

1 Introduction

This document contains the annotations produced from following one annotation guideline. As each guideline has been applied three times, the same text is shown three times, possibly with diverging annotations.

How to read the annotations The begin and end of each annotated span is marked with an opening and closing bracket, highlighted in yellow. In addition, each span has a unique number (per document and annotator) that is marked as a super script after the bracket. A footnote with the same number shows the category first and all assigned features or attributes following, separated with a plus sign. For convenience, these markings are shown both on the page with the begin and end of the annotation.

2 Own

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse —————^[0] The story that I have to tell came to my knowledge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild's hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory.^[7] On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century —^[7] thus the narrator began his tale —^[1] I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds,

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as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter. It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours' ride ahead of me, to the south, and in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried. "Just wait till you get out by the sea," he had called after me from the door, "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!" And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort with your friends." But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey's end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my ears, I trotted on. But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure's shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance. Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal's breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me. Wondering about this I rode on. But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike. With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools. The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...] Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to preside. I bowed and asked to be allowed to sit down with them, which request was readily granted. "You are keeping watch here, I suppose," I said, turning to the stately man; "it is dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can do!" [...] I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dike-grave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly

noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased. "The rider of the white horse!" exclaimed one of the company and all the rest started. The dikegrave rose. "You need not be afraid," he said across the table ; "that does not concern us alone. In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!" Now the shudder ran through me that should properly have assailed me out on the dike. "Pardon me," I said, "who and what is this rider of the white horse?" [...] The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding. "Well, then," he said, ^[6] "in the middle of the last century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices than peasants and farmers usually do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowledge for himself from the time he was a little child ^[6] . You have probably heard, sir, that the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. ^[5] Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him and looked up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calculating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said: "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you yourself are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book." The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after all it is half German, was beyond them both. "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?" [...] [...] But wind and sea were not merciful [...] The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves. ^[5] The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table. "That is the story

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of Hauke Haien," my host began again, " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : ^[4] after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; ^{]4} everyone in the village believed he saw it. So much is certain: ^[3] Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood ^{]3} ; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; ^[2] the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts ^{]2} — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an hour out of your way you will have it beneath your horse's hoofs. "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us – that can be done any day." When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window. "It is different out there now," he said, and drew the woolen curtain back; it was bright moonlight. "See," he continued, "there are the commis- sioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over on the other side ; the water has fallen." I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it: "I thank you for this evening," I said; "I think we can sleep in peace!" "That we can," replied the little man; "I wish you a good night's sleep from my heart!" In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room. "It's all over," he said. "But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!" "He seems to be a sensible man." "Oh yes, certainly; but you can't mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the dike is broken!" I shrugged my shoulders: "We will have to take counsel with our pillows about that! Good night, dikegrave!" He laughed. "Good night !" The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town. ^{]1]0} ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon https://ia601409.us.archive.org/13/items/germanclassicsof11franuoft/germanclassicsof11franuoft_djvu.txt

⁴narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence

⁴narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence

³narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence

³narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence

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¹narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence

⁰narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

3 Foreign

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse ———— [30] [34] The story that I have to tell came to my knowledge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild's hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory. [34] [33] On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century [33] — [32] thus the narrator began his tale [32] — [31] I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North [31] [30] [27] [28] Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds, as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter. It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours' ride ahead of me, to the south, and

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³³narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=b

³²narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=a

³²narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=a

³¹narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=b

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in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried. ^[29] "Just wait till you get out by the ^{]29]} ^{]28]} ^{]27]} ^[23] ^[24] ^[26] sea," ^{]26]} he had called after me from the door, ^[25] "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!" ^{]25]} And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort with your friends." But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey's end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my ears, I trotted on. But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure's shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance. Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal's breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me. Wondering about this I rode on. But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from ^{]24]} ^{]23]} ^[21] ^[22] behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike. With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools. The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large

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²⁹narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=a

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²⁷narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

²³narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=b

²⁴narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

²⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=a

²⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=a

²⁵narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=a

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²⁴narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

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²¹narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

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house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...] Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows ; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to ²² ²¹ ¹⁷ ¹⁹ preside. I bowed and asked to be allowed to sit down with them, which request was readily granted. "You are keeping watch here, I suppose," I said, turning to the stately man; "it is dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can do!" [...] I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dike- grave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased. "The rider of the white horse!" exclaimed one of the company and all the rest started. The dikegrave rose. "You need not be afraid," he said across the table ; "that does not concern us alone. ²⁰ In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!" ²⁰ Now the shudder ran through me that should properly have assailed me out on the dike. "Pardon me," I said, "who and what is this rider of the white horse?" [...] The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding. "Well, then," he said, ¹⁸ "in the middle of the last century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices than peasants and farmers usually ¹⁹ ¹⁸ ¹⁷ ¹³ ¹⁴ ¹⁵ do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowl- edge for himself from the time he was a little child. You have probably heard, sir, that ¹⁶ the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. ¹⁶ Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him

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¹⁴narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=b

¹⁵narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence

¹⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=4+sequence=a

¹⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=4+sequence=a

and looked up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calculating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said: "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you yourself are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book." The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole ¹⁵ ¹⁴ ¹³ ⁹ ¹¹ ¹² house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after all it is half German, was beyond them both. "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?" [...] [...] But wind and sea were not merciful [...] The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves. ¹² The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table. "That is the story of Hauke Haien," my host began again, " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : ¹⁰ after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; everyone in the ¹¹ ¹⁰ ⁹ ² ³ ⁸ village believed he saw it. So much is certain: Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an hour out of your way you will have it beneath

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your horse's hoofs. ⁸ ⁷ "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us – that can be done any day." ⁷ When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window. ⁶ "It is different out there now," ⁶ he said, and drew the woollen curtain back; it was bright moonlight. ⁵ "See," ⁵ he continued, ⁴ "there are the commissioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over on the other side ; the water has fallen." ⁴ ³ ² ⁰ ¹ I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it: "I thank you for this evening," I said; "I think we can sleep in peace!" "That we can," replied the little man; "I wish you a good night's sleep from my heart!" In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room. "It's all over," he said. "But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!" "He seems to be a sensible man." "Oh yes, certainly; but you can't mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the dike is broken!" I shrugged my shoulders: "We will have to take counsel with our pillows about that! Good night, dikegrave!" He laughed. "Good night !" The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town. ¹ ⁰ ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon

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⁸narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=b
⁷narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=c
⁷narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=c
⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=c
⁶narrative level+degree_of_embedding=3+sequence=c
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⁰narrative level+degree_of_embedding=1+sequence
¹narrative level+degree_of_embedding=2+sequence=b
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4 Student

Theodor Storm The Rider of the White Horse ———— [0] The story that I have to tell came to my knowledge more than half a century ago in the house of my great-grandmother, the wife of Senator Feddersen, when, sitting close up to her armchair one day, I was busy reading a number of some magazine bound in blue cardboard, either the Leipziger or Pappes Hamburger Lesefruchte, I have forgotten which. I still recall with a tremor how the old lady of more than eighty years would now and then pass her soft hand caressingly over her great-grandchild's hair. She herself, and that day, have long been buried and I have sought in vain for those old pages, so I can just as little vouch for the truth of the facts as defend them if anyone should question them. Only one thing I can affirm, that although no outward circumstance has since revived them in my mind they have never vanished from my memory. [5] On an October afternoon, in the third decade of our century]5 — thus the narrator began his tale — [1] I was riding in very bad weather along a dike in northern Friesland. For more than an hour I had been passing, on the left, a bleak marsh from which all the cattle had already gone, and, on the right, uncomfortably near, the marsh of the North Sea. A traveler along the dike was supposed to be able to see islets and islands; I saw nothing however but the yellow-gray waves that dashed unceasingly against the dike with what seemed like roars of fury, sometimes splashing me and the horse with dirty foam ; in the background eerie twilight in which earth could not be distinguished from sky, for the moon, which had risen and was now in its second quarter, was covered most of the time by driving clouds. It was icy cold. My benumbed hands could scarcely hold the reins and I did not blame the crows and gulls that, cawing and shrieking, allowed themselves to be borne inland by the storm. Night had begun to fall and I could no longer distinguish my horse's hoofs with certainty; not a soul had met me ; I heard nothing but the screaming of the birds, as their long wings almost brushed against me or my faithful mare, and the raging of wind and water. I do not deny that at times I wished myself in some secure shelter. It was the third day of the storm and I had allowed myself to be detained longer than I should have by a particularly dear relative at his farm in one of the northern parishes. But at last I had to leave. Business was calling me in the town which probably still lay a few hours' ride ahead of me, to the south, and in the afternoon I had ridden away in spite of all my cousin and his kind wife could do to persuade me, and in spite of the splendid home-grown Perinette and Grand Richard apples which were yet to be tried. "Just wait till you get out by the sea," he had called after me from the door, "you will turn back then; we will keep your room ready for you!" And really, for a moment, as a dark layer of clouds made it grow black as pitch around me and at the same time a roaring gust threatened to sweep both me and my horse away, the thought did flash through my head: "Don't be a fool! Turn back and sit down in comfort with your friends."

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But then it occurred to me that the way back was longer than the one to my journey's end, and so, drawing the collar of my cloak closer about my ears, I trotted on. But now something was coming along the dike towards me. I heard nothing, but I thought I could distinguish more and more clearly, as a glimmer fell from the young moon, a dark figure, and soon, when it came nearer, I saw that it was riding a long-legged, lean white horse. A dark cloak fluttered about the figure's shoulders and as it flew past two burning eyes looked at me from a pale countenance. Who was it? Why was it here? And now I remembered that I had heard no sound of hoofs nor of the animal's breathing, and yet horse and rider had passed close beside me. Wondering about this I rode on. But I had not much time to wonder; it was already passing me again from behind. It seemed to me as if the flying cloak brushed against me and the apparition shot by as noiselessly as before. Then I saw it farther and farther ahead of me and suddenly it seemed to me as if its shadow was suddenly descending the land-side of the dike. With some hesitation I followed. When I reached the spot where the figure had disappeared I could see close to the dike, below it and on the land-side, the glistening of water in one of those water-holes which the high tides bore in the earth during a storm and which then usually remain as small but deep-bottomed pools. The water was remarkably still, even stiller than the protection of the dike would account for. The rider could not have disturbed it; I saw nothing more of him. But I did see something else that I greeted with joy; below me, on the reclaimed land, a number of scattered lights shone. They seemed to come from the long, narrow Friesian houses that stood singly on mounds of different heights; while close before me, halfway up the inside of the dike, stood a large house of the same sort. All its windows on the south side, to the right of the door, were illuminated; behind them I could see people and even thought I could hear them, in spite of the storm. [...] Entering I saw about a dozen men sitting at a table which ran along under the windows; on it stood a bowl of punch over which a particularly stately man seemed to preside. I bowed and asked to be allowed to sit down with them, which request was readily granted. "You are keeping watch here, I suppose," I said, turning to the stately man; "it is dirty weather outside; the dikes will have all they can do!" [...] I soon learnt that my friendly neighbor was the dikegrave. We got into conversation and I began to tell him my singular experience on the dike. He grew attentive and I suddenly noticed that the conversation all around us had ceased. "The rider of the white horse!" exclaimed one of the company and all the rest started. The dikegrave rose. "You need not be afraid," he said across the table; "that does not concern us alone. In the year '17 too it was meant for those on the other side; we'll hope that they are prepared for anything!" Now the shudder ran through me that should properly have assailed me out on the dike. "Pardon me," I said, "who and what is this rider of the white horse?" [...] The old man looked at me with a smile of understanding. ^[4] "Well, then," ^[4] he said, ^[3] "in the middle of the last century, or rather, to be more exact, before and after the middle, there was a dikegrave here who understood more about dikes, drains and sluices

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than peasants and farmers usually do; yet even so it seems hardly to have been enough, for he had read but little of what learned experts have written about such things, and had only thought out his own knowledge for himself from the time he was a little child. You have probably heard,]³ sir,]² that the Friesians are good at figures and undoubtedly you have heard some talk too about our Hans Mommsen of Fahretoft, who was a peasant and yet could make compasses and chronometers, telescopes and organs. Well, the father of this dikegrave was a bit like that too ; only a bit, to be sure. He had a few fields in the fens where he planted rape and beans, and where a cow grazed. Sometimes in autumn and spring he went out surveying, and in winter when the northwester came and shook his shutters, he sat at home sketching and engraving. His boy generally sat there with him and looked up from his reader or his Bible at his father measuring and calculating, and buried his hand in his blond hair. And one evening he asked his father why that which he had just written had to be just like that and not otherwise, and gave his own opinion about it. But his father, who did not know what answer to give, shook his head and said: "I can't tell you why, it is enough that it is so; and you yourself are mistaken. If you want to know more go up to the attic tomorrow and hunt for a book in the box up there. The man who wrote it was called Euclid ; you can find out from that book." The next day the boy did go up to the attic and soon found the book, for there were not many in the whole house; but his father laughed when the boy laid it down before him on the table. It was a Dutch Euclid, and Dutch, although after all it is half German, was beyond them both. "Yes, yes," he said, "the book was my father's, he understood it. Isn't there a German one there?" [...] [...] But wind and sea were not merciful [...] The moon looked down from above and illumined the scene ; but on the dike beneath there was no longer any life save that of the savage waters which soon had almost completely covered the old koog. But still the mound where stood Hauke Haien's home rose up out of the swelling flood, the light still shone from there ; and from the upland where the houses gradually grew dark, the solitary light from the church steeple threw its wavering beams across the seething waves.]² The narrator ceased; I reached out for the filled glass that had long been standing before me ; but I did not put it to my mouth ; my hand remained lying on the table. "That is the story of Hauke Haien," my host began again, " as I had to tell it according to my best knowledge. Our dikegrave's housekeeper, of course, would have made another tale ; for this too people have to report : after the flood the white skeleton of the horse was to be seen again in the moonlight on Jevershallig as before ; everyone in the village believed he saw it. So much is certain: Hauke Haien with his wife and child went down in that flood; I have not been able to find even their graves up in the churchyard; the dead bodies were undoubtedly carried back through the breach by the receding water out to sea, at the bottom of which they gradually were dissolved into their original component parts — thus they had peace from men. But the Hauke Haien Dike still stands now after a hundred years, and tomorrow if you ride to town and don't mind going half an

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hour out of your way you will have it beneath your horse's hoofs. "The thanks Jewe Manners once promised the builder that the grandchildren should give have not come, as you have seen ; for thus it is, sir : they gave Socrates poison to drink and our Lord Jesus Christ they nailed to the cross ! It is not so easy to do such things as that any longer ; but to make a saint of a man of violence or a malicious bull-necked priest, or to make a ghost or a phantom of night of an able fellow just because he is a whole head above the rest of us – that can be done any day." When the earnest little man had said that he got up and listened at the window. "It is different out there now," he said, and drew the woolen curtain back; it was bright moonlight. "See," he continued, "there are the commis- sioners coming back, but they are separating, they are going home ; there must have been a break over on the other side ; the water has fallen." I looked out beside him; the windows upstairs, where we were, lay above the edge of the dike ; it was as he had said. I took my glass and finished it: "I thank you for this evening," I said; "I think we can sleep in peace!" "That we can," replied the little man; "I wish you a good night's sleep from my heart!" In going down I met the dikegrave below in the hall; he wanted to take home with him a map that he had left in the tap-room. "It's all over," he said. "But our schoolmaster has told you a story of his own, I suppose; he belongs to the rationalists!" "He seems to be a sensible man." "Oh yes, certainly; but you can't mistrust your own eyes after all. And over on the other side, just as I said it would be, the dike is broken!" I shrugged my shoulders: "We will have to take counsel with our pillows about that! Good night, dikegrave!" He laughed. "Good night !" The next morning, in the most golden of sunlights, which had risen on a wide devastation, I rode along the Hauke Haien Dike down to the town. ¹ ⁰ ————— THE GERMAN PUBLICATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK Copyright 1914. Translator: Mubiel Almon https://ia601409.us.archive.org/13/items/germanclassicsof11franuoft/germanclassicsof11franuoft_djvu.txt

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