

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

Ludwig Tieck The white Egbert ————— ^{[⁰} High up in the Hartz Mountains there lived in a castle a knight who was known by the name of the White Egbert. He was about forty years old, rather below the middle height; and he obtained his name from the quantity of short, smooth, white hair which covered his pale haggard cheeks. He lived a peaceable retired life, never involved in feuds with his neighbours; indeed, he was seldom seen beyond the walls of his small castle. His wife loved quiet as much as he; they were passionately attached to each other; and their only cause of sorrow was that Heaven had not blessed their union with children. [...] His most frequent visitor was Philip Walters; a man to whom Egbert had attached himself, because he observed in him, on the whole, a general resemblance to himself in his ways of thinking. [...] There are hours in every man's life in which, if he has a secret from his friend, he becomes suddenly in labour with it, and what before he may have taken the greatest pains to conceal, he now feels an irresistible impulse to throw out of himself—to lay bare the whole burden of his heart, that it may form a new link to bind his friend to him. Friendship ebbs and flows, and is subject to singular influences. There are moments of violent repulsion; there are others when every barrier is dissolved, and spirits flow together and mingle into one. On a dark cloudy evening, one day late in autumn, Egbert was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha round the fire in the castle-hall. [...] Walters complained of the distance he had to go to his house, and Egbert pressed him to stay and spend half the night talking over the fire, and then accept a room in the castle till next morning. Walters agreed to do so [...] When the things were taken away, and the servants had retired, Egbert took Walters' hand, and said, "My dear friend, you must let my wife Bertha tell you the history of her younger days; it is a very strange one, and well worth your hearing." "With the greatest pleasure," said Walters; and they again drew their chairs round the fire-place. It was toward midnight; dark masses of cloud were sweeping across the sky, and the moon looking fitfully out between. "Do not think I am forcing myself on you," Bertha said. "My husband tells me you are so noble-hearted a person, it is a shame

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to conceal any thing from you. Singular as it may sound, the story I am about to tell you is true. ^[2] "I was born in a village in the plains. My father was a poor herdsman. Our housekeeping was none of the best, and my parents often did not know where they were to get a mouthful of bread. What was to me most distressing of all was, that they often quarrelled because they were poor, and each brought the bitterest complaints against the other for being the cause of it. Of me, they and every one else said I was a stupid, silly little creature; [...] I used often to sit in a corner and think how I would help my parents if I was all of a sudden to get rich; how I would shower gold and silver on them, and what fun it would be to see how surprised they would look; and I used to fancy all sorts of spirits sweeping round me, and shewing me treasures buried under ground; or giving me little pebbles, which suddenly turned to precious stones. [...] My father was often very angry with me for being such an idle, useless burden upon him. He sometimes spoke to me very harshly, and it was seldom that I ever got a kind word from him. [...] All that night I lay on my bed crying; I felt so wretched and miserable that I wished to die. [...] When morning began to break, I got up; and hardly knowing what I did, I opened the door of our little cottage. I ran out into the open fields, and presently into a wood close by, which was so thick that daylight could hardly find its way into it. I ran on and on without ever looking behind me. I did not feel the least tired; all I was afraid of was that my father would catch me, and beat me again worse than before for running away. [...] Never had I a more agreeable surprise than at that moment. I went towards the place the sound seemed to come from, and on turning the corner of a wood, I saw an old woman sitting down, apparently resting herself. She was dressed all in black, a black cap covering her head and half her face; in her hand she had a crooked stick. I went up to her, and asked her to help me. She bade me sit down at her side, and gave me some bread and a little wine. While I was eating she chanted a sort of hymn in a harsh, rough voice; and as soon as I had done, she rose and told me to follow her. [...] We soon left the mountains behind us; we walked on over soft grassy meadows, and then along a forest glade; as we came out again into the open country the sun was just setting, and the splendour of that evening, and the feeling it produced in me, I never shall forget. The sky was steeped in gold and crimson; the trees stood with their tops flushed in the evening glow; a gleam of enchanting beauty lay upon the fields; every leaf was hushed and still; and the pure heaven looked down as if the sky-curtain was withdrawn, and Paradise lay open to our eyes; the brook bubbled along the valley; and from time to time, as a soft air swept over the forest, the rustling leaves appeared to gasp for joy. Visions of the world, and all its strange and wondrous incidents, rose up before my chilled soul. I forgot myself and my conductress, and eyes and heart were lost in ecstasy in gazing on those golden clouds. We went up a gentle hill which was planted with chestnut-trees; from the top of which we saw down into a green valley, in the middle of which, surrounded by a clump of chestnuts, lay a little cottage. Presently a burst of merry barking greeted us, and a bright beautiful little dog came bounding and jumping up against the old woman, and frisking round us with every sign of the greatest satisfaction. Then he turned to me, and, after looking me all

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over, seemed tolerably satisfied, and ran back again to his mistress. As we descended the hill, I heard a strange kind of song, which seemed to come from the cottage, and to be sung by a bird: 'In my forest-bower I sing all day, Hour after hour, To eternity. Oh, happy am I In my forest-bower!' [...] In the morning the old woman woke me up, and presently set me to work. I had to spin, and I soon learnt how to do it; and besides this, I had to take care of the dog and the bird. I very quickly got into the way of managing the household matters, and of knowing the uses of the different articles. One can get used to any condition, and I was no exception: I soon ceased to think there was any thing odd about the old woman, that the cottage was remarkably situated, and that one never saw any other human being there, or that the bird was so very extraordinary a creature. [...] There is something very odd about my recollections of the way I went on then. Not a human creature ever came near us; our home family-circle certainly was not an extensive one; and the dog and the bird make the same impression on me now that the recollection of long and well-known old friends produces; yet, often and often as I must have repeated it, do what I will, I cannot call back again the singular name of the little dog. So things went on for some four years or more; and I must have been about twelve years old, when the old woman took me at last deeper into her confidence, and revealed to me a secret. Every day the bird laid an egg; and in each egg was a pearl, or some other precious stone. I had often observed before that she had some mysterious doings with the cage; but I had never troubled myself much about it. Now, however, she gave me a charge while she was absent to take these eggs, and put them by carefully in the odd-looking boxes. [...] I was now fourteen years old; and it is unfortunate for people that generally they only get their understanding to lose their innocence by the light of it. I now came clearly enough to comprehend that it would be easy for me, while the old woman was away, to take the bird and the jewels, and go with them into the world that I had read about; and then very likely I might find my beautiful knight, who still continued in my thoughts. [...] I avoided the road that led to the mountains, and went down the valley the opposite way. The little dog kept whining and barking incessantly, and I felt for him in my heart; the bird made one or two attempts to sing, but it seemed he did not like being carried, and would not go on. For a long time I heard the barking of the dog, getting weaker and fainter, however, as I got further away; at last it ceased altogether. I cried, and had almost turned about and gone back again, but the craving for something new urged me forward. I was soon over the hill, and I walked on through wood and meadow till towards evening, when I found myself near a village. I felt rather frightened at first in going into an inn among strange people; but they shewed me into a chamber with a bed, and I slept there very comfortably, only that I dreamed of the old woman, who seemed to threaten me. My journey had very little variety; but the further I went, the more I was haunted by the recollection of the old woman and the little dog. The poor little thing, I thought, would be sure to die of hunger, without me to help it; and at every turn in the forest I expected to see the figure of the old woman coming to meet me. Sighing and weeping, I travelled on: whenever I stopped to rest myself, and set the cage down upon the ground, the bird would sing his strange song, and then bitter feelings of regret would come upon me for the dear old cottage. So forgetful is our nature, I thought my first journey had not been half so miserable as that, and I craved

to be again once more as I was then. I had parted with some of the jewels, and at last, after a long round of walking, one day I came to a village. I felt a strange emotion on entering it; I was overcome by something, and could not tell why. Very soon, however, I recollected myself, and found I was in the village where I was born. How surprised I was! a thousand reminiscences came pouring back upon me, and the tears ran down my cheeks. It was very much altered. New houses had sprung up; others, which were new when I went away, were crumbling to the ground; I found traces of burning also; and every thing looked much smaller and more confined than I had fancied. I was infinitely delighted, however, at the thought of seeing my father and mother again after so long an absence. I found the little cottage; the well-known doorway; the handle of the door was exactly as it used to be; it seemed like yesterday that I had had it in my hand. My heart beat and throbbed; I opened the door hastily; but all the faces in the room were strange to me; they stared at me as I entered. I asked for old Martin the shepherd; but they told me he and his wife had been dead for three years past. I drew back as quickly as I could, and went crying out of the village. I had been thinking how delightful it would be to surprise them with all my riches; the strangest accident had realised the dreams of my childhood—I could make them happy—and now all was vain. They could not share with me; and what all my life long had been the dearest object of my hope was lost to me for ever. I went to a pleasant-looking town, where I rented a small house with a garden, and took a servant to live with me. I did not find the world quite the wonderful place I expected; but I soon learnt to think less and less of the old woman and the cottage I had lived in with her; and so altogether I lived on pleasantly enough. For a long time the bird had left off singing, so that I was not a little frightened when one night he began again with a different song. 'My forest-bower, Thou'rt far from me; Oh, hour by hour I grieve for thee: Ah, when shall I see My forest-bower?' I could not sleep all night. The whole thing came back again into my thoughts, and I felt more clearly than ever that I had done what I ought not. When I got up, the bird's head was turned towards me; he kept watching me with a strange expression, and seemed to be reproaching me. Now he never stopped singing; and his song came louder and deeper I thought than it had ever been before. The more I looked at him, the more uncomfortable he made me. At last I opened the cage, thrust in my hand and caught him by the neck. I pressed my fingers violently together; he looked imploringly in my face; I let him go; but he was already dead: I buried him in the garden. After this I was haunted by a fear of my servant; my conscience told me what I had done, and I was afraid that some day or other she would be robbing, or perhaps murdering me. Shortly, however, I became acquainted with a young knight, who pleased me exceedingly. I gave him my hand; and here, Herr Walters, is my story ended." ² "Ah, you should have seen her then," Egbert broke in hastily; "her youthful freshness and beauty; and what an indescribable charm she had received from her retired education! She came before me as a kind of miraculous being, and I set no bounds to my affection for her. I was poor myself; indeed I had nothing; but through her love I was placed in the position in which you find me. We withdrew hither, and neither of us has ever, for a single moment, regretted our union." "But see,

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with our talking and chatting," interrupted Bertha, "it is already past midnight; we had better go to bed." She rose to retire to her chamber; as they parted Walters kissed her hand, and wished her good night. "Thanks, noble lady," he said, "for your story. I think I can see you with your strange bird, and feeding the little Strohman." Walters, too, retired to sleep; but Egbert continued restlessly pacing up and down the hall. "What fools we men are!" he said to himself. "Was it not I that prevailed on my wife to tell her story? and now I am sorry it should have been told! Will he not make use of it for some evil purpose? Will he not blab, and let our secret out to others? Is he not very likely (it is just what a man would naturally do) to feel some accursed hankering after one's jewels, and lay some plan or other to get hold of them?" It struck him Walters had not taken leave of him with, as much heartiness as he naturally would have done after being admitted into such a piece of confidence. When once a man has admitted a feeling of suspicion into his breast, every trifle becomes a confirmation of it. Then for a moment he would feel ashamed of so ungenerous a distrust of his noble-hearted friend; and yet he could not fling it off; all night long these feelings kept swaying to and fro through his breast. He slept but little. The next morning Bertha was unwell, and could not appear at breakfast. Walters did not seem much to distress himself about it, and of the knight also he took leave with apparent unconcern. Egbert could not well make it out; he went to his wife's room, she was in a violent fever; she said she supposed telling her story the preceding night must have over-excited her. [...] Bertha's illness too was another subject of distress to him. The physician became alarmed; the colour faded from her cheeks, and her eyes grew of an unnatural brightness. One morning she called her husband to her bedside, and sent the servants out of the room. "My dear husband," she began, seriously, ^[1] "I have something to tell you, which, however unmeaning and trifling it may seem to you, has been the cause of all my illness, and has almost driven me out of my senses. You know that whenever I have spoken of the events of my childhood, in spite of all the trouble I have taken, I have never been able to think of the name of the little dog that was so long with me. The other evening as Walters took leave of me, he said, suddenly, 'I fancy I see you feeding the little Strohman.' Can it be accident that he hit upon the name? or does he know the dog, and said what he did on purpose? In what mysterious way is this man bound up with my destiny? At times I try to persuade myself that it is all fancy; but no, it is certainly true, too true. I cannot tell you how it has terrified me to be so helped out with my recollection by a perfect stranger: what do you say, Egbert?" ^[1] [...] When he reached it, Bertha was already dead: on her deathbed she had spoken incessantly of Walters and the old woman. [...] So many years he had lived with Bertha in their sweet seclusion, Walters' friendship had so long been his greatest delight; and now both were suddenly snatched away from him. There were many moments when it all seemed to him like a strange, wild romance, and that he only dreamt that he was alive. [...] He wandered restlessly from chamber to chamber; not a thought could he find to soothe him; sleep fled from his eyes, and from one terrible imagination he could only fall into another yet more terrible. He thought

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he must be mad, and that what he had seen was but a crazed dream; [...] He set out without having made up his mind which way he would go; indeed he thought little of the country through which he passed. [...] In a kind of half-dream, he climbed a little hill; he fancied he heard the lively barking of a dog somewhere near him. Tall chestnuts rustled in the wind, and he caught the strange wild strains of a song: "In my forest-home Again sing I, Where pain hath no life; No envy and strife. Oh, am I not happy In my forest home?" Egbert was completely stupified, his senses reeled; all seemed a dark painful riddle to him. He could not tell whether he was dreaming now, or whether he had not dreamt of a Bertha as his wife. The common and the wonderful were so strangely mingled together; the world round him was enchanted.... His thoughts and recollections swam confusedly before his mind. A crooked hump-backed old woman came panting up the hill with a crutch. "Are you come to bring me my bird? my pearls? my dog?" she screamed to him; "see how wickedness is its own punisher! I was your friend Walters—I was Hugo." "God in heaven," muttered Egbert to himself, "to what dreadful place have I wandered? Where am I?" "And Bertha was your sister." Egbert fell to the ground. "What made her run away from me in that way? the time of trial was almost over, and thus all had ended well. She was the daughter of a knight; he sent her to the herdsman to be brought up. She was your father's daughter." "Oh, why, why have I ever had this dreadful foreboding?" cried Egbert. "Because when you were young you once heard your father speak of it. He could not let her stay with him, for he was afraid of his wife; she was the child of an earlier marriage." Egbert's heartstrings burst; he lay gasping out his life upon the ground; faintly and more faintly he heard the old woman speak, the dog bark, and the bird chant on his unwearying song.]⁰ ————— Release Date: February 11, 2012 [EBook #38838] Language: English *** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TALES FROM THE 'PHANTASUS' *** Produced by Delphine Lettau, Clive Pickton, Matthew Wheaton and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/38838/38838-h/38838-h.htm>

3 Foreign

Ludwig Tieck The white Egbert —————]² High up in the Hartz Mountains there lived in a castle a knight who was known by the name of the White Egbert. He was about forty years old, rather below the middle height; and he obtained his name from the quantity of short, smooth, white hair which covered his pale haggard cheeks. He lived a peaceable retired life, never involved in feuds with his neighbours; indeed, he was seldom seen beyond the walls of his small castle. His wife loved quiet as much as he; they were passionately attached to each other; and their only cause of sorrow was that Heaven had not blessed their union with children. [...] His most frequent visitor was Philip Walters; a man to whom Egbert had attached himself, because he observed in him, on the whole, a general resemblance to himself in his ways of thinking. [...] There are hours in every man's life in which, if he has a secret from his friend, he becomes suddenly in labour

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with it, and what before he may have taken the greatest pains to conceal, he now feels an irresistible impulse to throw out of himself—to lay bare the whole burden of his heart, that it may form a new link to bind his friend to him. Friendship ebbs and flows, and is subject to singular influences. There are moments of violent repulsion; there are others when every barrier is dissolved, and spirits flow together and mingle into one. On a dark cloudy evening, one day late in autumn, Egbert was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha round the fire in the castle-hall. [...] Walters complained of the distance he had to go to his house, and Egbert pressed him to stay and spend half the night talking over the fire, and then accept a room in the castle till next morning. Walters agreed to do so [...] When the things were taken away, and the servants had retired, Egbert took Walters' hand, and said, "My dear friend, you must let my wife Bertha tell you the history of her younger days; it is a very strange one, and well worth your hearing." "With the greatest pleasure," said Walters; and they again drew their chairs round the fire-place. It was toward midnight; dark masses of cloud were sweeping across the sky, and the moon looking fitfully out between. "Do not think I am forcing myself on you," Bertha said. "My husband tells me you are so noble-hearted a person, it is a shame to conceal any thing from you. Singular as it may sound, the story I am about to tell you is true.]² [1 "I was born in a village in the plains. My father was a poor herdsman. Our housekeeping was none of the best, and my parents often did not know where they were to get a mouthful of bread. What was to me most distressing of all was, that they often quarrelled because they were poor, and each brought the bitterest complaints against the other for being the cause of it. Of me, they and every one else said I was a stupid, silly little creature; [...] I used often to sit in a corner and think how I would help my parents if I was all of a sudden to get rich; how I would shower gold and silver on them, and what fun it would be to see how surprised they would look; and I used to fancy all sorts of spirits sweeping round me, and shewing me treasures buried under ground; or giving me little pebbles, which suddenly turned to precious stones. [...] My father was often very angry with me for being such an idle, useless burden upon him. He sometimes spoke to me very harshly, and it was seldom that I ever got a kind word from him. [...] All that night I lay on my bed crying; I felt so wretched and miserable that I wished to die. [...] When morning began to break, I got up; and hardly knowing what I did, I opened the door of our little cottage. I ran out into the open fields, and presently into a wood close by, which was so thick that daylight could hardly find its way into it. I ran on and on without ever looking behind me. I did not feel the least tired; all I was afraid of was that my father would catch me, and beat me again worse than before for running away. [...] Never had I a more agreeable surprise than at that moment. I went towards the place the sound seemed to come from, and on turning the corner of a wood, I saw an old woman sitting down, apparently resting herself. She was dressed all in black, a black cap covering her head and half her face; in her hand she had a crooked stick. I went up to her, and asked her to help me. She bade me sit down at her side, and gave me some bread and a little wine. While I was eating she

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chanted a sort of hymn in a harsh, rough voice; and as soon as I had done, she rose and told me to follow her. [...] We soon left the mountains behind us; we walked on over soft grassy meadows, and then along a forest glade; as we came out again into the open country the sun was just setting, and the splendour of that evening, and the feeling it produced in me, I never shall forget. The sky was steeped in gold and crimson; the trees stood with their tops flushed in the evening glow; a gleam of enchanting beauty lay upon the fields; every leaf was hushed and still; and the pure heaven looked down as if the sky-curtain was withdrawn, and Paradise lay open to our eyes; the brook bubbled along the valley; and from time to time, as a soft air swept over the forest, the rustling leaves appeared to gasp for joy. Visions of the world, and all its strange and wondrous incidents, rose up before my chilled soul. I forgot myself and my conductress, and eyes and heart were lost in ecstasy in gazing on those golden clouds. We went up a gentle hill which was planted with chestnut-trees; from the top of which we saw down into a green valley, in the middle of which, surrounded by a clump of chestnuts, lay a little cottage. Presently a burst of merry barking greeted us, and a bright beautiful little dog came bounding and jumping up against the old woman, and frisking round us with every sign of the greatest satisfaction. Then he turned to me, and, after looking me all over, seemed tolerably satisfied, and ran back again to his mistress. As we descended the hill, I heard a strange kind of song, which seemed to come from the cottage, and to be sung by a bird: 'In my forest-bower I sing all day, Hour after hour, To eternity. Oh, happy am I In my forest-bower!' [...] In the morning the old woman woke me up, and presently set me to work. I had to spin, and I soon learnt how to do it; and besides this, I had to take care of the dog and the bird. I very quickly got into the way of managing the household matters, and of knowing the uses of the different articles. One can get used to any condition, and I was no exception: I soon ceased to think there was any thing odd about the old woman, that the cottage was remarkably situated, and that one never saw any other human being there, or that the bird was so very extraordinary a creature. [...] There is something very odd about my recollections of the way I went on then. Not a human creature ever came near us; our home family-circle certainly was not an extensive one; and the dog and the bird make the same impression on me now that the recollection of long and well-known old friends produces; yet, often and often as I must have repeated it, do what I will, I cannot call back again the singular name of the little dog. So things went on for some four years or more; and I must have been about twelve years old, when the old woman took me at last deeper into her confidence, and revealed to me a secret. Every day the bird laid an egg; and in each egg was a pearl, or some other precious stone. I had often observed before that she had some mysterious doings with the cage; but I had never troubled myself much about it. Now, however, she gave me a charge while she was absent to take these eggs, and put them by carefully in the odd-looking boxes. [...] I was now fourteen years old; and it is unfortunate for people that generally they only get their understanding to lose their innocence by the light of it. I now came clearly enough to comprehend that it would be easy for me, while the old woman was away, to take the bird and the jewels, and go with them into the world that I had read about; and then very likely I might find my beautiful knight, who still continued in my thoughts. [...] I avoided the road that led to the mountains, and went

down the valley the opposite way. The little dog kept whining and barking incessantly, and I felt for him in my heart; the bird made one or two attempts to sing, but it seemed he did not like being carried, and would not go on. For a long time I heard the barking of the dog, getting weaker and fainter, however, as I got further away; at last it ceased altogether. I cried, and had almost turned about and gone back again, but the craving for something new urged me forward. I was soon over the hill, and I walked on through wood and meadow till towards evening, when I found myself near a village. I felt rather frightened at first in going into an inn among strange people; but they shewed me into a chamber with a bed, and I slept there very comfortably, only that I dreamed of the old woman, who seemed to threaten me. My journey had very little variety; but the further I went, the more I was haunted by the recollection of the old woman and the little dog. The poor little thing, I thought, would be sure to die of hunger, without me to help it; and at every turn in the forest I expected to see the figure of the old woman coming to meet me. Sighing and weeping, I travelled on: whenever I stopped to rest myself, and set the cage down upon the ground, the bird would sing his strange song, and then bitter feelings of regret would come upon me for the dear old cottage. So forgetful is our nature, I thought my first journey had not been half so miserable as that, and I craved to be again once more as I was then. I had parted with some of the jewels, and at last, after a long round of walking, one day I came to a village. I felt a strange emotion on entering it; I was overcome by something, and could not tell why. Very soon, however, I recollected myself, and found I was in the village where I was born. How surprised I was! a thousand reminiscences came pouring back upon me, and the tears ran down my cheeks. It was very much altered. New houses had sprung up; others, which were new when I went away, were crumbling to the ground; I found traces of burning also; and every thing looked much smaller and more confined than I had fancied. I was infinitely delighted, however, at the thought of seeing my father and mother again after so long an absence. I found the little cottage; the well-known doorway; the handle of the door was exactly as it used to be; it seemed like yesterday that I had had it in my hand. My heart beat and throbbed; I opened the door hastily; but all the faces in the room were strange to me; they stared at me as I entered. I asked for old Martin the shepherd; but they told me he and his wife had been dead for three years past. I drew back as quickly as I could, and went crying out of the village. I had been thinking how delightful it would be to surprise them with all my riches; the strangest accident had realised the dreams of my childhood—I could make them happy—and now all was vain. They could not share with me; and what all my life long had been the dearest object of my hope was lost to me for ever. I went to a pleasant-looking town, where I rented a small house with a garden, and took a servant to live with me. I did not find the world quite the wonderful place I expected; but I soon learnt to think less and less of the old woman and the cottage I had lived in with her; and so altogether I lived on pleasantly enough. For a long time the bird had left off singing, so that I was not a little frightened when one night he began again with a different song. 'My forest-bower, Thou'rt far from me; Oh, hour by hour I grieve for thee: Ah, when shall I see My forest-bower?' I could not sleep all night. The whole thing came back again into my thoughts, and I felt more clearly than ever that I had done what I ought not. When I got up, the bird's head was turned towards me; he

kept watching me with a strange expression, and seemed to be reproaching me. Now he never stopped singing; and his song came louder and deeper I thought than it had ever been before. The more I looked at him, the more uncomfortable he made me. At last I opened the cage, thrust in my hand and caught him by the neck. I pressed my fingers violently together; he looked imploringly in my face; I let him go; but he was already dead: I buried him in the garden. After this I was haunted by a fear of my servant; my conscience told me what I had done, and I was afraid that some day or other she would be robbing, or perhaps murdering me. Shortly, however, I became acquainted with a young knight, who pleased me exceedingly. I gave him my hand; and here, Herr Walters, is my story ended.” ¹ ⁰”Ah, you should have seen her then,” Egbert broke in hastily; “her youthful freshness and beauty; and what an indescribable charm she had received from her retired education! She came before me as a kind of miraculous being, and I set no bounds to my affection for her. I was poor myself; indeed I had nothing; but through her love I was placed in the position in which you find me. We withdrew hither, and neither of us has ever, for a single moment, regretted our union.” “But see, with our talking and chatting,” interrupted Bertha, “it is already past midnight; we had better go to bed.” She rose to retire to her chamber; as they parted Walters kissed her hand, and wished her good night. “Thanks, noble lady,” he said, “for your story. I think I can see you with your strange bird, and feeding the little Strohman.” Walters, too, retired to sleep; but Egbert continued restlessly pacing up and down the hall. “What fools we men are!” he said to himself. “Was it not I that prevailed on my wife to tell her story? and now I am sorry it should have been told! Will he not make use of it for some evil purpose? Will he not blab, and let our secret out to others? Is he not very likely (it is just what a man would naturally do) to feel some accursed hankering after one’s jewels, and lay some plan or other to get hold of them?” It struck him Walters had not taken leave of him with, as much heartiness as he naturally would have done after being admitted into such a piece of confidence. When once a man has admitted a feeling of suspicion into his breast, every trifle becomes a confirmation of it. Then for a moment he would feel ashamed of so ungenerous a distrust of his noble-hearted friend; and yet he could not fling it off; all night long these feelings kept swaying to and fro through his breast. He slept but little. The next morning Bertha was unwell, and could not appear at breakfast. Walters did not seem much to distress himself about it, and of the knight also he took leave with apparent unconcern. Egbert could not well make it out; he went to his wife’s room, she was in a violent fever; she said she supposed telling her story the preceding night must have over-excited her. [...] Bertha’s illness too was another subject of distress to him. The physician became alarmed; the colour faded from her cheeks, and her eyes grew of an unnatural brightness. One morning she called her husband to her bedside, and sent the servants out of the room. “My dear husband,” she began, seriously, “I have something to tell you, which, however unmeaning and trifling it may seem to you, has been the cause of all my illness, and has almost driven me out of my senses. You know that whenever I have spoken of the events of my childhood, in spite of all the trouble I

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have taken, I have never been able to think of the name of the little dog that was so long with me. The other evening as Walters took leave of me, he said, suddenly, 'I fancy I see you feeding the little Strohman.' Can it be accident that he hit upon the name? or does he know the dog, and said what he did on purpose? In what mysterious way is this man bound up with my destiny? At times I try to persuade myself that it is all fancy; but no, it is certainly true, too true. I cannot tell you how it has terrified me to be so helped out with my recollection by a perfect stranger: what do you say, Egbert?" [...] When he reached it, Bertha was already dead: on her deathbed she had spoken incessantly of Walters and the old woman. [...] So many years he had lived with Bertha in their sweet seclusion, Walters' friendship had so long been his greatest delight; and now both were suddenly snatched away from him. There were many moments when it all seemed to him like a strange, wild romance, and that he only dreamt that he was alive. [...] He wandered restlessly from chamber to chamber; not a thought could he find to soothe him; sleep fled from his eyes, and from one terrible imagination he could only fall into another yet more terrible. He thought he must be mad, and that what he had seen was but a crazed dream; [...] He set out without having made up his mind which way he would go; indeed he thought little of the country through which he passed. [...] In a kind of half-dream, he climbed a little hill; he fancied he heard the lively barking of a dog somewhere near him. Tall chestnuts rustled in the wind, and he caught the strange wild strains of a song: "In my forest-home Again sing I, Where pain hath no life; No envy and strife. Oh, am I not happy In my forest home?" Egbert was completely stupified, his senses reeled; all seemed a dark painful riddle to him. He could not tell whether he was dreaming now, or whether he had not dreamt of a Bertha as his wife. The common and the wonderful were so strangely mingled together; the world round him was enchanted.... His thoughts and recollections swam confusedly before his mind. A crooked hump-backed old woman came panting up the hill with a crutch. "Are you come to bring me my bird? my pearls? my dog?" she screamed to him; "see how wickedness is its own punisher! I was your friend Walters—I was Hugo." "God in heaven," muttered Egbert to himself, "to what dreadful place have I wandered? Where am I?" "And Bertha was your sister." Egbert fell to the ground. "What made her run away from me in that way? the time of trial was almost over, and thus all had ended well. She was the daughter of a knight; he sent her to the herdsman to be brought up. She was your father's daughter." "Oh, why, why have I ever had this dreadful foreboding?" cried Egbert. "Because when you were young you once heard your father speak of it. He could not let her stay with him, for he was afraid of his wife; she was the child of an earlier marriage." Egbert's heartstrings burst; he lay gasping out his life upon the ground; faintly and more faintly he heard the old woman speak, the dog bark, and the bird chant on his unwearying song.]⁰ ————— Release Date: February 11, 2012 [EBook #38838] Language: English *** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TALES FROM THE 'PHANTASUS' *** Produced by Delphine Lettau, Clive Pickton, Matthew Wheaton and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/38838/38838-h/38838-h.htm>

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4 Student

Ludwig Tieck The white Egbert ————— [0 High up in the Hartz Mountains there lived in a castle a knight who was known by the name of the White Egbert. He was about forty years old, rather below the middle height; and he obtained his name from the quantity of short, smooth, white hair which covered his pale haggard cheeks. He lived a peaceable retired life, never involved in feuds with his neighbours; indeed, he was seldom seen beyond the walls of his small castle. His wife loved quiet as much as he; they were passionately attached to each other; and their only cause of sorrow was that Heaven had not blessed their union with children. [...] His most frequent visitor was Philip Walters; a man to whom Egbert had attached himself, because he observed in him, on the whole, a general resemblance to himself in his ways of thinking. [...] There are hours in every man's life in which, if he has a secret from his friend, he becomes suddenly in labour with it, and what before he may have taken the greatest pains to conceal, he now feels an irresistible impulse to throw out of himself—to lay bare the whole burden of his heart, that it may form a new link to bind his friend to him. Friendship ebbs and flows, and is subject to singular influences. There are moments of violent repulsion; there are others when every barrier is dissolved, and spirits flow together and mingle into one. On a dark cloudy evening, one day late in autumn, Egbert was sitting with his friend and his wife Bertha round the fire in the castle-hall. [...] Walters complained of the distance he had to go to his house, and Egbert pressed him to stay and spend half the night talking over the fire, and then accept a room in the castle till next morning. Walters agreed to do so [...] When the things were taken away, and the servants had retired, Egbert took Walters' hand, and said, "My dear friend, you must let my wife Bertha tell you the history of her younger days; it is a very strange one, and well worth your hearing." "With the greatest pleasure," said Walters; and they again drew their chairs round the fire-place. It was toward midnight; dark masses of cloud were sweeping across the sky, and the moon looking fitfully out between. "Do not think I am forcing myself on you," Bertha said. "My husband tells me you are so noble-hearted a person, it is a shame to conceal any thing from you. Singular as it may sound, the story I am about to tell you is true. [4] "I was born in a village in the plains. My father was a poor herdsman. Our housekeeping was none of the best, and my parents often did not know where they were to get a mouthful of bread. What was to me most distressing of all was, that they often quarrelled because they were poor, and each brought the bitterest complaints against the other for being the cause of it. Of me, they and every one else said I was a stupid, silly little creature; [...] I used often to sit in a corner and think how I would help my parents if I was all of a sudden to get rich; how I would shower gold and silver on them, and what fun it would be to see how surprised they would look; and I used to fancy all sorts of spirits sweeping round me, and shewing me treasures buried under ground; or giving me little pebbles, which suddenly turned to precious stones. [...] My father was often very angry with me for being such an idle, useless burden upon him.

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He sometimes spoke to me very harshly, and it was seldom that I ever got a kind word from him. [...] All that night I lay on my bed crying; I felt so wretched and miserable that I wished to die. [...] When morning began to break, I got up; and hardly knowing what I did, I opened the door of our little cottage. I ran out into the open fields, and presently into a wood close by, which was so thick that daylight could hardly find its way into it. I ran on and on without ever looking behind me. I did not feel the least tired; all I was afraid of was that my father would catch me, and beat me again worse than before for running away. [...] Never had I a more agreeable surprise than at that moment. I went towards the place the sound seemed to come from, and on turning the corner of a wood, I saw an old woman sitting down, apparently resting herself. She was dressed all in black, a black cap covering her head and half her face; in her hand she had a crooked stick. I went up to her, and asked her to help me. She bade me sit down at her side, and gave me some bread and a little wine. While I was eating she chanted a sort of hymn in a harsh, rough voice; and as soon as I had done, she rose and told me to follow her. [...] We soon left the mountains behind us; we walked on over soft grassy meadows, and then along a forest glade; as we came out again into the open country the sun was just setting, and the splendour of that evening, and the feeling it produced in me, I never shall forget. The sky was steeped in gold and crimson; the trees stood with their tops flushed in the evening glow; a gleam of enchanting beauty lay upon the fields; every leaf was hushed and still; and the pure heaven looked down as if the sky-curtain was withdrawn, and Paradise lay open to our eyes; the brook bubbled along the valley; and from time to time, as a soft air swept over the forest, the rustling leaves appeared to gasp for joy. Visions of the world, and all its strange and wondrous incidents, rose up before my chilled soul. I forgot myself and my conductress, and eyes and heart were lost in ecstasy in gazing on those golden clouds. We went up a gentle hill which was planted with chestnut-trees; from the top of which we saw down into a green valley, in the middle of which, surrounded by a clump of chestnuts, lay a little cottage. Presently a burst of merry barking greeted us, and a bright beautiful little dog came bounding and jumping up against the old woman, and frisking round us with every sign of the greatest satisfaction. Then he turned to me, and, after looking me all over, seemed tolerably satisfied, and ran back again to his mistress. As we descended the hill, I heard a strange kind of song, which seemed to come from the cottage, and to be sung by a bird: 'In my forest-bower I sing all day, Hour after hour, To eternity. Oh, happy am I In my forest-bower!' [...] In the morning the old woman woke me up, and presently set me to work. I had to spin, and I soon learnt how to do it; and besides this, I had to take care of the dog and the bird. I very quickly got into the way of managing the household matters, and of knowing the uses of the different articles. One can get used to any condition, and I was no exception: I soon ceased to think there was any thing odd about the old woman, that the cottage was remarkably situated, and that one never saw any other human being there, or that the bird was so very extraordinary a creature. [...] There is something very odd about my recollections of the way I went on then. Not a human creature ever came near us; our home family-circle certainly was not an extensive one; and the dog and the bird make the same impression on me now that the recollection of long and well-known old friends produces; yet, often and often as I

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and went crying out of the village. I had been thinking how delightful it would be to surprise them with all my riches; the strangest accident had realised the dreams of my childhood—I could make them happy—and now all was vain. They could not share with me; and what all my life long had been the dearest object of my hope was lost to me for ever. I went to a pleasant-looking town, where I rented a small house with a garden, and took a servant to live with me. I did not find the world quite the wonderful place I expected; but I soon learnt to think less and less of the old woman and the cottage I had lived in with her; and so altogether I lived on pleasantly enough. For a long time the bird had left off singing, so that I was not a little frightened when one night he began again with a different song. 'My forest-bower, Thou'rt far from me; Oh, hour by hour I grieve for thee: Ah, when shall I see My forest-bower?' I could not sleep all night. The whole thing came back again into my thoughts, and I felt more clearly than ever that I had done what I ought not. When I got up, the bird's head was turned towards me; he kept watching me with a strange expression, and seemed to be reproaching me. Now he never stopped singing; and his song came louder and deeper I thought than it had ever been before. The more I looked at him, the more uncomfortable he made me. At last I opened the cage, thrust in my hand and caught him by the neck. I pressed my fingers violently together; he looked imploringly in my face; I let him go; but he was already dead: I buried him in the garden. After this I was haunted by a fear of my servant; my conscience told me what I had done, and I was afraid that some day or other she would be robbing, or perhaps murdering me. Shortly, however, I became acquainted with a young knight, who pleased me exceedingly. I gave him my hand⁴; and here, Herr Walters, is my story ended." "Ah, you should have seen her then," Egbert broke in hastily; ³"her youthful freshness and beauty; and what an indescribable charm she had received from her retired education! She came before me as a kind of miraculous being, and I set no bounds to my affection for her. I was poor myself; indeed I had nothing; but through her love I was placed in the position in which you find me. We withdrew hither, and neither of us has ever, for a single moment, regretted our union." ³"But see, with our talking and chatting," interrupted Bertha, "it is already past midnight; we had better go to bed." She rose to retire to her chamber; as they parted Walters kissed her hand, and wished her good night. "Thanks, noble lady," he said, "for your story. I think I can see you with your strange bird, and feeding the little Strohman." Walters, too, retired to sleep; but Egbert continued restlessly pacing up and down the hall. "What fools we men are!" he said to himself. "Was it not I that prevailed on my wife to tell her story? and now I am sorry it should have been told! Will he not make use of it for some evil purpose? Will he not blab, and let our secret out to others? Is he not very likely (it is just what a man would naturally do) to feel some accursed hankering after one's jewels, and lay some plan or other to get hold of them?" It struck him Walters had not taken leave of him with, as much heartiness as he naturally would have done after being admitted into such a piece of confidence. When once a man has admitted a

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feeling of suspicion into his breast, every trifle becomes a confirmation of it. Then for a moment he would feel ashamed of so ungenerous a distrust of his noble-hearted friend; and yet he could not fling it off; all night long these feelings kept swaying to and fro through his breast. He slept but little. The next morning Bertha was unwell, and could not appear at breakfast. Walters did not seem much to distress himself about it, and of the knight also he took leave with apparent unconcern. Egbert could not well make it out; he went to his wife's room, she was in a violent fever; she said she supposed telling her story the preceding night must have over-excited her. [...] Bertha's illness too was another subject of distress to him. The physician became alarmed; the colour faded from her cheeks, and her eyes grew of an unnatural brightness. One morning she called her husband to her bedside, and sent the servants out of the room. "My dear husband," she began, seriously, "I have something to tell you, which, however unmeaning and trifling it may seem to you, has been the cause of all my illness, and has almost driven me out of my senses. You know that whenever I have spoken of the events of my childhood, in spite of all the trouble I have taken, I have never been able to think of the name of the little dog that was so long with me. The other evening as Walters took leave of me, he said, suddenly, 'I fancy I see you feeding the little Strohmian.' Can it be accident that he hit upon the name? or does he know the dog, and said what he did on purpose? In what mysterious way is this man bound up with my destiny? At times I try to persuade myself that it is all fancy; but no, it is certainly true, too true. I cannot tell you how it has terrified me to be so helped out with my recollection by a perfect stranger: what do you say, Egbert?" [...] When he reached it, Bertha was already dead: on her deathbed she had spoken incessantly of Walters and the old woman. [...] So many years he had lived with Bertha in their sweet seclusion, Walters' friendship had so long been his greatest delight; and now both were suddenly snatched away from him. There were many moments when it all seemed to him like a strange, wild romance, and that he only dreamt that he was alive. [...] He wandered restlessly from chamber to chamber; not a thought could he find to soothe him; sleep fled from his eyes, and from one terrible imagination he could only fall into another yet more terrible. He thought he must be mad, and that what he had seen was but a crazed dream; [...] He set out without having made up his mind which way he would go; indeed he thought little of the country through which he passed. [...] In a kind of half-dream, he climbed a little hill; he fancied he heard the lively barking of a dog somewhere near him. Tall chestnuts rustled in the wind, and he caught the strange wild strains of a song: "In my forest-home Again sing I, Where pain hath no life; No envy and strife. Oh, am I not happy In my forest home?" Egbert was completely stupified, his senses reeled; all seemed a dark painful riddle to him. He could not tell whether he was dreaming now, or whether he had not dreamt of a Bertha as his wife. The common and the wonderful were so strangely mingled together; the world round him was enchanted.... His thoughts and recollections swam confusedly before his mind. A crooked hump-backed old woman came panting up the hill with a crutch. "Are you come to bring me my bird? my pearls? my dog?" she screamed to him; "see how wickedness is its own punisher! I was your friend Walters—I was Hugo." "God in heaven," muttered Egbert to himself, "to what dreadful place have I wandered? Where am I?" "And Bertha was your sister." Egbert fell to the ground. "What made

her run away from me in that way? the time of trial was almost over, and thus all had ended well. ^[2] She was the daughter of a knight; he sent her to the herdsman to be brought up. She was your father's daughter." ^{]2} "Oh, why, why have I ever had this dreadful foreboding?" cried Egbert. ^[1] "Because when you were young you once heard your father speak of it. He could not let her stay with him, for he was afraid of his wife; she was the child of an earlier marriage." ^{]1} Egbert's heartstrings burst; he lay gasping out his life upon the ground; faintly and more faintly he heard the old woman speak, the dog bark, and the bird chant on his unwearying song. ^{]0} ————— - Release Date: February 11, 2012 [EBook #38838] Language: English *** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TALES FROM THE 'PHANTASUS' *** Produced by Delphine Lettau, Clive Pickton, Matthew Wheaton and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net> <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/38838/38838-h/38838-h.htm>

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