

AUERBACH BERTHOLD

JOSEPH IN THE SNOW,
AND THE CLOCKMAKER.
IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

Berthold Auerbach
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The Clockmaker. In
Three Volumes. Vol. I.

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Joseph in the Snow, and The Clockmaker. In Three Volumes. Vol. I.:*

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EPITAPH

"Here lies a little child, lost in the forest deeps. —
At midnight from the slumbering fold he strayed;
But the lost lamb was found by One who never sleeps,
And to his everlasting Father's fold conveyed."

These lines are written on a small cross, in the churchyard of the village where the scene of the following simple story is laid. This mournful inscription would have been applicable once more, if a merciful Providence had not watched over Joseph. He retained however through life the appellation of "Joseph in the Snow," for being lost in the storm was the cause of his eventual good fortune, and of his rescue from destitution and misery.

CHAPTER I.

IS IT NOT YET MORNING?

"Mother, is it morning yet?" asked the child, sitting up in bed.

"No, not nearly – why do you ask? Lie still, and go to sleep."

The child was quiet for a short time, but then repeated in a low voice: —

"Mother, is it morning yet?"

"What is the matter, Joseph? do be quiet – don't disturb me, and go to sleep. Say your prayers again, and then you will fall asleep."

The mother repeated the child's night prayers along with him, and then said, "Now, good night, Joseph."

The boy was silent for a while; but on hearing his mother turn in bed, he called to her in a whisper, "Mother!"

No answer.

"Mother! mother! mother!"

"What is it? what do you want?"

"Mother, is it not daylight yet?"

"You are a naughty child; very naughty; why do you persist in disturbing my night's rest? I am weary enough, for I have been three times in the forest to-day. If you wake me up again, the Holy Child will bring you nothing to-morrow but a birch rod."

The boy sighed deeply, and said, "Good-night, then, till to-

morrow," and wrapped himself up in the bed-clothes.

The room where this dialogue took place, was small and dark; an attic under a thatched roof. The panes of glass in the little window were frozen over, so that the bright moonlight could not penetrate through them. The mother rose, and bent over the child; he was sleeping sound, and lying quiet. The mother, however, could not go to sleep again, though she had once more laid down and closed her eyes; for we can hear her saying distinctly, "Even if he some day asks me to share his home – and in spite of everything I firmly believe he will one day do so – he cannot do otherwise – he must – but even then, how cruelly he has slighted both me and our child! The years that are passed come no more: we can have them but once in life. Oh! if I could but begin life again; if I could only awake, and feel that it was not true, and that I had never sinned so heavily! but the weight of one sin is a burden for ever; no one can bear it for another. Can it be true that I was once so gay and happy as people say? What could the child mean by calling out three times, Is it morning yet? What is to happen in the course of this day? Oh, Adam! Adam! you don't know all I suffer; if you did, you could not sleep either."

The stream that ran past the house was frozen over, but in the silence of the night, the gurgling of the water was heard, under the covering of ice.

The thoughts of the wakeful woman followed the current of the brook, in its distant flow, when, after traversing pathless valleys and deep ravines, its course was checked by the forest

mill; the waters rushing, and foaming, and revolving over the mill wheels, just as the thoughts of this watchful mother revolved dizzily on her sorrows at dead of night. For within that mill dwells the dreaded object on whom the eyes of Adam's parents were fixed. The forest miller's Tony had always been thought a good-hearted, excellent girl, and yet now she seemed so cruel: – what has the forest miller's daughter Tony to do with you? you have no claim on her – but on him? on Adam? The sleepless girl clenched her hands convulsively; she felt a stab in her heart, and said, in a voice of anguish, "Can he ever be faithless to me? No, he could not; but if he dared to desert me, I would not suffer it; I would go to church with my little Joseph – but no – I would not take him with me – I would go alone, and call out Adam's name. I could not endure it, and then we should see if the clergyman would marry them."

The brook once more flows tranquilly through a quiet meadow; on its banks some oaks and beeches droop their branches; but the hills are covered thickly with lofty pines; the stream rushes again over rocks into deep ravines: now it runs rapidly along. There lies the boundary stone. "Now we are at home," had Adam once said, and yet this stone is fully two miles from the Röttmannshof. In the Otterzwanger wood belonging to it, lies a peaceful nook beside the river, overshadowed by a spreading beech. The girl passes her cold hand over her feverish cheek. There, under that leafy beech, she had first been noticed by Adam. No one in the world would have believed that he could

be so merry and talkative, so kind and so gentle. It was a lovely summer's day: on the previous evening there had been a violent storm; the thunder and lightning had been so tremendous, that it seemed as if no tree in the forest could escape scatheless. Just so is it here below: without in the woods, and within in the houses, noise, strife, and wrangling, till even murder seems not improbable; and yet the very next day everything is as peaceful as before. It is indeed a charming summer morning that we allude to; streams are flowing in their various channels with a merry noise, hurrying on their course, as if knowing that they have only a day to live, and are to be seen no more on the morrow. The birds are singing cheerfully, and the girl washing at the brook can't help doing the same; she must sing also, and why not? She is still quite young, and free from care. She knows a variety of songs; she learned them from her father, who was once the best and sweetest singer in the village. Some men are descending the stream, as there is now water enough to float a raft; and see, how skilfully they manage it! here is Adam, the only son of the Röttmanns, on a solitary raft, which whirls round and round with the current; but Adam knows what he is about, and stands firm and erect; and when he comes close to the girl washing her linen in the brook, he lets the raft swim away alone, and, placing the oar firmly in the bed of the stream, he raises himself into the air, and jumps on shore by one bold spring. The girl laughs, when she sees the tall, powerful young man, with his high fisherman's boots, dangling in the air, and yet her heart quails, when he alights

close beside her.

"I have long wished to tell you how much I feel obliged to you," said Adam.

"Why? for what?"

"For staying so long with my mother, and enduring so much."

"I am a servant, and receive wages, so I ought in return to bear a good deal, and your mother has her own burden to bear, for she is angry with our Heavenly Father, because your brother was killed by a falling tree. She has no love either for God or her fellow-creatures, but she only makes herself miserable."

Adam looked at her kindly; but suddenly he lifted up his oar abruptly, exclaiming, "I must be off: good bye!" He sprang into the brook, making the water splash above his head, pushing the raft, which had been stopped by a bend in the stream, vigorously forward into the centre of the current. Martina looked after him in astonishment. What is the matter with Adam? He is quickly out of sight, and is presently heard shouting at a distance, with the other bargemen, and then all is still again.

For weeks Adam never spoke one word to Martina, indeed he scarcely seemed to notice her – but in autumn – both cows and oxen pasture at that season in the meadows – Martina was passing along, and descending the hill – there being no spring close to the house on the level ground, the water for drinking must be fetched from half way down the hill – when, suddenly, she saw a bull erect its head and begin to paw the ground. It was a fine sight to see the heavy animal tossing its horns, but the herdboyc called

out, "Save yourself, Martina, or you will be tossed by the bull."

Martina uttered a shrill scream, and turned to run away, hiding her face, but fell down. She could hear the snorting animal close to her, when, all at once, he lay stretched on the ground, bellowing. Adam had rushed up, seized the animal by the horns, and held down his head, till some of the farm-servants came up, and helped to bind him.

Martina is saved, but Adam only said, "The next time that you go through the meadow, don't wear a scarlet handkerchief on your head."

Adam was covered with blood, and Martina asked, "For heaven's sake tell me, have you been hurt by the bull?"

"Oh, pray make no fuss, it is nothing; the bull was bleeding at the mouth, and so he sprinkled me with blood. Go now, and fetch the water;" so saying, he turned away, and went to a pond to wash off the blood.

Not till she had reached the well did Martina become fully alive to the danger she had escaped. She felt the deadly peril she had been in, and from which Adam had rescued her. As she wept, admiration mingled with her tears, and heartfelt gratitude to the bold and intrepid young man. At dinner-time she heard his mother say to Adam, "You are the most silly, good-for-nothing creature in the world, to go and risk your life, to save that of a stupid maid."

"I'll never do it again," answered Adam.

"I rather think," said his father, with a smile, "that you are not

likely to do such a thing twice, as to hold down a bull by the horns and yet to escape alive; it's a pity no one saw you, for it is a feat the whole neighbourhood would have talked about."

From this period Adam always noticed Martina by a kind nod, but never spoke a single word to her. He seemed only to be pleased, that she had given him an opportunity to perform a genuine Röttmann's exploit.

Shortly after, Martina was again washing at the brook, when Adam once more stood before her: "Are you quite recovered from your fright?" said he.

"No; my limbs still tremble from the terrible fear I felt, but as long as I live I will thank you for having – "

"Pray don't talk about it. The animal was not vicious – no animal is naturally so, neither horse nor ox, if not persecuted when young by being foolishly hunted and cruelly goaded, and thus made bad-tempered – then, at last, they are so with a vengeance – but – tell me – don't you know all, and – don't you like me as much as I like you?"

He could not say much, but there was infinite tenderness in his eyes, and subdued but deep love, as he looked at Martina and laid his hand on her shoulder; and no man would have believed that the rough stalwart Adam could have been so loving and gentle.

They were standing silently under the spreading beech, and Martina gazing up at the bright rays of sunshine darting through the leaves —

"Look how beautiful this tree is!" said she.

"A very useless one," said Adam; "a vast number of branches, but a poor trunk."

"I was not thinking of that, but see how it shines and glitters all green and gold."

"You are right; it is beautiful," said Adam, and his glance was unusually mild as the rays of the sun sportively flickered on his stern embrowned features.

For the first time it seemed to occur to him, that a tree could be looked at in any other light than that of its marketable value.

And as often as Martina thought of the bright sunshine she had seen through the foliage of the beech, she felt as if these sunny rays were still shining on her, and were never to cease shining.

Adam, seizing Martina's hand, said, as if he intended a solemn asseveration: —

"This tree shall never be cut down; it shall never be felled by me till our wedding; or rather, it shall always remain where it is, and listen to the merry music of our bridal procession as it passes along. Martina, give me something; have you nothing you could give me?"

"I am poor and have nothing to give away."

"I see something I should like to have – will you give it to me?"

"Yes! what is it? whatever you like."

"I see your name embroidered on your neckerchief; tear out the piece and give it to me."

"Gladly!" she turned away, and tore out the piece of muslin where her name was marked, and gave it to him.

"I give you nothing," said he, "but look round, so far as you can see, all, all, is yours."

At this speech, proving how rich Adam was, and how poor Martina, she felt very sorrowful, but Adam still grasped her hand, so every other feeling was absorbed in love for him.

The love which had taken possession of both, was an overpowering, headlong, wild passion and quickly succeeded by grief and misery.

For the first time in his life, Adam was sent with a raft, down the Rhine, to Holland, and during his absence Martina was driven out of the house in shame and disgrace...

These were the joyous and sorrowful events of the past, that once more floated before the eyes of Martina in her garret.

She hid her face in the pillow – the cocks in the village began to crow, as it was now past midnight.

"That is the new-fashioned bird crowing, that Häspele lately bought. How hoarse and loud the long-legged creature crows! Our own home birds have a much more cheerful cry: but Häspele is an excellent man, and so kind and good to my boy; – he meant to do me a kindness when he once said to me, 'Martina, in my eyes you are a widow, and a worthy woman' – Yes, said I, but my husband is not dead; I grieve that you like me, as I cannot marry you – no! such a thought is far from my heart."

Martina could not close her eyes, but lay anxiously awaiting the dawn of day – sometimes sleep seemed about to take compassion on her, but scarcely had she closed her eyes, than

she started up again – she thought she heard the voice of Adam's mother, the stormy Röttmännin, and saw her sharp sarcastic face, and Martina whispered sadly to herself: – "Oh! when will it be light!"

CHAPTER II.

A DUET INTERRUPTED, AND RESUMED

At the very same hour that the child in the attic woke up and was so restless, two candles and a lamp were burning in the sitting-room of the parsonage, and three people were seated comfortably at a round table: these were the clergyman, his wife, and her brother, a young farmer. The room was pleasantly warm, and in the pauses of the conversation, the hissing of some apples roasting on the stove was heard, and the kettle, on the top of the stove, put in its word too, as if it wished to say that it had good material ready for a glass of hot punch. The worthy pastor, who seldom smoked, nevertheless possessed the talent of enjoying his pipe with any guest who arrived; this did not, however, make him neglect his snuff-box, and whenever he took a pinch himself, he offered one to his brother-in-law, who invariably refused it politely. The pastor gazed with evident satisfaction at his brother-in-law; and his wife occasionally looked up from her work – a gift to her husband for the Christmas of the ensuing day – and glanced tenderly at her brother.

"A famous idea of yours," repeated the pastor, while his delicate face, his well formed lips, bright blue eyes, and lofty intellectual forehead, assumed an expression of even greater

benevolence than usual – "a famous idea indeed, to get leave of absence to spend the holidays with us, but," added he, smiling and glancing at the gun leaning against the wall in a corner, "your fire-arms will not profit you much here, unless, indeed, you have the good fortune to hit the wolf, who has been lately seen prowling about in the wood."

"I have neither come to visit you solely from the wish to see you, nor with the idea of sport," answered the young farmer, in a deep and manly voice, "my chief motive is to persuade you, my dear brother-in-law, to withdraw your application for the pastorate in the Odenwald, and to delay moving until there is a vacant Cure either near the capital, or in it. My uncle Zettler, who is now Consistorial President, has promised to secure the first vacant charge for you."

"Impossible! Both Lina and I should certainly have liked to be in the vicinity of our parents, and I have often an eager thirst for good music, but I am a bad hand at the new orthodoxy of the day, and the eager discussions as to whether a sermon is according to strict church principles. Among my fellow-workers in the Church, there is an incessant feverish anxiety for the souls of their mutual parishioners, inducing them to exchange religious exhortations, which appears to me a very vainglorious system. It is with that, like education; the less teaching parents bestow on their children, the more incessantly they talk on the subject. Live a good life, and a pious one, and you can train up both your children and your parishioners, without possessing much

learning, and without such endless wear and tear of care and anxiety. I know that I teach a pure faith so far as my ability goes, and moreover, I am averse to all innovations. We must grow old along with those on whom we wish to impress our doctrines. In a well organized government, a man remains in the same situation, but is gradually promoted in his office. I only applied for the vacant Cure in the Odenwald because I feel that I am becoming too old for the dissensions and strife which prevail here, and also because I have not the power to prevent a piece of cruelty at which my heart revolts – but now, let us sing."

He rose, went to the piano, and began the symphony of his favourite melody, and his wife and her young brother sang, with well taught voices, the duet from Titus – "Joy and sorrow let us share."

The two voices, blending harmoniously in this impressive melody, were like friendly hands clasped, or a cordial embrace.

While they were singing, a sound like the cracking of a whip seemed to ascend from the road before the house, but they did not pay much attention to it, mutually agreeing that it must be a delusion on their part. Now, however, that the song was at an end, the sound of a carriage and the loud cracking of a whip were distinctly heard. The pastor's wife opened the window, and putting out her head, into the dark night air, called out "Is any one there?"

"Yes, indeed," answered a gruff voice.

She closed the window quickly, for a current of biting icy air

rushed in and made the singer's cheeks all in a glow. Her brother wished to look out also to see who it was, but his anxious sister held him back, as he was so heated by singing. She sent the maid down, and in the mean time, bewailed the possibility of her husband being, perhaps, obliged to go out on such a night.

The maid quickly returned, saying that a sledge had come from Röttmann's godless old wife, who desired that the clergyman should come to her immediately.

"Is Adam here, or a servant?" asked the pastor.

"A servant."

"Tell him to come in, and to take something warm till I am ready."

His wife implored him not to expose his life to danger for the sake of such a wicked old dragon: even by daylight it was dangerous at this time of year to drive to Röttmann's house, and how much worse by night!

"If a doctor must go to attend his patient, in spite of wind and weather, how much more am I bound to do so!" answered the pastor.

The servant came into the room, and the pastor gave him a glass of punch saying, "Is your mistress dangerously ill?"

"No, not so bad exactly – at least she can still scold and curse bravely."

The pastor's wife entreated him afresh, at least to wait till it was daylight, saying she would take the responsibility on herself, if the formidable Röttmännin left the world without spiritual aid;

but she seemed well aware that her persuasions would be quite unavailing, for while eagerly entreating him to remain, she was pouring some kirsch into a straw flask, and having fetched a large sheepskin cloak, she placed the flask in one of its pockets. The young farmer wished to go with his brother-in-law, but he declined, saying, as he went out, "Pray stay at home, and go to bed early: if you were to go with me you would probably become hoarse, and I hope we shall sing a great deal together while the holidays last – that beautiful melody of Mozart's will accompany me on the way."

The brother and sister, however, went together to the front of the house, where the pastor got into the sledge; his wife wrapping his feet closely in a large woollen rug, and saying reproachfully to the driver, "Why did not you bring a carriage instead of a sledge?"

"Because the snow is quite deep at our house."

"That is just like you all up there; you never think of how things are elsewhere, or whether the jolting of these frozen and rough roads may not break people's limbs. Drive slow as far as Harzeneck: be very careful, Otto: pray get out and walk up the hill at Otterzwang. But perhaps you had better sit still, for you might catch cold: may Heaven protect you!"

"Good night!" said her husband, and his voice sounded quite hollow from under all his mufflings: the horses trotted off with the sledge, which was heard jolting and rumbling all along the village. The brother and sister then went back into the house.

"I can't tell you how much good it does me to see and to hear your husband again," said the young man to his sister, when they were once more in the sitting-room. "It seems to me, that, as he becomes older, his pure and pious nature becomes more developed – or does this proceed from my being now better able to appreciate him?"

His sister smiled, and said, "You are certainly sincerely attached to my husband, but you cannot fully know his pure soul and pious heart; people may say he is not sufficiently observant of church forms and ceremonies, but he is a church in himself; piety prevails through his example; he needs do no more than simply live here, to exercise a beneficial influence; his gentle disposition, his untiring love and strict integrity, cause all those who witness his daily life to become good and pious: and his style of preaching is just the same; his soul is in every phrase; every word is sound grain; he is well treated by all, and never meets with rudeness or incivility. The painter Schwarzmänn, near this, who once stayed a week with us, and saw the respectful behaviour of the rude peasantry towards him, said a good thing on the subject: 'Our Pastor seems to prevail on every man, to think in pure German in his presence, and not in patois.' Formerly it used to distress me very much, to think that such a man was destined to pass his life in this obscure place, among a set of illiterate peasants; but I have since that time learned that the highest cultivation of intellect, which is after all as simple as the Bible itself, is here in its right and fitting place."

It would not be easy to say which was the greatest – the enthusiasm with which the sister spoke, or that of the brother in listening to her; so difficult is it to determine, whether a good heart rejoices most in contemplating perfect felicity, or in possessing it. There is a kind of happiness attainable, not by one only, but by all who are capable of enjoying it, and that is the appreciation and love of a pure and pious heart.

"I know where he is now," continued the sister, fixing her eyes as if on some distant object; "he has passed the great elm, and by this time they are driving on to Harzeneck, where there is always a bitter blast. Wrap yourself well up; I believe you will convert that fierce hard woman at last; I do believe you will, for what is there you cannot do? and I believe you will yet marry Adam to Martina, and then we shall remain happily where we are."

The brother scarcely liked to interrupt his sister's reverie, but at last he asked, "Who is the fierce Röttmännin, and who are Adam and Martina?"

"Sit down here beside me, and I will tell you. I could not sleep if I were to go to bed, till I know that Otto is under shelter."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIERCE RÖTTMÄNNER

"There is a fierce, savage race of men in these mountains, who are almost fiends. Many a strange tale is told of these wild Röttmänner."

"Let me hear them."

"They are great rough boors, and they pride themselves on the stories related for generations back of their prodigious strength, and as they are wealthy, they can do pretty much what they please. The father of the Röttmann, whose wife Otto is gone to-night to visit, is reported to have had so powerful a voice, that once when he shouted to a forester, the man staggered back. His chief pleasure consisted in rolling up into balls, the tin plates used at dinner at different inns. The present Röttmann, when he went to a dance, was in the habit of stuffing into his long pockets a dozen of the heavy iron axes, used for splitting wood, called *Speidel* by the country people, so that every one got out of his way, and left him ample space to dance. His greatest delight was to dance for twenty-four hours without stopping; this was only amusement to him, and in the pauses between the dances, he drank quart after quart of wine unceasingly. In order to ascertain, however, how much he had drunk, and what he had to pay, he tore off a button each time, first off his red waistcoat, and

then off his coat, and redeemed them at the end of the evening from the landlord. His old father, with the stentorian voice, once forbad him to remain all day at a wedding at Wenger, but, on the contrary, enjoined on him to mow down a grass meadow in the valley of Otterzwang. The Röttmänner have always enforced the strictest discipline among themselves. The obedient son followed his father's injunctions. Danced like mad all night, and in the morning, the loud voiced father, coming into the meadow, heard music, 'What is that? a man mowing, and he looks so strange?' The father comes nearer, sees his son mowing busily according to his orders, but carrying a basket on his back, and in the basket a fiddler, playing indefatigably, till the meadow was mown from end to end, and then he danced back to the Wenger wedding with the fiddler on his back. There is a proverb, that anything may be stolen, except a mill-stone and a bar of red-hot iron; but Speidel-Röttmann did once steal a mill-stone, or at least displace it. Wishing to play a trick to the forest-miller, he rolled the mill-stone one night half-way up the hill. Speidel-Röttmann had two sons, Vincent and Adam; the eldest, Vincent, was not particularly strong, but as sharp and spiteful as a lynx; a quality he inherited from his mother, for the Röttmanns, though untamed and fierce, are not malicious. It seems that Vincent tormented the wood-cutters like a slave-driver. One day he was killed by the falling of a tree. It was said, and the former clergyman always declared it was so, that the wood-cutters had killed him on purpose. Since that day the mother, who never, was of a kindly nature, has

become a perfect dragon, and would gladly poison every one. She is the only person who cordially hates my husband, for she wished him to question closely every dying peasant to whom he might be summoned, whether he had anything to confess with regard to Vincent's murder. The tree that caused Vincent's death lay long untouched in the wood, but one day the Röttmännin gave orders that its branches should be lopped off. She hid herself, unperceived by the wood cutters, in order to watch them, and to listen to all they said, but she got no information. Speidel-Röttmann, as the trunk was the finest tree in the forest, wished to send it floating down the Rhine, for he said, – 'a tree is a tree, and money is money; why should the tree be left to rot on the ground, because it chanced to cause Vincent's death?' His wife, however, was of a different opinion. She collected the branches into a great heap, to which she set fire, and burned the clothes of the dead man in it, shouting out, 'May those who murdered my Vincent, burn hereafter like these clothes in this bonfire!' Six horses and ten oxen tried to drag the tree into the courtyard of the house, but they could only move it a little way, for the roads are not good enough to admit of so huge a tree being dragged up hill. It was, therefore, sawn into three pieces, and these three monstrous logs are still lying in the court, close to the door. The Röttmännin always declares that the tree is waiting till a gallows and a funeral pile are required, to hang and to burn the murderer of her Vincent. She often sits at the window, muttering to the logs of wood, as if telling them some secret; and when

she sees any stranger tumble over them, she laughs with delight. She also caused a group of figures to be erected, in memory of the murdered man, close to the footpath which leads down from Hohlzobel to the forest mill, though this is a custom peculiar to Catholics alone in our neighbourhood. Yonder, deep in the centre of the wood, Vincent met his death. The only son left is Adam, and she uses him worse than a step-child; it is said, that she beats him as if he were still a child, and he makes no resistance, though he has already proved that he is a genuine Röttmann, and won a singular title, for he is known in the whole country as *The Horse*. He went once to get his horse shod by the smith, whom he found bargaining with a Briesgau peasant about the exchange of a horse: the horse was harnessed to a large two-wheeled waggon, laden with sacks of peas. The Briesgau peasant said: 'There is not such a horse in the world, he is drawing a load that would require three common horses to draw.'

"'Oh! ho!' exclaimed Adam, who was standing by, in so loud and gruff a voice that the Briesgauer tumbled right over his load, but luckily fell against his horse. 'Oh! ho! I will make you a bet that I carry the waggon and the peas in three loads to the Crown inn yonder. Will you conclude the bargain, if I succeed in doing this?'

"'I will – done!' said the peasant.

"The horse was taken out of the waggon, Adam filled a large counterpane with the peas and carried them to the inn, and then, seizing the framework of the cart, he carried it in the same way

to its destination; and, finally, took the two great wheels on his shoulders, and deposited them in the inn-yard: 'Which is the strongest, your horse or I?' asked he of the peasant; and this is why he is called *The Horse*.

"The manner in which Speidel-Röttmann made known his son's extraordinary feat of strength shows his vainglorious, boasting disposition: he is far from being a bad man, only a swaggerer of the first class. The day after Adam's bet there was a fair in the town, and the smith from our village met Speidel-Röttmann at an inn, and related the circumstances I have told you. Speidel-Röttmann said, 'I will give you a bottle of the best wine in this cellar, if you will go down to the street, and shout to me up at the window the story you have just told me;' and so he did. Speidel-Röttmann leant at his ease on the window-cushion, and all the people listened in amazement to the story the smith was shouting out. Speidel-Röttmann is very fond of his son, and very proud of him, but he dare not venture to show this before his wife, more especially for the last seven years.

"Yonder, above the ford – we can see the cottage from our window – lives a Schilder, or wood-turner, nicknamed Schilder-David. He is a worthy man, though one of the poorest in the village, but he would rather starve than accept of assistance from any one. Moreover, he is a great searcher of Holy Writ. Light is seen later in his cottage than in any other house in the village, and that is very significant for so poor a man. He has a Bible, that he has read through sixteen times, from the first syllable to the last,

both of the Old and the New Testament. I saw the Bible once, and the leaves looked very much crumpled and worn, for David always reads with four fingers on the page. On the first leaf of the Bible he regularly marks down the date when he begins to read it afresh, and the day when he has read it through. The longest period is rather more than two years; three times, however, he read it from beginning to end within the year; that was when his three daughters emigrated; another time, when his hand was so severely injured, that it was thought it must be amputated; and, last of all, the year in which his grandson Joseph was born. In his youth, he is said to have been very jovial and merry, and he knew every kind of song, and once, by his singing, he got a stock of firewood. On one occasion, he came to the father of Speidel-Röttmann to buy wood: Old Röttmann, being in good humour, said, 'David, for every song you sing me I will give you a Klast or bundle of wood, and I will send it to your house for you – so, that's a bargain.' David sung so many songs, that he sung two cartloads of wood into his house; therefore, he is called Klaster-David – but he does not like to be reminded of that name now-a-days.

"The wife of Schilder-David is one of those persons whose nature it is to sleep away the greater part of their lives; who walk about and regularly finish their work, but not a single word is ever said about them, either for good or evil. We have here an unusual number of such persons. Moreover, the wife of Schilder-David has been for some years almost stone-deaf.

They had five daughters, all straight, tall girls, and even when they were children, stout and active. Schilder-David always said, 'they are for the sea,' which meant emigrating to America; and, indeed, four of his daughters are gone to America, two with their husbands, and two unmarried, but they married there soon after their arrival; one, died lately, but the other is well to do in the world, and yet Schilder-David is constantly longing to see his children, and often says – 'That America is a new species of dragon that robs us of our children.' The best thing he could do, would be to emigrate himself, for his lot here is hard enough, but formerly he could not make up his mind, and now it is impossible for him to go.

"His youngest daughter, Martina, was the especial pride of her father, for she was always at the head of the school. You have no idea what a character that gives a child in a village; a girl, especially, acquires a certain degree of pride in consequence, and is respected by others, and looked up to, even when her school years are over. She was a good, clever child. When she came here to be prepared for her confirmation, she always rubbed her shoes carefully on the mat, and persuaded the other children to do the same, in order not to soil the stairs or the rooms, and she and her companions insisted on sweeping out the church themselves, before the day of Confirmation. When she stood before the altar, she looked much older than her years; I never saw a prettier creature, and piety encircled her head like a halo. She often came to the parsonage to see us. My husband was particularly fond of

the child, and he told me that on the day after the confirmation he met Martina in the fields, and she said that she felt now as if she had left her home; and indeed, shortly afterwards she was sent away from her parents' house. She was just sixteen when she entered into the service of the Röttmanns. They give good wages, and must do so, because no one can stay more than a year with that ill-tempered, fierce woman. Martina, however, remained with them for two years, – "

The pastor's wife was interrupted in her narrative by a strange echo of tinkling of bells in the village.

"What is that?" asked Edward.

"It is the troop of donkeys from the forest mill. The public road to the mill is very broad, but the donkeys are conveying corn and flour along the narrow footpaths, up and down the hills. I should like to have sent a message to Tony by the miller's man, but now it is too late."

Not till after repeated entreaties on the part of her brother, did his sister recommence her story.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTINA'S RETURN HOME

"On the Saturday afternoon of a midsummer's day a woman was crouching behind a rock, overhanging that part of the stream where there is a black whirlpool. The sempstress Leegart chanced to be passing by on her way home from the forest mill, wishing to see the spot where she once lost her way.

"Leegart is full of superstition, though no one says more against it than she does. When on that Saturday she arrived at the rock and saw the figure cowering down behind it, she gave a loud scream. 'What can that be crouching in the bright light like a spectre? It is Martina!' She rose, and looking piteously at Leegart, told her that she had intended to drown herself, but that she must live for her child's sake; but when it was born she resolved to die. Leegart quickly promised to be godmother, for the belief hereabouts is, that a child for whom a godmother is promised before its birth, comes happily into the world, and even if it dies it is sure to be happy. Leegart never ceased talking to Martina, and striving to console her, till at last she persuaded her to go with her to the village.

"This took place in the afternoon; I was sitting with my husband in the garden, when suddenly we heard from the opposite side of the river, a shrill scream of agony that seemed

to pierce our ears; and scarcely had we hurried out of the arbour than Leegart rushed up to us as pale as death, and said: 'Herr Pastor, for God's sake lose not a moment in going to Schilder-David's, for he will murder Martina, I fear.'

"I wished to go with my husband, but he told me to stay where I was, and went himself as quickly as possible. Leegart nearly swooned away, but luckily there was still a cup of coffee to spare, and when it had revived her she told me that Martina had come home in shame and disgrace. When David, who was cutting wood before his door, saw her, and heard the sad truth, he raised his axe with the intention of splitting his daughter's skull. The neighbours, however, rushed up to him in time to snatch the axe from him, but he was still standing on the threshold of his door, threatening to strangle Martina if she attempted to come under his roof. Martina fell down on the doorstep; some women carried her into the house, and when she revived and saw her confirmation certificate hanging on the wall of the room framed under glass, she uttered such a loud, piercing scream, that we had heard it even at this distance; and she again relapsed into a dead faint. At last she was restored, but David called out, 'Don't bring her to life again, for out she shall go as soon as she can move. Oh Lord, strike me blind! accursed be my eyes! America deprived me of my other children, and now! now!' ... He made a rush at Martina; the neighbours, however, held him back, and Leegart hurried away to call my husband. We waited long before my husband came back. He brought David with him, supporting

him on his arm, for David was groping like a blind man; he had pressed down his hat over his eyes, and kept saying, 'Herr Pastor, shut me up – do! for I am no longer master of myself – my child, my best, my only child. She was a crown to me, as her confirmation said, and now – Oh, Heavenly Father, why is it Thy will thus to try me? It was not to be. I was not to reach the grave without this severe burden. Oh, Herr Pastor, to see a child even enjoy its food seems more pleasant than to do so yourself. Oh! how long do we tend our little child, and care for it, and rejoice in its health and strength, and hearing it say good and pleasant words; and glad when it comes from school and has learnt something useful; glad when it gathers wood, and sings and is merry – and then comes a man, and lays waste all this happiness! My other children live, but they are emigrants, and are no good to me; my Martina stayed at home, she is still before my eyes, but is worse than dead. When a child is virtuous we are doubly happy, but a wicked child can make a father not only doubly, but a thousandfold miserable. I keep racking my brain and I cannot, cannot find out where my fault has been, and yet I must be to blame, and now my good name – 'Here he saw me, and almost sinking down he exclaimed with a burst of convulsive sobs, 'Frau Pastorin, you always loved her well; she has given me my death blow – I feel it.'

"He could evidently scarcely sustain himself, we brought him into the house, and there he remained nearly unconscious for more than an hour; he covered his face with his hands, and large

tears were seen trickling down through his fingers.

"At last he rose, and standing erect by a strong effort, he said:

"May God reward you, Herr Pastor. Here is my hand; may I die an evil death if I harm my Martina – 'here he was interrupted by his tears, which flowed afresh at this name – 'if my Martina suffers through me either by word or deed. God has punished me through her; I must, indeed, be a miserable sinner. I was too proud of my children, and more especially of her, and she is now wretched enough; I will sin against fatherly love no more.'

"My husband wished to go home with him, but he firmly declined this.

"I must learn to pass along the street alone with this stain of shame. I have been too proud. My head is bowed down till the hour when I descend into the grave. A thousand thanks, Herr Pastor. May God reward you!"

"The man whose gait had been hitherto so proud and erect, now crept home a miserable object. When he was gone my husband related to me the frightful scene he had witnessed. Those present, however, told me afterwards that my husband had shown the most unexampled patience and gentleness towards David, who was in a state of raging fury, exclaiming frantically: 'I am like Job. Oh God! strike me dumb, in order that I may no longer curse myself and the whole world – but there is no justice, none in heaven, and none on earth.'

"My husband at length succeeded in pacifying him, but when David was at last gone, I never saw my husband so worn out and

exhausted as on that occasion.

"Leegart kept her promise, and was godmother to little Joseph; and his father, Adam Röttmann, was also present at his baptism.

"Adam had a fine life of it at home, for daring to go to the village, and from that time he was watched, and imprisoned like a malefactor, the old Röttmännin having complaisant spies every where in her pay, for she does not grudge money for her own purposes.

"Schilder-David had always been a regular church goer, but after the unwished for birth of his grandson he was two months without going to church; when he heard the bells ringing for divine service, he never failed to lament afresh over his dishonour, which prevented him being able to go to church; but when no one was looking, he liked to carry his grandchild about the room. The boy seemed to have won all his love; he had the child constantly in his arms, and watched over him like a mother. On Sundays and holidays he was to be seen for hours beside the garden hedge yonder; grandfather and grandson passing into the fields, and standing watching the waterfall; indeed the old man gave up smoking to please the child, whereas formerly he never moved without a pipe in his mouth; and when the boy could run alone, he was his constant companion, and used to lead him by the hand. If the boy is playing with other children and sees his grandfather, he runs away from all his games, and cannot be prevailed on to leave his grandfather's side. Indeed, if a child

could be so easily spoilt, David would have ruined his grandson by his vanity, for his only pleasure in life is hearing praise of the boy; he is constantly repeating all the wise sayings of little Joseph, and boasting of how cleverly the boy can talk. Although David is very conscientious, still he is not at all aware how many things he invents for the child which he never uttered, and then he usually winds up by saying, 'Wait till the boy is twenty years older, and then the whole country will talk of my Joseph, and all he knows.'

"I lately heard an instance of the strange ideas of this singular boy. On the same day, a child died in this neighbourhood, and one was born; and little Joseph said: 'Grandfather, isn't it true that when we are born, we fall asleep in Heaven, and awake on earth; and when we die, we fall asleep on earth, and awake in Heaven?'

"Little Joseph is also generally present when his grandfather is talking with his neighbours, so in this way he hears of all the various events and quarrels in the village, and knows all its secret history."

"Why do you say nothing of Martina?" interrupted Edward.

"There is very little to relate about her; she lives a quiet but busy life; ready to lend her aid to any family in sorrow or in need; she talks very little, and is devoted with the most tender love to her father, and he repays her by the love he shows towards little Joseph."

"And the father of the boy, Adam? what of him?"

"He also lives very retired, and, as I told you, he is almost kept

a prisoner at home by his parents. He makes no resistance, and seems to think he has made all the reparation in his power, by uniformly declaring that, if he is not allowed to marry Martina, he will never marry at all. The parents anxiously strive to induce Martina to give him up. Very tempting offers have been made to her, and very respectable wooers have come forward, whom old Röttmann has offered to provide with a good sum of money, but she will not for a moment listen to such proposals, and her invariable answer is, 'I could easily get a good husband, but my Joseph can get no other father than Adam, even if he wished it.' A cousin of Martina's, a shoemaker, who is very well off, and a bachelor, appears resolved not to marry until he is quite sure that Martina will not have him. He is called in the village Häspele, and indeed I do not know his real name. On festival nights he helps the girls to wind off the yarn that they have spun, on hasps, and therefore he has got the nickname of Häspele. He is a goodnatured creature, and every year consecutively, plays the part of the carnival Merryandrew. Wherever he goes, the whole year through, people expect him to play the buffoon, which he is quite willing to do; his appearance and manners are so droll, that it is scarcely possible to know when he is in jest, or when in earnest; particularly as he has a very red nose, which looks just as if it was painted. He is sincerely attached to Martina, who has also a great regard for him, but only the kind of liking that all the other girls in the village have; she will never marry him; indeed, no one thinks that any one would marry Häspele. —

God be praised!" said the Pastorin, breaking off her story, "my husband must be by this time under shelter of the Röttmanns' roof, if no accident has occurred – and God forbid there should! It would be the most precious Christmas boon to me, the most cheering commemoration of this holy season, if my husband could soften the Röttmännin's hard heart; her husband, Speidel-Röttmann, would soon come round then: in that case I think there is little doubt, that we should remain here, and gladly too. For it was the sad story of Martina and Adam which at last turned the scale, and made my husband resolve to quit this parish. These hard hearted Röttmänner are never at rest, and have at last contrived that everything should be prepared tomorrow for the betrothal of Adam with Tony, the daughter of the Forest Miller. She lately had a young stepmother placed over her, and is resolved to leave home, no matter whither. She is the only girl of respectable family who would accept Adam. The Forest Miller and Röttmann, these two families are the most highly respected; or what is the same thing nearly, the richest, in the whole district. I must say that, for my part, I could not bear to see Adam go to church with the Forest Miller's Tony. It is hard on my husband to stand in his pulpit, and to pour out his inmost heart before his congregation, and to preach faith, and piety, and goodness, and to know, that there are people sitting even in the best pews in the church, whom he can't help seeing, and to whom all he says appears but empty words.

"Listen! the watchman is calling twelve. Otto is certainly

arrived by this time, and I feel sure he will do good. Come, let us go to rest also."

CHAPTER V.

A DAY OF TROUBLE

The whole night through, Martina continued as restless as if she knew by intuition that, at this very time, a kind and honest heart had revived the sad story of her life. She was full of impatience, and felt as if she must rush out into the world, in order suddenly to change the whole course of her life – as if it were in her power to accomplish this! The cocks crowed more loudly, and occasionally a cow was heard lowing, and a dog barking. Surely day would soon dawn now.

Martina rose, and lighted the stove, and made a good fire on the hearth besides. She was anxious that the soup for breakfast should be particularly good today, for the sempstress, Leegart, was to arrive early, as little Joseph was to get a new green jacket of Manchester cloth. A slate was lying on the table, on which little Joseph had on the previous evening drawn a gigantic figure of a man, formidable to be seen, and yet the child had said "Look! that is my father." Martina could not help thinking this strange, as she rubbed out the figure. She wished she could as easily efface from the child's memory what she had told him the night before when he was going to sleep, about his father, and that he was to come this very day; that was probably why the child during the night had called out three times, "Is it morning yet?" Martina

gazed long at the blazing fire, and half unconsciously sung: —

Faithful love my bosom fills, —
Can true love ever fade?
Oh! what a smile that heart must wear
That never was betrayed!

I cannot brook the heedless gaze
Of them that haunt the busy mart;
And tears come welling to my eyes,
Up from the fountains of my heart.

When Martina, with the pitcher in her hand, opened the door, a strong blast of bitter cold wind rushed in; so she wrapped herself more closely: in the red shawl, with which she had covered her head and her throat, and went along to the well. The day was biting cold, and the water pipes all frozen; indeed there was no water left unfrozen, except in the deep well close to the church. A crowd of women and girls were standing round the well, and when the pitchers were too full, so that the water ran over, there was a great outcry, — for the water froze so quickly that it made the ground like slippery ice. The early sun peeped forth for a minute into the valley, but apparently the sight did not please him, for he quickly disappeared again behind the clouds. The fields and meadows were glittering brightly with morning hoarfrost, a chilling sight; for everything freezes quickly when without a sheltering cover of snow. A thick surface of snow,

however, lay on the hills.

"God be praised; you will see that these clouds will bring honest snow at last, today!"

"A blessing for the fields, for it is a sorrow to see them so yellow."

"We have always hitherto had snow at Christmas, and sledging at the New Year – " this was the kind of talk round the well. The words of the speakers issued like vapoury clouds from their lips.

"Is it true?" said an elderly woman to Martina when she joined them, "Is it true that our pastor was called to your mother-in-law's last night?"

"I think," said another, "that Röttmann would have no objection to saw up the tree that killed Vincent, and to make a coffin of it for his tigress."

"A very good thing if she were to take herself off, and then you would get your Adam."

"And then we should have a quiet Röttmännin instead of a fierce one."

"If I were you, I would pray the old woman to death. The tailor of Knuslingen knows a prayer, by which you can pray a person to death."

"No, no; you must curse them to death."

This was the discursive talk that went round. Martina, who had filled her pitcher with water, and lifted it on her head, only replied, "Don't speak in so godless a way, remember that tonight is Christmas Eve."

She went slowly homewards, as if the words, that still sounded in her ears, made her linger behind, and she shivered when it occurred to her that perhaps little Joseph had a presentiment of what was going on so far from him, and that this had made him so restless. She had inwardly reproached Adam with not suffering as she did, and at that very hour, he was perhaps enduring the most severe trial that can befall any human being – that of seeing the person you love best on earth draw their last breath with bitter hatred in their soul.

The group of women standing round the well seemed to be in no hurry, for some were leaning on their full pitchers, and some had placed them on their heads, but all were talking of Martina.

"Martina would gladly go to the parsonage today."

"She is a strange creature. Old Röttmann offered her two thousand guilders if she would give up all claims for her boy on his father, but she refused at once."

"And old Schilder-David refuses also."

"Good morning, Häspele," said some one hastily; "what are your hens doing? are they all safe and sound?"

"Is it true that you have a long-legged bird that crows in Spanish? Can you understand him?"

This was the mode of greeting to the only man who came to the well with a pitcher. It was Häspele. He wore a grey knitted jacket, and had a coloured nightcap on his head, from underneath which a jovial, merry face was seen, full of fun and good humour.

"Martina was here a few minutes ago; she is sure to come back

soon," said one of the women, as she went away.

Häspele smiled his thanks, but was obliged to wait till all the women had filled their pitchers, which he did willingly, and was even goodnatured enough to help the others. Just as he had finished drawing water for himself, Martina returned, on which they mutually assisted each other, and walked a considerable way together, for Häspele was obliged to pass Martina's house, in order to reach his own. So, as they went along, Martina informed her companion that the Pastor had been summoned on the preceding night to the Röttmännin, and was not yet come home. She could not resist expressing her hope, that the Pastor might possibly succeed in softening the old woman's hard heart; but Häspele said, "Oh, do not think so. Sooner would the wolf now prowling about our woods come to my room and allow me to chain him up, as I do my goat, than the fierce Röttmännin give way. I told you already all that occurred, when I took home a new pair of boots eight days ago to Adam, and I gave you a message, that he would certainly come to see you today. I myself believe the report, which is, that you intend to set him free." Martina made no answer, but she suddenly stopped before the door of her house, and said, "Look, here comes our Pastor home."

On the opposite side of the river, for Martina's house was on this side of the ferry, a sledge was slowly driven along the high road. A man was seated beside the driver, closely wrapped in a fur cloak, and a fur cap drawn very forward over his face. The driver was comfortably smoking, and made a friendly sign with

his whip to Martina, as they passed. It was one of Röttmann's farm-servants whom she knew. She returned the greeting by waving her hand, and went into the house, while Häspele also went homewards.

Just as Martina was about to shut the door, a female voice exclaimed, "Leave it open, for I want to come in too."

"Good morning, Leegart; it is so good of you to come so early," said Martina; and the sempstress, who, in spite of its being winter, wore slippers with high heels, helped to put aside the water cans, for which service Martina thanked her cordially. Leegart would not have done this for most people; any one whom she assisted in any matter unconnected with her work, might well be very proud; she considered it indeed, quite an especial favour to come at all the very day before Christmas, for she was much in request among all the women in the neighbourhood, and wherever she went to work, she was held in high respect. This feeling was evident now, from the manner in which Martina threw open the house door as wide as possible, for her to enter; she received, however, but a cool welcome within doors, for little Joseph exclaimed: "Woe's me, Leegart!"

CHAPTER VI.

HOW A VILLAGE PASTOR WAS SUMMONED TO COURT

The Pastor's wife had been standing a long time at the window, looking earnestly through the panes of glass; the road was only to be seen from a corner window, the view from the others being intercepted by the sharp gables of a projecting barn, which a peasant, from the wish to annoy a former pastor, had built on the spot; adding an unusually high roof, to block out all view from the Parsonage. Now that there was a clergyman whom they all liked, the barn unluckily could not be removed. The Pastor's wife was not able to see very far even from the unobstructed window, for this was one of those days, when twilight seems to prevail from one night to another; the sun shone dimly, like a watery yellow ball, through the thick clouds which now overspread the whole landscape. When the Pastorin saw the sledge close to the house she nodded, but did not open the window, standing still as if fixed to the spot. She would gladly have run down to welcome her husband, but she knew that he disliked any public display of emotion or excitement; he was of a shy and simple nature, and shrunk from all eager welcomes or agitated leave takings.

She sent the maid down however instantly, who quickly pressing the latch opened the house door. In order to do

something, the Pastor in once more arranged the cups and the bread, though all was in perfect readiness; she took up her husband's well warmed slippers, lying beside the stove, and turned them the reverse way; she took the kettle with boiling water off the stove, and poured in fresh water. A pleasant warmth was diffused through the room, for people who live on the mountains understand this art.

"Good morning, Lina," said the Pastor, as he at last entered the room, "God be praised, indeed, that I have got home again!" He unfastened his fur cloak, and, as it was heavy, his wife assisted him.

"Is Edward still asleep?"

"No; he is gone out shooting. I sent him to meet you. Did you not see him?"

"No."

The atmosphere of the room seemed too stifling for the Pastor, for he opened the window, stood beside it for a few minutes, and then said: "It was lucky that you did not know about the wolf, prowling about in the wood, that all the people are in search of; perhaps you might have imagined that the monster would swallow me up."

"Come, sit down and warm yourself," answered his wife, pouring him out a cup of hot coffee. "I will hold the cup for you; I see that your fingers are so stiff from cold, that you can't take it yourself. Swallow only a couple of mouthfuls at first. What was the cause of your being sent for, in the middle of the night, to

that fierce old woman, the Röttmännin? No, no; first drink your coffee, and you can answer me at your leisure. I can wait."

"Lina," said the Pastor, a singular smile stealing over his face, "Lina, you may well be proud. I must be one of the most agreeable companions in the world. Ah! this coffee is capital. Only think, Lina! it was just one o'clock, for I heard it strike on the Wenger clock when I arrived at Röttmannshof. My reception there was rather noisy, for I was greeted by such an uproarious welcome, that I could really scarcely get out of the sledge. The good people had unchained all the watch-dogs during the night, saying it was not at all necessary to tie them up when the Pastor was coming; the worthy souls really entertaining the strange superstition, that the word of God is a sure defence against vicious dogs, even in the dark. It was some time, therefore, before I could make my way into the house, as all the dogs were first obliged to be shut up in their kennels. Give me another cup of coffee, Lina, it is so good – "

"Well, and what then?" said his wife.

The Pastor looked at her with a smile, and continued —

"The snow in that country comes up to the knees, but it has at least one good property; that of being clean, though it does wet one to the skin in the most remarkable manner. I luckily did not stumble over the huge logs in the yard, hidden in the snow, and the puddles were so obliging as to be frozen over. 'Where is your master?' said I. 'He is in bed.' 'Is he dangerously ill also?' 'No, he is asleep.' 'Really! I am summoned to his dying

wife, and the husband is comfortably sleeping:' a very easy going, pleasant world this is, thought I: well, I went straight to the sick woman's room – 'God be praised! Herr Pastor, that you are come at last.' What! that is not surely the voice of a woman at the point of death? I asked why I had been summoned in the middle of the night. 'Oh! my good Herr Pastor,' said the Röttmännin, 'you are so kind, so very kind, and have the art of conversing and instructing so delightfully, that the very sight of you is reviving, and makes me entirely forget my dangerous state. Here have I been lying for seven nights, scarcely able to close my eyes, and I can't tell you how bored and tired I am. I thought the time would never pass, so I just sent for you. You are so good natured, Herr Pastor, I thought you would sit and talk to me for a while and amuse me – my husband must on no account hear that I sent for you, I am not at all in his good graces at present; he goes from home as often as he can, and even when he stays with me, he scarcely says one word; I believe he would have been very glad if I had died long ago, and as for my only child, Adam, he seems scarcely to know that I am in the world. Oh! Herr Pastor! any one obliged as I am to lie here day and night, in this solitary house, unable to do anything, would feel, like me, every day that passes to be an eternity, and every night even worse. If my Vincent were still alive he would have watched by me day and night; he would have nursed me in a way in which no other human being ever can. So my good kind Pastor, sit down here and talk to me. Would you like a glass of good Wachhold brandy? it will warm you, you

must take it, and shall positively not refuse. Käty, take down that long-necked green bottle from the shelf, the one farthest back, and give a glass of brandy to the Pastor.' What do you think were my feelings, Lina, when I heard the woman so coolly pouring forth all these fluent speeches?"

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