is't wedder mit de ganze Heimlichkeit nicks, denn wat drei weiten, weit de Welt."

"Herr Ratscherr", seggt Fritz, "ick segg wohrhaftig in Gott nicks nah! Un, Mamselling, ick weit en Flag. An den Rökerbähn is de ein Plank los un lett sick afbögen, un wenn Sei sick en beten dünn maken, denn känen Sei sick dordörch bängen, un dor achter is unner de Auken 'ne lütte Afsid, dor findt Sei kein Deuwel nich."

"Entfahmte Slüngel", seggt Mamsell Westphalen un vergett all ehr Angst un Trübsal, "denn büst du dat west, de mi ümmer de Mettwust von den Bähn stahlen hett, un, Herr Ratscherr, ick heww ümmer de unschülligen Rotten in Verdacht hatt."

Min Unkel redd't nu Fritz Sahlmannen vör 'ne düchtige Dracht Släg' un seggt, dat wir nu de höchste Tid un sei müßt flüchten un dit wir dat richtige Flag. Sei flüchten nu all drei nah den Rökerbähn herup, un as Fritz Sahlmann de los' Plank un de Gelegenheit dor achter wis't hett, seggt min Unkel Hers': "So, Mamselling, nu setten Sei sick hir up den Rökerbähn, denn sitten möten Sei nu; ick ward achter Sei tausluten, un wenn Sei hüren, dat wer hir vör an de Dör kümmt, denn krupen Sei sachten dörch de Plank in de Afsid un nemen S' sick vör Hausten un Prusten in acht."

"Dat seggen Sei woll, Herr Ratscherr in desen Rok!" seggt sei.

"Dat will wi krigen!" seggt hei un stött de Luk up. Sei willen nu gahn, dunn seggt sei: "Fritz Sahlmann, min Sähn, verlat mi nich un bring mi Orre, wo de Sak steiht."

"Unner keinen Umstän'n", seggt Ratscherr Hers', "darf hei up den Bähn ruppe gahn, dat künn wer seihn, un denn is allens verraden."

"Laten S' man, Mamselling", seggt

made her a side wink, "I'll manage it."

Fritz, "ick ward dat woll krigen", un plinkt ehr listig tau.

They went; and Mamsell Westphalen sat alone in her sadness under her flitches of bacon and hams and sausages.

"Of what use are all these blessings," she said to herself, "when a person of my years has to take to flight."

Sei gahn, un Mamsell Westphalen sitt in Truer unner ehr Specksiden un Schinken un Wust un seggt: "Wat helpt all de leiwe Gottessegen, wenn ein in mine Johren up de Flucht is!"

After seeing Mamsell Westphalen into her place of safety, my uncle Herse went down again to the kitchen and cautioned Fritz Sahlmann once more against letting out anything, impressing his warning well on Fritz by a box on the ears. He then pulled the cape of his grey cloak over his cocked-hat and embroidered uniform collar, and crept cautiously out at the back-door like a cat out of a pigeon-house.

As Unkel Hers' Mamsell Westphalen in den Drögen wüßt, gung hei wedder nah de Käk hendalen un remst' Fritz Sahlmannen noch einmal recht düchtig mit en lütten Handgriff an de Uhren dat Swigen in. In de Käk treckt hei sick den grisen Kragen von sinen Mantäng wedder äwer den gestickten Rockskragen un den Dreimaster un slek heimlich, as de Katt von den Duwenslag, ut de Achterdör.

Scarcely had he put his head out of doors, when a screeching and yelling arose; and Hanchen and Corlin, who were going back into the kitchen, thinking that the coast was once more clear, flew asunder like two white doves when a hawk pounces down upon them. "Hold your tongues! I am not going to do anything to you," cried my uncle Herse.

Knapp hadd hei äwer sin Babengestell ut de Dör steken, dunn krischt un lacht dor wat los, un Fik un Korlin, de glöwt hadden, de Luft wir nu wedder rein, un in de Käk rinwullen, preschten utenein as en por wittbunt Duwen, wenn de Häwk dor mang fohrt. "Hollt jug Mul!" rep min Unkel Hers', "ick dauh jug nicks!"

But what was the use of his saying that? The peasants, who had remained in the garden with their horses, looked round at the noise; and, seeing the disguised French officer, that is my uncle Herse, they all made for the green gate, and in a few moments not a man nor a hoof to draw the cannon was to be seen.

Doch wat hülپ dat? De Buren, de noch mit ehr Pird in den Goren blewen wiren, keken sick bi dat Krischen üm, un as sei achter sick den verpuppten französchén Offzierer segen, wat äwer eigentlich min Unkel Hers' was, dunn bündelten sei ut, all up de gräune Purt los, un 't wohrt nich lang', dunn was kein Hauf un kein Klaw von Kanonenvörspann tau seihn.

The Rathsherr now struck into a little side-path, and whom should he meet but old Miller Voss with the valise under his arm, "Good morning, Herr Rathsherr."

"The devil take you!" exclaimed Rathsherr Herse. "Don't you see, Miller Voss, that I don't wish to be known?"

De Herr Rathsherr slog sick nu sidwärts, un as hei so'n Katerstig entlang geiht, wer kümmt an tau gahn? Oll Möller Voß mit sinen Mantelsack unner den Arm, "Gun Morr, Herr Rathsherr!" "Dat weit doch der Deuwel!" seggt Rathsherr Hers'. "Möller Voß, seihn Sei nich? Ick will jo nich kundbor warden."

"Well, that's my case too," said the Miller. "But, Herr Rathsherr, you would do me a great favour if you would see my horse

"Na, mi verlangt dor ok nich nah", seggt de Möller. "Äwer, Herr Rathsherr, Sei können mi en Gefallen dauhn: an de

and cart into a place of safety. I have fastened it up near the green gate. I'll do you a good turn in exchange. As soon as the perch in the mill-pond begin to bite, I'll let you know."

"I will see to it," said the Rathsherr.

He went on to the green gate, and when he had found the Miller's cart and unfastened it, he got into it, and was just driving off, when up came a party of French soldiers, and at their head the colonel of artillery by whose command all the horses and waggons had been sent for from the surrounding villages.

My uncle Herse was now forthwith arrested, and pulled down off the cart; and, what with his uniform and his keeping on crying out that he was "conseiller d'etat", for he could not at the moment find any better word for a Stemhagen Rathsherr, the French thought they must have made a good catch, and that they had now got the head of the conspiracy to rob them of their waggons and teams.

The colonel of artillery cursed and swore in the most unchristian French; he would make an example of the Rathsherr; four men should take him between them. And so my uncle Herse, who had come in the greatest secrecy, to do a good work to others, was led back into the town a public spectacle, to suffer martyrdom for his good intentions.

When this happened, Witte the baker was standing close by, behind the great chestnut-tree; for he, too, had come to take the Miller's cart into a place of safety. "That can't hurt the Herr Rathsherr," he said to himself; "he buys his white bread of Guhlen, why doesn't he buy it of me? Well, he must judge for himself, and he can do it too, he's clever enough; but the unreasoning cattle can't, and so one of us must look after them." And, so saying, he got into the cart, and, following the French at a distance, drove slowly towards his barns, and put the horse in his stable.

gräun Purt heww ick min Fuhrwark anbunnen, bringen S' mi dat in Säkerheit! Ick dauh Sei mal wedder en Gefallen; so drad de Bors in den Mähldik biten deiht, lat ick Sei't weiten."

"Will't besorgen", seggt de Herr Ratscherr un geiht nah de gräune Purt, un as hei den Möller sin Fuhrwark dor finnt, binnt hei dat los, stiggt up den Wagen un will eben afkarjolen, dunn tritt em 'ne Parti Franzosen entgegen, vöran de Kanonenoberst sülwst, up den sinen Befehl all dat Vörspann anordnet was un de nu vele sach, de nich dor wiren, denn sei wiren so tämlich all utbrummt.

Min Unkel Hers' würd denn nu glik arretiert un von den Wagen reten, un as de Kanonenoberst sin Uniform sach un hei ümmer röp: hei wir conseiller d'état – denn hei wüßt in den Ogenblick keinen betern französch Namen för en Stemhäger Ratscherr tau finnen, dunn dachten de Franzosen, sei hadden en rechten Fats makt un hadden den Häupter von dat Ganze.

De Kanonenoberst verfluchte un verswur sick up dat unchristlichste Französch: hei wull an em en Exempel statuieren. Vir Mann müßten em in de Midd nemen, un so würd min Unkel Hers', de in de Heimlichkeit kamen was, en gaud Wark tau stiften, taum Spektakel äwer'n Buhof in de Stadt t'rügg ledd't, üm an sick sülwst en leges Stück tau erföhren.

As dit geschach, stunn dient dorbi oll Bäcker Witt achter'n groten Kastannenbom, denn hei was ok kamen, den Möller sin Fuhrwark in Säkerheit tau bringen. "Schaden kann dat den Herrn Ratscherr nich", säd hei tau sick, "hei köfft sinen Stuten von Guhlen, worüm nich von mi? Na, hei möt sick sülwst raden, un hei kann't ok, denn hei is sihr klauk; äwer dat unschüllige, unvernünftige Veih kann't nich, dorför möt unserein sorgen", un dormit steg hei up den Wagen un führt sachten achter de Franzosen her nah sin Schün ein treckt de Pird in't Fack.

CHAPTER IX

Why the Herr Amtshauptmann had to read Marcus Aurelius, and was not allowed to wash his face; and why he did not think the Miller's Fieka was, like other girls, always fretting and crying.

The Amtshauptmann walked round and round his room, and fumed inwardly, for, though not naturally of a hasty temper, still he was an old man, and accustomed to command and have his own way; and was he now to be ordered about by others? He had been obliged to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, a thing which went against all his feelings, and he had not got his coffee; and when he had wanted to smoke a pipe, to comfort himself a little, no pipes were there. He rang the bell once, no Fritz Sahlmann; he rang twice, no Hanchen; he pulled his snuff-box out of his pocket and took a pinch slowly and thoughtfully, as people do when they want to prepare themselves for all the possible evils that may come; then he drew out his eyeglass and looked at the weather. Outside, it was raining in torrents, and the crows sat still and hunched-up in the high bare branches of the elm-trees with their wings drooping—looking as if they were stuck together, and dripping like old peasant Kugler, when he had been soused one evening up to the brim of his hat in the village pond.

“No comfort out there either,” said the old Herr to himself; “but where is there comfort in Germany now? It's a very strange thing is the government of this world. The Almighty lets a miserable hound like that Buonaparte bring ruin on the whole earth. It's difficult for Christian people to understand. The high ducal cabinet often issues orders and decrees that no Christian or official can make out; but the high ducal cabinet ministers are, after all, only poor sinners, and stupidity is one of their high qualities, and we know that, and make up our minds to it, though not perhaps without just a little anger and vexation. But to Christians who believe in God's Providence, to see the use of the base cur Buonaparte, is, is,” and he took

Dat nägente Kapittel

Worüm de Herr Amtshauptmann in den Mark Aurel lesen müßt un sick dat Gesicht nich waschen dürwt, un worüm em den Möller sin Fiken nich mihr tau quarig dücht.

De oll Herr Amtshauptmann gung in sin Stuw' rümmer un argert sick, denn wenn hei ok kein von de hastige Ort was, so was hei doch en ollen Mann, de dat Kummandieren gewennt was un sin Moden för sick hadd, un nu süll hei sick kummandieren laten un hadd des Morgens Klock acht upstahn müßt – wat gegen sin Natur was, un Koffe hadd hei ok nich kregen, un as hei sick tau sine Vermüenterung 'ne irden Pip in't Gesicht steken wull, wiren kein Pipen dor. Hei klingelt einmal, Fritz Sahlmann kamm nich; hei klingelt tweimal, Fik kamm ok nich. Hei treckt sin Snuwtobacksdos' ut de Tasch un namm de Pris' mit so'n nahdenklichen Snäw, as einer deiht, de sick up allens mögliche Ungemak gefaßt maken will, treckt de Lorjett ut de Tasch un kek in't Weder. Buten regent dat Bindfaden, un in de hogen, nakten Telgen von de ollen Rüstern seten de Kreihn so still un dukerig, as wiren ehr de Flüchten tausambackt, un leckten as oll Bur Kugler, as hei mal 's Abends bet an de Hautkrempe in den Dörpdik seten hadd.

“Ok kein Vergnäugen!” säd de oll Herr. “Äwer wo is up Stun'ns Vergnäugen in dütschen Landen? Es ist doch eine sonderbare Sache mit der Weltregierung! Uns' Herrgott lett dat tau, dat ein so'n Hundsvott de ganze Welt in Schaden bringt. Dat is swor för'n Christenmischen intauseihn. Hohe herzogliche Kammer makt oft männigmal Inrichtungen un Verordnungen, de kein Christ un Beamter begripen kann, äwer hohe Domänenkammer is doch ok man so'n armen Sünnner, den von Anfang an bi alle hogen Eigenschaften de Dämlichkeit in de ein Slipp mit inknüppt is, un dat weiten wi un finnen uns dorin, dat heit mit gelinden Arger un Verdruß. Äwer hir, bi den christlichen Glowen an 'ne göttliche

off the nightcap, which he always wore until his hair was dressed, and held it about three inches above his head. "May God forgive me my sins! I have borne hatred to no one, and have had enmity with no one, not even with the high ducal cabinet and its confounded admonitions; but I have a hatred now!" and he threw his nightcap on the ground and stamped upon it, "I have a hatred now, and I will keep it."

Probably he said these last words rather loud, for his wife came in, looking anxious. "Weber! Weber! what is the matter with you? Has Fritz Sahlmann or Hanchen...?" "No, Neiting," he broke in, and picked up his nightcap. "It's not that. It's Buonaparte."

"Gracious heavens!" she cried, "at him again. Why must you keep plaguing yourself about him?" And she walked up to the Amtshauptmann's bookcase, and took out a book. "There, Weber, read your book."

Now this was Marcus Aurelius, of which the Herr Amtshauptmann used to read a chapter when he was out of humour; or, if he was angry, two. He took the book, therefore, and read; and his wife tied the white napkin round his neck, and combed his grey hair, and twisted it into the funny little pigtail, and shook the powder lightly and gently over his head. Marcus Aurelius did its share too, and all the angry wrinkles were gone from the fine open forehead by the time the Frau Amtshauptmann had scraped the powder off his face with her little silver knife. "For she must always scrape it off," said Hanchen, in talking about it; "and he mustn't wash his face after, or else the flour would paste his eyes together."

"Neiting," said the Herr Amtshauptmann, when his head was finished, "just give a look, if you don't mind, to the household down-stairs. I can't make it out; Hanchen

Weltregierung, den Nutzen von den Hundsvott Bonepart intauseihn, dat is dat is..." Un hei namm sin Slapmütz af un höll sei en Toll'ner drei äwer sinen Kopp. "Uns' Herrgott mag mi de Sün'n vergewen! Ick heww gegen keinen Minschen en Haß hatt, gegen keinen Minschen Findschaft, ok nich gegen hohe Kammer mit ehre Backermentschen Monitorien, äwer nu heww ick einen Haß", un hei smet de Slapmütz up de Ird un set't den Bein dorup, "nu heww ick einen, un ick will em ok behollen!"

Dit letztere müggt hei woll en beten lud raupen hewwen, denn sine leiwe Fru kamm ganz ängstlich in de Dör rinne: "Wewer! Wewer! Wat is di? Hett Fritz Sahlmann oder Fik...?" "Ne, Neiting", föll hei ehr in de Red un namm de Slapmütz up, "de nich, blot Bonepart."

"Gott in den Himmel", röp sei, "all wedder! Wat willst du di an den argern?" un gung an den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Bäukerschapp ranne un halt en Bauk rut. "Da, Wewer, les in din Bauk!"

Dat was nu dat Bauk von Mark Aurelen, dorut las de Herr Amtshauptmann, wenn hei in Arger geraden was, ein Kapittel, un wenn't dull was, twei. Hei namm nu also ok dat Bauk un las, un sine leiwe Fru bunn em den witten Purgiermantel üm un strählt em dat gaude, grise Hor un wickelt em dat oll lütte vernimme Zöppken un stöhmt em sacht un lising den weiken Puder äwer den Kopp; Mark Aurel ded ok dat Sinige, un all de argerlichen Schrupeln wiren weg von sine irnstfaste Stirn, as de Fru Amtshauptmann mit dat lütte, sülwerne Putzmetz den Puder ut dat Gesicht schrapte. "Denn dat möt sei em ümmer afschrapen", säd Fik, wenn sei dorup tau reden kamm, "un waschen kann hei sick denn nich, wil dat em süs dat Weitenmehl de Ogen tauklustern würd."

"Neiting", säd de Herr Amtshauptmann, as hei von Koppswegen in den Stand set't was, "kik doch mal, wenn di dat paßt, in de Wirtschaft runner. Es ist doch

doesn't come, and Fritz Sahlmann doesn't come. The d---, I mean to say, the godless Frenchmen have turned the whole house upside down. What say you, eh?"

The Frau Amtshauptmann was a good little woman; and, though rather delicate in health, she was not irritable, and was always ready to bear with the old gentleman's eccentricities. Their only son, Joe, was abroad, and so the two old people were thrown together quite alone in the great old castle, and faithfully and honestly they shared their griefs and joys together; and if ever time began to seem long, it always so chanced that the Herr Amtshauptmann would, at the right time, take up some wonderful new whim, and the yawning would be changed into a sunshower which freshened up their love again; for it is with love as with a tree, the more the wind blows in its top and branches, the faster it throws out roots.

Now, what the Herr Amtshauptmann asked from his wife that morning, namely that she should look to the household, cannot exactly be called a whim, and therefore his wife made no objection; though many a well brought-up wife in these days would have done so. She had just gone on her way when old Miller Voss entered the room with the valise.

"Good morning, Herr Amtshauptmann," said the Miller, and made his bow; "if you'll allow me," and he laid the valise on the table; "here it is."
"What is it?" asked the old Herr.

"How should I know, Herr? But I do know this much-, t's stolen goods."
"How do you come by stolen goods. Miller Voss?"
"How does the hound get into the leash, Herr Amtshauptmann? All I know is, this is the chasseur's leather bag, and the devil put him into my waggon last night, and afterwards Friedrich threw him out again." And then the Miller told the whole story.

eine sonderbare Sache! Fik kümmt nich, Fritz Sahlmann kümmt nich; de gottverd... wull ick seggen, dat gottlose Franzosentüg hett jo woll dat ganze Hus ümkihrt. Ne, wat denn?"

De Fru Amtshauptmannen was 'ne lütte gaude Fru, en beten swäcklich von Person, dorbi äwerst nich verdreitlich un ümmer parat, in Fründlichkeit de Wunderlichkeiten von den ollen Herrn tau dragen. Sei hadden einen Sähn, ehren Jochen, de was all in de Frömd', un so wiren de beiden ollen Lüd' in dat oll grote Sloß allein up sick anwist un drögen in Tru un Ihrborkeit Leid un Lust tausam, un wenn de Langewil sick bi ehr insliken wull, denn gaww dat Glück ümmer, dat de Herr Amtshauptmann grad tau rechter Tid up en nigen wunderlichen Infall verföll, un ut dat Hujahnen würd denn en rechten gesunnen Sünneprust, de de Leiw' wedder upfrischen ded, denn mit de Leiw' is dat as mit en Bom, je mihr de Wind in de Kron un in de Bläder spält, desto faster smitt bei sin Wörtel.

Na, dat de Herr Amtshauptmann von sine leiwe Fru hüt morrn verlangte, dat sei sick mal nah de Wirtschaft ümseihn süll, was denn nu grad kein wunderliche Infall, un dorüm pruste de Fru Amtshauptmannen ok nich glik los, obschonst dat in unsere jitzige Tid männige wollertagene Fru woll dahn hadd. Sei was grad ehren Gang gahn, as oll Möller Voß mit dat Fellisen in de Dör kamm.

"Gun Morrn, Herr Amtshauptmann", säd de Möller un makt sinen Diner, "mit Verlöw!" un läd dat Fellisen up den Disch, "hir is't!"
"Wat is't?" frog de oll Herr.

"Herr, wat weit ick? Ick weit wat, ick weit vel, ick weit gor nicks: doch so vel weit ick, Spitzbauwenkram is't." "Möller Voß, wo kümmt Hei tau Spitzbauwenkram?"
"Wo kümmt de Hund in de Koppel, Herr Amtshauptmann? Wo kamm jen'n Mäten tau't Kind? Ick weit blot, dat dit den Franzosen sin Fellisen is un dat de Düwel mi den Franzosen gistern abend up den Wagen un min Fridrich em nahsten

wedder runne smeten hett." Un nu vertellte de Möller de ganze Geschicht.

While he was telling it, the Amtshauptmann paced up and down the room, and muttered every now and then in his beard something about "bad business." Then he stopped in front of the Miller, and looked him sharply in the face; and when the Miller had done, he said: "Well, Miller Voss, then it is certain, is it, that the Frenchman is still alive?"

"How can I tell, Herr Amtshauptmann? You see, I make my reckoning in this way. The night could hardly be called cold for this time of year, but it rained right through the night; and if we two, Herr Amtshauptmann, you or I, had spent the night there, maybe we should have been cold and stiff this morning. But then again I reckon, those sorts of fellows are more used to lying about on the ground than we are, and if it didn't do anything to him in Russia, maybe it won't hurt him here. And he went away afterwards, that's certain. Friedrich has gone to look for him; but if anything has happened to him since, it's not our fault."

"Miller," said the old Herr, and he shook his head, "this is a bad business. If your Friedrich doesn't catch the Frenchman again, it may cost you your head." "Lord, save us!" cried the Miller; "Into what scrapes am I coming in my old age! Herr Amtshauptmann, I am innocent; and I haven't kept this leather bag either, and the horse is in Baker Witte's barn."

"Yes, lucky for you, Miller; that's very lucky for you, I give you my word. And you say there is nothing but gold and silver in the valise?" "No," said the Miller; "nothing but gold and silver, Prussian money, Mecklenburg money, louis'd'ors, and silver spoons;" and so saying he unbuckled the valise, and disclosed its contents.

The Herr Amtshauptmann opened his eyes. "Heavens!" he cried, "why, that's a

De oll Herr gung wildeß in de Stuw' up un dal un brummte wat von "übele Sache!" in den Bort un stunn denn wedder vör den Möller still un kek em fast in de Ogen, un as de Möller tau En'n was, säd bei: "Na, Möller Voß, dat is denn nu äwer doch gewiß, dat de Franzos' noch lewt?"

"Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, wat weit ick? – Seihn S', ick mak minen Reknungsäwerslag so: kolt was dat de Nacht för dese Johrstid grad nich; äwer regent hett dat de ganze Nacht, un wenn wi beiden, Herr Amtshauptmann, Sei oder ick, de Nacht dor legen hadden, wi wiren mägliche Wis' verklamt. Äwer ick reken so: so'n Volk is dat Rümbliggen beter gewennt as wi, un hett em dat in Rußland nicks dahn, so mag em dat jo hir ok woll nich schadt hewwen. Un weg gahn is hei jo nahsten; Fridrich is em jo nah, un wenn em denn nahsten noch wat taustött is, so sünd wi jo dor nich an schüllig."

"Möller, Möller", säd de oll Herr un schüddelt mit den Kopp, "dit is en slimm Stück! Wenn Sin Fridrich den Franzosen nich wedder grippt, kann Em dat an den Kragen gahn." "Gott sall mi bewohren!" rep de Möller, "von wat för Dämlichkeiten lat ick mi in minen ollen Dagen riden! Herr Amtshauptmann, ick bün jo unschüllig, un ick heww jo ok dat Fellisen nich behollen, un dat Pird steiht in Bäcker Witten sin Schün."

"Dat's ok Sin Glück, Möller, dat's ok Sin grotes Glück; denn dit kann ick Em betügen. Un luter Gold un Sülwer is in dat Fellisen, seggt Hei?" "Luter Gold un Sülwer, preußschen K'rant un Drüttel un Luggedurs un sülwerne Lepel!" Un dormit snallte hei dat Fellisen up un wis'te de Bescherung.

De Herr Amtshauptmann makte grote Ogen. "Gott bewohr uns!" rep hei, "dat is

treasure!"

"Yes, you may well say that, Herr Amtshauptmann. My wife never says much; but, when she saw this, she clasped her hands together, and couldn't get out a single word."

"This is all stolen. Miller. Here's the Wertzen crest on the silver things. I know their arms. The wretch has stolen these spoons somewhere in the neighbourhood. But this won't make your case better."

The Miller stood there as if petrified. The Herr Amtshauptmann walked down the room again, and scratched his head; at last, he went up to the Miller, and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Miller Voss," said he, "I have always held you to be an honest man; but such honesty, in such circumstances! Why, you can hardly live from one day to another, and yet, from pure conscience, you give up a sum of money like that, coming nobody could have told from where!"

The old Miller turned as red as fire, and looked at the toes of his boots. "Yes, Miller," the Amtshauptmann went on, "this conduct of yours is very strange, for you could not know what has happened here; but thank God for it; it is possible this has saved your life."

The danger in which he thought he must be, the undeserved praise which sorely pricked his conscience; the sight of a small loophole by which, through God's help, he might yet escape out of this bad business, and the feeling that he had not deserved all this, came hard upon the Miller. He stood there with his eyes cast down, and moved about uneasily, twirling his hat round more and more fiercely till at last it quite lost its shape.

"The devil take the whole business and me into the bargain, Herr Amtshauptmann!" he cried. "But the Lord is merciful to me and will help me in this trouble, and I won't have anything wrong on my conscience. No, what is true, is

jo en Schatz."

"Je, dat seggen S' man mal, Herr Amtshauptmann! Min Fru seggt süs nich vel, äwer as sei dit sach, slog sei de Hän'n tausam un säd kein Wurd."

"Stahlen is dat all, Möller. Hir up dat Sülwertüg is dat Uertzensche Wapen, dat kenn ick. De Lepel hett de Spitzbauw hir in de Nahwerschaft stahlen. Äwer dormit ward Sin Sak nich beter."

De oll Möller stunn dor, as süll hei verörgeln; de Herr Amtshauptmann gung in de Stuw' rüm un rew sick den Kopp, endlich gung hei up den Möller tau, läd em de Hand up de Schuller: "Möller Voß, ick heww Em ümmer för en ihrlichen Mann hollen, äwer so'ne Ihrlichkeit in so'ne Umstän'n! Hei kann nich von einen Dag taum annern kamen, un Hei giwwt ut eigenen Gewissen so'n Deil Geld taurügg, von dat eigentlich keiner weit, wo't henhürt?"

De oll Möller stickte sick äwer und äwer rod as en Füler an un kek up sin Stäwelsnuten. "Ja, Möller", säd de oll Amtshauptmann wider, "dat is en besonderes Benemen von Em, denn von dat, wat hir passiert is, kann Hei kein Kundschaft hewwen; äwer dank Hei sinen Schöpfer, denn 't is möglich, dat Em dit Stück dat Lewen redd't."

De Gefohr, in de hei sick meinen müßt, dat unverdeinte Loww, wat em just so sacht ankamm, as wenn einer sick up en Lehnstaul dalset't, wo sin leiwe Fru en Nadelküssen henleggt hett, de Utsicht, dat hei mit Gotts Hülp ut desen slimmen Handel noch dörch en lütt Lock krupen künn, un dat hei dat all nich verdeint hadd, set'ten den ollen Möller hart tau. Hei stunn dor mit dalslagene Ogen un wrüung sick hen un her un dreiht sinen Haut dull un düller, endlich slog hei'n mit beide Hän'n tausam, dat hei ganz ut de Faßong kamm, un röp: "Hal de Düwel de ganze Franzosengeschicht un mi dortau, Herr Amtshauptmann! Wenn uns' Herrgott gegen mi Gnad' för Recht

true. And if it hadn't been for my little Fieka, the cursed Frenchman's money would be lying at home in my cupboard at this moment, and I should be swinging on the gallows."

And now he told all about it.

"Miller," said the Amtshauptmann when the story was finished, "I'm not fond of girls myself; boys are better; girls fret and cry too much for me. But your Fieka is quite different. Miller, it is very much to the credit of you and your wife that you have brought up such a child. And, Miller, when you come again, bring your Fieka with you; don't forget; I, that is my wife, will be very glad to see her. What say you, Eh! And now take the valise and carry it down to the Rathhaus; the French are holding a court of justice there, fine justice it will be! and ask for the Burmeister, he is a kind man and can talk French too; and I shall be there in a short time, and will do everything in my power for you."

"Thank you, sir. I'm a good bit lighter now about the heart. And about that other business, the bankruptcy? You think ..."

"That you're an old fool to get into any more scrapes at your age."

"Thank you, Herr Amtshauptmann. Well, then, good day."

And the Miller departed.

ergahn laten will un mi ut dessen Trübsal helpt, denn will ick ok nich mit Ungerechtigkeiten gegen em bestahn. Ne, wat wohr is, is wohr! Un wenn min lütt Fiken nich west wir, denn leg dat entfahmte Franzosengeld in min Schapp un ick bammelt hüt abend an den Galgen.

"Un nu vertellt hei de Sak.

"Möller", säd de Amtshauptmann, as de Umstän'n vertellt wiren, "ick bün nich sihr för Dirns, Jungs sünd beter; Dirns sünd mi tau quarig; äwer mit Sin Fiken...? Das ist denn eine andere Sache. Möller, dat gereikt Em un Sin Fru tau 'ne Ihr, dat ji so'n Kind upfött hewwt. Möller, hört Hei, wenn Hei mal wedder tau Amt kümmt, bring' Hei Sin Fiken mal mit; ick, dat heit, min Fru ward sick dortau freu'n. Ne, wat denn? Un nu nem Hei dat Fellisen un drag Hei dat runner nah den Rathus' un mell Hei sick dor, denn de Franzosen warden dor woll all so'ne Ort Gerichtsdag hollen, ward dor ok nah sin! un frag Hei irst nah den Burmeister, dat is en wollmeinend Mann un kann ok Französch, un binnen korten ward ick dor sin, un, wat jichtens mäglich, ward ick för Em dauhn."

"Schön, Herr Amtshauptmann! Mi is en ganz Deil lichter üm't Hart. Un mit de anner Geschicht, mit dat Pankrottspelen, meinen Sei...?" "Dat Hei en ollen Nahr is, sick in sinen ollen Dagen in noch mihr Widlüftigkeiten intaulaten."

"Schön, Herr Amtshauptmann! Na denn adjüs!"

Un dormit gung de Möller.

CHAPTER X

How Fritz Sahlmann sat in an apple-tree in the rain without any umbrella, and stuffed a roll of papers in under the back of his waistcoat; and how Mamsell Westphalen declared herself to be a miserable sinner.

After a little while, the Frau Amtshauptmann came back into the room and said, "Weber, what can be the meaning of this? Fritz Sahlmann is not there; and Mamsell Westphalen is not there, and her room looks as if Turks and Infidels had been holding high holiday in it; and the maids say all they know about it is, that the Rathsherr Herse had slipped in at the back-door, and Hanchen had pushed her broom in his face by accident, and Mamsell Westphalen had thrown a lot of peat-ashes in his eyes, also by accident, and afterwards Mamsell Westphalen and Fritz Sahlmann had gone away; and they don't know where they are."

"This is a very strange thing," said the old Herr. "What has the Rathsherr Herse to do in the kitchen? I like the man well enough, Neiting, he's a pleasant fellow; but he must poke his nose into every hole, and I never heard of anything sensible coming of it. Tell me, Neiting, which of the maids do you consider the most sensible?"

"Weber, what are you talking about? As if you could expect sense from that class."

"Well then, the quickest, the sharpest?"

"Oh, then certainly Hanchen Besserdich, for her eyes take in everything at once, and her tongue goes even faster than her eyes."

"Call her to me," said the Herr.

It was done, and Hanchen came. Hanchen Besserdich was a smart little damsel, as sharp and wide-awake as only a Guelzow Schult's daughter can be, at that time it was the custom for the daughters of the village Schults to go into service. But now she stood before the Herr Amtshauptmann, and played with her

Dat teihnte Kapittel

Worüm Fritz Sahlmann tau Winterstid ahn Regenschirm in'n Kantappelbom satt, worüm hei sick en lütt Aktenbund unner de West knöpen ded, un worüm sick Mamsell Westphalen för 'n arge Sünnnerin erklärt.

Nah 'ne lütte Wil kamm de Fru Amtshauptmann wedder rin nah de Stuw' un säd: "Wewer, wat heit dit? Fritz Sahlmann is nich dor, Mamsell Westphalen is nich dor, in ehre Stuw' süht dat ut, as wenn Heiden un Türken dor Hus hollen hewwen, un de Dirns, de seggen, sei weiten von nicks, as dat Ratscherr Hers' in de Achterdör sick rinsleken hett, un Fik hett em ut Verseihn mit en stuwen Bessen äwer't Gesicht strakt, un Mamsell Westphalen hett em en por Hän'n vull Torfasch in de Ogen smeten, ok blot ut Verseihn, un nahsten is Fritz Sahlmann un Mamsell Westphalen weg west; un sei weiten nich, wo sei sünd."

"Dies ist doch eine besondere Sache", seggt de oll Herr. "Wat deiht Ratscherr Hers' in min Käk? Ick mag den Mann süs woll liden, Neiting, hei 's en pläsierlichen Mann; äwer hei steckt sin Näs' in jeden Quark, un wat Vernünftiges is dorbi sindag' nich herut kamen. Segg mal, Neiting, wecker von de Dirns höllst du woll för de Verstännigst?"

"Wewer, wat red'st du? Von Verstand kann bi de Ort woll nich vel de Red' wesen."

"Na, denn de Kläukst, de Pfiffigst."

"Oh, denn woll Fik Besserdichs, denn de Ogen gahn ehr ganz fix in den Kopp un't Mulwark noch vel beter."

"Raup mi de mal eins herinner."

Dat geschach, un Fik kamm. Fik Besserdichs was 'ne lütte fixe Dirn, so wacht un kregel, as 'ne Gölzowsche Schultendochter man sin kann – denn dunnmals deinten de Schultendöchter noch. Nu stunn sei äwerst vör den Herrn Amtshauptmann un slog de Ogen dal un knäselt an den Schörtenband, denn sei

apron-strings, with her eyes cast down, for she felt as if she were in a court of justice.

"You are now before me to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," said her master. "Hanchen Besserdich, what do you know of Mamsell Westphalen? Begin by yesterday evening."

Hanchen told him what she knew, and what we know.

"So she slept with you, and not in her own room?" said the old Herr.

"Weber, what can you mean by asking such questions?" broke in the Frau Amtshauptmann.

"Neiting, every circumstance is of importance, if innocence is to be brought to light. And you don't think," he went on, turning to Hanchen, "that she has run away with the Herr Rathsherr Herse?"

"No, Herr; I think she has run away, but not with the Rathsherr; for I met him alone at the back-door when I came back from seeing my brother who was in the garden, Herr Amtshauptmann, with our horse to draw the French cannons; but," and here she raised her eyes from the ground, and there was a roguish look in her fresh round face, "but, Herr Amtshauptmann, he has got away from the French."

"Indeed!" said the old Herr. "Your brother has got away, has he?"

"Yes," said Hanchen, smiling again roguishly, "and he was the first to begin the running-away, and he showed the others the little green gate."

"That was a foolish prank of his; and if the French catch him, they'll make him smart for it. You Besserdichs are a saucy lot. Neiting, remind me of that young rascal, Fritz Besserdich, another time. And, Hanchen, where is Fritz Sahlmann?"

Hanchen was cowed again, and what followed, came only by fits and starts. "Why, Herr Amtshauptmann, he smashed all your pipes to pieces this morning and

hadd't in't Gefäuhl, dat dit woll 'ne Ort Gerichtsdag warden würd.

"Also", fung de oll Herr an, "zur Wahrheit ermahnt und so weiter, Fik Besserdichs, wat weitst du von Mamsell Westphalen? Fang von gistern abend an."

Fik vertellte nu, wat sei wüßt un wat wi weiten. "Also", säd de oll Herr, "sei hett bi di slapen un nich in ein Stuw' mit Herr Droin."

"Wewer, wat red'st du?" föll de Fru Amtshauptmannen in.

"Neiting, jede Umstand is wichtig, wenn de Unschuld an den Dag kamen sall. Un du meinst nich", wend't hei sick in Fik, "dat sei mit den Herrn Rathsherr Hers' weglopen is?"

"Ne, Herr, flüchtig is sei, glöw ick; äwer nich mit den Herrn Rathsherr, denn de is mi nahst allein in de Achterdör begegnet, as ick von minen Brauder t'rügg kamm; denn de was hir in den Goren, Herr Amtshauptmann, mit uns' Pird tau Vörspann; äwer", un hir slog sei de Ogen up, un ut dat frische Gesicht lücht so'n hellen Spitzbauw rut, "äwer, Herr Amtshauptmann, hei is de Franzosen utritsch't."

"So?" frog de oll Herr, "hei 's also utritsch't?"

"Ja, Herr", säd Fik un lacht so schelmschen vör sick hen, "un hei hett de ganze Utritschung anstiftt un hett de annern de gräun Purt wis't."

"Dat is en dummen Streich von em, un wenn de Franzosen em krigen, warden sei't em inknöpen. Ji sid 'ne näsewise Ort, ji Besserdichs. Neiting, help mi mal an den Slüngel, den Fritz Besserdich, bedenken. Un wo is Fritz Sahlmann?"

Nu was Fik denn wedder sihr benau't, un wat nu kamm, dat kamm man ganz dünn un druppwis': "Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, hüt morrn smet hei all Sei Ehr Pipen

then said I had done it. And, indeed, it wasn't my fault; for I only just wanted to look round the corner when the French Colonel was raging about, and then he ran at me with the pipes in his hand, and now the pieces are strewn all over the kitchen."

"And since then you have seen nothing of him this morning?"

"Yes, Herr, when the watchmaker was transpired, he ran along with him, and then, when he came back again, he went talking High German to Mamsell Westphalen and then they both whispered together."

"High German? Fritz Sahlmann talking High German? What does the rascal ant to be talking High German for? What did he say?"

"He said; 'help is near.'"

"Oh! and then the Rathsherr came?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and I shoved my broom in his face; but I couldn't help it."

"This is a very strange thing!" said the old Herr, and walked up and down, and stroked his chin, and looked up at the ceiling, and looked down on the floor. At last he stood still and said, "Neiting, I see clearly what it is. That old fool, Westphalen, has taken fright, and the Rathsherr has been meddling, and has put her up to some folly. She has hidden herself, you'll see."

"Well then, let her, Weber."

"No, Neiting, that won't do. She must come to the town and bear witness for the watchmaker and the Miller, or both their necks may be in danger. If I only knew where that monkey, Fritz Sahlmann, was! He'll know all about it. And you don't know where he is, Hanchen?"

"No, Herr."

"Well, then, you may go."

As Hanchen turned round to go, her eyes fell on the end-window, but, being naturally very clear and wide-awake they took in, not only the window, but what was passing outside it. She turned quickly

intwei, un nahsten säd hei, ick hadd't dahn. Un, Herr Amtshauptmann, ick kunn dor nich för, denn ick wull blot üm de Eck kiken, as de französche Oberst dor so rüm towen ded, dunn lep hei mi mit de Pipen entgegen, un nu liggen de Schören in de Käk."

"Un wider hest du em hüt morrn nich seihn?"

"Ja, Herr, as de Uhrkenmaker transperiert würd, dunn lep hei mit, un as hei dunn wedder kamm, dunn redt hei mit de Mamsell hochdütsch, un nahsten flusterten sei tausamen."

"Hochdütsch? Fritz Sahlmann, hochdütsch? Wat hett de Slüngel hochdütsch tau reden? Wat säd hei denn?"

"Hei säd: Rettung naht."

"So? Un nahsten kamm de Ratscherr?" "Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann, un ick fohrt em mit den Bessen in dat Gesicht; äwer ick kunn dor ok nich för."

"Dies ist doch eine besondere Sache!" säd de oll Herr un gung up un dal un fot sick unner dat Kinn un kek up den Bodden un kek an den Bähn. Endlich stunn hei still un säd: "Neiting, de Sak is mi klor, dat olle Worm, de Westphalen, hett dat mit 'ne Angst kregen, un de Ratscherr hett sick dorinne mengeliert un hett jichtens wat Verdreihes anstifft. Du sallst seihn, sei hett sick verstecken."

"Denn lat sei, Wewer."

"Dat geiht nich, Neiting, sei möt tau Städ', denn sei möt Tügnis afleggen för den Uhrkenmaker un för den Möller; dat kann de beiden süs an den Kragen gahn. – Wenn ick blot wüßt, wo de Slüngel, de Fritz Sahlmann, is, de weit üm den ganzen Umstand. – Un du weitst nich, wo hei is, Fik?"

"Ne, Herr." "Na, denn kannst du gahn."

As sick Fik ümdreihen ded, föllen ehr Ogen up dat Eckfinster; äwer wil dat ehr Ogen sihr hell un wacht wiren, föllen sei ok dörch dat Finster un segen, wat wid achter passieren ded. Sei dreihete sick fix

round again, and said,
"Now I know where he is, Herr
Amtshauptmann."
"Well, then, where?"
"Out there, sir."

"Where?" answered the old Herr, and he
put up his eye-glasses, and looked
everywhere except where Fritz Sahlmann
was.
"There, Herr Amtshauptmann, there, in
the old apple-tree that stands at the
corner of the kitchen wall."

"So he is! Well, this is a strange thing! In
the winter too! Now, if it had been autumn
when the apples are on the tree, I could
have understood it; but in the winter!"

"Oh! Weber," said his wife, "he is no doubt
practising now."
"Hanchen Besserdich, you have good
eyes, what is he doing there?" asked the
old Herr fumbling with his eye-glass.

"Why, he has got a long pole, but what he
means to do with it I don't see. He's
pointing it towards the smoking-garret."
"Towards our smoking-garret! What can
he want there, Neiting?"
"I don't know, Weber; but I should not be
at all surprised if some more sausages
were missing tomorrow."

"Bravo, bravo! Why, that is a capital tree
for my Fritz. Apples in summer, and
sausages in winter!" And he opened the
window and cried:
"Fritz Sahlmann! Fritz, my lad, come down
from that tree; you might catch cold out in
the rain."

There is said to be an animal, called the
sloth, that takes a week to get into a tree
and a week to get out of it again. Now,
Fritz Sahlmann did not take quite as long
as that to come down out of the apple-
tree; but still he was long enough, and it
could hardly be for the sake of his
trousers that he climbed down so
cautiously, and when he was down at the
bottom of the tree, it was apparent that he

wedder üm un säd: "Herr
Amtshauptmann, nu weit ick, wo hei is."
"Na, wo denn?"
"Seihn S', dor sitt 'e."

"Wo?" frog de oll Herr un läd sin
Vörspann von Lorjett an de Ogen un kek
allenthalben hen, blot nicht dorhen, wo
Fritz Sahlmann satt. "Dor, Herr
Amtshauptmann, dor in unsen ollen
Kantappelbom, de an de Eck von de Käk
steiht."

"Wohrhaftig! ja! Dies ist doch eine
besondere Sache! Neiting, in'n Winter!
Wenn dat in'n Harwst wir, wenn Appel up
den Bom sünd; äwer Neiting, in'n
Winter!"

"Oh, Wewer", säd sin leiwe Fru, "hei äuw
sick woll man dorup."
"Fik Besserdichs, du hest klore Ogen,
wat deiht hei dor?" frog de oll Herr un
schow mit de Lorjett vör de Ogen hen.

"Je, Herr, en langen Staken hett hei dor;
äwer wat hei dormit bezwecken deiht,
dat's minen Ogen verborgen. Hei
handtiert dormit gegen de
Rökerbähnluk." "Neiting, gegen unsern
Rökerbähn! Wat mag hei dor handtieren,
Neiting?" "Ick weit't nich, Wewer; äwer
wunnern sall mi dat nich, wenn morgen
wedder Wust fehlen."

"Süh mal! süh mal! Ih, dit wir nett! Dat is
jo en prächtigen Bom för minen Fritz
Sahlmann! 's Sommers Appel, un 's
Winters Wust!" Dormit makt hei dat
Fenster up un röp: "Fritz Sahlmann! Fritz!
Kumm dor runne, min Sähn, du künnst di
dor in den Regen verküllen."

Dat sall en Dirt gewen, wat sei 'n Fuldirt
nennen, dat brukt säben Dag', bet dat in
den Bom rinne kümmt, un säben Dag',
bet dat wedder runne kümmt. Na, vull so
lang' brukte Fritz Sahlmann nu nich, as
hei ut den Appelbom kamm; äwer 't was
doch lang' naug, un von wegen sine
Büxen kletterte hei woll nich so
bedächtich, un as hei unnen was, dunn
was dat ogenschinlich, dat hei in en

was meditating deeply whether he should come or make off. But Fritz Sahlmann was an obedient boy, he came, only every now and then he stopped for a moment.

“Hanchen, what is he doing there behind that gooseberry-bush?” asked the old Herr.

“He has thrown something down behind it.”

“That's it, is it? Well, Fritz, you can come in at the back-door. And, Hanchen, you go down, and take care that he does not make his escape through the front-door.” Hanchen went, and Fritz came, slowly as Christmas, but he came.

“Fritz Sahlmann, my lad, you must have enough intelligence to see that it can't be good for your health to be sitting out there in this rain without any umbrella; another time take one with you when you want to sit out in the rain. And you must also have sufficient intelligence to understand that it is not good for your trousers to be climbing about trees in the rain; choose a fine day for such work in future. Now, tell me; what were you doing in the tree?”

“Oh, nothing, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Hm, hm,” said the old Herr; “but what I wanted to ask was: Have you seen anything of Mamsell Westphalen?”

Fritz Sahlmann who had expected quite a different sort of question, seemed at once to brighten up and said quite boldly: “No, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Well, my lad, you could not be expected to know a thing that nobody knows. But now just do me the favour to look straight at me.”

Fritz Sahlmann did him the favour; but his look was like bad money, and the old Herr cannot have taken it to be worth much, for he said, “Fritz Sahlmann, here is a knife, go down and cut me a stick from one of the hazel-bushes, you know where they are; let it be as thick as, as, well, about as thick as your middle-finger; and, my lad,

starkes Bedenken stunn, ob hei kamen oder dörchbrennen süll. Äwer Fritz Sahlmann was en frames Kind, hei kamm; blot männigmal höll hei sick en beten up.

“Fik, wat makt hei dor achter den Stickelbeerenbusch?” frog de oll Herr. “Je, Herr, hei hett dor jo woll wat achter smeten.” “So? Das ist denn eine andere Sache. Na, Fritz, kumm man dörch de Käkendör rinne! Un du, Fik, gah hen un paß mi up, dat hei nich dörch de Vördör wedder schappiert.” Fik gung, un Fritz kamm, langsam as de düre Tid; äwer hei kamm.

“Fritz Sahlmann, min Sähn, so vel Insichten möst du all hewwen, dat dat nich gaud för de Gesundheit is, bi Regenweder buten tau sitten, nimm di nah dissen en Regenschirm mit, wenn du buten sitten willst; un so vel Insichten möst du ok all hewwen, dat dat nich gaud för de Hosen is, bi Regenweder in en Bom tau stigen, säuk di nah dissen 'ne dröge Jahrstid dortau ut. Nu segg mi mal: wat dedst du in den Bom?”

“Oh, Herr Amtshauptmann, doch man so.” “Hm”, säd de oll Herr, “de Grund lett sick hüren. Äwer wat ick eigentlich fragen wull: Hest du nicks von Mamsell Westphalen seihn?”

Fritz Sahlmann, de sick 'ne ganz anner Frag' vermauden was, lewte ogenschinlich wedder up un säd ganz kregel: “Ne, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“Ja, min Sähn, worüm sallst du ok von 'ne Sak wat weiten, wovon keiner wat weit. Nu dauh mi äwer mal den Gefallen un kik mi mal grad in de Ogen.”

Fritz Sahlmann ded em den Gefallen; äwer sin Blick was en falschen Gröschen, un de oll Herr müggd em woll nich för vull annemen willen, denn hei säd: “Fritz Sahlmann, hir is en Metz, gah mal nah den Goren un snid mi mal ut de Hasseln, du weitst jo, wo sei stahn, so'n lütten Stock, so as en, as en, na, as din

you have lost something behind the gooseberry-bush, call Hanchen to help you to look for it. But Hanchen is to go with you, do you hear?"

Fritz Sahlmann now saw a sad prospect opening before him; but he trusted in two things in which people generally trust in their difficulties, namely, in Providence, that it would at the right time put some stone in the way of the old Herr's plans; and then, secondly, in his good luck in former difficulties; and besides these he had another help in need which ordinary mortals know nothing of; viz: a little bundle of papers which, in serious cases, he used to stuff up under the back of his waistcoat; and this he did not forget to-day.

He now went into the garden, tolerably quieted, with the secret hope that Hanchen would miss the right gooseberry-bush; but while he was busied looking for the right-sized stick, he saw, with inward quaking, that the girl had gone to the right bush, and picked up something that, in the distance, appeared to him to be very much like a sausage. He must try, therefore, to help himself in some other way. So he first of all cut a couple of imperceptible notches in the stick, which did not exactly add to its firmness, and then he tried to get the find from Hanchen. But this did not succeed, for Hanchen had no wish to undergo a second examination before the Herr Amtshauptmann; and, besides, it occurred to her that perhaps it had been Fritz Sahlmann, who had one night, about a week before, strewn her bed with hog's bristles.

So Fritz and Hanchen made their appearance once more before the Herr Amtshauptmann, the former with the stick, and the latter with a nice little pork

Mittelfinger dick, un denn, min Sähn, hest du achter den Stichelbeerenbusch in den Goren wat verluren, raup di Fik Besserdichs, de sall di säuken helpen, dat du doch wedder tau dat Dinige kümmt. Äwer hörst du, Fik Besserdich sall mit."

Fritz Sahlmann sach nu also unner sihr bedrängten Umstän'n in 'ne trurige Taukunft; hei bugte äwer up twei Ding', worup de Minschen meistendeils in ehr Verlegenheit bugen, nämlich irstens up den Himmel, dat de noch tau rechter Tid den ollen Herrn tau sinen Vörnemen en Stein in den Weg smiten würd, un denn tweitens up sine früheren Erfahrungen in so'ne Verlegenheiten; un uterdem hadd hei noch 'ne Hülpe in de Not, von de de gewöhnlichen Minschen nicks weiten, nämlich so'n lütt Aktenbund, wat hei sick in bedenklichen Fällen unner de West tau knöpen plegte; dit verget hei denn nu hüt ok nich.

Hei gung nu also tämlich beruhigt in den Goren, in de stille Hoffnung, Fik, de mit em gung, würd den richtigen Stichelbeerenbusch verfehlen; äwer as hei grad beschäftigt was, de passende Gadung von Hasselrauden uttausäuken, sach hei mit inwendigen Grugel, dat de Dirn grad up den richtigen Busch losgung un dor wat upnahm, wat em in de Firn vele Ähnlichkeit mit 'ne Wust tau hewwen schinte. Hei müßt sick also anners tau helpen säuken, hei sned also för't irst en por unmerkliche Karben in de Hasselraud, wat denn grad nich sihr tau ehre Holtbarkeit bidrog, un denn versöchte hei Fik den Fund aftausnacken. Dit gelung em äwer nich, denn Fik hadd kein Lust, en tweit Examen vör den Herrn Amtshauptmann tau bestahn, un denn föll ehr in, dat dat mögliche Wis' Fritz Sahlmann west wir, de ehr vör'n Dagener acht 'ne Hand vull kortsmeden Swinsbösten in't Bedd streut hadd.

So kamm denn nu Fritz Sahlmann mit den Stock un Fik mit 'ne lütte nüdliche Mettwust wedder vör den Herrn Amtshauptmann.

sausage.

"Hanchen," said the Herr Amtshauptmann, taking the sausage from her; "you can go now. Neiting," he said, turning to his wife and holding up the sausage before her eyes, "this is what we call a corpus delicti."

"It may be, Weber, that it is called so in Latin, but we call it a 'pork sausage.'"

"Good, Neiting. But, tell me, can you swear that this is one of our sausages?"

"Yes, Weber, I know it by the string."

"Fritz Sahlmann, how did you come by this sausage?" Now, this was a terrible question for Fritz; Providence was clearly not interfering on his behalf; his luck was deserting him; the Amtshauptmann stood before him, in one hand the sausage, in the other the stick, and the stick was hardly two feet from his back; he was therefore wholly thrown upon the little bundle of papers for help, and that too was only so-so, for the Amtshauptmann might discover it by the noise. So he gave himself up for lost, began to cry and said, "It was given me."

"That's a story," broke in the Frau Amtshauptmann, "you have stolen it with the long pole."

"Be quiet, Neiting! No leading questions. Fritz, who gave you this sausage?"

"Mamsell Westphalen."

"When, Fritz?"

"When I was sitting in the tree."

"Was she sitting by your side?"

"No, she was sitting in the smoking-garret, and then she fixed the sausage on the pole; I had stuck a nail into the end of it."

"But you said just now, you did not know where Mamsell Westphalen was. Fritz Sahlmann, you have told me a lie."

"Don't beat me, don't beat me, Herr Amtshauptmann. I couldn't help it, I couldn't really. The Rathsherr Herse made me take a solemn oath not to tell anybody, not even you, where Mamsell Westphalen was."

"Fik", säd de Herr Amtshauptmann un namm ehr de Wust af, "du kannst nu gahn, min Dochter. Neiting", säd hei tau sine leiwe Fru un höll ehr de Wust vör de Ogen, "dit nennen wi en corpus delicti."

"'t is möglich, Wewer, dat sei up Latinsch so heit, wi seggen dor Mettwust tau." "Schön, Neiting! Segg mal, kannst du dat behaupten, dat dat ein von uns' Mettwüst is?"

"Ja, Wewer, ick kenn sei an den Band."

"Fritz Sahlmann, wo büst du tau de Mettwust kamen?" Dit was nu för Fritzen eine ganz entfahmte Frag' von den Herrn Amtshauptmann; de Himmel läd sick ogenschinlich nich in't Middel; sine Erfahrungen leten em in Stich, de Herr Amtshauptmann stunn vör em, in de ein Hand de Wust, in de anner den Stock, un de Stock was knapp twei Faut von sinen Puckel af, hei was also vüllig up dat lütt Aktenbund anwist, un dat was ok man so so; de Herr Amtshauptmann hadd't all mal an't Klappen markt. Hei gaww sick also verluren, fung an tau rohren un säd: "Ick heww sei gewen kregen."

"Dat lüggst du!" fohrt de Fru Amtshauptmannen up, "du hest sei mit den Staken von den Rökerbähn halt."

"Neiting, ruhig! Keine Suggestivfragen! – Fritz, wer hett di de Wust gewen?" –

"Mamsell Westphalen."

"Fritz, wo?"

"As ick in den Bom satt."

"Satt sei dor bi di?"

"Ne, sei satt up den Rökerbähn, un dunn hett sei mi de Wust up den Staken steken, dor hadd ick en Nagel inslagen." "Du hest mi doch eben seggt, du wüßt nich, wo Mamsell Westphalen wir. Fritz Sahlmann, du hest also lagen."

"Herr Amtshauptmann, Herr Amtshauptmann! Slagen S' mi nich! Ick kann dor jo nich för. Ick un Rathsherr Hers' hewwen uns verswuren, un ick heww em heilig verspreken müßt, keinen Minschen, ok Sei nich, tau seggen, wo Mamsell

Westphalen wir.”

“Are you in the Rathsherr Herse's service or in mine? You have told me a falsehood, Fritz, and when you tell lies you are to be whipped; those are the terms of our contract.”

And, so saying, the Herr Amtshauptmann took Fritz by the collar, and raised the stick in the air; and, if Providence was to come to his help, it was now the highest time, and, Providence did come. A knock was heard at the door, and in walked the Town Messenger, Luth.

“The Herr Burmeister's respects, and things are going hard against the watchmaker and the Miller, and would the Herr Amtshauptmann be so good as to come down at once and not fail to bring Mamsell Westphalen with him, for her evidence was of the greatest importance.”

“I will come at once, Luth. Neiting, the matter is pressing. Fritz Sahlmann, get my coat, and, Neiting, you go up to that old bird of misfortune and bring her down.”

It may be guessed how quickly Fritz Sahlmann fetched the coat, and how glad he was to get out of sight of the Herr Amtshauptmann! “Frau Amtshauptmann,” said Fritz, “I must come with you, for she won't open the door for you alone; and she's not really in the garret itself, but sitting in a place quite near, that nobody knows but me.” So he ran on in front, and the Frau Amtshauptmann followed him softly.

Fritz tapped at the door. “Mamsell, it's me; open the door.” No answer.

“Mamsell, all's well! Pickled pork!” Still no answer.

“Mamsell, the French are all gone.” Thereupon, something began to move, and a piteous voice was heard to say, “Fritz Sahlmann, you are a story-teller. Don't tempt me to come out.”

Presently the Frau Amtshauptmann also cried out: “Open the door, Westphalen. It is I, your mistress.”

“Steihst du bi den Herrn Ratsherrn in Lohn un Brod oder bi mi? Du hest lagen, Fritz, un wenn du lüggst, denn krigst du Släg', so steiht dat in unsen Kuntrakt.”

Un dormit kreg de Herr Amtshauptmann Fritzen in den Kragen un böhrt den Stock tau Höcht, un wenn de Himmel noch in't Middel treden wull, denn was't nu de allerhöchste Tid, un de Himmel ded't.

Buten würd ankloppt, un herin kamm de Stadtdeiner Luth: “Empfehlung von den Herrn Burmeister, un de Sak stünn heil leg för den Uhrkenmaker un den Möller, un de Herr Amtshauptmann müggd doch so gefällig sin un so drad runner kamen; vör allen äwer Mamsell Westphalen mitbringen, denn ehr Tügnis wir hauptsächlich von Wichtigkeit.”

“Ick kam glik, min leiw' Luth. Neiting, de Sak is pressant. Fritz Sahlmann, hal mi minen Rock, un du, Neiting, gah nah dat oll Unglücksworm up den Rökerbähn un hal sei runner.”

Wo fix bröcht Fritz Sahlmann den Rock! Wo hild hadd hei't, den Herrn Amtshauptmann ut de Ogen tau kamen! “Fru Amtshauptmannen, ick möt mit, allein för Sei makt sei nich up, un eigentlich sitt sei gor nich up den Rökerbähn, sei sitt dor achter up en Flag, wat ick allein weit.” So lep hei denn vörup, un de Fru Amtshauptmann folgte em, äwer sachten.

Fritz klopfte an de Dör: “Mamselling, maken S' up, ick bün't!” Kein Antwort.

“Mamselling, wohl, wohl! Sur Swinfleisch!” Kein Antwort.

“Mamselling, de Franzosen sünd weg!” Dunn let sick wat hüren, un 'ne bedräuwte Stimm let sick vernemen:

“Fritz Sahlmann, du büst en Läger dines Namens. Führ mi nich in Versäukung!” Mitdewil rep nu ok de Fru Amtshauptmannen: “Westphalen, maken Sei up! Ick bün dat, de Fru.”

"I cannot let myself be seen," cried the voice, "I am a sinner, a miserable sinner."
"Only open the door. It will all come right again."

After long preliminaries, Mamsell Westphalen at length opened the door; and now stood there, red in the face, and the tears running down her cheeks. But, to this day, nobody knows whether it was from emotion or whether it was from the smoke; enough, the tears ran down, and, if it can properly be said of a stout elderly female, she looked like a broken reed.

"Frau Amtshauptmann," said she, "I cannot appear before you; I have sunk too low. For more than twenty years I have lived in your house, and in all that time I have never taken the smallest thing that did not belong to me; and now, in an evil hour, I have taken what was yours."

"Come, come, Westphalen, never mind. Only come down now."

"Not a step, Frau Amtshauptmann, till I have made a clean breast of it. Look here, you must know I am in hiding; Rathsherr Herse and this imp, Fritz Sahlmann, helped me to hide. And while I was sitting here in sorrow and anguish thinking about Herr Droi and his fate and all the rest, and expecting this urchin would bring me word how things were going, I heard a cough outside and then my name was called, and when I stole to the window to see who it was I thought I was going to have a fit; for, just think, Frau Amtshauptmann, there was that wicked boy had climbed up into the old apple-tree and slid along one of the branches and was hanging like a crow over the abyss.

'Boy,' I said, 'do you want to tumble out of the tree?' But he only grinned at me. 'Boy,' I cried, 'I can't bear to see you in such danger.' And, do you know, Frau Amtshauptmann, the boy actually laughed at me and said, 'I only came to bring you

"Ick kann mi nich vör Sei seihn laten", rep de Stimm, "ick bün 'ne Sünnerin, 'ne arge Sünnerin!" "Maken Sei man up, dat kümmt all wedder tau Schick."

Nah langen Prekademen makte Mamsell Westphalen denn endlich up un stunn nu dor, rod in't Gesicht un de hellen Tranen lepen ehr de Backen dal. Äwer dat weit bet up den hütigen Dag noch keiner: was dat von Rührung oder was dat von Rok; genaug, de Tranen lepen, un wenn dat bi 'ne korpulente, öllerhafte Jungfru statuwiert warden kann, so müggt ick seggen, sei stunn dor as en "knicktes Ruhr".

"Fru Amtshauptmannen", säd sei, "ick kann Sei nich unner de Ogen gahn, ick bün deip sunken; äwer twintig Johr bün ick in Ehren gesegenten Hus', un mindag' nich heww ick Sei dat Swarte unner den Nagel entfirt, eine böse Stun'n hett dat anners makt: ick heww mi an dat Ehrige vergrepen."

"Ih, Westphalen, laten Sei dat doch! Kamen Sei man mit runner!"

"Keinen Schritt, Fru Amtshauptmannen! Irst en umständlich Bekenntnis! – Seihn S', Sei weiten, ick bün up de Flucht; Ratscherr Hers' hett mi flüchten hulpen un dese Slüngel, dese Fritz Sahlmann. Un nu sitt ick hir in Waddik un Weihdag' un denk an Herrn Droin sin Schicksal un an all dat anner un denk, dese Slüngel, de Fritz Sahlmann, sall mi Nahrrecht bringen, wo de Sak steiht, dunn hür ick buten vör de Luk wat hausten, un dunn röppt dat minen Namen, un as ick mi ranne slik an de Luk un rute seih, dunn denk ick doch, mi rührt de Slag; denn denken S' sick, Fru Amtshauptmannen, dat Unglückskind is in den Kantappelbom stegen un is den langen Telgen entlang rutscht un swewt as 'ne Kreih äwer den Afgrund.

'Jung', segg ick, 'Fritz Sahlmann, willst du woll ut den Bom!' Dunn grint de Jung' mi an. 'Jung', raup ick, 'ick kann dat nich vör dinen Vader verantworten, di in so'ne Gefohr tau seihn.' Seihn S', Fru Amtshauptmannen, dunn lacht de Jung'

news that the watchmaker has been hanged, and that the French have seized the Rathsherr Herse, and he is lying in chains; and a whole battalion has been sent to find you out!' That was not comforting news, Frau Amtshauptmann, and I was terribly alarmed; but I assure you I was more alarmed about the boy.

'Fritz,' I cried again, 'get down out of the tree.' Then he grinned at me, like an ape at a camel, and said: 'Yes, if you'll give me a sausage!' And then he began playing all sorts of tricks, and jumping about in the branches like a rabbit in a cabbage-garden, till everything before my eyes seemed green and yellow.

Then, Frau Amtshauptmann, then I thought What is a pork sausage? And what is a human life? And in my terror, I took your property. He pushed in the pole, and I stuck a sausage on it. Then he was called in by the Herr Amtshauptmann, and, as he clambered down, he said just loud enough for me to hear, that he had been chaffing me, and that it was all untrue. So I say he's a liar, Frau Amtshauptmann, and that's my last word."

"Never mind now, Westphalen, my husband has a rod in pickle for him. He won't escape punishment."

It was with great difficulty that the Frau Amtshauptmann succeeded in getting the old dame downstairs, and when they reached the hall, the Herr Amtshauptmann was pacing up and down with his stately tread, quite ready and waiting for them.

It was hard work now to get Mamsell Westphalen to consent to go with the old Herr to the Rathhaus "into the Lion's jaws," as she said. She would bear what she had brought on herself by her ignorance, although she had acted honestly and with good intentions; but to stand before all the foreigners and to defend herself about Herr Droij, that was beyond her strength as a respectable

lud up un säd: 'Ick wull Sei blot Nachricht bringen: de Uhrkenmaker ward uphängt, un Ratsherr Hersen hewwen de Franzosen kregen, de liggt in Keden; un en ganzes Batteljohn is utschickt, Sei tau säuken.' Fru Amtshauptmannen, dat was keine tröstliche Nachricht, un min Angst was grot; äwer ick kann mi dat Tügnis gewen, min Angst üm den Jungen was gröter.

'Jung', rep ick, 'stig ut den Bom!' Seihn S', dunn grint hei mi an as en Ap up en Kameel un säd: 'Ja, wenn S' mi 'ne Wust gewen', un dormit fung hei an, allerhand Hanswustentreich tau maken, un hüppt up den Telgen rüm as en Karninken in'n Kohlgoren, dat mi gräun un gel vör de Ogen würd.

Dunn, Fru Amtshauptmannen, dunn dacht ick, wat is 'ne Mettwust? Un wat is en Minschenlewen? Un in mine Angst vergrep ick mi an Ehr Eigendauhm, hei höll den Staken rin, un ick stek em de Wust up. Dunn kreg hei Raup von den Herrn Amtshauptmann, un as hei run steg, röp hei mi sachten tau, hei hadd mi wat inbildt, dat wir all nich wohr. Dorüm segg ick, hei is en Lägner, Fru Amtshauptmannen, un dorbi bliw ick."

"Laten S' man, Westphalen, hei hett bi minen Mann ok noch en Schinken in't Solt; hei ward sinen Richter nich entgahn."

Mit Mäuh kreg de Fru Amtshauptmannen de olle Dam von den Bähn heraf, un as sei unnen ankemen, gung de Herr Amtshauptmann mit sinen staatschen Schritt in vullen Antog up un dal un täuwte all.

En swor Stück was dat nu, Mamsell Westphalen tau bewegen, mit den ollen Herrn nah't Rathus daltaugahn "in den apnen Löwenrachen", säd sei. Sei wull liden, wat sei in ehren Unverstand verdeint hadd, obschonst dat in Gaudheit un in Ihren gescheihn wir; äwer vör all dat frömde Mannsvolk tau stahn un sick von wegen Herr Droin tau deffendieren, dat wir äwer ehre Kräften as ordentliches

woman, and, if the Herr Amtshauptmann insisted upon it, Hanchen and Corlin must go too, for they must bear witness that she had passed the night with them.

On this point the Amtshauptmann had to give way, and while Mamsell Westphalen was gone to her room to get her cap and shawl, he walked up and down with long strides lost in thought and waving about his Jena stick, without which he never went out. At length he said, "Neiting, she is right; the maids can do no harm. But, Neiting," and here he sniffed about in the air a little, "there's a smell here of smoked eels. Has old Neils of Guelzow been here with his eels?"

"What are you talking about, Weber? Why, it's from Mamsell Westphalen, she has been sitting, you know, in the smoking-garret for the last hour or so." "That's another thing," said the old Herr. His wife then called the two maids.

As soon as Mamsell Westphalen came back and they were all together, they set off, after Mamsell Westphalen had taken an eternal farewell of the Frau Amtshauptmann.

No one spoke a word, only, when they reached the Schloss-gate, Mamsell Westphalen looked back and said, "Hanchen, when we get to the market-place, run over to Doctor Lukow, and let him be present at my misery. Something may happen to me, I may faint."

Frugensminsch, un wenn de Herr Amtshauptmann doch dorup bestünn, so müßten Fik un Korlin ok mit, denn de müßten ehr wedder betügen, dat sei de Nacht bi ehr slapen hadd.

In desen Punkt müßt de Herr Amtshauptmann denn nahgewen, un as Mamsell Westphalen in ehr Stuw' gahn was, sick in Geswindigkeit en Dauk un 'ne Kapp tau halen, gung de oll Herr mit groten Schritten in Gedanken up un dal un fuchtelt mit sinen Jenenser Ziegenhainer in de Luft, denn ahn desen gung hei sindag' nich ut, un säd endlich: "Neiting, sei hett recht; de Dirns känen uns nich schaden. Äwer, Neiting", un hir snüffelte hei so'n beten in de Luft rümmer, "dit rückt hir jo nah Spikaal; is oll Neils ut Gölzow mit sin Aal hir west?"

"Wat redst du, Wewer? Dat is jo von ehr, sei hett jo äwer 'ne Stun'n up den Rökerbähn seten." "Das ist denn eine andere Sache!" säd de oll Herr, un sin Fru müßt de beiden Dirns raupen.

As Mamsell Westphalen kamen was, was de Tog tausam un gung af, nachdem de Mamsell von de Fru Amtshauptmannen en Afschid up Lewen un Dod namen hadd.

Keiner sprök en Wurd, blot as sei an dat Sloßdur kemen, bögt sick Mamsell Westphalen taurügg un säd: "Fik, wenn wi up den Mark kamen, denn lop räwer nah den Herrn Dokter Lukow, hei süll sick infinnen in minen Unglück, mi künn wat Minschliches passieren, denn mi können de Ahnmachten antreden."

CHAPTER XI

How Witte the baker was drawn into the conspiracy through his meerschaum pipe; why Mamsell Westphalen regarded the Herr Amtshauptmann as a white dove and Hanchen Besserdich as an angel; and what she thought of the French Judge.

If there was confusion up at the Schloss, there was still greater confusion down in the town. To be sure one cannot expect the quiet of a churchyard when a troop of soldiers is quartered in a little town, and the peasants of the neighbourhood and the townspeople are called together, by roll of drum, to help with hand and horse; when misery and woe cry aloud and complain on the one hand, and insolence struts about unpunished on the other.

But, in 1806, when Murat, Bernadotte and Davoust were pursuing old Bluecher, and he showed them his teeth at Speck and Waaren, when that famous proclamation: "Order is every citizen's first duty," came from Berlin, it was certainly quieter than now; for it was then only a question of command and obedience. At that time "Messieurs les Francais" levied contributions and plundered to their heart's content; and the people crouched down, one behind another; and meanness and baseness were seen on every side, for every one thought of himself and of his own interest; like Meister Kaehler of Malchin who said to his wife and children: "I must save myself. You can stay here. If the French come," and he ran off to the brink of the Eller and hid himself among the reeds. Everything was foul and reeking from top to bottom.

The times changed. Distress teaches men to pray, but it also teaches them to defend themselves. Schill and the Duke of Brunswick started forth; the whole of Low Germany began to stir; no one knew where the movement came from; no one knew where it would lead to.

Schill marched straight through

Dat elfte Kapittel

Worüm Bäcker Witt dörch sinen meerschümenen Pipenkopp mit in dat Kumploott kümmt; worüm Mamsell Westphalen den Herrn Amtshauptmann för 'ne witte Duw un Fik Besserdichs för einen Gottesengel ansüht, un wat sei för 'ne Meinung von den französchen Auditör hett.

Gung dat up den Sloß all tämlich bunt her, so sach dat in de Stadt noch vel bunter ut. Frilich, wenn so'n Hümpel Inquartierung äwer 'ne lütte Stadt kümmt, wenn de Buren von den Lan'n un de Börgers ut de Stadt tau Hand- un Spann-Deinsten tausamen trummelt warden, wenn hir de Jammer un dat Elend weint un klagt un dor de Äwermaut sick breid makt, denn kann't nich still hergahn as in de Kirch.

Äwer as achteihnhunnertunsöß Mürat un Bernadott un Dawuh achter den ollen Blücherten herjagten un hei ehr bi Speck un Wohren de Tähn wis'te, as von Berlin dat saubere Stichwurd utgahn was: "Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht", dunn gung dat ruhiger her as tau dese Tid; dunn was blot von Befehl un Gehursam de Red'. Dunn plünnerten un brandschatzten de Herrn Franzosen nah Hartenslust, un dat Volk dukerte sick un schow sick ein achter den annern, un de richtige Nidertracht gaww sick allentwegent kund, denn ein jeder dachte an sick un sin Habseligkeiten, un Meister Kähler in Malchow säd tau sin Fru un Kinner: "Ick möt mi redder, an jug is nicks gelegen; ji bliwwt hir, wenn de Franzosen kamen", un lep in't Ellerbrauk un kröp in't Ruhr. Ful un anrühig was allens von baben bet unnen.

De Tiden süllen sick ännern. De Not lihrt beden; äwer sei lihrt ok sick wehren. Schill brok los un de Herzog von Brunswick; in ganz Nedderdütschland würd't späuken; keiner wüßt, woher't kamm; keiner wüßt, wohen't führen süll.

Schill treckte dwars dörch Meckelborg

Mecklenburg to Stralsund. By Buonaparte's command the Mecklenburgers resisted his passage at Damgoren and Tribsees. They were beaten, for they fought wretchedly. A whole company of tall Mecklenburg grenadiers were taken prisoners by one of Schill's Hussars.

"Boys," he cried to them, "are you already prisoners." "No," said their brave corporal, "no one has said anything to us." "Well then, come along with me." And they went along with him.

Was it cowardice? Was it fear? Whoever saw my fellow-countrymen in 1813 and in 1814; whoever has heard anything of the Strelitz regiment of Hussars, will judge otherwise. No, it was not cowardice; it was unwillingness to fight against that which, in their secret hearts, they hoped and longed for. A movement was beginning in Mecklenburg; and when Prussia broke forth, Mecklenburg was the first state in Germany that followed its example. Thus it was and thus it must ever be.

And times changed again. Providence had stripped the French of their shining snake-skin during their winter in Russia, He, who before had gone about like a master, now came back like a beggar, and implored pity from the Germans; and this noble gift of God's, pity, was stronger than our bitter hatred. No one would raise his hand against him whom God had stricken, pity made us forget his offences. Hardly however was the stiff and frozen snake thawed again in his warm German bed, than his sting once more appeared, and oppression began anew. But the spectre in Germany had become a shadow, and the shadow had got flesh and bone, and had got a name, and the name was shouted out in the streets. "Down with the man-butcher!" that was the war-cry.

nah Stralsund. Up Befehl von Boneparten müßten em de Meckelbörger den Paß bi Damgoren un Tribsees verleggen; sei kregen Släg', denn sei slogen sick hundsvötttsch slicht. Ein Schillsche Husor namm 'ne ganze Kapperalschaft lange meckelbörigsche Granedier gefangen.

"Kinner", röp hei ehr tau, "sid ji all gefangen?" "Ne", säd de brave Kapperal, "uns hett nüms wat seggt." "Na, denn kamt man mit!" Un sei gungen mit.

Was dat Feigheit? Was dat Furcht? Wer uns' Landslüd' achteinhunnertdrüttein un -virteihn seihn hett, wer wat von't strelitzsche Husoren-Regiment hört hett, urteilt anners. Wenn ein Stamm in Dütschland dat Tüg dortau hett, up en Slachtfeld tau stahn, dann hett't de Meckelbörger. Ne, dat was kein Feigheit, dat was de Unwill, gegen dat tau striden, wat sei sülwst in den deipsten Harten drogen un wünschten. Dat späukte in Meckelborg; un as't in Preußen losbrok, was Meckelborg dat irste Land in Dütschland, wat folgen ded. So is't west, un so möt't ok bliwen.

Un de Tiden wiren anners worden. Uns' Herrgott hadd den Franzosen in den rußschen Winter de goldschinige Snakenhut afströpt. Hei, de süs as Herr rümme pucht hadd, kamm as Snurrer un Pracher taurügg un wendt sick an't dütsche Erbarmen, un dit schöne dütsche Gottsgeschenk kreg de Äwerhand äwer den grimmigen Haß. Keiner wull de Hand upböhren gegen den Mann, de von Gott slagen was, dat Mitled let vergeten, wat hei verschuldt hadd. Knapp hadd sick äwer de verklamte Snak wedder verdort in dat warme dütsche Bedd, as sei ok den Stachel wedder wisen würd, un de Schinneri süll wedder losgahn; äwer dat Späuk in Nedderdütschland was taum Schatten worden, un de Schatten kreg Fleisch un Bein un kreg en Namen, un de Namen würd lud up de Strat raupen: "Upstand gegen den Minschenslachter!" Dat was dat Feldgeschri.

But the war-cry was no passing cry. Not a pack of ragged young fellows, not the orators of the streets first took it up. No! the best and wisest met together; not for conspiracy with knife and poison, but for confederacy with hand and deed against committed wrong; the elders spoke, the young ones got the weapons. Not in the open street did the first fire shoot up to heaven, we Low Germans suffer no bonfires to be lit in our streets; but each one lighted a fire at his own hearth, and neighbour came to neighbour and warmed himself at its glow. Not from a fire made of fir-wood and straw, that leaves behind it only a heap of ashes, did the smoke rise towards the sky, we Low Germans are a hard wood that burns slowly, but that gives out heat; and in those days the whole of Low Germany was one huge charcoal furnace, that smouldered and glowed, quiet and silent, till the charcoal was one red-hot mass; and, when it was free from smoke and flame, we threw our iron into the glowing embers, and forged our weapons by its heat. And hatred of the French was the whetstone on which we sharpened them. What followed is known to every child; or, if there is one to whom it is not known, it is the duty of his father to impress it upon him, so that he may never forget it.

In our parts, too, the charcoal-furnace smouldered and smoked, and the French scented it in the air; they felt, at every step, that the ground on which they marched shook beneath their feet like a quicksand. They had to learn that the officials and magistrates, formerly so humble, were beginning to oppose and assert themselves; they saw that the townspeople and peasants were becoming refractory, and they laid their hands still more heavily on the country. This was not the best way to soothe the rebellious spirit; the people became more and more fractious, the commands of the French were purposely misunderstood, and where things had gone smoothly before, there was now a mere mockery of obedience. The people defended

Äwer dat Feldgeschri was kein Dagsgeschri. Nich en Hümpel unbedarwte junge Lüd', nich de Janhagel up de Strat fung dormit an, ne, de Besten un Vernünftigesten treden tausam, nich tau 'ne Verswörung mit Metz un Gift, ne, tau 'ne Verbräuderung mit Wehr un Wurd gegen andahne Gewalt; de Ollen redten dat Wurd, un de Jungen schafften de Wehr. Nich up apne Strat bluckte de irste Flamm tau Höcht; wi Nedderdütschen liden kein Füler up de Strat; ne, ein jeder stickte dat still in sinen Hus' an, un de Nahwer kamm taum Nahwer un warmte sick an sine Glaut. Nich as en Füler von Dannenholt un Stroh, wat tauletzt blot en Hümpel Asch äwrig lett, steg de Läuichen taum Hewen, ne, wi Nedderdütschen sünd en hart Holt, wat langsam Füler fangt, äwer denn ok Hitt giwwt. Un tau de dunmalige Tid was ganz Nedderdütschland en groten Kahlenmiler, de in sick swälte un gläuhte, heimlich un still, bet de Kahlen gor wiren; un as sei fri wiren von Rok un Flackerflammen, dunn smeten wi uns' Isen in de Kahlenglaut un smäd'ten uns' Waff un Wehr dorin, un de Haß gegen den Franzosen was de Slipstein, de makte sei scharp, un wat dunn kamm, weit jedes Kind up de Strat, un süll't dat nich weiten, denn is't dütsche Mannspflicht för sinen Vater, em dat so intauremsen, dat hei't sindag' nich vergett.

Ok in unsre Gegend swälte un smökte de Kahlenmiler, un de Franzosen röken't in de Luft; sei fäuhlten bi jeden Schritt un Tritt, dat de Bodden, up den sei marschierten, unner sei bäwern ded as 'ne Ruhrplag: sei müßten erföhren, dat de süs so demäudigen Beamten un Magistratspersonen anfungen, sick tau winnen un tau strüben un katthorig tau warden, sei segen, dat Börger un Bur unnod worden was, un sei läden ehr Hand sworer up dat Land. Dat was nu nich dat Middel, den upsternatschen Sinn sachter tau stimmen, dat Volk würd ümmer wedderhoriger; de Befehle von un för de Franzosen würden mit Afsicht falsch verstahn; wat süs glatt gahn was, würd nu 'ne Tüderi. Tag as en Reimen wehrte sick dat Volk mit Listen allerlei

themselves by all manner of devices, and the French, who must assuredly have felt that their rule was soon coming to an end, carried off all they could get. The soldier knew that his officer was doing no better.

But when their rule actually ended, they were far from expecting an open revolt. If, however, they could have read what was written on all faces, for example, on the face of Witte the baker, who, after putting the Miller's horse and cart into his barn, was now leaning over his half-door smoking his tobacco-pipe, and spitting, and looking, with his teeth set, in the direction of the French, they would have taken care not to bend the bow too far. At any rate, the Frenchman who at that moment passed by the baker and snatched the silver-topped meerschamp pipe out of his mouth, and, in his insolence, walked on quietly smoking it as if nothing had happened; at any rate he would have made off a little faster. For the baker had scarcely felt it snatched from his mouth, when he rushed out at the door, picked up a stone as big as his fist, and hurled it with such force at the Frenchman, that, striking him at the back of the neck, it levelled him with the ground.

And, when the Herr Amtshauptmann arrived with his troop of women at the market-place, a fight was going on between the baker's assistants and the French, and the French and the neighbours, with weapons both sharp and blunt, which was not stopped till an officer came and separated them.

The baker was dragged off to the Rathhaus with a broken head, for having dared to raise his hand against "la grande nation;" and whatever he might say as to the "grande nation's" having raised its hand against his pipe, it was of no use, they dragged him along all the same.

At the Rathhaus the French judge was sitting hearing Miller Voss's case about the lost Frenchman; the valise with the money was lying on the table; the colonel,

Ort, un de Franzosen, de woll marken müggten, dat ehr Regiment hir bald sin Endschaft hadd, nemen, wat sei mit de Tähnen dorvon wegtrecken können, denn de Soldat wüßt, dat sin Offizierers dat nich beter makten.

So bald, as dat wüchlich geschach, wiren sei sick frilich keinen apenboren Upstand vermauden; hadden sei äwerst verstahn, in de Gesichter tau lesen, taum Bispill blot in oll Bäcker Witten sin Gesicht, as hei von den Möller sin Fuhrwark ut de Schün taurügg kamen was un nu äwer sin halwe Dör lagg un sin Pip Toback smökte un dorbi spuckte un achter de Franzosen so gnittig herkek, sei hadden sick hött, den Bagen tau stramm tau spannen; taum wenigsten hadd de Franzos', de eben an em vörbi gung un em den sülwerbeslagenen Meerschumpipenkopp ut de Tähnen ret un ruhig in sinen Äwermaud dorut wider smökte, sick hastiger up de Bein makt. Denn de Oll hadd knapp den Ruck in de Tähnen fäuhlt, as hei ut de Dör fohrte, so'n lütten Fustenstein upsammelte un den den Franzosen en beten unsacht in dat Gnick läd, so dat sin Kopp un de Pipenkopp in den Rönstein tründelten.

Un grad as de Herr Amtshauptmann mit sinen Tog Wiwer up den Mark kamm, slogen Bäcker gesellen un Franzosen un Franzosen un Nahwers mit scharpe un mit stumpe Ding' upenanner los, bet en Offizierer dor mang kamm un sei utenanner bröcht.

Oll Bäcker Witt würd mit en bläudigen Kopp nah't Rathus slept, denn hei hadd sick an de grande nation vergrepen, un wat hei ok seggen ded, dat de grande nation sick an sinen Pipenkopp vergrepen hadd, nicks hülp, hei müßt mit.

Up den Rathus satt de französche Auditör un hadd oll Möller Vossen in't Verhür von wegen den afhandenkamen Franzosen; de Mantelsack mit dat Geld

von Toll, and my father as Burmeister, were present. My father had told the story as far as he knew it quite truthfully, only he had been silent as to the watchmaker having frightened the French chasseurs away at his command; for he thought, "Why should I mention it? The watchmaker will tell it himself, or, if he does not, it will come out in Mamsell Westphalen's evidence." But with the Miller things were going badly; he, of all those who were concerned, was the last who had seen the Frenchman; he had wanted to take the Frenchman to the mill with him, and the fellow was no longer to be found. What spoke well for him was, that he had been very drunk at the time, that he had delivered up the money of his own accord, and that he had at once said that the chasseur's horse was in the baker's stable. When he had done this, and guessed from my father's questions that the fact of his having been drunk might be of use to him, he made the very most of it, and to all questions he only replied that he knew nothing further, for he had been dead drunk; but if they chose to ask Friedrich, he would know all about it.

So stood the matter, when the fight with Witte the baker began out in the market-place. My father was just rushing out at the door to set things to rights, when Witte was dragged in. He still exchanged occasional blows with his guards, mingling "bougres" and "sacres" with "rogues and vagabonds." His entrance into the court did not increase its stillness; he cursed, he swore, and my father had enough to do, only to get him a little quieter.

"My pipe, Herr Burmeister! It was a legacy from my father. And to have it snatched out of my mouth before my very eyes! Am I a Stemhagen burgher or not?"

The French chattered and jabbered away

lagg up den Disch; de Oberst von Toll un min Oll as Burmeister wiren dorbi gegenwärtig. Min Vader hadd de Geschicht, so wid hei sei wüßt, ganz in de Wahrheit vertellt, blot dat de Uhrkenmaker up sinen Befehl de Franzosen hadd grugen maken müßt, hadd hei verswegen, denn hei dacht ok so: wotau? De Uhrkenmaker ward't woll sülwst seggen, oder wenn hei't nich seggt, denn möt hei doch dörch Mamsell Westphalen ehr Tügnis fri kamen. Mit den Möller stunn de Sak äwerst slimmer: hei von allen, de bi de Sak bedeiligt wiren, was de letzt west, de den Franzosen seihn hadd, hei hadd em mitnemen wullt nah sin Mähl, un de Kirl was nich tau finnen. Wat för em sprök, was, dat hei sihr dun west was un dat hei ut frigen Stücken dat Geld afliwert hadd un dat ok dat Schassürpird von em ahn Umstän'n, as in Bäcker Witten sin Schön befindlich, nahwist würd. As hei dese Angaben makt un ut min Vadern sin Fragen dat spitz kregen hadd, dat em sine Dunigkeit wat nützen künn, makt hei 'ne grugliche un umständliche Beschriwung dorvon un blew dorbi, up alle Fragen tau antworten, hei wüßt von nicks, denn hei wir rechtschaffen dun west; wenn einer äwer Fridrichen fragen wull, de müßt allens weiten.

So stunn de Sak, as buten up den Mark de Slägeri mit Bäcker Witten losgung. Min Vader sprung ut de Dör, üm taum Rechten tau seihn, as oll Witt ok all ranne slept würd, wobi hei denn af un an en por Knüff mit sin Geleit wesseln ded un för sin "Spitzbauwen un Röwers" en por "bougres" un "sacres" intuschte. Na, dordörch, dat hei in de Gerichtsstuw' rinne schubbst würd, würd dat binnen grad nich ruhiger; hei schimppte, hei schull, un min Oll hadd himmelnaug tau dauhn, em man halwweg' still tau krigen.

"Minen Pipenkopp, Herr Burmeister! Ein Arwdeil von minen Vader! Wat? Un den mi vör min sichtlichen Ogen ut de Tähnen tau riten! Wat? Bün ick en Stemhäger Börger oder nich?"

De Franzosen zausterten un zackerierten

together; Colonel von Toll had gone out, and the judge commanded that the baker should be bound, thrown into a waggon and taken along with the army. What more should be done with him would easily be determined; he had raised his hand against the French, that was quite enough.

Then my father stepped up to the Judge and explained that the baker was a well-conducted man, that he had always borne his share of the burden of the war-taxes and levies, and that he had not attacked the French power but had only attacked a thief; or did the French regard a silver-topped pipe as contribution of war?

This exasperated the Frenchman; he snorted at my father, and gave him to understand that he himself was not by any means too safe. My father was a brave man, and, when he once saw that a thing was right, he was as obstinate as only a real Mecklenburger can be. He knew, he said, that no honest man was now safe in his own country; but, for his part, he held it to be his duty to stand by his fellow-citizens in a just cause, and he would do so even if there were so many French in the country that one could feed the pigs with them.

The judge foamed with rage, and sputtered out the command to arrest my father at once and lead him out of the room. As this command was about to be carried out, old Witte sprang towards the judge shouting, "thieves and villains;" and Miller Voss too was ready in a moment to aid with fist and tongue. At this moment Colonel von Toll came back again; and, when he had learned what was the meaning of the tumult, he said that the baker was in the right about the pipe; he had himself inquired into the matter, but that it was quite a secondary affair. This baker was the same man who had got the chasseur's horse standing in his stable, and it seemed to him that there had been a conspiracy to commit a murder, and, as

dormang; Oberst von Toll was rute gahn, un de Auditör beföhl, den Bäcker tau binnen, up den Wagen tau smiten un mittaunemen; dat Widere würd sick finnen, hei hadd sick an en Franzosen vergrepen, un dat wir naug.

Dunn tred min Oll em entgegen un set't em utenanner, dat de Bäcker en ihrlich Mann wir, dat hei Lasten un Krigskunterbutschonen dragen hadd un sick nich gegen dat französche Regiment, man blot gegen einen gewöhnlichen Spitzbauwen wehrt hadd; oder wat de Franzosen nu all sülwerbeslagene Pipenköpp för Krigskunterbutschonen ansegen?

Dit treckte den Franzosen in de Kron', hei snauzte minen Vader an un makte em begriplich, dat hei sülwst gor nich in alltaugrote Säkerheit wir. Min Vader was en krätigen Kirl, un wenn hei mal wat för recht inseihn hadd, was hei so steinpöttig, as en richtigen Meckelbörger man sin kann. Dat wüßte hei, säd hei, dat up Stun'ns kein ihrlich Mann in sinen eigenen Lan'n säker wir, hei för sin Part äwer höll dat för sin Pflicht, sinen Börger bitaustahn in 'ne gerechte Sak, un dat würd hei dauhn, un wenn ok so vel Franzosen in'n Lan'n wiren, dat ein dor Swin mit faudern künn.

De Franzos' schümte vör Wut un pruste den Befehl herut, minen Ollen glik tau arretieren un ut de Stuw' tau ledden. As dat nu losgahn süll, sprung oll Bäcker Witt vör den Ollen tau un schot en pormal mit "Snurrers un Spitzbauwen" dormang, un ok Möller Voß was all dorbi, Fust un Mulregister in den Stand tau setten, as de Oberst von Toll wedder rin kamm un, as hei erföhren hadd, wat de Upstand bedüden ded, säd: de Bäcker hadd in de Pipenkoppsgeschichte recht, hei hadd sick dat buten befragt, un de ganze Geschichte wir 'n Nebensak; äwer de Bäcker wir de sülwige Mann, de dat Schassürpird in sin Schün stahn hadd, un em kem dat vör, as wenn hir en Murd in en grotes Kumplott begahn wir, un dorbi kek hei minen Vader

he said that, he looked very sharply at my father, and the truth must come out, he would pledge his life; and, if it could not be got out here, he knew a place where it could, and that place was Stettin.

My father, Miller Voss, and the baker were now told to go out, and were placed under guard in another room, and the Herr Amtshauptmann was called up. The old Herr came in at the door, with his stick in his hand, as upright and stately as befits a chief magistrate and a good conscience. One of the French wanted to shut the door after him, but that would not do, Mamsell Westphalen forced her way in, and, in her broad wake, followed Hanchen and Corlin; for, as they said, they "did not want to stay outside to be stared at by those horrid Frenchmen;" and Mamsell Westphalen said as she squeezed through, "Pardong Monsoo Frenchmen, where Herr Amtshauptmann is, I must be too; he is my protector."

When the old Herr entered, the colonel turned round and looked out of the window. The judge now asked the Herr Amtshauptmann, through the interpreter, who he was and what was his name.

"I am chief magistrate here in the bailiwick of Stemhagen, and my name is Joseph Weber;" and he laid his hat and stick on a chair.

At the name of Joseph Weber, the French colonel turned half round, and looked at the Amtshauptmann as if he were going to ask him some question; but he seemed to give it up again, and looked out at the window once more.

It was now signified to the Herr Amtshauptmann that he should take a seat. "I thank you," he said, "but I did not come here to take my ease, and I am not enough accustomed to giving evidence to be able to do so sitting." He then, on being questioned, related how the chasseur had first come to him, and everything that he

sihr scharp an, un dat süll herut, hei set't sin Lewen tau Pand: un wenn't hir nich ruttauokrigen wir, denn wüßt hei en Flag, dor süll't woll rute kamen, un dat Flag heit Stettin.

Min Vader, Möller Voß un Bäcker Witt würden nu rute gahn heiten un in 'ne annere Stuw' unner Wach' hollen, un de Herr Amtshauptmann würd rinne raupen. De oll Herr kamm grad upgericht un statsch, as sick dat för en irsten Beamten un en gaud Gewissen hürt, mit den Ziegenhainer in de Hand, in de Dör rinne. De ein von de Franzosen wull de Dör achter em taumaken; äwer dat gung so nich: Mamsell Westphalen klemmte sick sträwig dörch de Dör, un achter ehr her schöwen sick Fik un Korlin in ehr breides Fohrwater mit hendörch, denn sei wullen ok nich, as sei säden, taum Spektakel för de Lüd' mang all de ollen Franzosenkirls up de apne Dähl stahn; un Mamsell Westphalen säd, as sei sick rin klemmte: "Musjöh Franzos', parduhn! Wo de Herr Amtshauptmann bliwwt, bliw ick ok, denn hei is min Schutz."

As de oll Herr herinne kamm, dreiht sick de Oberst üm un kek ut dat Finster. De Auditör frog nu den Herrn Amtshauptmann dörch den Dollmetscher, wer hei wir un wo hei heit.

"Ick bün irster Beamter hir in't Stemhäger Amt, un min Nam is Jochen Wewer"; un dormit läd hei Haut un Stock up den Staul.

Bi den Namen "Jochen Wewer" was't, as wenn de französche Oberst hellhörig würd, hei dreihete sick halw üm un kek den ollen Herrn an, un't was, as wull hei em wonah fragen, doch unnerlet hei dat un kek wedder ut dat Finster.

De Herr Amtshauptmann würd nu bedü'd't, dat hei sick setten süll. "Ick dank Sei", säd hei, "tau mine Bequemlichkeit bün ick hir nich herkamen, un in't Verhür tau sin, is 'ne tau ungewendte Sak för mi, as dat ick sei in'n Sitten afmaken kann." Hei vertellte nu up Befragen von den Schassür sin irstes Uptreden an allens,

knew about it. And he ended his speech by saying that, if it was to be reckoned as a sin that the Miller had drunk down the chasseur, he himself must bear the blame of it, for it was at his request that the Miller had done it, and the Miller was his subordinate.

At this the judge began to laugh scornfully; the idea that the Burmeister should interfere on behalf of his baker, and the Amtshauptmann on behalf of his miller, seemed too ludicrous.

“And you laugh at that?” said the old Herr calmly, as if he were dealing with Fritz Sahlmann. “Is not that the custom in France? Are officials in your country appointed only to fleece people? Don't you stand by them when they are in difficulties and in the right? And is it not right for one to rid oneself of a rogue and vagabond by a few bottles of wine?”

Well, here was another hard hit for the French judge. “Rogue and vagabond” and a French chasseur were things that could in no way be coupled together, or rather should not be. The judge burst out in a torrent of invective. The Herr Amtshauptmann remained unmoved, but went to the table and drew out of the Frenchman's valise one of the silver spoons. This he held up to the judge and said, “Do you see this crest? I know it, and I know the people to whom it belongs. They are not people who would sell their silver spoons; and besides, according to my ideas, an honest soldier has something else to do than to be bargaining for silver spoons.”

There was not much to be said against this, so the judge cleverly shifted his ground, and asked the Amtshauptmann how the watchmaker had come to be wearing a French uniform, and what he had been doing up at the Schloss at night?

wat hei dorvon weiten kunn. Un, slot hei sine Red', wenn ein den Möller dorut en Verbreken maken wull, dat hei den Kirl dun maken hulpen hadd, denn stunn hei sülwst vör den Riß, denn up sin Geheit hadd de anner sick mit dat Geschäft bemengt, un hei wir sin Vörgesetzter.

Hir fung de Auditör höhnschen an tau lachen un meint, dat dat spaßig wir, dat de Burmeister irst för sinen Bäcker un dat de Amtshauptmann nu för sinen Möller intreden wull.

“Un dor lachen Sei äwer?” frog de oll Herr so ruhig, as hadd hei mit Fritz Sahlmannen tau dauhn. “Is dat in Frankrik nich so? Sünd in Ehren Lan'n de Beamten blot dortau dor, de Lüd' dat Fell äwer de Uhren tau trecken? Möten Sei ehr nich in 'ne gerechte Sak bistahn? Un is dat nich 'ne gerechte Sak, wenn man sick en Röwer un Spitzbauwen, de de Gewalt hett, mit en por Buddel Win von'n Hals' schafft?”

Na, nu was denn wedder dat Kalw in't Og slagen. Röwer un Spitzbauw un en französchen Schassür, dat wiren twei Ding', de sei sick nich tausamen rimen kun'n, oder wat beter is, wollen. De Oberst hadd sick von't Finster afwendt un gung mit groten Schritten achter den ollen Herrn up un dal, de Auditör fohrte em mit harten Würden an; de Herr Amtshauptmann blew ruhig, gung an den Disch un halte ut den Franzosen sinen Mantelsack en sülwernen Lepel herut, höll den Auditör den Lepel hen un säd: “Seihn S' hir dit Wapen! Ick kenn't un kenn ok de Lüd', de't führen. De Ort Lüd' verköpen ehr sülwern Lepel nich, un nah mine Meinung hett en ihrlichen Soldat wat anners tau dauhn, as Handel mit sülwerne Lepels tau driwen.”

Hir was nu nich vel gegen tau seggen, de Auditör makte also en geschickten Sidensprung un kamm up den Uhrkenmaker un frog den ollen Herrn, wo de in de französche Uniform kamen wir un wat de de Nacht up den Sloß tau dauhn hatt hadd?

"There you ask me too much," said the Herr Amtshauptmann; "I did not tell him to come, I only just saw him for a moment when the Miller was taking the chasseur away with him; and his spending the night at the Schloss was against my knowledge and against my will."

The judge soon saw that he could not make much of the Herr Amtshauptmann; he broke off the interview and told the old gentleman he could go, but that he must not leave the Rathhaus.

"Very well," said he, and he turned to leave. "Good day, then, till the matter is settled."

As the Amtshauptmann was about to take his hat and stick, he found the French colonel, who had left the window and was standing close by him, intently engaged in scanning the names which had been cut in the stick in Weber's student days. He looked as eager and as curious as if he were seeking his number in the newspaper advertisements to see whether he had drawn the great lottery prize.

The Herr Amtshauptmann looked at him for one moment, then made him a deep bow, "By your leave, Herr Colonel, my stick."

The Colonel started and looked rather confused, then handed him the stick, and, as the old Herr went out of the room, he followed him. Mamsell Westphalen also wanted to follow, and Hanchen and Corlin were preparing to go too, when "Halte, halte!" cried the Judge; and they who did not get out, were the three women.

Many a time afterwards did Mamsell Westphalen relate this trial and what she had felt during it, but she always began in the same way, that it had been as if she were standing in the Stemhagen belfry, and all the bells, great and small, were ringing in her ears, and, when the Herr Amtshauptmann went away from her, it was as if a white dove had flown away from the belfry and she must follow him to life or death; but the fellow whom they nick-named a judge had held her fast by

"Dor fragen Sei mi tau vel", säd de Herr Amtshauptmann, "ick heww em dat nich heiten; ick heww em blot des Abends, as de Möller mit den Schassür furtführte, flüchtig seihn, un dat hei de Nacht up den Sloß blewen is, is gegen min Willen un Weiten gescheihn."

De Auditör müggd woll marken, dat mit den ollen Herrn nich vel uptaustellen wir; hei brok de Sak af un bedüdt den Herrn Amtshauptmann, hei künn gahn, süll sick äwer nich ut dat Rathus enfirnen. "Schön!" säd de oll Herr un dreihete sick üm. "Also bis auf ausgemachte Sache."

As hei sick ümdreihen ded un Haut un Stock nemen wull, hadd de französche Oberst sinen Stock in de Hand un kek up den Stock so iwrig un doch so unsäker, as wenn einer in de Tidingen sin Nummer mit dat grote Loß findt. Un up den Stock was ok würlklich wat tau lesen, denn hei was ut den ollen Herrn sin Jenenser Studententid, un Nam bi Nam was dorup sneden.

De Herr Amtshauptmann kek em einen Ogenblick an, dorup makete hei ein so'n verlurnen Diner von baben dal: "Mit Verlöw, Herr Oberst, minen Stock."

De Oberst fohrte etwas verlegen tausam, gaww em den Stock, un as de oll Herr ut de Stuw' gung, gung hei em nah. Mamsell Westphalen wull nu ok nah, un Fik un Korlin schickten sick ok dortau an; äwer "Alt! Alt!" schreg de Auditör, un wer nich rut kamm, wiren de drei Frugenslüd'.

Mamsell Westphalen hett nahsten oftmals un velmals dit Verhür un ehren Taustand dorin vertellt; äwer ümmer fung sei dormit an: ehr wir tau Maud' west, as hadd sei up den Stemhäger Klockturm stahn, wo de Klocken hängen, un all de Klocken, grot un lütt, hadden ehr in de Uhren summt, un as de Herr Amtshauptmann von ehr furtgahn wir, wir dat west, as wenn 'ne witte Duw ut dat Schallock flagen wir, un sei hadd em nahspringen wullt up Lewen un Starben;

the skirt of her gown. "And, Frau Meister," she would then add, "I have seen many a dozen of judges in my life, and they were all bad enough, but such a gallows-bird as this French Judge I never did see. For, look you Frau Meister, he had on a yellow livery and 'gallows' was plainly written in his face."

It was with Mamsell Westphalen as with many honest souls who have a great terror of danger that threatens in the distance, but who are no sooner in the middle of it than they play with it; being like gnats, which cannot bear smoke but are attracted by fire. When she saw that the bridge behind her was broken away, and that she was going to be put on oath, she set her arms a-kimbo, walked forward and stood on the same place on which the Amtshauptmann had stood. "For," she said afterwards, "I had seen that he had stood proudly there, and his spirit came over me."

The Judge now asked what she knew of the watchmaker.

"I know nothing about him except that he speaks broken German, that, for bread, he says 'doo pang' and for wine, 'doo vang;' that's all I know."

How was it that he was in a French uniform?

"I don't know how he gets into it and I don't know how he gets out of it again. I suppose he does like all other men." Why had he come up to the Schloss last night?

"A great many people come to the Schloss, all honest people, except those whom the gensdarmes bring, and if I am to bother myself with what they all want, the duke had better make me Amtshauptmann, and the Herr Amtshauptmann can then look after the kitchen."

äwer de Kirl, den sei 'n Auditör schellen deden, hadd ehr an den Rocksom fast hollen. "Un", set't sei denn hentau, "Fru Meistern, ick heww en gaud Dutzend von Auditers kennt, de de Herr Amtshauptmann alltausamen utliht hett, un't wiren all lustige Vägel; äwer so'n bunten Vagel un so'n Galgenvagel as dese französche Auditer was dor nich unner; denn seihn S', Fru Meistern, de Kirl hadd en bunten Liwree-Rock an, un de Galgen stunn em up't Gesicht."

Mamsell Westphalen gung dat as vele ihrliche Seelen; sei hewwen 'ne grote Angst vör 'ne Gefohr, de in de Firn drauht, sünd sei dor äwer irst midden in, denn spelen sei dormit; sei sünd as de Müggen, den Rok känen sei nich verdragen, äwer dat Füler lockt sei an. As sei sach, dat de Brügger achter ehr afbraken wiren un dat de Sak taum Swur kamm, set'te sei de Hän'n in de Sid, gung nah vörwärts un stellte sick up dat sülwige Flag, wo de Herr Amtshauptmann stahn hadd. "Denn", säd sei nahsten, "ick hadd seihn, dat hei dor stolz stahn hadd, un sin Geist kamm äwer mi."

De Auditör frog nu: wat sei von den Uhrkenmaker wüßt?

"Ick weit von em nicks, as dat hei en Dütschverdarwer is, dat hei tau't Brod 'düh päng' un tau'n Win, 'düh wäng' seggt, un dat is dat Ganze."

Wo hei in de französche Unneform kamen wir?

"Ick weit nich, wo hei dorinne kümmt, un weit ok nich, wo hei dorute kümmt, hei ward dat woll so maken as de annern Mannslüd' all." Worüm hei den Abend up dat Sloß kamen wir?

"Up dat Sloß kamen vel Lüd' un luter ehrliche Lüd', mit Utnam von de, de de Schandoren bringen; un wenn ick mi dorüm kümmern sall, wat de all vörhewwen, denn künn de Herzog mi tau'n Amtshauptmann maken, un de Herr Amtshauptmann künn denn de Käk besorgen."

Why had not the watchmaker gone home? "Because the weather was so bad that one could not have had the heart to drive a dog out of the house, much less a Christian. I hold the man for a Christian, though he's not too good a one, for, as I have heard say, he goes hunting hares by night, and why doesn't he go in the daytime like other folk? And then he uses a stool with one leg, which he straps on to himself behind, and every other Christian sits on a stool with three legs; and he wanted to mislead our Corlin into this outlandish mode for milking, but she told him plainly that if that was the fashion in his country, he might run about with the stool tied to him if he liked, but she was not going to make herself the laughing-stock of the place."

But why had she hidden the watchmaker with her in her room? At this Mamsell Westphalen was silent, the blood rushed into her face at the impertinence of the French fellow; that was the very question that had driven her into flight up in the garret. But while in her distress she was seeking for an answer, help came. Hanchen Besserdich and Corlin pressed forward to her side and burst out "Those are lies; those are foul lies!" They would take their oath of it. Their Mamsell had slept with them; and they should tell the Herr Amtshaup-mann.

The noise became dreadful, and scarcely had the Judge succeeded in restoring quiet, when they broke out again, and at last the Judge ordered them all three to be turned out.

"Frau Meister," said Mamsell Westphalen afterwards to the weaver's wife, "you know I've always been against Hanchen Besserdich's sharp tongue, but no angel could have helped me better at that moment than she with her chatter. Frau Meister, Man must not despise what, at times, is disagreeable to him; who knows of what use it may not be. And a sharp

Worüm de Uhrkenmaker den Abend nich tau Hus gahn wir? "Wil dat en Weder was, worin einer keinen Hund ut de Dör jagt, vel weniger en Christenminschen, un ick holl den Mann vörlöpig för en Christen, wenn ok för keinen richtigen, denn as ick man hört heww, geiht hei des Nachts up de Hasenjagd, worüm nich bi Dag' as anner Lüd'?, un denn bedeint hei sick en Hüker mit einen Bein, den hei sick hin'nwarts ansnallen deiht, un jeder anner Christenmensch sitt up en Hüker mit drei Beinen, un hei hett uns' Korlin tau dese appeldwatsche Mod' up de Melkenrängel verführen wullt, sei hett em äwer deint: wenn dat Mod' in sinen Lan'n wir, so künn hei jo mit den Pal achterut herümme lopen, sei wull nich den Ulenspiegel up de Rängel afgewen."

Worüm sei äwer den Uhrkenmaker heimlich in ehr Stuw' upnamen hadd? Hir sweg Mamsell Westphalen still, dat Blaud schot ehr gläugig in dat Gesicht äwer de Utverschamtheit von den französchén Kirl; dat was de Frag', de ehr up de Flucht un up den Rökerbähn drewen hadd; äwer as sei in ehre würcliche Herzensnot nah 'ne Antwurt söcht, kamm ehr Hülfp. Fik Besserdichs un Korlin drängten sick an ehr ranne un schoten nu los: dat wiren Lügen! Dat wiren utgestunkene Lügen! Un sei wullen't beswören. Ehr Mamselling hadd bi ehr slapen, un sei wullen't den Herrn Amtshauptmann seggen. Un wenn't so losgahn süll, denn künn't ehrentwegen losgahn.

Dat würd en gruglichen Larm, un wenn de Auditör knapp Rauh stiftt hadd, denn gungen sei wedder los mit spitze Redensorten, bet endlich de ganze Gesellschaft rute bröcht würd.

"Fru Meistern", säd Mamsell Westphalen nahsten tau de Wewerfru Stahlen, "Sei weiten, ick heww mi ümmer argert äwer Fik Besserdichs ehr loses Mulwark; äwer kein Gottesengel kunn mi in desen Ogenblick truer tau Sid stahn as sei mit ehr Zaustern. Fru Meistern, de Minsch sall dat nich verachten, wat em tau Tiden unbequem is, wer weit, wotau hei't

tongue is one of those things. That's what I say and that's what I hold to. And I shan't forget the girl."

bruken kann, un dortau hürt en gaud
Mundwark, un dorbi bliw ick. Un
gedenken will ick't de Dirn."

CHAPTER XII

Tells how the Amtshauptmann and the French Colonel nearly embraced each other; how my Mother pulled the Amtshauptmann by the tail of his coat; and how the Corsican dragon carried off my Father and my uncle Herse.

When the Herr Amtshauptmann left the Court of Justice, he went straight across to the other side of the hall to a place where he had often been before and often came afterwards, namely my mother's room, for we lived in the Rathhaus.

My mother sat knitting, and we children were playing about her; for what do children know of cares? But she was sad and anxious; she sat there silent and perhaps did not even hear the noise which we were making round her. She probably still knew nothing of the difficulty in which my father was, for it was not his custom to tell all his little troubles; but there is a curious fact about women, a man may see at once which way the wind blows, but a woman will have known a long time before that a change was at hand.

Well, the old Herr came into my mother's room and said, "Good morning, my dear friend. How are you? Much troubled with all these Frenchmen? What say you, eh?"

My mother held out her hand to him. She was very fond of the fine old man who used to come and sit by her side for many an hour, pouring out, in his simple and open-hearted way, the experience of his grey hairs. Not but what he was merry and lively enough when he related the exploits of his Jena student-days, and what he and his brother, Adolph Diedrich, "The Professor" 'juris utriusque' at Rostock, my friend, had done in their students-society, the "amici." My mother held out her hand to him, for she could not get up; she had become lame during a severe illness, and I never saw her otherwise than, when she was at her best, sitting on a chair knitting away as industriously as if her poor, weak

Dat twölfte Kapittel

Worüm de Herr Amtshauptmann un de französche Oberst sick binah küßt hadden; worüm min Mutting den Herrn Amtshauptmann an den Rock zuppen un de korsikanische Lindworm minen Vater un minen Unkel Hers' wegslepen ded.

As de Herr Amtshauptmann ut de Gerichtsstuw' gung, gung hei snurstracks nah de anner Sid von de Däl nah en Flag, wo hei vörher un nahher oftmals kamen is, nah de Stuw' von min Mutting, denn wi wahnten in dat Rathus.

Min leiw' Mutting satt un neiht, un wi Gören spelten üm ehr rüm; denn wat is so'ne Gören weg? Sei äwer was beängstlich un trurig, still satt sei dor un hürte villicht den Larm gor nich, den wi üm ehr makten; sei wüßt villicht noch gor nicks von den slimmen Handel, worin min Vater satt, denn't was nich sin Sak, sin Drangsal hiddlich tau vertellen; äwer mit 'ne gaude Fru hett dat 'ne eigene Bewandnis: weit en düchtig Mann glik up de Städ', woher de Wind weiht, so weit 'ne gaude Fru all lang' vörher, dat wat in de Luft is.

De oll Herr kamm also tau ehr in de Stuw' rin un säd: "Gun Mornn, min Herzenskindting! Wo geiht Sei dat? Vele Unrauh mit dat oll Franzosenvolk! Ne, wat denn?"

Min Mutting höll em de Hand entgegen, denn sei höll vel von den ollen ihrenwirten Mann, de so männig Stun'n bi ehr satt un mit Wisheit un Rechtfarigkeit de Erfahrungen von sine grisen Hor vör ehr utschüdden ded un de doch lewig un lustig naug was, dat dor hen un wenn en beten Puder mang stöhmt, wenn hei von sine Jenenser Studententid vertellen ded, wo hei un sin Brauder, Adolf Didrich "De Professor juris utriusque in Rostock, min Herzenskindting" – in den Amicistenorden rümme wirkt hadden. Min Mutting höll em de Hand entgegen, denn upstahn kunn sei nich, sei was lahm in 'ne swere Krankheit worden, un ick heww sei nich anners kennt, as dat sei in ehre gauden

hands were strong and well; or, at her weaker times, lying in bed, in pain, reading her books. What the books were which she read, I know no longer; but novels they were not; I only remember this much, that the Herr Amtshauptmann's Marcus Aurelius was sometimes amongst them, for I had to carry it backwards and forwards.

It was not the Amtshauptmann's habit needlessly to alarm women, and so instead of talking about the troubles in the Court of Justice, he began about the bad weather, and he was just giving a short description of the pools in the Stemhagen market-place, for it was not paved in those days, when the door opened and the French colonel came in. He made my mother a stiff bow, and advanced towards the Amtshauptmann.

We children left our playthings and crept, in a little knot, into the corner behind the tile-stove, like chickens when a kite is overhead, and wondered what this meant. Probably my mother also wondered, for she gazed anxiously at the old Herr in whose face there was a cold, haughty look that she had never seen before.

But the Colonel did not take it ill, and there was a friendly politeness in his tone as he said to the old gentleman, "I beg your pardon. I heard just now in the court the name of 'Weber.' Is your name 'Weber?'"

"Joseph Heinrich Weber," replied the Amtshauptmann shortly and stood as erect as a pillar.

"Have you not a brother named 'Adolph Diedrich?'"

"Adolph Diedrich, professor at Rostock," answered the old Herr without moving a limb.

"Herr Amtshauptmann," said the French officer and stretched out both hands towards him, "let what passed between us this morning be forgotten. You are dearer to me than you think. I have read a name

Tiden up en Staul satt un neiht, so flitig, so flitig, as wiren ehr armen swacken Hän'n gesund, un dat sei in ehre slimmen Tiden tau Bedd lagg un unner Weihdag' in de Bäuker les'. Wat dat för Bäuker wiren, weit ick nich mihr; äwer Romanen wiren't nich, un dat weit ick blot, dat den ollen Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Mark Aurel dor mitunner lep, denn ick müßt em hen un her dragen.

Frugenslud' bang' maken was nu den ollen Herrn sin Sak nich, un staats von den Truwel in de Gerichtsstuw' tau reden, fung hei leiwer mit dat slichte Weder an un makte grad 'ne kortfarige Beschreibung von de Pütten up den Stemhäger Mark, denn de was dunn noch nich ni dämmt, as de Dör upgung un de französche Oberst rinne kamm. De makte min Mutting en korten Gruß un gung an den Herrn Amtshauptmann ran.

Wi Gören leten un's Spelwark un kröpen in de Abeneck up einen Kluten tausam as de Häuhner, wenn de Häwk in de Luft is, un mägen jo woll dacht hewwen: "wo dit woll möt?" Datsülwige dacht min Mutting ok woll, denn sei kek den ollen Herrn so beängstlich an, wil dat in sin Angesicht so 'ne irnsthaf vörnehme Min kamm, de sei an em nich gewennt was.

Den Franzosen let dat äwer gor nich barsch, un in sine Utrud was 'ne fründliche Höflichkeit, as hei den ollen Herrn frog: "Üm Vergebung, ick hürt eben in de Gerichtsstuw den Namen 'Wewer', heiten Sei Wewer?"

"Jochen Hinrich Wewer", säd de Oll kort un stunn grad as en Pal.

"Heww'n Sei nich en Brauder, de Adolf Didrich heit?"

"Adolf Didrich, Professor in Rostock", antwurt't de oll Herr un rögte kein Glid.

"Herr Amtshauptmann", säd de Franzos' un reekt de beiden Hän'n em entgegen, "laten S' vergeten sin, wat hüt mornn tüschen uns passiert is, Sei gahn mi neger an, as Sei glöwen. Ick heww up

on your stick that is engraved deeply in my heart. Look here 'Renatus von Toll!'"

"And you know that man?" asked the old Herr, and it was as if the sun had risen over his face.
"How should I not?" said the Colonel, "why, he is my father."

"What!" exclaimed the Amtshauptmann. "What say you, eh? What say you, eh?" And he held the colonel out at arm's length and looked into his eyes. "You the son of Renatus von Toll?"

"Yes, and he has often spoken to me of his two best friends, 'the Webers,' 'the tall Mecklenburgers.'"
"My friend," cried the old Herr, turning to my mother, "of whom have I talked to you oftenest? What say you, eh? Of the fine Westphalian, Renatus?"

My mother nodded her head; she could not speak, for there was something in the old gentleman's delight that brought the tears into her eyes; and we silly youngsters came out from behind the stove and grew bolder, and it all seemed to us as happy as if one of our cousins had come.

"My boy, my boy!" cried the Amtshauptmann, "I ought to have known you, if the damned French uniform... No, no, I did not mean to say that," he added quickly as he saw the blood rush into the Colonel's face.
"Tell me, my boy, has your father still the clear brown eyes? What say you, eh? Has he still the curly brown hair? Such a splendid man he was, my friend!" said he to my mother, "God has written the word 'man' on his forehead."

The Colonel now said that the brown eyes were still there, but that the hair had turned white.

Ehren Stock en Namen lesen, de mi deip in't Hart schrewen is. Seihn S' hir: 'Renatus von Toll'."

"Un den Mann kennen Sei?" frog de oll Herr, un't was, as wenn in sin Gesicht en helles Morgenrot upgüng. "Wat wull ick nich!" säd de Oberst, "'t is jo min Vader."

"Mann!" säd de oll Herr, "Mann, ne, wat denn? Wat denn?" un schow den Obersten en En'n lang von sick t'rügg un kek em in de Ogen, "Sei Renatus von Tollen sin Sähn?"

"Ja, un hei hett mi oftmals un vel von sin besten Frün'n verteilt, von de beiden Wewers, von de beiden langen Meckelbörger." "Min Herzenskindting", rep de oll Herr un wen'nt sick an min Mutting, "von wen heww ick Sei vertellt, am meisten vertellt? Ne, wat denn? Von den braven Westfälinger, von den Renatus?"

Min Mutting nickt mit den Kopp, denn de Freud von den ollen Herrn hadd so wat an sick, wat ehr de Tranen in de Ogen bröcht, un wi dummen Gören kröpen ok achter'n Aben rut un würden drister, un't was uns tau Maud', as wenn Mutterbraudersähn tau Hus kamen wir.

"Jüngschen, Jüngschen!" rep de oll Herr, "ick hadd Sei kennen müßt, wenn de verdammte französche Unneform... Ne, laten S' sin! Dat wull ick nich seggen", set't hei rasch hentau, as hei gewohr würd, dat den Obersten dat Blaud in't Gesicht schot. "Seggen S' mal, Kindting, hett Ehr Vader noch de hellen, brunen Ogen? Ne, wat denn? Hett hei noch de krusen, brunen Hor? Ne, wat denn? Ein prächtiger Mensch, mein Herzenskindting!" säd hei tau min Mutting, "ein Mensch, dem unser Herrgott den Mann auf die Stirn geschrieben hat!"

De Oberst säd denn nu, de brunen Ogen wiren woll noch dor; äwer de brunen Hor wiren ok all verblaßt.

"True, true," said the Amtshauptmann, "of course. It must be so; Adolph Diedrich's is quite grey too. But now, friend, you must come up to the Schloss with me and stop there awhile. God knows, this is the first time that I ever invited a French officer to stay with me. But you are not properly a French officer, you are a German. The son of Renuus von Toll can only be an honest German, my friend," he said turning to my mother. "What say you, eh?"

My mother had seen that the Colonel turned hot and cold alternately during this speech of the Amtshauptmann's, and she had made all manner of signs to him, but in vain; and, on his coming nearer to her, as he asked the last question, she plucked him gently by his coat-tail as a sign to him to be quiet. At this, the old Herr turned sharply round and asked, "Why are you pulling me?"

It was now my mother's turn to be red. But, in the meanwhile, the colonel had recovered himself; he made a sort of half-bow to my mother, and said firmly and earnestly to the old Herr, "I must refuse your invitation, Herr Amtshauptmann, for we march in half an hour. And, as concerns this uniform which does not please you, and cannot please you, I grant it, I cannot dishonour it by taking it off in the hour of danger. You say that I am a German, my father's son must be a German, you are right, but, if you regard it as a crime that I am on the other side, you must lay the blame on my sovereign and not on me.

When I became a soldier, the Elector of Cologne was in league with the Emperor; and when I went to Spain four years ago the whole of Germany and all her princes lay at his feet. I returned from Spain three weeks ago, and I find Germany quite changed. What I have felt concerns myself alone, and if there is any human

"Wohr! wohr!" säd de Herr Amtshauptmann, "dat möt woll so sin, Adolf Didrichen sin sünd ok all gris. Äwer nu, min Herzenskindting, nu kamen S' mit mi nah dat Sloß heruppe un bliwen S' 'ne Tidlang bi mi. Weiß Gott, dit is dat irstemal, dat ick en französchen Offezier inlad, bi mi tau bliwen. Äwer Sei sünd jo eigentlich kein französche Offezier, Sei sünd jo en Dütscher. Der Sohn von Renuus von Toll kann nur ein braver Deutscher sein, min Herzenskindting", säd hei un wen'nt sick dorbi an min Mutting, "ne, wat denn?"

Min Mutting, de sach, wo dat den Obersten bi den ollen Herrn sine Red heit un kolt äwergot, winkt em un plinkt em, äwer vergews; un as hei nu bi de letzte Frag ehr neger kamm, treckt sei em sacht an den Rock, dat hei swigen süll. – De oll Herr wen'nt sick dorbi kort üm un frog: "Min Herzenskindting, wat zuppen Sei mi?"

Nu was de Reih, rod tau warden, an min Mutting. De Oberst hadd sick äwer währenddeß fat't, hei makte min Mutting so'n halwen Diner tau un säd irst un fast tau den ollen Herrn: "Herr Amtshauptmann, Ehre Inladung möt ick utslagen, denn in 'ne halwe Stun'n möt ick marschieren, un wat dese Unneform anbedröppt, de Sei nich geföllt, ok nich gefallen kann – ick will dat taugewen, so kann ick sei nich dordörch beschimpen, dat ick sei in de Stun'n von de Gefohr uttreck. Sei seggen, ick bün en Dütscher, min Vaders Sähn möt en Dütscher sin, Sei hewwen recht, äwer wenn Sei mi en Verbreken dorut maken will'n, dat ick up de anner Sid stah, denn schuwen Sei mi dat nich in't Gewissen, sondern minen Landsherrn.

As ick Soldat würd, stunn de Kurfürst von Köln in en Verbündnis mit den Kaiser, un as ick vör vir Johren nah Spanjen gahn müßt, lagg ganz Dütschland mit all sin Fürsten em tau Fäuten. Sit drei Wochen bün ick t'rügg ut Spanjen un finn Dütschland anners, as dat was; wat mi dor dörch den Kopp un dörcht Hart gahn

soul to whom I can speak of it, it can only be my father. For my father's oldest friend this must be enough; it is more than I have said to any other human being."

The old Herr had been standing at the beginning of this speech, looking the Colonel straight in the face, and every now and then giving a shake of his head; but, as he became aware that there was a sad earnestness in the young man's face, his eyes sought another place to rest on, and when the Colonel had ended, he said, "That's quite another matter;" and he leant towards my mother and said, "My friend, what say you, eh? He is right, is he not? Renatus von Toll's son is right. Pity, that he is right!" and he took the Colonel by the hand: "My dear young friend, and so you cannot stay here?" And, on the colonel's assuring him that it was not possible, he cried out to me, "Fritz, boy, you can run an errand for me; run to Neiting, to the Frau Amtshauptmann, and tell her to come down here, something joyful has happened. Do you hear? Say something joyful. She might else be anxious, my friend," he added to my mother.

Well, away I ran as fast as I could up to the Schloss, and it was not long before the Frau Amtshauptmann was walking along by my side slowly and quietly as was her wont, and I hopped round about her like a little water-wagtail, so that she had enough to do to keep me from under the waggons and from the horses' feet.

As we crossed the market-place the French were fast getting ready to march. The guns stood there with the horses fastened to them; the battalion was formed into line; and one could see that they were on the point of starting. The Frau Amtshauptmann went into the Rathhaus, but she did not get far, for she was seized upon in the hall by Mamsell Westphalen and the two maids; and, before she knew where she was going, she was in the midst of complaints, about

is, is min Sak, un wenn ick doräwer mit 'ne Minschenseel reden süll, denn künn't blot mit minen Vader gescheihn; för den besten Jugendfründ von minen Vader möt dat naug sin, 't is mihr, as ick meindag' tau einen annern Minschen in dese Angelegenheit redt heww."

De oll Herr stunn wildeß vör em un kek em fast in de Ogen un schüddelt denn un wenn den Kopp; äwer as hei gewohr würd, dat äwer den Obersten sin Gesicht so'n rechten truhartigen Irnst lagg, dunn söchten sin Ogen en anner Flag, un as de Oberst sin Red' slot, säd hei: "Das ist denn eine andere Sache!" un dreiht sick nah min Mutting üm un säd: "Min Herzenskindting, ne, wat denn? De Mann hett recht. Renatus von Tollen sin Sähn hett recht. Blot schad, dat hei recht hett!" un fot den Obersten an de Hand: "Min leiwe junge Fründ, un hir bliwen känen Sei nich?" Un as de Oberst em versäkert, dat wir unmöglich, röp hei mi: "Fritz", säd hei, "Jung', du kannst all en Gewarw bestellen, lop nah Neiting, nah de Fru Amtshauptmannen, un segg ehr, sei sall runner kamen, hier wäre ein erfreuliches Ereignis eingetreten, hürst du!, ein erfreuliches Ereignis. Süs ängstigt sei sick, min Herzenskindting", säd hei tau min Mutting.

Na, ick löp denn nu, wat ick kunn, nah dat Sloß ruppe, an't wohrt ok nich lang', dunn gung de Fru Amtshauptmannen neben mi, still un sacht, as ehr Mod' was, un ick hüppt as en Wepstart üm ehr rümmer, dat sei naug tau dauhn hadd, mi vör Pird un Wagen in acht tau nemen.

As wi äwer den Mark gungen, rüst'ten de Franzosen stark taum Afmarsch, de Kanonen höllen anspannt dor, un dat Batteljon stunn in Reih un Glid, un ein kunn seihn, dat dat losgahn süll. De Fru Amtshauptmannen gung in't Rathus, süll äwer nich wid kamen, denn up de Dehl würd sei von Mamsell Westphalen un de beiden Dirns upgrepen, un ihre sei sick dat versach, stunn sei midden in dat Klugen von Mürder un Dodslägers, bi Bäcker Witten un Droin un Möller

“murder and killing,” from Witte the baker, and Droz, and Miller Voss, each one telling her his story; and round them and their complaints, gathered Herr Droi's wife and children, crying and entreating; and the Frau Meister Stahl caught Mamsell Westphalen by the skirt of her gown, as if Mamsell were going to spring into the water, and she must save her from suicide.

Witte still every now and then fired off a “robbers,” but there was not more than half a charge of powder left in him, and, when he saw the grief of the watchmaker's wife, he thought of his own family, and called to me; “Fritz, will you run over to my house, my boy? You shall have a bun for it, and call to my son Johann and my daughter Struewingken, and tell them they are to come over here, for the rascally French are going to take me to their God-forgotten country as they have already done my brown five-year-old.”

I gave the message, and when I came back again with Struewingken and Johann and the bun, there were Miller Voss's cousin Heinrich and the Miller's wife and Fieka in Heinrich's cart before the Rathhaus; for, after all, the mounted Gensdarmes had found their way to the Gielow Mill at last and had cleared out the nest. Now the sobbing and crying began again, and the only one who remained quiet was Fieka. She asked her father softly, “Have you given up the money?”

The Miller pointed towards the court of justice, and said, “It lies there.” “Then be of good heart, father; God will not forsake us.”

During the whole of this time, my father had been walking up and down the hall wrapped in his own thoughts. He cannot have been easy in his mind, for he constantly stopped for a moment and passed his hand through his hair when he heard the wailing of the women, and once

Vossen, un jeder vertellt ehr sin Sak, un üm dit Klugen wickelten sick nu noch Herr Droin sin Fru un Kinner mit Bidden un Rohren, un de Fru Meistern Stahlen hadd Mamsell Westphalen hinnen in den Rockquedder fat't un hadd sick, as wull de oll Dam in't Water springen un sei süll sei vör den Sülwstmurd bewohren.

Bäcker Witt schot noch af un an einen Spitzbauwen los, äwer't was man noch 'ne halwe Pulwerladung in em, un as hei dat Jammern von den Uhrkenmaker sin Fru woher würd, föll em sin eigen Husstand in, un hei röp mi: “Fritzing”, säd hei, “lop räwer nah minen Hus', min Jünging, sallst ok en Zuckerkringel hewwen, un raup minen Jehann an min Tochter, wat de Strüwingken is, un segg ehr, sei süllen räwer kamen, denn de Spitzbauwen-Franzosen würden mi nu ok woll mitnemen in ehr gottvergetenes Land, as sei't vödem all mit min fiwjöhrig brun Fahlen makt hadden.”

Ick bestellt dat Gewarw, un as ick mit Jehannen un de Strüwingken un den Zuckerkringel taurügg kamm, höll Möller Vossen sin Vedder Hinrich mit de oll Möllerfru un Fiken Vossen vör den Rathus up Hinrichen sinen Wagen, denn de Armeeschandoren hadden sick taulezt doch richtig nah de Gielowsch Mähl dörchfäuhlt un hadden dor dat ganze Nest utnamen. Nu gung denn up't Frisch dat Jammern un Rohren los, un de einzigst, de ruhig blew, was Fiken. Sei frog ehren Vader sachten: “Hest du dat Geld afgewen?”

De oll Möller wis'te up de Gerichtsstuw' un säd: “Dor ligg't.” “Vatting, denn wes' man getrost, uns' Herrgott ward di nich verraten.”

Min Vader was in de ganze Tid still för sick up de Dehl up un dal gahn, in em müßt dat woll nich ruhig wesen, denn männigmals stunn hei still un fohrt sick in de Hor, wenn hei dat Jammern von de Frugenslud' anhören ded, un einmal gung hei an Herr Droin ranne un säd: hei süll

he went up to Herr Droï and told him he need not be alarmed as things did not look badly for him.

Herr Droï nodded his head and said, "Bon!" became a whole inch taller, planted one leg out in front of the other, and put one arm confidently akimbo.

It seemed now as if everything was ready for marching, for the Adjutant called the colonel out of my mother's room. When the colonel came out his face had become pleasant again, and he went, with the Amtshauptmann, towards the prisoners and ordered that Mamsell Westphalen and the two maids should be set free; and Mamsell Westphalen ducked three times by way of curtseying and said, "I thank you, Herr Colonel von Toll."

The Herr Amtshauptmann caught sight of his wife in the crowd, and set her also free and, scarcely had he introduced her to the Colonel and told her what had happened, when the Adjutant gave the commands to march and Miller Voss, Witte the baker and Herr Droz to bring out.

Fieka had taken her father's arm, and would not let it go. They forced her away from him, but she remained quite quiet and said, "Father, I shall stay by you wherever they may take you."

For the baker it was easier work; he spat three times, let off at random a few "rogues and vagabonds," told Johann shortly what he was to do, and went out. But, with the watchmaker the case was very sad: his wife and children hung about him, and cried, in French and German, till it would have moved the very stones to pity.

My father could now stand it no longer; he stepped forward, and asked upon what ground the watchmaker was to be led away prisoner. The man was a naturalised citizen, and had never in his life committed any crime. No one could

sick nich ängsten, för em wir dat nich so slimm.

Herr Droï nickte mit den Kopp un säd: "Bong!", würd en ganzen Toll größer, reckt den einen Bein nah vör un set'te getrost den Arm in de Sid.

Nu müßt jo woll so wid allens in de Reih sin, denn de Adjutant röp den Obersten ut min Mutting ehr Stuw', un as de herute kamm, hadd hei 'ne vel fründlichere Mien upset't un gung mit den Herrn Amtshauptmann an de Gefangenen ran un ordniert dat an, dat Mamsell Westphalen un de beiden Dirns in Friheit set't warden süllen, un Mamsell Westphalen dükerte dreimal mit ein Knix unner un säd: "Ick bedank mi ok, Herr Oberst von Toll."

De Herr Amtshauptmann kreg sin leiwe Fru in den Hümpel tau seihn un makte de ok fri, un wildeß, dat hei sei den Obersten vörstellen ded un ehr vertellt, wat sick begewen hadd, kummandierte de Adjutant: ›Marsch!‹ un Möller Voß, Bäcker Witt un Herr Droï süllen rute bröcht warden.

Den Möller sin Fiken hadd ehren Vater an den Arm fat't un wull nich von em laten, un as sei mit Gewalt von em reten würd, blew sei ganz ruhig un säd: "Vatting, wo sei di ok henbringen warden, ick bliw doch bi di."

Mit den ollen Bäcker gung dat lichter, hei spuckte dreimal kort ut, schot en por Spitzbauwen up Gewinn un Verlust in de Luft, säd Jehannen kort von de Wirtschaft Bescheid un gung ut de Dör; äwer mit den Uhrkenmaker was dat slimmer, sin Fru un sin lütten Gören hungen an em un jammerten up dütsch un französch, dat dat en Stein erbarmen müggt.

Nu kunn't min Vader nich länger uthollen, hei tred vör un frog, weswegen de Uhrkenmaker gefangen weggeführt warden süll? De Mann wir en ansässiger Börger, de sick sindag' nich wat hadd tau Schulden kamen laten. Dorut, dat hei

reckon it as a crime that he had slept up at the Schloss, for the Herr Colonel and the Herr Adjutant had also slept up there. As to his having on the uniform, why that was natural, seeing that he had served under the French, and his still putting it on now and then could not be taken ill by them, for the man showed by doing so that he still thought with pleasure of the time when he had worn it in their ranks.

“He has abused the uniform!” shouted the Adjutant. My father cried back that it was not true; that it was no abuse, when anyone got rid of a pack of thieves and rascals by an innocent trick; and the proof that they had had to deal with fellows of that sort was to be found in the Chasseur's valise.

The Adjutant looked at my father savagely and spitefully, as if he would have liked to run him through the body, the colonel stepped up with a face in which a thunderstorm was gathering, and made a sign with his hand to lead away the watchmaker; but my father sprang forward and cried, “Stop! The man is innocent, and if any one here is guilty, it is I, for it was at my command that he acted. If anyone is to be arrested for it, you must arrest me.”

“Be it so,” said the colonel coldly, “let that man free, and take this one here.”
“My friend,” cried the Herr Amtshauptmann, “what are you doing?”

“My duty, Herr Amtshauptmann,” said the Colonel and gave him his hand. “Farewell, Herr Amtshauptmann, my time is up,” and so saying, he went out of the house.

The whole thing was done so quickly that the greater number of those who were there did not know what the question was. I least of all, for I was still but a little mite then; but I understood enough to see that my father had got himself into danger. Naturally, I now began to cry, and just as the little Droi's were drying their tears,

babem up den Sloß de Nacht slapen hadd, künn em nüms en Verbreken maken, denn de Herr Oberst un de Herr Adjutant hadden jo ok babem slapen, un dat hei 'ne französche Unneform hadd, wir natürlich, wil hei unner de Franzosen deint hadd, und dat hei sei denn un wenn antrecken ded, dat können em de Franzosen man gaud nemen, denn de Mann bewis'te dordörch, dat hei noch mit Lust un Leiw' an de Tid dacht, wo hei sei in ehre Reihen dragen hadd.

Hei hadd de Uniform mißbrukt! schreg de Adjutant dortwischen. Dat wir nich wohr! rep min Oll, dat wir kein Mißbruk, wenn einer sick dörch 'ne unschüllige List Röwers un Spitzbauwen von'n Liw' höll, un de Bewis, dat sei mit so'ne Raß tau dauhn hadd hadden, leg in den Franzosen sinen Mantelsack.

De Adjutant kek minen Ollen gnittig un giftig an, as hadd hei em girn eins mit den Degen versetzen mügg. De Oberst tred heran mit en Gesicht, worin en ganzes Dunnerwetter heruppe tog, un winkte mit de Hand, den Uhrkenmaker aftauführen; äwer min Oll, bi den dat krus' En'n ganz herute kamen was, sprung vör un röp: “Holt! de Mann is unschüllig, un wenn hir einer Schuld hett, denn bün ick dat, denn up min Geheit un Befehl hett de Mann dat Stück utäuwt. Wenn hir einer arretiert warden sall, denn bün ick dat.”

Kann gescheihn!” säd de Oberst kolt. “Lat't den Mann los un nemt desen hir!” “Min Herzenskindting”, röp de Herr Amtshauptmann, “wat dauhn Sei?”

“Mine Pflicht, Herr Amtshauptmann”, säd de Oberst un gaww em de Hand. “Lewen Sei woll, Herr Amtshauptmann, min Tid is üm!” Dormit gung hei ut den Hus'.

De ganze Sak gung so rasch vör sick, dat de meisten gor nich wüßten, wovon de Red' was; ick am allerwenigsten, denn ickwas man noch en lütten Dummbort; äwer ick verstunn doch all so vel, dat mi klor würd: min Vader hadd sick wat in de Supp brockt un set dor nu ganz nüdlich in. Ick fung denn nu natürlich an tau

mine were running down my cheeks. I followed close on my father's heels as he was pushed out into the street; the Amtshauptmann also followed.

"Herr Amtshauptmann," said my father, "comfort my poor wife. And you Fritz," he said to me, "go and fetch my hat." I ran in, and got the hat, and when I brought it to him, he lifted me up and kissed me and whispered in my ear, "Tell your mother I shall soon be back again."

The procession now set off, two men in front and two behind and, in the middle, Miller Voss, Witte the baker, and my father. As they passed by the engine-house, the door opened, and who should come out, but my uncle, the Rathsherr Herse, also with two men; for the colonel of artillery had had him locked up there on account of the escape of the peasants with their teams.

"Why, Herr Rathsherr, what has happened to you?" said my father. "It's for the Fatherland, Herr Burmeister," cried my uncle Herse, "I entered into a conspiracy with Mamsell Westphalen; and now the Corsican dragon has got me in his claws; but it really is because of Miller Voss's horse and cart and the stupid old peasants."

They now briefly told each other their stories, and my uncle Herse marched down the street, with his cocked hat and red collar, so majestically that he looked almost as if he were commanding the whole. My uncle Herse was no coward; he was not afraid; he regarded this as a day of the greatest glory to him and, looking as if he had grown a couple of inches taller from the rain during the night, he walked along the Brandenburg road, greeting right and left, Christians and Jews. He winked to the Captain of the Fire Brigade not to betray what he knew; and put his finger to his lips as he passed by Solomon's the Jew as a sign that he was to be silent. And scarcely was he outside the gate when old Stahl, the weaver,

rohren, un as de lütten Drois ehr Tranen drögen deden, lepen min de Backen dal. Ick drängte mi achter minen Vader her, as hei nah de Strat rute schawen würd; ok de Herr Amtshauptmann folgte.

"Herr Amtshauptmann", säd de Oll, "trösten S' min arme Fru! Un du, Fritz", röp hei mit tau, "hal mi minen Haut." Ick lep rin un halte den Haut, un as ick em den bröcht, böhrt hei mi up un gaww mi en Kuß un säd mi in't Uhr: "Segg Mutting, ick wir bald wedder hir."

Nu gung de Tog denn af, twei Mann vör, twei Mann hin'n un in de Midd Möller Voß, Bäcker Witt un min Vader. As sei an dat Sprüttenschur vörbi kemen, gung de Dör up, un wer kamm rut? Min Unkel Hers', ok mit twei Mann, denn den hadd de Kanonen-Oberst vörlöpig dor inspunnen laten von wegen dat Utritschen von de Buren.

"Mein Gott!" säd min Oll, "Herr Ratscherr wat is dat mit Sei?" "För't Vaterland, Herr Burmeister", röp min Unkel Hers'; "ick heww mi mit Mamsell Westphalen in 'ne Verswörung inlaten, un nu hett mi de korsikanische Lindworm in sine Krallen; äwer eigentlich is't wegen Möller Vossen sin Fuhrwark un de ollen slusuhrigen Buren."

Sei vertellten sick nu in'n korten ehr Geschicht, un min Unkel Hers' gung mit sinen Dreimaster un sinen bunten Kragen so statsch de Strat hendal, as kummandiert hei dat Ganze. Min Unkel Hers' was kein Bangbüx, hei fürcht sick nich, hei höll dit för sinen grötsten lhrendag, un as wir hei in de Nacht nah den Regen twei Toll länger schaten, gung hei hoch utgereckt de Bramborgsch Strat entlang un grüßte nah rechts un nah links, nah Juden un Christen, un plinkte den Sprüttenmeister Tröpner mit de Ogen tau, hei süll jo nich verraden, wat hei wüßt, un läd den Finger up den Mund, as hei bi Jud' Salomonnen vörbi gung, taum Teiken, dat hei swigen süll, un knapp was hei ut dat Dur rute, dunn vertellte oll

began telling everybody that the French had taken the Herr Rathsherr with them; they were going to make him a general, but the others would all be hanged.

Wewer Stahlsch allenthalben, den Herrn Ratsherrn hadden de Franzosen mitnamen, sei wollen ut em en General maken; de annern würden äwer woll uphängt warden.

CHAPTER XIII

Why Fritz Sahlmann fell in the mud; why Bank, the shoemaker, got a blow with the butt-end of a musket; why Rathsherr Herse wished to set fire to all the mills in the country; and why the King of Prussia always kept a place at his table for the Rathsherr.

When our prisoners got outside the Brandenburg gate, they marched with their two men in front and two behind, across the bridge, along the Brandenburg lane, for, though called a road it was only a lane, there being in those days no high roads in Mecklenburg, and when they came to the narrow pass leading up to the Windmill hill to which the Stemhagen folk have given the names of, "Killhorse" and "Break-neck," the guard commanded "Halt," for they could go no further.

The whole of the artillery lay in the pass, and had sunk so deep in the mud that, if all the horses of the neighbourhood had been at hand, which they were not, they could not have pulled this heap of misfortune out of it. There lay the French now, and cursed and swore. Labourers were fetched from the town with spades and shovels, and fresh horses were sent for from Juernsdorf and Klaukow, and all the while it rained so heavily that no one could keep a dry thread on his back.

"Neighbour Voss," said baker Witte "what do you say to this rain?"
"Fine weather for late barley," replied the Miller, "if folks have sown any."
"My shirt is wringing wet," said the baker!
"And my boots are filling with water," said the Miller.

"Herr Burmeister, come behind me; my cloak will give you some shelter," said my uncle Herse, and he made himself a little bit broader than nature had already made him. "I am only glad that these 'slaves of the tyrant' will get a wetting through and through."

Dat drütteihnte Kapittel

Worüm Fritz Sahlmann in den Dreck föll, Schauster Bank einen mit den Flintenkolben kreg, de Herr Ratsherr Hers' all de Mählen in den ganzen Lan'n anstecken will, un worüm de König von Preußen för den Herrn Ratsherrn ümmer en Kuwert bereit höllt.

As uns' Gefangen ut dat Bramborgsch Dur kemen, marschierten sei mit ehre zwei Mann hin'n un zwei Mann vörn äwer den Amtsbrink den ollen Bramborgschen Weg entlang – denn Schasseen gaww dat dunn noch nich in Meckelborg –, un as sei in den Hollweg kemen, de den Mählenbarg ruppe gung, den de Stemhäger Börgers den "Pirddod" un ok woll "dat Hals- un Bein-En'n" näumen deden, kummandiert de Wachtmannschaft "Holt!", denn wider gung't abslutenmang nich.

Dat ganze Kanonen-Fuhrwark lagg in den Hollweg un was dor tau Senk drewen, un wenn alle Pird ut Stadt un Amt, de nu nich dor wiren, taum Vörspann bi de Hand west wiren, sei hadden desen Klumpen Unglück nich ut den Leim kregen. Dor seten nu de Franzosen un futerten un ßackerierten. De Daglöhners ut de Stadt un von den Amtsbrink würden mit Hack un Schüpp heranne slept, un frische Pird würden ut dat Ritterschaftlich, ut Jürnsdörp un Klaukow ranne kummandiert, un dorbi regent dat, dat nüms en drögen Faden an'n Liw' behöll.

"Vader Voß", seggt Bäcker Witt, "wat's dit för'n Regen!"
"Schön Weder för'n laten Gasten", seggt oll Voß, "wenn ein all wecken sei't hett." "Ick kann min Hemd all utwringen", seggt de Bäcker. "Un mi lopen bi lütten de Stäwel all vull", seggt de Möller.

"Herr Burmeister, stellen S' sick achter minen Mantel in de Schuling", seggt min Unkel Hers' un makt sick noch en beten breider, as hei von Natur all was, "ick freu' mi man, dat dese Tyrannen-Knechte ok dörch un dörch natt warden."

My father got under the cloak, but said nothing, for something had caught his eye.

Above, on the edge of the narrow pass a group of people were standing: labourers, servants and Stemhagen burghers, who had followed the procession in spite of the rain and bad weather, partly from curiosity and partly from sympathy, and amongst these people Fritz Sahlmann was slipping in and out, telling the whole story first to one and then to another of those who did not yet know it. When my father first caught sight of him, he was standing close by Inspector Braesig of Juernsdorf, who had come on horseback, and had to ride alongside of the French army, lest he should never see his team-horses again.

The Inspector was an old friend of my father's, and my father could clearly see that old Braesig nodded to him and whispered something in Fritz Sahlmann's ear, when the boy told him of the scrape. Fritz Sahlmann now stuck his hands in his trowsers' pockets, and began whistling; whistled himself along the edge; whistled himself down the bank; when nearly at the bottom cleverly caught his foot in the root of an old willow; stumbled quite naturally towards the prisoners; and, when close to my father, fell in the mud as if he could not help it in the least.

My father bent down and raised him up. "Watch the horse," whispered Fritz. He could say no more for he was at once driven off by the French, and he climbed up the bank again.

If, before, my father had paid attention to the movements of the Inspector and the lad, he now did so doubly. He watched old Braesig get down from his horse, crack his riding-whip and give it into Fritz Sahlmann's hand; the boy now began to lead the horse up and down, but always a little lower on the bank, till at last he stood still under a willow-tree as if he were seeking shelter there from the rain. From this place he made a sign to my father,

Min Vader stellte sick achter den Mantel, säd äwer nicks, denn hei hadd wat in't Og fat't.

Baben up de Burd von den Hollweg stunnen allerlei Lüd', Daglöhners un Knechts un Börgers ut Stemhagen, de trotz Regen un Unweder ut Niglichkeit un Mitgefäuhl achter den Tog an gahn wiren, un mang desen Hümpel krop Fritz Sahlmann hen un her un vertellte den einen un den annern, de't noch nich wüßt, den ganzen Hergang von de Sak. As min Oll em gewohr würd, stunn hei grad bi den ollen Inspekter Nicolai ut Jürnsdörp, de tau Pird kamen was un mit de Franzosen riden müßt, dormit sei em sine Hofpird nich för ümmer mitnemen.

De oll Inspekter Nicolai was en sihr gauden Fründ von minen Vader, un as em Fritz Sahlmann sinen Strämel vertellt hadd, kunn min Oll dütlich seihn, wo em de oll Inspekter taunicken ded un den Jungen wat in't Uhr säd. Fritz Sahlmann stek nu de Hän'n in de Tasch un fläut't sick wat un fläut't sick an de Burd heran un fläut't sick de Burd herunner, un as hei binah unnen was, hackt hei mit Geschicklichkeit achter 'n Wörtel von 'ne olle Wid' un snuwvelte ganz natürlich up de Gefangenen los, un as hei dicht bi minen Ollen was, föll hei, as künn't gor nich anners sin, in den Dreck.

Min Vader bückt sick dal un böhrt em tau Höcht. "Passen s' up dat Pird", säd de Jung', würd äwer ok glik von de Franzosen ut den Kreis jagt un klattert de Burd wedder ruppe.

Was min Oll all vördem hallweg upmarksam up den Inspekter un den Jungen, so würd hei dat nu noch mihr. Hei sach, wo de oll Nikolai von't Pird steg, mit sin Ridpitsch klappt un sei Fritz Sahlmannen in de Hand gaww; wo de Jung' nu mit dat Pird an tau ledden fung, ümmer up un dal, äwer ümmer dichter an de Burd, bet hei endlich achter 'ne olle Wid' still höll, as wull hei dor Schutz gegen den Regen säuken. Von hir ut

and my father, who stood under the cover of my uncle Herse's broad back, waved his hat three times as if he were shaking the rain from it.

Presently, a coach-and-four came round the corner where the Brandenburg Lane meets the Ivenack Lane and, in it, sat a general who had been quartered on the Graf of Ivenack the night before. It, too, drove up the pass and, when it came to the place where the transport had stuck fast, some confusion arose amongst the soldiers in getting out of the way, and no sooner did my father observe this, than he flew, as if shot out of a pistol, from behind the Herr Rathsherr's cloak, up the bank on the other side of the coach, to the willow-tree, snatched whip and bridle out of Fritz Sahlmann's hands, jumped on to the horse, and, quick as lightning, was down the hill.

"Feu, feu!" shouted the French; "click, click," went the hammers, but no response came from the old firelocks, for the powder was as wet, as Stahl the weaver's coffee grounds.

For one short instant, it seemed as if the Stemhagen burghers, when they saw their Burmeister riding over hedge and ditch, were going to give him three cheers; and Bank the shoemaker was just beginning "Our Burmeister viv ..." when the butt-end of a French musket applied between his shoulders clearly hinted to him that he had better be off. His example was followed by the others and, in a twinkling, the place was clear of everybody except Inspector Braesig, who had stationed himself against a tree and was smoking a pipe with the greatest calmness.

Now, whether no one had observed that he had come on horseback, or whether the French had distinctly seen that he had had nothing to do with my father's escape, he having stood a long way off from his horse, whatever it was, nothing was said

make he den Ollen en Teiken, un de Oll, de in den Schutz von Ratsherr Hersen sinen breiden Puckel stunn, ded, as wenn he sich dat Water von den Haut schüdden wull, un swenkt em dreimal tau.

'Ne lütte Wil hadd dat wohrt, dunn kamm üm den Ümswang, wo de Ivenacker Weg in de Bramborgsch Landstrat rinne bögt, 'ne grote Kutsch antauführen, dor satt en General in, de de Nacht bi den Ivenacker Grafen in Quartier legen hadd, de führte ok den Hollweg ruppe, un as sei an dat Flag kamm, wo de Transport hacken ded, kamm dor 'ne Unordnung in de Soldaten, sei müßten de Kutsch ut den Weg' gahn, un knapp würd min Oll dat gewohr, dunn flog he, as ut 'ne Pistol schaten, achter den Ratsherr sinen Mantel rute up jennsid von de Kutsch, de Burd tau Höcht, achter de olle Wid', ret Fritz Sahlmannen Pitsch un Tägel ut de Hand, rup up de Mähr un, hest du nich seihn! den Barg hendal.

"Föh! Föh!" schrie'ten de Franzosen, "knack! knack!" säden de Hahns, un "Kasten!" antwurte dat oll Füerslott, denn de Pulwer was so natt as oll Wewer Stahlsch ehr Koffesatz.

En lütten Ogenblick was dat, as de Stemhäger Börgers ehren Burmeister so äwer dat Feld un de Grabens henbösten seggen, as wull'n sei em en lustig Hurrah nahraupen, un Schauster Bank fung all an: "Uns' Herr Burmeister viv...", as em en französchen Flintenkolben tüschen de Schullern set't würd, dat he blot desen Wink tau folgen brukte, üm in de grötste Geschwindigkeit unnen an den Barg antaukamen, de annern folgten denn, un in'n Ümseihn was de Burd leddig bet up den Inspekter Nicolai, de sick an 'ne Wid' lehnt hadd un dor in alle Rauh sin Pip Toback rokete.

Hadd dat nu keiner bemerkt, dat he tau Pird ankamen was, oder hadden de Franzosen utdrücklich seihn, dat he nicks mit den Handel tau dauhn hatt hadd, wil dat he wid von sin Pird afstunn; genau, em würd nicks seggt.

to him.

The other three prisoners, however, got a double guard, and were brought away out of the pass into an open field, and thence, to the old windmill from which the hill took its name, as it was a little drier there. Here they sat back to back on a millstone and talked together.

"It's a good thing for the Burmeister," said old Witte, as he combed his wet hair with his brass comb, "that he has got away, but it's bad for us. We are now like a swarm of bees without a queen. He would have been sure to have got us all off sooner or later."

"Well, neighbour, it can't be helped," said Miller Voss, and he nodded his head to Inspector Braesig who had also taken shelter in the mill.

"Hm! Meister Witte," broke in my uncle Herse, "he is well up in town matters, I don't deny it; but as to war-matters, to what concerns military affairs, why he has never in his life given the least attention to them, and he knows about as much of them as ... as ..."

"As you or I, Herr Rathsherr," said the Miller innocently.

"Miller Voss," said the Rathsherr and he drew himself up, making himself an inch taller, "speak for yourself, if you please, and not for others. What you know of such matters has all been learned since yesterday afternoon; for you and the Amtshauptmann and the Burmeister have brought us into this mess, and, if I had not come to the rescue, Mamsell Westphalen would be sitting here too, with her teeth chattering. What I know, I will soon give you a proof of. Do you know Jahn?"

"Do you mean old Jahn of Peenhaeuser, who mends pots for my wife?"

"Bah! I mean 'Gymnast-Jahn,' who is now in Berlin, the brother-in-law of Kolloffen of Lukow."

De drei äwrigen Gefangen äwer kregen duwwelte Wachen un würden ut den Hollweg up't fri Feld ruppe bröcht un von dor, wil dat doch en beten bet in'n Drögen was, unner de oll Buckmähl, von de de Barg den Namen hett.

Hir seten sei nu Rügg' an Rügg' up en Mählenstein un kalennerten. "För den Burmeister is't gaud", säd oll Witt un kämmt sick dat natte Hor mit den missingschen Kamm achter äwer, "dat hei up so'ne Wis' fri kamen is, äwer för uns is't slimm, denn nu sünd wi as de Immen ahn Wiser. Hei hadd uns doch woll am En'n noch fri kregen."

"Je, Vadder, wat wull dat nich", säd de oll Möller Voß un nickte den Inspekter Nicolai tau, de sick ok unner de Mähl stellen würd.

"Hm!" smet min Unkel Hers' dormang, "Meister Witt, in städtsche Angelegenheiten weit hei Bescheid, dat strid ick em nich af; äwer in Kriegsangelegenheiten, wat dat Militörische anbedrapen deiht, dor hett hei sick sindag' nich üm bekümmert, dor weit hei grad so vel von, as... as..."

"As Sei un ick, Herr Ratscherr", säd oll Möller Voß, ahn sick wider wat dorbi tau denken. "Möller Voß", säd de Herr Ratscherr un richt't sick en Enning höger, "jeder red von sick un nich von den annern. Wat Sei dorvon verstahn, dat weiten Sei sid gistern nahmiddag, denn Sei un de oll Amtshauptmann un de Burmeister hewwen uns in de Sak rinne fidelt, un wenn ick nich dormang kamen wir, denn set oll Mamsell Westphalen hir ok up den Stein un klapperte mit de Tähnen. Wat ick dorvon verstah, dat will ick Sei bald wisen. Kennen Sei Jahnen?"

"Meinen Sei den ollen Jahn von de Peenhüser, de mine Fru de Pött beknütten deiht?" "Ih, wo! Turn-Jahnen mein ick, de up Stun'ns in Berlin is, Kolloffen in Lukow sinen Swager."

"No, I don't know the man."

"Well then, listen. One day this 'Gymnast-Jahn' was walking along the streets of Berlin with a student when they came to the Brandenburg Gate, for the Berliners have got a Brandenburg Gate just as much as the Stemhageners, and he pointed to the place where the Goddess of Victory, which the French had carried off, had formerly stood; and he asked the student what thought came into his head at the sight. 'None.' Smack! he gave him a sound box on the ear."

"That was cool," said the Miller.

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr," said old Witte, "my hand is pretty ready, but ..."

"Let me finish first, will you?" said my uncle Herse. "Master Good-for-nothing," said Gymnast-Jahn, seeing the student's astonishment, 'that will teach you to think in future. You should have thought on seeing that place that we must get the Goddess of Victory back again from Paris.'"

"Yes but ..." said Witte.

"That's all very well but ..." said the Miller. The Herr Rathsherr however did not let them get possession of the field, but turned to the Miller and said, "Now I ask you, Miller Voss, when you see this mill, what idea comes into your head?"

"Herr Rathsherr," said the Miller, and he got up and stood a little distance off, "I hope you don't mean to treat me in that manner?"

"I only ask you, Miller Voss, what idea comes into your head?"

"Well," said the Miller, "what idea ought to come? I think it's a rusty old thing, and that, in Spring, it ought to have new sails; and that, if the stones above are no better than these down here, the Stemhagen folk must get a devilish lot of sand along with their flour."

"And you're right there, neighbour," said the baker.

"And he's wrong there!" cried my uncle

"Ne, de Mann is mi nich bekannt."

"Na, denn hüren S'. Des' Turnjahn geiht mal mit en Studenten in Berlin de Strat entlang un kümmt nah't Bramborgsch Dur, denn de Berliner hewwen ebensogaud en Bramborgsch Dur as wi Stemhäger – un wis't dor baben ruppe, wo de Sigsgöttin süs stahn hett, de de Franzosen mitnamen hewwen, un fröggt den Studenten, wat hei sick dorbi denken deiht. Nicks, seggt de. Swabb! haut hei em an den Hals."

"Dat was drist", seggt Möller Voß.

"Ja, Herr Ratsherr", seggt oll Witt, "mi sitt de oll Hand ok verdeuwelt los, äwer..."

"So lat't mi doch utvertellen!" seggt min Unkel Hers'. "Musche Nüdling, säd Turnjahn tau den Studenten, as de sick äwer de Mulschell stark verstutzen ded, dit is en Denzettel för't Nicksdenken. Du haddst di dorbi denken müßt, dat wi de Sigsgöttin uns ut Paris wedder halen möten."

"Ja, äwerst...", seggt Witt. "Dat's denn doch, äwerst...", seggt de Möller. De Herr Ratsherr let sei äwer nich tau Wurd kamen un wen'nt sick an den Möller: "Nu frag ick Sei, Möller Voß, wenn Sei sick dese Mähl so anseihn, wat denken Sei sick dorbi?"

"Herr Ratsherr", seggt Möller Voß un steiht up un stellt sick en beten ut de Firn, "Herr Ratsherr, Sei warden mi doch nich so traktieren?" "Ick frag blot, Möller Voß, wat denken Sei sick dorbi?"

"Je", seggt de Möller un kickt de Mähl in de Höcht, "wat sall ick mi dorbi denken? Ick denk, dat dat 'ne olle Huk is un dat sei äwer Frühjoht nige Flägel hewwen möt un dat, wenn de Stein baben nich beter sünd as de, de hir unnen liggt, de Stemhäger verdeuwelt velen Sand mit ehr Mehl verzehren möten."

"Un dorin hest du recht, Vadder", seggt de Bäcker. "Un dorin hett hei unrecht", röppt min Unkel Hers', "wenn hei richtig

Herse. "If he had answered properly he would have said that it must be set fire to. And it will be set fire to; all the mills in the whole country must be set fire to." And he stood up and walked, with long strides round about the mill-stones.

"Lord save us!" said Miller Voss. "Who is to do this wickedness?"

"I," said my uncle Herse, and he slapped himself on the breast and went nearer to the two, who wondered what could be coming next, and said, in a low voice: "When the Landsturm rises, we must set fire to all the mills as a signal; that's called a beacon, and the best proof you know nothing about war-matters is, that you don't even know what a beacon means."

"Herr Rathsherr," said Miller Voss, "it's all the same to me whether it's a beacon or a deacon, but, whoever sets fire to my water-mill, had better look out."

"Watermill? Windmills I mean. Miller Voss; who ever said anything about watermills? Watermills lie in the ground and don't burn. And now, I ask you, has the Burmeister as much knowledge and courage to act in time of war as I have?"

"He's never said he would set mills on fire," said the baker, and looked at the Herr Rathsherr rather doubtfully as if he did not quite know whether he was in fun or earnest.

"My dear Witte, you look at me like a cow at a new gate. You are, no doubt astonished and thinking what does a Stemhagen Rathsherr like me, know of war and stratagems? My dear Witte, you knead your dough with your hands, in the baking-trough; I knead mine in my head by thought. If I were where I ought to be, I should be in the presence of the King of Prussia, talking with the man.

'Your Majesty,' I should say, 'you are rather in difficulties, I think?'

'That I am, Herr Rathsherr,' he would say, 'money is devilish scarce just now.'

antwort't hadd, denn hadd hei seggen müßt: sei möt anstickt warden. Un sei ward anstickt warden; all de Mählen in'n ganzen Lan'n möten anstickt warden." Un dormit stunn hei up un gung mit groten Schritten üm den Mählenstein herüm.

"Gott sall uns bewohren!" seggt Möller Voß, "wer sall dese Schanddaht utäuwen?" "Ick!" säd min Unkel Hers' un slog sick för de Bost un gung neger an de beiden ran, de gor nich wüßten, wo ehr geschach, un flustert ehr tau: "Wenn de Landstorm losbreckt, denn stek wi all de Mählen as Füerteiken an; en Fanal nennt einer dat, un de beste Bewis, dat ji nicks von den Krig verstaht, is, dat ji nich mal weit't, wat en Fanal is."

"Herr Ratscherr", seggt Möller Voß, "t is mi ganz egal, ob dat en Fanal oder en Kanal oder sü's en annern Aal is; wer mi min Watermühl ansteckt, de kann sick up wat gefaßt maken."

"Buckmählen, Windmählen mein ick, Möller Voß; wer seggt denn von Watermählen? Watermählen liggen in de Grund un brennen nich. Un nu frag ick jug, hett de Burmeister woll de Kenntnis un de Kurasch', in Krigstiden so tau handeln as ick?"

"Dat hei Mählen anstecken will, hett hei nich seggt", säd de Bäcker un kek den Herrn Ratscherr en beten sihr ungewiß an, as wenn hei nich wüßt, ob dat Ernst oder Spaß sin süll.

"Min leiw' Witt, Sei kiken mi an as de Kauh dat nige Dur; Sei wunnern sick äwer mi un denken: Wat will so'n Stemhäger Ratscherr? Wat weit de von Krigskunst? Min leiw' Witt, Sei kneden Ehren Deig mit de Füst in'n Backeltrog, ick kned minen mit Äwerlegung in'n Kopp. Wenn ick henstellt wir, wo ick henhürt, denn stünn ick vör'n König von Preußen un redt mit den Mann. 'Majestät', säd ick, 'sünd woll en beten sihr in Verlegenheit?'

'Wat wull ick nich, Herr Ratscherr', seggt hei, 'dat Geld is mi up Stun'ns hellschen knapp.'

'Nothing else?' I say. 'That's a mere trifle. Only give me full power to do what I like,' licentia poetica, that is called in Latin, Miller Voss, 'and a regiment of Grenadier Guards.'

'You shall have them, my dear Rathsherr,' says the King; and I have all the Jews from the whole of Prussia assembled in the palace-yard at Berlin. I surround the palace with my grenadiers, place myself at the head of a company and march with them into the palace-yard. 'Are you all there?' I ask the Jews.

'Yes,' say they. 'Now, are you willing,' I say to them, 'to sacrifice the half of your possessions on the altar of the Fatherland?'

'We can't do that,' says one, 'for we should be ruined.'

'Will you, or will you not?' I ask. I give the word of command 'Attention.'

'Herr Rathsherr,' says another, 'take a quarter.'

'Not a groschen less than half,' say I; 'Make ready!'

'We will!' scream the Jews, 'Good,' say I, 'then let each one go singly up to the Presence Chamber where his Majesty is sitting on the Throne, and let each one lay his money on the steps at his feet.'

When they have all been up, I go. 'Well,' I say, 'how is it now your Majesty.'

'Capital, my dear Herr Rathsherr,' says he, 'would that the other business were going as well.'

'We'll soon manage it,' say I; 'only give me twenty regiments or so of infantry, ten of cavalry and as much artillery as you have by you.'

'You shall have them,' says the King. 'Good,' say I, and march off with my soldiers away through field and flood, my flanks always covered. I throw myself upon Hamburg, and surprise the Prince of Eckmuehl; he is brought before me. 'Build

'Wider nicks?' segg ick. 'Dat's Kleinigkeit! Gewen S' mi blot 'ne Vullmacht, dat ick dauhn kann, wat ick will' – licentia poetica heit dat up Latinsch, Möller Voß, 'un ein Regiment Garde-Granedier.'

'De sälen Sei hewwen, min leiw' Herr Ratscherr', seggt de König, un ick lat de ganze Judenschaft ut all sinen Staaten up den Sloßhof in Berlin tausamen kamen, beset't dat Sloß mit min Gardegranedier un stell mi an de Spitz von ein Kumpani un marschier dormit in den Sloßhof. 'Sid ji nu all dor?' frag ick de Juden.

'Ja', seggen sei. 'Will'n ji nu friwillig', segg ick tau de Juden, 'de Hälft von jug Vermägen up den Altor des Vaterlandes opfern?'

'Dat kän' wi nich', seggt de ein, 'denn sünd wir rungeniert.'

'Will'n ji, oder will'n ji nich?' frag ick. 'Achtung!' kummandier ick.

'Herr Ratscherr', seggt en anner, 'nemen S' en Viertel.'

'Keinen Gröschen unner de Hälft', segg ick. 'Macht euch fertig!'

'Wi will'n jo!' schrigen de Juden. 'Schön!' segg ick. 'Denn gah nu jeder einzeln ruppe nah den witten Saal, dor sitt des Königs Majestät up den Thron, un dor legg ein jeder sin Geld vor die Stufen des Thrones.'

Wenn sei all ruppe west sünd, gah ick ok rup. 'Na', segg ick, 'Majestät, wo's 't nu?' 'Wunderschön, min leiw' Herr Ratscherr!' seggt hei. 'Wenn't anner all so wir!'

'Dat will wi woll krigen!' segg ick. 'Gewen S' mi blot en Stückener twintig Regimente Infanterie, teihn Regimente Kavallerie un so vel Kanonen, as Sei up Städ's grad missen känen.'

'De sälen Sei hewwen', seggt de König. 'Schön!' segg ick un marschier mit min Soldaten af, ümmer dörch Wischen un Bräuker un jung' Dannenschonungen, Flanken stets gedeckt. Ick smit mi up Hamborg; den Prinzen Eckmühl äwerfall

a good high gallows,' say I.

'Mercy,' says he.

'No mercy,' say I; 'this is for trying to become Duke of Mecklenburg.'"

"In Heaven's name, Herr Rathsherr," said Miller Voss, "don't talk like that; just think if those fellows were to understand you."

"That would be the very Devil!" said my uncle Herse, and he looked at the Frenchmen one after another, but, when he saw that they were paying no heed to him, he said, "You're an old coward. Miller Voss, the fellows cannot understand Platt-Deutsch; Well, so I have him hanged, and march, to the left, into Hanover, and fall on the rear of the Corsican, you know whom I mean.

You must always fall upon the enemy's rear, that is the chief thing, everything else is rubbish. A tremendous battle! Fifteen thousand prisoners! He sends me a trumpeter: 'A truce.'

'No good,' say I, 'we have not come here to play.'

'Peace,' he sends me word.

'Good,' say I; 'Rheinland and Westphalia, the whole of Alsatia and three-fourths of Lothringen;'

'I can't,' says he, 'my brother must live.' Forward then again! I march to the right and quiet Belgium and Holland; all at once I wheel to the left.

'The Devil take it!' says he. 'Here's that confounded Rathsherr again in my rear.'

'First regiment of Grenadiers, charge!' I command; the battery is taken. 'Second regiment of Hussars to the front!' He ventures too far forward with his staff. Swoop, the Hussars come down upon him.

'Here is my sword,' says he.

'Good,' say I, 'now come along with me.

ick, hei ward vör mi bröcht. 'Bugt mi mal en rechten hogen Galgen!' segg ick.

'Gnade!' seggt hei.

'Nicks dor', segg ick, 'von Gnad!' Dat's dorför, dat du hest Herzog von Meckelborg warden wullt.'"

"Ick bidd Sei üm Gottes willen, Herr Ratsherr", seggt Möller Voß, "reden S' sick un uns nich üm den Hals, bedenken S' blot, wenn de Kirls dorvon wat verstün'n."

"Dat wir der Deuvel!" säd min Unkel Hers' un kek de Franzosen de Reih lang an, doch as hei sach, dat sei nich Achtung up em gewen, säd hei: "Sei sünd 'ne olle Bangbüx, Möller Voß. De Kirls verstahn kein Plattdütsch. – Also: ick häng em up un treck mi linksch in't Hannöwersch rin un fall em sülwst, den Korsikan..."

Na, ji weit't, wen ick mein, in den Rüggen. Dat anner is all dumm Tüg; in'n Rüggen fallen is de Hauptsak. 'ne grote Slacht! Föfteihndusend Gefangen! Hei schickt mi 'n Trumpeter: 'Waffenstillstand!'

'Kann nicks ut warden', segg ick, 'taum Spaß sünd wi nich hir.'

'Freden!' lett hei mi seggen.

'Schön!' segg ick, 'Rheinland un Westfalen, ganz Elsaß un dreiviertel Lothringen.'

'Kann ick nich!' seggt hei, 'min Brauder möt dorvon lewen.' Also wedder vörwarts! Ick treck mi rechtsch un beruhig' Bellingen un Holland, mit einmal swenk ick linksch in.

'Weit der Deuvel!' seggt hei, 'dor hett dat Unglück den ßackermentschen Ratsherrn wedder up min Achtersid!'

'Erstes Granadier-Regiment, fällt's Bajonett!' kummandier ick; de Batteri ward namen. 'Zweites Husaren-Regiment vor!' Hei wagt sick mit sinen Generalstab tau wid vör, wupp! hewwen em de Husoren bi de Slafitten.

'Hir is min Degen!' seggt hei.

'Schön!' segg ick. 'Nu kamen S' man mit.

And you, my boys, can now go home again, the war is at an end.'

I now lead him in chains to the foot of the Throne. 'Your Majesty of Prussia, here he is.'

'Herr Rathsherr,' says the King, 'ask some favour.'

'Your Majesty,' say I, 'I have no children, but, if you wish to do something for me, give my wife a little pension when I leave this life. Otherwise, I wish for nothing but to retire to my former position of Stemhagen Rathsherr.'

'As you like,' says the King; 'but remember that whenever you may happen to come to Berlin, a place will be kept for you at my table.'

I make my bow, say 'Good day,' and go back again to Stemhagen."

"That's fine of you," said baker Witte. "But what is the good to us of all this grand military art? This time the thing has begun at the wrong end; you haven't got him, he has got you, and us into the bargain; and, if anyone is to be brought bound to the foot of the throne, it will be us. After all, the Burmeister was the cleverest of us, for he's now on the other side of the hill, and sitting in a dry place, and our teeth are chattering with cold like nuts in a bag."

"Pooh, pooh!" said my uncle Herse, "what art is there in running away before everyone's eyes? No, my advice is that we should do it more delicately with a stratagem of war. Let us each think of one, and then we can choose the best."

The Miller had not spoken a word all this time. He was looking, as well as the rain would let him, down the hill-side to the road. "Good God!" he said at last. "Why it's sheer impossible; why it's my Fieka and Joe Voss's Heinrich, who are coming along in that waggon!" And so it was.

Un ji, Kinnings, kânt nu ruhig nah Hus gahn; de Sak is vörbi.'

Ick bring em nu gefesselt an die Stufen des Thrones: 'Majestät von Preußen, hir is'e!'

'Herr Ratscherr', seggt de König, 'bidden S' sick 'ne Gnad ut.'

'Majestät', segg ick, 'Kinner heww ick nich, will'n Sei äwer wat äwriges an mi dauhn, denn gewen S' min Fru, wenn ick ut de Welt gahn süll, 'ne lütte Pangensionierung. In'n äwrigen wünsch ick in'n Privatstand as Stemhäger Ratscherr wedder taurügg tau treden.'

'As Sei will'n', seggt de König. 'Dat marken S' sick äwer: wenn Sei mal nah Berlin kamen süllen, en Kuwert is ümmer för Sei deckt.'

Ick mak min Verbeugung: 'Adjüs!' un gah wedder nah Stemhagen."

"Dat's brav von Sei!" seggt Bäcker Witt. "Äwerst wat helpt uns de ganze schöne Krigskunst? De Sak is ditmal up't verkiht En'n tau Welt kamen: Sei hewwen em nich, hei hett Sei un uns dortau, un wenn weck gefesselt an die Stufen des Thrones brecht warden, denn sünd wi dat. Ick glöw, de Burmeister is doch woll de Kläukst von uns west, denn de is nu all äwer alle Barg un sitt in den Drögen, un uns klappern de Tähnen in'n Mund, as wenn en Büdel mit Hasselnät schüdd't ward."

"Ach, wat!" säd min Unkel Hers', "dat's kein Kunst, so vör alle sichtlichen Ogen wegtauajagen, ne, min Rat is, wi maken't finer, mit 'ne Krigslist; also mak sick en jeder en por Krigslisten t'recht, den kân wi jo nahsten de best dorvon utsäuken."

De oll Möller Voß hadd wildeß kein Wurd spraken, hei kek, so gaud as dat in den Regen gung, den Barg hendal nah de Landstrat. "Mein Gott!" säd hei endlich, "dat is jo woll rein unmöglich! Dat is jo woll min Fiken un Jochen Vossen sin Hinrich, de dor antauführen kamen?" Un so was't.

CHAPTER XIV

How the Herr Amtshauptmann stood beside my Mother with an empty bowl in his hand; what Fieka and Heinrich had come for; and how Fritz Sahlmann lost his chance of glory.

This was the saddest day that I can remember in all my childhood. What a scene it was in my mother's room!

My mother had, for some time past, seen clearly that things were going on which should not be; but, though she had a very excitable mind and a lively imagination, which brought everything in a strong light before her eyes, pain and illness had accustomed her to restrain her feelings and to bear with resignation whatever might come. But uncertainty at a time like that was hard to bear, and what made it still harder was, that it was impossible to procure certainty. When she heard my father's raised voice in the hall, and the violent tone of the adjutant, and the colonel's short, sharp commands, she guessed what was happening without being able to understand what was said. She became alarmed; and not a soul was near her, not a soul attended to her bell. Her helpless state, and the bitter sense that she could be of no use, that she did not stand there where she ought to stand, at my father's side, overcame her; and when the Amtshauptmann came back into her room she had fainted, and was lying as if dead in her armchair.

He had entered with the most consoling passage he could think of from Marcus Aurelius on his lips; but, as soon as he saw the state my mother was in, he forgot everything he had meant to say, and began to cry out, "Why, what is the matter, my friend? What is the matter? What say you, eh?"

The old man, who did not usually lose his presence of mind, was altogether confused and bewildered, and had retained only an indistinct feeling that something must be done; and when I

Dat virteihnte Kapittel

Worüm de Herr Amtshauptmann mit 'ne leddige Waschschöttel vör min Mutting stunn. Wat Fiken un Hinrich wullen; un worüm Fritz Sahlmann mit sine Red nich tau Schick kamm.

De trurigste Dag in mine Jugendtid, up den ick mi tau besinnen weit, was des'. Leiwer Gott! wo sach dat in min Mutting ehr Stuw' ut!

Min Mutting hadd woll all lang' markt, dat wat vorgüng, wat nich sin süll, un wenn sei ok en sihr beweglichen Geist hadd un 'ne lewige Vörstellung, de ehr allens glik vör de Ogen bröcht un in't Licht stellt, so hadden doch Krankheit un Leid sei doran gewennt, sick tau faten, un, wat kamen müßt, in Ergewung tau dragen; äwer Ungewißheit is in so'ne Lag' sihr slimm, un wat noch slimmer is, dat is de Unmöglichkeit, sick Gewißheit tau verschaffen. Als sei de lude Red' von minen Vater up de Dehl hüren ded un de heftigen Würd' von den Franzosen un den korten Befehl von den Obersten, ahnt sei, wat dor geschach, ahn dat sei de Würd' verstunn; de Angst steg in ehr up, un kein Minsch was üm ehr, kein Minsch hürt up ehr Klingeln. Ehre hülplöse Lag' un dat bittere Gefäuhl, dat sei nich helpen künn, dat sei nich dor stünn, wo sei stahn müßt, an de Sid von minen Vater, äwernemen sei, un as de oll Amtshauptmann in de Stuw' rinne kamm, was sei beswimt un lagg för dod in ihren Krankenstaul.

De oll Herr was mit den schönsten Trostspruch ut Mark Aurelen up de Lippen rinne treden; äwer as hei den Taustand gewohr würd, föll hei ganz ut de Rull un röp ein äwer't anner Mal: "Ne, wat denn? Min Herzenskindting! Wat is Sei? Wat is Sei?"

De oll Herr, de süs nich ut de Fatung tau bringen was, was mit sin Gedanken rein ut Rick un Schick geraden, un hei hadd blot dat düstre Gefäuhl behollen, dat hir wat gescheihn müßt, un as ick mit de

rushed in, with the tears streaming down my cheeks, he was standing before my mother with a bowl in his hand with no water in it, and saying, "This is a very strange thing!"

At last my screams brought the Frau Amtshauptmann and Mamsell Westphalen to the rescue. I had thrown myself on my mother's neck, and cried over and over again, "Mother, dearest mother, he will come back; he told me to tell you he should soon be back again." At last, at last her consciousness returned; and, if we had been anxious before, we were miserable now.

To console is the easiest thing in the world for those who are satisfied with offering the stereotyped phrases of politeness to one in sorrow; but for anyone whose heart is overflowing with love, which he longs to pour into another's sorrowing heart, and who at the same time feels that all the love he can give is insufficient to awaken fresh hopes in this poor heart, it is most difficult, and becomes indeed impossible if he does not believe in the words of comfort which he utters. Heaven be praised! This was not the case here. The most faithful of friends stood by us, and the old Herr and his wife by degrees succeeded in quieting my mother's grief; and when she was recovered enough to understand his reasons, there was no lack of them, for if there was anyone in the world who had reasons to give for everything, it was the Amtshauptmann, and he did not spare them to-day.

Reasons were of little use to me; but, all the same, I was comforted before my mother was. Mamsell Westphalen had taken me on her lap, and, while the tears were rolling down my face, she gave me delightful descriptions of the apples I should have, and this did its work. A child's heart is soon consoled; the tree requires heavy rain, but a drop of dew refreshes the blade of grass.

The first burst of grief was over, when

hellen Tranen in de Ogen rinne störten ded, stunn hei mit 'ne Waschschöttel, wo kein Water in was, vör min Mutting un röp: "Dies ist doch eine sehr sonderbare Sache!"

Endlich kamm up min Schrigen de Fru Amtshauptmannen un Mamsell Westphalen tau Hülp. Ick hadd mi an min Mutting ran smeten un röp ein äwer't anner Mal: "Mutting, min leiw' Mutting, hei kümmt wedder; ick sall di seggen, hei wir bald wedder hir!" Endlich, endlich kam sei tau Besinnung, un was dat irst ängstlich west, so würd dat nu en Jammer.

Trösten is dat lichtste Geschäft för den, de mit Redensorten baben den Harten weg en Trurigen einen Bewis von sin Höflichkeit gewen will; äwer't is dat swönnste Geschäft, wenn einer sin Hart, bet an den Rand vull Leiw', in en anner bedürftig Hart utgeiten müggt un dorbi fäuhlt, dat all de Leiw', de man beiden kann, nich utreikt, üm dat arme Hart tau nige Hoffnung lebendig tau maken; un dit swor Geschäft ward tau 'ne Unmöglichkeit, wenn einer an sinen eigenen Trost nich glöwt. Gott Lob un Dank! Dit was hir nich de Fall. De tru'sten Harten stunnen uns bi, un den ollen Herrn un sine gaude Fru gelung dat bi Lütten, min Mutting in ehren Jammer Rauh tau verschaffen, un as sei man irst för Grün'n taugänglich was, dunn süll't nich doran fehlen, denn hadd ein Minsch up de Welt Grün'n, denn hadd sei de oll Herr Amtshauptmann, un hüt sport hei sei nich.

Bi mi verslogen de Grün'n weniger, äwer ick was dorüm doch noch ihre tröst't as min Mutting. Mi hadd Mamsell Westphalen up den Schot namen, un währenddeß, dat ehr de Tranen ut de Ogen schoten, makt sei mi de prächtigsten Utsichten up de schönsten Appel, un dat ded't bi mi; en Kinnerhart is bald tröst't, un verlangt en Bom en düchtigen Regen, so ward en Grashalm all nah en Daudruppen frisch.

As de irste Jammer vöräwer was, kamm

Luth, the town-messenger, came in, and told the Herr Amtshauptmann that Miller Voss's Fieka was outside, and wished to speak a few words to him.

"My friend," said the old Herr, "she is a good girl, I know it for certain; and she is no doubt anxious about her father. We may as well have her here, I think, and see what she wants. What says Horace? 'Est solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum.' I will translate that to you by-and-bye. Luth, go and fetch the girl."

Fieka came in. She was a slender little damsel, but her fresh round cheeks were health itself, and though just now her eyes looked sad, yet you could see that they would be able to laugh merrily enough at other times. Her whole appearance showed that she was a resolute girl, who would not be easily turned aside from her purpose; and her true simple face plainly told that she would engage in no undertaking which she did not feel to be right. She had tied a coloured handkerchief over her cap to keep it safe from the rain, and looked so neat in her red and green striped woollen petticoat as she stood there before the old Herr, that he could not help turning to his wife and saying half aloud, "Eh, Neiting, what say you?"

When Fieka had made her curtsy to the Amtshauptmann, she went round towards the Frau Amtshauptmann and my mother and Mamsell Westphalen, and made a curtsy to each of them, and shook hands with them, according to the fashion of those good old times.

"Herr Amtshauptmann," said Fieka, "my father and the neighbours have told me so much good of you that I have made bold to come to you in my trouble."

"What have you got on your mind, then, my daughter?" asked the old Herr kindly, and he laid his hand on her head. "What say you, eh?"

de Stadtdeiner Luth herinne un säd den Herrn Amtshauptmann, Möller Vossen sin Fiken stünn buten un wull em en por Würd' spreken.

"Min Herzenskindting", säd de oll Herr, "dat is en braves Mäten, ick weit dat gewiß, un sei ward ok üm ehren Vater in Ängsten sin; ick denk, wi hüren hir, wat dat arme Worm will. Wo seggt Horaz: est solamen miseris socios habuisse malorum. Ick äwersett Sei dat nahsten. Luth, min leiw' Mann, lat Hei dat Mäten rinne kamen."

Fiken kamm herin. Sei was 'ne lütte, finbugte Dirn, äwer de Gesundheit lagg up ehre frischen Backen, un wenn ehr Ogen up Stun'ns ok trurig vör sick hen seggen, so kunn em doch seihn, dat sei tau Tiden lustig in de Welt rinne lachen kunnen. Ehr ganz Utseihn wiste, dat sei in allen Dingen en bedröplich Mäten was, wat sick nich von ehr Unnernemen afwennig maken let, un up ehr truhartig Gesicht was tau lesen, dat sei sick nich mit een Unnernemen afgaww, wenn sei't nich für recht inseihn hadd. Sei hadd äwer ehr dreistückig Mütz wegen den Regen en rodes Dauk bunnen un stunn so sauber in ehren rod- un gräunstripigen wullintlin'n Rock vör den ollen Herrn, dat hei sick nah sin Fru ümwente un halwlud säd: "Ne, wat denn, Neiting?"

As Fiken em ehren Knix makt hadd, gung sei an de Frau Amtshauptmannen un min Mutting un Mamsell Westphalen ranne un makte ehr ok einen un gaww ehr de Hand, so wull dat de oll truhartige Tid.

"Herr Amtshauptmann", säd Fiken, "min Vater un uns' Buren hewwen ümmer vel Gauds von Sei vertellt, un dorüm bün ick drist naug, in min Drangsal tau Sei tau kamen."

"Wat haddst du denn woll up dinen Harten, min Döchting?" frog de oll Herr fründlich un läd ehr de Hand up den Kopp. "Ne, wat denn?"

"My father is innocent," she replied, looking up in his face with perfect trust. "That he is innocent I know, my child," said he, and he nodded his head.

"And so I've no fear but he'll be set free soon," continued Fieka. "Hm? Yes. That's to say it would be no more than right. But, in these days, might counts as right; and if it's difficult, in quiet times and with the best intentions, to pick out the innocent from the guilty, it is harder still in war-time, especially if the good intentions are lacking."

"I am not at all afraid," said Fieka quickly, "he must be set free, and that soon. But my father is an old man, something might happen to him, and there would be nobody about him then; so I want to go and be near him."

"My daughter," said the old Herr, shaking his head, "you are young, and soldiers are rough hosts. It would be no comfort to your father to know you were in their company."

"I am not going alone, Herr; my cousin Heinrich, Joe Voss's son, is going with me; and we thought if you would give us some writing, as a sort of pass, nothing would happen to us."

"A pass?" said the Amtshauptmann, shaking his head still more seriously. "Much those fellows will heed a pass from a Stemhagen Amtshauptmann! And yet, my friend," he added, turning to my mother, "if I were to give her a letter to Colonel von Toll, what say you, eh? He could not be the son of Renuus von Toll if he were to leave this girl without protection. And you say," he added, turning to Fieka, "that your cousin Heinrich is going with you?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann; he is waiting in the hall outside."
"Call him in to me."

"Herr, min Vatting is unschüllig", säd sei wider un kek den Ollen so recht mit Vertrugen in de Ogen. "Dat hei dat is, weit ick, min Kindting", säd de oll Herr un nickte mit den Kopp.

"Un dorüm heww ick ok kein Angst, dat hei nich bald fri kamen möt", säd Fiken. "Hm! Ja! Dat heit, dat wir nich mihr as recht. Äwer in de jitzige Tid geiht Gewalt vör Recht, un is dat all bi den besten Willen in ruhigen Tiden för den Minschen swor, den Unschülligen von den Schülligen utfinnig tau maken, so is dat in Krigstiden noch swönner, vör allen, wenn de gaude Will fehlt."

"Dorvör heww ick kein Bang'n", föll Fiken rasch in; "fri möt hei kamen, un dat ball. Äwer min Vatting is en ollen Mann, em kann wat taustöten, un denn is keiner üm em rümmer, dorüm wull ick em nah."

"Min Döchting", säd de oll Herr un schüddelt mit den Kopp, "du büst jung, un Soldaten sünd ruge Gäst, dat künn kein Trost för dinen Vader sin, wenn hei di in ehr Gesellschaft wüßt."

"Herr, ick wull ok nich allein mit, min Vedder Hinrich, wat Jochen Vossen sin Sähn is, de wull mit mi, un wi dachten, wenn Sei uns en Schriwen, so as en Schutzbrew, mitgewen, denn künn uns nicks passieren."

"En Schutzbrew?" säd de oll Herr un schüddelt düller mit den Kopp. "Min Döchting, dat Volk ward sick vel an en Schutzbrew von einen Stemhäger Amtshauptmann kihren. Un doch, min Herzenskindting!" un wen't sick an min Mutting, "wenn ick ehr so'n Breiw an den Obersten von Toll mitgew; ne, wat denn? – Neiting, er müßte nicht der Sohn von Renuus von Toll sein, wenn hei dit lütt Mäten ahn Schutz let. – Un du seggst", wen't hei sick wedder an Fiken, "din Vedder Hinrich will mit di?"

"Ja, Herr, hei steiht hir up de Dehl."
"Raup em mal rinne!"
Hinrich kamm rin. Hei was en sturen Kirl,

Heinrich came in. He was a fine fellow, broad in the shoulders and narrow across the hips, with blue eyes and light hair; one of those men whom you may see any day in harvest from six o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock in the evening handling the scythe as lightly as if it were a feather.

"I hear, my son," said the old Herr, "that you wish to go with Fieka?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"And you will protect her, and will not leave her?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann; and I have got my horse and waggon here, and I thought if the French had nothing against it, the prisoners might drive along with Fieka, and I could walk by the side."

"Herr Amtshauptmann!" cried my mother. "Help him to do what he proposes; perhaps it will be the only opportunity I shall have of sending anything to my husband. He was carried off just as he was—and in this weather too!"

"True, true, my friend. Yes, Fieka, I will give you a letter. And, Neiting, the old Miller was also carried off unprovided for; get something for him. My cloak, Mamsell Westphalen, and a nightcap, for I know he wears one. And, my friend," and here he turned once more to my mother, "anyone who is used to wearing a nightcap would very much miss it if he hadn't one."

"Fritz," said the Frau Amtshauptmann to me, "run over to Baker Witte's and see if his daughter would not like to send something to him."

Now began the packing. In a few minutes it was done; and, just as everything was in the cart, Strüwingken appeared, carrying an immense basket of milk-rolls and sausages. Fieka had now taken her seat in the waggon, and the Herr Amtshauptmann had finished his letter; as he gave it to Fieka he called Heinrich aside, and said to him, "So you are Joe Voss's son, who has been so long at law

breid in de Schullern un rank in de Hüften, blag von Ogen un hell von Hor; von de Ort, de einer bi uns in de Austtid von morgens Klock söß bet abends Klock nägen den Seißenbom regieren süht, as wir't 'ne Schriwfedder, womit en jeder sin Dagwark verteiken müßt.

"Un du, min Sähn", säd de oll Herr, "du wullst mit Fiken gahn?"

"Ja, Herr."

"Un du wullst ehr Schutz sin un wullst sei nich verlaten?"

"Ja, Herr! Un ick heww min Pird un Wag' hir, un ick dacht so. wenn dat Franzosentüg nicks dorwedder hadd, kün'n jo de Gefangen mit Fiken führen, un ick güng denn biher."

"Herr Amtshauptmann", röp min Mutting, "helpen S' em tau sin Vörnemen, dit is möglicher Wis' de einzigste Gelegenheit, dat ick minen Mann dat Notwendigste nahschicken kann. Hei is jo, as hei gung un stunn, up de Strat reten worden, un denn in dit Weder!"

"Wohr, min Herzenskindting, wohr! Ja, ick will di den Breiw schriwen, Fiken. Un, Neiting, de oll Möller is ok ahn Kledaschen wegkamen, sorg dorför. Minen Mantel, Mamsell Westphalen, un ok 'ne Slapmütz, denn ick weit, hei dröggt weck. Un, min Herzenskindting", säd hei tau min Mutting, "wer sick einmal doran gewennt hett, för den is dat slimm, wenn hei sei missen sall."

"Fritz", säd Fru Amtshauptmannen tau mi, "lop räwer nah Bäcker Witt's, ob de Strüwingken ehren Vader nich ok wat mitschicken wull."

Nu gang dat denn an't Packen; in'n Ümseihn was dat besorgt, un as allens up den Wagen lagg, kamm de Strüwingken noch mit en groten Korw vull Botterpamel un Mettwust antaudragen. Fiken satt all up den Wagen, de Herr Amtshauptmann hadd den Breiw farig, un as hei'n Fiken gewen hadd, röp hei Hinrichen bi Sid un säd: "Also du büst Jochen Vossen sin Sähn, de mit den

with the Miller?"

"Yes, Herr, but do not take it ill. My father was somewhat obstinate and had set his heart upon it; but it's about that I came over here. I have already spoken of it to the Miller and to Fieka, and if I have my way it will all be settled soon."

"My son," said the Amtshauptmann, and shook him by the hand, "I will tell you something; you please me. But I will tell you something else; you have taken upon yourself to protect the Miller's Fieka. If you let a hair of her head be touched, never dare to appear before my eyes again." So saying he turned round, and went into my mother's room again, and said to her, "A splendid girl that, my friend!"

"What did the Herr Amtshauptmann say to you?" asked Fieka after Heinrich had seated himself, and they had set off.

"Oh, nothing particular," said Heinrich. "But you will catch cold," he added wrapping her up in the old Herr's cloak, and then driving rapidly down the street.

They had not gone far, when they were met by the Stenhagen folks who had been following the French and the prisoners. Fritz Sahlmann, of course, was foremost of all. What a picture he looked! Just as if he had been working all day long in brick-maker's clay.

"The Burmeister has escaped," he shouted out to them down the street. "The Burmeister has made off across the country on old Braesig's brown mare. I gave him the signal and off he went."

"What are you talking about, boy?" said the shoemaker's wife, who was looking out over her half door watching for her husband.

"Yes, neighbour," said Troepner the captain of the fire-brigade who now approached; "the Burmeister's off, but they have given your husband something to remember. You had better make him a

Möller so lang in'n Prozeß legen hett?"

"Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann, nemen S' 't nich äwel, äwer min Vater was ok wat steinpöttig un hadd sick dorup set't; äwer ick bün derowegen herkamen un heww ok mit den Möller all redt un nahsten ok mit Fiken, un wenn't nah minen Willen geiht, denn kümmt de Sak in de Reih."

"Min Sähn", säd de oll Herr un gaww em de Hand un schüddelt s', "irstens will 'ck di wat seggen: du geföllst mi. Äwer tweitens will ick di ok watt seggen: du hest di tau den Möller sin Fiken ehren Schutz upsmeten, lettst du mi dat Mäten en Hor krümmen, denn kumm mi nich wedder unner de Ogen." Dormit dreiht hei sick üm, gung in min Mutting ehr Stuw' un säd: "En prächtiges Mädchen, min Herzenskindting!"

"Wat säd de Herr Amtshauptmann tau di?" frog Fiken, as Hinrich an ehre Sid satt un dat Fuhrwark furt gung. "Oh, hei säd man so", säd Hinrich. "Äwerst du wardst di verküllen!" set't hei hentau un wickelt sei in den ollen Herrn sinen Mantel un führt grelling de Strat dal.

As sei knapp ut den Dur wiren, kemen ehr de Stenhäger Lüd' entgegen, de noch 'ne Wil mit de Franzosen un de Gefangen gahn wiren; vöran natürlich Fritz Sahlmann. Wo sach de Jung' ut! As hadd hei den Dag äwer in Teigelkuhl un Leimtrad wirkt.

"De Burmeister is utritscht!" röp hei de Strat lang. "De Burmeister is up oll Nicolain sinen Brunen in de Wicken gahn. Ick heww em en Wink gewen, un heidi! was hei."

"Jung', wat redst du?" säd Schauster Banken sin Fru, de äwer de halwe Husdör nah ehren Mann utkek.

"Ja, Nahwersch", säd Sprüttenmeister Tröpner, de nu ranne kamm. "de Burmeister is ehr fläuten gahn; äwer dinen Mann hewwen s' en Denkkettel gewen; kak em man en beten Saffran un

poultice of saffron and rye-flour, and lay it between his shoulders where the Frenchman tickled him with the butt of his musket.”

The news ran through the town like wildfire: “The Burmeister has got out of the hands of the French on Braesig's brown mare;” and Luth burst into my mother's room looking as if Easter and Whitsuntide had fallen on the same day, and he had been ordered to have the pleasure that the Stemhagen folk allowed themselves at these seasons all at once.

“Frau Burmeister,” he cried, “don't be alarmed, Good news, Herr Amtshauptmann; good news Frau Amtshauptmann! Our Herr Burmeister has escaped from the French!”

Heavens! what an uproar followed. My mother trembled from head to foot, the Herr Amtshauptmann forgot his age and position, and seized Luth by the collar and shook him with all his might. “Luth, man, recollect yourself! We are not in a mood for jesting here.”

The Frau Amtshauptmann went up anxiously to my mother. Mamsell Westphalen sat upright and stiffly in her chair and said, “If you will let me say so, Herr Amtshauptmann, he is a clown.”

“Herr Amtshauptmann, Herr Amtshauptmann,” said Luth letting himself be shaken; “you may believe me; Fritz Sahlmann saw it all and told me about it.”

“Fritz Sahlmann? My Fritz Sahlmann?” asked the old Herr, and let Luth go. “It looks like our Fritz Sahlmann, Herr Amtshauptmann,” said Mamsell Westphalen, quietly; “Fritz Sahlmann and truth are as far asunder as the cuckoo and the Seven Stars.”

“Where is the boy?” asked the Amtshauptmann.

Roggenmehl un legg em dat mang de Schullern, wo em de Franzos' mit den Flintenkolben keddeln ded.”

As en Lopfüer gung de Nahrlicht dörch de Stadt: “De Burmeister is up Nicolain sinen Brunen de Franzosen ut de Lappen gahn!” Un de Stadtdeiner Luth ströt't in min Mutting ehr Stuw' herin mit en Gesicht, as wenn de tweede Pingsten- un Oster-Dag up einen Dag follen wir un hei wir dortau set't, dat hei dat Part von Vergnügen, wat an desen Dagen up de ganze Stemhäger Börgerschaft fallen ded, allein geneiten süll.

“Fru Burmeistern!” röp hei, “verfiren S' sick nich! – Herr Amtshauptmann, 't is wat Gauds! 't is wat Gauds, Fru Amtshauptmannen! Mamsell Westphalen, wo is't mäglich! Uns' Herr is de Franzosen utritsch!”

Ach du leiwer Gott, wat würd't för en Upstand! Min Mutting bäwerte an Hän'n un Fäuten, de Herr Amtshauptmann verget sin Öller un sin Stellung, kreg den Stadtdeiner bi'n Kragen un schüddelt em nah Kräften: “Luth, Mann, besinn Hei sick! Uns is hir nich spaßig tau Maud'.”

De Fru Amtshauptmannen gung in Besorgnis an min Mutting ranne, un Mamsell Westphalen satt stur un stiw un säd: “Mit Verlöw tau seggen, Herr Amtshauptmann, hei 's 'n Hanswust!”

“Herr Amtshauptmann, Herr Amtshauptmann!” röp Luth un let sick schüddeln, “glöwen S' mi dat doch tau, Fritz Sahlmann het't jo mit anseihn un hett mi't seggt.”

“Fritz Sahlmann? Min Fritz Sahlmann?” frog de oll Herr un let den Stadtdeiner los. “Herr Amtshauptmann”, säd Mamsell Westphalen ganz ruhig, “as de ein heit, süht de anner ut. Fritz Sahlmann un de Wohrheit kiken sick enanner an as Kukuk un Säbenstirn.”

“Wo is de Jung'?” frog de oll Herr, “Hir buten steiht hei up de Dehl”, säd Luth.

"He is standing outside in the Hall," said Luth.

The old Herr strode with long steps to the door and called out, "Fritz, Fritz Sahlmann, come in here."

Fritz Sahlmann came. Two forces were struggling in his breast, the desire to recount his valorous deeds and the fear of a sound rating on account of his appearance; the one drew him forward and the other held him back; and, at the same time perhaps, one pulled him to the left, and the other to the right, for he came in at the door askew, with his good side first. But he had reckoned without his host, for he had not taken into account that coming in, in this way, his natural centre of gravity, on which he had sat down in the mud, would at once catch the eyes of the Frau Amtshauptmann and Mamsell Westphalen.

"Fritz Sahlmann," asked the old Herr, "what is the meaning of all this?" Fritz Sahlmann who had marched in with a sort of pride, now let his head drop and looked down at his clothes: "Oh, nothing, Herr Amtshauptmann. It's only a little mud."

"Heaven preserve us," cried the Frau Amtshauptmann; "what does the boy look like? Who is ever to get him clean again?" "Hanchen and Corlin must go all over him with the kitchen brooms," said Mamsell Westphalen.

"Boy!" cried the Herr Amtshauptmann; "now tell me at once the pure truth. Has the Burmeister escaped or not?" "Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann," said Fritz, and looked up again; "he's scuttled."

"That's a lie," burst out Mamsell Westphalen; "how can pure truth come from an unclean vessel?" "Proceed, Fritz," said the old Herr. And Fritz proceeded.

It often happens in this world that in seeking to carry off an undue share of

Mit grote Schritten gung de oll Herr nah de Dör un röp rute: "Fritz! Fritz Sahlmann, kumm hir mal rinne!"

Fritz Sahlmann kamm; in sine Bost wiren twee Gewalten: de Lust, sine Heldendahten tau vertellen, un de Furcht vör en natt Johr von wegen sin Utseihn; de ein drew em nah vörwärts, un de anner höll em taurügg, un't müggt jo woll de ein linksch un de anner rechtsch wirken, genaug, hei kamm verschrat in de Dör, mit sin gaud Sid irst, hadd äwer doch sin Reknung falsch äwerslagen, denn hei let dorbi uter acht, dat up dese Wis' sin natürliche Swerpunkt, mit den hei sick in den Hollweg dal set't hadd, de Fru Amtshauptmannen un Mamsell Westphalen alsoglik vör de Ogen kamen müßt.

"Fritz Sahlmann", frog de oll Herr, "wat is dit all?" Fritz Sahlmann, de in'n ganzen mit 'ne Ort von Stolz inrückt was, let den Kopp hängen un kek sin Unnerdeil an: "Ob, nicks, Herr Amtshauptmann! Blot en beten reinen Leim."

"Gott bewohr uns!" röp de Fru Amtshauptmannen, "wo süht de Jung' ut! Wer sall den wedder rein krigen!" "Dör möt Fik un Korlin, jede mit ein stuwen Bessen, äwer", säd Mamsell Westphalen ganz ruhig.

"Jung!", säd de Herr Amtshauptmann, "nu segg mi glick de reine Wohrheit: is de Burmeister flüchtig worden oder nich?" "Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann", säd Fritz un kek wedder tau Höcht, "hei's ehr schappiert."

"Lägen!" smet Mamsell Westphalen verloren dormang. "Wo kann ut so'n unreines Gefäß de reine Wohrheit kamen?" "Vertell, Fritz!" säd de Oll. Un Fritz vertellt.

't kümmt oft vör in de Welt, dat einer tau vele Ihr inauten will un doräwer ok de

honour, people lose even that amount which they really deserve. This happened to Fritz. When he came to his own share in the story he made it so full of details, described the naturalness of his fall so minutely, and made so much of everything, in order to place his deeds in a conspicuous light, that he was still a long way from the end, when Luth came in with the Captain of the Fire-Brigade; and the Herr Amtshauptmann turned to the latter, and said in High German, "Troepner, my man, what do you know of the matter." Troepner felt, from this question being put in High German, that the Herr Amtshauptmann looked upon him as an educated man, and so he determined to behave like one, and replied in as good High German as he could muster, "I saw it from beginning to end."

He now began the whole story over again, entirely left out Fritz Sahlmann's part and concluded with these words: "And thereupon the Herr Burmeister sprang from behind the Herr Rathsherr's cloak, dashed right round the eclipage, scrambled on all fours up the bank to the hollow willow-tree, snatched the bridle out of Fritz's hands by main force, swung himself into the saddle, and no sooner did he feel the brown mare under him, than off he went like a bolt straight towards the Pribbenow fir-wood."

"And the French?" asked the Amtshauptmann. "Oh, Herr Amtshauptmann, they were half-frozen and, when they wanted to fire, their guns would not go off because of the wet, and so they threw themselves in their rage upon us, who were innocently looking on; and gave Bank the shoemaker who lives in the Brandenburg road, a touch of the butt-end of a musket between the shoulders, and then all of us made off and ran down the hill."

"My friend," cried the Amtshauptmann, "this Burmeister of ours is a fellow; he is as quick as a gun." But she for whom this speech was meant

verlusting geiht, de em mit Recht taukümmt. So gung dat Fritzen ok. As hei bet sinen Andeil an de Geschicht kamen was, vertellt hei so ümständlich, beschrew sinen natürlichen Fall so genau un makt so vele Redensorten, um sine Daht in en helles Licht tau stellen, dat hei noch lang' nich mit de Geschicht tau En'n was, as Luth mit den Sprüttenmeister Tröpner herinne kamm un de Herr Amtshauptmann sick an den wen'te: "Mein lieber Meister, was wissen Sie von der Sache?" Meister Tröpner fühlte ut dese hochdüsche Frag rute, dat hei von den ollen Herrn as en gebildten Minsch traktiert würd, un beslot, sick ok as en gebildten Minsch tau bedragen, hei säd also up Hochdüsche: "Ich hätte es von Ur tau En'n mit angesehn."

Nu vertellte hei denn de Sak wedder von vör, let Fritz Sahlmann sinen Andeil ganz weg un slot sine Vertellung mit dese Würd': "Un somit sprung de Herr Burmeister achter den Herrn Rathsherr sinen Mantäng heraus, fuhr um die Ekklipage rum, krawwelte sich fixing den Äuwer in die Höchte, sprung achter de holle Weide, riß Fritzen vor Gewalt die Tägel aus die Hände, swung sich in den Sadel, un als er man erst die Fühlung von den Braunen unter sich hatte, bädelte er plängschaß den Barg hendal, ümmer auf die Pribbenowschen Dannen zu, was't Tüg hollen wull."

"Un de Franzosen?" frog de oll Herr. "Oh, Herr Amtshauptmann, die wären halb verklamt, un als sie schießen wollten, gung nichts nich los von wegen der Nassigkeit, sie schmissen sich also in ihrer Zornigkeit auf uns Unschuldswürm von bloße Zuschauer und hätten den Schustermeister Bank aus der Bramborgsch Strat mit den Kolben mang de Schullerblätter ramponiert, worauf wir alle uns exküsierten, indem daß wir den Barg run lepen."

"Min Herzenskindting", röp de oll Herr, "des' lütt Burmeister is en Kirl as en Uhrworm! Das ist ein Kerl, fix wie ein Feuerschloß, min Herzenskindting!" Äwer

could not hear it. My mother lay back in her chair, crying bitterly. At the talk of shooting she had pressed the arm of the good Frau Amtshauptmann tightly, as if she were holding to it as a safeguard against the giddiness that came over her; but when at last it was certain that my father had got off safe and sound, the tears started from her eyes, she covered her face, and gave way to silent tears.

Were they tears of joy? Who can tell? Who can say where joy begins and sorrow ends? They are so wonderfully interwoven in the human heart; they are the warp and the woof, and happy is he who weaves them into a firm web. The tear which is born of sorrow has as much its woof of hope as the tear of joy its woof of fear. The past anguish about my father and the fear as to his future wove themselves into my mother's joyful feeling of thankfulness, and the tears which fell were not tears of pure joy. Does any tear of pure joy ever fall on this earth?

It had become quite quiet; an angel flew through the room; for a short time only: angels do not stay long here below; I know it for I stood with my head against our tall brown clock and cried and listened to the ticking of the pendulum, a short time! I looked up: the old Amtshauptmann was looking out of the uppermost window at the grey heavens, my mother and the Frau Amtshauptmann were crying, Mamsell Westphalen too; she had taken Fritz Sahlmann by the hand, and at the last stroke of the angel's wing she said; "Go up to the Schloss, Fritz, and put on dry clothes; Hanchen can give you your Sunday suit."

"I will be off to Guelzow, Herr Amtshauptmann," said Luth, "and Troepner can go round to Pribbenow, and then we can't both miss the Herr Burmeister."

The Amtshauptmann nodded his head, walked up to my mother, against whose

de, för de des' Red bestimmt was, hürte em nich. Min Mutting lagg in ehren Staul un weinte bitterlich. As de Red' up dat Scheiten kamm, drückte sei den Arm von de gaude Fru Amtshauptmannen so fast an sick, as wull sei sick doran hollen gegen den Swindel, de ehr beföll, äwer as endlich de Gewißheit herute kamm, dat min Vater gesund dorvon kamen was, stört'ten de Tranen ehr ut de Ogen, sei deckte ehr Dauk äwer ehr Gesicht un weinte still vör sick hen.

Wiren dat Freudentranen? Wer weit. Wer kann seggen, wo Freud un Weihdag' sick scheiden? Sei spelen tau wunderlich in dat Minschenhart inenanner äwer; sei sünd Uptog un Inslag, un woll den, bi den ut beiden en fastes Gewew' ward! De Tran, de ut Weihdag' geburen is, hett so gaud ehren Inslag von Hoffnung as de Freudentranen ehren Inslag von Furcht. De vergangen Angst üm minen Vater un de Furcht vör sine Taukunft wewten sick in min Mutting ehr freudig Dankgefäuhl, un de Tran, de up de Ird föll, was kein reine Freudentran. Föllt äwerhaupt up unsre Ird 'ne reine Freudentran?

't was ganz still worden, en Engel flog dörch de Stuw', ne korte Tid man; de Engel tauwen nich lang' bi uns, ick weit't, denn ick stunn mit den Kopp an uns' brune Stuwenklock un weinte un horkte up den Parpendikel Ne korte Tid! Ick kek tau Höcht: de oll Herr kek ut dat bäwelste Finster in den grauen Hewen, min Mutting un de Fru Amtshauptmannen weinten, Mamsell Westphalen ok, sei hadd Fritz Sahlmannen an de Hand fat't, un bi den letzten Flägelslag von den Engel säd sei: "Fritz, min Sähning, gah nah'n Sloß un treck di drög an, Fik sall di din sünndagsch Tüg gewen."

"Un ick, Herr Amtshauptmann", säd Luth, "will nah Gülzow, un Tröpner kann nah Pribbenow gahn, dat wi den Herrn Burmeister nich verfehlen."

De oll Herr nickte mit den Kopp, gung an min Mutting ran, an de ehr Knei ick mi ran

knees I had laid myself, and said, "You and the boy, here, have good cause to thank God to-day, my friend."

leggt hadd, un säd: "Sei un de Jung' hir hewwen hüt alle Ursak, unsern Herrgott tau danken, min Herzenskindting."

CHAPTER XV

How the Colonel was obliged to turn away at Fieka's words, and Fieka at Heinrich's. Why the Herr Rathsherr cursed all thin people; and the Miller wished he were a crow.

When Fieka and Heinrich arrived at the Windmill-hill, she looked round on all sides, and, in a few moments, caught sight of her father as he sat with his companions under the mill-shed.

"There's my father," said she to Heinrich. "Well, then," he replied, "we'll turn up here to the right of the pass, towards the ploughed field. It will be hard work; but there's no getting through 'Breakneck.' We shall get to the mill this way, and you can speak to your father then."

"Stop," cried Fieka, "don't turn up to the right towards the mill; turn down to the left, away from it; I don't want to speak to him. Look there now! He has seen us; he's making signs to us!"

"Fieka," said Heinrich, doing as she told him, "what are you doing this for? Why do you want to get out of your father's way?"

"Because I can't help him till I have given the Colonel the letter. Who knows, how the French might take it, if I spoke to him? There might be some dispute, and if we were taken before the Colonel so, it's not likely he would look on us with much favour. And then too, why should I be holding out hopes to my old father, when they are so far off? It's enough for the moment that he knows we are near him."

The cannon were now gradually got out of their bed of mud, and the procession began to move on once more. The prisoners were led along one side of the pass; and Heinrich drove along the other, as well as he could over old Nahmaker's

Dat föfteihnte Kapittel

Worüm sick de Oberst bi Fiken ehr Red' afwennen müßt, un worüm sick Fiken bi Hinrichen sin Red' afwennen müßt. Worüm de Herr Ratsherr up de knendlichen Lüd' schull, un de Möller wünscht, dat hei 'ne Kreih wir.

As Fiken mit Hinrichen an den Mählenbarg kamm, flogen ehr Ogen nah allen Siden, un't durt ok nich lang', dunn hadd sei ehren Vater un sin Gesellschaft rute kennt, wo sei dor unner de Mähl seten.

"Dor is min Vater", säd sei tau Hinrichen. "Na", säd Hinrich, "denn will'n wi hir rechtsch von den Hollweg nah den hakten Acker nah de Mähl tau ruppe bögen. Slicht ward't man gahn; äwer dörch den Hollweg is jo nich dörchtaukamen, un du kannst jo denn ok mit dinen Vater reden."

"Holt", röp Fiken, "nich rechtsch nah de Mähl tau, ne, linksch von de Mähl af bög ut den Weg'; ick will nich mit em reden. Leiwer Gott! nu hett hei uns all seihn, nu winkt hei."

"Fiken", säd Hinrich, as hei nah ehre Wisung führen ded, "wat heit dat? Worüm gehst du dinen Vater ut den Weg'?"

"Wil ick em nicks nützen kann, ihre ick den Breiw bestellt heww. Wer weit, wo de Franzosen dat upnemen, wenn ick mit em red? Dor kann Larm un Strid ut entstahn, un wenn wi in de Ort vör den Obersten bröcht warden, ward hei uns grad nich mit fründliche Ogen anseihn. Un denn, wotau sall ick minen ollen Vater mit Utsichten unner de Ogen gahn, de noch in widen Felden liggen? För den Ogenblick is dat naug, dat hei weit, wi sünd üm ern."

Mitdewil wiren denn nu ok de Kanonen ut den Hollweg losböhr't un losgrawen, un de Tog was wedder in Bewegung. De Gefangen würden up de ein Sid von den Hollweg entlang kummandiert, un Hinrich führt up de anner, so grell hei in oll

ploughed field. Fieka looked out for the Colonel.

"I shall know him again when I see him," she said to Heinrich. "He has a kind face for all that it looked hard when he commanded them to take the Burmeister." Thus talking, they passed by the cannon and many a knot of French plodding heavily through the deep mud. At last, close to the sign of the "Bremsenkranz" they saw the Colonel on horseback slowly making his way onwards, side by side with some of his officers.

"Drive on a little way past them, Heinrich," said Fieka, "and stop at the edge of the bank, and I will get down."

This was done. As the Colonel approached, Fieka stood in the foot-path in his way, advanced a couple of steps towards him and said, "Herr, I have a letter for you."

The Colonel stopped, took the letter, and looked at Fieka, rather astonished: "From whom is it, my child?" "From our Herr Amtshauptmann Weber."

The Colonel broke the seal and read; his face gradually softened with pity; but when he had finished reading, he silently shook his head. Fieka had watched him with the greatest anxiety; she read the answer to the letter in his face; and when he so sorrowfully shook his head, the tears started to her eyes: "Sir, it is my old father, and I am his only child," she cried.

She might have said anything in the world, the finest speech or the most beautiful text from the Bible, nothing would have made so deep an impression upon the strong man as these few words in the Platt-Deutsch tongue. He too had an old father and was his only child. His father lived in a high castle in Westphalia; but in loneliness, discontented with his countrymen and his country. Time and the world had rolled many a stone between father and son, until a broad wall had

Nahmakern sin Streking vörwärts kamen kunn. Fiken kek nah den Obersten ut.

"Wenn ick em seih, kenn ick em wedder", säd sei tau Hinrichen. "Hei hett en gaud Gesicht, wenn dat ok hart utsach, as hei den Burmeister wegbringen let." So kemen sei an de Kanonen vörbi un an männigen Hümpel Franzosen, de in den deipen Weg sachten furtsleus'ten. Taulezt, dicht vör den Bremsenkraug, segen sei den Obersten, wo hei mit weck von sin Offizierers Schritt vör Schritt vörwärts red.

"Hinrich", säd Fiken, "hir jag vörtau un up den Äuwer holl still, ick will denn afstigen."

Dit geschach. As de Oberst heran kamm, stunn Fiken up den Fautstig in den Weg, gung em en por Schritt entgegen, rekt em den Breiw tau un säd: "Herr, ick heww en Breiw för Sei."

De Oberst höll an, namm den Breiw, kek Fiken en beten verwunnert an: "Von wen, min Kind?" "Von unsen Herrn Amtshauptmann Wewer."

De Oberst brok den Breiw up un las; sin Gesicht würd so mitledig utseihn, un as hei tau En'n lesen hadd, schüddelt hei still mit den Kopp. Fiken hadd em mit de grötste Angst anseihn, sei las de Antwort up den Breiw in den Obersten sin Minen, un as hei so trurig mit den Kopp schüddeln ded, stört'ten ehr de hellen Tranen ut de Ogen: "Herr, 't is min oll Vater, un ick bün sin einzigst Kind!" röp sei.

Sei hadd allens in de Welt seggen künnt, de schönste Red' un den kräftigsten Bibelspruch, nicks hadd so'n Indruck up den starken Mann makt as des' por Würd' in plattdütsche Sprak. Hei hadd ok en ollen Vater un was sin einzigstes Kind; sin Vater satt up en hoges Sloß in't Westfalen-Land, äwer in Einsamkeit, untaufreden mit sin Volk un sin Vaterland; Tid un Welt hadden männigen Stein twischen em un den einzigsten Sähn smeten, bet dat en breiden Wall

grown up between them, above which it was only with difficulty that they could understand one another. Discord and dissension had arisen, and where they are, conscience makes its voice heard in quiet hours. How often had this inner voice said to him: "It is your old father, and you are his only child!" Happiness and misery, the thunder of the cannon and the roar of battle had, indeed, at times been able to overpower it; but the wound in his heart always opened afresh like the indelible blood-stain reappearing on a room-floor. Now, for the first time, did he hear these words uttered by stranger lips, for the first time in the language of his childhood.

It seemed to him as if there were no longer any reproach contained in them; they were spoken so gently, they sounded as softly in his ears as if they were words of forgiveness; and, when he saw the poor girl standing there before him with her pale, anxious face, it was too much for him, he was obliged to turn away, and it was some time before he could speak to her again. At last he recovered himself, and said to her with all the warmth of manner which such a moment calls forth: "My dear child, it is not in my power to set your father free; but he will be soon. You and your love to him shall not, however, have appealed to me in vain; you shall stay near him, and he can go in the waggon with you. And when we get to Brandenburg, come and speak to me again." Thereupon he gave the necessary orders, and rode on with the other officers.

Heinrich now approached a little nearer with his waggon, jumped down, and asked: "How has it gone, Fieka? But I need not ask you that. You look as if your heart were on your tongue; he has set your father free, has he not?" And he put his arm round her: "Come, Fieka, get up into the waggon, here's a lot of Frenchmen coming, we must get out of their way."

"They won't hurt us," said Fieka, mounting higher up the bank and looking along the road. "He hasn't set him free, but he's

worden was, äwer den räwer sei sick man swack verstännigen kunnen. Mißverstand un Unfrieden was dorut entstahn, un wo de sünd, dor meld't sick ok in stillen Stun'n dat Gewissen. Wo oft hadd sin Hart tau em spraken: "'t is din oll Vader, un du büst sin einzigst Kind!" Lust un Drangsal, Kanonendunner un Feldslacht hadden de Stimm woll tau Tiden äwerschallen kunnt; äwer ümmer kamm de wunne Placken von sinen Harten wedder taum Vörschin as 'ne bläudige Städ up de Stubendehl. Taum irstenmal hürt hei dit Wurd utspreken von frömde Lippen, taum irstenmal in de Sprak von sine Kindheit;

Em was, as wir kein Vörwurf mihr in dit Wurd, so weik würd dat spraken, em klung dat sacht in't Uhr as en Wurd von Vergewung, un as hei dat arme Kind vör sick stahn sach, mit sin bang', bekümmert Gesicht, dunn würd't em tau warm, hei müßt sick afwen'n, un't wohrt 'ne Tid lang, ihre hei wedder mit ehr reden kunn. Taulezt hadd hei sick fat't un säd tau ehr mit all de Herzlichkeit, de ut so'n Ogenblick geboren ward: "Min leiwes Kind, frilaten kann ick dinen Vader nich; 't ward äwer woll kamen. Du un din Leiw' tau dinen Vader sälen äwer nich ümsüs bi mi ankloppt hewwen, du sallst üm em bliwen, un hei sall up dinen Wagen mit di führen. Un wenn wi in Bramborg kamen, denn mell di bi mi." Dormit ordnierte hei dat Nödige an un red mit sin Offziers wider.

Hinrich kamm nu mit sinen Wagen neger ran, sprung runner un frog: "Fiken, wo is't? Äwer wat frag ick noch lang'? Du sühst jo ut, as set di't Hart up de Tung; nich wohr, hei hett den Ollen frilaten?" Un hei slog den Arm üm ehr: "Kumm, Fiken, stig up den Wagen, dor kümmt wedder so'n Hümpel Volks, will'n den ut den Weg gahn."

"De dauhn uns nicks", säd Fiken un steg höher nah de Grawenburt ruppe un kek den Weg lang. "Frilaten hett hei em nich;

promised that he will. I am to stay near father, and all the prisoners are to come in our waggon; and, Heinrich; you can go home now to the mill and help mother."

Heinrich made the reins fast to a willow-tree, and bent down to buckle some strap in the harness, and then patted and stroked the smooth glossy neck of the near side-horse.

"You are right, Heinrich," said Fieka, "you do not like to leave your horses and waggon behind you; but old Inspector Braesig will take them back for you, he will willingly do us that favour."

"Fieka, I was not thinking about the horses and waggon," said Heinrich, "I was thinking about you and what the old Herr Amtshauptmann said to me."
"What was that?" she asked.

"If I let a hair of your head be touched, I was never to dare appear before his eyes again. And, Fieka, I promised him I would stay by you at all times, and when I made him that promise," and he went up to her and took her hand in his, and looked earnestly into her eyes, "there were two present listening, though no one knew it, but I alone; Fieka, they were, God, and my own heart."

Fieka blushed red as a rose, but when he put his arm round her, she gently freed herself from his embrace and said, "Not here, Heinrich! Not to-day, Heinrich! Good heavens, why there is my old father!"

So saying, she left him, and went to meet her father; and Heinrich stood there like a tree in the winter-time when the green leaves have all fallen off, and the birds no longer sing of love and joy in its branches. But when she turned round; came back to him again, cried: "Heinrich, Heinrich," and the tears welled up into her eyes; and then hastily set off again towards her father, leaf after leaf burst forth, and songs of joy and love sounded in the air, and spring arose in his heart, the Spring of Love, the only Spring which can,

äwer hei hett mi't tauseggt. Ick sall üm em bliwen, un sei sälen mit mi führen, un, Hinrich, du künnst jo nu nah Hus un up de Mähl seihn un Mutting bistahn."

Hinrich bünn de Lin üm 'ne Wid fast un bückt sick dal, snallt an't Geschirr un strek denn sin Unnermähr mit de Hand den glatten natten Puckel langs.

"Du hest recht, Hinrich", säd Fiken, "du hest woll Sorg', din Fuhrwark tau verlaten; äwer dat kann jo oll Inspekter Nicolai ut Bramborg mit taurügg nemen, de deiht uns riklich den Gefallen."

"Fiken", säd Hinrich, "an't Fuhrwark heww ick nich dacht; ick dacht an di un an dat, wat de oll Herr Amtshauptmann tau mi säd."
"Wat was dat?" frog sei.

"Wenn ick di en Hor krümmen let, denn süll ick em nich wedder vör de Ogen kamen. Un, Fiken, ick heww em verspraken, för di uptaukamen tau allen Tiden, un as ick em dat versprok" – un hei gung tau ehr ran un namm ehre Hand un kek ehr so recht ihrlich in de Ogen "Dunn wiren noch twei taugegen, de hewwen't mit anhürt, un keiner wüßt dorvon as ick allein; dat wir uns' Herrgott, Fiken, un min eigen Hart."

Fiken würd rod as 'ne Ros', un as hei sinen Arm üm ehr slog, wünn sei sick rute: "Hir nich, Hinrich! Hüt nich, Hinrich! Gott in den Himmel! Dor kümmt min oll Vader an!"

Un dormit gung sei von em af, ehren Vader entgegen, un Hinrich stunn still as en Bom tau Winterstid, wenn de gräunen Bläder affollen sünd un de Vägél nich mihr von Leiw' un Lust in de Telgen singen. As sei sick äwer ümwén'n ded, wedder tau em taurügg kamm: "Hinrich! Hinrich!" un de hellen Tranen ehr ut de Ogen schoten, un dunn hastig wedder up ehren Vader taugung, dunn schot Blatt up Blatt ut den stillen Bom, un Leder von Lust un Leiw' klungen in sine Twig', un dat Frühjohr gung in em up, dat einzige

through a whole lifetime, survive summer's heat, and autumn's storms and winter's cold; can survive, if the Spring be real; the life true.

"Why, Fieka," cried old Miller Voss, "where do you come from?" And when Fieka threw herself on his neck, and told him all about it, with the tears standing in her eyes, the old man scolded her, and said that Heinrich could have come alone quite well, and these were affairs with which women should not meddle. But Rathsherr Herse declared that the Miller understood nothing whatever about such matters, and that Fieka's idea about the waggon was so good, he could not have thought of a better one himself; for his patent-leather boots had been made by Bank the shoemaker expressly for the Council-Chamber, and not for four miles of the Mecklenburg roads at this time of year. And when baker Witte heard of the basket of sausages and milk-rolls, he patted himself on the stomach and said that Fieka was his "dear god-child," and that though he was one of those people who carry a good provision-chest inside them, yet circumstances alter a case, and in weather like this "the best oven must sometimes have extra fuel."

The French sergeant had now brought the Colonel's orders to the guard, and the company mounted into the waggon, and made themselves as warm and comfortable as they could. My uncle Herse appropriated to himself the wraps intended for my father, because as his colleague he had the next best right to them; and he swore at lean-bodied people in general, and my father in particular. About height, he said, he would say nothing, for that was a thing which no one could give or take away from himself, but every reasonable man could in time obtain the proper amount of breadth.

"Look here, Meister Witte, this is supposed to be a coat for a full and well-grown man!" And so saying, he held up my Father's coat in the air, as a public spectacle.

Frühjohr, wat dörch't ganze Lewen, in Sommerhitt, in Harwststorm un Winterküll, vörhollen möt, wenn't en richtig Frühjohr un en richtig Lewen is.

"Fiken", röp oll Möller Voß, "wo kümmt du her?" Un as Fiken em üm den Hals fel un em mit Tranen in de Ogen de Umstän'n utenanner set't, dunn schull de Oll un säd, Hinrich hadd allein kamen künnt, un dit wiren Angelegenheiten, wo Frugenslüd' wegbliwten süllen; äwer Ratscherr Hers' erklärt, von so'ne Saken verstünn de Möller gor nicks, un Fiken ehr Infall mit den Wagen wir so schön, dat hei'n sick sülwst nich hadd beter utdenken künnt, denn wat sin postpapierne Stäweln anbedrapen ded, so wiren sei von Schauster Banken utdrücklich tau de Ratssitzungen upricht't worden, un nich tau vir Mil meckelbörge Landweg' in dese Jahrstid. Un Bäcker Witt, as hei von den Korw mit Mettwust un Pamel hört, slog sick up de Mag' un säd: Fiken wir sin best Päding, un wenn hei ok tau de Ort hüren ded, de ehr Fauderkist ümmer bi sick dragen, so verännerten de Umstän'n de Sak, un bi so'n Weder müßt ok in den besten Backaben af un an nahbött warden.

De französche Schersant hadd nu de Wachtmannschaft den Befehl von den Obersten äwerbröcht, un de Gesellschaft steg up den Wagen un makte sick dat so warm un bequem, as jeder kunn. Min Unkel Hers' eigent sick de för minen Vader bestimmten Kledaschen an, wil hei as Kolleg de negste dortau wir, un schull up de smächtigen Lüd' in'n allgemeinen un up minen Vader in't besondere. Von de Läng', säd hei, wull hei nicks seggen, denn de kunn sick keiner gewen un nemen, äwer för de richtige Breid künnt jeder vernünftige Minsch mit de Tid sorgen.

"Kiken S', Meister Witt, dit sall en Rock för en utgewuss'nen un en dörchgewussenen Minschen sin!" Un dormit höll hei minen Vader sin Röckschen taum Spektakel in de Höcht.

“Herr Rathsherr,” said baker Witte, “put your arms through the sleeves with the coat hind part before, so that the Burmeister's back-piece comes upon your breast; and here is another coat, which I'll hang over your back for you, and so we shall make one good coat out of two little ones; 'necessity is the mother of invention!’“

Well, this was done, and my uncle Herse looked like a fine fat oyster, sent on a long journey; behind and before he had a firm shell, but at the sides it gaped open from time to time. Baker Witte had got a silk cloak that had belonged to his late wife, and he put it on with the rabbit-skin lining outside, because he said the rain would spoil the silk, but it could not hurt the skin, for as far as he knew, rabbits always ran about with the furry side of their skin turned outwards.

The dressing-up of these two went on pretty quickly; but with the Miller it was a long affair, for when he heard that the great-coat with the seven capes which was intended for him, belonged to the Herr Amtshauptmann, he was first of all overwhelmed with respect and made bow after bow to it, as if the old gentleman were standing before him and wished him to enter first; and then he was overcome with feeling at the idea of the Amtshauptmann having thought of him in his trouble, and said he was not worthy of it; and when Fieka had got one sleeve on, the thought struck him that he might be taken for some one of high rank.

“And, neighbour,” he turned to Witte, “supposing I were to begin to speak now, and the ass's ears were to show above the seven capes!”

“Yes, neighbour,” replied the baker, “you're right there; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; but you can hold your tongue; or else speak High German. You can, you know.”

“Yes, I can, after a fashion,” said the Miller, and seated himself on the foremost

“Herr Ratscherr”, säd Bäcker Witt, ”fohren S' von vör mit de beiden Arm in de Ärmel, so dat den Burmeister sin Ruggblatt up Ehr Bostblatt tau sitten kümmt; hir is noch en Rock, den häng' ick Sei achter äwer, so maken wi ut twei lütt einen gadlichen; de Minsch möt sick tau helpen weiten.”

Na, dat geschach, un min Unkel Hers' sach ut as 'ne schöne fette Auster, de all 'ne Tid lang up Reisen schickt is; hin'n un vörn hadd hei 'ne faste Schell, äwer up de Siden jappt hei af un an utenanner. Bäcker Witt hadd en siden Rockelur von sin verstorbene Fru vörfun'n, un hei bunn em üm mit de Karninkenfellen nah buten, denn, säd hei, üm dat siden Tüg wirt in so'n Weder schad; äwer de Fellen können't verdragen, denn so vel hei wüßt, lepen de Karninken ok mit de Hor nah buten rüm.

Mit dese beiden gung de Verpuppung in'n ganzen tämlich rasch; äwer mit den Möller kamm sei sihr in de Tüderi, denn as hei hüren ded, dat de Mantel mit de säben Kragens, de för em bestimmt was, rechtmäßig den Herrn Amtshauptmann tauhürt, kreg hei dat irst mit den Respekt un makte Diner äwer Diner, as stünn de oll Herr vör em un wull em den Vörtritt in de Dör laten, un nahsten kreg hei't mit de Rührsamkeit, wil dat de oll Herr an sine Notdurft dacht hadd, un säd, hei wir dat gor nich wirt, un as em Fiken den einen Ärmel antreckt hadd, kamm em dat Bedenken, de Lüd' kün'n em för en vernehmen Mann hollen.

“Un, Vadder”, wennt hei sick an Witten, ”wenn ick nu an tau reden fang' un wenn denn de Eselsuhren ut de säben Kragens rute kiken, wat denn?”

“Ja, Vadder”, seggt de Bäcker, ”dorin hest du recht: ut en Swinsuhr lett sick mindag' kein siden Geldbüdel maken; äwer du kannst jo dat Mul hollen; oder süs red Hochdütsch, du kannst jo.”

“Ick kann woll, äwer't is ok dornah”, seggt de Möller un set't sick up den vöddelsten

sack.

They were now all seated except Heinrich. "Why, Heinrich," said Miller Voss, "there's surely room for you on your own waggon! Come a little nearer, Fieka, and make room for your cousin."

But Heinrich would not have it so; he put the horse-cloth round Fieka's feet, and said he would walk on in front. This he did, now jumping over a ditch and then back again, and always keeping where he could watch Fieka's face.

"Herr Rathsherr," said the Miller, "that's my cousin, Joe Voss's son, he's a fine fellow, isn't he?"

And Rathsherr Herse said: "That he is, Miller, he's a handsome young fellow." And baker Witte said: "He's a jolly fellow."

Fieka said nothing, but she thought to herself: "He's a good and faithful fellow," and she might perhaps have gone on thinking about him; but all at once Heinrich was at her side, looking at her lovingly, and asking whether she were not cold. Thinking was of course at an end now, and she gave him her hand: "Just feel how warm I am."

Witte now dived into the sausage-and-roll basket, and gave everyone his share; and, on hearing the Herr Rathsherr praise the milk-rolls, the old baker said to himself: "Now look at the fellow! And yet he goes and buys his bread of Guhle; but an owl is a bird, when you have got no other."

The Herr Rathsherr leant over towards the baker and whispered in his ear: "Look, Meister Witte, there is the 'Bremsenkranz' Inn just before us; and if the minions of the Corsican monster have a trace of human feeling left in them, they won't mind our getting a drop to wash down our rolls with." But while saying this, he had neglected his bread, and had let it and the sausage dangle a little over the side of the waggon.

Sack.

Sei seten nu all, blot Hinrich nich. "Hinrich", säd Möller Voß, "wo? Du wardst jo doch woll up dinen eigen Wagen tau sitten kamen! Fiken, rück bet ran un mak den Vedder Platz."

Äwer Hinrich led dat nich, hei slog Fiken de Pirddeck üm de Fäut un säd: hei wull gahn. Hei gung, un as hei nu so gung un hir äwer'n Graben sprung un denn wedder taurügg, ümmer vörup, dat hei Fiken in de Ogen kiken kunn, säd Möller Voß: "Herr Ratscherr, 't is min Vedder, Jochen Vossen sin Sähn; is't nich en schiren Kirl?"

Un Ratscherr Hers' säd: "Dat is hei, Möller; hei's en smucken Kirl." Un Bäcker Witt säd: "Hei's en dägten Kirl."

Fiken säd nicks; äwer sei dacht: "Hei's en gauden Kirl un en trugen Kirl", un sei hadd möglicher Wis' noch mihr von em dacht, äwer Hinrich stunn mit einmal bi ehr un kek ehr so fründlich an un frog, ob ehr ok friren ded, dunn was dat mit dat Denken vörbi, un sei gaww em de Hand: "Fat mi blot an, ick bün ganz warm."

Bäcker Witt langt nu in den Wust- und Stutenkorw un gaww jeden sin Deil, un as de Herr Ratscherr den Pamel sihr lawen ded, säd de oll Bäcker tau sick: "Kik den Racker, süs köfft hei von Guhlen; äwer wenn ein keinen annern hett, is de Uhl ok en Vogel."

De Herr Ratscherr bögt sick an den Bäcker ran un flustert em halw lud in de Uhren: "Meister Witt, dor vör uns liggt de Bremsenkraug, un wenn de Schergen von den korsikanischen Wüterich noch eine Spur von menschliches Gefäuhl in sick dragen, denn warden sei nicks dorgegen hewwen, wenn wi uns dor von den ollen Haker tau unsern Stuten en Sluck inschenken laten." Dorbi hadd hei äwer sinen Stuten uter Obacht laten un hadd em mitsamt de Wust en beten äwer den Ledderbom räwer hollen.

All at once he felt a slight tug at his fingers, and on his looking round he beheld one of the Corsican's "minions" quietly biting into his sausage and roll, and as he was about to lift his voice up against such a manifest act of pillage, another of the Frenchmen put his arm over the back of the waggon and seized the whole basket.

"Confound it!" cried my uncle Herse, "I did not think that things had come to such a pass as this."

Old Witte burst out afresh with a "cursed thieves;" and the Miller, who was driving, so thoroughly forgot his position, wrapped up as he was in the Amtshauptmann's warm overcoat, that he raised his whip, and was just going to lay it about the Frenchmen's shoulders, when Fieka caught him by the arm: "For God's sake, father, what are you doing?"

"Hm, yes," said the Miller, recollecting himself, "you are right again, Fieka," and he turned to the Frenchmen: "Don't take it ill, I did not mean anything."

Well, they evidently were not going to take it ill at all, for they ate away at the rolls and sausages with such apparent relish, that the Herr Rathsherr was filled with spleen and gall. And now the whole party became once more conscious of their position, which they had for a time forgotten in the warmth and comfort of the waggon. They drove thus towards Brandenburg far into the grey evening, and where the basket of rolls had stood, were now only sorrow and care and thought, which whispered into their ears all manner of dreadful stories; and once, when a flight of crows passed over them, my uncle Herse said: "Yes, you can laugh, you have no cares."

And the baker said: "No, and they pay no taxes and no duties." And the Miller sighed and said: "I wish I were a crow."

But in two hearts care found no place;

Mit einmal fäuhlt hei, dat em dor wat mang de Fingern grawweln würd, un as hei sick ümkek, sach hei, wo de ein von de korsikanischen Schergen grad in sin Wust un sinen Pamel inbet, un as hei nu mit harte Würd' gegen so'n apenbores Marodieren lostrecken wull, langte en anner Szackermenter hin'n äwer dat Krett un führt sick den ganzen Korw' tau Gemäud.

"Gott sall mi bewahren!" röp min Unkel Hers', "so slicht heww ick mi de Taustän'n in unsern Vaterland doch nich dacht."

"Entfahmte Spitzbauwen!" schot oll Witt wedder los, un de Möller, de führt, hadd in den Herrn Amtshauptmann sine warmen Mantel sin Lag' so ganz vergeten, dat hei de Swep all in de Höcht böhrt, üm den Franzosen eins tau verreiken, as em Fiken den Arm fast höll: "Um Gottes willen! Vatting, wat deihst du?"

"Hm! Ja!" säd de Möller un besunn sick, "Fiken, du hest wedder recht", un wen't sick an de Franzosen: "Nehmen S' 't nich äwel, ick ded man so."

Na, de nemen't denn ok sichtlich nich äwel un eten ganz vergnüglich in de Wust un den Stuten, dat den Herrn Rathsherr vör Arger un Afgunst dat Gift un de Gall in den leddigen Magen steg un ehr alle ehre Lag' wedder kunnig würd, de sei in de warme Behaglichkeit von den Wagen up 'ne Tidlang vergeten hadden. Sei führten also in den grisen Abend nah Bramborg hentau, un wo süs de Stutenkorw stunn, hin'n in't Krett, was nu dat Bedenken un de Sorg' un de Trurigkeit uphackt, un de flusterten ehr allerlei beängstliche Geschichten in de Uhren, un as mal en Tog Kreihn äwer ehr wegflog, säd min Unkel Hers': "Je, wat hewwt ji för Nod, ji kânt lachen!"

Un de Bäcker säd: "De Ort giwwt kein Hür un kein Stür", un de oll Möller süfzt un säd: "Ick wull, dat ick 'ne Kreih wir!"

Äwer in twei Harten funn de Sorg' keinen

love had entered into them with its princely company of Secret Wishes and Hope and Trust; and the Secret Wishes flew through the whole household of the heart and into all its recesses, like active bridesmaids, pushed aside all that stood in the way, and wiped the dust from table and chair, and cleaned the windows, so that one could see far out into the beautiful country called Life; and they spread the table in the bright room, and made the bed in the quiet room, and hung fresh garlands of flowers and evergreens over windows and door, and beautiful pictures on the walls.

And Hope lit her thousand wax-lights, and then sat down quietly in a corner as if it had not been at all she who had done this, but her step-sister, Reality. And Trust stood at the door and let no one in who had not on a wedding-garment; and she said to Care, when she asked after Fieka: "Begone, the old Miller will dance at her wedding;" and to Doubt, when she asked after Heinrich: "Go thy way, it is all right."

Platz, dor was de Leiw' inkihr't mit ehren Hofstaat von heimliche Wünsch un Hoffnung un Vertrugen, un de heimlichen Wünsch lepen as flinke Brutjumfern dörch't ganze Hus un all sin Kamern, rümten up, wat in den Weg stunn, un wischten den Stoff von den Disch un von de Bänk un putzten de Finstern, dat ein wid rut seihn kunn in't schöne Lewensland, un deckten den Disch in den hellen Saal un makten dat Bedd in de stille Kamer un hängen frische Kränz' von Low un Blaumen äwer Dör un Finster un an de Wand de buntsten Biller.

Un de Hoffnung stek ehre dusend Lichter an un set't sick dunn heimlich still in de Eck, as wir sei't gor nich west, as hadd't ehr Steifswester dahn, de Würllichkeit; un dat Vertrugen stunn an de Dör un let keinen rin, de kein Hochtidskled anhadd, un säd tau de Sorg', as sei nah Fiken frog: "Gah din Weg', de oll Möller danzt up uns' Hochtid", un säd tau dat Bedenken, as dat nah Hinrichen frog: "Gah din Weg', 't is allens in Richtigkeit."

CHAPTER XVI

Why I send the Miller's Friedrich and not a princess through the Guelzow Wood; why Friedrich called the Bailiff Besserdich, "Father-in-law;" how he "decoyed the dog from behind the stove;" and how Luth, the messenger, could not help laughing at his own Burmeister.

If any little Miss who reads this book should feel angry with me for beginning this chapter with a miller's man and not with a princess, she must remember that there could be no princesses at all, if there were no millers' men, and that sometimes a miller's man is of more value than a princess, for example, to me at this moment. For, if I want to catch the French chasseur, I must not send a princess, with a crinoline and satin shoes, through the Guelzow Wood in such weather and along such roads, but a miller's man. And, best of all, the Miller's Friedrich.

"Dumouriez!" said Friedrich, as he followed the chasseur's track, "if the Frenchman is to be found between here and Gripswold, I'll have him."

Friedrich traced the chasseur through the Stemhagen Wood, and through the Guelzow Wood, and at last reached the Guelzow road; but there he came to a standstill, an owl would have been puzzled; there was nothing to serve as a guide. Had the fellow turned to the right or to the left?

For a while Friedrich stood there, like Matz Fots of Dresden; but soon a bright thought flashed across him, and he said to himself, "If the rascal has taken the road to Stemhagen, it must have been through sheer stupidity. No, the fellow has gone towards Guelzow." And he went that way accordingly.

At Guelzow, Freier, an old peasant, was standing by his hedge, throwing stones, as big round as the brim of your hat, into

Dat söstehnte Kapittel

Worüm ick den Möller sinen Fridrich un kein Prinzessin dörch dat Gülzowsche Holt schick, worüm Fridrich tau den Schulten esserdich "Swigervader" seggt, worüm hei den Hund ut den Aben lockt, un worüm de Stadtdeiner Luth äwer sinen eignen Burmeister lacht.

Wenn eine von den lütten Mamsellings, de dit Bauk lesen dauhn, sick döräwer argern süll, dat dit Kapittel mit en Möllerknecht anfängt un nich mit 'ne Prinzessin, so möt sei bedenken, dat Prinzessinnen gor nich vorhanden sin können, wenn dor kein Möllerknechts wiren, un dat up Fläg' en Möllerknecht mihr wirt is as 'ne Prinzessin, taum Bispill in desen Ogenblick för mi. Denn wenn ick den französch Schassür wedder gripen will, so kann ick doch kein Prinzessin mit 'ne Kranelin un pattistmußelinene Schauh in desen Weg un Weder dörch dat Gülzowsche Holt em nahschicken, dortau paßt sick en Möllerknecht beten, un vör allen den Möller sin Fridrich.

"Dümurrjöh!" säd Fridrich, as hei den Franzosen sin Fautspur nahung, "wenn de Franzos' tüschen hir un Gripswold tau finnen is, her sall hei!"

Fridrich spört also den Schassür dörch dat Stemhäger Babenholt un dörch dat Gülzowsche Holt nah un kümmt so nah den Gülzowschen Weg; äwer dor was't all, dor hadd 'ne Uhl seten, un Spuren wiren nich dor. Wir de Kirl linksch oder rechtsch gahn?

'ne Tid lang stunn hei dor as Matz Fots von Dresden; bald würden em de Gedanken äwer smidig, un hei säd tau sick: "Wir de Kirl nah Stemhagen tau gahn, so müßt ick em dat doch tau'n puren Unverstand anreken. Ne, de Racker is nah Gülzow gahn." Un hei gung em nah.

In Gülzow stunn Bur Freier an sin Heck un smet Stein as en Hauttöppel grot in en Weglock, wat sei up Städen in

the holes in the road. In some places in Mecklenburg this is what they call "mending the roads."

"Good morning, Freier; have you seen a Frenchman pass by here this morning?" said Friedrich.

"A Frenchman?" asked Freier.

"Yes," said Friedrich; "a French chasseur."

"A chasseur?" asked Freier.

"Yes, in a green uniform," said Friedrich.

"On horseback?" asked Freier.

"No, on foot," said Friedrich.

"What does he want?" asked Freier?

"What does he want?" asked Friedrich.

"He doesn't want anything; but I want to speak to him."

"What have you got to speak about to a Frenchman?"

"Dumouriez!" said Friedrich. "What business is that of yours, you blockhead? I only ask you if you have seen such a fellow?"

"In a green uniform?" asked Freier.

"Yes," said Friedrich.

"With a shako?"

"No, with his head bare."

"With his head bare! And this morning in the rain?"

"Yes, you hear, I tell you so," cried Friedrich, angrily. "Just answer me simply: have you seen the fellow or have you not?"

"Wait a moment. Isn't to-day Thursday?"

"Yes," said Friedrich.

"Well, then it was not to-day; it was last Monday, and there were a lot of them, but in blue uniforms, and on horseback; and my boy, Zamel, has gone to-day to Stemhagen with our team for them."

"Freier," said Friedrich, "you should not have sent your team to Stemhagen; you can make a better use of it yourself, especially when you've got to give answers to people."

"How so?" asked Freier.

Meckelborg Wegbetern nennen.

"Gun Morr, Freier, hest hir nich vörmorrn en Franzosen lopen seihn?" fröggt Fridrich.

"En Franzosen?" fröggt Freier.

"Ja", seggt Fridrich, "en Schassür."

"En Schassür?" fröggt Freier.

"Ja, in 'ne gräune Mondierung", seggt Fridrich.

"Tau Pird?" fröggt Freier.

"Ne, tau Faut", seggt Fridrich.

"Wat sall de?" fröggt Freier.

"Wat hei sall?" fröggt Fridrich.

"Nicks sall hej; ick wull blot man mit em reden."

"Wat hest du mit en Franzosen tau reden?"

"Dümurrjöh!" seggt Fridrich, "wat hest du Däs'kopp dornah tau fragen? Ick frag' jo blot, ob du den Kirl seihn hest."

"In 'ne gräune Mondierung?" fröggt Freier. "Ja", seggt Fridrich.

"Mit en Schacko?" fröggt Freier.

"Ne, in'n Horen."

"In'n Horen? Un denn hüt morrn in den Regen?"

"Ja, du hürst jo!" röppt Fridrich in Arger. "So antwurt doch, ob du den Kirl seihn hest?"

"Täu mal! Hewwen wi hüt nich Dunnerdag?" "Ja", seggt Fridrich.

"Ne, hüt nich; äwer'n Mandag", seggt Freier, "dunn wiren hir fluggs weck; äwer mit blage Mondierung un denn tau Pird; un hüt is min Zamel mit Vörspann nah Stemhagen."

"Freier", seggt Fridrich, "dat Vörspann hadd'st du nich nah Stemhagen schicken süllt, dat kannst du sülwst beter bruken, vör allen, wenn du Lüd' Antwurt gewen sallst."

"Wo so?" fröggt Freier.

"And Freier," pursued Friedrich; "I know what would be a good employment for you, driving crabs to Berlin; a fellow like you would get on well at that."

"What do you mean?" asked Freier, more and more mystified.

"Oh, nothing," said Friedrich. "And now, good-morning, Freier. And if the Frenchman I am looking for should come by, just tell him, that I said, that you said, that your great grandmother had told you, when he said what he said, that you should say, that I had said he was not to call you an ass. And now good-bye, Freier."

"What?" said Freier, following him with his eyes as he went along the village, and turning round in his hands a stone of some thirty pounds weight; "What? He said, that I said, that you said, that I should say, he should not call me an ass? The cursed Prussian rascal! That's the way he always does." And he took the stone and threw it, with all his might, amongst the rest.

Friedrich goes further. Bailiff Besserdich looks out at his doorway.

"Bailiff, have you seen a Frenchman pass by here this morning?"

"A Frenchman?" asked the bailiff. "Well, they are not so rare just now as all that; but this morning, do you say?"

"What, are you going to begin asking questions now?" said Friedrich.

"I would rather tell you the story at once; it's the quickest plan." So he told him the story.

"And," he concluded, "I must have him."

"That you must, Friedrich," said the bailiff. "And I will go with you; in fact it's what I'm appointed for; and our Herr Amtshauptmann said to me lately, 'Besserdich,' said he, 'on you depends everything in Guelzow,' and he gave me a bundle of papers, and said, 'the matter is pressing.' Well, I got the summoner to read them to me, and when he had done, he said: 'The matter requires the greatest speed, bailiff.'

"Un denn, Freier", seggt Fridrich, "denn weit ick noch en gaud Geschäft för die, du künnst Krewt nah Berlin rup driwen, en Kirl as du, de kümmt dormit vörwärts."

"Wo meinst du dat?" fröggt Freier verduzt.

"Oh, ick mein man", seggt Fridrich. "Un nu gun Morr, Freier. Un wenn de Franzos' kümmt, den ick säuk, denn segg em, ick hadd seggt, du hadd'st seggt, din Großmoder hadd di vertellt, wenn hei säd, wat sei säd, süllst du em seggen, hadd ick seggt, hei süll nich Schapskopp tau di seggen. Un nu adjüs! Freier."

"Wat?" seggt Freier un kickt em nah, as hei dat Dörp entlang geiht, un dreiht en Stein von en Pundener dörtig in de Hän'n rüm, "wat? Hei hadd seggt, ick hadd seggt? Wat? Du hadd'st seggt, süll ick seggen, hei süll nich Schapskopp tau mi seggen? Wat?" Un hei nimmt den Stein un smitt em mit aller Gewalt mang de annern: "Entfahmte preußsche Spitzbau! So makt hei dat ümmer."

Fridrich geiht wider, oll Schult Besserdich kickt äwer de Dör.

"Schult, hett Hei vörmorrn hir keinen Franzosen gahn seihn?"

"Ein Franzosen?" fröggt de Schult. "Na, de Ort is hir up Stun'ns grad nich knapp; äwer hüt mornn, seggst du?"

"Na, nu fang Hei ok noch an tau fragen!" seggt Fridrich. "Ick will em leiwerst de Geschieht vertellen, dat ward schafflicher wesen." Hei vertellte nu so un so.

"Un", slot hei sin Red', "her möt hei!"

"Dat möt hei, Fridrich", seggt de Schult. "Un ick will mit di gahn, denn ick bün jo nu doch einmal dortau set't, un uns' Herr Amtshauptmann säd noch nilich tau mi: 'Schult', säd hei, 'up Em beruht dat Ganze in Gülzow', un gaww mi en Bagen Poppier un säd: 'dese Sak is pressant.' Na, ick let mi dat von den Landrider vörlesen, un as hei dat farig hadd, säd hei: 'Schult, de Sak hett äwerst II.'

'No,' said I, 'I know better; the Herr Amtshauptmann told me the matter was pressing, and whenever he's said that to me before, I have always waited a full month first, and been ready in good time all the same!' And so I was that time. But, Friedrich, your business is not pressing, it 'requires the greatest speed.' I will just fetch my hat and then we will go."

This done, they set off. As they came out on the road at the other end of the village, the bailiff said, "Friedrich, my Hans, you know the boy; he's now in his sixteenth year, but I thought I would have him at home for a year or so longer, he's keeping the sheep here in the rye-field; for, you see, I thought to myself my fodder has run short, and at this time of year they can get a meal for themselves in the fields, so I'll turn them out here; he has perhaps seen the fellow."

They now asked Hans. Yes, the boy had seen him; he had gone to Pinnow. At Pinnow they passed the schoolmaster's, and asked whether he had seen a Frenchman.

The schoolmaster's name was "Sparrow," but he was always called "Bullfinch;" some said, because he could sing so well; others, because he hopped about and poked his nose everywhere, and was always chaffing. The Bullfinch found it easy to lead the bailiff by the nose, but Friedrich soon saw what was going on; and, when he saw that the Bullfinch made a sign to his wife to row in the same boat with him, he thought to himself, "Wait a moment, I'll make you look blue presently;" and he got up, and said he wished to go and light his pipe at the kitchen fire.

The Bullfinch now began to overwhelm the bailiff with all sorts of stories; and when Besserdich succeeded in getting in a word, and asked whether they had not seen the Frenchman, the Bullfinch said no, and his wife also said, no.

'Ne', segg ick, 'dat weit ick beter, de Herr Amtshauptmann hett mi seggt, de Sak is pressant, un wenn hei dat vödem seggt hett, denn heww ick ümmer noch gaud vir Wochen täuw un bün ümmer noch tau rechter Tid kamen.' Un so kamm't ok ditmal. Äwer, Fridrich, din Sak is nich pressant, de hett II; ick will mi man noch minen Haut halen, un denn kann't losgahn."

Dat geschach, un sei gungen. As sei ut dat Döörp kemen, seggt de Schult: "Fridrich, min Hanne, du kennst jo den Jungen, hei 's nu in't sösteihnst, un ick dacht, ick wull em noch so'n Johr für Bull rümme gahn laten, de hött hir de Schap up den Roggen, denn, sühst du, ick dacht ok so, dat Fauder is di knapp, un in dese Jahrstid verpedden sei sick all 'ne Mahl tid up den Fell'n, un so jog ick sei denn rut, süh, de Jung' kann mäglich den Kirl seihn hewwen."

Sei fragen nu Hannen, un de Jung' hett den Kirl richtig seihn; hei 's nah Pinnow hentau gahn. In Pinnow gahn sei bi den Schaulmeister vör un fragen, wat hei kein Franzosen seihn hadd.

De Schaulmeister heit Sparling; sei nennten em äwer ümmer Baukfink; weck säden, wil hei so schön singen künn, weck, wil hei ümmer Hans vör allen Hägen was un mit jedwerein sinen Putzen drew. De oll Schult let sick nu ok richtig von den Baukfink an de Näs' rümme ledden; äwer Fridrich sach bald, wo't fuchten wir, un as hei wohr würd, dat de Baukfink sin Fru tauplinken ded, dat sei mit em in ein Karw hau'n süll, dacht hei: Täuw, dit sall di begrismulen!, stunn up un säd: hei wull sick up sin Pip ne Kahl ut de Käk halen.

De Baukfink redt denn nu den ollen Schulten allerlei verfluchte Akten vör, un wenn de Schult tau Wurd kamm un frog: wat hei den Franzosen nich seihn hadd, denn säd de Baukfink: ne, un sin Fru säd ok: ne.

Whilst they were going on in this way. Friedrich came in again, and said: "Something must have happened to your chimney, for the stick with the sausages has fallen down on to the ground."

The wife jumped up, ran out to the kitchen, and then came back with the stick in her hand, Look there now! This is the thanks we get! That shameless fellow has stolen one of our sausages."

"What fellow?" asked Friedrich. "Why, the French fellow you were asking about." "Oh! so he has been here then, has he?" said Friedrich.

"I should think so! And Sparrow gave him some brandy and some bread-and-butter, and showed him the way to Demzin!"

"Well, good-bye, then," said Friedrich. "Come along, bailiff; we know all we want now."

"Bailiff," said Friedrich, when they were some way from Pinnow and the Bullfinch, "you are a sort of man of law, and must needs know this, what is the punishment for stealing a sausage?"

"Well, Friedrich," replied the bailiff, "I don't know about sausages, but I know very well the punishment for stealing a flitch of bacon; for when the lame shoemaker took one of mine out of the smoke, the Herr Amtshauptmann gave him a fortnight in prison and a dozen on his jacket into the bargain."

"Well, that's not dangerous," said Friedrich; "and, if you reckon according to that, it would be precious little for one sausage."

"How do you make that out?" "Well now, bailiff, tell me; when you kill seven pigs, how many flitches of bacon do you get?"

"Fourteen," said the bailiff. "That's not true," said Friedrich; "you only get thirteen. One is taken for the sausages."

As sei nu den ollen Schulden so brüden, kamm Fridrich wedder rin un säd: "Fru, in Ehren Wim is woll wat passiert, denn de ein Staken mit de Wust liggt an de Ird."

De Fru springt nu rute un kümmt mit den Staken wedder rinne un röppt: "Süh so! Dat hewwen wi dorvon, de verfluchte Kirl hett uns 'ne Wust namen."

"Wat för en Kirl?" fröggt Fridrich. "De Franzosenkirl, wonah ji fragt." "Na, also is hei doch hir west", seggt Fridrich.

"Wat wull hei nich! Un Sparling hett em noch en Snaps un Botterbrod gewen un hett em den Weg nah Demzin wis't."

"Na, denn adjüs!" seggt Fridrich. "Schult, kam Hei! Wider wull'n wi jo nicks weiten."

"Schult!" seggt Fridrich, as sei 'n En'n von Pinnow un den Baukfinck af sünd, "Hei is doch 'ne Ort Gerichtsperson un möt dat weiten, wat steiht eigentlich up 'ne Wust för 'ne Straf?"

"Je, Fridrich", seggt de Schult, "mit Wust bün ick in de Ort nich bewandt; wat up 'ne Specksid steiht, dat weit ick woll, denn as mi de oll lahm Schauster dunn ein ut den Rok namen hadd, let em de Herr Amtshauptmann virteihn Dag' sitten, un dortau kreg hei en Stückener twölf in de Jack."

"Dat wir just nich gefährlich", seggt Fridrich, "denn wenn einer dornah berekent, wovel up 'ne Wust kümmt, denn is't blitzwenig."

"Wo so?" "Na, Schult, segg Hei mal, wenn Hei säben Swin inslachten deiht, wo vel Specksiden kriggt Hei denn?"

"Virteihn", seggt de Schult. "Dat is nich wohr", seggt Fridrich. "Hei kriggt man drütteihn; ein kümmt in de Wust." "Dor hest du recht!" seggt de Schult.

"Yes, you're right," said the bailiff.

"Well then, how many sausages does your wife make out of seven pigs? About thirty, doesn't she? Then one flitch makes thirty sausages; and so, for one sausage, there would be, at most, half a day and half a blow; and that I consider is a righteous and merciful punishment; you may at once give me the half-blow on my back, and the half-day I will spend next Sunday afternoon in your house, in the corner behind the stove. For, look here, I took the Bullfinch's sausage."

"What Devil tempted you to do that?"

"No Devil, only hunger," said Friedrich, and he drew the sausage out of his pocket, and cut off a piece. "Here Bailiff! The sausage is good, you can eat it without bread."

"No," said the Bailiff, "I'll have nothing to do with stolen goods."

"How, Stolen?" asked Friedrich. "This is merely 'forage' as we used to say under the Duke of Brunswick. And, Bailiff, surely you have climbed up into the priest's apple-tree often enough before now."

"The Devil only knows what is the matter with you this morning!" said Besserdich. "Yes, I have when I was a silly youngster; but now I have grown-up children, and must set them a good example."

"That's true," said Friedrich; "what one may do, another mayn't." "Bailiff," he added, after a while, "how old is your daughter Hanchen?"

"Well, Friedrich," said the Bailiff, and his eyes began to twinkle, "she's not old, she is only just eighteen; but I tell you, she's as sharp as a needle."

"I know that," said Friedrich; "I sat by her side yesterday evening up at the Stemhagen Schloss, and I can fully say she pleased me so well that I should be ready to change my state to please her."

"Un wo vel Wust makt Sin Fru denn nu woll von säben Swin? Doch woll en Stückener dörting, also kemen dörting Wust up 'ne Specksid, un up ein Wust kem also, in'n pohlschen Bogen berekent, höchstens en halwen Dag un en halwen Slag, un dat estimier ick för'n richtig un en gnedig Gericht, un Hei kann mi glik hir up frische Daht den halwen Slag in't Gnick gewen, un den halwen Dag will'ck den negsten Sünndagnahmiddag in Sinen Hus' achter'n Aben afsitten, denn kik Hei hir! Ick heww den Baukfink de Wust namen."

"Wo, di plagt jo woll de Düwel?" seggt de Schult. "De nich, äwer de Hunger", seggt Fridrich un treckt de Wust ut de Tasch un snitt en En'n af. "Schult, hir! De Wust is gaud, de kann ein ahn Brod eten."

"Ne", seggt de Schult, "mit stahlen Woher will ick nicks tau dauhn hewwen."

"Wo so, stahlen?" fröggt Fridrich. "Dit is 'ne Furagierung, as wi bi'n Herzog von Brunswik säden, oder en Mundrow, as Ji seggt. Un, Schult, Hei's doch gewiß ok oft in den Preister sin Appel stegen?"

"Weit de Düwel, wat du hüt hest? Ja, dat bün ick, as ick en unverstännigen Jung' was, äwer nu heww ick grot Kinner un sall ehr mit en Bispill vörangahn."

"Woher is't", seggt Fridrich, "un wat sick för einen schickt, dat schickt sick nich för den annern." "Schult", seggt hei nah 'ne Wil, "wo olt is Sin Fiken?"

"Je", seggt de Schult, un sin Ogen fungen an tau lüchten, "Fridrich, de Dirn, ick segg di, de Dirn. Olt is sei nich, sei ward irst achteihn; äwer ick segg di, klauk is sei as 'ne Imm"

"Dat weit ick", seggt Fridrich, "ick heww noch gestern abend up den Stemhäger Sloß bi ehr seten, un ick kann woll seggen, sei hett mi so gaud gefallen, dat ick in'n Stan'n wir, ehr tau Gefallen mi tau verännern."

"Come, come, you are going too fast," said the Bailiff, and he looked at Friedrich from top to toe.

"Yes," said Friedrich, "and I thought you might find some other farm for your Fritz; and, as you are getting old you might lay yourself on the shelf, and could give us your land; and then Hanchen and I should have a nice home, and you would have a deal of pleasure in us.

"By Heaven!" cried the Bailiff, "are you really in earnest?"

"Why not?" said Friedrich; "do I look as if I were joking?"

"What?" cried Besserdich; "An old beggar like you want to marry a Bailiff's daughter! My daughter! A young girl of eighteen!"

"Mind what you're saying. Bailiff," said Fritz. "Old, say you? Just look at me, I am in my prime, between twenty and fifty. A beggar, say you? I have never asked you for so much as a pipe of tobacco. It's true your Hanchen is, on the whole, younger than I am, but I don't object to that. I'll take her all the same, for she is clever, and knows that a fellow like me who has seen the world, is worth more than one of your young peasants with red cheeks and flaxen hair, who makes a bow like a clasp-knife and spits about in folk's rooms."

"Have you been putting these notions in the girl's head?" shouted the Bailiff, raising his stick against him.

"Put down your stick, Bailiff," said Friedrich; "what would people say if they heard that I had been fighting with my father-in-law, in the open country, before the wedding?"

The Bailiff let his stick drop.

"No, I could take a sausage from a fellow like the Bullfinch," Friedrich went on; "but I could not cheat a pretty, young thing like that of her happiness; I put no notions into your Hanchen's head."

"Na, hür mal, du geihst gaud!" seggt de Schult un kickt Fridrichen von baben bet un'n an.

"Ja", seggt Fridrich, "un ick dacht, för Sinen Fritzen fin'nt sick woll wat anners, un Hei ward all olt, un wenn Hei sick denn so up't Ollendeil gew, denn künn Hei uns de Hauw gewen, denn hadd Fiken un ick 'ne schöne Brodstäd', un Hei künn vel Freud an uns erlewen."

"Gott sall mi bewohren!" seggt de Schult, "du meinst dat doch nich in Irnst?" "Worüm nich?" seggt Fridrich, un richt't sick in'n En'n. "Seih ick as en Spaß ut?" "Wat!" röppt de oll Schult un geht up em los, "so'n ollen Snurrer as du büst, de wull 'ne Schultendochter frigen? Min Dochter! 'ne jung' Dirn von achteihn Johr?"

"Schult", seggt Fridrich, "seih Hei tau Sinen Würden! Olt, seggt Hei? Kik Hei mi an, ick bün in minen besten Johren, twischen twintig un föftig. Snurrer, seggt Hei? Ick heww Em noch üm kein Pip Toback beden. Äwer wohr is't, Sin Fiken is in'n ganzen jünger as ick; doch dor mak ick mi nicks ut, ick nem sei doch, denn sei is klauk un weit, dat so'n Kirl as ick, de de Welt seihn hett, mihr gelt as so'n Burjung' mit en dicken, roden Kopp un Flaßhor, de en Diner makt as en Klappmetz un de Lüd' in de Stuw' spuckt."

"Hest du mi de Dirn all Rupen in den Kopp set't?" schrigt de oll Schult un böhrt den Stock gegen em up.

"Holt, Schult!" seggt Fridrich. "Den Stock bi Sid! Wat würden de Lüd' seggen, wenn dat heit, ick hadd mi mit minen Swigervader all vör de Hochtide up de Landstrat slagen."

De Schult let den Stock fallen. "Schult", seggt Fridrich, "ick bün woll in'n Stan'n, so'n Baukfink 'ne Wust tau strizen, äwer mindag' nich dortau, so'n lüttes, junges Blaud üm ehr Glück tau bedreigen; ick heww Sin Fiken kein Rupen in den Kopp

set't."

The Bailiff looked at him out of the corner of his eye as if he would say, "The Devil may trust you!" but he said nothing. They now went on again, but the egg was broken.

When they arrived at Demzin, Friedrich went up to a young clerk who was standing near them and said: "I beg your pardon, have you seen a Frenchman pass by?" And so on, and so on. The young man said yes; that rather less than an hour before, such a fellow had passed.

They walked through the village, and, at the other end an old woman had also seen the Chasseur. "We shall soon have him now," said Friedrich.

But a little further on they met, in the fields, an old man who was cutting willows near the path and he knew nothing of any Frenchman, and said the fellow had not passed since six o'clock in the morning.

What was to be done now? Follow the road straight on? That would be a regular wild-goose chase. But the fellow had certainly gone out of the village; where had he stopped? The Bailiff scratched his head; Friedrich looked all round and surveyed the country. At last he said; "We can go no further, Bailiff; the trace is at an end here; so we must think the matter over. But the wind is cold, let us go and sit down by that oven yonder."

Well, they did so. "What a fool I was," said the Bailiff, "to go running after a Frenchman in this weather!" "Father-in-law, leave the Frenchman alone," said Friedrich; "we shall get him yet."

"Are you going to begin again with your 'fathers-in-law,' you Prussian knave?" "What you are not, you may become. Bailiff. I have known many people who have given their daughters and plenty of money into the bargain, for that name."

De oll Schult kek em so von de Sid an, as wull hei seggen: di mag de Düwel trugen!, säd äwer nicks. Sei gungen nu wider, äwer dat Ei was intwei.

As sei nah Demzin ran kamen, steiht dor en jungen Schriwer, un Fridrich geiht nah em ran: "Üm Vergewung, hewwen Sei hir keinen Franzosen seihn?" un so, un so. De jung Minsch seggt: ja, vör 'ne lütte Stun'n wir em so'n Kirl vörbi gahn.

Sei gahn dörch't Dörp, un up't anner En'n hett ok 'ne olle Fru den Schassür seihn. "Nu hewwen wi em bald", seggt Fridrich.

Äwer as sei en beten wider hen up den Fell'n en ollen Mann drapen, de Widen an den Weg kröppt, will de von keinen Franzosen wat weiten un seggt: hir wir de Kirl sörre Klock söß des Morgens nich vörbi kamen.

Wat nu? Den Weg wedder nahgahn? Dat wir 'ne richtige Willgaus'jagd worden. Ut den Dörp was äwer de Kirl rute gahn; wo was hei blewen? De Schult kratzt sick den Kopp, Fridrich kek sick allentwegen üm un besach sick de Gelegenheit; endlich säd hei: "Schult, wider kån wi nich gahn; hir is de Spur tau En'n: will'n uns also de Sak äwerleggen; hir pust't dat äwer hellschen kolt äwer de Rüm', will'n uns dor achter den Backaben setten."

Na, sei dauhn dat. "Wat ick för en Nahr bün", seggt de Schult, "hir in so'n Weg un Weder achter'n Franzosen hertaulopen!" "Swigervader, lat Hei den Franzosen", seggt Fridrich, "den krigen wi ümmer noch."

"Fangst du mi all wedder an mit dinen Swigervader, du preußsche Spitzbauw?" "Schult, wat Hei nich is, kann Hei jo noch warden. Ick heww vel Lüd' kennt, de hewwen för desen Namen ehr Döchter un denn noch vel Geld gewen."

"Yes, but then they got rather different sons-in-law."

"Now, just look at me, Bailiff," said Friedrich, and he placed himself before the Bailiff as erect as he could make himself; "I'm not a lawyer, nor yet a doctor, but I have sound bones, and my hands speak of work. And if you don't trust your own eyes you can ask my Miller."

"Yes, and do you know what he'll say? He'll say you are steady enough and understand a thing or two, but that your sayings are not the sort to 'tice a dog away from a warm stove (oven)."

"I'll soon show you whether they are. But now, Bailiff, will you give me your Hanchen?"

"Damnation!" cried the Bailiff. "I thought at first it was only a joke. But now I do believe you're in earnest."

"I was joking about the farm and your laying yourself on the shelf, Bailiff," said Friedrich, "for your Fritz must of course have the farm. But I am in earnest about Hanchen, and I shall easily get a farm."

"You boaster!" said the Bailiff; "there now, that's one of your sayings, which, as I said, will 'tice no dog away from a stove." "I will show you if they can or not," said Friedrich.

"You braggart!" said the Bailiff, getting up; "I shall go home, and you can go and catch your Frenchman by yourself." "I have got him," said Friedrich. "You sack of lies!" again cried the Bailiff.

"Bailiff," said Friedrich; "if the Frenchman stands before you in three minutes, and so my sayings entice a dog away from an oven, will you give me your Hanchen?" And he held his hand out to him. "Shake hands upon it." "There's my hand," cried the Bailiff; "just to show you that you are nothing but a boasting braggart."

"Denn hewwen s' ok anner Swigersähns dorför kregen, as du büst."

"Kik Hei mi mal an, Schult", seggt Fridrich un stellt sick vör den Schulden steidel tau Höcht, "en Avkat bün ick nich un en Dokter ok nich; äwer ick heww gesunne Knaken, un kik Hei min Hand an, de kann von Arbeit mitreden. Un wenn Hei Sin eigen Ogen nich trugt, denn kann Hei jo minen Möller fragen."

"Je, weitst, wat de seggt? De seggt, du wirst woll en düchtigen Kirl un verstünst ok 'ne Sak antaufaten; äwer du haddst Redensorten an di, unnütze Redensorten, mit de keiner en Hund achter'n Aben rut locken künn."

"Dat ick dat kann, dat will ick Em nahsten bewisen. Äwer nu, Schult: will Hei mi Sin Fiken gewen?"

"Dunnerwetter!" seggt de Schult, "ick dacht irst, dat süll Spaß sin, un nu glöw ick, du Racker willst hir Ernst bruken."

"Schult", seggt Fridrich, "mit de Hauw un dat Ollendeil, dat was Spaß; denn Sin Fritz möt de Hauw hewwen, un Hei brukt noch nich up't Ollendeil; äwer mit Sin Fiken, dat is Ernst; un 'ne Hauw krig ick sacht."

"Du Prahlhans!" seggt de Schult. "Süh, dit is so 'ne Redensort, as ick seggt heww, mit de du keinen Hund ut den Aben lockst." "Dat will 'ck Em wisen!" röppt Fridrich.

"Dickdauher!" seggt de Schult un steiht up. "Ick gah nah Hus, un du gah nah'n Hun'nledden oder grip di dinen Franzosen." "Den heww ick", seggt Fridrich. "Prahlhans!" röppt de Schult.

"Schult", seggt Fridrich, "wenn in drei Minuten de Franzos' vör Em steiht un ick mit min Redensorten en Hund ut den Aben lock, will Hei mi denn Sin Fiken gewen?" un hölt em de Hand hen, "denn slag Hei in!" "Du Lügenbalg!" röppt de Schult, "blot üm di mit de Näs' dorup tau stöten, dat du en Prahlhans büst."

And they shook hands on it. Friedrich gave a broad grin and stooped down to the mouth of the oven:

“Mossoo, allong ici, allong ici.” And what should creep out into the light but the Frenchman!

“Eh! Damn...!” cried the Bailiff.

“Pardon, Monsieur,” said the Frenchman.

“Who has won the bet now, Bailiff?” asked Friedrich. “Here is the Frenchman and the dog too. Who is to have your Hanchen now?”

“Prussian vagabond,” cried the Bailiff, and raised his stick again, “Do you think you can fool me into this? You have my Hanchen...! I would rather ...”

“Put down your stick, Bailiff, you frighten the Frenchman. Better come over here and help me to secure him; we can talk about the bet afterwards.”

“Pardon,” threw in the Chasseur.

“Pardong here, and pardong there,” cried Friedrich; “what do you mean by running away from the beech-tree where I had laid you comfortably. This time I'll treat you in my fashion; Mamsell Westphalen is not here now,” and, so saying, he cut the buttons off the Frenchman's trowsers: “And now, allong, avang!” And in this way, they set off back through Demzin towards Pinnow.

The Bailiff walked by their side in the heavy rain, silent, and angry, though chiefly with himself; for whenever he tried to throw the blame on Friedrich's shoulders, he could not help saying to himself: “He is a rascal, but he's a devilish clever fellow too. How could he know, I wonder, that the Frenchman was lying in the oven. And then his cutting off the buttons, what could he mean by that? I must make a note of the trick.”

When they came to Guelzow, Friedrich said: “Why, Bailiff, who is that coming hunting along over your field? What is he riding like that for? He cannot ride faster than the rain.”

“Ja!” Un hei sleiht in.

Fridrich griff lacht so'n beten vör sick hen, bückt sick dal tau dat Backabenlock: “Mossiöh, allong! ißi! Allong! ißi!” Un wat krüpt taum Vörschin? De französche Schassür.

“Gotts ein Dunner...!” röppt de Schult.

“Pardong! Mossiöh!” röppt de Franzos'.

“Schult, wer hett de Wedd wunnen?” fröggt Fridrich. “Hir is de Franzos', un hir is ok de Hund! Wer kriggt nu Sin Fiken?”

“Preuß'sche Hallunk!” röppt de Schult un böhrt wedder den Stock in de Höcht, “du willst mi hir taum besten hewwen? Du, min Fiken! Leiwerst will ick jo doch...”

“Schult”, seggt Fridrich, “legg Hei den Stock bi Sid, de Franzos' ängst't sick. Kam Hei leiwerst her un help Hei mi bi dat Arretierungsgeschäft; äwer de Wedd reden wi nahsten.”

“Pardong!” röppt de Franzos' dormang.

“Wat hir, wat dor! Pardong!” röppt Fridrich. “Wat löppst du mi unner de Bäuk furt, wo ick di henleggt hadd? Dital will 'ck di mal nah min Ort traktieren, Mamsell Westphalen is hier nich begäng“, un dormit snitt hei em de Knöp von de Kledage af. “Un nu allong! avang!” Un so geiht dat denn nu vörwärts dörch Demzin nah Pinnow hentau.

De oll Schult geiht in den dullen Regen still biher un argert sick, am meisten äwer sick sülwst, un wenn hei de Schuld up Fridrichen schuwen will, denn möt hei ümmer tau sick seggen: “En Hallunk is hei; äwer en verdeuwelten Kirl is hei doch! Von wat hei dat woll wüßt, dat de Franzos' in den Backaben satt? Un denn dit mit dat Knöpafsniden! Na, dit Stück will 'ck mi marken!”

As sei gegen Gölzow kamen, seggt Fridrich: “Schult, wer Deuwel kümmt dor dwars äwer Jug Streking tau jagen? Wat hett de dor tau jagen? Den Regen jöggt hei doch nich ut den Weg.”

"Heavens!" said the Bailiff; "why that is Inspector Braesig's brown mare, and the man on it is the Stemhagen Burmeister."

My father approached, and when he saw the Frenchman and Friedrich he said: "Now it's all right."

"But," he added, "first to your house, Bailiff, for my soul is freezing in my body, and I am wet to the skin."

"I see you are, sir; and we are pretty much in the same state."

Arrived at the Bailiff's house, all sorts of clothes were brought to light by the Bailiff's goodwoman, but it was hard work to provide for all three, for the bad times had made sad havoc in the Bailiff's wardrobe, and they were glad enough to find anything that would even half fit them. The Bailiff could get no other covering for himself than his own trowsers, Friedrich made himself look very fine in Fritz's Sunday coat, and my father, as the smallest, had to content himself with Hans's jacket, which of course the Bailiff did not wish, and made all sorts of excuses for. But when a person finds himself in safety after being in an unpleasant predicament, and in a dry place after being out in the rain, mirth readily gets the upper hand, and my father, on seeing himself in his costume, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"But," said he, suddenly checking himself, and becoming quite grave, "here are we laughing when there is a fellow-being amongst us, shivering, not only with cold but with fear; and we ought to do what we can for him. Dame, you must help the Frenchman to some dry things."

But that was not so easy, and when they had hunted up everything else, they had to make up with the Bailiff's wife's old grey skirt.

"Wo Dunner!" seggt de Schult, "dat is jo den Inspekter Nicolain sin Brun, un de dorup sitt, is jo woll gor de Stemhäger Burmeister?" Un so was't.

Min Vader kamm ran, un as hei den Franzosen sach un Fridrichen, säd hei, nu süll sick de Sak woll schicken.

"Äwer", set't hei hentau, "Schult, nu nah Sinen Hus! Denn mi friert de Seel in minen Liw', un dörchnät't bün 'ck bet up de Knaken." "Dat segg ick man, Herr, un wi sünd ok schön dörchbükt."

As sei in den Schultenhus' ankamen wiren, halt de Schultenfru allerlei äwerleidiges Tüg taum Vörschin, doch langt dat man knapp, denn de slimmen Tiden spelten ok in den Schulten sin Klederkamer stark ehren schawernackschen Zwickel, un jeder dankte Gott, wenn hei man wat fänn, wat em hallweg' tau Paß satt. De oll Schult kunn kein anner Hüsung finnen as in sin eigen Bux; Fridrich stek ganz statsch in Fritzen sinen Gottsdischrock, un min Vader, as de lüttst, müßt sick mit Hannern sin kort Jack begnäugen, wat natürlich de Schult nich wull un vel Kumpelmenten doräwer makt; äwer wenn einer ut 'ne Verdreitlichkeit in Säkerheit un ut en Regen in'n Drögen kamen is, denn stellt sick de Lustigkeit licht in, un min Vader lacht äwer sinen Uptog, dat em de Ogen tranten.

"Leiwer Gott", säd hei mit einmal un würd sihr ernsthaft, "wi lachen hir, ein unner uns sitt en Minschenkind, dat schüdd't nich de Frost allein, dat schüdd't ok de Angst, un wi süllen em taum wenigsten dat tau Gauden dauhn, wat wi können. Fru, Sei möt ok den Franzosen mit wat unner de Arm gripen."

Dat gung denn nu man swack, un as allens vernutzt was, wat sick jichtens dortau schicken ded, müßt doch oll Schultenmutter ehr gaschen Rock dat grötste Loch taustoppen.

"Eat heartily, comrade," said Friedrich, as they sat round the table eating the afternoon meal, and he pushed a piece of salt meat of some three pounds weight towards the Frenchman, "Eat, comrade, for as long as you eat, you will live."

My father took pity on the fellow, and spoke a few words to him in French in a comforting tone, and the poor sinner answered so humbly and dejectedly that it quite moved the Bailiff, though he understood not a word of what was said, and he leant over to my father: "Shall we let the fellow go, Herr Burmeister?"

My father said, no; that would not do. The Miller and the Baker were in trouble, and had done no wrong; the Frenchman was also in trouble, but he had done wrong; and right was right and what was fair to one was fair to another.

The Bailiff's Fritz just then came riding into the yard with the team, and came into the room.
"Good evening, father," said he; "I have got off from the French," and he shook hands with the Bailiff, and then went up to my father, whose back was turned to him, and gave him a stout cuff: "Good evening, Hans, can't you speak to your brother?"

My father started and turned round; Fritz stood fixed to the spot like Lot's wife.
"Lord save us!" cried the Bailiff. "He comes in here and goes and strikes the Stemhagen Burmeister under my own roof. And the rascal is to be a bailiff some day!"

"Never mind," said my father. "However, as a punishment he shall have no rest yet; he shall drive us over to Stemhagen this very night."
"Through the whole world, if you like, Herr Burmeister," said Fritz.
"But how is it you are so late home?" asked the Bailiff.

"Why, father, I thought it might be ugly if they were to catch me and so I led the

"Brauder, ett düchtig!" säd Fridrich, as sei üm de vulle Dracht von Vesperbrod rüm seten, un schow den Franzosen so'n Stück Pökelfleisch von en Pundener drei hen. "Ett, Brauder! So lang' de Minsch ett, so lang' lewt hei noch."

Un minen Vader würd de Kirl jammern, un hei redt en por Würd' französich mit em in en tröstlichen Ton, un de arme Sünnner antwurt't so leidig un de- un wehmäudig, dat dat den ollen Schulden, obschonst hei nicks dorvon verstunn, doch an't Hart grep un hei sick an minen Vader ranne bögt: "Herr Burmeister, will'n den Kirl wedder lopen laten."

Ne, säd min Oll, so güng de Sak denn doch nich. De Möller un de Bäcker seten in grote Nod un hadden 'ne gerechte Sak, un de Franzos' set ok in Nod, hadd äwer ne ungerechte Sak, un't Recht müßt dörch de Welt gahn.

Dunn kümmt den Schulden sin Fritz mit de Mähren up den Hof tau riden un kümmt in de Dör: "Gun Abend, Vader! Ick bün de Franzosen utritsch", un giwwt sinen Ollen de Hand un geiht nah minen Vader ran, de em den Rüggen taukihr, un giwwt em en recht nüdlichen Denktettel in't Gnick: "Gun Abend, Hanne! Kannst dinen Brauder de Dagstid nich beiden?"

Min Vader fohrt in En'n un dreiht sick üm, un Fritz steiht nu dor as Loten sin Wiw'. "Gott sall mi bewohren!" röppt de Schult. "Kümmt hir rin un sleiht mi den Stemhäger Burmeister in minen eigen Hus! Un de Slüngel will mal Schult warden!"

"Lat em!" seggt min Oll. "Dorför sall hei äwer hüt abend noch nich tau Rauh, hei sall uns hüt abend noch all nah Stemhagen führen." "Dörch de ganze Welt, Herr Burmeister", seggt Fritz. "Wat kümmt du äwerst so lat an't Hus?" fröggt de Schult.

"Je, Vader, ick dacht so, wenn s' di krigen, ward de Sak slimm, un dorüm

horses into the Wood, and stood on the watch; and I meant to stay there till evening, but while I was waiting, Luth came along and told me the French had been gone a long time, and that the Burmeister had escaped from them and that he was looking for him.

"Where is Luth, now, then?" asked my father. "He'll be here directly," said Fritz, "he only stopped to make inquiries at the schoolmaster's."

Luth came in presently, and when he asked for my father and saw him in the short jacket, he lost all control over himself, forgot everything that he had meant to say, and burst out laughing.

My father got angry at this, for he was not thinking of the jacket now, but of my Mother and all at home, and he caught Luth by the collar: "Luth, are you gone mad?" he cried; "What are my wife and children doing?"

"They are quite well, Herr Burmeister, ha, ha, ha! And the Herr Amtshauptmann is reading out of a book to the Frau Burmeister, and Mamsell Westphalen is stuffing Fritz with buns and apples; but, ha, ha, ha! Don't take it ill, Herr Burmeister; I can't help laughing."

Friedrich also began to laugh, and the Bailiff, and Fritz; and the Bailiff's wife said: "The Herr Burmeister does look very funny!" My father's heart was light again now, so he could join in the laugh.

"You may laugh now, Luth," he said, "but make haste, for I have some pressing business for you. The French took away the valise with the gold and silver, did they not?"

"Yes, I saw it when they were dragging it off."

"Be quick then. You will find Inspector Braesig's brown mare in the stable; take it and ride as fast as you can to Kittendorf to the Herr Landrath von Uertzen, for it was there the Chasseurs came from yesterday, and they no doubt got the silver spoons there; and then tell the Herr

treckt ick de Mähren in'n Holt un stellt mi up de Lur un wull täuwen, bet't Abend würd; un as ick so stunn, dunn kamm de Stadtdeiner Luth antaugahn, un de säd, de Franzos' wir lang' weg un de Herr Burmeister wir de Franzosen ok utritsch un hei söcht em."

"Wo's hei denn blewen?" frögt min Oll. "Hei ward glik kamen", seggt Fritz, "hei frog man noch bi den Schaulmeister vör."

Un Luth kamm denn nu ok mitdewil, un as hei nah minen Vader frog un em de in de korte Jack vör Ogen kamm, was't vörbi mit sine ganze Utrichtung, hei verget allens, wat hei seggen süll an wull, un fung ludhals' an tau lachen, un min Oll argert sick, denn hei dacht nich mihr an sinen Uptog, sondern an min Mutting un an't Hus, un kreg den Stadtdeiner bi den Kragen: "Luth, is Hei unklauk worden? Wat makt min Fru un min Kinner?"

"Prächtig tau Weg', Herr Burmeister! Hahaha! Un de Herr Amtshauptmann les't de Fru Burmeistern wat ut de Bäüker vör, un Mamsell Westphalen proppt Fritzen mit Appel un Kringel, äwer, hahaha! Nemen S' 't nich äwel, ick möt lachen."

Un Fridrich fung ok an tau lachen, un de oll Schult ok, un Fritz; un Schultenmutter säd: de Herr Burmeister seg doch heil spaßig ut. Minen Ollen was dat Hart nu licht worden, un hei lacht von Harten mit.

"Luth, lach Hei düchtig", säd hei, "äwer lach Hei fix tau! Denn för Em heww ick wat lliges tau dauhn. Nich wohr, de Franzosen hewwen den Mantelsack mit dat Geld un dat Sülwertüg mitnamen?"

"Ja, Herr. Ick heww't seihn, as sei't furt dragen deden."

"Denn spaud Hei sick. In den Stall steiht den Inspekter Nicolain sin Brun, den nimmt Hei un jöggt, al wat Hei kann, nah Kittendörp nah den Herrn Landrat von Ürtzen – denn von dorher sünd gistern de Schassürs kamen, un dor warden ok woll de Lepel herstemmen, un denn vertellt

Landrath how things stand in Stemhagen, and ask him to send a trusty man back with you who can swear to the spoons. By that means he may, perhaps, be able to recover his property. And now, away with you. And, Fritz, put the horses to, quickly."

Hei den Herrn Landrat, wo't uns in Stemhagen gahn is, un bidd't em, hei süll Em en säkern Minschen, de up de Lepel swören kann, mitgewen. Up so'ne Wis' künn hei mäglich sin Eigendaum wedder krigen. Un nu furt mit Em! Und du, Fritz, spann fixing an!"

They were all seated in the waggon in no time, except indeed the Bailiff, for his wife would not let him go: "You have nothing to do there; you can stop at home," she said.

Wohrt ok nicks, dunn seten sei all up den Wagen, blot den Schulten wull Mutter nich mitlaten: "Du hest dor nicks tau dauhn, du künnst tau Hus liggen."

"Wife" said the Bailiff, placing one foot on the wheel and the other on the shaft, and looking down at her, "that's against our agreement; you are mistress in the house and I am master in my bailiff's duties; and to take charge of a prisoner is a bailiff's duty."

"Mutter", säd de Schult un set't den einen Faut in't Rad un den annern up den Schinken von den Wagen un kek sick von baben dal üm, "dit's gegen uns' Äwereinkamen. Du büst Herr in den Hus', un ick bün Herr in min Schultengeschäften, un en Gefangen tau transperieren is en Schultengeschäft."

And so saying he squeezed himself in between Friedrich and the Frenchman on one sack. "Now Fritz," he cried, "off with you."

Un dorbi klemmt hei sick mit Fridrichen un den Franzosen up einen Sack: "So, Fritz, nu man jüh!"

CHAPTER XVII

Proves that Friedrich was not really a thief; and relates how the Emperor Napoleon would have nothing to do with the Rathsherr; and how the Colonel had secrets with the Rathsherr.

Before the Stemhagen Rathhaus, the waggon drew up, and, at one bound, my Father was down from his sack, and telling the others to stay in the waggon till he called them.

As he came into the Hall, he was met by Marie Wienken with a light, for it had gradually got dark. Marie, who was our housemaid, on seeing my Father in Hans's jacket was very near letting the light fall, and was just going to scream, when he pushed her quickly into his room, and said "Hold your tongue, Marie! You are generally a sensible girl."

Marie was really stupid; but nothing brightens stupid people more than to hear themselves called clever.

"Is the Herr Amtshauptmann still here?" asked my Father.

"Yes, Herr."

"Then set down your light, and go into the room, don't let my wife suspect anything, and say to the Herr Amtshauptmann that there is some one outside who wishes to speak to him; and then bring him in here."

She did so and the old Herr came in.

"Good evening, my son, what is it you want, and what are you doing here in the Burmeister's room?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, what are my wife and children doing?"

"What do I know of your wife and children, my lad? You're young to have a wife and children."

"A thousand devils!" cried my father; "don't you know me then? Why I'm the Burmeister."

"What say you, eh?" cried the old Herr; "that's quite another thing. That's a very

Dat säbenteihnte Kapittel

Worüm Fridrich eigentlich kein Spitzbauw was; worüm de Kaiser Napoleon nicks mit den Herrn Ratsherrn tau dauhn hewwen will, un worüm de Oberst mit den Herrn Ratsherrn Heimlichkeiten hett.

Vör den Rathaus tau Stemhagen höll de Wagen still, un mit einen Satz was min Vater raf von sinen Sack un heit de annern noch en beten sitten bliwen, bet hei sei röp.

As hei up de Dehl kamm, begegnet em Marik Wienken mit Licht, denn 't was all mitdewil düster worden. Marik, wat uns' Deinstmäten was, hadd binah dat Licht fallen laten un wull eben upschrigen, as sei minen Vater ut Hannern sin Mondierung herute kennen ded; hei treckt sei äwer fix in sin Stuw' un säd: "Holt din Mul, Marik! Du büst jo'n verstännig Mäten!"

Marik was man düsig, äwer nicks grippt de Dummheit beter unner de Arm, as wenn sei för klauk utgewen ward; in Marik ehren Kopp würd dat denn ok en ganz Deil heller. "Is de Herr Amtshauptmann noch hir?" frog min Vater. "Ja, Herr."

"Denn sett dat Licht hir hen un gah nah de Stuw' rin un lat di nicks tau min Fru marken un segg den Herrn Amtshauptmann: buten wir ein, de em spreken wull, un denn bring em hir rin."

Na, dat geschach, un de oll Herr kamm herin: "Gun Abend, min Sähn, wat willst du, un wat deihst du hir in den Herrn Burmeister sin Stuw'?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, wat makt min Fru un Kinner?"

"Min Jüngschen, wat weit ick von din Fru un Kinner? Wo kümmt du tau Fru un Kinner?"

"Gottsdausend", röppt min Oll, "kennen Sei mi denn nich? Ick bün jo de Burmeister!"

"Das ist denn eine andere Sache!" röppt de oll Herr. "Das is ja eine ganz

strange thing! Consul Stavenhageniensis in a boy's jacket! But what says Horace? Nil admirari, above all in these times, my friend."

"My wife, Herr Amtshauptmann?"

"She knows you are free and will be delighted to see you back."

"But?"

"Well, it won't do her any harm if she does see you in a short jacket. Come along!"

All sudden surprises, even pleasant ones, are painful. When joy sounds in our ears, as if, all at once two dozen trumpets had been blown close behind us, we feel as if our head and heart were split, and the most beautiful music becomes mere pain. No! I love joy when it comes like a singing bird in a cool wood, coming nearer and nearer from twig to twig, till at last it sings its song full in my ears from the nearest bush.

Joy had come to my mother rather too hastily at first; but she had got over the shock. Now it came to her from twig to twig; and, as my father entered the room, it sang its song full in her ears; the bird had come to her at last in a short jacket, and it seemed as if it were making all manner of bobbings to her out of the bush; she laughed with all her heart. The memory of this day was preserved amongst us down to the latest times, and whenever my father happened to return home from his work and cares in a particularly happy mood, we used to say: "father has got his short jacket on to-day."

When the first burst of happiness was somewhat over, the old Herr began: "And so you have brought the French Chasseur along with you, my friend?"

"Not I," said my father; "the Miller's Friedrich has done the greater part of the business; the Guelzow Bailiff helped him."

besondere Sache! Ne, wat denn? Consul Stavenhageniensis in 'ne korte Jack! Äwer wat seggt Horaz? Nil admirari, seggt hei! Vör allen in desen Tiden, min Herzenskindting."

"Herr Amtshauptmann, min Fru?"

"Weit, dat Sei los sünd, min Herzenskindting, un ward sick sihr freuen."

"Äwer..."

"Nee, 't schadt ehr nich, ok nich, wenn sei Sei in 'ne korte Jack süht. Kamen S' man!"

All de Äwerraschungen dāgen den Düwel nicks, sülwst nich de gauden. Wenn de Freud' den Minschen mit einmal in de Uhren schallt, as wenn twei Dutzend Muskanten tauglik dicht bi einen achter'n Busch losleggen, denn ritt dat einen dörch dat Hart un dörch den Kopp, un dat schönste Lied ward idel Weihdag'. Ne! ick law mi de Freud, wenn sei ankümmt as en schönen Singvogel in'n kühlen Holt, wenn sei neger kümmt un ümmer neger von Twig tau Twig, bet sei mi tauletz von den negsten Busch ehr Lied vull in de Uhren singt.

De Freud' kamm bi min Mutting tauirst woll en beten hastig; äwer dat was äwerstahn; nu kamm sei von Twig tau Twig, un as min Vader rin kamm in de Stuw', dunn sung sei ehr Lied ehr vull in de Uhren, un as de Vogel tauletz gor in 'ne korte Jack kamm, dunn was't ehr, as wenn hei ehr allerlei Wippkens in den Busch vörmaken ded, dat sei von Harten dorāwer lachen müßt. Un de Erinnerung an desen Dag is in unsern Hus' lewig blewen bet in de spādsten Tiden: wenn min Vader unner Arbeit un Sorgen mal recht lustig an't Hus kamm, denn heit dat unner uns: "Vatting hett hüt de korte Jack an."

As sick de Freud hallweg' tau Rauh set't hadd, fung de oll Herr an: "Un den Franzosen hewwen Sei glik mitbröcht, min Herzenskindting?"

"Ick nich", säd min Oll, "den Möller sin Fridrich hett woll 't Best dorbi dahn, un de Gülzowsche Schult hett em dorbi

"This Friedrich must be a clever determined fellow," said the Amtshauptmann. "Eh, what say you? Let us have him in."

Friedrich came and the Bailiff too. "Was it you, Friedrich, who threw the Frenchman out of the waggon?"

Friedrich thought to himself, "What? Is another court of justice going to be held?" And since he must needs answer the Amtshauptmann's question with a "yes," he planted himself firmly, with one leg advanced, and stood ready prepared for whatever might come: "Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann," said he.

"And are you aware that you have brought the Miller into great trouble?"
"Trouble? He's pretty well used to troubles, and one more won't hurt him."
"Was it you who took the valise from the Frenchman's horse?"

"Yes, Herr."

"And did you not take eight groschen of the Frenchman's property?"
"I only paid myself back eight groschen of my own," said Friedrich and he told them the story.

"You took them contrary to law and right, and what is he called who does that?"
Friedrich looked boldly at the old Herr, but said not a word.

"Bailiff Besserdich, what is such a man called?"
"By your leave, Herr Amtshauptmann, a thief!" the Bailiff broke out.
"And he is one. Herr, it was only to-day he stole one of Bullfinch's sausages off the smoking-stick, and the fellow wants to marry my Hanchen!"

"What does he want to do?"

"My Hanchen, Herr, who is in your service, he wants to marry her."

"Oh! ho!" said the Herr Amtshauptmann, and he looked at Friedrich from top to toe; "that's quite another thing. You can go out

hulpen." "Dieser Fridrich muß ein verteufelter Kerl sein, ein resolvierter Mensch, will'n em mal rinne kamen laten."

Fridrich kamm, un de Schult ok. "Hür mal, min Sähn, büst du dat, de den Franzosen von den Wagen smeten hett?"

Fridrich dacht bi sick: wo? dit sall jo woll wedder en Gerichtsdag warden? Un wil hei dese Frag mit "ja" beantworten müßt, set't hei sick stracks up de Achterbein un let dat an sick kamen. "Ja, Herr", säd hei.

"Weitst du denn ok woll, dat du den Möller in grote Verlegenheit bröcht best?" "Verlegenheit? Hei is't mit Verlegenheiten gewennt, un ein mihr ward em nich schaden." "Büst du dat, de den Mantelsack von dat Franzosenpird namen hett?"

"Ja, Herr."

"Hest du di dorbi nich mit acht Gröschen an den Franzosen sin Eigendaum vergrepen?" "Ick heww mi min acht Gröschen blot wedder namen", säd Fridrich un vertellte de Geschichte.

"Du hest sei di gegen Gesetz un Recht namen, un wo ward so einer nennt, de dat deiht?" Fridrich kek den ollen Herrn drist an, säd äwer kein Wurd.

"Schult Besserdich, wo ward so'n Minsch nennt?"

"Mit Verlöw, Herr Amtshauptmann, en Spitzbauw!" brok de oll Schult los.

"Un dat is hei, Herr; hei hett hüt noch de oll Baukfinksch 'ne Wust ut den Rok stahlen, un so'n Kirl will min Fiken frigen?"

"Wat will hei?"

"Min Fiken, Herr, de bi Sei deint, Herr, de will hei frigen, Herr."

"So? So?" säd de Herr Amtshauptmann un kek Fridrichen von baben bet unnen an, "das ist denn eine andere Sache! Min

now, my son, but I shall remember you."

Sähn, denn kannst du rute gahn; äwer ick ward di den gistrigen un den hütigen Dag gedenken."

Friedrich went, inwardly cursing the Bailiff and the Herr Amtshauptmann: "What does he want to remember me for?" he said to himself as he stood in the Hall.

Fridrich gung un schull in sinen Harten up den Schulten un den Amtshauptmann. "Wat will hei mi gedenken?" frog hei sick, as hei up de Dehl stunn.

But if he had known what those words meant in the mouth of the old Herr, he would not have been angry; for it was not the custom of the Amtshauptmann to remember what was bad; evil passed over his head without touching him, but if ever a means of doing good came in his way, he was only afraid lest he should lose the opportunity, and then it was always "Neiting, Fritz Sahlmann, Westphalen, or children, help me remember."

Hadd hei äwer wüßt, wat dit Wurd bi den ollen Herrn in den Mun'n führt, hadd hei woll so nich fragt, denn in'n Bösen gedacht de oll Herr sindag' nich wat; dat Bös' gung an em voräwer, dat hackte em nich an, un hei makte drei Krüzen achter her; kamm em äwer dat Gaude entgegen, denn was em bang, dat hei't so rasch verliren süll, denn heit dat: "Neiting, Fritz Sahlmann, Westphalen, Kinnings, helpt mi doran gedenken."

When Friedrich was gone, the old Herr turned round and said, laughing: "You have lost Fritz Sahlmann's sausage of this morning, Neiting; the Pinnow Bullfinch must have it, for, if this rascal of a Friedrich is to marry the Bailiff's Hanchen, we must first make him an honest man again."

As Fridrich ut de Dör was, dreiht de oll Herr sick üm un lachte ut vullen Harten: "Neiting, üm Fritz Sahlmannen sin Wust von hüt morrn büst du nu doch rüm, de kriggt de Baukfinsch in Pinnow, denn wenn dese Bengel, de Fridrich, den Schulten sin Fik frigen sall, denn möt wi em doch irst wedder ihrlich maken."

"Yes," cried my father, and laid down an eight groschen piece on the table; "and here is the money which he took from the Frenchman."

"Ja", röp min Oll un läd en Achtgröschenstück up den Disch, "un hir is dat Geld, wat hei den Franzosen namen hett."

"Well, and now, Bailiff, when is the wedding to be?" laughed the old Herr.

"Na, un nu, Schult, wennihr ward de Hochtide?" lachte de oll Herr.

The Bailiff pulled a long face, and looked as if some one behind him, had suddenly clapped a pair of leather spectacles over his eyes, so as to prevent his seeing what was passing around him. "But, Herr Amtshauptmann, the fellow is a beggar," he said at last.

De oll Schult stunn dor un makt en Gesicht, as hadd em einer von achter 'ne Brill von Schauhsahlen upset't; hei wüßt nich, wat üm em geschach. "Herr Amtshauptmann", säd hei endlich, "de Kirl is jo äwerst en Snurrer."

"Things may change," said the Amtshauptmann. "In these troubled times several farms in this parish have become vacant, and who knows what the High Ducal Cabinet may think of Friedrich's services."

"Schult", säd de oll Herr, "de Sak kann sick ännern. In'n Amt sünd in desen Tiden Burhäv' fri kamen, un wer weit, wo hohe Herzogliche Kammer doräwer denkt."

"Yes, but he is a thief as well, sir."
"Do not let me hear you say that again,

"Ja, hei is doch äwerst ok en Spitzbauw, Herr." "Schult, dat wull ick blot noch mal

Bailiff. When he took the eight groschen out of the valise this morning, could he not have kept the whole? Who would have known anything about it? And if he had carried it off across the Prussian frontier, what dog would have barked, or what cock would have crowed after him? What say you, eh?"

"Well, sir, but the eight groschen and the sausage?"

"The one he looked upon, in his ignorance, as his right, and the other as a joke."

"Well, Herr," said the Bailiff again, and he scratched his head, "even if it is so, still my Hanchen is too young for the old lubber."

"I beg your pardon, Herr Amtshauptmann, for talking, in among law matters and farm business," Mamsell Westphalen here broke in, "but, Bailiff Besserdich, that's all stuff and nonsense, for it's right that a silly young girl like your Hanchen should have an experienced husband. And, Herr Amtshauptmann, if I may make so bold as to say so, he is a determined fellow and useful in times like these; and last night, I won't say anything against Herr Droï, for he must know when it is the proper time to go at a man with sword and gun, but last night Friedrich went at the Frenchman all alone by himself; and though his sayings are not quite proper for your room nor yet for my ears, still I could not help saying to myself, 'That's the man to do a deed!' And, Bailiff, the two would do well for one another, for what he is for deeds she is for words; and, Herr Amtshauptmann, she can keep a man at arm's length, for she has a blessed sharp tongue of her own, and that I can speak to."

The Bailiff looked at Mamsell Westphalen and then at the Herr Amtshauptmann; he was quite dumb. All the objections which he had made were explained away; he sought for fresh ones but found none, till, at length, there flashed across him the

von Em hören. As de Kirl hüt mornn sick de acht Gröschen ut dat Fellisen halt hett, hadd hei dunn nich dat Ganze behollen künnt? Wer hadd dor wat von wüßt? Un wenn hei't up den Nacken namen hadd un wir dormit äwer de preußsche Grenz gahn, wecke Hund un wecke Hahn hadd dornah kreiht? Ne, wat denn?"

"Je, Herr, äwer mit de acht Gröschen un de Wust?"

"Dat ein hett hei in sinen Unverstand för sin Recht hollen un dat anner för en Spaß."

"Je, Herr", seggt de Schult un kratzt sick an den Kopp, "wenn dat ok all so is, min Fik is doch tau jung för den ollen Bengel."

"Mit Verlöw, Herr Amtshauptmann", föll hir Mamsell Westphalen in, "dat ick mang Gerichtssaken un Burenangelegenheiten red. Schult Besserdich, dat is en dummen Snack von Em; denn wenn Sin Fik noch 'ne junge, dumme Dirn is, dann is dat gaud, dat sei en erföhren Mann kriggt, denn dat hett ümmer sin Ort hadd. Un, Herr Amtshauptmann, nehmen S' nich äwel, hei is en resolvierten Kirl un in dese Tid tau bruken, un gistern abend, ick will nicks nich gegen Herr Droï seggen, denn hei möt weiten, wenn dat Tid is, mit Obergewehr un Unnergewehr up en Minschen lostaugahn, äwer gistern gung Fridrich itzig un allein up den Franzosen los, un wenn sine Redensorten ok för Ehre Stuw' un mine Uhren nich rendlich naug wiren, so säd ick doch tau mi: dat is en Kirl, de hett dat mit de Daht. Un, Schult Besserdich, de beiden passen för enanner, denn wat hei in de Daht hett, het sei in de Würden; un, Herr Amtshauptmann, sei kann sick en Kirl von den Liw' hollen, denn sei hett en gottgesegentes Mulwark, un dat segg ick."

De oll Schult kek Mamsell Westphalen an un denn wedder den Herrn Amtshauptmann, hei was ganz verduzt, all de Inwennungen, de hei makt hadd, wiren em t'rügg slagen, hei söcht nah nige un funn kein, bet em tauletzt dat

thought which always did come to his aid at last, and he scratched his head, and said, "Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, I must hear first what my wife has got to say to it."

"Right, Bailiff. But, above all you must hear first what Hanchen says to it. For my part I have only wished to make it clear to you that Friedrich is no thief."

And so the matter was put off to St. Nobody's day, as we say in Mecklenburg. The Frau Amtshauptmann had gone back to the Schloss with Mamsell Westphalen, and the other part of the company were getting tired, when Luth came back from his ride to Kittendorf, and said from the Herr Landrath, his compliments to the Herr Amtshauptmann, and he had sent his own valet-de-chambre about the silver.

Everything was now ready: The Herr Amtshauptmann had only to write a letter to the French Colonel. My father told Luth exactly what he was to do and say. Friedrich and Luth took the Chasseur between them in the waggon. The valet and Fritz Besserdich took their seats in front, and off they went through the dark night and muddy lanes towards Brandenburg.

"Yes," said the Bailiff, as he walked home alone in the dark towards Guelzow, "it's all very well for you to talk. The Amtshauptmann and Burmeister and Mamsell up at the Schloss are grand folks, and have nobody over them, but everybody commands a poor bailiff like me. Yes, if it were not for my wife, and the fellow were not a thief, and he were some ten years younger, and he had a farm of his own, and Hanchen would have him, yes, then, then, no; then he would still not get the girl, for her mother would not have it..."

Now, no one can take it ill, if in telling an amusing tale I have no wish to mix up

inföll, wat em tauletzt ümmer inföll; hei kratzt sick also achter de Uhren un säd: "Je, Herr Amtshauptmann, ick möt irst hüren, wat Mutter dortau seggt."

"Recht, min leiw' Schult! Vör allen äwer möt Hei irst hüren, wat Sin Fiken dortau seggt. Ick för min Deil heww Em man klor maken wullt, dat dese Fridrich kein Spitzbauw is."

Somit was denn dese Angelegenheit vörlöpig up den Nümms- un Nahrensdag herut schaben; de Fru Amtshauptmannen was mit Mamsell Westphalen all rup up dat Sloß gahn, un bi de anner Gesellschaft was de Mäudigkeit inkihrt, as de Stadtdeiner Luth von sin Fort nah Kittendörp taurügg kamm un ansäd, dat de Herr Landrat 'ne schöne Empfehlung maken let un hei schickte sinen eignen Herrn Kammerdeiner mit von wegen dat Sülwertüg.

Dordörch was denn nu allens schön in Ordnung kamen, de Herr Amtshauptmann schrew nu noch ein Breiw an den französchen Oberst, min Oll säd Luthen genau Bescheid, wat hei tau dauhn un tau seggen hadd, Fridrich un Luth nemen den Schassür tüschen sick up den Wagen, de Herr Kammerdeiner un Fritz Besserdich set'ten sick vörn up, un furt gung dat in de düstre Nacht un den deipen Weg nah Bramborg hentau.

"Ja", säd de oll Schult, as hei allein in de Nacht nah Gölzow hentau gang, "ji hewwt gaud reden! So'n Amtshauptmann un Burmeister un Mamsell up den Sloß, dat sünd vörnem Lüd' un hewwen keinen äwer sick; äwer so'n Schulten kummandiert jedwerein. Ja, wenn Mutter nich wir! Un de Kirl wir kein Spitzbauw, un hei wir en teihn Johr jünger, un hei hadd 'ne Burstäd', un min Fik wull em, ja denn, denn, kreg hei de Dirn doch nich, denn Mutter litt't nich."

Kein Minsch kann mi nu verdenken, dat ick bi dat Vertellen von 'ne lustige

horrible stories with it, and so I shall not say more than necessary touching the French Chasseur. I shall say nothing about how he felt when he got to Brandenburg, or how he was brought before the Court-martial, and nothing about how the anguish of death came nearer and nearer, until he met the fate his evil deeds had brought upon him. And I could not do so, even if I wished; for I only write of what I know and this I don't know. I have never in my life hardened myself so far as to be able to look on a poor sinner led out for the last time, and to see how one sinner, by warrant of a human court, sends another sinner, before his time to the Tribunal of the Almighty.

But let me say shortly that it happened; it was so. And when his bleeding body lay on the sand, probably no one thought that the bullets would strike much deeper in another heart, far away in France. I mean his old mother's.

I will therefore only say that, through the Frenchman's being given up safe and sound, the Miller and the Baker were acquitted of the murder; and that, through his confession and through the evidence of Inspector Braesig and the valet-de-chambre, the Landrath von Uertzen came to his own again; and the Colonel von Toll, when the Judge was going to keep back the money, as unclaimed property, got up, and said severely, that his regiment should not be branded with robbing and thieving. And so saying he took the valise and said to Luth:

"You seem a sensible man; take this sealed valise and give it to the Herr Amtshauptmann Weber; he is to do with it what is right according to the practice of the country." Luth received a paper with it, and thus the matter was settled.

But now there arose a difficulty which no one had thought of before: what was to be done with my uncle Herse. When the Miller and the baker and all the others had gone out of the court and away from him, my uncle remained there, like a fine old

Geschicht nich Lust heww, grugliche Geschichten mit mang tau mengen, un dorüm red ick nich wider as nödig von den französchen Schassür; ick segg nicks dorvon, wo em tau Maud' was, as hei nah Bramborg kamm, nicks dorvon, as hei vör't Krigsgericht stunn, nicks dorvon, wo em de Angst, de Dodesangst ümmer neger kamm, as hei sinen bösen Lohn kreg. Un wenn ick't ok wull, so künn ick't nich, denn ick schriw man Ding', de ick kenn, un dit kenn ick nich; ick heww't mindag' nich äwer't Hart bringen künt, en armen Sünnner niglich up den letzten Gang tau bekiken un tautauseihn, wo ein Sünnner den annern von menschlichen Gerichtswegen vörlig vor dat Gericht von unsern Herrgott bringt.

Äwer dat was nu einmal so, un dat geschach ok so; un as sin bläudig Liw up den Sand lagg, hett woll keiner doran dacht, dat de Kugeln wid hinnen in Frankrik vel harter in en Hart slogen as in sin eigen, ick mein in sin olle Moder ehr.

Ick will drüm blot vertellen, dat dörch de Afliwierung von den lewigen Franzosen de Möller un de Bäcker von den Mordverdacht fri kemen un dat dörch sin Geständnis un dörch dat Tügnis von den Inspekter Nicolai un den Herrn Kammerdeiner de Landrat von Ürtzen wedder tau dat Sinige kamm un dat de Oberst von Toll, as de Auditör dat bore Geld taurügg behollen wull as herrnlos Gaud, upstunn un mit strenge Würd' säd: mit Row un Deiwstal süll sin Regiment nich anteert warden. Dormit stunn hei up, namm dat Fellisen un säd tau Luthen: "Min leiw' Fründ, Sei schinen mi en vernünftig Mann tau sin, nemen S' hir den versiegelten Mantelsack un gewen S' em den Herrn Amtshauptmann Wewer, hei süll dormit dauhn, wat hir tau Lan'n Rechtens wir." Luth kreg 'ne Schrift dortau, un so wir de Sak afmakt.

Äwer nu kamm 'ne Swirigkeit dormang, doran hadd keiner dacht: wat süll mit minen Unkel Hersen warden? As de Möller un de Bäcker un de annern all ut de Gerichtsstuw' rute un von em weg gahn wiren, stunn min Unkel Hers' dor as

oak which the forester has left in a clearing, alone in its grandeur.

The Colonel looked at him and asked: "Why are you still here?"

My uncle Herse stirred his branches as it were, and from the look in his dusky-red face, it was clear that a storm of wind was beginning to agitate the head of the old tree: "That's what I was going to ask you," was his answer.

If a stranger had entered the room at that moment, he would hardly have been able to say which was the Rathsherr and which the colonel. Both had imposing uniforms on, both had proud aristocratic faces, and both had these from the habit of command; if the Colonel was a couple of inches taller, my uncle Herse was half a foot broader; and if the Colonel had hair on his upper lip, my uncle had it all over his face, for he had not been shaved for the last two days: old Metz the barber had forgotten to shave him the day before yesterday, and the day before yesterday's, yesterday's and to-day's growth, weighed fully as much as the French officer's moustache.

"Who are you?" asked the Colonel. "I am a Rathsherr, a Stemhagen Rathsherr," replied my uncle. This seemed to take the Colonel by surprise. He walked up and down and at last stood still before my uncle and said: "I do not see any advantage for the Emperor Napoleon in my dragging you about the country any longer. You can go."

Now this was not the sort of thing my uncle was used to. "Sir!" he cried: "this treatment..." "I am truly sorry," interrupted the Colonel, "that you should have been put to such inconvenience. You must have been taken up entirely by mistake."

This was a little too strong for my uncle. All along the road and through the wintry night, he had comforted himself with the

en schönen einsamen Eikbom in en Hau, den de Förster allein in sine Statlichkeit verschont hett.

De Oberst kek em verwunnert an un frog em: "Wat stahn Sei hir noch?"

Min Unkel Hers' rögte sine Telgen, un an sin düsterrodes Gesicht kunn einer seihn, dat in sin Zoppen'n de Stormwind anfang tau brusen. "Dat wull ick Sei fragen", was sin Antwort.

Wir in desen Ogenblick en frömd Minsch in de Dör kamen, hei hadd woll swigen süllt, wer Oberst un wer Ratscherr wir. 'ne statsche Uniform hadden beid an, un beid hadden 'ne vörnem, stolze Min, un beid hadden sei dese ut Gewohnheit von wegen dat Kummandieren; was de Oberst en por Toll länger, so was min Unkel en halwen Faut dicker; hadd de Oberst den Krig unner de Näs', so hadd min Unkel em äwer dat ganze Gesicht, denn hei hadd sick en por Dag' nich balbieren laten kunnt, oll Doktor Metz hadd vorgistern äwerschaten, un wat de Dag' vörher un gistern un hüt wussen was, wog gaud so vel as de Snurrbort von den Franzosen.

"Wer sünd Sei?" frog de Franzos'. "Ick bün en Ratscherr, en Stemhäger Ratscherr", säd min Unkel. Dat schint denn nu den Franzosen doch tau verblüffen; hei gung up un dal, un taulezt blew hei vör minen Unkel stahn un säd: "Ick seih den Vurtel för den Kaiser Napoleon nich in, wenn ick noch länger mit Sei in'n Lan'n herüm treck. Sei känen gahn."

So wat was min Unkel denn nu nich gewennt. "Herr", röp hei, "dese Behandlung...!" "Ick bedur uprichtig", föll em de Oberst in't Wurd, "dat Sei äwerall inkummodiert sünd. Sei möten schir ut Verseihn mitnamen sin."

Dat was denn nu doch för minen Unkel en tau starkes Stück! Hei hadd sick den ganzen Weg lang un de Winternacht

reflection that he was the chosen victim of the "Corsican dragon," and now it was all said to be a pure mistake. He had, in his innocence, reckoned at the very least on a public apology before a whole French regiment, and here was he being, as it were, kicked out and told, "he might go!"

"To take up a man like me by mistake!" cried he.

"You may think yourself fortunate," said the Colonel, tapping him on the shoulder and smiling pleasantly, "worse things than that often happen in war; many a one gets shot by mistake. Look upon this as a trial sent by God."

"If this is to be called a trial," said my uncle, "it's a very stupid one."

The Colonel laughed and passed his arm under the Rathsherr's: "Come with me, Herr Rathsherr. I am right glad the matter has ended thus and that I have been able to do what the Herr Amtshauptmann asked. And I have a few words to say to you in secret."

'In secret,' those were two words that my uncle Herse could not resist, so he went with him.

"Herr Rathsherr," said the Colonel, when they were out in the market-place, and stood before the door of the "Golden Button," which was the Colonel's head quarters; "Herr Rathsherr, tell the good old Herr Amtshauptmann, with my kindest regards, that I have fortunately been able to comply with his request; and beg him in return to comply with mine, which is that, if it can be done with justice, he should give the money that finds no owner to the young girl who brought me his letter yesterday on the road, here. And you will yourself see, Herr Rathsherr, that this must be kept secret, as else the Herr Amtshauptmann might be suspected."

dormit tröst't, dat hei en utgesöchtes Opfer von den korsikanischen Draken wir, un nu süll dat Ganze en blotes Verseihn sin? Hei hadd in sine Unschuld taum wenigsten up 'ne öffentliche Ihrenerklärung vör de Frunt von en ganzes französches Regiment reKent, un nu stödd em – mit Respekt tau seggen – de französche Oberst mit den Faut vör den Allerwertsten un säd: hei kunn nu gahn.

"En Mann, as ick bün", röp hei, "ut Verseihn mitnamen!"

"Sei känen noch von Glück seggen", säd de Oberst un kloppt em fründlich lachend up de Schuller, "in den Krig kümmt männigmol wat Slimmeres vör, dor ward männigein ut Verseihn dodschaten. Seihn S' de Sak as 'ne Prüfung von Gott an."

"Wenn dat 'ne Prüfung sin sall", säd min Unkel, "denn is't man 'ne sihr dumme." De Oberst lacht un fot minen Unkel unner'n Arm: "Kamen Sei, Herr Ratscherr, ick bün recht vergnäugt in minen Harten, dat de Sak so ut de Welt kamen is un dat ick den Herrn Amtshauptmann heww tau Willen sin künnt. Un ick hadd woll noch en por Würd' in't geheim mit Sei unner vir Ogen tau reden." In't geheim un unner vir Ogen, dat wiren denn nu en por Würd', de kunn min Unkel Hers' nich wedderstahn, hei folgte also.

"Herr Ratscherr", säd de Oberst, as sei buten up den Mark vör den Gasthof taum Goldenen Knop stun'n, denn in den Goldenen Knop was den Obersten sin Hauptquartier, "Herr Ratscherr, seggen Sei den ollen, braven Herrn Amtshauptmann, ick let em noch velmals grüßen, un wenn ick sin Bed' glücklicherwis' hadd erfüllen künnt, so süll hei tauseihn, dat hei ok min erfüllen ded, un min Bed' wir: hei süll, wenn dat mit Recht gescheihn künnt, dat herrnlos' Geld dat lütt Mäten tauwen'n, de mi gestern unnerwegs den Breiw von em bröcht hadd. Un, Herr Ratscherr, Sei seihen in, dat dit geheim hollen warden möt, denn süs künnt de Herr Amtshauptmann doräwer verdächtigt warden."

My uncle Herse was now, once more, in his element: "You mean Fieka?" he asked eagerly; "Miller Voss's Fieka who is standing out there?" and he pointed to Fieka, who was standing a little way off with her father, her arm round his neck and crying for joy.

"Yes, I mean her," said the Colonel and he went up to the two.

Fieka drew her arm from round her father's neck, but she could not prevent the tears from flowing, and as the Colonel came nearer, she felt as if she must cry all the more; when he gave her his hand she curtsied silently, for she could not bring out a word. As long as anxiety, like a dark night, had lain upon her, she had gone steadily on her way without looking either to right or left, trust in God her sole guiding-star; but now that the sun had risen, she stood still; her heart opened like a beautiful rose to the light; as the fresh morning's breeze plays in its leaves, so her thoughts could now wander hither and thither, to the right and to the left, behind her and before her, and her tears fell like the morning dew.

The old Miller, too, stood silent before the Colonel; but when he was asked if he was the father of the young girl, the words came out in a torrent.

"Yes, sir," said he. "And though it's true what our Herr Amtshauptmann says, that boys are better than girls, girls are always crying, for they are that, sir, as you can see in Fieka," and, as he spoke, he wiped the tears from his own eyes, "still I don't know what better I can wish you, for your goodness to us, than that God may some day send you a little daughter like my Fieka."

The Colonel no doubt thought so too, though he did not say so. He turned quickly towards Fieka, and asked: "Can you write?"

"Yes, Herr," said Fieka, and made a curtsy.

"She can do everything," said the Miller;

Min Unkel Hers' was nu wedder in sin vull Fohrwater: "Sei meinen doch Fiken?" frog hei iwrig. "Möller Vossen sin Fiken, de dor steiht?" Un wis'te up Fiken, de en beten afsid mit ehren Vater stunn un em den Arm üm den Hals leggt hadd un vör Freuden weinte.

"De mein ick", säd de Oberst un gung up dat Por tau.

Fiken let den Arm von ehren Vater sinen Nacken los, äwer de Tranen kunn sei nich wehren, un as de Oberst neger kamm, was't ehr, as müßt sei noch mihr weinen, un as de Oberst ehr de Hand gaww, makte sei en stillswigenden Knicks, sei kunn kein Wurd herutbringen. So lang' de Nod as 'ne düstere Nacht up ehr legen hadd, so lang' was sei still un ruhig, ahn sick links un rechts ümtaukiken, ehren Gang gahn, un blot dat Vertrugen up Gott hadd ehr as en schönen Stirn lücht; nu dor de Sünn upgahn was, stunn sei still, ehr Hart bläuhte as 'ne schöne Rosenblau tau dat Licht in de Höcht, de frische Morgenwind spelte in ehre Bläder, dat sei sick ümkiken kunn nah rechts un nah links un nah rüggwärts un vörwärts, un de Morgendau föll an de Ird.

De oll Möller stunn ok stillswigend vör den Obersten; äwer as de frog, ob hei de Vater von dat lütt Mäten wir, dunn kamm't em mit Würden äwer den Hals. "Ja", säd bei, "Herr. Un wenn't ok wohr is, wat uns' Herr Amtshauptmann seggt, dat Jungs beter un Dirns tau quarig sünd, denn dat sünd sei, Herr, as Sei an Fiken seihn känen," un dorbi wischte hei sick sülwst 'ne Tran ut de Ogen, "so weit ick doch för Ehre Gaudheid keinen annern Wunsch, as dat uns' Herrgott Sei mal so'n oll lütt Dirnken schenken mügg, as min lütt Fiken is".

De Oberst mügg dat ok woll denken; äwer hei säd dat nich, hei wenn't sick rasch nah Fiken üm un frog: "Min leiw' Döchting, kannst du schriwen?"

"Ja, Herr", säd Fiken un makt en Knicks.

"Sei kann allens", säd de Möller, sei kann

"She can write and read writing like a schoolmaster, for she has to do all my writing."

schrewen Schrift lesen un kann schriwen as en Schaulmeister; denn sei möt jo all min Schriften besorgen."

"Well, then, my little one," said the Colonel, "write your name and the place where you were born, in here; but in Plattdeutsch, mind."

"Na, denn, min lütt Dirning", säd de Oberst, "schriw mi hir mal dinen Namen un den Urt rin, wo du her büst; äwer plattdütsch".

And Fieka wrote in the Colonel's pocket-book, "Fieka Voss, born at the Gielow Mill in the parish of Stemhagen." The Colonel read it, shut up his pocket-book, gave her and her father his hand, and went away with the words: "Good-bye! We may perhaps meet again some day."

Un Fiken schrew in dat Taschenbauk von den Obersten: "Fiken Vossen up de Gielowsche Mähl in't Stemhäger Amt." De Oberst les' dat, klappt sin Bauk tau, gaww ehr un ehren Vader de Hand un gung mit de Würden: "Adjüs! Un wi treffen mögliche Wis' noch einmal wedder tausam."

CHAPTER XVIII

How Witte's pint-pot was always running over; why the Town of Stemhagen had raised a fir-plantation; why neighbour Rickert rang the alarm-bell; and why the portrait of Julius Caesar always reminds me of my uncle Herse.

Rather less than half an hour afterwards, two waggons drove out of the Treptow Gate of Brandenburg towards Stemhagen. In the first were the elders, the Herr Rathsherr and the baker and the Miller, and, as a mark of respect, the valet-de-chambre; in the second sat, on the foremost sack, Fritz Besserdich and Luth, and on the hind sack, Fieka and Heinrich. Friedrich lay behind in the straw.

After they had gone along some way, my uncle Herse began to talk:

"So we are out of his claws at last," said he.

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr," answered the Baker, "and we have to thank the Herr Amtshauptmann and our Burmeister and, above all, the Miller's Friedrich for it."

"That's according as you look at it, Witte," said my uncle. "For my part I have nothing to say against those three, and there is no doubt the Chasseur's being brought there did us good service, but it by no means set us free. Did you not notice how the French Colonel talked to me aside before the door of the Inn?"

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr."

"Well, then, let me tell you, that, if he had not employed me to take a secret message for him, we might have left Brandenburg by a very different gate from this."

"The Devil we might!" cried the old Baker, and he looked at the Rathsherr out of the corner of his eye. My uncle said nothing; he only opened and shut his eyes importantly, and then turned away, and looked over the cornfields, as if he meant to let his words have due effect on the Baker. But this did not succeed. Old Baker

Dat achteihnte Kapittel

Worüm Bäcker Witten sin Pottmat äwerlöppt; worum de Stadt Stemhagen de Dannenschonung anleggt het; worüm Vatter Rickert de Stormklock treckt, un worüm ick ümmer bi Julius Cäsaren an minen Unkel Hersen denken möt.

Nah 'ne lütt halw Stun'n führten ut den Treptowschen Dur tau Bramborg twei Wagens nah Stemhagen hentau; up den irsten Wagen satten de Ollen, de Herr Ratsherr un de Bäcker un de Möller un as Respektsperßon de Herr Kammerdeiner, up den zweiten satt Fritz Besserdich mit Luthen up den vördelsten Sack, un up den annern Hinrich un Fiken, Fridrich lagg achter in't Krett.

As sei en En'n lang führt wiren, fung min Unkel Hers' an tau reden:

So!" säd hei, "ut de Klemm wiren wi richtig rut."

"Ja woll, Herr Ratsherr", antwurt't oll Bäcker Witt, "un dat hewwen wi denn woll den Herrn Amtshauptmann un unsen Burmeister, vör allen äwer woll den Möller sinen Fridrich tau danken."

"As einer dat ansüht, Meister Witt", säd min Unkel. "Ick för min Person heww nicks gegen de drei, un dat de Schassür tau Städ' bröcht würd, hett uns gaude Deinsten dahn, äwer fri makt hett uns dat nich. Hewwen Sei nich seihn, wo de französche Oberst mit mi unner vir Ogen vör de Dör redt?"

"Ja, Herr." "Na, denn laten S' sick seggen, wenn mi de Franzos' nich tau en geheimen Updrag brukt hadd, denn wiren wi ut Bramborg woll dörch en anner Dur as dörch dit ruteführt."

"Dat wir der Deuwell!" röp de oll Bäcker un kek den Herrn Ratsherrn so'n beten von de Sid an. Min Unkel säd nicks, hei plinkte blot sihr irnsthaft mit de Ogen un kek dunn bi Sid äwer de kahlen Feller räwer, as wull hei irst sin Würd' in den Bäcker gehürig wirken laten. Dat slog em äwer fehl; oll Bäcker Witten sin Kopp was

Witte's head was like the pint measure in which he sold milk; when it was full to the brim, it would hold no more, and whatever more was poured in, ran over into the room. And, just now, his head was brimming full of all he had gone through, so that the Rathsherr's words made it run over, and he said nothing.

"I wish I was in Stemhagen," said the Rathsherr, after a while.

These drops went into the baker's pint measure, he said, therefore: "So do I, for it will be a precious long time before we get there."

"I don't mean that," said the Herr Rathsherr. "I mean as to our reception."

The baker's pint measure was running over again: "What?" he asked.

"Our reception with a triumphal arch."

The contents of the pint measure were now running over very fast: "Reception! Triumphal arch! What? Is our Duke coming then?"

"No, Witte, he is not coming, but we are coming." It was now just as if some one had given Witte's arm a jerk, while he was pouring the milk into the measure, so that half of it went on to the floor. This was lucky, for now there was room for the Herr Rathsherr's explanation.

"I say, Witte, that we are coming. Ought not the burghers of a town like ours to erect a triumphal arch for their fellow-burghers and officers of state, who have suffered for the Fatherland, just as much as for a Duke? But who is to do it? The old Amtshauptmann? The Burmeister? They won't be thinking of such a thing. Or do you think the old Rector, because he once made a thing of a 'transparency?' That was a fine thing! Or old Metz? There's as much sense in his talk, baker Witte, as in a squirrel's tail. Or old Zoch? He can blow his horn on the watch tower, nothing else. Ah! if I were there!"

"But, at this time of year, Herr Rathsherr,"

as sin Pottmat, worin hei sin Gedränk verköfft; was de irst bet an den Rand vull, denn namm sei nicks mihr up, un wat noch kamm, drüppt in de Stuw'; un up Stun'ns was sin Kopp bet an den Rand vull von all de Saken, de hei erlewt hadd, dat den Herrn Ratsherrn sin Würd' richtig bitau drüppten; hei säd nicks.

"Meister Witt", säd de Herr Ratsherr nah 'ne Wil, "ick wull, ick wir in Stemhagen." Dit Drüpping gung noch in den Bäcker sin Pottmat rinne, hei säd also: "Dat wull ick ok, denn dat ward sick hellschen lang hentrecken."

"Dat mein ick nich", säd de Herr Ratsherr, "ick mein wegen unsen Empfang."

Den Bäcker sin Pottmat lep wedder äwer. "Wo so?" frog hei. "Ick mein wegen unsen Empfang mit 'ne Ihnenpurt."

Nu drüppt dat ut de Pottmat piplings up de Ird. "Empfang? Ihnenpurt? Wo so? Kümmt denn uns' Herzog?"

"Meister Witt, de kümmt nich; äwer wi kamen." Nu was't oll Witten denn grad', as hadd em einer bi't Inmeten an den Arm stött un as wenn de Hälft ut de Pottmat an de Ird flog un sick dat anner, wat drin blew, all dörchenanner dörchküseln ded. Dit was en Glück, denn nu kreg den Herrn Ratsherrn sine Erklärung Platz.

"Meister Witt, ick segg, wi kamen. Süllen de Börgers ut 'ne Stadt, as uns' Stadt is, nich ebenso gaud för ehre Mitbörgers un Magistratspersonen, de för't Vaterland leden hewwen, 'ne Ihnenpurt bugen as för en Herzog? Äwer wer sall't dauhn? De oll Amtshauptmann? De Burmeister? De denken nich doran! Oder meinen Sei, de oll Rekter, wil hei mal en Ding von Transparenten makt hett? Na, dat was dor ok nah! Oder oll Metz? De het't blot in de Würd', Meister Witt, as de Katteiker in'n Swanz. Oder oll Zoch? Von den Torm kann hei blasen, wider nicks. Ja, wenn ick dor wir!"

"Äwer, Herr Ratsherr", säd de Bäcker, bi

said the Baker, "where could you get flowers and evergreens from?"

"Flowers? What do old Heimann Kasper, and Leip, and the other Jews, sell red and yellow ribbons for? Evergreens! For what purpose has the town of Stenhagen raised a fir plantation in the State Forest?"

"That's true," said old Witte, for the pint measure was now full again.

"What do you say, Miller Voss?" asked the Herr Rathsherr.

"I say nothing, Herr Rathsherr," said the Miller, turning towards him a face so full of wrinkles that it looked like a puckered tobacco-pouch rising above his shoulder, "I say nothing; I only think: yesterday when I was driving towards Brandenburg I didn't feel exactly comfortable, and now to-day, when I am driving away from it, I feel as if I had got a stomach-ache in my head."

"How's that?" asked my uncle Herse; and the Miller told him his difficulties with Itzig. "Hm!" said my uncle, and he passed his hand slowly down his face as far as his chin where it remained fast caught in the stubby beard. With his chin in his hand and his mouth wide open, he gazed fixedly for a while into vacancy. He tried the same thing over again once or twice, but his hand never got over his beard.

Now, though my uncle Herse had a bristly beard, he had a tender soul; and if his mouth opened wide, his heart opened wider still; and, as he was taking a last look into the grey sky, his eyes fell on a blue place, and a ray from the blue sky passed through his eyes into his open heart. He must do a good work.

"Baker Witte," said he, "let the Miller come and sit here, and you take his place on the front seat, I have something to say to him."

den sick de Küsel nahgradens setten ded,"in dese Joirstid! Wo sälen sei

Blaumen un Gräuns herkrigen?" "Blaumen? Wotau handelt oll Heimann Kasper un oll Leip un de annern Juden mit roden un gelen Band? Gräuns? Wotau hett de Stadt Stenhagen denn de Dannenschonung in den Stadtholt anleggt?"

"Wohr is't", säd oll Witt, denn nu was de Pottmat wedder ganz vull. "Wat seggen Sei, Möller Voß?" frog de Herr Rathsherr.

"Ick segg gor nicks, Herr Rathsherr", säd de Möller un dreiht sick nah den hindelsten Sack üm mit en Gesicht so vull Schrupeln, as wenn en tausamsnerten Tobacksbüdel äwer sin Schuller kek, "ick segg gor nicks, ick denk blot, as ick gistern nah Bramborg tau führt, was mi nich gaud tau Maud', un hüt, dat ick wedder von Bramborg t'rügg führ, heww ick wedder Mag'weihdag' in'n Kopp."

"Wo denn dat?" frog min Unkel, un de oll Möller vertellte sin Verlegenheit mit Itzigen. "Hm", säd min Unkel un strek sick sachten mit de Hand von babendal afwärts dat Gesicht entlang bet an't Kinn; wider kamm de Hand nich, dor blew sei hacken von wegen den struwen Bort, dat Kinn treckt sick dal, de Mund ded sick up, un hei kek so 'ne Tidlang stiw in de Luft rin. Hei versöcht dat Stück en pormal, äwer ümmer dat Sülwige: äwer den Bort kamm hei nich weg.

Nu hadd min Unkel Hers' woll en struwen Bort, äwer hei hadd en weiken Sinn; un ded sick sin Mund wid up, so ded sick ok sin Hart wid up, un as hei dat letztemal mit sin gauden Ogen in den grisen Hewen rinne kek, drop hei up en blages Flag, un en Stückschen von den blagen Hewen föll dörch de Ogen in sin wides Hart; hei müßt en gaud Wark, stiften.

"Meister Witt", säd hei, "setten Sei sick up den vördelsten Sack un laten S' den Möller hir sitten; ick heww mit em tau reden."

This was done, and Baker Witte talked on the front seat to the valet-de-chambre in a very loud voice, and the Herr Rathsherr talked on the hind seat with the Miller in a very low one.

“Miller Voss,” said my uncle, “I will help you out of the bog. I will send for Itzig to-morrow, and then observe how servile he will be, for I know something about him, a secret! That does not concern anybody else; but it's nothing very good you may be sure. The fellow shall give you time till Easter, and I will be surety for you; and I'll come out to-morrow, and look through all your papers and take the matter into my own hands. For, look here,” and as he spoke he drew out the seal at the end of his watch-chain, “I am appointed to do such things. Here it stands. Perhaps you can't easily read Latin backwards?”

The Miller said he could not read it either backwards or forwards. “Well, it does not matter. Here it stands: Not. Pub. Im. Caes., that's to say, I'm Notarius Publicus, and Im. Caes. means, I can be consulted in every lawsuit. So, Miller, I'll help you. But upon one condition only: that you tell no one of my being surety for you, or of our agreement, above all not the Herr Amtshauptmann. The affair must remain a profound secret.”

The Miller promised. In one way things were going on in the second waggon in the same manner as in the first. On the front sack the voices were very loud, and on the hind sack, on which Heinrich and Fieka were sitting, they were very low. I need not tell what they were saying to each other, for Friedrich, you know, was lying close behind them in the straw, and heard every word they said, and he will come out with it in good time.

About three hours after this, that young rascal Fritz Sahlmann was running through the streets of the good town of Stemhagen, shouting, “They are coming! They are coming!” He had been watching for a couple of hours on the Windmill-hill, and, during that time, the Herr

Un dat geschach, un Bäcker Witt redte up den vördelsten Sack sihr lud mit den Herrn Kammerdeiner, un de Herr Ratscherr redte up den hindelsten Sack sihr sachten mit den Möller.

“Möller Voß”, säd min Unkel, “ick help Sei ut de Tint. Morgen lat ick Itzigen kamen, un passen S' up, wo smidig hei sin ward, denn ick weit wat von em, wat Heimlichs, wat keinen wider angeiht; äwer wat Saubers is't nich. De Kirl sall Sei bet Ostern Tid laten, un ick will mi för Sei verbörgen; un morgen kam ick rut un seih all Ehr Schriften nah un nem de Sak in mine Hand, denn seihn Sei” un dormit halt hei dat Pittschafft an sin Uhrked hervö, “ick bün dortau berechtigt un dortau set't. Hir steiht't. Känen Sei woll latinsche Schrift verkiht lesen?”

De oll Möller antwurt't, hei künn s' nich grad noch verkiht lesen. “Na, 't schadt ok nich. Hir steiht: Not. pub. im. caes., dat heit, ick bün Notarius publicus, un im caes. heit so vel, ick kann in jeden Prozeß üm Rat fragt warden. Also, Möller, ick help Sei! Äwer ein Bedingung heww ick: Sei seggen tau keinen von min Börgschaft un tau keinen von uns' Afkamen, vör allen nich tau den ollen Amtshauptmann. De Sak bliwwt heimlich.”

De Möller versprok dat denn ok. Up den zweiten Wagen was't in ein Ort grad so as up den irsten: up den vördelsten Sack würd sihr lud redt un up den hindelsten, wo Fiken un Hinrich satt, sihr sachten, un ick bruk nich tau vertellen, wat sei mitenanner redten, denn Fridrich lagg jo hinnen in't Krett un hört Wurd för Wurd, un de ward dor woll tau rechter Tid mit rut kamen.

En Stundener drei nahher, as dit redt würd, lep de Slüngel, de Fritz Sahlmann, dörch de Straten von de gaude Stadt Stemhagen un röp: “Sei kamen, sei kamen!” Hei hadd up den Mählenbarg all zwei Stun'n Posten stahn, un de Herr Amtshauptmann hadd in dese Tid all

Amtshauptmann had rung his bell seven times for him, and had, at last, come down to my mother out of sheer vexation.

"They are coming!" cried the young wretch.

"Is it true, boy?" asked old Rickert the bell-ringer.

"Yes, neighbour Rickert, they are just at the bridge."

And old Rickert said to himself: "It can't be helped: I must do my duty;" went to the bell-tower, and as he could not manage the whole peal, rang the alarm bell. At that sound all were on foot, and at their house-doors. "They are coming!"

"Who is coming?"

"The Rathsherr, and baker Witte, and the Miller, and all the others."

"Hurrah!" shouted Shoemaker Bank waving his arm in the air, forgetting he had got a boot on it.

"Hurrah!" cried Locksmith Troepner, rushing into the street with his leathern apron on. "But let us have everything quiet and orderly, good people," and he knocked the jug out of Frau Stahl's hand, which she was carrying down from the Schloss.

"Hurrah!" cried Herr Droi, running out into the street with his bearskin on, but otherwise in plain clothes; and behind him trooped his little French children and shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" as the Rathsherr passed through the crowd in the first waggon.

He sat bolt upright on his sack, and held his hand to his hat all along the street, and turned his dignified face to right and left; and with his dignity was mixed some emotion, as he whispered to the Miller:

"Voss, this makes me forget the triumphal arch."

"Yes, and me Itzig," said the old Miller, who, on seeing what the Rathsherr did, began to do the same. The valet-de-chambre kept on bowing away at his side

säbenmal nah em klingelt un was tauletz ut Verdreitlichkeit nah min Mutting runner gahn.

"Sei kamen!" röp de Slüngel.

Is't wohr, Jung'?" frog oll Rickert, de Pulsant up den Klocktorm was.

"Ja, Vadder Rickert, sei sünd all up den Brink."

Un oll Rickert säd tau sick: "Denn helpt dat nich, denn möt ick dat Minige dauhn!", gung nah'n Torm, un wil hei dat ganze Gelüd' doch nich bedwingen kunn, treckt hei de Stormklock. Nu kamm denn allens tau Bein un tau Dören: "Sei kamen!"

"Wer kümmt?"

"De Ratscherr un Bäcker Witt un de Möller un all de annern!"

"Hurrah!" rep Schauster Bank un swenkt den Arm in de Luft, hadd äwer vergeten, dat hei en Stäwel äwertreckt hadd.

"Hurrah!" röp Slösser Tröpner un stört't mit sin Schortfell up de Strat, "aber, Kinder, allens in Orndlichkeit un Manierlichkeit!" un stödd oll Wewer Stahlsch den Henkelpott ut de Hand, den sei von Mamsell Westphalen runner bröcht hadd.

"Hurrah?" röp Herr Droi un stört't mit de Borenmütz up de Strat, süs äwerst in korten Tüg, un achter em stünnen sin lütten französchen Gören un schregen: "Wiw lamperör!", as de Herr Ratscherr up den irsten Wagen dörch den Hümpel führt.

De äwerst satt steidel up sinen Sack un höll de Hand de ganze Strat lang an sinen Haut un dreichte sin würdig Gesicht nah rechts un nah links, un in sine Würdigkeit mengt sick de Gerührsamkeit, un hei flustert den Möller tau: "Voß, dit lett mi de lhrenpurt vergeten."

Un de oll Möller kek den Herrn Ratscherrn an, wo de dat maken ded, un makte dat ebenso un antwurt't minen Unkel: "Ja, Herr, un mi Itzigen." De Herr

of the waggon, treating his hat most cruelly and from the other side old Witte kept up a fire of: "Good day neighbour. Good day Bank, how's your back. Good day Johann. Good day Strüewingken. Is all right? How are the pigs?"

When they came to the market-place, they saw Aunt Herse waving the bottom half of one of the white curtains out at the window, and such a storm-wind arose in my uncle Herse's heart that his feelings rolled in great waves and sent the water up to his eyes: "Aunt," he said half aloud to himself, "Aunt," for he always called his wife "Aunt" and she called him "Uncle" in return.

"Aunt, I cannot obey your signal, for both these last days have concerned me in my public, and not in my private capacity, have concerned me as Rathsherr and not as Uncle, and they must end in the same way as they have begun. To the Rathhaus, baker Witte!" he cried, and as he said it, he pulled his cocked hat down over his eyes. The Rathsherr had won the victory over the "Uncle" and father of a family.

O, what a merry evening it was at the Rathhaus! Everything in kitchen and cellar that had been hidden away from the French was brought out, and whatever was wanting was fetched from the Schloss. Marie Wienken laid the cloth on a long, long table, and to the table added leaf after leaf, and, when there were no more leaves, she joined on small tables, and when there were not enough of them, the chairs were spread for us children. Mamsell Westphalen stood at the corner-cupboard, and squeezed lemons on to sugar, and poured the contents of all sorts of bottles over it; and the kettles went backwards and forwards, from the kitchen into the room, and from the room into the kitchen; and the Herr Amtshauptmann stood by, and kept tasting and shaking his head, and then pouring in something himself; and at last he nodded and said:

Kammerdeiner dinerte ümmer nah sine Sid von den Wagen raf un strapzierte sinen Haut up dat Unmenschlichste, un up de anner Sid röp oll Witt up dat Allermenschlichste von den Wagen heraf: "Gun Dag. Vadder! Gun Dag, Bank, wat makt din Puckel? Gun Dag, Jehann! Gun Dag, Strüewingken! Na? Allens woll? Wat maken de Swin?"

As sei äwer up den Mark kemen, dunn weihte Tanten Hersen mit de halwe witte Gardin ut dat Finster rut un weihte in min Unkel Hersen sin Hart en Stormwind up, dat sin Gefäuhl in grote Bülgen un Wachten slog un em dat Water bet in de Ogen spritzt. "Tanten!" säd hei halw lud vör sick hen, "Tanten!" denn hei nennt sin eigen Fru "Tanten", un sei nennt em dorfor "Unkel".

"Tanten, ick kann dinen Wink nich nahkamen, denn dese beiden Dag' hewwen mit mi as öffentliche Perßon un nich as hüsliche, hewwen mit mi as Rathsherr un nich as Unkel tau dauhn hatt, un so möten sei ok tau En'n bröcht warden. Bäcker Witt", röp hei, un dorbi drückte hei sick den Dreimaster in de Ogen, "nah'n Rathus!" De Rathsherr hadd äwer den Husvader un Unkel den Sieg wunnen.

Ach, wat was dat för en schönen Abend up den Rathus! Allens wat in Käk un Keller vör de Franzosen versteken was, würd hervor halt, un wat fehlen ded, kamm von den Sloß. Marik Wienken deckte en langen, langen Disch, un an den Disch würden ümmer Anstekers an Anstekers steken, un as de groten Dischen nich langten, kemen de lütten, un as de nich langten, würd för uns Gören up den Staul deckt. Mamsell Westphalen stunn an dat Eckschapp un drückte Zitronen up Zucker, un dorup würd ut allerlei Buddeln allerlei upgaten, un de Teeketel gung ümmer von de Käk in de Stuw' un ut de Stuw' in de Käk, un de Herr Amtshauptmann stunn dorbi un probiert ümmer un schüddelt mit den Kopp un got denn ok mal wat tau, un taulezt nickt hei un säd: "Mamsell Westphalen, so is't recht! Dies ist eine

“Now Mamsell Westphalen it's right; this is quite another thing;” and he turned round to my mother, and said: “You must let me have my way in one thing, my friend, I will make the punch.” My father managed the corkscrew, Luth the pouring out, and the valet-de-chambre stood by the stove, and shook his head at all these arrangements; and he showed Luth how he ought to wait; and, as Luth tried to imitate him, he spilled a glass of punch into Mamsell Westphalen's lap. Yes, it was a merry evening!

Friedrich stood at the door, upright as a grenadier, and not moving or stirring a limb except to drink; Fritz Besserdich stood at his side, not moving or stirring either, except, too, when he drank. And Fieka Voss sat next to my Mother, and my Mother pressed her hand, and stroked her soft cheek, and when I came up to her side, she stroked mine too and said: “Shall you love me as much as Fieka loves her father?”

The Herr Amtshauptmann called Heinrich Voss into a corner, and talked to him aside. What had the Herr Amtshauptmann got to say in secret to Heinrich Voss, and why did he keep patting him on the shoulder? Old Miller Voss asked himself this, and when he had made out that it must be about the lawsuit, he said to Witte: “Well, I have finished with the lawsuit now, the Jew's the only thing remaining, and I'll drown him to-night in punch.”

“By the way that reminds me...” said the baker going out. After a time he came back again, holding a basket in one hand and Struewingken by the other: “By your leave, Herr Burmeister, perhaps I may bring something towards the feast; here are a few sweet cakes; and here, Frau Burmeister, is my daughter Struewingken; pardon the liberty, but she wished so much to see the company.”

But what was all this to the splendour and pomp which surrounded my uncle Herse.

andere Sache!” Un tau min Mutting dreiht hei sick üm un säd: “Min Herzenskindting, in ein Sak laten S' mi nu minen Willen; den Punsch gew ick.” Min Vader handtierte mit den Proppentrecker, un Luth besorgte de Schenk, un de Herr Kammerdeiner stunn an den Aben un schüddelte bi all dese Anstalten ümmer mit den Kopp un wull Luthen dat wisen, wo hei präsentieren müßt, un as't Luth so maken wull, got hei Mamsell Westphalen en Glas Punsch in den Schot. Ja, 't was en schönen Abend!

Fridrich stunn an de Dör, steidel as en Granedier, un rüppt un rögt sick nich, blot dat hei drunk; un Fritz Besserdich stunn bi em, rüppt un rögt sick ok nich, blot dat hei ok drunk un dat hei denn un wenn rute gung un sick up de Dehl de Näs' utsnöw. Un Fiken Vossen satt bi min Mutting, un min Mutting drückt ehr de Hän'n un strakt ehr äwer dat weike Gesicht, un as ick tau ehr ranne kamm, strakte sei mi ok un säd: “Wardst du ok so vel von mi hollen?”

De Herr Amtshauptmann röp Hinrich Vossen in de Eck un redte mit em heimlich. Wat hadd de Herr Amtshauptmann mit Hinrich Vossen Heimliches tau reden, un worüm slog hei em ümmer up de Schuller? Oll Möller Voß frog sick ok in'n Stillen dornah, un as hei't rute hadd, dat't von wegen den Prozeß was, säd hei tau Witten: “So! Mit den Prinzeß bün 'ck nu ok dörch, nu bliwwt mi man noch de Jud', un den will 'ck mi hüt abend in den Punsch stippen.”

“Du bringst mi up den Gedanken”, seggt de Bäcker un geht ut de Dör un kümmt nah 'ne Wil taurügg, an de ein Hand en Henkelkorw, an de anner de Strüwingken. “Mit Verlöw, Herr Burmeister, dat ick doch ok min Deil an dat Traktement drag', un hir sünd en por Zuckerkringel, un hir, Fru Burmeistern, is min Strüwingken, nemen S' nich äwel, sei hadd tau des' Gesellschaft so'ne grote Lust.”

Wat will dit äwer allens bedüden gegen den Glanz un de Ihr, de üm minen Unkel

He had taken off his cloak, and now stood there in full uniform; and everyone came round him, and thanked him; my father because he had taken him under the shelter of his cloak; My mother because he had thereby helped my father to escape; Mamsell Westphalen curtsied three times, and said she should never forget what he had done for her; and Miller Voss said that, strictly speaking, they had only been set free at Brandenburg owing to the Herr Rathsherr; and when old Witte confirmed this, Struewingken secretly promised herself that she would send the Rathsherr an immense tea-cake. His fine, full face beamed with pleasure and delight, and he bent down to my Mother and said: "I can't at all make out why 'Aunt' does not come."

At the Miller's words, he suddenly recollected the French Colonel's message and turned to the Herr Amtshauptmann: "I have two words to say to you, Herr Amtshauptmann, on a very secret matter," and so saying he drew him into a corner. We know what it is he is going to say, but if the corner could speak, and were to tell us what the Rathsherr had said there, we should be obliged to pretend that we had known nothing about it.

My father was obliged at length to free the old Amtshauptmann. He took my uncle and placed him in the post of honour at the head of the table, and never was anyone put in the right place more at the right time; for, hardly was he seated, when the door opened and in came Aunt Herse in a black silk dress, and behind this dress stood old Metz the father of the present old Metz, and the present rich Joseph Kasper who was then a little Jew boy. Aunt Herse had a wreath of green laurel in her hand picked from old Metz's laurel-tree, from which he generally picked the leaves only when his wife cooked bream; and the wreath was bound with a long red ribbon; Joseph Kasper had furnished this, and so Aunt Herse had brought him with her. She went up to uncle Herse, gave him a kiss, placed the wreath on his head

Hers' upgung; hei hadd sinen Mantel afnamen un stunn nu dor in blanke Unneform, un allens stunn üm em rümme un bedankt sick bi em: min Vader, dat hei em in den Schutz von sinen Mantel namen hadd; min Mutting. dat hei minen Vader dordörch tau de Flucht verhulpen hadd; Mamsell Westphalen dukerte dreimal unner un säd, sei würd't em nich vergeten, wat hei an ehr dahn hadd, un Möller Voß säd, eigentlich wiren sei all blot dörch den Herrn Ratsherrn in Bramborg fri kamen; un as oll Witt dat ok bekräftigte, lawte de Strüwingken em in ehren Harten en groten Kaffeekauken an. Sin schönes, rodes Gesicht blinkerte un blänkerte vör Lust un Behagen, un hei bückte sick dal tau min Mutting un säd: "Ick weit gor nich, wo min Tanten bliwwt."

Bi den Möller sin Würd' föll em den Franzosen sin Updrag in, un hei wendt sick an den Herrn Amtshauptmann: "Herr Amtshauptmann, ick heww mit Sei ein por Würd' unner vir Ogen tau reden in 'ne besonders heimliche Angelegenheit", un dormit treckte hei den Herrn Amtshauptmann in 'ne Eck herinne. Wi weiten, wovon de Red' sin süll, äwer wenn de Eck reden künn un uns vertellte, wat de Herr Ratsherr dor vertellte, wi müßten seggen, wi wüßten von nicks.

Tauletzt müßt min Vader den Herrn Amtshauptmann man erlösen, hei namm minen Unkel un set't em baben an up den lhrenplatz, un mindag' is en Minschenkind nich so tau rechter Tid up sinen richtigen Platz set't worden as min Unkel, denn knappemang satt hei, dunn gung de Dör up, un herin kamm Tanten Hersen in en swartsiden Kled, un achter dit Kled stunn de oll Dokter Metz, wat den jitzigen ollen Metz sin Vader was, un de jitzige rike Josep Kasper, wat dunn en lütten Judenjung' was. Un Tanten Hersen hadd en Kranz von gräune Lurbeerblätter in de Hand, de hadd de oll Metz von sinen Bom plückt, von den hei süs man Bläder plückte, wenn sine leiwe Fru Brassen kakte, un de Kranz was mit en langen, rotsiden Band taubunnen, den hadd Josep Kasper besorgt, un dorför

with the ends of ribbon hanging down his back, and made a pretty little speech which nobody heard, for baker Witte broke out the same moment with: "Hurrah!" and the Miller with "Long live!" and every one joined in and clinked glasses.

Yes, it was a delightful evening! And a long time afterwards, when I saw a picture of Julius Caesar it put me in mind of my uncle Herse, for he looked exactly like it in his laurel wreath, only my uncle was a good deal stouter and more genial than the crabbed dried-up Roman. And a long time afterwards whenever I had specially nice cakes before me I thought of Baker Witte's. And I can still praise them; for you may eat a great many, and yet not be made ill.

namm Tanten em mit. Tanten gung up Unkeln los un gaww em en Kuß un stülpte em von achter den Kranz up den Kopp, dat de roden Bän'n em den Puckel dal hungen, un säd en por sihr schöne Würd', de keiner hürt hett, denn Bäcker Witt brok tau tidig mit: "Hurrah!" los, un de Möller mit "Vivat hoch!", un allens stimmte mit in un stödd mit de Gläser an.

Ja, 't was en schönen Abend! Un lange Tid nahher, wenn ick en Bild von Julius Cäsar'n sach, föll mi min Unkel Hers' in, denn grad so kledt em de Lurbeerkrantz, blot dat min Unkel en gaud Deil fründlicher un vülliger was as de surpöttige, knakendröge Römer. Un lange Tid nahher, wenn ick den schönsten Kauken vör mi hadd, dacht ick an Bäcker Witten sin Zuckerkringel, un ick law sei ok hüt noch; denn einer kunn sihr vel dorvon eten un kreg kein Mag'weihdag'.

CHAPTER XIX

Why the Miller again looked into the tops of his boots; how a pint became a bushel; why Heinrich said good-bye, and why Friedrich considered that women were getting cheap.

The next morning, when the Miller had got out of bed, he again sat resting his head on his hands and looking thoughtfully into the tops of his boots.

"Mother," asked he at last, "did I quarrel with Heinrich last night, or did I dream it?" "Why, father," replied his wife, "you kept embracing him and calling him your dear son, and you promised Friedrich he should have plenty of money when you became a rich man, and said it would not be so very long either before that time came."

"Then, mother, I was a fool."

"That's what I told you last night, but you would not believe it."

"Lord save me!" cried the Miller; "there is no end to these stupid tricks of mine!"

Friedrich came in. "Good morning, Miller; good morning, Dame. I only came in to tell you, Miller, I had thought over the matter. I will let the money which you promised me yesterday evening stay with you at interest for some time longer, till I want it."

"Hm!" said the old Miller, moving uneasily on his chair.

"Yes," said Friedrich; "but there was another thing I wanted to ask you: will you let me leave at Easter? I know it's rather before my time."

"Why? What do you want to do?"

"I want to get married."

"What? You marry?"

"Yes, Miller, I am going to marry Bailiff Besserdich's Hanchen, who is now in service at the Schloss; and I thought if Heinrich Voss marries our Fieka, and our

Dat nägentehnte Kapittel

Worüm de Möller wedder in sinen Stäwelschacht kickt; wo ut 'ne Matt en Schepel ward; worüm Hinrich adjüs seggt, un worüm Fridrich de Meinung is, dat de Frugenslüd' wollfeil warden.

As den annern Morgen Möller Voß up sine Gielowsche Mähl ut dat Bedd rute krapen was, satt hei wedder mit den Kopp in de Hand un kek nahdenklich in de Stäwelschächt herinne.

"Mutter", frog hei taulezt, "heww ick mi gistern mit Hinrichen vertürnt, oder hett mi dat drömt?" "Ih wo, Vattung", seggt sin Fru, "du hest em jo ümmertau küßt un hest em ümmer dinen leiwen Sähn nennt, un Fridrichen hest du vel Geld verspraken, wenn du irst en riken Mann wirst, un dat süll denn nu so lang nich duren."

"Mutting, denn heww ick sihr dämlich Tüg angewen." "Dat säd ick di all gestern abend; äwer dunn wullst du dat nich Wurd hewwen." "Gott sall mi bewohren!" röp de Möller, "ick kam jo ut de Dummheiten gor nich rut!"

Fridrich kamm herin: "Gun Morgen, Möller! Gun Morgen, Fru! Ick kam blot rinne, Möller, un will Sei seggen, ick heww mi de Sak äwerleggt; ick will dat Geld, wat Sei mi gistern abend verspraken hewwen, noch 'ne Tidlang bi Sei up Tinsen stahn laten, bet ick dat notwendig bruk."

"Hm!" röp de oll Möller un rögt sick hen un her up den Staul. "Ja", säd Fridrich; "äwer ick hadd woll 'ne anner Bed': will'n sei mi nich tau Ostern trecken laten, obschonst dat uter de Tid is?"

"Wotau? Wat hest du vör?" "Ick wull frigen."

"Wat? Du frigen?"

"Ja, Möller, ick frig Schult Besserdichen sin Fiken, de nu up den Sloß deint; un wenn Hinrich Voß uns' Fiken frigen deiht un wenn uns' beiden Swigeröllern nicks

fathers-in-law have nothing against it, we could be married on the same day."

This was too much for the Miller: "You rascal...!" He jumped up and seized one of his boots.

"Stay, Miller," said Friedrich, drawing himself up, "that word's neither fit for you nor fit for me. How things stand with me, I have known for three days, and how they stand with Heinrich and our Fieka I came to know yesterday afternoon; I was lying behind them in the waggon and heard everything they said."

"It would be a good thing, father," said the Miller's wife.

"You don't understand anything about it," cried the Miller, and strode about the room savagely.

"Well, Miller," said Friedrich, and he went to the door, "think the matter over; my father-in-law has been going about thinking of it ever since the day before yesterday."

"I will give you your character at once," cried the Miller after him, "but you are not to leave before midsummer."

Why was the old Miller so angry? He liked Heinrich very well; he had himself often thought during the last few days, that Heinrich and Fieka might do for one another; and he had called him his "dear son" only last night. But that was just it. Last night the punch had made him a rich man, and this morning he was looking into the tops of his boots, a beggar; even if Itzig would be put off till Easter, it would be but a short reprieve.

"Father," said his wife, "this is the best thing that could happen to us and to our Fieka."

"I tell you, mother," cried the Miller, and it was fortunate he had not got his boot on or he would have stamped on the floor with rage, "I tell you, you don't understand anything about it. What? I am to give my child to Joe Voss's son, who is at law with

dorgegen hewwen deden, denn heww ick mi so dacht, kün'n wi jo up einen Dag Hochtid maken."

Dit was denn nu den ollen Möller doch tau stramm: "Du Snurrer...!" sprung hei up en grep nah den einen Stäwel.

"Holt, Möller!" säd Fridrich un richt't sick en En'n." De Redensort paßt sick nich för mi un nich för Sei. Wo dat mit mi steiht, weit ick sid drei Dag', un wo dat mit Hinrichen un uns' Fiken steiht, weit ick sid gistern nahmiddag; ick lagg achter ehr in't Krett un heww allens mit anhürt."

"Vatting", röp de Möllerfru, "dit wir dat Best!" "Dat verstehst du nich!" röp de Oll un schüll in de Stuw' rümme. "Na, Möller", säd Fridrich un gung ut de Dör, "äwerleggen S' sick de Sak; wat min Swigervader is, de geiht ok all sid ihrgistern abend in Äwerlegging rümme."

"Du kannst dinen Schin krigen", röp de Möller achter em her, "äwer irst tau Jehanni."

Worüm was de oll Möller denn so arg? Hei müggd doch Hinrichen girn liden; hei sülwst hadd in de letzten Dag' oft doran dacht, dat Hinrich un sin Fiken för enanner passen deden, hei sülwst hadd em gistern sinen "leiwen Sähn" nennt; äwer dat was't eben! Gistern abend hadd em de Punsch taum riken Mann makt, un hüt kek hei as en Snurrer in sin Stäwelschächt; un wenn ok Itzig sick ümstempeln let bet tau Ostern, so was dat 'ne Galgenfrist.

"Vatting", säd de Möllerfru, "dit is dat Best, wat uns' Fiken un uns passieren künn."

"Mutter", säd de Oll, un't was en Glück, dat hei noch kein Stäwel an hadd, hei hadd süs vör Arger mit de Bein trampelt, "ick segg di, dat verstehst du nich! Wat? Ick süll Jochen Vossen sinen Sähn, de mit mi in en Prinzeß liggt un de

me, and who travels about the country with a great bag of money, my best, my dearest child, and I am to say to him: 'there she is, but I can give you nothing with her for I am a beggar?' No, wife, no! Why, I should have to borrow the very clothes in which my only child, my little Fieka, was married. No, no! I must get right again first."

It often happens so in the world. Some piece of good fortune hangs close before our eyes, and when we stretch out our hand to seize it, our arm is held by a chain, forged, without our having been aware of it, in times long past, the ends of which are fastened far behind us, so that we cannot get it off. The Miller's chain was his law-suit and his bad management in former years, and now when he tried to seize the good fortune which seemed within his reach, it held him back; and he fretted and fumed in vain. He might perhaps cut the chain in two, but then he would be obliged to drag about one end of it all his life like a runaway convict, and his honour would not suffer this.

One cannot help pitying the old man. He avoided everybody, and worked alone in the mill and the stable, as hard as if he thought he could, in this one day, make good all the neglects of past years.

At last he was freed from his toil. My uncle Herse arrived, but in the dress of a plain burgher to-day: "Good day, Voss; well, our affairs are all right."

But the Miller was not to be so easily satisfied to-day, and he said shortly: "Yes, for whoever thinks so, Herr Rathsherr." "When I say it, Miller Voss," said the Herr Rathsherr, as he fetched a packet of papers from his carriage, and went with the Miller into his room, "when I say it, you may believe it, for I am here to-day as a Notary Public."

"Mother," said the Miller, "leave us by ourselves; but give us a light first, Fieka." Now, there was no exact necessity for

mit en groten Büdel Geld in'n Lan'n rümreis't, min Kind gewen, min bestes, leiwstes Kind! un süll tau em seggen: dor hest du s', äwer mitgewen kann ick ehr nicks, denn ick bün en Snurrer? Ne, Mutter, ne! Ick süll de Lappen borgen, worin min einzigst Kind, min lütt Fiken, vör de Tru stünn? Ne, ne! Irst möt ick wedder in de Wehr!"

So geiht dat oft in de Welt: en grot Glück hängt dicht vör einen ut taum Aflangen, un wenn einer de Hand utrecken will un will't faten, denn is de Hand mit Keden bunnan, un de Keden sünd in lang vergahene Tiden smädt, ahn dat't einer gewohr worden is, un sei sünd wid achter einen fastmakt, so dat einer sei nich aflangen kann. Den Möller sin Ked' was sin Prozeß un woll ok sin slichte Wirtschaft in frühern Tiden, un as hei nu nah dat Glück gripen wull, dunn höll sei em taurügg, un hei bos'te un iwerte sick vergewens. Hei hadd sei nu woll stuw dörchhauen künnt, denn müßt hei äwer tidlebens dat Kedenen'n dörch de Welt slepen as en verlopen Tuchthüsler, un dat led sin lhr nich.

De oll Mann kunn einen jammern, hei gung jeden ut den Weg' un handtierte för sick allein in de Mähl un in den Stall herüm, as wull hei an desen Dag allens nahhalen, wat hei sid langen Johren versümt hadd.

Endlich würd hei erlös't, min Unkel Hers' kamm an, hüt äwerst in en bürgerlichen Uptog: "Gun Dag, Voß! Na, uns' Sak is in Richtigkeit."

Äwer den Ollen was hüt nich lichtglöwig tau Maud', un hei säd kort af: "Ja, wer't glöwt, Herr Ratscherr." "Wenn ick't segg, Möller Voß", säd de Herr Ratscherr un halt en Packet Schriften ut den Wagen un gung mit den Möller in de Stuw', "denn möt dat einer glöwen, denn ick bün hüt hir as Notarius publikus."

"Mutter", säd de Möller, "lat uns allein, un du, Fiken, stick uns irst en Licht an." Dat ded denn nu grad nich nödig, denn 't was

this, seeing, that it was broad daylight; but the Miller had noticed that, when a court of justice was being held, the Herr Amtshauptmann always had a wax-light burning by him, and so he determined to have a light, thinking it was safer, because it made everything more complete. And he went to his cupboard and fetched out a pair of spectacles and put them on, which was also unnecessary, for he could not read writing; but he thought he should be able to pay better attention in spectacles. Finally, he drew a table into the middle of the room, and brought forward a couple of chairs.

When they were alone and seated before the table and the light, the Herr Rathsherr read aloud, in a clear voice, a paper in which the Jew promised to wait till Easter, the Herr Rathsherr being bail for the Miller. And, when he had read it, he laid the paper by his side and looked at the Miller with a face which seemed to say, "What do you think of that?"

The Miller hummed and hawed, and scratched his head. "Miller Voss," said my uncle angrily "what do you mean with your 'hms' and 'haws'? There is my seal underneath. Do you see, it's a stalk of hirse. because my name is 'Herse'; I could also have a portcullis on it, if I liked, because in French that's 'herse' but I am not fond of the French. And here, round it, is my authority: 'Not:Pub:Im:Caes.', and here is the Jew's signature 'ltzig', and what is written is written."

"That's what the Herr Amtshauptmann says," said the Miller and he looked a great deal more cheerful, "what's written is written."

"It's of no consequence to me what he says. It is I, Miller Voss, I, who am, through my office appointed to make written writing fast and secure by my seal. And this paper frees you from all difficulties till Easter."

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr, and I thank you for it; but then?"

hellig Dag; äwer de Oll hadd dat seihn, dat de Herr Amtshauptmann bi en Gerichtsdag ümmer en Waßstock brennen hadd, un hei wull't ok so hewwen, denn dit schint em sekerer, wil't vullständiger was. Un dormit gung hei an sin Schapp un halt sin Brill herut un set't sei sick up, wat ok nich nödig ded, denn hei kunn kein schrewen Schriwwt lesen; äwer em was doch so, as künn hei mit de Brill beter uppassen; un dorup set't hei einen Disch midden in de Stuw' un twei Stüuhl daran.

As sei nu allein üm den Disch un dat Licht seten, las de Herr Ratscherr mit sihr düdliche Stimm 'ne Schriwwt vör, worin de Jud' gegen den Herrn Ratscherrn sin Börgschaft bet Ostern täuwen wull, un as hei de lesen hadd, läd hei dat Poppier neben sick un kek den Möller mit en Gesicht an, dat sach ut as: "wat seggst nu, Flesch?"

De oll Möller nörrickt nu los mit "Hm" un "Je" un "Äwer" un kratzt sick in de Hor. "Möller Voß", säd min Unkel sihr argerlich, "wat sall dat Nörricken? Hir steiht min Sigel unner, seihn Sei, hir! En Hirsestengel, wil ick 'Herse' heit; ick hadd ok en Fallgatter dorup steken laten kunnt, wil dat up Französch 'hersé' heit, äwer ick bün nich för de Franzosen, un hir drüm rüm steiht mine Befugnis: Not. pub. im. caes., un hir steiht den Juden sin Unnerschrift: ltzig; un wat schrewen is, is schrewen."

"Dat seggt de Herr Amtshauptmann ok", säd de Möller un wür en ganz Deil heller utseihn, "wat schrewen is, is schrewen."

"Wat de seggt, is mi ganz egal, ick, Möller Voß, ick bün dortau set't dörch min Amt, schrewen Schriwwten kräftig tau maken dörch min Sigel. Un dörch dese Schriwwt sünd Sei bet Ostern ut alle Verlegenheit."

"Ja, Herr, un ick bedank mi ok, äwer wat denn?"

It was now my uncle's turn to hum and haw: "Hm, what then? Well, yes. Well, Miller," and his good old face threw its official look out of window and put on human kindness for spectacles, and looked benevolently at the Miller and the whole world: "Well, Miller Voss, I have procured you breathing-time till Easter, and, maybe, I can give you further help; I have come on purpose to set matters right. But, in order for me to do so, you must tell me exactly how you stand, and show me all your papers."

So the Miller told and told, and went on till any other head than my uncle Herse's would have been quite lost in the maze; and he brought out so many papers that anyone else would have been alarmed; but my uncle was very thorough in business matters and was fond of solving riddles and mysteries. He listened to, and read, everything with patience, though not with much profit to his undertaking.

"Is this all, Miller Voss?" he asked at last. "Yes," said the Miller, and he looked as down as a potatoe-field when the night frost has gone over it; "and this is my contract with the bailiwick of Stemhagen."

My uncle took the contract, and read it through, looking, in his turn, like a parsnip-field that has been cut up by the hail. But, all at once he jumped up: "Why, what is this? Miller, your difficulties are at an end. In a couple of years you will be a millionaire. The whole town and bailiwick of Stemhagen is bound to have its corn ground at your mill; here it is in paragraph four. And what says paragraph five? 'For every bushel that the Miller grinds he has a right to take one bushel as payment.'"

"A pint, Herr Rathsherr," cried the Miller; and he, too, jumped up now. "For every bushel one pint." "No, a bushel. Here it is: for every bushel one bushel as payment; and what is written is written, and here is the Amtshauptmann's seal."

Nu kamm de Reih tau nörricken an minen Unkel: "Hm! Wat denn? Je, Na! Na, Möller Voß", un sin oll gaud Gesicht smet sine ganze Amtsmin as Notorius publikus ut de Dör un set't sick de Minschenfründlichkeit as Brill up sine hübsche Näs' un kek den ollen Möller un de ganze Welt fründlich an, "na, Möller Voß, heww ick bet Ostern Luft schaffft, kann ick jo ok wider Rat schaffen, ick bün her kamen un will reinen Disch maken. Dortau is dat äwerst nödig, dat Sei mi all Ehr Ümstän'n verteilen un all Ehr Poppieren wisen."

Dat gung denn de Möller ok in un vertellte un vertellte, dat en anner Kopp, as min Unkel Hersen sin, ganz düsig worden wir, un hei halte so vel Poppieren rut, dat en annern angst un bang' worden wir; äwer min Unkel was hellschen pükerig in sin Geschäften, hei müggt girn Rätsel lösen un Bindfaden utenanner wiren, hei hört un las allens mit Geduld, äwer nich mit Vurtel för sin Vörnemen.

"Möller Voß", frog hei endlich, "is't dit all?" "Ja, Herr", säd de Möller un let de Uhren hängen as en Tüftenfeld, wenn de Nachtfrost doräwer gahn is, "un dit is noch min Kuntrakt mit dat Stemhäger Amt."

Min Unkel namm den Kuntrakt un las em so verluren dörch un sach ok ut, as wir em de Peiteßill verhagelt; äwer mit einmal sprung hei up: "Wat's dit? Wi sünd dormit dörch, Möller! In Tid von en por Jahr sünd Sei en Milljonär! Dat ganze Stemhäger Amt is mahlpflichtig un de Stadt Stemhagen dortau, hir steiht't in Paragraph vir, un wat seggt Paragraph fiw: Für jeden Scheffel, den der Müller mahlt, kann er rechtlich einen Scheffel als Mahllohn beanspruchen."

"ne Matt, Herr Ratscherr!" röp de oll Möller un sprung nu ok tau Höcht, "von jeden Schepel 'ne Matt!" "Ne! En Schepel! Hir steiht: für jeden Scheffel einen Scheffel als Mahllohn; un wat schrewen is, is schrewen. Un hir hett de Amtshauptmann dat Amtssigel unnerset't."

"Herr Rathsherr, my head is swimming. Herr, that is only a mistake."

"Mistake or no mistake, what is written is written; the old Amtshauptmann said so himself."

"That he did," said the Miller; "yes, that he did, I can swear to it."

And now the Miller saw before him a prospect of deliverance from the Jew's clutches, and of many, many bushels of corn and of many, many bright thalers; for was not the whole bailiwick obliged to bring corn to his mill?

"This is a good thing, Herr Rathsherr," he cried; "but, but."

"What do you mean with your buts, Voss?" cried my uncle indignantly. "The thing is plain and clear."

"Yes, Herr Rathsherr, I only mean, what is to be done with the sacks?"

"With the sacks? What sacks?"

"Why, the sacks in which the corn is brought to me. I get all the corn, but who gets the sacks?"

"Hm," said my uncle, "that's a difficult question in law, Miller. I did not think of it, and there's nothing about it in the contract, but, if you'll follow my advice, you'll keep them yourself for the present, for what says the Lubeck law: 'beati possidentes,' that is in German, 'what a man has, that he's got.' Now, Miller, I have helped you out of everything. But one thing I insist upon: silence! Not a soul must be spoken to about this matter. Do you hear? Not a soul. I will speak to Itzig. He must take corn, instead of money, and by Easter the debt will all be cleared off, and then, Miller Voss..."

"And then, Herr Rathsherr?..."

"Then, it will all be overplus. But, Miller, the affair remains a secret."

The Miller promised, and the Herr Rathsherr set off home again, and Heinrich and Fieka saw him nod from his carriage to the Miller, and lay his finger on his lips.

"Keeping secrets is not one of my gifts,

"Herr Ratscherr, Herr Ratscherr, mi summt de Kopp; dat is jo doch man en Verseihn." "Verseihn is ok verspelt, un wat schrewen is, is schrewen; dat hett de oll Amtshauptmann Sei jo sülwen seggt."

"Dat hett hei, Herr", säd de Möller, "ja, dat hett hei, dat kann ick beswören."

Un nu gung in den ollen Möller 'ne Utsicht up Erlösung ut de Judenfingern up, un 'ne Utsicht up vele, vele Schepels Kurn un up vele, vele blanke Dalers, denn dat ganze Amt was jo mahlpflichtig, dat müßt em jo kamen.

"Herr", röp hei, "dat kann sick helpen! Äwer... äwer..."

"Voß", säd min Unkel ärgerlich, "wat hewwen Sei mit Ehr Inwendungen? De Sak is klipp un klor."

"Ja, Herr, äwer ick mein man, wo ward dat äwer mit de Säck?"

"Mit de Säck? Mit wat för Säck?"

"Mit de Säck, worin mi dat Kurn bröcht ward. Dat Kurn krig ick all, äwer wer kriggt de Säck?"

"Hm", säd min Unkel, "dat is 'ne swore juristische Frag', Möller, doran heww ick noch nich dacht, un in den Kuntrakt steiht nicks dorvon; wenn ick Sei äwer raden sall, denn behollen Sei sei vörlöpig, denn wat seggt dat Lübsche Recht: beati possidentes, dat heit up Dütsch: wat einer hett, dat hett hei. Möller, ick heww Sei nu ut allens rutehulpen, äwer eins beding ick mi ut: reinen Mund! Äwer de Sak ward tau keinen Minschen redt hüren Sei! Tau keinen Minschen! Mit Itzigen ward ick spreken, de möt Kurn staats Geld annemen, un tau Ostern ward denn allens klor sin un denn, Möller Voß..."

"Un denn, Herr Ratscherr?"

"Denn kümmt de bore Äwerschuß. Äwer Möller, de Sak bliwwt in't geheim!"

De Möller versprok dat, un de Herr Ratscherr reiste wedder af, un Hinrich un Fiken seggen noch, wo hei von den Wagen ut den Ollen taunickt un den Finger up den Mund läd.

"Fiken", säd Hinrich, "mi is de

Fieka," said Heinrich: "I shall go to your father and speak to him."

Heimlichkeit nich gewen, ick möt reinen Win inschenken; ick gah nah dinen Vader un red mit em."

"Do so," said Fieka. But if she had known the state the Miller was in, she would certainly have told him to wait.

"Dauh dat", säd Fiken. Hadd sei äwer wüßt, wo dat mit den Ollen stunn, sei hadd em woll noch täuwen heiten.

The old Miller was in a strange mood. That morning he had been a beggar, and had been unwilling to give his child away, because he had no dower for her. Now he was a rich man, and his only daughter had no need to take the first who came; she might become a fine lady as well as anybody else. The change had come too quickly, he did not rightly know what had happened to him; and there now arose, too, a secret fear in him, lest all might not be as it ought to be, and great anxiety lest what he was going to do might not be right. "But," said he to himself, "the Amtshauptmann himself said 'what is written is written;' and the Rathsherr must know better than me what is right." If it was difficult for him, in ordinary times, to come to a decision, it was quite impossible at a moment like this.

Mit den Ollen stunn dat äwerst heil wunderlich. Hüt morrn was hei en Snurrer un wull sin einzigst Kind nich ahn Mitgift weggewen, hüt abend was hei en riken Mann, un sin einzigst Kind brukt nich jeden tau nemen; sei künn 'ne Madam warden, so gaud as ein. För sinen Kopp was de Wessel tau rasch kamen, hei wüßt nich recht, wat mit em vorgahn wir, dortau kamm nu noch 'ne heimliche Angst, dat dat nich allens so wir, as dat sin müßt, un 'ne grote Unrauh, dat dat, wat gescheihn süll, nich recht wir. "Äwer", säd hei denn tau sick, "de Amtshauptmann hett sülwst seggt, wat schrewen is, is schrewen; un wat recht is, möt de Ratscherr beter weiten as ick." Was hei all in ruhigeren Tiden swor tau en Entsluß tau krigen, so was't in desen Ogenblick gor nich mäglich.

When Heinrich made his offer therefore, the Miller began to talk about the lawsuit, and said Heinrich was not at all to suppose that he was a ruined man. Many had tried to drown him, but he still swam at the top.

As Hinrich sin Gewarw' anbröcht hadd, fung hei von den Prozeß tau reden an un säd, Hinrich süll jo nich glöwen, dat hei en rungeniert Mann wir; em hadden vele in de Fingern hatt, de em hadden dümpeln wullt, äwer noch swemmte hei baben.

Heinrich then said that he had no evil intentions, that he had thought to himself that the Miller would give him his Fieka, and would sell him his lease, and that his father and mother-in-law might live with him in peace and quietness for the rest of their lives.

Hinrich säd nu, hei hadd dat gaud naug in den Sinn, hei hadd sick dat so dacht, die beiden Swigeröllern süllen in Rauh un Freden bet an ehr selig En'n bi em wahren, un de Möller süll em sin Fiken gewen, un sinen Pachtkuntrakt süll hei em verköpen.

But at this the old Miller fired up: yes, Heinrich would like that; he could readily believe it. But nobody should cry "Fish" before they had caught any; he was not going to let himself be taken in by anyone, let alone a young man like Heinrich. His lease, indeed! His lease! he would keep it himself, though a king should come and court his Fieka!

Dunn fohrt äwer de oll Möller up: dat glöwte hei sacht! Dor hadd Hinrich woll Lust tau! Äwer keiner süll ihre raupen "halt Fisch!", ihre hei weck hadd; hei let sick ok nich von en Krabbenwagen äwerführen, noch tau von so'n jungen Burßen, as Hinrich wir. Sinen Kuntrakt! Sinen Kuntrakt wull hei behollen, un wenn en König üm sin Fiken frigt!

For such a speech Heinrich was not at all prepared after what had already passed. The blood mounted into his face also, and he said sharply, that the Miller must say "yes" or "no," would he give him his daughter or not.

The Miller turned round abruptly and looked out of window, and said "No."

Heinrich also turned round, and went out of the room, and half an hour afterwards Friedrich drove into the yard with Heinrich's waggon; and, at his call, Heinrich and Fieka came out of the garden. Fieka looked very pale but also quite firm, and said: "Heinrich, what I have said I will keep to, and you too will keep to it." He nodded his head, and pressed her hand, stepped up to the Miller's wife who was standing at the door, said a few parting words to her, got into the waggon, and drove slowly away.

When he was some little distance from the Mill, he heard some one calling after him, and on turning round to look, he saw Friedrich coming towards him across the corner of a rye-field: "Where are you driving to, Heinrich?"

"To Stemhagen."

"Shall you stop the night there?"

"Yes, I thought I would stay for the night at Baker Witte's, for I have something to speak to the Herr Amtshauptmann about."

"I must say, that's a good idea of yours, Heinrich, and I have something to do at the Schloss this evening too; and, maybe, I shall have something to say to you, so don't drive off from Witte's till I come. I shall not be there till late, however, when everything is quiet here."

Heinrich promised he would wait for him, and drove on again towards Stemhagen.

On the road he met Baker Witte who was driving with corn to the Mill and said: "Well, Heinrich, put up at my house, I shall be at home again by evening, and then we can have a bit of a chat together."

So'ne Red' was sick Hinrich nich vermauden nah allen dem, wat vorgahn was, em steg ok de Hitz tau Kopp, un hei säd hastig, de Möller süll "Ja" oder "Ne" seggen, ob hei em sine Dochter gewen wull oder nich.

De Möller dreiht sick snubbs üm, kek ut dat Finster un säd: "Ne!"

Hinrich dreiht sick ok üm un gung ut de Dör, un 'ne halwe Stun'n nahher höll Fridrich mit Hinrichen sin Fuhrwark up den Möllerhof, un as hei äwer Hinrichen raupen ded, kamm de mit Fiken ut den Goren, un Fiken sach sihr blaß, äwer ok sihr gefaßt ut un säd: "Hinrich, dat Wurd, dat ick di seggt heww, dat holl ick, un du holl't ok!" Hei nickte mit den Kopp un drückte ehr de Hand, gung up de Möllerfru tau, de vör de Dör stunn, säd ehr en por Würd' taum adjüs, steg up den Wagen un führt sachten von den Möllerhof.

As hei en En'n lang von de Mühl af was, röp wat äwer em, un as hei sick ümkek, kamm Fridrich dwars äwer 'ne Eck Roggensaat nah em ran: "Hinrich, wo führen Sei hentau?"

"Nah Stemhagen."

"Bliwen Sei de Nacht dor?"

"Ja, ick dacht, ick wull de Nacht bi Bäcker Witten bliwen, denn ick wull noch irst mit den Herrn Amtshauptmann reden." "Dat möt ick en verstännigen Infall heiten, Hinrich; un ick heww hüt abend ok noch wat in Stemhagen up den Sloß tau dauhn, un mäglich heww ick mit Sei ok noch tau reden, un dörüm, Hinrich, führen S' nich ihre af, as bet ick kamen bün; ick kam äwerst irst lat, wenn allens tau Schick is." Hinrich versprok, hei wull up em tauwen, un führt nah Stemhagen.

Unnerwegens begegnet em Bäcker Witt, de führt mit en Drömt Weiten nah de Mühl un säd: "Na, Hinrich, führen S' man bi mi an, mit Abend un all bün ick ok wedder tau Hus, denn snacken wi en beten mit enanner."

Evening had long since set in, and the baker had been some time at home, but Heinrich was still up at the Schloss with the old Herr. Friedrich, too, had arrived and had gone up to the Schloss, and old Witte said to Strüwingken, "Something has happened at the Mill, you'll see. I don't think much of the Miller's wife sitting crying, for her tears run easily, but I don't at all like to see Fieka going about so quiet and saying nothing to all the fooleries and scoldings of the old Miller; and he has got one of those queer fits upon him this morning which you can make nothing of. When I asked him how soon I should come for the flour, he said he must first look at his lease; and when I said I wanted it next week, he said it was all the same to him, he should act according to his lease; and when I was driving away, he called out after me that, if anything strange should happen to the flour, I was only to go to Rathsherr Herse, and he would explain the matter to me, that is if he thought proper."

"Why he must be mad," said Strüwingken.

At that moment Heinrich came in, looking calm and indifferent; and on the baker beginning to talk about the flour, and of the queer reception he had met with, Heinrich abruptly broke in with: "Will you do me a favour, Witte?"

"Why not?" said the baker.

"Look here, many people come to your place; and you have room in your stable. I want to sell my horse and waggon, will you help me with it."

"Why not?" said Witte again; "but, Heinrich," added he after a while, and you could almost imagine you saw how he was collecting his thoughts together inside his brain, and weaving them into a long chain so as to spin out the conversation. "But, Heinrich, there's no hurry about it. Horses, horses, you see they are cheap now. Why?"

Well, what do I know? Why, because no

Je ja! je ja! Dat was all lang' Abend, un de Bäcker was all lang' tau Hus; äwer Hinrich was noch ümmer bi den ollen Herrn up den Sloß. Fridrich was ok all kamen un up't Sloß gahn, un oll Witt säd tau de Strüwingken: "Strüwingken, up de Mähl sünd Geschichten passiert, du sallst dat seihn! Dat de Ollsch sitt un rohrt, dat hett grad nich vel tau bedüden, denn de Tranen sitten ehr wat los; äwer dat Fiken bi den Ollen sin Schellen un Dummheiten still rümme geiht un gor nicks seggt, süh, dat will mi nich gefallen; un de Oll hett hüt wedder sine richtigen Stuken, ut den is nich klauk tau warden. As ick em frog: Vadder, wennihr kann ick mi dat Mehl halen? seggt hei: dor möt ick irst minen Kuntrakt nah fragen. Un as ick säd, ick brukt dat Mehl notwendig taukamen Woch', säd hei, dat wir em ganz egal, hei güng nah sinen Kuntrakt; un as ick wegführt, röp hei mi nah, wenn mi mit dat Mehl en wunnerlich Stück passieren süll, denn süll ick man nah Ratsherr Hersen gahn, de würd mi woll de Sak utenanner setten, wenn hei't för gaud höll."

"Dat's jo nahrsch", seggt de Strüwingken. Dunn kamm Hinrich Voß in de Dör un sach sihr still un einerlei ut, un as de Bäcker von de Mähl anfang, un dat hei dor 'ne snurrige Begegnung förfunnen hadd, brok Hinrich kort af un frog: "Meister Witt, wullen Sei mi woll en Gefallen dauhn?"

"Worüm dat nich?" säd de Bäcker.

"Bi Sei kamen vele Lüd', un Sei hewwen ok Stallrum; ick wull min Pird un Wag' verköpen; will'n Sei mi dorbi nich behülplich sin?"

"Worüm dat nich?" frog Witt; "äwer, Hinrich", set't hei nah 'ne Wil hentau, un einer kunn binah von buten seihn, wo hei binnen de Gedanken sammelt un tau en Faden anenanner knüppt, woran hei de Unnerhollung wider spinnen wull, "äwer, Hinrich, dat hett jo Tid. De Mähren, de Mähren süh, nu sünd sei wollfeil, worüm?"

Je, wat weit ick! Woll dorüm, will keiner

one feels sure that the French won't take them out of the stables overnight. But, you'll see, they'll get dear; for, you'll see in a few weeks we shall all be marching against the French."

"I have just heard the same from a man who must know much more about it than you or I. But it's just for that reason I want to be rid of them."

"Yes," said Friedrich, who had come into the room during the Miller's speech; "horses will get dear and women cheap. There will be a great call for horses when the war begins, and little for women; and when it's over, and half the young men are killed, there'll be still less.

And it's going to begin. Yesterday, at Brandenburg, a fellow took me aside, who looked as if he had tried the blue beans, and he said to me that from my appearance I must have carried a musket, and, if I liked, he knew of a place for me. I said I would think about it; but to-day is not yesterday, and today I don't need to think about it. I deserted from the Prussians, but only because I had to rock the cradle for my Captain's children; and yesterday I only wanted to think it over, because I expected I should soon have to rock children; of my own. But to-day I need think no more; I shall enlist against the French. And, Witte, I have no one in the world to look after my things, so when you hear that I have left the Mill, will you see about my box? And now, good-bye. I must go back to the Mill this evening." So saying he departed.

Heinrich followed him: "Friedrich, what does this mean?"

"What does it mean?" said Friedrich. "I will tell you. 'What the one looks the other feels.' The same thing has happened to us both, only your Fieka cries and my Hanchen laughs. I am not young enough for her. Well, it doesn't much matter; I was not too old for that fellow at Brandenburg, but what is one man's owl is another's nightingale."

seker is, dat em de Franzos' sei nich äwer Nacht ut den Stall halt; äwer de Mähren, du sallst seihn, sei warden dūr, denn, du sallst seihn, in Tid von en por Wochen marschirt allens gegen den Franzosen."

"Dat heww ick eben von en Mann hürt, de dat beter weiten kann as wi beiden, Meister Witt, äwer dorüm grad will ick sei los sin."

"Ja", föll Fridrich in, de bi den Bäcker sine Red' in de Stuw' kamen was, "ja, de Mähren warden dūr, un de Frugenslūd' wollfeil. Nah de Mähren ward vel Nahfrag' sin, wenn't losgeiht, un nah de Frugenslūd' wenig; un wenn't vörbi is un de Hälft von de jungen Lüd' dodschaten is, noch weniger.

Un los geiht't! Gistern in Bramborg kreg mi einer bi Sid, de sach ut, as hadd hei de blagen Bohnen all präuw't, un säd tau mi, nah min Utseihn hadd ick mi ok all mit den Schapschinken slept, un wenn ick Lust hadd, so wüßt hei en Flag för mi. Ick säd, ick wull mi besinnen; äwer gistern is nich hüt, hüt bruk ick mi nich tau besinnen. Ick bün bi de Preußen dissentürt, äwer blot, wil ick Kinner weigen süll bi minen Hauptmann; un gistern besunn ick mi blot, wil ick dacht, ick würd mal min eigen Kinner weigen; un hüt besinn ick mi nich mihr un gah gegen den Franzosen. Un, Meister Witt, ick heww keinen up de Welt, de nah dat Minig süht, wenn Sei hüren, dat ick furt von de Mähl bün, denn seihn S' nah min Lad'. Un nu adjüs, ick möt des' Nacht wedder nah de Mähl." Dormit gung hei.

Hinrich gung em nah. "Fridrich, wat heit dit?"

"Wat dies heit?" frog Fridrich. "Dat will 'ck Sei seggen: wo de ein heit, süht de anner ut. Uns is beiden datsülwig passiert, blot dat Ehr Fiken rohrt un min Fiken lacht. Ick bün ehr nich jung naug. Na, 't schad't ok nich! Den Mann in Bramborg was ick nich tau olt, un wat den einen sin Uhl is, is den annern sin Nachtigall."

"Don't speak so loud, Friedrich," said Heinrich in a low voice. "You are going to turn soldier and so am I."

"What! You?"

"Hush! Yes, I. I have no friends or relations far and wide, and stand alone in the world. I have spoken to the Herr Amtshauptmann, and he has promised to keep an eye on my property. I can let my Mill at Parchen any day, and I am going to sell my horse and waggon."

"Hurrah!" cried Friedrich, "your hand, comrade! Dumouriez! The very first morning, I said you had the making of a soldier in you."

"Yes, that's all very well," replied Heinrich. "I have got the will, but how about carrying it out?"

"When anyone has it in his mind to do something wrong, comrade," said Friedrich, "the Devil is always at hand to show him the way. And the Almighty will not do less. He will show us the right way, now, for this is for our country. Look, I can't, I must stay till Easter, but do you drive over at once to Brandenburg, and ask at the Inn, where we were, for a tall man with a grey moustache and a scar across the right cheek, you will be sure to find him. Present yourself to him and report me as 'Friedrich Schult;' say that I have served, but you need not say that I deserted once from rocking children. And, when all is settled, let me know, and then I'll come."

"So let it be!" cried Heinrich. "And, Friedrich, greet Fieka from me, and tell her she's not to be surprised at what I may do. I will keep to what I said."

"I'll give your message. And now, goodnight."

"Good-night." And as Heinrich still stood there listening to Friedrich's footsteps, he heard round the corner "Dumouriez! Accursed patriots!"

"Fridrich", antwurt't em Hinrich sachten, "red nich so lud. Du willst Soldat warden un ick ok."

"Wat, Sei?"

"Still! Ja, ick ok. Ick heww kein Fründschaft wid un sid un stah allein in de Welt; nu heww ick mit den ollen Herrn Amtshauptmann redt, un de hett mi verspraken, up min Eigendaum en Og tau smiten; min Mähl in de Parchensche Gegend kann ick jeden Ogenblick verpachten, un min Pird un Wag' verköp ick."

"Hurah!" röp Fridrich, "Hand her, Kamerad! Dümurrjöh! Ick sach di dat glik den irsten Morgen an, dat in di en Soldat stek."

"Ja", säd Hinrich, "dat is all recht gaud! Den Willen heww ick, äwer wo bliwwt dat Vullbringen?"

"Brauder, wenn einer wat Slichts in den Sinn hett, is de Düwel glik parat, em den Weg tau wisen; uns' Herrgott ward sick von den Düwel nich lumpen laten, hei ward uns de richtigen Weg' woll wisen, denn't geiht för't Vaterland. Süh, ick kann nich, bet Ostern möt ick bliwen; äwer du führ morgen glik nah Bramborg un frag in dat Wirtshus, wo wi west sünd, nah en statschen Mann mit en grisen Snurrbort un 'ne Nor äwer de rechte Back, du wardst em woll finnen, un bi den mell di un mi an: Fridrich Schult', un hadd all deint, brukst äwerst nich tau seggen, dat ick mal von't Kinnerweigen dissentürt bün. Un wenn du't in Richtigkeit hest, denn giww mi Order, denn kam ick."

"Dat sall gellen!" röp Hinrich. "Un, Fridrich, du grüß jug Fiken von mi un segg ehr, sei süll sick nich stutzig maken laten, wat ick ehr seggt hadd, dat höll ick." "Dat will ick bestellen, un nu gun Nacht!"

"Gun Nacht!" Un as Hinrich noch so stunn un up Fridrichen sin Tritten horkt, dunn hört hei von de Apteikereck her: "Dümurrjöh! Verfluchte Patriotten!"

CHAPTER XX

How everything went head over heels, in the world, in Stemhagen, and in the Miller's house; why the Miller and Friedrich drove to Stemhagen; and why Fieka followed them.

The French came no more into our part of the country; but, all the same, it did not get any quieter. The Landsturm (levy en masse) was called out; the Herr Amtshauptmann commanded in chief, and, under him, Captain Grischow; but their men had only pikes, except the Schoolmaster who had had a halbert made for himself by the locksmith, Troepner. My uncle Herse raised a corps of sharpshooters of one-and-twenty fowling pieces, and the young peasants sat on horseback with their long swords at their sides.

It is a thing to laugh at, say the would-be wise. I say, it is a thing to weep at that such a time comes so seldom in Germany, and that such a time should have had no other result than that which the last forty years have to show.

A single French regiment would have driven the whole pack like chaff before the wind, say the would-be wise. It may be so, say I, but they would not have driven away the spirit; one may laugh at the individual signs; no one then, not even Buonaparte himself, laughed at the whole.

On one and the same day the cry went through the whole of Lower Germany from the Vistula to the Elbe, from the Baltic to Berlin "The French are coming!" They say now that this cry was raised on purpose to see what Lower Germany would do. If that is true, then they had their wish: Lower Germany stood the test. Everywhere, far and wide, the alarm-bell sounded, not a village remained at home; everywhere there was marching hither and thither, and the "single French regiment" must have had long legs to crush the movement in all places at once.

Dat twintigste Kapittel

Wo dat in de Welt, in Stemhagen un in den Möllerhus' bunt äwer Eck geiht; worüm de Möller un Fridrich nah Stemhagen führen un Fiken ehr nahgeiht.

De Franzos' kamm nich wedder in uns' Gegend; äwer dorüm würd't dor nich ruhiger. De Landstorm brok los, de Herr Amtshauptmann kommandierte dat Ganze, un unner em Kaptein Grischow; äwer de ehr Lüd' hadden man Peiken, blot Rekter Schäfer hadd sick von Slösser Tröpnern 'ne Hellebard maken laten, min Unkel Hers' erricht't en Schützenkur von einuntwintig Schrotflinten, un de jungen Landlüd' seten tau Pird mit grote Säbels an de Sid.

Dat is taum Lachen, seggen de nägenklauken Herrn; ick segg, dat is taum Weinen, dat so'ne Tid so selten in dütschen Landen wedder kümmt, dat so'ne Tid kein anner Folgen hatt hett, as de letzten virtig Jahr uptauwisen hewwen.

Ein einzig Regiment Franzosen hadd den ganzen Swindel utenanner jagt, seggen de Nägenklauken; 't is mäglich, segg ick, äwer den Geist hadden sei nich verjagt; äwer dat Einzelne kunn einer lachen, äwer dat Ganze lachte dunnmals keiner, sülwst Bonepart nich.

An ein un densülwigen Dag gung dörch ganz Nedderdütschland von de Weichsel bet tau de Elb, von de Ostsee bet nah Berlin de Raup: "De Franzosen kamen!" Sei seggen up Stun'ns, dat wir absichtlich anstift't worden, üm tau seihn, wat Nedderdütschland ded. Wenn't wohr is, denn hewwen sei't tau seihn kregen; Nedderdütschland höll Prauw. Allentwegen, wid un sid, gungen de Stormklocken, kein Dörp blew tau Hus; allentwegen würd marschier't, hir hen un dor hen, un dat ein französch Regiment hadd lange Bein hewwen müßt, wenn't allentwegen tauglik hadd löschen wullt.

The Stemhagen folk marched on Ankershagen; the French were said to be in Ankershagen. The Malchin folk marched on Stemhagen; the French were said to be in Stemhagen. Yes, it was a queer medley. In the market-place at Stemhagen the pike-men were divided into companies; Droz and the Miller's Friedrich were to manage them because they were the only ones who understood anything about war; but the burghers would not obey their commands, because the one was a Frenchman and the other a Miller's man. Nobody would stand in the rear rank. Deichert, the shoemaker, objected because Bank stood in the front; Groth, the taxgatherer, because Stahl the weaver, who was in the front, always sent the reverse end of the pike into his ribs in levelling bayonets, and he could not put up with it.

My uncle Herse drilled his one-and-twenty fowling pieces in the horse-pound, always making them fire off all together. His chief command was "At 'em! At 'em!" They were then all to fire off at once first with blank cartridges, and afterwards with "ball," that is to say, shot; but as, at the first volley, Dr. Lukow's white cow was wounded, this shooting with "ball" had to be given up. They all said afterwards that the tailor, Zachow, had done it, but it was never proved. At last, they were all beautifully in rank and file, and when Captain Grischow commanded "left wheel," out they came into the Brandenburg road, and marched on in a splendid heap of confusion; and when they were outside the town-gates, every one looked for a dry path for himself, and they marched one behind the other, like geese among the barley. A halt was made at the Owl Hill to wait for their commander, the Herr Amtshauptmann.

The Herr Amtshauptmann was too old to walk, and he could not ride, so he drove to battle; stately he sat in his long basket-carriage with his sword lying by his side. When he arrived, he received a "Vivat" from his troops; and then he made them a speech and said: "My children! We are not soldiers, and we shall make plenty of

De Stemhäger marschierten nah Ankershagen: in Nistrelitz süll de Franzos' sin; de Malchiner marschierten nah Stemhagen: in Stemhagen süll de Franzos' sin. Ja, 't was 'ne bunte Wirtschaft! Up den Mark würden de Peikenlüd' in Tüg' un Kumpanien indeilt; Herr Droz un den Möller sin Fridrich süllen de Sak anrichten, wil sei allein wat dorvon verstün'n; äwer de Börgers parierten ehr nich Order, wil dat de ein en Franzos' wir un de anner en Knecht. In't tweede Glid wull keiner stahn: Schauster Deichert nich, wil Schauster Bank in't irste stunn; Stüernehmer Groth nich, wil Wewer Stahl von vören bi't Bajonettfällen em ümmer mit dat verkehrte En'n von de Peik in de korten Rippen fummelt, un dat kunn hei nich verdragen.

In de Pird-Koppel exierte min Unkel Hers' in vullen Füler mit de einuntwintig Schrotflinten, ümmer in'n ganzen. Sin Hauptkommando was: "Ruff! Ruff!", denn müßten sei all mit einmal losscheiten, irst mit losen Pulver, nahsten mit scharpe Ladung; as äwer bi't zweitemal Dokter Lukow'n sin wittbunt Kauh dodschaten würd, würd't instellt. Sei säden nahsten all, 't hadd Snider Zachow dahn, 't is äwer nich utmakt worden. Endlich wiren sei all schön in Reih un Glid, ein as Kaptein Grischow "links schwenken" kummandiert, kemen sei ok all richtig in de Bramborgsche Strat rinne un marschierten in en schönen Klumpen rut, un as sei buten wiren, söcht sick jeder en drögen Fautstig, un sei marschierten ein achter'n annern as de Gäus' in'n Gasten. Bi den Uhlenbarg würd Holt makt, sei täuwten up ehren Kummandanten, up den Herrn Amtshauptmann.

De Herr Amtshauptmann was taum Gahn tau olt, un riden kunn hei nich, hei führte also in den Krig. Hei satt stattlich up sinen langen, hogen Korwwagen, sin Degen lagg bi em up de Bänk. As hei ankamm, kreg hei'n "Vivat!" von sine Truppen un höll dorup 'ne Anred un sprok: "Kinnings! Soldaten sünd wi nich,

blunders, but that will do no harm. Whoever likes to laugh, may do so. But we will do our duty, and our duty is to show the French that we are at our post. It's a pity that I know nothing about the art of war, but I will look out in good time for a man who does, Herr Droz, come up here by my side, and when the enemy comes, tell me what I am to do. I will not forsake you, my children. And now forward, for the Fatherland!"

"Hurrah!" cried his people, and away they went against the enemy. The Pribbnow peasants and the labourers of Juernsdorf and Kittendorf came, with pitchforks and such things, and joined them.

"Hanning Heinz," said my uncle Herse to his adjutant, "these are our Irregulars. At times, these sorts of troops are of great use, as we have seen in the Cossacks; but they easily bring the regular troops into disorder; so keep yourselves well in a mass together, and when the attack begins, then 'At 'em!"

The cavalry was sent out to reconnoitre, and rode in front, and Inspector Braesig and the Ivenack town clerk had pistols; these they fired off every now and then, probably to frighten the French; and in this way they reached Ankershagen; but they did not meet the French. When this was reported to the Herr Amtshauptmann, he said:

"Children, it seems to me that we have done enough for to-day, and if we go back at once, we shall be home again by daylight. What say you, eh?"

The idea was good. Captain Grischow commanded "Right about face," and they all went home except half a company of pikes, and two fowling-pieces who fell upon the Kittendorf public house and there did wonders.

As they were marching back, Stahl came up to the Amtshauptmann and asked: "By your leave, Herr Amtshauptmann, may I

un Dummheiten warden wi maken, dat schadt äwer nich; wer doräwer lachen will, kann't dauhn. Wi willen äwer uns' Schülligkeit dauhn, un de is: wi willen de Franzosen wisen, dat wi up den Platz sünd. Slimm äwer is't, dat ick nicks von Krigskunst verstah, un dörüm will ick mi bi Tiden nah en Mann ümseihn, de dorin bewandert is. Herr Droz, stigen S' bi mi up den Wagen, un wenn de Find kümmt, seggen S' mi Bescheid, wat tau dauhn is. Verlaten, Kinnings, dauh ick jug nich, un nu vörwärts för't Vaterland!"

"Hurah!" röp sin Volk un furt gung't gegen den Find. De Pribbnowschen Buren un de Daglöhners ut Jürnsdörp un Kittendörp kemen mit Stakelforken un Dinger un sloten sick an.

"Hanning Heinz", säd min Unkel Hers' tau sinen Adjudanten, "dit sünd uns' Unregelmäßigen. Tau Tiden is de Ort gaud tau bruken, as wi bi de Kosacken seihn hewwen; äwer sei bringen licht Tüderi in de regelmäßigen Truppen, dorüm hollt jug ümmer gaud up einen Hümpel, un wenn't losgeiht, denn ümmer ruff!"

De Kavalleri würd up Kundschaft utschickt un red vörup, un oll Inspekter Nicolai un de Reiseschriwer ut Ivenack hadden Pistolen; dormit schoten sei af un an, wohrschinlich üm de Franzosen grugen tau maken, un so kemen sei bet nah Ankershagen; äwer Franzosen dropen sei nich. As sei dit den Herrn Amtshauptmann melden deden, säd de:

"Kinnings, mi dücht, för hüt is't naug, un wenn wi nu ümkühren, denn kamen wi noch bi Dag' nah Hus. Ne, wat denn?"

De Infall was gaud; Kaptein Grischow kummandiert "kihrt!", un allens gung nah Hus, bet up 'ne halwe Kumpani Peiken un twei Schrotflinten, de in den Kittendörper Kraug infelen un dor Wunnerding' verricht'ten.

As sei taurügg marschierten, kamm Wewer Stahl an den Herrn Amtshauptmann ranne un frog: "Mit

lay my pike in your carriage for a little while?"
"Certainly."

And Deichert came, and Zachow came, and many came, and at last all came, with the same request; and by the time the Herr Amtshauptmann drove into the town, his innocent basket-carriage looked like an engine of war, like some scythe-chariot out of the Persian and Roman times.

Rathsherr Herse just let them fire "At 'em" three times more in the market-place, and then everyone went home quite satisfied. My uncle alone was dissatisfied: "Hanning Heinz," said he again to his adjutant; "there's no good in all this. Why does not the old Amtshauptmann let me set fire to the windmills first?"

If things went head-over-heels in the great world, they did not go differently at the Gielow Mill. People brought corn, and got no flour; the Mill stood still, and the corn was poured out on to the floor. Itzig came and received sack after sack, and every time that he drove away from the Mill, the Miller said: "Heaven be praised! There's another thirty, or forty, thalers paid," according to the quantity. But, all the time, he was not cheerful; he rather got despondent, and it was only after Rathsherr Herse had been with him, and had given him fresh courage, that he could ride his high horse, and talk about the great Christopher.

When his wife sat and cried, and he felt Fieka near him with her quiet, calm face, he would get uneasy again, and he was obliged to talk in a loud voice to keep off fear; and when Fieka, as often happened, took his hand, or fell upon his neck, and said earnestly, with the tears in her eyes: "What is it, father? Tell me what you are doing this for?" he would answer according to the mood he was in. If it was his rich mood, he would kiss his child and tell her she had only to wait, things would come all right for her; but if he was despondent, he would push

Verlöw, Herr Amtshauptmann, sall ick min Peik man en beten in Sei Ehren Wagen leggen?"
"Recht gern, mein lieber Meister."

Un't kamm Schauster Deichert, un't kamm Snider Zutow, un't kemen vele, un't kemen all mit de sülwige Bed', un as de Herr Amtshauptmann rinne führt in't Stemhäger Dur, dunn sach sin olle frame Korwwagen as 'ne Krigsmaschin un Sichelwagen ut Perser- un Römer-Tiden ut.

Rathsherr Hers' let noch dreimal "Ruff!" up den Mark scheiten, un jeder gung taufreden nah Hus. Blot min Unkel was verdreitlich. "Hanning Heinz", säd hei tau sinen Adjudanten, "dor kunn nicks ut warden, worüm let mi de oll Amtshauptmann nich irst de Buckmähl anstecken?"

Gung dat bunt äwer Eck in de Welt tau, so gung dat up de Gielowsche Mähl nich anners. De Lüd' brächten Kurn un kregen kein Mehl; de Mähl stunn still, un dat Kurn würd up den Kurnbähn schüdd't. Jud' Itzig kamm un halte Sack äwer Sack, un jedesmal, wenn hei von den Möllershof führt, säd de Möller: "Gott sei Dank, all wedder dörtig oder virtig Daler afbetaht!", je nahdem 't was. Äwer vergnäugt was hei nich dorbi, hei würd ihre kleinmäudig, un blot wenn de Herr Rathsherr bi em west was un em frischen Maud' inspraken hadd, denn satt hei hoch tau Pird un redte von den groten Christopher.

Wenn sin Fru satt un weint un Fiken mit ehr still Gesicht üm em rümmer gung, denn würd em frilich wedder sihr unruhig tau Sinn, un hei müßt sick denn mit ludes Reden de Furcht von den Liw' hollen, un wenn Fiken, wat öfters geschach, em an de Hand fot oder em üm den Hals föll un so recht indringlich mit Tranen in de Ogen em fragte: "Vatting, wat is di eigentlich? Wat hett din Wirken tau bedüden?", denn was't unnerscheidlich, wat hei antwurt't, je nahdem em tau Maud' was. Hadd hei sin riken Turen, denn küßt hei sin Kind un säd, sei süll

her away from him and say, coldly and harshly, that his affairs were not women's affairs, and he must know best what he had to do.

On all sides, there was secret torment and secret fear. However the whole thing could not but come out at last, when Baker Witte insisted on having his flour. He had sent for it, he had written for it, he now came for it himself, and there was noise and wrangling; and as the Baker drove away he shouted out "You thief!" and threatened the Miller with the arm of the law. Fresh troubles came every day.

Easter was at hand: large quantities of corn came from the neighbouring farms and villages to be ground for the feast-day; the Miller's corn flourished, but there was much, much weed with it. The Sheriff's officer came to the Mill to inquire into the matter. The Miller droned out unintelligible stuff about his lease and his right.

The day before Easter Itzig fetched the last load of corn, and the Miller came in to dinner to his wife and Fieka, and said: "At last we are rid of him. He has got his money!"

His wife and Fieka were silent, and the Miller did not pass a joyful Easter; for, do what he would, no happy belief in a sure future would rise within him.

And the next day the Sheriff's officer came again, and ordered the Miller to appear the following day before the Amtshauptmann. He asked for Friedrich, and when he came, told him he was also to appear.

"If I like," said Friedrich, and he turned on his heel, for he remembered that the Amtshauptmann had said to him: "I will not forget you."

"If you do not come," said the officer, "it will be at your peril."

man tauwen, dat würd sick för ehr schön reigen; hadd hei sin bangen Turen, denn schow hei sei von sick un redte hart un barsch, sin Saken wiren kein Frugensaken un hei müßt weiten, wat hei tau dauhn hadd.

Dat was en heimlich Quälen un en heimlich Ängsten up allen Siden; äwer endlich müßt't apenbor tau Dag' breken, as Bäcker Witt sin Weitenmehl hewwen wull. Hei hadd dorüm schickt, hei hadd dorüm schrewen, nu kamm hei sülwst, un't würd en Larm un en Schellen, un as de Bäcker von den Hof führte, schot hei mit "Spitzbauwen" un drauchte mit Klagen. Alle Dag' kamm nige Argernis.

Dat Osterfest kamm ranne; von de Häw' un ut de Burdörper kamm vel Kurn tau't Festmehl; den Möller sin Weiten bläuht, äwer vel, vel Unkrut stunn dormang. De Landrider red up den Hof un süll sick de Sak befragen, de Möller drähnte unverständlich Tüg von sinen Kuntrakt un von sin Recht.

Den Dag vör Ostern kam Itzig un halte de letzte Fuhr Kurn, un de Möller kamm taum Middageten tau sin Fru un Fiken un säd: "So! Mit den sünd wi utenein, de hett sin Geld."

Sin Fru un Fiken swegen still, un de Möller firt kein gaud Osterfest in sinen Harten, denn en fröhlichen Globen an 'ne sekere Taukunft wull in em nich uperstahn.

Un den Dag nah Ostern kamm de Landrider wedder un bestellte den Möller up den annern Dag tau Amt un frog ok nah Fridrichen, un as de kamm, säd hei em, hei süll ok tau Amt kamen.

"Wenn'ck will", säd Fridrich un dreiht sick snubbs üm, denn em föll dat Wurt von den Herrn Amtshauptmann in: "Dat will ick di gedenken."

"Wenn du nich kümmt", säd de Landrider, "denn geschüht dat up din

"You gentlemen always imagine," laughed Friedrich, "that when your plums are ripe, one of us is to pick them. However, I shall be going to Stemhagen to-morrow in any case, for my time with the Miller is up."

"Nothing of the kind!" growled the Miller. "I have hired you till Midsummer." The next day, the Miller drove with Friedrich to Stemhagen. Neither spoke a word; when they reached the market-place, Friedrich wanted to turn down to baker Witte's.

"Stop," cried the Miller; "I am not going there, I shall put up at Gruhle's." "Then, Miller," said Friedrich, and he jumped down off the waggon, and threw the reins to him, "you can drive yourself there, I shall stay at Witte's." And with these words he went off.

In better days, the Miller would not have put up with this, but would have taught his man a lesson, even though that man were Friedrich. But now he said nothing. He was no longer the same Miller. He sighed heavily, drove up before Guhle's door without going in, and went to the Herr Rathsherr's over the way.

Scarcely had the waggon left the Mill, when Fieka came down, dressed in her best, to her mother, who was sitting by the stove crying. "Mother," she said, "do what I can, I cannot get rid of the thought that everything depends on to-day; to-day will show whether we are to remain at the Mill or not. Father has done something and what it is..."

"It's stupid of him to have done it," interrupted the Miller's wife. "And so I want to follow him," Fieka went on. "I will ask the Herr Amtshauptmann or the Frau Amtshauptmann or some one else, I don't know whom exactly yet. God will show me the way, and put the words in my mouth."

"Go, Fieka," said her mother. Fieka went. She could still see the

Gefohr." "De Herrn meinen ümmer", lacht Fridrich, "wenn ehr Plummen rip sünd, sall unserein sei plücken. Äwer ick will morgen so wi so nah Stemhagen, denn min Tid bi den Möller is üm."

"Du sallst di woll schicken!" brummte de Möller, "bet Jehanni heww ick di meid'!" Den annern Dag führt de Möller mit Fridrichen nah Stemhagen. Keiner sproken Wurd. As sei up den Mark kemen, wull Fridrich nah Bäcker Witten ranner bögen.

"Holt!" röp de Möller, "dor will ick nich hen, ick kihr bi Guhlen an." "Na, Möller", säd Fridrich un sprung von den Wagen un smet em de Lin tau, "denn führen S' sick man sülwst hen, denn ick kihr bi Witten an", un dormit gung hei.

In gauden Dagen hadd de Möller dit woll nich leden, hei würd sinen Knecht schön hohaliert hewwen, un wenn't ok Fridrich wir; hüt säd hei nicks, hei was de oll Möller nich mihr, hei süfzte deip up, führte vör Guhlen sin Dör vör, ahn intautreden, un gung nah den Herrn Rathsherrn sinen Hus' räwer.

Knapp was de Wagen von den Möllerhof, dunn kamm Fiken in ehr bestes Tüg nah ehr Mutting rinne, de satt achtern'n Aben un weint.

"Mutting, ick kann mi nich helpen, ick kann de Gedanken nich los warden: hüt is uns vel vermakt, hüt ward sick dat utwisen, ob wi up de Mähl bliwen oder nich. Vatting hett was anricht't, un wat dat ok is..."

"Hei het't in sine Dummheit dahn!" röp de Möllerfru dormang. "Un dorüm will ick em nah; ick will den Herrn Amtshauptmann bidden oder de Fru Amtshauptmannen oder süs wen, ick weit't jo ok noch nich. Uns' Herrgott ward mi jo woll de Weg' wisen un de Würd' lihren."

"Gah, Fiken", säd ehr Moder. Fiken gung, sei kunn den Wagen noch vör sick

waggon in the distance. She reached Stemhagen, and went, as usual, to Witte's house: she asked for the baker, he was at the Schloss; she went into the room, there was Friedrich sitting talking to a soldier who had on a red jacket, and had got his back turned to her.

Friedrich jumped up: "Dumouriez! Fieka! How did you come here?"

The soldier also jumped up. Good heavens! What is this? Can that be Heinrich! Yes it was. He threw his arm round her. "Fieka, my darling little Fieka," he cried, "don't you know me again?"

Alas! she knew him well enough. She screamed out loud: "What, Heinrich? Heinrich, you turned soldier?"

"Well," said Friedrich, "and what should a brave fellow turn now but a soldier?"

Fieka paid no heed to the question, she had enough to do with her own thoughts, and they broke out from her lips: "O, God! and this, too, is my old father's fault. What can be the matter with him?"

"He need not reproach himself about me, Fieka," said Heinrich. "Although at first when I wanted to go away, it was all the same to me where I went to, it is different now. Now, for the first time I know what I have turned soldier for, and for what cause we go to battle. Now, I know what it means when comrade stands by comrade, and a whole regiment enters the field with heart and soul for the Fatherland. You know how I love you; and yet if you would give me your hand to-day, I could not take it. I must go, but I take your heart with me."

"Spoken like a man!" cried Friedrich. "You are right, Heinrich," said Fieka. "Go. But, when you come back, you must not expect to find us here any longer. Misfortunes are coming over our heads, and who knows how long the Mill may shelter us."

"Eh, what, Fieka?" said Friedrich, "the

henführen seihn. Sei kamm nah Stemhagen un gung as ümmer nah Witten sinen Hus'; sei frog nah den Bäcker, de was all tau Amt; sei gung in de Stuw' rin, dor satt Fridrich un redt mit en Soldaten, de hadd 'ne gräune Jack an un hadd ehr den Rüggen taukihr.

Fridrich sprung up: "Dümurrjöh! Fiken, wo kamen Sei her?"

De Soldat sprung ok up. Leiwer Gott! wat was dat? Dat was jo woll Hinrich? Ja. de was't, hei slog den Arm üm ehr. "Fiken, min leiw', lütt Fiken! Kennst du mi denn nich mihr?"

Ach, woll kennt sei em noch, lud schreg sei up: "Hinrich, Hinrich, du unner de Soldaten?"

"Na", röp Fridrich dortüsch, "Fiken, Sei maken sich gaud! Wo hürt denn up Stun'ns en düchtigen Kirl hen, as unner de Soldaten?"

Fiken hürte nich up sin Red', sei hadd mit ehr Gedanken tau dauhn, un in Gedanken brok dat äwer ehre Lippen: "Ach Gott, un ok doran is min oll Vader schuld. Wat heit't mit em, wat is't mit em?"

"Fiken", säd Hinrich, "üm minetwegen brukt hei sick kein Gewissen tau maken, un wenn ick ok in de Irst man weg wull, glik vel wohen un tau wat, nu is dat anners, nu weit ick irst, woför ick Soldat worden bün un woför dat in't Feld geiht, nu weit ick irst, wat dat heit, wenn en Kamerad taum Kameraden steiht un wenn en ganzes Regiment mit Liw un Lewen för't Vaterland tau Feld geiht. Süh, du weitst, wat ick von di holl; äwer wullst du mi hüt din Hand reiken, ick künn s' nich nemen; ick möt mit, äwer din Hart nem ick mit mi."

"So redt en Kirl!" röp Fridrich. "Gaud, Hinrich!" säd Fiken, "du hest recht, un so gah denn; äwer wenn du taurügg kümmt, darwst du uns hir nich mihr säuken; äwer uns breckt dat Unglück tausam, un wer weit, wo lang' uns de Mähl noch Dack und Fack giwwt." "Ih wat, Fiken", säd Fridrich, "de

Miller has got somewhat into a pickle, he has got up to his neck in water; but, for all that, the waves need not close over his head. He has still got good friends who can stretch out a hand to him."

Oll hett sick wat ankohlsurt, hei is bet an den Hals in't Water gahn, äwer dorüm bruken em de Bülgen noch nich äwer den Kopp tausam tau slagen, hei hett noch gaude Frün'n, de em de Hand reiken känen."

"Who can help him?" said Fieka, and sat down and let her hands fall in her lap. "Nobody knows what he has got into his head."

"Wer kann em helpen?" säd Fiken, set't sick dal un let de Hän'n in den Schot fallen, "keiner weit, wat hei sick in den Kopp set't hett."

"O, Heinrich knows something about it," said Friedrich. "He heard a little bird sing this morning. Make him tell you what it said, for I must now be off to the Schloss."

"Oh", säd Fridrich, "wat weit Hinrich, hei hett hüt morgen so'n Vägelken singen hürt, un dat laten S' sick man von em vertellen, denn ick möt nu ok tau Amt."

CHAPTER XXI

How the Miller holds to it that 'what is written is written'; why the Amtshauptmann pulls Fritz Sahlmann by the ear, and my uncle Herse loses all command over himself. How too this story comes to a happy end.

He went; and Heinrich and Fieka remained alone. Up at the Schloss the old Amtshauptmann sat on his chair with the white napkin round his neck. He was peevish. "Neiting," he said, "the string is cutting me." "Why, Weber, how can it cut you?"

"It cuts me, Neiting; and I'm not a Turkish Pasha, trying how it feels when you strangle yourself with a silk cord."

"Well, is it right now?"

"Hm! Yes; but it's a very troublesome thing."

"What is, Weber?"

"About the old Gielow Miller. The old man has gone quite mad; at least I try to think so, though his conduct savours strongly of knavery."

"What has he done?"

"Why, he has kept all the corn which people have brought him to grind, and he's said to have sold it afterwards to Itzig. What are you looking at, Neiting?"

"O, I just caught sight of him coming up with Rathsherr Herse."

"With Rathsherr Herse?" cried the old Herr, also getting up and looking out at the window. "What does Rathsherr Herse want, Neiting?"

"Why, he's talking with the Miller."

"And most busily, too, he is talking, Neiting," said the old Herr, and his face looked bright, and a merry smile spread over it. "Thank God! I must acquit the Miller of all knavery now; it will turn out to be some folly, for the Rathsherr is mixed up in it."

"But surely the Rathsherr is a good honourable man?"

Dat einuntwintigste Kapittel

Worüm de Möller dorbi bliwwt, dat schrewen is, wat schrewen is; worüm de Herr Amtshauptmann Fritz Sahlmannen an de Uhrzipfel kriggt un min Unkel Hers' ümmer ut de Fatung kümmt. Womit denn ok de Geschieht ganz schön tau En'n kümmt.

Hei gung, un Hinrich un Fiken blewen allein. Up den Sloß satt de oll Herr Amtshauptmann mit den Pudermantel up den Puderstauhl, hei was verdreitlich.

"Neiting", säd hei, "de Mantel snert mi."

"Ih, Wewer, wo kann hei sneren?"

"Neiting, hei snert mi, un ick bün kein türkschen Pascha, de dat utprobiert, wo dat deiht, wenn einer sick mit de siden Snur wörgt." "Na, is't so gaud?"

"Hm, ja; aber das ist eine verdrießliche Sache."

"Wat denn, Wewer?"

"Mit den ollen Gielowschen Möller; de oll Minsch is jo woll nahrsh worden, will ick seggen, obschonst sin Sak sihr nah Slichtigkeit smeckt."

"Wat hett hei?"

"Je, wat hett hei? All dat Kurn hett hei behollen, wat em de Lüd' taum Mahlen bröcht hewwen, un nahst sall hei't an Itzigen verköfft hewwen. Wat kickst du, Neiting?" "Oh, ick seih em dor eben mit Rathsherr Hersen ruppe kamen."

"Mit Rathsherr Hersen?" röp de oll Herr, stunn up un kek ok ut dat Finster. "Wat will Rathsherr Hers', Neiting?"

"Hei redt jo mit den Möller."

"Un recht angelegentlich redt hei mit em, Neiting", säd de oll Herr, un sin Gesicht würd hell utseihn, un en lustig Lachen gled äwer sine Minen, "Gott sei Dank, nu ward ick den Möller von Slichtigkeiten losspreken möten, dit ward up 'ne Dummheit rut kamen, denn de Herr Rathsherr sitt dor mang." "De Rathsherr is doch so'n gauden, ihrlichen Mann."

"He is, Neiting, but he plays pranks, sad pranks!" So saying the Herr Amtshauptmann went into the justice-room.

At the door of the room stood Farmer Roggenbom, and Baker Witte, and Schult Besserdich, and a dozen more, all of whom had accused the Miller. And now when he came in amongst them with the Rathsherr, and saw his best friends against him, his heart sank into his boots; and when they all shrank from him, and he read his dishonour in their faces, his courage broke down; he was obliged to hold by the Herr Rathsherr's arm, and said in a low voice: "Herr Rathsherr, I feel very uncomfortable."

A feeling like this is catching. My uncle Herse also began to feel uncomfortable; for the first time in the whole course of the affair a faint misgiving, a dim foreboding, arose in him that he had perhaps sat down in a bed of nettles. Everything that he had meant to say for the Miller became blurred and confused, and when Voss was called into the Justice-room, and he went with him, everything had vanished except his dignified appearance, and that, too, began to totter terribly when the old Herr came upon him with a grave: "To what do I owe this honour, Herr Rathsherr?"

My uncle Herse was very good at answers, if one gave him time. He had always to make a great round before he came to the point. This question was too direct for him, and the old Herr's face too stern, and he could only stammer out something about "Notary Public" and "legal assistance for the Miller."

"Assistance?" said the old Herr, and a curious light flickered over his face. "Good, Herr Rathsherr, be pleased to seat yourself and listen."

So my uncle Herse sat down, and this

"Dat is hei, Neiting, äwer hei makt Stückschens, Stückschens makt hei!" Dormit gung de Herr Amtshauptmann in de Gerichtsstuw'.

Vör de Gerichtsstuw' stunn Pächter Roggenbom un Bäcker Witt un Schult Besserdich un noch en Dutzend anner, de all den Möller verklagt hadden. As de nu mit den Herrn Rathsherr tüschen sei rinne tred un sin besten Frün'n gegen sick sach, sackte em dat Hart in de Hosen, un as sei em all ut den Weg gungen un hei sinen Schimp in ehre Ogen lesen kunn, wüüd em swack tau Sinn, hei müßt sick an den Herrn Rathsherr sinen Arm hollen un säd sachten: "Min leiw' Herr Rathsherr, min leiw' Herr Rathsherr, mi ward nich gaud tau Maud'."

So wat stickt an; minen Unkel Hers' wüüd ok nich gaud tau Maud'. Taum irstenmal wil de ganze Tid, wo dat Stück spelte, steg in em 'ne düstere Ahnung up, daß hei sick wohrschinlich in den Nettel setten wüüd. Allens, wat hei för den Möller spreken wull, küselte sick in em üm un üm, un as de Möller rin raupen wüüd in de Gerichtsstuw' un hei mit gung, was allens bi em ut den Text bet up sin wüüdig Utseihn, un dat fang ok gewaltig an tau wackeln, as de oll Herr irnsthaf up em losgung: "Wat verschafft mi de Ihr, Herr Rathsherr?"

Min Unkel Hers' was sihr stark in richtigen Antwurten, äwer einer müßt em Tid laten, hei müßt ümmer irst en groten Bogen maken, ihr hei an de Sak heranner kamm; dese Frag' was em tau liktau, un den ollen Herrn sin Gesicht was em tau stramm; hei snuwwelte also mit den Notorius publicus un den Rechtsbistand von den Möller äwer sin Lippen räwer.

"Bistand?" frog de oll Herr, un äwer sin Gesicht flunkerte so'n snurrig Licht. "Schön, Herr Rathsherr; setten S' sick gefälligst un hüeren S' tau."

Min Unkel Hers' set'te sick also, un dit

was a piece of good luck for him; for he could recover himself and think better when sitting. And accordingly he recovered himself and reflected.

“Miller Voss,” asked the old Herr, “have you had corn to grind from him, and him? What say you, eh?”

“Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

“What have you done with it?”

“I’ve sold it to Itzig; but the sacks are lying at the Mill. I will deliver them up to justice.”

“Indeed! that is very kind of you; but do you also know that you have been doing very wrong, and that it looks very much like cheating?”

“I’ve only done what I’ve a right to do, Herr Amtshauptmann,” said the Miller, and he wiped the sweat of care from his forehead, with the back of his hand.

“Yes,” said my uncle Herse, and he got up, “we are...”

“Herr Rathsherr,” said the Amtshauptmann, “I have my own ways of going on in my justice-room. I beg you will sit down and listen.”

But why had my uncle got up at all? Now he was out of countenance again and must sit down and collect himself afresh.

“What do you mean by talking about your right, Miller Voss?”

“Why, Herr, you’ve told me yourself: ‘What is written is written,’ and in my new lease of last year it stands, that for every bushel I grind I am to have a bushel in payment.”

“Where’s your lease!”

“Here,” answered the Miller, giving it to him. The old Herr read it, and shook his head: “Hm! hm! This is a very strange thing!” he took up his bell and rang: “Fritz Sahlmann is to come down to me.” Fritz came.

“Come here, Fritz, nearer!”

Fritz came nearer.

The Herr Amtshauptmann took him by the

was en Glück för em, denn hei kunn in'n Sitten beter nahdenken un sick ok beter faten. Un so dacht hei denn nah un fat'te sick.

“Möller Voß”, frog de oll Herr, “hett Hei von den un den un den, Kurn taum Mahlen kregen? Ne, wat denn?”

”Ja, Herr Amtshauptmann.”

”Wo is dat Kurn blewen?”

”Dat heww ick an Itzigen verköfft; äwer de Säck liggen in minen Hus', de will ick an't Gericht afliwern.”

“So? dat is jo recht nett. Äwer weit Hei ok, dat Hei sick in grote Unrechtfarigkeiten inlaten hett un dat dit sihr stark nah Bedreigeri smeckt?”

“Herr Amtshauptmann”, säd de Möller, “ick bün in min Recht”, un wischte sick mit de verwendte Hand den Angstswait von den Kopp. “Ja”, säd min Unkel Hers' un stunn up, “Wi sünd...”

“Herr Ratscherr”, säd de Herr Amtshauptmann, “ick heww in min Gerichtsstuw' min eigen Moden, setten S' sick un hüren S' tau.”

Worüm was min Unkel Hers' äwer ok upstahn? Nu was hei wedder uter Fatung kamen un müßt sick wedder setten, üm sick von frischen tau faten. “Möller Voß, wat redt Hei von Sin Recht?”

“Je, Herr, Sei hewwen mi sülwst seggt: wat schrewen is, is schrewen, un in minen nigen Kuntrakt von vergangen Jahr steiht dat schrewen, dat ick von jeden Schepel einen Schepel Mahllohn hewwen sall.” “Wo is Sin Kuntrakt?”

“Hir”, antwurt't de Möller un gaww em hen. De oll Herr las em, schüddelt mit den Kopp: “Hm, hm! Das ist ja eine sonderbare Sache!”, namm de Klingel un klingelt: “Fritz Sahlmann sall mal rinne kamen!” Fritz kamm.

“Fritz, kumm mal hir neger!” Fritz kamm neger. De Herr Amtshauptmann kreg em bi dat Uhlräppken un ledd't em an den

ear and led him to the table where the lease was lying open.

“Fritz, what have I often told you? That you would do some terrible mischief one day with your flightiness! And now it's come to pass. You have led two old people into follies that would have cost them dear, if I did not know that they were nothing more than follies. Take your pen and strike out 'bushel' here and write 'pint' above.”

Fritz did so. The Herr Amtshauptmann took the lease and gave it back to the Miller: “There, Miller Voss, it's all right now.”

“But, Herr Amtshauptmann...” cried the Miller.

“I will speak to your creditors,” said the old Herr, “that they may give you a week's respite; but you must get the corn or the money in that time, else it will go ill with you.”

“But, Herr Amtshauptmann...” cried my uncle Herse, getting up. The Herr Amtshauptmann looked at him. My uncle had clearly lost command over himself.

“Seat yourself, Herr Rathsherr, and listen to me,” said the old Herr very earnestly. “You have no children and you have got enough to live upon. Give up your Notary Publicship, or, if you cannot, then do not exercise it within my district. No good will ever come of your doing so.” So saying, he turned his back upon the Rathsherr, rang his bell, and said: “Let the Miller's man, Friedrich Schult, come in.”

The old Miller had gone towards the door quite broken down and humbled. My uncle had followed him; and anyone could see that all was whirring and buzzing inside his head. At the door, he stopped and stretched out both arms, but said nothing. But now Friedrich came in and pushed him a little on one side and out of the door; he threw one hasty glance at Friedrich; the old beadle, Ferge, shut the

Disch, wo de Kuntrakt upslagen lagg:

“Fritz, wat heww ick di ümmer seggt: du richtst noch mal in dine Flüchtigkeit allerlei Unheil an, un nu is't richtig so kamen, nu hest du en por olle Lüd' tau Dummheiten verführt, de ehr dūr tau stahn kamen können, wenn ick nich wüßt, dat dat eben blote Dummheiten wiren. Nimm de Fedder un strik hir ‘Schepel’ ut un schriw ‘Matt’ baben.”

Fritz ded dat; de Herr Amtshauptmann namm den Kuntrakt un gaww em den Möller: “So, Möller Voß, nu is allens in Richtigkeit.”

“Äwer, Herr Amtshauptmann...”, röp de Möller.

“Möller”, unnerbrok em de oll Herr, “ick ward mit de Klägers reden, dat sei em acht Dag' Respit gewen, denn möt Hei äwer dat Kurn oder dat Geld dorför schaffen, sūs geiht dat nich gaud.”

“Äwer, Herr Amtshauptmann...”, röp min Unkel Hers' un stunn up. De Herr Amtshauptmann kek em an, min Unkel was ogenschinlich uter Fatung.

“Herr Ratscherr, setten S' sick un hören S' tau”, säd de oll Herr sihr irnsthafft. “Herr Ratscherr, Sei hewwen nich Kind un nich Kegel un hewwen so vel, dat Sei gaud so lewen känen; gewen S' den Notorius publicus up, un känen Sei nich von em laten, denn bliwen S' mit em ut dat Amtsgebeit furt, Segen kümmt för uns nich dorbi rut.” Dormit dreiht hei den Herrn Ratscherrn den Rüggen tau, klingelt und säd: “Den Möller sin Knecht, Fridrich Schult, sall rinne kamen.”

De oll Möller was ganz slagen un braken an de Dör gahn, min Unkel was em nahgahn; äwer einer kunn seihn, dat dat in sinen Kopp schümen un brusen ded. In de Dör fot hei Posten, hei reckt de beiden Arm vör sick hen; noch säd hei nicks; äwer nu, nu kamm Fridrich herin un schow em en En'n lang bi Sid un ut de Dör, hei smet en hastigen Blick up Fridrichen, de oll Amtsdeiner Ferge

door; and that was the last look my uncle ever gave into law matters, for after that he hung the Notaryship on a nail.

“Come a little nearer, my son,” said the Herr Amtshauptmann to Friedrich, “come a little nearer. It is you who want to marry my Hanchen, is it not?”

“No,” said Friedrich.

“Eh!” said the old Herr, looking more sharply at him, “are not you in the Miller's service then?”

“No,” said Friedrich, without moving.

“What! Are not you the Miller's man, Friedrich Schult, whom I once said I would remember? What say you, eh?”

“I am Friedrich Schult, Herr; but I'm no longer in the Miller's service. I've left him, and I don't wish for the girl any longer, for she let me go. And I'm not a Miller's man any more. I enlisted about half an hour ago.”

“Well, you've chosen the right thing, I think. But, my son, I have a rod in pickle for you. Was it not you who first took the valise from the chasseur's horse?”

“Yes.”

“And you opened it and took money out of it, and knew therefore that there was money in it?”

“Yes, I did,” said Friedrich boldly. “I don't deny it.”

“Well, then, listen attentively to what I am going to say to you. The money is now ownerless property, for the French have given it up. But there is a fellow whom they call 'Exchequer.' He's a rapacious fellow. He swallows everything he can lay hold of, and he's especially hard on 'treasure-trove,' and he has got all this, so to speak, in his jaws. But sometimes he has also kind fits, when he sees a rare piece of honesty and somebody brings it clearly before his eyes. I have done this last with all my might, and this Mr. Exchequer has given up his claim to the money, in your favour. And here is the rod I had in pickle for you.” And he threw back

makte de Dör tau, un dat was de letzte Blick, den hei in Rechtssaken dahn hett, denn sörredem hung hei den Notorius an den Nagel.

“Min Sähn”, säd de Herr Amtshauptmann tau Fridrichen, “kumm en beten neger ran! Du büst dat jo woll, de min Fik Besserdichs frigen will?”

“Ne”, säd Fridrich.

“Ih”, säd de oll Herr un kek em nipper an, “deinst da denn nich bi den Möller?”

“Ne”, säd Fridrich wedder un rögt sick nich.

“Wat?” frog de oll Herr, “büst du nich de Möllerknecht Fridrich Schult, tau den ick mal seggt heww, ick wull't em gedenken? Ne, wat denn?” “De Fridrich Schult bün ick, Herr; äwer bi den Möller dein ick nich mihr, dor bün ick gahn, un de Dirn will ick nich mihr, denn de lett mi gahn, un Möllerknecht bün ick ok nich mihr, denn sörre 'ne halwe Stun'n bün ick unner de Soldaten gahn.”

“Na, so gah un gah! Ick glöw, nu büst du up 't rechte Flag gahn. Äwer, min Sähn, du hest noch en Schinken bi mi in'n Solt. Büst du dat nich west, de tauirst den Mantelsack von dat Schassür-Pird namen hett?” “Ja.” “Un du hest den Mantelsack upmakt un hest di dor Geld rute namen un hest also wüßt, dat dor Geld in was?”

“Dat heww ick”, säd Fridrich un sach patzig ut, “un dat strid ick ok nich.” “Na, denn hör mal nipping tau, wat ick di seggen will. Dat Geld is herrenlos Gaud, denn de Franzosen hewwen dat upgewen, un du hest dat funnen un hest di ok all in den Besitz set't, denn du hest dorvon namen; nu is dor äwer noch en Kirl, den nennen sei Fiskus', dat's en dullen Kirl, de sluckt allens äwer, wat hei krigen kann, un vör allen is hei slimm up herrenlos Gaud, un dit hett hei, so tau seggen, ok all in sinen Rachen; äwer tauwilen kriggt hei ok sachtmäudige Anwandlungen, wenn hei 'ne orndliche, echte Ihrlichkeit süht un wenn em einer de recht beweglich vör de Ogen rückt. Dat Letzt heww ick nu nah minen Kräften

a cloth, and the Frenchman's valise appeared. "Friedrich Schult, the valise and the money are yours!"

Friedrich stood still and looked at the Herr Amtshauptmann and at the valise and then again at the valise and the Herr Amtshauptmann, and at last began to scratch his head in a determined way, behind the ears.

"Well!" said the Amtshauptmann, and he laid his hand on Friedrich's shoulder. "What say you, Friedrich, eh?" "Hm! Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thank you very much, but it doesn't exactly suit me."

"What! The money does not suit you!" "O, yes, the money suits me well enough, but not just now. The girl won't have me, and I've enlisted, and I can't take it with me."

"Hm!" said the old Herr, and he paced up and down the room with long strides, "this is a very strange thing!" At last he stood still in front of Friedrich, and looked at him with a peculiar look in his eyes: "Money is very scarce just now, and I know where there is a father of a family wringing the very skin off his fingers, and his wife and child sit in tears."

Friedrich looked up. He looked into the Amtshauptmann's face, and it seemed to him as if a beam of light came from it and fell warmly upon his heart.

"Dumouriez!" he cried and he snatched up the valise and put it under his arm. "I know what to do with it," he said, "Good-day, Herr."

He was going. The old Herr followed him to the door, "My son," and he took his hand, "when you come back again from the war let me see you, and hear how things have gone with you."

dahn, un de Herr Fiskus hett tau dinen Gunsten up dat Geld Verzicht leist't. Un hir, min Sähn, dit is de Schinken, den du bi mi in'n Solt hest!" Dormit slog hei en Dauk taurügg, un den Franzosen sin Mantelsack kamm taum Vörschin. "Fridrich Schult, de Mantelsack un dat Geld is din."

Fridrich stunn dor un kek den Herrn Amtshauptmann un den Mantelsack an un denn wedder den Mantelsack un den Herrn Amtshauptmann un fung endlich an, sick mit groten lwer achter de Uhren tau kratzen.

"Na?" frog de oll Herr un läd em de Hand up de Schuller. "Ne, wat denn, Fridrich?" "Hm", säd Fridrich, "ja, Herr Amtshauptmann, un ick bedank mi ok velmal; äwer't paßt mi nich recht."

"Dat Geld paßt di nich?" "Ih ja, dat Geld paßt mi woll; äwer dat paßt mi up Stun'ns man nich. De Dirn will mi nich, un ick bün unner de Soldaten; dor kann ick't doch nich mitnemen."

"Hm", säd de oll Herr un gung mit groten Schritten in de Stuw' up un dal, "das ist doch eine sonderbare Sache." Endlich blew hei vör Fridrichen stahn un kek em mit en eigenen Blick in de Ogen: "Fridrich Schult, bores Geld is up Stun'ns sihr knapp, un ick weit Fläg', wo de Husvader sick dorüm den Bast von de Fingern wringt un Fru un Kind in Tranen sitten."

De Möllerknecht Fridrich Schult kek tau Höcht, hei kek in den ollen Herrn sin Ogen, un't was em, as wenn em dor en Strahl entgegen lücht, de em warm in't Hart föll.

"Dümurrjöh!" röp hei, langte nah den Mantelsack, namm em unner'n Arm, "ick weit Bescheid, Herr Amtshauptmann. Adjüs, Herr!"

Hei wull gahn, de oll Herr gung em bet an de Dör nah: "Fridrich Schult", säd hei un fot sin Hand, "min Sähn, wenn du ut den Krig wedder taurügg kümmt, sprek en beten bi mi vör, du sallst mi vertellen, wo

di dat gahn is."

The Justice-room was empty. The Herr Amtshauptmann was sitting with his wife in her room.

"Neiting, when this Friedrich, this Miller's man, comes back again I think I shall be better pleased than if a Princess were to come and see us."

As the Miller and my uncle Herse went down the Schloss Hill, they did not speak a word; but for opposite reasons: the Miller was silent because he was wrapped up in himself, my uncle because he was quite out of himself. At last my uncle broke out: "And so that's what they call a court of justice! That's what they call a verdict? The rude old fellow won't let a man bring in a single word. We'll go further, Miller Voss; we'll go to a higher court."

"I'll go no further, Herr Rathsherr," said the old Miller, feebly, "I have gone far enough already!"

"Neighbour," said old Baker Witte, who had followed them and had heard what the Miller said, "don't let that worry you too much, things may get better. And now come home with me; your Fieka is there." "My Fieka!"

But the Baker would not let him say anything more, and the old Miller followed him into his house like a helpless child. Poverty not shame pressed him down.

My uncle Herse did not go in with them. He walked up and down before the door and all sorts of thoughts came into his head. My uncle had always plenty of ideas and generally they trotted about in his brain like pretty little blue-eyed children, and though they would often run about and tumble over each other in play at blind-man's-buff, and do all sorts of perverse things, yet they were always dressed in their Sunday best, and nice and neat for him to look at; but the thoughts which came to him at Witte's door were a parcel of ragged beggar children who would not be driven away,

De Gerichtsstuw' was leddig, de Herr Amtshauptmann satt bi sin Fra in ehre Stuw' un säd: "Neiting", säd hei, "des' Möllerknecht, des' Fridrich, wenn de mal wedder tau mi taurügg kümmt, ick glöw, ick freu mi mihr, as wenn 'ne Prinzessin bi mi tau Besäuk kümmt."

As de Möller un min Unkel Hers' den Sloßbarg dal gungen, säden sei kein Wurd, äwer ut ganz unnerscheidlichen Ursachen; de Möller sweg, wil hei ganz in sick was, min Unkel, wil hei ganz uter sick was, hei kunn de Würd' nich finnen. Taulezt brok hei los: "Dat sall en Gerichtsdag sin?! Dat sall en Urtel sin?! De oll Amtshauptmann, de olle grawe Kirl, lett de en Minschen tau Wurd kamen?! Möller Voß, wi gahn wider, wi gahn in de tweede Instanz."

"Herr Rathsherr", säd de oll Möller ganz swack, "ick gah nich wider, ick bün wid naug, ick bün all bet an den Hacken."

"Vadder", säd de oll Bäcker Witt, de achter ehr hergahn was un den Möller sin Würd' hürt hadd, "treck di dat nich tau sihr tau Kopp, dat kann all beter warden. Un nu kumm mit nah minen Hus', din Fiken is ok dor." "Min Fiken?"

Äwer de Bäcker let em nich wider tau Wurd kamen, un de oll Möller folgt em in't Hus as en willenlos Kind. De Armut nich, de Schimp drückt em dal.

Min Unkel Hers' gung nich mit in't Hus, hei gung vör de Dör up un dal, un em kemen allerlei Gedanken. Min Unkel hadd ümmer vel Gedanken, un för gewöhnlich spazierten sei in sinen Hirnkasten herüm as lütte, nüdliche, smucke Kinner mit helle, blage Ogen, un wenn sei sick ok männigmal en beten jogen un äwer enanner henpurzelten un wenn sei ok männigmal Blindkauh spelten un allerlei verdreihetes Tüg an den Dag gewen, so wiren sei doch ümmer sündnagsch antreckt un för em smuck un nüdlich antauseihn; äwer des' Gedanken, de em vör Witten sin Dör kemen, wiren

but stretched out their hands as it were, and cried with one voice: "Herr Rathsherr, Herr Rathsherr Herse, help the Miller. You brought him into this scrape, now get him out of it again."

"Leave me, leave me, for God's sake, leave me," cried my uncle. "I will help him, I will mortgage my house; but who will take it! Where is the money to come from?" And the little beggar children drove him so hard into a corner, that he was obliged to take refuge inside Witte's stable to get out of their way.

Heinrich was standing there, saddling and bridling his two horses, which were not yet sold, and, just as my uncle had found out who it was in the red jacket and with "war" on his upper lip, Friedrich came in and threw the valise into the crib so that it rang again.

"Heinrich," cried he, "the first step is always the hardest, as the Devil said when he began to carry millstones, but," here he became aware of the presence of the Rathsherr and broke off, "Good morning, Herr Rathsherr; excuse my asking you, but you could do me a great favour. You see, the Miller hired me till Midsummer, and, by rights, I ought to stay; but I terribly want to go; so will you tell him that if he'll let me go, I'll lend him the Frenchman's money till I come back. For they gave it me to-day up at the Schloss, and it's lying here in the crib."

Away were all the little beggar boys, and back came the nicely arrayed little children into my uncle Herse's brain-box, and jumped about and threw somersets, and he himself nearly threw a somerset over a halter as he sprang towards Friedrich: "Friedrich, you are an, an, you are an angel."

"Yes, a fine old angel," said Friedrich. "We'll put it on paper at once, Friedrich" cried my uncle

'ne Haud' verlumpfte Bedelgören, de sick nich afwisen leten un de Hän'n utreckten un ut einen Hals' repen: "Herr Ratscherr, Herr Ratscherr Hers', helpen S' den Möller! Sei hewwen em in de Tint bröcht, nu helpen S' em wedder rute."

"Mein Gott", säd min Unkel, "so lat't mi doch! Ick will jo; ick will 'ne Hypothek up min Hus upnemen, äwer wo sall't herkamen? Wo sall't bore Geld herkamen?" Un de lütten Bedelgören bröchten em so in de Eng', dat hei nah Witten sinen Durweg rinne müßt, üm ehr ut den Weg' tau kamen.

Hir stunn Hinrich un sadelte un tömte sin beiden Brunen, de noch nich verköfft wiren, un as min Unkel em in de gräune Jack un mit den Krig unner de Näs' knapp herute kennt hadd, kamm Fridrich in den Durweg rinne un smet sinen Mantelsack in de Krüww, dat dat klimpert un runscht.

"Hinrich", röp hei, "aller Anfang is swor, hadd de Düwel seggt un hadd sick mit Mählenstein dragen, äwer," hir würd hei den Herrn Ratscherrn gewohr un unnerbrok sick. "Gun Morr, Herr Ratscherr, un nemen S' nich äwel, äwer Sei können mi en groten Gefallen dauhn. Seihn S', de Möller hett mi noch bet tau Jehanni meidt, un uthollen müßt ick eigentlich; äwer ick heww doch so'ne grote Lust mittaugahn, un nu seggen S' em, wenn hei mi gahn let, denn wull ick em dat Franzosengeld leihnen, bet ick wedder kem, denn dat hewwen sei mi hüt up den Sloß tauspraken, un't liggt hir in de Krüww."

Weg wiren ut minen Unkel sinen Verstandskasten de lütten Bedelgören, un de lütten sünndagsch upputzten Kinner sprungen drin rüm un schoten Koppheister, un hei sülwst schot binah Koppheister äwer 'ne Halfterked, as hei up Fridrichen lossprung: "Fridrich, Fridrich! Hei is en, is en, is en Engel."

"Ja, en ollen schönen Engel!" säd Fridrich. "Fridrich", röp min Unkel, "dat will'n wi glik schriftlich maken."

"No, Herr Rathsherr," said he, "we will not do that, there might be another slip of the pen, and then there would be fresh misery; what is spoken from mouth to mouth, that counts. Heinrich," he went on, turning to the latter, "have you settled your affairs, and everything with Fieka?"

Heinrich was standing behind one of the horses, looking over it, with both his arms across the saddle; he nodded his head, for he could not speak.

"Well, then, let us be off," cried Friedrich, and he took hold of the bridle of the lame horse. Heinrich snatched it from him, sprang into the saddle, and threw him the bridle of the beautiful brown gelding: "The best one is not good enough for you, comrade," he said.

"But the Miller and Fieka," cried my uncle "won't you say good-bye then."
"It's all right," cried Friedrich. "Good-bye, Herr Rathsherr." And off they rode out at the Brandenburg Gate.

We children stood at the gate and watched them. "Those are no Frenchmen," said Hans Bank.
"They are our people," said Fritz Risch, and it seemed as if a pride in ourselves had suddenly sprung up.

"God grant they may come back again!" said old Father Richart.

* * *

They did come back again. In a year and a day, and again a year and a day, a spring had burst forth for Germany. Battles had been fought, blood had flowed on hill and dale; but the rain had washed it away, and the sun had dried it up and the earth had let grass grow over it, and the wounds of the human heart were bound up by Hope with a balm called "Freedom." Many of the wounds broke open afterwards. It was perhaps not the real Heaven-sent balm.

"Ne, Herr Ratsherr", säd Fridrich, "dat will'n wi nich dauhn, dor künn sick wedder en Schriwfehler insliken, un denn künn dor wedder Elend ut entstahn. Wat von Mund tau Mund spraken is, dat sall gellen. Hinrich", wendt hei sick tau den, "büst du mit allens un mit Fiken in'n Kloten?"

Hinrich stunn achter sin Mähr, hadd die beiden Arm up den Sadel leggt un kek dräwer hen un nickte mit den Kopp, denn reden kunn hei nich.

"Na, denn!" röp Fridrich un langte nah den Täger von de spatlahm Sadelmähr; Hinrich ret em den Täger ut de Hand, swung sick in den Sadel un smet em den Täger von den schönen brunen Wallach tau: "Brauder, dat Best is för di noch tau slicht"

"Mein Gott", röp min Unkel, "will'n ji denn den Möller un Fiken nich...?"
"Is all all gaud!" röp Fridrich. "Adjüs, Herr Ratsherr!" Un rute drawten sei ut den Bramborgschen Dur.

Wi Gören stunnen an den Dur un keken ehr nah. "Dat sünd kein Franzosen", säd Hanne Bank. "Dat sünd weck von uns", säd Fritz Risch, un't was, as wenn en eigen Stolz in uns inkiht was.

"Gott gew, dat sei wedder kamen!" säd oll Vader Rickert.

* * *

Un sei kemen wedder. Nah Johr un Dag un taum annern Mal nah Johr un Dag was en Frühjohr för Dütschland anbraken. Slachten wiren slagen, Blaud was flaten up de Barg' un in de Grün'n, äwer de Regen hadd't afspäult, un de Sünn hadd't drögt, un de Ird let Gras dräwer wassen, un de Wunden von't Minschenhart wiren von de Hoffnung verbunnen mit en Balsam, den sei Friheiten. Vele sünd nahst wedder upbraken, denn't müggt woll nich de richtige von den Himmel stammende

Balsam wesen.

But, in this beautiful springtime, nobody was thinking of that future, and in my little native-town the gardens and fields were green and blooming, and men's anxious hearts heaved with the breath of relief, for over the world lay peace.

My uncle Herse's corps of sharp shooters had laid their twenty-one fowling pieces on the shelf, and he had turned them into a corps of musicians, and his having taught them in time of war all to fire off at once, came to be of great use now, for they struck up with their fiddles and flutes, and clarionettes exactly together quite naturally. In the evenings, they used to serenade us, and I can hum the tune to this day, for they always played the same piece, and my uncle told me afterwards that it was variations upon the beautiful air: "Cousin Michael was here last night."

When the battle of Leipzig was won, bonfires were lighted on the Owl Hill and the Windmill Hill, and the town was lighted up. There was no firing, it is true; for we had no cannon, but we had as much noise as if we had had a whole battery, for the Rathsherr Herse's adjutant, Hanning Heinz, and old Metz hit upon a splendid idea; they laid some hundred-weights of stone on a cart, and shot them with all their might against gouty old Kasper's gateway, so that they got a thunder as of real cannon, and the gateway lay in pieces.

And what joy and delight it was, when one mother could tell another: "Neighbour, my Joe was there too, and he's written that he got off safe." Heinrich had written, and Friedrich had sent greetings to everyone, and when this was known in Stemhagen, it passed from mouth to mouth: "Ay, our old Friedrich! Just think of it! He's a brave fellow." Everybody talked about Friedrich, and so it happened that the story gradually got

Äwer doran dacht in dit schöne Frühjohr keiner, un in min lütt Vaderstadt gräunte un bläuhte dat in Goren un Feld, un de bange Minschenbost atent deip up, denn up de Welt lagg Minschen- un Gottesfreden.

Min Unkel Hersen sin Schüttenkur hadd sin einuntwintig Schrotflinten achter't Schapp stellt, un hei hadd dorute en Musikkur tausam stellt, wat hei 'ne "Kapell" näumen ded, un't kamm em sihr tau statten, dat hei sei in de Krigstid dortau anlihr hadd, dat sei all tauglik losscheiten müßten, denn nu föllen sei von sülwst mit Fideln un Fläuten un Klarenetten tausam in. Des Abends bröchten sei Ständschen, un de Melodi kann ick hüt noch singen, denn sei spelten ümmer ein un datsülwig Stück, un min Unkel hett mi nahst seggt, dat wiren Variationen west tau dat schöne Thema "Gestern abend war Vetter Michel da".

As de Slacht von Leipzig wunnen was, brennten de Freudenfüer up den Uhlenbarg un den Mählenbarg, un de Stadt was illuminiert; schaten würd twors nich, denn wi hadden kein Kanonen, äwer Kanonen dunner hadden wi doch; denn den Herrn Ratsherrn sin Adjutant, Hanne Heinz, un de oll Dokter Metz wiren up den glücklichen Infall kamen un hadden etzliche Zentner-Stein up 'ne Meßböhr leggt un smeten sei mit aller Gewalt gegen den ollen Podagra-Kasper sinen Durweg, bet de richtige Kanonendunner rute kamm un de Durweg in Stücken lagg.

Un wat was't för en Jubel, un wat was't för 'ne Herrlichkeit, wenn ein Mutter tau de anner vertellte: "Vaddersching, min Jochen is ok dorbi west, un hei hett schrewen, dat hei glücklich dorvon kamen is." Un Hinrich hadd ok schrewen, un Fridrich hadd größen laten. Un as dat in Stemhagen bekannt würd, dunn gung dat von Mund tau Mund: "Je, de oll Fridrich! Den lat't man! Dat's en ollen Gedeinten!" Un en jeder redte von den

about in Stemhagen that the corporal, Friedrich Schult, had really won the battle of Leipzig: he had told his Colonel, Warburg, how the thing ought to be done, and the Colonel had told it to old Bluecher's Adjutant, and old Bluecher's Adjutant had told it to old Bluecher, and old Bluecher had said "Friedrich Schult is right."

But this time, full of jubilee, full of doubt, full of fear, and full of hope, had passed away, and the beautiful spring which I have before mentioned had come, when, one day, a handsome coach drove up to the Schloss. People said there were grand doings there, and one day Fritz Sahlmann came down, and told us that it would soon be all over with Mamsell Westphalen, for, if things went on at the present rate for a week longer, she would be nothing but skin and bone; and the guests, he said, were going to stop another week.

The next day he came down again, and told us that the Herr Amtshauptmann had got up as the clock struck nine, and had opened his window, and had sung, had sung with his own, natural voice! and the Frau Amtshauptmann had stood behind him, and had clapped her hands over her head, and he, Fritz Sahlmann, was to present their compliments to my father and my mother, and would they come, if possible, to dinner. The third day, I was nicely dressed and sent up to the Schloss; my father's and mother's compliments to the Herr Amtshauptmann and to the Frau Amtshauptmann and the strange lady and gentlemen, and would they come to tea and supper, and Mamsell Westphalen too; and my mother duly impressed upon me that I was always to say to the lady, "Your Ladyship."

When I got there and delivered my message, the Herr Amtshauptmann was sitting on the sofa, and, by him, an old gentleman who looked very grave; and the Amtshauptmann said to him: "This, my friend, is my little godson, the Burmeister's Fritz. What say you, eh?"

ollen Fridrich, un so hett sick allmählich in min Vaderstadt Stemhagen de Sag' utspunnen, de oll Unteroffzierer Fridrich Schult hadd eigentlich de Slacht bi Leipzig gewonnen, hei hadd't sinen Obersten Warburg seggt, wo't makt warden müßt, un de hadd't oll Blücherten sinen Adjudanten seggt, un de hadd't oll Blücherten seggt, un oll Blüchert hadd seggt: "Fridrich Schult hett recht!" hadd hei seggt.

Äwer ok dese Tid vull Jubel un vull Twifel, vull Furcht un vull Hoffnung was vöräwer, un dat schöne Frühjohr was kamen, von dat ick baben seggt heww, un eines Dags was 'ne schöne Kutsch nah den Sloß ruppe führt, un de Lüd' säden, up den Sloß süll't hoch hergahn, un Fritz Sahlmann kamm den einen Dag runne un vertellte, mit Mamsell Westphalen würd't woll bald tau En'n gahn, denn wenn dit acht Dag' so bi blew, denn würd sei woll blot noch in de Graden hängen, un de Gäst, säd hei, wullen acht Dag' bliwen.

Den annern Dag kamm hei wedder un vertellte, de Herr Amtshauptmann wir all Klock nägen upstahn un hadd't Finster upmakt un hadd sungen, mit sine natürliche Stimm sungen! Un de Fru Amtshauptmannen hadd achter em stahn un hadd de Hän'n äwer den Kopp slagen, un hei, Fritz Sahlmann, süll 'ne schöne Empfehlung maken an min Vatting un min Mutting, un wenn't mäglich wir, tau Middag. Un den drüdden Dag würd ick sauber antagen un up't Sloß schickt: 'ne Empfehlung an den Herrn Amtshauptmann un de Fru Amtshauptmannen un de frömden Herrschaften un tau Tee un Abendbrod, un Mamsell Westphalen ok; un min Mutting rems'te mi dat gehürig in: ick süll tau de junge Dam ümmer "gnedige Fru" seggen.

Un as ick ruppe kamm un min Gewarw' anbröcht, dunn satt de Herr Amtshauptmann up den Sofa, un bi em satt en ollen Herr, de sach sihr irnsthaff ut, un de Herr Amtshauptmann säd tau em: "Min Herzenskindting, dat is min Päding, dat is den Burmeister sin Fritz.

Ne, wat denn?"

The strange gentleman looked more friendly, and I had to "shake hands with him," and then he asked me about this and that. And while I was still standing talking to him, the door opened and in came the Herr Colonel Von Toll, and on his arm a beautiful young lady, that was her Ladyship.

I looked at the Colonel, and it seemed to me that I had seen him before. Now, people, when in doubt do not make the most sensible faces in the world, and it is probable that mine looked rather puzzled, for they both laughed, and when I had stammered out my message from my father and mother, they said they would come, and the strange lady patted me on the head, and said I had stubborn hair, I must have a stubborn character, and the Herr Amtshauptmann said: "You are right there, my friend; he has; and what his hard head is guilty of, his back has to suffer for."

That evening was a merry one at the Rathhaus, though not so merry as the one when my uncle Herse was Julius Caesar; there was no punch this time, but Marie Wienken had to bring out the Langkork, which was then considered the best wine; for, in those days no one had heard of Chateau Margaux and Champagne. The men talked about the late war, and the women about the wedding which was to take place the next day at the Gielow Mill; and when the guests were going away, the Colonel turned to my father and said: "But, Herr Burmeister, everybody must be at the wedding who took part in the 'conspiracy.'"

My father promised. The next day the wheels of the Amtshauptmann's scythe-chariot were greased, and he and his old friend, Renatus Von Toll, set off in it, and went out at the Malchin Gate."There they both sat in the chaise, Frau Meister, looking as good and innocent as a pair of new-born twins," said Mamsell Westphalen, afterwards: "And in the

Un de frömde Herr würd fründlicher, un ick müßt em de Hand gewen, un hei frog mi nah dat un nah dit. Un as ick noch so stunn, dunn gung de Dör up, un herinne kamm, de französche Oberst von Toll, un den Arm hadd hei üm 'ne junge, wunderhübsche Dam slagen, dat was sine gnedige Fru.

Ick kek den Obersten an, un mi was, as hadd ick em all seihn, un wil dat de Minsch in de Ungewißheit grad nich de kläuksten Gesichter makt, müggt mi dat eben ok woll passieren, denn sei lachten beid, un as ick min Empfehlung von Vattung un Mutting herut stamerte, dunn säden sei, sei wullen kamen, un de frömde Dam strek mi äwer'n Kopp un säd: ick hadd sturres Hor, ick hadd ok woll en sturren Sinn; un de Herr Amtshauptmann säd: "Dor hewwen Sei recht, min Herzenskindting, den hett hei; un wat hei mit sinen harten Kopp verschulden deiht, dat ward hei woll mit en mören Puckel utbaden möten."

Den Abend gung dat wedder hoch bi uns her, äwer nich so lustig as dunn, as min Unkel Hers' Julius Cäsar was; un Punsch gaww't ok nich, äwer Marik Wienken müßt Langkork bringen, dat was dunn de beste Win, denn kein Minsch wüßt dunn wat von Schatoh un Schepandi. De Mannslüd' redten von de Krigstiden un de Frugenslüd' von de Möllerhochtid, de morgen up de Gielowsche Mähl gewen warden süll, un as de Gäst furtgungen, dreihete de Oberst sick nah minen Vader üm un säd: "Äwer, Herr Burmeister, keiner darf fehlen von all dejenigen, de dann in dit Stück mitspelt hewwen!"

Min Oll versprock em dat. Den annern Middag geschach dat wedder mal, dat den Herrn Amtshauptmann sin Strid- un Rüstwagen smert würd, un hei un sin Renatus von Toll seten nahsten dorin un führten ut den Malchinschen Dur. "Fru Meistern", säd Mamsell Westphalen nahsten, "dor seten sei beid denn tausam in den Sches'wagen un keken so

foreign glass-coach her ladyship Von Toll, and the Frau Amtshauptmann, and the Frau Burmeister, and I, had the honour to ride, and the Frau Burmeister had taken her boy, Fritz, with her, and the young rascal sat on my knee the whole time, and gave me pins and needles in my feet, and if it had not been for the corporal of Hussars, Friedrich Schult, I should have fallen off the step in getting out. That comes from having children, and I say it."

fründlich un so unschüllig in de Welt rin as en por nige burene Twäschen. Un, Fru Meistern, in de frömde Glaskutsch hadd de gnedige Fru von Tollen un de Fru Amtshauptmannen un de Fru Burmeistern un ick de Ihr tau führen, un de Fru Burmeistern hadd den Jungen, den Fritz, mitnamen, un de Slüngel lagg mi den Weg äwer tau Liw', dat mi de Faut inslappen müßt, un wenn de Husoren-Unteroffzierer Fridrich Schult nich west wir, denn wir ick bi't Utstigen von den Wagentritt follen. Dat kümmt von de Gören, un dat segg ick."

And baker Witte and Struewingken, and Luth, and Hanchen, and Fritz Sahlmann, and Droz went to the wedding in a large hay-cart, and at the back lay a heap of arms and legs that, on inspection, proved to be Herr Drois little French children. My Father and the Colonel rode on horseback.

Un up en groten Austwagen satt Bäcker Witt un de Strüwingken un Luth un Fik Besserdichs un Fritz Sahlmann un Herr Drois, un hinnen in lagg en Hümpel Bein un Arm, dat wiren Herrn Drois sin lütten französchen Gören. Min Vader un de Oberst reden tau Pird.

"But where's the Rathsherr?" asked the Colonel.

"He's coming," said my father, "but how and when Heaven only knows, for, when he promised me he would come, he winked and put on a look of his I well know, and that I call his 'secret' look."

"Wo äwer is de Herr Ratscherr?" frog de Oberst. "Hei kümmt", säd min Oll, "äwer wenn un wo, dat mag de leiw' Gott weiten, denn as hei mi dat versekert, plinkt hei mit dat ein Og un hadd en Gesicht upset't, wat ick an em kenn un wat ick sin heimlich Gesicht' nenn."

When the Herr Amtshauptmann arrived, the Miller stood at the door with a black velvet cap on his head, and his wife stood by his side in a new black dress, and he bowed and she curtsied, and the Herr Amtshauptmann said: "Well, Miller Voss, how are you to-day?"

As de Herr Amtshauptmann ankamm, stunn Möller Voß mit 'ne swartmanschesterne Kapp up den Kopp vör de Dör, un sin Fru stunn bi em in en swartkalmankenen Rock, un hei dinert, un sei knickst, un de Herr Amtshauptmann frog: "Na, Möller Voß, wo geiht't?"

"Quite well, thank you, Herr," said the Miller, letting the step down. The old Herr leant over to his friend and said: "The Miller is all right again; he has grown wiser, and has resigned the management of his affairs, and given it into Fieka's hands."

"Heil prächtig!" säd de oll Möller un makte den Tritt dal. Un de Herr Amtshauptmann bögt sick an sinen Renatus ranne un säd: "Min Herzenskindting, de oll Möller is up Stun'ns wedder gaud in de Wehr, hei is klauk worden un hett sick't begewen un hett sin Fiken wirtschaften laten."

Now came the coach. The ladies got out, and Friedrich carried my mother into the room: he had often to carry her afterwards.

Nu kamm de Kutsch, de Damen stegen ut, un Fridrich drog min Mutting in de Stuw' rin; hei hett sei nahsten noch oft dragen.

The hay-cart pulled up. Everybody jumped down and entered, I amongst them; but the little Droi's ran into the garden first, and fell at once upon the unripe gooseberries.

The minister was in the room waiting to perform the marriage ceremony, and close to him stood Heinrich and Fieka. How pretty Fieka was! How pretty a bride looks! The minister read the service, and his best address; he knew three, each one better than the other, and the price was arranged accordingly. The "Crown" address was the finest and the dearest, it cost one thaler sixteen groschen; then came the "Ivy Wreath," it cost one thaler; and lastly the "Periwinkle Wreath," which was for the poor, and cost only eight groschen. To-day he read the "Crown" address, for the Miller would have it so.

"My Fieka," he had said, "wishes to have a quiet wedding and she shall have her way; but we must have everything of the best that is proper for a wedding." And so it was. And when the address was over, the beautiful lady went up to Fieka, and gave her a kiss, and threw a gold chain round her neck with a locket hanging from it, and on the locket was engraved the day when Fieka had begged the Colonel to set her father free.

The Colonel had gone up to Heinrich, and when he pressed the bridegroom's hand, his father's eyes rested upon him so affectionately that the Herr Amtshauptmann took his old friend's hand and said: "Eh, my friend, what say you?" He probably knew more of what had happened than we did.

The feast now began. Struewingken helped the soup, and Luth the roasts; Hanchen and the Miller's two maid-servants waited. Scarcely had the Miller swallowed his first plate of chicken broth, when he got up, and made an impressive speech to the company, but looking all the time only at the Herr Amtshauptmann. He

De Austwagen höll still; allens sprung runne, allens gung in't Hus, ick mit; blot de lütten Drois lepen tauirst in den Goren un föllen äwer de unripen Stickelbeeren her.

In de Stuw' stunn de Herr Pastur, hei hadd all täuwt, un bi em stunn Hinrich mit sin Fiken. Wat was Fiken schön! Wat is 'ne Brut doch schön! De Herr Pastur höll sin Trured, sin beste; hei wüßt von de Ort drei, un ein gung ümmer äwer de anner, un dornah richt'te sick ok de Pris. De von de Kron was de schönste un de düreste, sei kost'te einen Daler sößsteihn Gröschen, denn kamm de von den Hirsch, kost'te einen Daler, un tauetzt kamm de von ein "jämmerlich erbärmlich Ding", de kost'te man acht Gröschen un was för den lütten Mann. Hüt treckt hei dat grote Register von de Kron an, denn de Möller wull't so hewwen.

"Herr Pastur", hadd de Möller seggt, "min Fiken will dörchut, dat sall 'ne stille Hochtid warden, un sei sall ok ehren Willen hewwen; äwer wat tau 'ne Hochtid äwerall hürt, dat sall von't beste En'n sin." Un so geschach dat ok. Un as de Red' tau En'n was, denn gung de schöne gnedige Fru an Fiken ran un gaww ehr einen Kuß un slung ehr 'ne goldne Ked üm den Hals, dor hung en hübsches Schild an, un dorup stunn de Dag, an den Fiken den Obersten üm ehren Vader beden hadd.

De Oberst was nah Hinrichen ran treden, un as hei em de Hand drückte, dunn rauhten den ollen fremden Herrn sin Ogen so fründlich up em, dat de Herr Amtshauptmann sin Hand fot un tau em säd: "Min Herzenskindting, ne, wat denn?" Hei mügg't woll mihr von de Sak weiten as wi annern.

Nu gung dat taum Eten. De Strüwingken was bi de Supp anstellt un Luth bi den Braden, un Fik Besserdichs besorgt mit de beiden Möllerdirns dat Upwohren. Un knapp hadd de Möller den irsten Teller vull Huhnersupp tau Bost, dunn stunn hei up un höll 'ne indringliche Red' an sine Gesellschaft, kek äwer dorbi ümmer

had, he said, asked the company in a homely way to a wedding without music; his Fieka had wished it so, and he hoped the ladies and gentlemen would not take it amiss, but although they had not got any music.

Here his speech was suddenly brought to an end for all at once there burst forth outside "Cousin Michael was here last night, was here last night, was here last night," and when the door was opened, there stood uncle Herse with his band; he had got the Miller's walking stick, and was beating time with it on a sack of flour, so that they all looked like a band of angels fiddling and piping and trumpeting behind a beautiful white summer cloud.

The Colonel jumped up and greeted my uncle, and made him sit by his side, and the Herr Amtshauptmann whispered in his friend Renu's ear, loud enough for the whole table to hear: "That's the Rathsherr, of whom I told you that story about the lease this morning; he's otherwise a good pleasant fellow."

The Miller brought the whole band into the room, and St. Cecilia was put in the corner, and was relieved by chicken broth; and then Cousin Michael came again, and was relieved by roast meat, and so it went on alternately. And, when evening came, my uncle Herse had got another secret. He and his Adjutant, Hanning Heinz, worked and busied themselves in the garden in the dark, and at last we were all told to come out, a firework was going off. It might have been very beautiful, but alas! alas! Something was too weak, they must blow at it; that was too strong; it flew into the air, and it was a mercy Friedrich happened to be in the barnyard, when it began to burn, or it might have been serious.

But my uncle Herse was bent on carrying the plan through, and he had got a fresh firework nearly ready, when the

blot den Herrn Amtshauptmann an. Hei hadd de ganze Gesellschaft, säd hei, blot tau 'ne Hochtide ahn Musik, so up "mir nichts, dir nichts" inladen, sin Fiken hadd dat so wullt, un de Herrschaften süllen't nich äwel nemen; äwer wenn sei ok kein Musik hadden...

Hir was't mit sin Red' tau En'n, denn buten brok dat mit einmal los: "Gestern abend war Vetter Michel da, Vetter Michel, der war gestern da", un as de Dör upreten würd, dunn stunn min Unkel Hers' dor mit sine ganze Kapell, hadd den Möller sinen Handstock tau faten un slog den Takt up en Mehlsack, dat dat Ganze utsach, as fläut'ten un trumpet'ten de leiwen, heiligen Engel ut 'ne schöne, witte Sommerwulk herute.

Dat was 'ne Freud', dat was en Lewen! De Oberst sprung up un begrüßt sick mit minen Unkel un treckt em an sine Sid, un de Herr Amtshauptmann flüstert sinen Renu in de Uhren, so dat de ganze Disch dat hören kunn: "Dat is de Rathsherr, min Herzenskindting, von den ick hüt morgen dat verdreihete Stück vertellte von den Kuntrakt; is sünst en gauden pläsierlichen Mann."

Un de oll Möller treckte de Kapell herinne in de Stuw', un de heilige Zäzilie würd in de Eck rinne stellt, un de Huhnersupp lös't ehr af, un denn kamm Vetter Michel wedder, un den lös'te de Braden af, un so gung't ümmer ümschichtig. Un as de Abend kamm, kreg't min Unkel Hers' wedder mit 'ne Heimlichkeit, hei un sin Adjutant Hanne Heinz wirkten un handtierten in'n Düstern achter'n Goren herum, endlich äwer würden wi all nah buten rute nödig, un en Fierwerk gung los, un't hadd schön warden künnt; äwer schad'! schad'! Dat was wat tau swack, dor müßt bi pust't warden, un dat was wat tau stark, dat flog in de Luft, un 'ne Gnad von Gott was't, dat Fridrich grad up den Meßhof stunn, as de an tau brennen anfang, denn süs wir't woll slimm worden.

Min Unkel Hers' wull äwer sin Sak dörchsetten un hadd all wedder en frisch bi de Wickel; äwer de Herr

Amtshauptmann went up to him, and said there had been enough now, and it had been very fine, and he thanked him very much for it. The next day however the old Herr sent a sheriff's officer through the whole district of Stemhagen to say that whoever ventured to let off fireworks there would be punished.

* * *

Thus ended the day, and thus, too, ends my story. The day was merry, and everyone was pleased. May my story be equally fortunate.

* * *

EPILOGUE.

But where are they all now, all the merry simple-hearted people who have played in this story? They are all dead! All dead! They have all said Farewell; they sleep the long sleep. Baker Witte was the first, and Luth was the last. And who have remained? Well, we two boys, Fritz Sahlmann and I, and Hanchen Besserdich. Hanchen married Freier's flaxen-headed boy, and is now well off. She lives at Guelzow, in the first house on your left hand. Fritz Sahlmann has grown a fine fellow, and we have always been very good friends, and, should he take it ill that I have told all these tales about him, I will hold out my hand to him and say: "My friend, what is written is written. It cannot be undone now. But you won't be angry with me for it? What say you, eh?"

Amtshauptmann gung nah em ranne un säd: nu wir't naug, un't wir sihr schön west, un hei bedankt sick ok velmal. Den annern Dag äwer schickt hei den Landrider dörch dat ganze Stemhäger Amt, wer sick unnerstahn ded un brennte Füerwark in't Herzogliche Amt af, den süll en Dunnerwetter regieren.

* * *

So slot de Dag, un so slütt ok min Geschicht; de Dag was lustig, un jeder was dormit taufreden, ick wull, min Geschicht wir ok lustig un jeder wir ok dormit taufreden.

* * *

EPILOGUE.

Äwer, wo sünd sei blewen, all de lustigen un truhartigen Lüd', de in dit Stück mitspelt hewwen? All dod, all dod! Sei hewwen't sick all entseggt: sei slapen all den langen Slap. Bäcker Witt was de Irst, un de Stadtdeiner Luth is de Letzt west; un wer is äwrig blewen? Na, wi beiden Jungs, Fritz Sahlmann un ick, un Fik Besserdichs. Fik Besserdichs hett richtig oll Bur Freiern sinen flaßköppigen Jungen frigt un sitt nu schön in de Wehr in Gülzow up den irsten Burhof linker Hand. Fritz Sahlmann is en düchtigen Kirl worden, un wi sünd ümmer gaude Frün'n blewen, un süll hei mi dat äwel nemen, dat ick von em Geschichten vertellt heww, denn ward ick em de Hand henhollen un ward seggen: "Min Herzenskindting, wat schrewen is, is schrewen; dat lett sick nich mihr ännern. Äwer bös büst du mi dorüm doch nich! Ne, wat denn?"

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Ut de Franzosentid
Dat drüdde Kapittel - P. 36-37

... herinne kümmt de französische Oberst un ... höllt 'ne duwweltlöpig Pistol vör sick hen ...