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Wilhelm Raabe's novella, "Der Student von Wittenberg": An annotated translation

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Rice University, 1993

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WILHELM RAABE'S NOVELLA, DER STUDENT VON WITTENBERG;
AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION

by

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ABSTRACT

WILHELM RAABE'S NOVELLA, DER STUDENT VON WITTENBERG: AN ANNOTATED TRANSLATION

by Regina S. Clifford

In *Der Student von Wittenberg* Wilhelm Raabe juxtaposes nature and society to show the harmony existing in nature and the lack of harmony in society. Society can be divided into a mental order and an order of force. Within the mental order, education is the element which separates the two orders. When united, the order of force goes astray, leading to conflict or war. The historical dimension of the story spans several centuries, making it as relevant to modern readers as to Raabe's readership.

The story's relevance justifies the careful translation of each word and the quest for words that have similar meanings and connotations within their historical framework. Raabe makes us aware of the two orders in society and urges us to educate ourselves to prevent the joining of the two forces.
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INTRODUCTION

Wilhelm Raabe was born on September 8, 1831, and died on November 15, 1910. Had Raabe had his way, the dates of his birth and death might have been all that we would have known about him. He considered himself to lead a very ordinary life, completely uninteresting to the reading public; and he tried throughout his life to minimize the reader's interest in him, desiring that what the readers know of him, they get from his stories. While it is true that Raabe kept a very routine schedule almost every day of his life, it is also true that he was constantly observing people and events around him and putting his observations into fictional format in his stories and books. However, Raabe's observations are what make him out-of-the-ordinary. He takes the elements of everyday life, describing them in great detail, and uses them to show how we live, how we act, and why we do the things we do within a greater historical context. What made Raabe interesting to select readers in the 19th century makes him interesting to readers today who see the same elements of everyday life at work.

Raabe portrays everyday life in Der Student von Wittenberg, written about the same time as his first published work, Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse (1854-1855). There is speculation that the former was actually written as a part of the latter. However, the two stories were published separately, with Der Student von Wittenberg
appearing in 1858. In Raabe's very usual manner, the action of the story revolves around a school master and his students foraging in the woods one bright and beautiful day in 1595. After a detailed account of a very peaceful, harmonious relationship among people and between people and nature, Raabe contrasts this idyllic scene with tension and distress so great that it eventually leads to destruction and death. The tension and distress are portrayed in the form of remembrances from which the first person narrator, Georg Rollenhagen, cannot totally free himself. In a flashback to his student days, Rollenhagen meets a fellow student, Paul Halsinger, and they travel to Magdeburg. In Magdeburg Halsinger becomes obsessed with a beautiful Italian Catholic young woman. Halsinger's obsession leads him into physical and mental decline, since he does nothing but think of the beautiful Felicia. The citizens of Magdeburg, unable to understand Halsinger's obsession and jealous of Felicia's father's success as a goldsmith, proclaim that Felicia has bewitched the young man and are incited to riot by Halsinger's well-meaning, but ignorant and intoxicated uncle. Rollenhagen, trying to save Felicia and her father, is the only one of the principal parties to survive the sacking of the goldsmith's house, and it is his sorrow at the turn of events which often returns to haunt him.
The action depicted here is, as usual for Raabe, subordinated to the meaning behind various images and representations. Raabe manipulates the day's visit to the woods to evoke the image of the harmony existing in nature, in the warmth of the sunshine and in the peaceful coexistence of the multitudinous forms of life in nature. Raabe portrays nature as a good and positive force through the various birds and animals lifting up their voices in chorus, through the wholesome fun of the young boys learning about life in its natural surrounding, and through the eyes of the two Rollenhagens: the elderly master who seeks escape from the rigors and shackles of formal classroom education in order to instruct his pupils in the fundamentals of life itself and the master's son, the young scholar who finds refuge in nature as he seeks creative expression for his thoughts and feelings.

Raabe juxtaposes the image of nature as totally wholesome and harmonious to the lack of wholesomeness and harmony in society. The juxtaposition between nature and society is evident first in the clash between the two schoolboys in the woods, saved from coming to blows only by the learned and wise educator. The juxtaposition becomes more obvious, though, as Rector Rollenhagen relates his experience of death and destruction while on the return trip from the outing in the woods. It is in this experience that Raabe represents society as a force that has gone astray,
that is no longer good and positive but capable of all sorts of evil leading ultimately to death.

In his representation Raabe examines the authority that controls society and the two elements into which authority can be divided: the mental order (education) and the order of force (the police or the military). The mental order seeks to codify rules by which society must live in order to establish and maintain harmony and to educate its members toward a peaceful and harmonious end. Society establishes the order of force in an attempt to uphold the rules that the mental order instills. In Der Student von Wittenberg Raabe focuses upon a mental order that is not according to the integrity of nature; it becomes fanatical, thereby causing the order of force to go astray.

The integrity of nature is such that many forms of life coexist rather peacefully. It is true that certain life forms live off other life forms; however, they do so according to the rules of nature, never eating more than needed for subsistence and never extinguishing (or seeking to extinguish) entire forms of life different than their own. The mental order of human society fails to adhere to natural laws, though. Instead of viewing others who are different from themselves as an integral part of a whole, people tend to view others or strangers as a threat to their own existence. Because of this perceived (and often times very real threat), people have left nature and have bonded
together in cities or communities for protection. The very bonding of like people serves to perpetuate the perception of threat from outsiders or from people different from the generally accepted norm. Rather than looking to nature as an example of harmonious coexistence, society often ignores nature and frequently ends up destroying nature while in the rush to destroy or annihilate some other part of itself. Society's mental order, being conditioned or brainwashed to the point of fanatical self-preservation, then joins the order of force, and the power of enforcement becomes exaggerated and out of control. This is exactly the situation in Magdeburg in 1559 as Raabe portrays it. The citizens of Magdeburg, unable to accept people who are different from themselves, seize upon the opportunity of Paul Halsinger's obsession with Felicia to expel any foreign influence from their midst. The mental order has joined the order of force, and only remnants of the rational mental order remain on the fringe, unable to prevent the destruction imposed by the union of the two orders.

I believe that Raabe's emphasis in Der Student von Wittenberg is that the two orders have united often throughout history, too often to reflect a society in harmony with nature. Indeed, the historical implications of the conflicts in Raabe's story span several centuries, encompassing numerous periods when the two orders united. Beginning in the early 16th century with the Reformation and
its consequences and progressing up to the 1848 Revolution, Raabe extracts from history events depicting the unity of the two orders and weaves a story around the ensuing disorder. The story is set alternately in 1595 and 1559, a period of great social, political, and religious unrest and revolution. The Reformation had awakened many people to the possibilities of life apart from the control of the Catholic church. It also sharply divided not only different people but also people with a common culture and language and enabled the order of force to gain control over the mental order, thereby opening the way for years of persecution and unrestrained force.

Under the guise of religion, landholders and church leaders of the 16th century fought to regain and retain power over the common people. Religious zeal was compounded by numerous social problems, such as rapid population growth, food shortages, escalating taxes, and general dissatisfaction among the lower levels of society. The ongoing confrontations with the Turks, the Peasants' War of 1524, the sack of Rome in 1527, and the St. Bartholomew Massacre in 1572 are examples of this explosive period when the mental order and the order of force combined as society as an entity sought to protect itself and its existing order versus protecting the people within the society.

As the established society and church of the period fought to maintain power, all things foreign or non-
conformist were persecuted or destroyed. Ideas such as religious and social freedoms threatened the established order, and very few people were willing to compromise and accept the changes demanded by the reformers. With the Diet of Augsburg in 1555 giving Lutheranism and Catholicism equal status, hostilities escalated, culminating in the Thirty Years' War, the longest and bloodiest series of confrontations ever to have taken place. The Thirty Years' War resulted in the decimation of entire communities and plunged nations into another Dark Age from which it would take decades and even centuries to recover.

It is this war which Raabe is foreshadowing in Der Student von Wittenberg. All events, actions, behaviors, and terms are intended to direct the reader's attention to this period in time when the mental order and order of force joined together so devastatingly. Already in the century leading up to 1618, society had grown so institutionalized that it had lost its sensitivity to individuals, evidenced by the murder of the two innocent Italians and also by Raabe's use of the term Marketenderweib³ for the Italian sutler. The term denotes an attitude of the citizens toward other nations of nonintegration, of foreigners being objects instead of people. The institutionalization of the society, coupled with its preoccupation with security and force, combined to produce one of the bloodiest and costliest wars,
in terms of human life and suffering, that has ever been fought.

One common bond in all the conflicts that Raabe addresses most strongly is the xenophobia which pervaded, and indeed spawned, many of the bloody acts and wars. People seeking scapegoats for their problems found them in others of different religious beliefs, nationalities, or in others more fortunate. This is seen most obviously in the slaughter for religious reasons of countless thousands during the St. Bartholomew Massacre and the destruction of entire communities during the Thirty Years' War. Raabe portrays this centuries-old xenophobia in Der Student von Wittenberg in the form of the hatred directed against the Catholic Italian goldsmith and his daughter. As innocent bystanders, the goldsmith and his daughter become the targets of a group of people who have succumbed to the joining of the mental order with the order of force.

Although Rollenhagen's outing is overshadowed by the looming preconditions to the Thirty Years' War, Raabe interjects throughout the story the element of hope in the form of the anticipated arrival of the grandchild. Raabe's message here is clear: every birth brings hope, and this hope must be fostered and kept alive through education. Rollenhagen, as the narrator, main character, and hero, has committed his life to educating his young pupils and, it is obvious, will pass this commitment on to his children and
grandchildren. Raabe asserts that it is the educating of the young people which will keep the order of force within its appropriate boundaries.

Raabe, knowing what lay ahead for Rollenhagen and the European peoples within the next fifty years or so, portrays the rector as having been deeply and profoundly affected by the incident during his student days, enough so to devote his life to trying to sensitize the following generations to the harmony within nature. Leaving the formal classroom, Rollenhagen leads his students into the woods, into nature, where they can hear, see, feel, touch, and experience the miracle of life as God intended it to be. Rollenhagen recognized the imperativeness of education in the process of ensuring that people live in harmony with each other and with nature.

While Rollenhagen is able to recognize the importance of education, he struggles with the pervading attitude in his society: the preoccupation with the order of force. Raabe emphasizes this aspect of Rollenhagen in the use of military images, such as the children marching back to school in rank and file, the Latin terms for Roman legions, and the images of reconnaissance and bodyguards. Given the attitude in society, Rollenhagen wonders about his function as a teacher, how to best keep alive the hope and fire of education. For him, getting out into nature is an avenue, but the real catalyst that regenerates hope is the birth of
his long-awaited grandson. Rollenhagen, having put a significant portion of his life's work, his manuscript, on hold, is motivated to send it to his publisher only after receiving news of his grandson's birth. The grandson's birth alludes to the Biblical passage: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given. . . ."\(^4\) in which all nations and peoples were to place their hope for deliverance from sin.

It is my contention that Raabe believed that the 16th century society and his own society were not fostering and keeping alive the hope regenerated with each new birth. These societies had become so obsessed with perpetuating themselves that they failed to nurture any hope. The hope, in the form of the children, was so regulated that it had become prohibitive to the point of killing and death. Raabe specifically addresses this hope that, without the mental order, dies: "Eine hoffnungsvolle, lebenskräftige Schar, die jetzt ebenso fröhlich in den Krieg zog gegen alles, was da wächst, kreucht und fleucht, wie sie später ergeben, todesmutig in das Blut und die Flammen des Religions- und Bürgerkrieges sich stürzte, die protestantische Bibel in der Hand, den protestantischen Glauben im Herzen, den Blick nach oben gerichtet -- morituri te salutant!"\(^5\)

Raabe ends his story of death and destruction with the reemergence of hope in the birth of Rollenhagen's grandson. It is appropriate that Raabe ends his story with the element
of hope, for it was hope that he wished to instill in his 19th century readers who were watching events unfold with increasing hopelessness. The wars and revolutions of 1813 and 1848 failed to liberate the masses from the mounting burdens inflicted by industrialization and the accompanying rapid growth of urban centers and transportation networks. Raabe foresaw the establishment of ideology taking precedence over concerns for humanity and sought, through means of a story exposing the factors leading to and foretelling of the Thirty Years' War, to warn his own society of the implicit danger of such establishment.

Amidst all the hopelessness and ideological changes, the separate German states continued to move toward a form of unity, either under the Kleindeutsch\textsuperscript{6} solution with the German states under Prussian rule or under the Grossdeutsch\textsuperscript{7} solution with Austro-Hungarian rule. Raabe, a product of a century full of revolutions in which national feelings became the basis for many beliefs, decisions, and actions, supported the Kleindeutsch solution. United under Prussia, the German states would have less foreign influence or association than if united with the Austro-Hungarian empire. Although nationalistic himself, Raabe uses Der Student von Wittenberg to warn against national fervor which becomes extreme, to the point of eliminating concepts or people unlike oneself.
Throughout the story, the common thread running through the themes of political changes, nationalistic feelings, and hardening of ideologies is education. In the 19th century education was a commodity; and Raabe stresses that education must transcend politics, nationalism, and ideologies in order to prevent the joining of the mental order and the order of force. With education as a commodity, along with the political events of his period, Raabe predicted the wars of 1864 and 1870 based on the cyclical nature of history and humankind's inability to learn from past mistakes.

In the 19th century, as in any other time of great distress, Raabe and his fellow citizens yearned for the emergence of one who would lead them from their despair into new life. The leader in Raabe's time turned out to be Bismarck, who eventually unified the German states under Prussian rule in 1871, creating a sense of national pride and worth. The implication of the birth of Rollenhagen's grandson, apart from the possible religious implication already mentioned, is obviously political. While not political himself, the grandson represents the leader who emerges in the person of Bismarck.

Based on Raabe's juxtaposition of nature and society and the historical dimension of Der Student von Wittenberg, it is critical to translate very carefully the terms that date the piece. Raabe sought to paint a definite picture of a society not in harmony with nature. He chose his words
very deliberately and used these words to point to the underlying concept of what a society is and should do for its citizens. Raabe directs his readers towards the archetypal function of society, the filling of basic needs of the citizens. He then states that the society in which Rollenhagen and his friend, Halsinger, find themselves has forgotten its archetypal function and seeks only to defend and perpetuate itself versus the people of which it is comprised. Recognizing Raabe's painstaking effort to create the right atmosphere and meaning with just the right word, difficulties arose during translation to recreate this ambience with English words. In reviewing the difficulties in translation, it is helpful to group Raabe's word choice into terms relating to the mental order, the order of force, and specific style used to enhance historical flavoring.

Specifically, regarding the mental order, Raabe addresses society's function of the filling of basic needs through the terms Losament, Atzung, and Leibesnotdurft. Upon first entering Magdeburg and encountering the man who turns out to be his uncle, Halsinger requests a warm place to stay, food, and drink. His uncle, the Wachtmeister, a representative of the city's authority, fulfills Halsinger's and Rollenhagen's basic needs, promising to lead them to "ein lustig Losament". The next morning, Rollenhagen sets out on his own to secure employment and permanent lodging. Raabe
purposely chooses three distinct words as Rollenhagen expressed to his colleagues that he had found the lodging he sought, "Da hatt ich mein Losament und Atzung nach Leibesnotdürft". Difficult to translate, these words imply the fulfilling of basic needs of a roof over one's head, feeding, and only enough of these to keep the body and soul together.

These words also indicate that society was able to provide Rollenhagen's basic needs. Halsinger also had his needs met. However, both of these young men, although initially unknown to the Magdeburg society, were of the same nationality and of the prevailing religion of the citizens in the city, and Halsinger was even related to the city Wachtmeister. What the story points to is the relative ease with which the two young students were accepted into the society while the Italian goldsmith and his daughter, although living in the city for some time, had never been truly accepted. The citizens had grudgingly afforded the foreigners their basic needs only until the slightest provocation arose justifying retraction of their accommodations. This provocation, the 'bewitchment' of Halsinger, fueled the existing animosity, jealousy, and suspicion of the foreigners.

After society fulfills the basic requirements of food and shelter, it must progress to educating its members. Raabe's emphasis on education is evident from the first
sentence where he introduces Rollenhagen as Schulrektor\textsuperscript{15} and Scholarch.\textsuperscript{16} Raabe uses the old-fashioned term Scholarch to indicate that Rollenhagen is more than the school administrator; he is a teacher of teachers, a fact made obvious by his presence and leadership in the outing in the woods. References to education continue throughout the story in the form of poetry, music, Latin phrases, use of the title Magister,\textsuperscript{17} and the historical references to Bundschuh,\textsuperscript{18} the spanische Seuche,\textsuperscript{19} the Pavia Gardens, and the 1550 siege of Magdeburg. Each of these subjects refers to a higher level of understanding and development beyond fulfilling the basic human needs.

But Raabe proceeds one step further with the notion of development within the mental order, declaring that the religious or spiritual quest is the highest level to attain and can help prevent the joining of the mental order with the order of force. When people forget or ignore their spiritual quest, it becomes easy to be preoccupied with earthly matters. Many Magdeburg citizens, while quoting the name of God and invoking His presence, rushed to join the order of force once they perceived their lives in danger or perceived that ridding themselves of the foreign influence would somehow solve the problem as they understood it.

It is in regards to archaic words depicting the order of force that Raabe displays most clearly the citizens' preoccupation with force. These words required the most
deliberation as to their meaning and an appropriate rendering into English. Research into the history of the 16th century revealed that the willingness of the Magdeburg citizens to accept rumors and stories about the foreigners was due in part to the emotional climate of the time. In 1456 a papal bull was still in effect declaring that citizens constantly be alert to the Turkish threat. To increase awareness of this threat, church bells were to be rung on a regular basis. Magdeburg, as a walled city, also posted sentries along the city walls. Halsinger's uncle, Lamprecht Beltzer, was in such a position. Raabe employs the term Wachtmeister here to mean literally "Master of the Watch", referring back to the term's 16th century original form of Zunftmeister, or "Master of the Guild", meaning one who organized the night watch. Wachtmeister later came to be referred to as a military rank, but to translate Wachtmeister as "sergeant" in the contemporary sense would imply a member of a standing army (something not in existence at that time), not a mercenary who hires himself out to a city to keep watch for external threats. However, in Beltzer's case, the perceived threat shifted from the external threat from the Turks or some other outside invading force and became a threat from within his own society, the threat of his nephew's bewitchment by the supposed Italian Catholic sorceress. As Beltzer's perception changed, so did his actions. In specifically
choosing the term Wachtmeister, Raabe implies that Beltzer forgot his primary function: to keep watch. Having forgotten, Beltzer takes matters into his own hands and incites his fellow citizens against the foreign goldsmith and his daughter.

Terms such as Arkeleymeister and Büchsenmeister join the term Wachtmeister as denoting specific tools of authority in a society preoccupied with protecting itself. By purposely choosing these archaic, obsolete, or formal titles, Raabe draws attention to their function and the importance this society places upon them. Each of these men is a master of his trade, skilled in making or firing weapons. They are the leaders of the band of mercenaries hired to guard Magdeburg. These are the men with whom Beltzer surrounds himself and who march in the front ranks with him to storm the goldsmith's house.

These tools of society's force are only part of a larger problem—that of the nonintegration of strangers or foreigners into the society. Already mentioned is the term Marketenderweib, used by Beltzer to describe the sutler following their camp. The word "sutler", while technically correct, does not carry the negative connotation of Marketenderweib. Also, Raabe frequently has his characters refer to the Italians as welsch, meaning "foreign". It is stereotypically expected that Beltzer would use such terms, but more telling is Rollenhagen's use of the word welsch as
he relates to his sons and colleagues: "...denn schon hatte sich in der Stadt das Gerücht verbreitet, dass die schöne Welsche Schuld an der Verzauberung des Paul's trage", indicating that even the most educated and spiritually aware can slowly become insensitive to others different from themselves and perhaps, eventually, join the order of force. In this society, Raabe asserts, the mental order, that of education, has failed to maintain an edge over the order of force, that of the police or military. As education has taken a back seat, enforcement has gone astray. With the priority on education in the background, the educators forget their purpose and join with the order of force, leading to such catastrophes as the Thirty Years' War.

Together with archaic word choice, Raabe's purposefully difficult sentence structures added to the formal and outdated atmosphere of the story. "Der Jungfrau von der Spiegelbrücke ging wahrlich nichts verloren, wenngleich der Bach davongetragen hatte, was -- er erlangen konnte!" is awkward even in German, and required much care and deliberation to present Raabe's original meaning as closely as possible. Word order and phrasing, as well as overall length, were concerns regarding the following sentence: "Herr Jonas, der wahrlich nichts dafür konnte, dass er zufällig zuerst in seinen Träumen auf den allgemeinen Sammelplatz des lustigen Heeres geraten war, machte ein ziemlich wehmütiges Gesicht, dass man ihm so sein stilles
Plätzchen störte, aber es half ihm nichts." As much as possible throughout the story, every attempt was made to retain Raabe's air of formality and tone, using similar word order, phrasing, or sentence length.

In spite of Raabe's very deliberate word selection and purposeful archaisms to achieve a story of relevance for his society, Der Student von Wittenberg is usually overlooked in analyses of Raabe's works. Notwithstanding, this story was relevant for the society for which it was written and remains relevant for today's society and for future societies. The story's relevance justifies the careful translation of each word and phrase and the quest to uncover words that have similar meanings and connotations within their historical framework. Raabe's message is universal and true: with each birth, we must recognize the gift of hope and nourish and keep it alive through the mental order. While there are appropriate times and places where the order of force is necessary, society should never allow itself to become preoccupied with force to the exclusion of humanity, rationale, and compassion--elements of the mental order. Through his portrait of harmonious nature and unharmonious society and through his deliberate selections of terms to guide the reader to discern the nuances and levels within the portrait, Raabe directs us even today to an awareness of the two authorities in society. He urges us to educate ourselves and all others in order to prevent the joining of
the two forces. The two forces must necessarily be kept apart; and education, the mental order, is the only tool for achieving the separation.
NOTES TO INTRODUCTION

1. See Sammons 3.


5. A promising, vital throng, which now just as happily went to war against everything that grows, creeps, and flies, as later they, with devotion and absolute fearlessness, plunged into the blood and flames of the religious and civil war, the Protestant Bible in their hands, the Protestant faith in their hearts, their gaze turned upward—morituri te salutant! (See p. 28 below.)

6. Kleindeutsch—literally "small German".

7. Grossdeutsch—literally "large German".

8. See Sammons 108.


10. Atzung—food.

11. Leibesnotdurft—literally necessities for the body.

12. Wachtmeister—Master of the Watch.

13. ein lustig Losament—merry quarters.

14. Da hatt ich mein Losament und Atzung nach Leibesnotdurft—There I had as much of room and board as I needed.

15. Schulrektor—school rector.

16. Scholarch—supervisor or inspector of teachers.

17. Magister—academic title for "Master".

18. Bundschuh—association of rebellious peasants starting around 1500.

19. Spanische Seuche—epidemic of dry cough in Germany in 1580 (Oppermann).

20. Arkeleymeister—artillery master.

22. "...for already the rumor had spread in the city that the beautiful foreigner was to blame for Paul's bewitchment". See p. 55 below.

23. "Truly, the maiden of the Spiegelbrücke was not losing anything, although the brook had washed away what -- he was able to attain." See p. 27 below.

24. "Mister Jonas, who truly could not help it that by chance in his dreams he had stumbled first onto the general assembly place of the happy army, made a rather melancholy face, that they had disturbed his quiet place, but it was to no avail." See p. 28 below.
TRANSLATION OF DER STUDENT VON WITTEMBERG

His soaring heart ceased to fly,
His swimming joy drowned,

A mighty, fierce thunderclap
Destroyed his midday
As a heavy dark cloud
Covered the gleam of his sun.

(from Der arme Heinrich)
Before the window of the study of the school rector and headmaster, Mister Georg\textsuperscript{2} Rollenhagen,\textsuperscript{3} in the old, famous city of Magdeburg,\textsuperscript{4} spring had arrived, more beautiful and more full of blossoms than the German countryside had seen for a long time. Green branches scraped against the windowpanes, birds sang in the trees, flattering and enticing, as if they wanted and needed to call someone out into the cheerful, greening, blooming world. And yet it was rather still and quiet in the cool, dark rectory. Nothing stirred inside; no footstep, no voice, no sound bore witness to the life of the inhabitants. To be sure, the rector's wife, Magdalena, was away, sitting in the parsonage in Osterburg at the childbirth of her stepdaughter, Dorothea, who, as everyone knows, had wed\textsuperscript{5} the pastor, the venerable, upright, and erudite Mister Christophorus\textsuperscript{6} Strauss; thus, not the voice of the mistress or the clinking of her key ring or even the clatter of her slippers could disturb the silence. The rector himself, upon spring's command, had already wandered into the green forest with his sons and a select group of students, hunting beetles and plants. Maid and manservant likewise had escaped; whom or what did the blossoming branches, the sunshine, the little birds want to entice from the old, dark schoolhouse? . . .

For weeks now, there on Rector Rollenhagen's desk lay a bundle of papers with the inscription:

"To Master Andreas Gehn,\textsuperscript{7} printer here in Magdeburg."
It was the Froschmeuseler manuscript, which the old scholar had finished on the twenty-first of March, 1595 — "when on St. Benedict's Day this year our frogs began their first Benedicamus" — and which here awaited printing. This was what spring shouted out into the world, to the pleasure, profit, and delight of all merry lads and pious maidens.

The finch swayed upon bending bough to the beat of his varied song. The cuckoo, however, the most subjective of all birds, wandered about in the woods and let his voice ring out now here, now there, one moment near, the next far and gave a really bad, bad example to a young man and poet, who lay in the shadows of the woods with a small book full of white paper and a chalk-pencil; for anyone can say cuckoo, cuckoo!; whereas the bittersweet song of the finch is truly not so easy to imitate! Well, we are in the year one thousand five hundred ninety-five after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ; — people still knew then what they wanted, and we can easily leave Mister Jonas Rollenhagen, an upstanding student of medicine, to his poetic holiday reflections. For the poetic impetus ran in the family, and there was in the old, splendid city of Magdeburg a certain street and therein a certain window from which two shining eyes quite coyly peered out through the yellow violets, basil, and little roses, each time Mister Jonas, heart pounding in his proper student uniform, strode by.
Aye, rhyme,\textsuperscript{12} Jonas Rollenhagen, alone in the green woods, pluck the zither nightly before her door, gather the fellows for a well-composed serenade in the moonlight in her honor: love is beautiful in the faithful German fatherland, more beautiful than anywhere else on earth, whatever they may say about jolly France, about famous Italy, about proud Spain!\textsuperscript{13} --

The young student had chosen for himself a pleasant spot under the last trees of the woods, past which the great highway led to the city of Magdeburg, whose towers loomed in the distance. The fertile plain, every now and then overgrown with bush, covered with green meadows and grain fields, glimmered and gleamed in the springtime afternoon sun. Here and there were flashes like those of melted silver; that was the surface of the Elbe,\textsuperscript{14} upon which white sails moved up and down. The sun was shining through the young green of the branches, and the community of forest carolers, goldfinch and warbler, woodpecker and tree creeper,\textsuperscript{15} red breast and wren,\textsuperscript{16} canary and peeper,\textsuperscript{17} already began its praise again, which had ceased during the hot midday. On the highway, however, the most convivial life prevailed; peasant and burgher shoes\textsuperscript{18} alike moved back and forth on the road in trade and traffic; for the German people took advantage of the last peaceful breath before they, according to God's providence and will, were dragged into the bloody vortexes of the Thirty Years' War,
once more with all their power and strength, cultivating, planting, and enjoying. --

With a shout of joy and satisfaction, the student leapt into the air. The chaffinch above him broke off from its singing and fluttered deeper into the woods. Tapping its rhythm in the air with his finger, Mister Jonas Rollenhagen once again softly read his song aloud; but then -- he ripped the fully written page from his notebook and bequeathed it in many small pieces to the gentle breath of wind, which played in the trees and bushes and jestingly carried off the words of love, hither and thither, but mostly into a murmuring brook, which gayly bounced them further towards the Elbe and the ocean, as perhaps also was written in the song.

What did Mister Jonas need the written letters for? Truly, the maiden of the Spiegelbrücke was not losing anything, although the brook had washed away what -- he was able to attain! --

Happy human voices, laughter, dogs barking, which had resounded throughout the afternoon in the woods, drew closer now; the tops of the bushes swished, as the people advancing underneath bent them apart; the withered leaves on the ground rustled under the feet of the approaching company.

A lad of twelve years, in bright jacket and pants, the former lined with a hand's width strip of red cloth, burst into the sunny clearing.
"Heigh, I am the first! Victory!" he shouted jubilantly to the student and back into the thicket, from which there came a more vigorous rustling. Dogs broke forth, and in the next moment a whole flock of boys, of all sizes and clothed in all colors, had gathered around Mister Jonas: all of them laden with their booty, plants, insects, butterflies, all with green twigs on their school capes, all with glowing, sweat-glistening faces and laughing eyes. A promising, vital throng, which now just as happily went to war against everything that grows, creeps, and flies, as later they, with devotion and absolute fearlessness, plunged into the blood and flames of the religious and civil war, the Protestant Bible in their hands, the Protestant faith in their hearts, their gaze turned upward — morituri te salutant! ... "Wrong, wrong, Philippe!" someone shouted. "Mister Jonas is the first one! Mister Jonas is the first one here! Crown Mister Jonas! Crown Mister Jonas!"

Mister Jonas, who truly could not help it that by chance in his dreams he had stumbled first onto the general assembly place of the happy army, made a rather melancholy face, that they had disturbed his quiet place, but it was to no avail. More and more new faces pressed forth from the green. Every class of the famous cathedral school in Magdeburg had sent out its representatives. Tiny fifth graders, reckless sixth graders, careless seventh and
eighth graders,24 too quickly grown freshmen and
sophomores,25 thoughtful juniors and seniors,26 already
wearing darker clothing, carrying books in their overcoat27
pockets and a pencil in their hands in order to take notes,
-- were represented.

"Are you going to give back my shuttlecock now?"
"No, I won it fairly in battle!"
"You won't give it up?"
"No!"
"Wait. . . ."

"Quo, quo scelesti ruitis!28 shouted a powerful
voice, and an oldish, handsome man, clothed in black,
stepped out of the bushes accompanied by two other men and
positioned himself between the two heated sixth graders, so
as to separate the two who at that moment had just fallen to
scuffling. "Now, now," he continued, "who would want to
desecrate nature's lovely pleasance with quarreling and
fighting? --"

"The Rector! The Rector!" the word was passed from
mouth to mouth.

"Verily, that took a great deal of trouble!" said
Rector Rollenhagen. "Magister29 Aaron Burckhart, you have
left a scrap of your garment hanging in the branches.
Ah! . . . ."

With satisfaction, the eye of the old scholar scanned
over the lively party of his sons (the man on his left was
Gabriel, his eldest, an upstanding young theologian, and among the students were David and Caspar, the two youngest) and pupils, who surrounded and cheered him on the sun-dotted forest clearing with what treasures they had taken from nature in the course of the afternoon.

"Ho, little fellows!" he shouted, waving with a handkerchief in order to get a moment of silence, "ho, discipuli,\textsuperscript{30} is everyone here -- dogs and scholars?" A general, jovial "Yes" and barking answered him.

"Now then, the sun is setting, so let us, under God's protection, start on our way home. Organize the rows and start singing a cheerful song of praise for nature. First the hastati, the smallest fellows, so that they set the pace; after that the principes, the middle position; last the triarier of the legion,\textsuperscript{31} according to military custom and habit! Of course, -- the dogs, as light cavalry on the wings, as reconnaissance ahead and as rearguard after. Forward, signa canunt!\textsuperscript{32}

General laughter of the famous school in Magdeburg greeted this order, and even as they happily carried it out, some voices started a school marching song. But when the train had formed and pulled out of the forest onto the large highway, the full chorus rang out:

Winter has begun its flight,

\textit{Jubilate!}\textsuperscript{33}
The greening fields shine so bright,  
    Jubilate!
Pupils on now with your play!  
Time again to think of May!  
    Jubilate!  Jubilate!

God's true path will be our way,  
    Jubilate!
With cheer we walk on towards May!  
    Jubilate!
To the green woods full of grace  
He asks us each take our place!  
    Jubilate!  Jubilate!

Capes are full of green of tree,  
    Jubilate!
Coat of arms for all to see,  
    Jubilate!
In all our best we thus array  
To proclaim the feast of May.  
    Jubilate!  Jubilate!

Lord May, Lord May, we greet you,  
    Jubilate!³⁴
The distance made the rest inaudible, and only the Jubilate!, shouted out with all the strength of the bright students' voices, rang through clearly to the ears of the old rector, who, with his two oldest sons and Magister Burckhart, remained behind at the edge of the forest for a while, watching after the procession of pupils and looking out into the serene evening countryside.

"This was once again a lovely and profitable day!" he said then, turning to his companions.

"Indeed, indeed!" shouted Mister Gabriel and Jonas, and only the Magister looked somewhat sorrowfully on the hole which a mischievous thornbush had torn in his black school garment.

"There, there, Master Aaron," said the elder, good-naturedly patting the Magister on the shoulder, "the noble science of plants and animals demands much effort and perspiration from its disciples, but it compensates with proper joy for a ripped garment and a scratched hand. Indeed, it is no different in life: the path to the Kingdom of Heaven also goes through a thorny valley of tears; happy is he who leaves behind only scraps from his transitory earthly cloth and keeps his immortal soul intact and uninjured! — But we are completely losing sight of our happy legion; it is certainly high time that we follow it."

With that, the rector set his staff in the ditch and sprang cheerfully onto the highway. The three others
followed his example, and the cohors praetoria\textsuperscript{36} silently marched on behind the procession of the distinguished school of Magdeburg, which one heard in the distance more than one saw it. The old headmaster was immersed in deep thought, and his companions talked softly in order not to disturb him -- they knew his habit of making rhymes while walking along the highway. But they were wrong this time -- the rector made no rhymes today! Suddenly he looked up and for a moment into the setting sun; then he turned to his companions:

"Something is weighing heavily on my heart today. Many years ago an incident happened to me once that again and again surfaces and whose memory will not let go of me so long as I live. How does it happen that it haunts me today all of a sudden with renewed power? Alas, it has nearly darkened for me this sunny day. -- I shall tell you the story along the way. Caput melancholicum est diaboli balneum,\textsuperscript{37} says the Latin proverb, and it is right! Verily, it is not good if one makes a ghostly chamber out of his heart and head. Listen, as the lady nightingale sings behind us in the forest, I want to let light into the darkness of my soul; in this manner it is easiest to drive off the evil spirits and imaginationes.\textsuperscript{38} Once again a small piece from my life, from which I want to speak to you, my young sons and my colleague! But you must not interrupt me; for you know that I cannot suffer that." The three
young men lost no time coming closer to the old master, and
they listened to him silently and attentively, and Rector
Rollenhagen began:

"The last time I told you of my youth, of my life as a
wandering scholar and teacher, I mentioned that I went to
Mansfeld, in the year after the birth of our Lord 1558, to
the chancellor of the count, Mister Georg Müller,\(^39\) as a
pedagogue and tutor. Verily, that was a hard life,\(^40\) and
caus ed me considerable danger from the argument between
Mister Josias Seidelius and the superintendent, Mister
Coelius, in which I intervened like a monkey might touch
fire, and I had to run away, an eighteen-year-old schoolboy,
anno domini 1559, from bed and board. Ah, my young sons,
the Rollenhagens have never had good luck at court, and
believe me, it has been really good sub serto virgineo,
under the virginal wreath of Magdeburg,\(^41\) better than under
the lions or bears;\(^42\) for a virgin, even when one angers
her a little, is easier prevailed upon and appeased than the
proud heraldic animals of lions and bears.

So listen then how I came to Magdeburg for the first
time and what happened to me there. It is a strange,\(^43\) sad
story, quite capable of turning the brightest sunny day into
the darkest night! I had not entered through the Sudenburg
Gate\(^44\) alone -- on a stormy late afternoon in April, a few
days before my birthday --, but rather was accompanied by a
traveling companion, whom I had met in Mansfeld and whom I
had found again in a tavern, where he performed with his zither. A learned scholar who, in Wittenberg, had studied the noble art of medicine, like you, Jonas, and whose name was Paulus Halsinger. Most of what I have to tell will concern him. Alas, it is a sad thing -- Paul! Paul!

It was, as I said, towards evening as we came in the gate, and winter was making an angry face at spring. The city soldiers on the ramparts had to pit themselves bravely against the wind in order not to be blown away; for it puffed mightily and whistled wickedly against their baggy trousers. The weather vanes on the gables creaked and crunched; the respectable citizens closed their shutters as a precaution, and we two poor students stood melancholically on the corner of the cathedral square and looked at Sudenburg Gate, through which we had come. I had, to be sure, a letter of recommendation to Mister Wigand, the pastor of St. Ulrich, in my pocket; but how was I to find the abode of the esteemed gentleman in the large city full of darkness and evil, slovenly riffraff. Paulus actually whistled a cheerful tune between his teeth, but even he truly did not feel too happy, and his zither looked out rather gloomily from under his short school jacket. With little nummum in loculo, we were highly apprehensive about where to lay our heads through the night, and we did not know what to do. Soon no other person was to be seen on
the Broad Way,49 and only from the guard-room under the
gate did a wild song ring out, not very cheering to hear.
'If only I could see a tavern sign, we would soon be
helped!' said my Paulus. 'Wait, someone is coming; even if
it is the Evil One, he shall get us safely under roof and
rafter.'50 A footstep was indeed trudging up to us, and I
pressed myself against the wall, for I heard the scraping of
a sword on the cobblestones and thought that it was one of
the city's mercenaries, a wild, boisterous group, which ever
since the siege51 had a pretty big say here. Paul
Halsinger, however, stepped boldly into the path of the one
approaching and confronted him courageously. 'Holla,' said
the stranger, 'what is this, my young fellow? Make way!' --
'By your leave,' said my Paulus, 'have the goodness to show
us to a cheerful inn; we are freezing, hungry, thirsty and
are strangers here.' -- 'You are strangers? So that's why
you don't know that, on decree of the very wise Council, no
one is allowed to go out at night without a lantern, because
of the chaotic times! Well, tell me who you are, and I will
lead you to merry quarters.' Paul answered brightly: 'This
one here is an honorable student, Georgius Rollenhagen by
name, from Bernau in the Mark,52 and I am Paul Halsinger
from Osterwieck in the county of Wernigerode.'53 --
'What!?' cried the stranger, 'is your father's name Martin
Halsinger, your mother Christina Beltzer?' -- 'Yes, those
were their names! My father died, poisoned by an evil
spirit, and my mother was ruined by the Spanish scourge.'

'Then I am your dear Uncle Lamprecht Beltzer, your mother's brother; my lad, where are you coming from?' -- Holy God, what a surprise for my friend Paulus! His uncle took hold of him and pressed him to his leather breastplate so that he nearly lost his breath.

'Come, come!' he cried. 'Come, both of you; so my sister is dead? Well, God's will be done! I will thaw you out with some Malvasian wine and whatever your heart desires. By mighty St. Christopher, I do not believe it! Oh Christina, Christina! -- Paul Halsinger, my sister's son!' With a powerful fist, his uncle grasped each of us at the collar and pushed us ahead of him, down the Broad Way up to a house, from whose windows a bright gleam of light fell on the street, late as it was.

'In Magdeburg at the market

There stands an iron man,

And if the Kaiser wants to win it,

His Spaniards must be in the plan!...'

rang out in chorus from inside.

'Ho, hallo! Master Proprietor of the Pelican!' shouted the uncle into the song and pushed us into the little taproom. 'Fetch a hot beer porridge quickly, Master Idelbalch!' The chorus stopped immediately upon Lamprecht's entrance, and everyone looked in great astonishment at the well-known Master of the Watch and at the two of us
slight, wet, black, teeth-chattering students, who were blinded by the light and who began to shiver even more violently in the warmth. 'Hey, Troop Leader,' piped a croaking voice from the corner, 'what kind of night owls did you track down there?' But Uncle Lamprecht became really furious. 'Shut your loose mouth, Master Wendehoike! My sister's son isn't an eagle owl, a screech owl, a ragged ratter or mistreater of cats, like you, Master Kürschner, but is a well-educated scholar and student! I tell you! -- First, move over, mates!' he turned then to a group of bearded warriors, who all wore the city's coat of arms -- the virgin with the blessed wreath over the two towers -- on their chests.

'Now sit before the fire and warm yourselves, my lads! You're looking -- don't take this badly -- like Memma Pozzo, our company's foreign sutler, when we took her with us over the snow-covered Alps after the slaughter in the Pavia Gardens.'

We gladly followed the uncle's advice, settled ourselves at the fireplace and soon began to thaw. The beer did the rest, and all hardship was soon forgotten. Paul's uncle had so much served that the table creaked, and Paul and his uncle began toasting each other so that the townsfolk gawked and gabbed while the warriors looked at the two well-pleased. Soon, too, a circle of rapt listeners had gathered around us, for Paul was telling strange stories of
the great University of Wittenberg, from which they had chased him away; and his uncle told an outrageous tale of his journey with Lord Georg von Frundsberg,62 with whom he had marched as a free man-at-arms, before he became a hireling of the good and fortified city of Magdeburg in time of peace and war. Paul told him how his dear father and beloved mother died, how he studied hard in Leipzig and Wittenberg; and bright tears ran down the uncle's cheeks, one moment from crying, the next from laughing, until all of a sudden, he broke out in a wild song of war and battle, in which all of the warriors in the Pelican joined, so that my head almost whirled, while Paul was pretty much in his element and beat the rhythm with both fists on the table, until fortunately a mercenary with a double-barreled firearm63 came to fetch the Master of the Watch for his duty at the High Gate.64 The racket then came to an end; Paul's uncle promised to call on us in the morning and ordered Master Martin Idelbalch of the Pelican to give us quarters and a good bed. This was done, and the landlord led us up into the alcove of the Pelican on the Broad Way, which you can still see today, Magister Aaron! Then I got Paulus to bed, offered the evening blessing happily and hurriedly65 by myself and fell asleep immediately, exhausted from the troubles and distresses of the day.

Well, as God would have it, I had a nightmare this very night. All of a sudden I stood at the foot of the cathedral
towers, which I had viewed in the midday with joy and wonder, and looked up at the tops. Then I was suddenly borne away and heard the conversation of two wild fellows. On the top of the left tower, from which the bud is lacking -- for only God's work is entirely perfect -- sat two stinking, evil devils, letting their legs hang over and turned with their backs to each other, for they begrudged each other hell's fire. -- 'Ho,' said one of the devils, 'look around! What do you see?!' The other devil turned half around and squinted through the night at the area where his companion was pointing: 'What is the point of that? I see a market and torches. They're putting up an executioner's scaffolding, is that all?' -- 'Aye,' grinned the other, 'there tomorrow morning they will cut off the pretty head of my Faust's darling, the little Gretel! I have him now! Copy that, if you can!'

Well, at this moment I heard my roommate, Paulus groan hard, but it didn't awaken me, and the dream continued.

'I will,' said the other devil. 'Look through that window down there, the one that alone is still bright and paints its cross' (both goblins shuddered) 'on the street. Look into that small room; I have chosen the blonde curly-headed one for myself.' -- 'Pooh, a poor wandering student!' the first devil laughed mockingly. -- 'He can become a very learned man, like your Faust!' shrieked the other, unfolding his hellish wings and disappearing into the
night. His companion nodded his head smirkingly and likewise flew off toward Wittenberg. There was a jolt inside me, and I plummeted deep, deep and -- awoke with a loud cry of fear. The sun was shining bright and cheerily in my little room, and I sat up in bed and looked over at Paulus with an almost worried expression. I almost started as I discovered his bed empty, but I had to laugh at myself when the proprietor came and announced, answering my question, that Troop Master Lamprecht Beltzer had fetched him an hour earlier to his quarters on the Katzensprung. After that, I offered my morning prayers, got dressed and went down to the taproom where all evil thoughts from the night soon disappeared as I gazed out onto the street and the merry life of the large, populous city. After I had waited for a while in vain for Paulus, I paid my bill and now went about my affairs and business in good cheer, and, through God's grace, succeeded according to my heart's desire and intention, for Mister Wigand, the pastor, for whom I had a letter, commended me to Mister Sigfrido Sacco, the school rector at that time (I never thought that I would one day take his place!), who provided me hospitium at Lamprecht Knust's, an upright citizen. There I had as much of room and board as I needed, and was employed as a privatus praecceptor with the Werners von Halberstadt, who dined with Mister Ambrosius Emmen. Oh, if only Paulus Halsinger had also fallen into the hands
of such good people! -- To be sure, his uncle, Lamprecht Beltzer was an honest man, even though he was a rough soldier of fortune and a little given to drink, like all wild mercenaries. He did not do Paul much harm and, in fact, if he could, he helped the student and refound nephew. But in his life Paulus was like one lost in a labyrinth where all of the alluring paths lead deeper and deeper into wreck and ruin. He was a handsome, happy fellow, slender and well-proportioned with bright, clear eyes and crumpled hair, the way Master Lucas Kranach۷۵ paints Saint John on his plates. No one was able to deny him anything when he asked, and I had almost fallen for his friendly manner. He had a knack with the zither, plucking it like a foreign minstrel; and he was also an upstanding scholar and knew his Horatius and Virgilius, reciting them by heart. Alas and alack! What has become of all that! Verily, my sons and Magister Aaron Burckhart, the devil does not always go around like a roaring lion, quaerens quem devoret;۷۶ he can also change his sharp, wicked claws into soft, white little paws and can look sweet and can wink his eye۷۷ like the serpent Empusa۷۸ in Africa, who above is a beautiful woman but below is a horrible snake, --

She allows herself no further to be seen,

Except so far she seems a woman to be۷۹ --

thus she lures the young, idle boys and rips them apart and drinks their lifeblood. Alas, what was to become of the
joyful student and upright young man! Even today I am forced to think of his ravaged image with pain.

Like fire kisses straw and smiles at it,
Till all is turned to ashes by it --
so it also smiled and kissed poor Paul Halsinger, the wild fire that turns the heart of man desolate and dreary like a church of God without an altar and organ, like a church in which the iconoclasts have wreaked havoc. ---

Paulus had rented a room on the Venetian Street;80 there he now wreaked havoc, as was his custom. Ah, they soon recognized him, the tavern owners and wild fellows and wandering scholars of Magdeburg, the maidens and the city watchmen! It hung by a hair, whether he would have pulled me with him into the wild life he led had not Mister Luther's word81 and the admonitions of my pious, dead mother and, above all, a tender, beautiful image, a maiden, barely older than a child -- saved me from danger. The fair guardian angel was called Euphemia, Magister Burckhart, and she was the daughter of Mister Pfeil, who, at that time, was a syndic, and she also became my lawful wife many years later, when I, after much traveling, had become deputy rector, Rectore D. Edone, here in this very city of Magdeburg. Ah, I have nothing left of her other than her memory and my dear daughter, Dorothea, in Osterburg, your stepsister, Jonas and Gabriel, may God be with her in her blessed need and fear! My mother was also named Euphemia,
my sister Euphemia and the mother and grandmother of my
first bride and wife, Euphemia, were also named Euphemia --
mire quodam omine! But have I digressed? It truly did
not go as well for poor Paul. He was an orphan since his
earliest years and had hardly known his mother, and no
chaste love had kept its blessed flame alive in his heart.
That he should meet another fate!

As it happened one day, I climbed the steps to his room
and entered his place towards evening. I had not seen him
for weeks and had not heard from him either, which was
remarkable to me since he and his bustling were much talked
about in the city. I found him listening at the window in
the dark, and he did not answer my greeting but rather
pressed his hand to my mouth and thus demanded silence of
me. Then I heard over the street a sound like a harp, and a
woman's voice, such as I had never heard, singing a strange
tune in a foreign language. I tiptoed also over to the
window and peeked into the dark street, in the event I could
see anything of the singer. Then I saw across in a tall
house, which no longer stands today, a brightly lit window
covered with a red cloth, in a projecting oriel on the
middle floor. A shadow fell across it, and Paul Halsinger
had fixed his eye upon it like a high priest on the Holy of
Holies. As long as the song lasted, he remained motionless,
clasping the crossbar of the window, as if the evil spirit,
which I earlier saw in the dream, had taken possession of
him. When the song ended, he sighed deeply, sat down on a stool and covered his face with both hands.

'Paul, Paul!' I cried. 'What is it? What is the matter with you?' He did not answer but only let his hand glide softly over his zither which lay near him and, as if in a dream, grasped single notes from the melody which the woman's voice had sung. Suddenly the curtain across the way moved and was pushed to the side, and a figure leaned out of the open window and looked down into the street. Then Paul was on his feet again, trembling all over, and reached out his hands to the being until the curtain fell again and the figure disappeared. Finally the light opposite also went out, and then my friend came to answering my questions about the affair. He related that the Italic goldsmith, Malco Guarnieri, lived over there with his daughter, Felicia, and that this Felicia would have to become his love, if he were not to be miserably ruined and die. I was severely shocked, for I, too, had already heard a number of things about the artistic Master Malco and of his beautiful daughter, and there were bad rumors in the city, and a number of people gossiped about the goldsmith, whom the more astute ones looked upon as a Catholic and an Italian and whom the masses saw as a Catholic, a magician, and an alchemist. I begged and I beseeched Paul Halsinger; I reminded him of God's Word and of his Lutheran beliefs; but he did not want to hear me and only murmured Felicia's name, and he was so completely
changed that I left him sorrowfully and fearfully -- for I loved him -- and I returned in deep distress to my small attic room in Mister Lamprecht Knust's house. And I could not sleep the entire night because of evil thoughts and dreams.

As it happened, I did not get to see Paul again for many days, until once there was a solemn procession of workers in the city. Namely, the smiths had started an upheaval. The journeymen had laid down their tools, and the city was full of commotion and turmoil. Then, upon instigation of the Council, the other guilds, in arms and armor and with pennants and pipers after their custom and habit, marched to bring the group under control.

Then I saw Paul again. As a careless and light-footed lad, I had gone out to see the tumult, and I was clinging to the pedestal of the equestrian statue of Kaiser Otto in the marketplace. Then a great wave of people washed the scholar up. I almost did not recognize him anymore! He was pale and emaciated, and his curly hair hung disheveled on his brow, his lips were pressed together, and I had to think of the word in Revelation -- 'they gnawed their tongues for pain'. -- He did not see me; but I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him up to my quiet vantage point. I wanted to question him there, but he did not respond, looking only with a blank expression into the turmoil like one totally unaware of himself. Suddenly, though, his eyes
became dilated and fixed, and his hand grasped mine so that I almost shrieked because of the pressure. 'There, there!' he groaned and pointed into the crowd at our feet. 'Felicia!' -- Like lightning, he was down from our position. In the raging crowd I recognized Master Malco, on whose arm a veiled woman was fearfully clinging; for the rough group had latched on to the strangers, and they were in considerable danger. Like one possessed, Paul Halsinger had sprung down to ward off the crowd, and I also rushed to help him; it would have gone very badly for us had God not ordained that, at this time, Uncle Beltzer arrived with his company; he shoved Master Malco and the lovely Felicia between the rows of mercenaries, and fortunately, we were able to come out of the pandemonium and danger into the Broad Way, where Paul's uncle released us as he and his maniple marched away toward the Sudenburg Gate, while we strode up the street, hurrying towards Venetian Street. Master Guarnieri almost did not know how he could express his thanks to us, and the beautiful Felicia had pulled her veil back a little and smiled at us so blissfully that I finally began to understand Paul. So we arrived at Master Malco's house, and he insisted that we should accompany him inside. I hesitated a bit, but Felicia's expression put an end to all tarrying, and so we climbed the dark, steep steps together. From the outside, the house looked almost unsightly and dilapidated, and the railing of the steps was
damp and dirty, but how I was astonished when, upon reaching
the top of the stairs, an old woman opened the door of the
living room for us! I looked into such surprising splendor!
A marvelous room opened up before us; red and
gold-embroidered wallpaper hung on the walls, a glowing
light sparkled through stained glass windowpanes, and in a
silver ring over an exquisitely set table swung an
unfamiliar bird with glittering feathers, which greeted us
with a shriek. The beautiful Felicia had slipped away from
us, and the Master spoke in his broken German, inviting us
to take a seat: 'My daughter will surely return shortly but
must first adorn herself, as is the old womanly custom, you
surely know, as educated German scholars, dum comuntur,
dum moliuntur, ...and so forth, my fellows! Aye, how can
I thank you for your help in our need. How happy I will be,
when I can leave this evil city. But here is my daughter.'

A curtain rose -- I almost had to cover my eyes with my
hands, so dazzling was the figure which entered in a purple
velvet dress, her neck and milk-white arms flashing in
jewelry of exquisite stones, her hair, black as the night,
falling on her shoulders. -- I observed Paul out of the
corner of my eye as we arose. He was as still as a wax
statue, his eyes locked on the beautiful maiden; he still
had not spoken a word.
Smiling, Felicia walked over to us and addressed us in a quite friendly manner, and I was certainly amazed at myself that I could respond to her so well, for whenever I was around women, I wanted to die of bashfulness. She cannot be an evil character, I thought to myself and was more and more surprised about Paul, who uttered no sound and who, sitting across from his love, was usually not at all quiet around the lasses.

'If it would please you to take with us some refreshment, which I have already had set up,' Felicia said, and Master Malco preceded us into another room and led us to a splendid little table where we were seated: the maiden opposite Paul Halsinger. The goldsmith filled a golden goblet with sparkling wine, passed it to his daughter and said: 'Proffer it to the bashful scholar who just now so chivalrously fought and spoke for us and now acts as if he were in a collegium, copying conciones of Mister Melanchthon or Mister Eber.'

Then Felicia touched the rim of the goblet with her cherry-red lips and passed it, bowing, to Paul, who took it tremblingly and put it to his lips. In the meantime the master had also toasted me. A wild, unfamiliar fire flowed through my veins, and it settled before my eyes like a red haze, through which Felicia's eyes twinkled like stars.

'Aye, my fine master,' cried the Italic goldsmith, 'wine from Cyprus! To your health, and allow me to pour!'
So! ... Before you drink more, have a look at the goblet; it is the work of the magnificent artist, Benvenuto Cellini, who ignited the falcon on the Castle of St. Angelo, which toppled the Connestable from the scaling ladder into the moat of the eternal city of Rome! -- Naked pagan gods and maidens, goat-footed monsters, and wild panthers cavorted around the goblet, and it seemed to me almost that these pagan creatures had come to life. The people danced and swung sticks, the goat-legged monster with wineskins leaped about on his shoulders, the panthers stretched, and everything wound and snaked in a confused fashion that I almost dropped the vessel, had Master Malco's laugh not awakened me. This laughter was meant rather for the daughter, who was trying in vain to engage the paralyzed Paul in conversation, and the Master shook his finger playfully and said: 'If your betrothed, Lucio, in our beautiful hometown of Florence, only knew! Now, now, my daughter!' -- Then Felicia turned red as a white rose when the sun rises, and smiled quite modestly and happily, and this smile brought to my mind a forest brook, springing forth gayly from the dark green into a bright, flowering meadow.

Alas and alack, what has become of God's marvelous creation! ... At the words of the old master, Paul's head sank deeply onto his chest and his hand which held his drinking glass shook like a leaf in a whirlwind: She loved
another man and thought about him and cherished his memory in her heart! —

Meanwhile, the hour glass on the next table emptied, and the prayer and Turkish bells rang out from the towers; I had to depart then as I was expected at home. So I took my leave of the Master and the beautiful Felicia, who graciously invited me to visit again, and I left Paul with them. I left very confident, for the fair image of the Italic maiden had wondrously convinced me that nothing evil could come from her. Alas and alack! It descended according to the providence of God like a clap of thunder, and I do not know who of the three unfortunate ones bore the guilt for which all three would have to atone!

Well, it turned to summer; the days and weeks here passed quietly and smoothly; for I was working hard because I wanted, in the coming year of 1560 with God's help, also to go to Wittenberg, to the place where the holy light of the new, pure faith had dawned and through the grace of the Almighty still shines brightly. The red morning sun often met me over my books, and the cock's crow accompanied me to bed often enough that I became quite pale and thin from so much studying. Unfortunately, though, Paul Halsinger became even much paler than I, and Uncle Biltzer complained to me that the evil spirit, which had poisoned Paul's father, must have magically cast Paul also into ruin, and he swore a horrible oath that he would carry three pieces of timber
with his own hand to the next stake which the City Council
would light for the burning of a witch. Ah, he still did
not know that the evil magic which was ruining Paul lay in
the dark eyes of the beautiful Felicia in the Venetian
Street! He was to learn it, though! --

Paul himself avoided me almost, although he was
everywhere and wandered about restlessly in the streets,
talking to himself like one lost. The young ladies in the
windows sadly shook their heads, and those who encountered
him stood still and looked in astonishment after the poor
man and inquired among themselves as to the name and nature
of the ravaged character. Then they said: 'It is the sad
student from Wittenberg!', and the people bewailed and
bemoaned the bewitched Paul Halsinger." -- --

Sighing, the old Headmaster Rollenhagen stopped here
and sank for a while into a deep, sorrowful brooding, and
his companions silently walked along near him, heads sunk to
their breasts. But suddenly, the story-teller looked up and
continued:

"It was the twenty-fifth of July, 1559 -- the day
remains written in bloody letters in my heart -- when fate
struck! Towards evening, at the time when day and night
mix, I had lit my lamp, opened the Word of God as usual and
bowed my head, searching and pondering the words of the
saints of the Lord. Then I heard a step on the stairs; the
door was flung open -- I turned around -- Paul was standing
before me.

Holy God, how I was frightened! How he looked! Only
in his eyes could one see that there was still life in this
picture of death; they flashed like St. Elmo's fire, but
they had also sunken in and almost disappeared in their
sockets. 'Paul! Paul!' -- He didn't answer my questions or
my entreaties; he sank down on the chair from which I had
just jumped up, laid his head on his arms and cried
bitterly. I stood there with folded hands, and a shudder
passed through my heart, such that I had never felt before.
It was a beautiful night outside; the moon was shining ever
so softly, God's stars twinkled gently and merrily, the
rosebush in the pot in front of my window gave forth its
sweetest fragrances: I almost could not connect this
wretchedness and misery in front of me with the beautiful
night outside. 'Paul, Paul!' -- In vain I tried to comfort
my poor friend; he sobbed softly to himself. Then he
finally lifted up his face and stared as if in a dream at
the Holy Bible, which lay opened before him. Then a tremble
passed over him; he read aloud in a soft voice: 'Set me as
a seal upon thine heart, and as a seal upon thine arm; for
love is strong as death, and jealousy is cruel as the grave.
Its coals are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement
flame!'98 ... He leapt up wildly and spoke such horrible,
arrogant words that I flew into a zealous rage and snatched
the Holy Book from the hands of the madman, for he profaned it with his earthly thoughts. But he laughed like a lunatic and mixed everything together, and the only thing that was clear in his confused words was the heartbreaking cry: 'Felicia! Felicia!' -- Suddenly, however, the frenzy came to an end; it was as if the evil spirit, which possessed Paul, let him have a moment's rest only to be able to grip him more firmly and more horribly; -- I was able to find out what had happened. So I learned that my unfortunate friend had succeeded in drawing closer to the fair Felicia and had confessed his desire to the beautiful woman. But the Italic maiden had shaken her head of curls and smiled and voiced the name Lucio; and as the confused man writhed in desperation at her feet, she had pushed him angrily away, and the old master, arriving there, had, in a wild rage, driven the ill-fated student from the house. Paul was telling me that as the evil spirit in him moved again; breaking off, he screamed: 'She's waiting! She's waiting! I'm coming, I'm coming!' He tore himself loose from my arms and rushed away like a maniac: 'Felicia! Felicia!' I heard him cry wildly down in the street. . .It was almost like a dream to me! I grabbed my cap and hurried after the sick man; but when I got downstairs, he had already disappeared, and I stood there in awful fear and pondered what to do now. Not the slightest breeze stirred; how could the Evil One have such power, despite the magnificence and peacefulness
of the creation of God, to drive people to ruin? The people in the doorways looked at me strangely enough, for they knew that I was a friend of the madman who had just dashed by them. They whispered among themselves, and the name Felicia was passed from mouth to mouth, for already the rumor had spread in the city that the beautiful foreigner was to blame for Paul's bewitchment. Even the children who had played in the moonlight stopped their pastime and came to stare at me. What could I do? What could I do? In my fear it occurred to me at least to find Uncle Beltzer, to inform him of the lost condition of his relative, and swift of foot I ran to the Pelican, where the warrior was accustomed to being at this time. When I arrived at the tavern, I found there a crowd of people gathered and wild crying and commotion. I heard Paul's uncle violently raging inside the establishment; and with some trouble, I broke through the crowd and reached the little taproom, which was filled with mercenaries, tradesmen, women, and idle townsfolk. The proprietor, Master Martin, had taken refuge behind the bar, and Master of the Watch Lamprecht Beltzer struggled between the hands of some drinking mates and fellow warriors who held him, so that he could do no damage; for he was pretty drunk again. The whole house was full of shouting and shrieking; and in front of the door in the moonlight, the angry street people raged with all their might.
'Paul, Paul, my Paul!' cried the Master of the Watch, 'I will turn the sorcerer and the witch inside out like two gloves -- oh, my sister's son, my brave young student! Mille millions lutins! as the foreign dogs say -- restore my Paul to me!' --

'May God protect us, Troop Master, where have you been so early?' shouted the proprietor. 'To the Little Rose, or to the Swan, or to the Green Wreath -- God damn the signs! Forgive me my sin!' --

'I have not been anywhere!' cried the uncle, in the greatest rage. 'I want to have the sorcerer in the Venetian Street and the devil's witch, his daughter, burned. You tell, Master Hennig Klockreep, I am losing my breath!' he bellowed to a fat gunsmith of the city, his drinking companion, who stood near him. But the gunsmith only uttered an incomprehensible grumping and appeared to be sunken too deeply in the contemplation of his massive beerstein, which he held in his hand, so that he was unable to comply with his comrade's wish.

'Master Hennig Klockreep!' Paul's uncle yelled at the artillery master, 'Master Hennig Klockreep, most-experienced master gunsmith of this good city, have I not kept watch with you on the High Gate from eleven to three?' -- 'That is so, Lamprecht Beltzer, by Jove!' -- 'Have I not drunk you under the table from three until four?' -- The master gunsmith nodded and looked into his mug
again. -- 'Now then, good friend Klockreep, have you not snored from four until eight and have you not won four city guldens from me as a sign of your perfect presence of mind?'

-- 'True as the Bible, good friend Lamprecht, and Tileke Kron, Lütke Hornscheit, and the entire company of watchmen can attest to it,' said the master gunsmith, the memory of his win cheering him a little. -- 'And then what?' cried Paul's uncle again. -- 'And then -- then the scholar -- your relative, ran into us at the churchyard of St. Catherine's, and you -- you wanted to take him along, and, and -- he took me for the -- hahaha -- took me for the pretty she-devil from the Venetian Street -- and you, good friend -- by Jove, hahaha -- for the old sorcerer, the Italic goldsmith.' --

'Paul has been poisoned, as his father was poisoned!' cried the Master of the Watch, 'and the foreign woman has put a spell on him! Paul, Paul, my little son! I am losing my senses! Forward! Whoever holds dear his Christian Lutheran beliefs will follow me to the witch's lair to smoke out the devil's offspring! Let go of me, good friend Snorer, or else! -- Down with the spears! Bum bum bidibum, the drumbeat of the God-fearing soldiers!'" Forward comrades! Long live Lord Georg von Frundsberg! Show the Italic scoundrels!'

A wild shout in the street answered the drunk, enraged man; the crowd outside was already lighting torches; I saw
well-known citizens from the Goldschmiedebrücke,\textsuperscript{103} who envied the foreign master, maliciously and insidiously fan the flames of the riot. In vain I tried to restrain wild Uncle Lamprecht, in vain I tried to reason with him; he no longer heard anything, he saw nothing; like one possessed he plunged out of the house among the people, who greeted him with a wild cheer and murderous shout. I also sprang away in terrible fear, the horrible threats of the chaotic crowd made my blood freeze in its veins! I hurried through the streets; I found myself at the Guarnieris' house; I pulled the bell; the old maidservant opened the door; I rushed up the stairs -- out of breath, I leaned dizzily on the post of the half-opened door of that room in which Master Malco had first led us on that day when we had accompanied him home. A lamp burned on the table, and father and daughter sat next to one another, the master in a high armchair, Felicia on a stool at his side. It was such a quiet, beautiful, peaceful picture -- everything was swimming before my eyes, my ears were ringing; I wanted to scream and was unable to utter a sound. Then I heard a sweet voice, which was speaking or reading; I closed my eyes and listened. At first I only heard the sweet sound of the words, but then thoughts formed. Felicia was reading thus:

'And so I pluck a rose and a laurel and lay from each a petal in this letter to you and whisper your praise, sweet bride, in the murmuring of the Arno.'\textsuperscript{104} I pray for you,
Felicia! May my prayer, with the song of Mary of the poor boatman under my window, rise to the throne of the god of beauty. How magnificent the night is! The head of my statue of Venus Urania is twinkling silver-white in the moonlight, and your sweet features, Felicia, Felicia, are before me, as I have given them to the marble. A glowworm has come through the open window and is slowly, sparkingly climbing up the robe of my goddess; -- oh Felicia! Felicia! I have laid the golden wreath, which my companions brought me, at the foot of your statue, my bride -- oh come and take it up! Come back, come back, Felicia. . . .'

A muffled, distant rumbling pulled me up. I rushed into the room; the maiden dropped the paper; the venerable master stepped up to me. 'Escape! Escape!' I cried. 'They are coming! Save yourself, save your child!'

'By the gods, what do you want, Messire?' shouted the old man.

'What danger threatens us?' Felicia asked, trembling.

'Listen, listen, the people! They say you are a sorceress --'

The beautiful Felicia took a step back, and the master drew his dagger halfway from its sheath.

'They say you have bewitched the student, my friend. Save yourselves! Save yourselves!'

Felicia had stood up straight and looked me squarely in the face. 'Bewitched your friend?'
'The student over there, Paulus Halsinger. They are coming, they are coming! In the name of God, save yourselves!'

A contemptuous smile passed over the beautiful maiden's face; the old master, however, seized my arm with the force of iron: 'I will stab you to death, if you utter my daughter's name one more time together with that of that wretched man!' he cried. I freed myself from his grip -- the roar of the raging crowd was already sounding closer.

'And these barbarians threaten us?!' Felicia cried quivering, clinging to her father.

'Me and my blameless child?' cried the old man.

'You! You! Alas, do you hear them?'

'Father! Father! O Lucio!' wailed the maiden.

'Let us leave the house!' shouted the master, drawing his dagger; 'there is still time!'

A red glow flashed into the moonlight of the street. Too late! Too late! The incendiary crowd filled the street like a deluge.

'It is a dream, an evil dream!' wailed the goldsmith, raising his hands in the air, while Felicia got down onto her knees and prayed softly, murmuring the name Lucio and the name of her father.

A stone shattered a window and rolled over the carpet of the room; the next moment I expected the murderous crowd in the house; I heard them already at the door. Then -- all
of a sudden a silence fell -- I heard a heart-rending cry:
Felicia Felicia! I sprang to the window and looked down at
the wild sea of heads below. Near the door of the house I
saw two men wrestling with each other; I saw the one fall to
the ground; the shouts of rage broke out again, blows
crashed against the door -- it broke; the crowd of rioters
flooded the house! ... No! No! Only one had penetrated. I
heard the door shut again, the bolt rattle tight; I heard a
racket in the house, as if a heavy object were thrown
against it; then steps came up the stairs, while axes, iron
levers, and stones beat and flew against the door anew --
Paul! Paul! Paul Halsinger! ..... He was standing before
us! ..... And death was written on his forehead! His jacket
was torn, blood trickled from his tangled hair from a wound
he had received just as he made his way through the raging
crowd that had come for his sake. Like a madman, he had
repelled the rising flood, cleared the door of the house,
locked and bolted it and thrown a cupboard against it for
protection. He carried his uncle's sword, which he had
snatched from him, in his hand; -- Master Malco stepped
between him and his daughter. --

'Felicia!' cried the ill-fated scholar. --
'I do not know you! Away from me, murderer!' cried the
Italic maiden. 'Lucio, Lucio! Save! Save! ...'

Her voice was lost in the roaring in the street, which
was becoming more and more violent. I heard Paul's uncle:
'Drive the brood of witches onto the spits! Save my Paul!' The lamp on the table was shattered by a stone; the moonlight and the torches below alone still illuminated the room.

'What has my poor child done to you, Satan!' shouted the Italic master, taking his daughter into his arm. 'Ruination and a curse upon you! Ruin and death upon this city! Oh my child, my child! ...'

Paul had thrown himself to the floor, his forehead touching the ground -- he spoke confused, crazy words -- he stood up again; hell seemed to glow from his eyes.

'Be mine! Be mine!' he screamed. 'They shall not harm you! I swear it by the Holy Virgin! I swear it by you yourself, you blessed, holy one!'

'Paul,' I shouted, horrified, 'think of Luther, do not give up your Protestant faith for earthly lust and love!'

He was back on his feet -- he struck me in the chest so hard that I tumbled backward. 'Traitor!' he screamed, -- 'what have I to do with you? Felicia, hear me!...'

Master Malco pushed him back as he was lunging forward: 'Away, you miserable man -- go ahead and call your henchmen up here. Oh, my poor, poor child, must our lives and happiness come to such an end?...'

'Quiet, quiet, Father!' sobbed the maiden, 'let them come, those who rage; but do not let me fall into their hands! Kill me, kill me, my Father -- my mother waves from
Heaven -- kill me -- oh Lucio! Lucio!' She wrung her hands in dreadful fear. -- 'Kill me! Kill me!'

'They shall not come close to you! Am I not here!' Paul cried out again. 'Do not curse me! I did not call them -- I have nothing to do with them.' --

Then, then! The door of the house collapsed, the house shook from the cry of the intruders -- the stairs creaked under their feet -- Uncle Lamprecht with his following of townsfolk, soldiers, journeymen, and enraged women pressed into the room.

Like a madman, Paul Halsinger fell upon them, his sword swinging high.

'Back! In the name of Hell, back!' he screamed; Felicia lay unconscious in her father's arms.

'There she is!' bellowed Uncle Lamprecht. 'There is the sorcerer! Out the window with him, onto the spits! Come here to me, Paul, my little son!'

He wanted to take hold of the scholar, but the young man, beside himself with the frenzy of love, fear and desperation, pushed the hilt of his sword in his face so that he, covered with blood, fell unconscious to the floor.

'A curse upon you!' shouted the student. 'The first one who comes closer goes to Hell --'

'Seize him! Seize him!' screamed the enraged crowd, and they plunged forward.

'-- Goes to Hell, to the Devil's servant, Luther! --'
'He blasphemes the man of God,' roared the crowd.

'Seize him! Get the witch! Into the fire! Into the fire!'

'Felicia! Felicia!' shouted Paul Halsinger. I saw his sword flash through the air; a soldier who was jumping forward fell to the ground, pierced through. I felt a stabbing pain on my head, it grew dark before my eyes -- I still heard a woman's despairing cry -- then I lost consciousness!" ................. ................. .................

The old rector, Georg Rollenhagen, had removed his cap, folded his hands on it and prayed softly as he walked on. His companions walked near him, moved.

"And then? And then?" Magister Aaron Burckhart asked with a trembling voice, when he saw that the old gentleman had regained his composure.

"-- As I awakened from my daze," the venerable headmaster continued, "the moon was directly over me in the black celestial vault, and it was the first thing that came into sight and mind of the earthly life and wretchedness. For a long time I remained lying as I lay, without knowing what had happened to me, without knowing where I was. A confused, muffled roar prevailed in the city; and in the distance I heard the short, quick strokes of an alarm bell; but around me it was still, and only now and then did I hear a hurrying step in the streets. I had folded my hands on my chest but was unable to move a limb, yet I felt that my head
was bandaged with a cloth. So I lay then on my back and
looked up at the quiet full moon, and I had a feeling as if
I would have to remain forever in this dizziness and
oblivion, if I did not want to perish in misery and fright.
So I thought of my parental home in the distant Mark, in
Bernau, of my mother, Euphemia, of my father, of my brothers
and sisters -- then I heard voices near me, and a shadow
fell over me. 'Here, here!' someone said; I started and
closed my eyes so as not to see. -- 'He is still
unconscious; give me that balsam flask again, Euphemia!' said the same voice. -- 'Euphemia?!' I trembled at this
name and wanted to sit up. 'He lives, he lives! Praised be
God!' rang out another sweet voice. A soft, warm hand took
mine. 'It will be best if we remove him now, Mister
Pfeil,' said a third person. -- 'Yes, indeed, my good
sir -- here comes the litter -- what a night! What a
night!' 'The glow of the fire in the sky cannot be seen any
more; why is the tower guard of my Ulrich's Church still
sounding the alarm?' -- 'Let him be, Mister Wigand, let us
first get our student to my house! Here, people --
Euphemia, support his head! That is the way.' --

I was lifted onto the litter; the bearers started
moving, and the procession went through the streets. I was
as if in a strange dream. Often we found ourselves alone in
a deserted street; often our progress was hindered by a wild
crowd. Then I saw weapons flash around me; I heard drums
and a savage cry -- what was that? what was that --
Sometimes I picked up single words: 'The student -- dead --
the Italic goldsmith -- the house is still burning --
everything is ashes.' --

I lost consciousness again and this time for a long, long time; for as I again awakened to light, the trees had shed and snow lay on the roofs. In the house of the syndic, Mister Pfeil, stood my bed of pain, and the sweet face of his daughter, Euphemia, was the first thing that I recognized after the long, dark night of oblivion. Into thy counsel, Lord God, we commend the salvation of our souls -- what I heard when I was able to think again! Alas and alack, how the Evil One had wreaked havoc and me alone had he not been able to harm! What Mister Pfeil and the venerable Mister Wigand from St. Ulrich had to tell me! Everyone dead! dead! dead! The beautiful Felicia, the venerable Master Malco Guarnieri! The ill-fated Paul Halsinger dead! Uncle Lamprecht dead! I alone, through God's miraculous protection, saved from the flames of the house on Venetian Street. I writhed like a worm on my bed, at the foot of which Euphemia was weeping.

A compassionate citizen who knew me had pulled me unconscious from the turmoil and blood and had dragged me down onto the street, and, with the help of other good Samaritans, had laid me down in Catherine's churchyard. There Mister Pfeil, who had saved his daughter from the
house of a relative in Venetian Street, had found me, and Pastor Wigand had helped him move me. Alas and alack, Felicia! Alas Paul! ... Leave me; I can speak no further -- on the day of the Last Judgment, people will have such pounding of the heart as I with this memory! ...

... Go on! Go on, you children, sing on...

"It closes in, the darkest night.
Protect us, God, with all thy might!
Allow thy little stars to shine,
Send thy holy angels to guide!
Lead us safely along our way,
Let us not from the narrow path stray!
Let thy moon shine,
Send us thy light!
Forsake us ne'er! Forsake us ne'er!
Protect us, God, with all thy might,
Lead us to thy realm from darkest night!..."

rang out around the four deeply moved hikers. Without them having noticed it, they had caught up with the valiant company of pupils, and deeply moved they united their voices with the solemn evening song of the children of the Reformation. Soon the gate of the good, old city of Magdeburg was reached, the distinguished school ended its song and strode decorously and with dignified strides over
the drawbridge, by the bearded townsmen keeping watch, who, with kind and smiling glances, let the valiant troop of boys with their green branches and bunches of flowers pass and respectfully greeted the headmaster and his older companions. The twilight just turned to night as the school marched up Johannisberg towards the market. At the statue of the great Kaiser Otto, the abbas laetitiae and Rector Georg Rollenhagen dismissed his joyful crowd, and the boys scattered cheering in all directions. On the Spiegelbrücke the Magister took his leave to go to his quarters at Ulrich's Church, and Mister Jonas had time to peek furtively towards an open window and to point to a forest rosebud in the buttonhole of his jacket -- a sign which meant to say: "Tonight, Miss Agathe! Open your fine little ears! Don't slumber too soundly, Miss Agathe!" -- At dark the rector, together with his sons, reached his dwelling.

"A letter! A letter from Osterburg, Rector Rollenhagen!" cried Martin, the heater of the oven of the distinguished school at Magdeburg, assistant of the headmaster, factotum of the gracious headmaster's wife, Magdalena Rollenhagen.

"A letter! A letter from Osterburg!" cried Sabina, the maid, running up with a lamp.

"A letter from Osterburg!" cried the old scholar, breaking the seal with trembling hands and glancing over the
powerful, unsteady strokes, in which one could see the heart-felt jubilation of the writer. "Gabriel! Jonas!...Grandfather!...a fat, healthy fellow...screams powerfully...Praise be to God, the Lord! -- - Tomorrow Master Andreas Geln, the printer, shall have my manuscript!..."
NOTES TO TRANSLATION

The German words listed herein are taken from the following edition: Karl Hoppe and Hans Oppermann, eds., Wilhelm Raabe, Sämtliche Werke (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, 1970) 243-277, 555-565. References to Oppermann are from his notes (pp. 555-565), same edition.

Magdeburg landmarks refer to a map in: Meyers konversations-Lexikon vol. 11 (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut, 1896) 716.

1. Der Arme Heinrich, 149-150, 153-156. Translation from Clark 129-130. Der arme Heinrich is a didactic-religious poem, written by Hartmann von Aue, a 13th century poet. It is "the story of the miraculous healing of a leper" (Bostock 6).

2. German spelling of most proper names retained for sake of consistency and flavoring.

3. Georg Rollenhagen—born April 22, 1542 in Bernau and died May 20, 1609 in Magdeburg. Raabe used for background material the eulogy given by Aaron Burckhart at the time of Rollenhagen's death (Oppermann).

4. Magdeburg—An important trading center and crossing on the Elbe River since the ninth century, Magdeburg lies about 80 miles west-southwest of Berlin. The city converted to Protestantism in 1524. During the Thirty Years' War, Magdeburg was burned to the ground, killing over 30,000 inhabitants.

5. ehelichen—archaic for heiraten, to marry.

6. Changed from Christophorum in text, which in the German reflects Latin case declension.

7. Andreas Geln—publisher of the first edition of Rollenhagen's Froeschmeuseler manuscript in 1595 (Oppermann).

8. Froeschmeuseler—Georg Rollenhagen's satirical didactic poem modeled on Homer's The Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

10. *Benedicamus*--A Middle English word from Latin. It is "a short prayer in the liturgy which begins with this word" (Kurath and Kuhn 728). Used in the *Froschmeuseler* text as a word play with *Benedictitag*, St. Benedict's Day.

11. Jonas Rollenhagen--"Raabe makes the third son from Rollenhagen's second marriage older than he was in reality. Since his older brother, Gabriel, was born on March 22, 1583, he can have been in 1595 at most 11 years old." (Oppermann--translation mine.)

12. *Eia, reime*--Literally, "Ah, make your rhymes!" Translated as such to retain some sense of the assonance found in the German (*Eia, reime...einsam*).


14. Elbe River--The Elbe originates in northwestern Czechoslovakia and flows nearly 700 miles through Magdeburg and Hamburg to the North Sea.

15. *Baumheckel* = Specht; *Baumkletterlein* = Baumläufer (Oppermann).


17. *Schwäderlein* = Girlitz; *Greinerlein* = Pieper (Oppermann).

18. *Bundschuh und Bürgerschuh*--the *Bundschuh* was an association of rebellious peasants starting around 1500.


20. *was da wächst, kreucht und fleucht*--Allusion to *Schiller's Wilhelm Tell* 1476 (III 1) (Oppermann). This could also be seen as a Biblical allusion to Genesis 1:26: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and
over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth" (King James Version). I believe that Raabe is referring here to the Thirty Years' War as humanity's war against all of God's creation.

21. **morituri te salutant**--Latin: We who are about to die salute you. This was the gladiators' greeting before the start of the Roman games.

22. **Quintaner**--a fifth form pupil in the German secondary school system, about 10 years old, roughly approximating the American fifth grade.

23. **Quartaner**--a fourth form pupil in the German secondary school system, about 11 years old, roughly approximating the American sixth grade.

24. **Tertianer**--a third form pupil in the German secondary school system, about 12-13 years old, roughly approximating the American seventh and eighth grades.

25. **Sekundaner**--a second form pupil in the German secondary school system, about 14-15 years old, roughly approximating the American ninth and tenth grades.

26. **Primaner**--a first form pupil in the German secondary school system, about 16-17 years old, roughly approximating the American eleventh and twelfth grades.

27. **Schaube**--a 15th and 16th century men's overcoat.


29. **Magister**--Master; lowest academic ranking. Retained throughout text to distinguish it from *Meister*, also translated "master" but used more generally to include skilled workers in all professions.

31. *hastati, principes, and triarier*—Latin: the three ranks of the old Roman Legion (Oppermann).


34. In order to keep the sense of a marching song, maintaining rhyme and rhythm throughout the song took precedence over strict adherence to Raabe's meaning and choice and order of words.

35. Holy Bible—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Matthew 16:26, King James Version.

36. *cohors praetoria*—Latin: bodyguard (Oppermann). The Praetorian Guards guarded the Roman emperor or commander.

37. *caput melancholicum est diaboli balneum*—Latin: A melancholy head is the devil's bath (Oppermann).


39. Müller, Seidelius, and Coelius—historical figures with whom Rollenhagen lived and worked in Mansfeld in 1558. See Goedeke and Tittmann VII.

40. *ein hart Leben*—archaic adjective ending (instead of *ein hartes Leben*). Raabe intersperses this archaic ending throughout the story.

41. *sub serto virgineo*, under the virginal wreath (of Magdeburg)—allusion to the city coat of arms. A girl stands on a castle, a wreath in her raised right hand (Oppermann).

42. under the lions or bears— allusion to the coats of arm of other German cities.

43. *seltsamliche*—archaic for *seltsam*. 
44. **Sudenburger Tor**—translated as Sudenburg Gate, an easily identifiable landmark in southwest Magdeburg. See map in Meyers 716.

45. **Wittenberg**—Approximately 50 miles southwest of Berlin, this city is where Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the church door and also taught at the university here. Wittenberg is known as the "cradle of Protestantism".

46. **Paulus**—Raabe alternates the use of Latin endings on proper names, presumably for effect.

47. **Mister Wigand**—historical figure. See Goedeke and Tittmann VII. Changed from Wigandum in text, which in the German reflects Latin case declension.


49. **Breite Weg**—a main artery running generally north-south through Magdeburg. Many of the events in the story take place on the Broad Way or within a few blocks of it.

50. **Dach und Fach**—the English translation shifts from assonance to alliteration to maintain emphasis on the sound effect of the phrase.

51. **siege of Magdeburg**—began in 1550.

52. **Mark**—Brandenburg Marches: area in northeastern Germany surrounding Berlin.

53. **Wernigerode**—an area approximately 40 miles southwest from Magdeburg.

54. **an der spanischen Seuche**—the Spanish Pip or Schafhusten, dry cough, which was epidemic in Germany in 1580 (Oppermann).

55. **Ohm**—poetic for Oheim.
56. Pauli--Latin genitive.

57. Christoffel--patron saint of travelers.

58. The verse stems from different versions of a handed-down folk song (Oppermann).

59. Biermus--a mush or purée.

60. Wachtmeister--this term originated in the 15th century as Zunftmeister (Master of the Guild), a person responsible for organizing the night watch. It only gradually evolved into a military term. See Paul 770.

61. Pavia Gardens--reference to the victory of Emperor Charles V over Francis I of France, 1525 (Oppermann).


63. Doppelsöldner--Oppermann states that this term refers to a mercenary who receives double pay. However, a footnote in the Froschmeuseler manuscript maintains that it is a mercenary with a Doppelbüchse (a double-barreled weapon). See Goedeke and Tittmann 242.

64. Hohe Pforte--a city gate in northeast Magdeburg.

65. flugs--without delay; hurriedly used to retain sense of alliteration.

66. zwo--incorrect archaism. The correct form would be zween since zwo is feminine (Oppermann).

67. Hälsel--dialectical for Hālschen, little neck.

68. Faust and Gretel--An allusion to Goethe's Faust, in which Faust's sweetheart, Gretchen, is condemned and executed.
69. Katzensprung--street next to the Old Market area in Magdeburg.

70. Sigfrido Sacco--historical figure. See Goedeke and Tittmann VII.

71. hospitium--Latin: hospitality.

72. Da hatt ich mein Losament und Atzung nach Leibesnotdurft--Raabe emphasizes this sentence with archaic words to reflect the fulfillment of only the most basic of needs. Atzung stems from atzen, "to feed", a term reserved in this sense for animals, giving the connotation of eating only to sustain life. Raabe uses Leibesnotdurft to reflect both the abstract and concrete senses of the necessities of the body -- but only enough to keep the body and soul together.

73. privatus praeeceptor--Latin: private teacher.

74. Ambrosius Emmen--historical figure. See Goedeke and Tittmann VIII.

75. Lucas Cranach--Lucas Cranach, 1472-1553, a German painter who, in addition to his plates of St. John, also painted Luther, Melanchthon, and other Reformation notables.

76. guaerens quem devoret--Latin: seeking whom he may devour. Quote from Holy Bible, 1 Peter 5:8 (Oppermann).

77. mit den Augen winken--allusion to Des Knaben Wunderhorn, "Tritt zu," Verse 2 (Oppermann).

78. Empusa--In classical mythology Empusa was a "bogey-woman; one of Hecate's retinue. One of her feet was a donkey's; the other was made of brass. She had the power to change her shape, and liked to make love to her victims, afterwards eating them up." See Grant and Hazel 127.

79. Oppermann refers the reader to Froschmeuseler I:2, 3, 31ff for these verses and the following two.
80. *in der venedischen Strasse*—Oppermann states that the street is the northern part of the Broad Way heading east, originally the Fornerische Strasse (after a citizen named Forner). Its change to venedische Strasse was probably why Raabe used it as the location for the home of the Italian goldsmith and Paul Halsinger.

81. *Herrn Lutheri Wort*—Latin genitive for Luther's word.

82. *miro quodam omine*—Latin: with wonderful foreboding (Oppermann).


84. *spülte...heran*—literally washed the scholar up (to where I was standing).

85. Revelation 16:10, Holy Bible, King James Version.

86. *Manipul*—German: Manipel; from the Latin Manipulus, a handful or bundle. It is a subdivision of a Roman legion.

87. *teutsche*—deutsche

88. *dum comuntur, dum moliuntur*—Latin: while they exert themselves, while they adorn themselves. Quote from Terence's *Heauton timoroumenos* 240, which finishes with the phrase *annus est* (it lasts a year) (Oppermann).

89. *collegium*—Latin: college. Changed from *collegio*, which in the German reflects the Latin case declension.

90. *conciones*—Latin: lectures.

91. Paul Eber—Professor of Theology, Minister, Superintendent at Wittenberg, and friend of Melanchthon (Oppermann).

92. Oppermann states that it cannot be definitely determined that the goblet was one of Cellini's and may well be a result of Raabe's poetic license.
93. Benvenuto Cellini—Italian goldsmith, writer, and swordsman, 1500-1571. He fought at the sack of Rome in May 1527.

94. Falkaune—falcon, a type of cannon.


96. Oppermann states that Raabe mixed two sections from Cellini's autobiography, Goethe's German version I:7. Cellini indeed shot the Duke of Bourbon with a firearm from the walls of the Campo Santo. Later Cellini tells how he saved the Castle of St. Angelo from being stormed, himself firing the cannons.

97. Bet- und Türkenglocke—Pope Callistus III, 1378-1458, ordered through a papal bull in 1456 the daily ringing of the bells to warn of the Turkish threat (Oppermann).

98. Song of Solomon 8:6, Holy Bible, King James Version (Oppermann).


100. Arkeley—archaic for artillery (Oppermann).

101. bei Kugel und Pfropfen—literally: by ball and plug, evidently an oath used for emphasis.

102. Bum bum bidibum, der frumen Landsknechte Trummelschlag—a war song against Charles V, given in Des Knaben Wunderhorn (Oppermann).

103. Goldschmiedebrücke—Literally Goldsmith Bridge, evidently a street or specific location in Magdeburg.

104. Arno—A river in Italy flowing west through Florence and Pisa to the Ligurian Sea.

105. Messire—archaic French for "sir", retained by Raabe for the Italian messère (Oppermann).
106. Herr Syndikus--Mister Pfeil is the syndic and also Euphemia's father.

107. Johannisberg--street leading to the Old Market.

108. abbas laetitiae--Latin: abbot of joy. Allusion to the chairman of a merry society existing in Arras in the 15th and 16th centuries (Oppermann).
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