

Book Three

CHAPTER 1: *How the Hunter begins to stray from the path of righteousness*

In the previous book the gentle reader learned how ambitious I had become in Soest, and how I sought and found honor, glory, and favor through behavior which in other men would be considered punishable. Now I want to tell how I allowed my foolishness to mislead me further into extreme danger. As I have mentioned, I was so eager for honor and glory that I could hardly sleep, and when I lay awake many a night thinking up new tricks, some curious notions came to me. For instance, I invented shoes one could wear hind end front, with the heels under one's toes. I had made some thirty pairs of these, of different sizes; I gave them out to my companions, and when we went raiding, it was impossible to track us, for we wore now these, now our regular shoes, carrying the other pair in our knapsacks. When an observer came to a place where my men had changed shoes, the tracks would lead him to think that two parties had met and disappeared again. But if I kept wearing my backward pair, one would think I was going where I had already been or had come from a place to which I was just then going. Thus my tracks were more confusing than a maze, and those who wanted to capture me by tracking me could never find me or catch me in their net.

Often I was very close to the enemy, who was supposed to look for me far away, and even more often I was miles from the woods they were surrounding and combing through to catch me. And as I managed the raiding parties on foot, so did I those on horseback; I thought nothing of getting off at

a fork or crossroads and having the mounts reshod with the irons pointing the other way. The common tricks that are used on raids, if one is weak and yet wants to be judged strong from the tracks left behind, or if one is strong and wants to be considered weak, were such an everyday matter that I don't want to tell about them here.

Besides, I invented an instrument by which, on calm nights, I could hear a horn signal three hours away, a horse neighing or dogs barking two hours away, and human beings talking at an hour's distance. I kept this invention very secret and I derived much glory from it, because everyone considered such reception to be downright impossible. The instrument (which I usually carried in my breeches along with the telescope) wasn't very practical by day, unless it was used in a lonely and quiet place, for otherwise everything, from horses and cows down to birds and frogs, became as audible as if one stood in a market square surrounded by crowds of people and animals.

When I could not go raiding with a party, I went out stealing by myself, and then neither horses, cows, pigs, nor sheep were safe. I collected them from their stables for miles around. I put shoes or boots on cattle and horses until I got them to a busy road where no one could trace them. Then, too, I reversed the shoes on the horses or, in the case of cows or oxen, put reversed boots on them, and so spirited them to safety. When I brought my booty home I shared it honestly with my comrades and officers. And that is why they let me go out time and again, and if my theft was betrayed or found out, they covered up for me. As for stealing from poor people, taking chickens or other trifles, I considered myself above that.

Eventually I began to lead an Epicurean life, eating and swilling, for I had forgotten the precepts of my hermit, and there was no one who would tell me off or whom I'd have to mind. The officers joined me in malfeasance by enjoying my payoffs, and those who should have punished and corrected me encouraged me in further vices. Finally I became so godless, bold, and despicable that there wasn't a piece of roguery

I wouldn't have tackled. As time went on, I was secretly envied by my comrades for having a luckier hand at stealing than anyone else, and by the officers for carrying on in grand style, raiding and getting more famous than any of them. I am sure if I hadn't been so generous someone would have turned me in before this.

CHAPTER 2: *How the Hunter of Soest gets rid of the Hunter of Werle*

While I was carrying on this way, being about to have some devil's masks made, plus frightful clothes with horse and oxen feet to go with them, so that I could scare the enemy and also, in this disguise, take loot from my friends, I heard of a fellow in Werle, a renowned raider, who was wearing a green suit and, under my name, committing all sorts of monstrosities like robberies and attacks on women, especially among people contributing to our maintenance. Extremely insistent complaints came in about my conduct, and I should have lost face if I hadn't clearly shown and proven that when *he* was pulling a job under my name *I* was somewhere else. Having informed the commander in Soest, I invited the stranger to swords or pistols in an open field. But when he hadn't the heart to appear, I sent word that I wanted to avenge myself, even if I had to do it in the castle of the commander at Werle, who did not punish him. I also let him know that if I caught him on a raid, I would treat him as an enemy. For this reason, not only did I not use the devil's masks, for which I planned something important, but I even chopped up all my green suits and had them publicly burned in Soest, disregarding the fact that the clothes alone, without the feathers and harness, were worth more than a hundred ducats. In my rage, furthermore, I swore that the next man calling me a hunter would have either to kill me or to be murdered by me, even if I'd hang for it. And I would not lead any more raiding parties (not being an officer, I didn't have to), until I had avenged myself

on the phony hunter in Werle. So I stayed home and did nothing more military than stand my watch, and if I received orders I carried them out very indifferently, like any other sleepyhead. This soon became known in the neighborhood, and the enemy raiders became so cocksure and daring that they practically camped on our turnpikes, and I couldn't stand this either. I found hardest to bear the fact that the Hunter of Werle continued to operate under my name and to take rich booty.

Meanwhile, when everyone thought I had gone to sleep on my laurels and wasn't about to get up, I scouted my opponent's activities and found out that he was not only imitating me in dress and name but also, at night, stealing anything he could get. Then I awoke to the challenge and made my plans accordingly. In the course of time I had gradually trained my two hired men like bird dogs, and both were so devoted to me that in case of need they would have walked across red-hot coals for me because I gave them plenty to eat and drink, and plenty of loot.

I sent one of these men to Werle to my enemy. My man pretended that since I had promised never to go raiding again and was beginning to live like a lazybones, he didn't want to stay with me but had come to offer his services to him who had assumed his former master's hunting dress. He hoped he might be employed as a regular trooper. He knew all the highways and byways, could tell him many tricks for getting plenty of booty, and so on. This good simpleton believed my man and was talked into hiring him. Then my man persuaded him and his fellows to go to a sheep farm to pick up some fat rams. But I and John Jumpup,¹ with several others, were already lying in ambush. We had bribed the sheepman to tie up his dogs and let the arrivals go into the barn for their

¹ SImplicius' boon companion John Jumpup had been a sort of husband to the "lady" with whom SImplicius becomes acquainted in the spa (see Bk. V, p. 278 and note 3). Jumpup received his nickname from his "wife." In one of the "Simplician Writings," Grimmelshausen tells of the adventures of this *seltsame Springinsfeld*.

nefarious work without interference. I promised to bless their mutton. When they had broken a hole in the wall, the Hunter of Werle wanted my man to climb in first. But he said, "No, someone might be watching inside and brain me as I came in. I see you are still inexperienced at filching. Let me look around a little first." He drew his sword, put his hat over the point, advanced the hat a few times into the hole, and said, "This is the way to find out if the boss is home!" After this the Hunter of Werle himself crawled in, but right away Jumpup caught him by the arm that held the sword and asked if he wanted quarter. His pal heard it and started to rush off. But since I didn't know which one of them was the Hunter and since I was faster than the fugitive, I caught up with him and grabbed him after a few steps. I asked, "What army?" He answered, "Imperial." "What regiment? I am imperial too; only a rascal denies his colors." He answered, "We are dragoons from Soest who have come to get some mutton. If you are imperial, I hope you'll let us pass." I asked again, "Who are you from Soest?" He answered, "My friend inside the barn is the Hunter of Soest." "You are rascals!" I shouted. "Why do you rob your own people? The Hunter of Soest isn't a fool who gets caught in a sheepfold." "Oh, I mean from Werle," he answered in turn. And while we were arguing, my man and Jumpup came up with my enemy. "Look at him, the jailbird," I said. "Is this where we meet? If I did not respect the imperial arms you took up against our enemies, I'd fire a bullet through your head! Until now I have been the Hunter of Soest, and I call you a dirty dog until you take up one of these swords and fight with me." My man (who, like Jumpup, wore a ghastly devil's mask with ram's horns) laid two identical swords before us and let the Hunter of Werle choose one. But the poor Hunter did exactly as I had done in Hanau when I spoiled the dance, for he spoiled a good pair of pants and no one could stand him for the smell. He and his comrade trembled like two wet dogs; they got down on their knees and begged for mercy. But John Jumpup hollered, in a voice that sounded as if it came out of a rain barrel, "You'll have to fight or I'll twist your neck!"

"Oh, my dear devil," answered the Hunter, "I didn't come here to fight. If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll do whatever you want." Amid such confused babble my man put one of the swords in his hand and the other in mine. But the Hunter shook so hard that he couldn't hold his. The moon shone brightly, and the sheepman and his help could see and hear everything. I called him closer so that I'd have a witness to this affair. When the sheepman approached he acted as if he didn't see the two men in devil's clothing and asked why I was having an argument on his place and why I didn't go elsewhere. Our troubles, he said, were none of his business; he was paying his monthly "counter-bution" and he wanted only to live in peace. He asked the other two why they were taking all that gaff from me instead of knocking me down? I said, "You knave! They wanted to steal your sheep!" The farmer answered, "I wish you'd kiss my backside—and those of my sheep, too," and went away.

I insisted on fighting, but the poor Hunter could hardly stand on his feet for fear, and I really felt sorry for him. In fact, he and his friend spoke such moving words that finally I pardoned him and forgave him everything. But Jumpup wasn't satisfied; he made him kiss the rears of three sheep—as many as they wanted to steal—and scratched his face so that he looked as if he had tried to steal food from a cat's dish. I let it go at that. Soon the Hunter of Werle disappeared, because he was too ashamed. My friends spread the word and asserted with many juicy curses that I owned two real devils who were waiting on me. For this reason I was feared more and loved less.

CHAPTER 3: *The great god Jupiter is caught and discloses the designs of the gods*

I soon found this out, and I changed my former ungodly life and strove for pious virtue. I went on raids as before, but I was so kind and discreet to friend and foe alike that everyone I dealt with thought me different from what they had

heard of me. Then, too, I stopped throwing away my money and collected many pretty ducats and jewels, some of which I cached in hollow trees near Soest because that's what the famous lady soothsayer of Soest suggested. She said I had more enemies in my own regiment and in town than outside or in the enemy's garrison, and that they were all after my money. And while the news was spreading that the Hunter had skipped the country, I was right on the backs of those who were tickled about it. And before one place really found out that I had struck at another, that same place had reason to feel I was still present, for I got around like a whirlwind, was now here, now there, and more rumors spread about me than had in the days when the other fellow impersonated me.

One time, near Dorsten, I lay in ambush with twenty-five shooting irons and waited for a convoy of several carts. According to my custom I was on lookout because we were close to the enemy. Who came along but a single man, neatly dressed, talking to himself and carrying on a strange argument with his fancy walking-cane. He seemed to say, "Unless the great Numen interposes, I'll punish the world." From this I suspected he might be a great prince, traveling incognito, who wished to learn how his subjects live and who had resolved to punish those that did not live according to his wishes. I thought, if this man is of the enemy, he'll fetch a good ransom; if not, I ought to treat him so politely and impress him so favorably that I'll have a friend in a high place for the rest of my born days. So I jumped out of the bushes, with my gun cocked, and said, "You will please walk ahead of me into the bushes, sir, unless you want to be treated as an enemy." He answered very seriously, "I am not accustomed to such treatment." I urged him on politely and said, "You will not regret doing the inevitable just this once." When I had taken him to my men and replaced the lookout, I asked who he was. He answered very magnanimously that it would probably matter little to me, if I didn't know already that he was a great god. I thought he might perhaps know me or be a nobleman from Soest pulling my leg, for the Soesters are sometimes kidded about the great god and his golden

apron, a huge crucifix they have in their church. But I soon caught on; I had caught not a nobleman but an arch-nut who had studied too many things too hard and had gone off the deep end particularly on the subject of poetry. When he warmed up a little, he claimed to be Jupiter.

By now I wished I hadn't made this catch, but since I had the fool I had to keep him until we moved on. And as time hung heavy on my hands anyway, I thought I'd tune up this instrument and enjoy the sounds it made. So I said to him, "How is it, my dear Zeus, that your divinity leaves its heavenly throne to descend upon us here? Forgive my question, O Jupiter; you might consider it frivolous, but we too are related to gods, being sylvan folk born of fauns and nymphs, and you can speak frankly to us." "By the river Styx," answered Jupiter, "if you were Pan's own son you wouldn't find out a thing about this, but since you resemble my cup-bearer Ganymede to a T, I'll tell you that a big hue and cry about the viciousness of the world has penetrated through the clouds to me, and the council of the gods has given me permission to destroy the earth by flood, as in the days of Lycaon.

"But since in my heart I harbor an unaccountable love of the human race and prefer to use kindness rather than severity, I am presently perambulating here in order to explore human behavior. And though I find everything worse than I had expected, I am not about to terminate the human race unconditionally and peremptorily; rather, I'll punish the guilty and try to educate the rest."

I had a hard time keeping a straight face, but I said, "Alas, exalted Jupiter, your care and trouble will presumably be in vain if you don't annihilate people as before, by water or even fire. For if you send a war, all the bad, refractory rascals will get busy killing the peaceable, pious people; if you send hard times, it will mean good business for usurers and wholesalers who have a corner on the market; if you send sickness and death, the misers and survivors will have their heyday since they'll inherit a lot. You will have to eradicate the whole rotten bunch if you want to punish them."

CHAPTER 4: *Concerning the German hero who will overcome the whole world and make peace among all nations*

Jupiter answered, "You speak of this problem like a human, forgetting that we gods can devise means to punish only the bad and to preserve the good. I shall create a German hero who will accomplish all with the edge of his sword. He will kill all the bad people and preserve and foster the good." I said, "Such a hero would need soldiers; where soldiers are involved there is war, and where there is war the innocent must suffer with the guilty!" "You terrestrial gods are just like people on earth; you understand practically nothing! I shall send a hero who needs no soldiers and yet can reform the world. In the hour of his birth I shall give him a body stronger and more handsome than that of Hercules; he will be equipped with abundant foresight, wisdom, and understanding. Venus herself will give him an ingratiating face so that he will surpass Narcissus, Adonis, and my own Ganymede; she will endow him (in addition to all his virtues) with a peculiar charm, grace, and personality so that he will become popular with everybody. Mercury will present him with incomparable sense and reason, and the inconstant Moon will encourage rather than hinder him, for he will give him great speed. Pallas Athene will raise him on Parnassus, and at the astrologically right time Vulcan will forge his weapons, particularly the sword with which to strike down the godless and subdue the whole world—without the help of a single person fighting as a soldier. He'll need no help. Every large city will tremble at his presence and every fortress that is otherwise impregnable will fall to his power in the first quarter of an hour. Ultimately he will rule over the greatest sovereigns on earth and set up such a government over land and sea that men as well as gods will love it and praise it."

I said, "How can destruction of the godless and power over

the whole world be achieved without strong-armed action? O Jupiter, I frankly confess that I can understand these matters even less than a mortal." Jupiter answered, "I'm not surprised, for you don't understand the wondrous power the hero's sword will have. Vulcan will make it of the same material of which he makes my thunderbolts, and he'll give it such virtue that my magnificent German hero can deprive whole armadas of their heads with one stroke through the air, although the men may be behind a mountain and an hour's distance away. The poor fellows will have to lie down headless before they even know what hit them. Whenever he comes to a town or a fortress, he'll use one of Tamerlane's tricks,² raising a white flag as a sign that he comes in the interests of peace and the common welfare. If the people come out, well and good; if not, he'll draw his sword, and by virtue of its special power he'll cut off the heads of all warlocks and witches in that town and display a red flag. But if no one presents himself after that, then in the same manner he'll dispatch all murderers, usurers, thieves, rogues, adulterers, whores, and pimps and run up a black flag. Finally, if the ones still left in town don't come to him and act repentant, he'll want to eradicate the whole city as disobedient and obstinate. But he will execute only the ones who kept the others from yielding sooner. Thus he will go from one town to another, giving to each the countryside around it, to be governed in peace. From each town in all of Germany he will summon the two wisest and most learned men, make a parliament of these, unite the towns forever, abolish serfdom and tariffs, imposts, interests, mortgages, and dues throughout Germany, and take such measures that all memory of servitude, contribution, confiscation of money, warring, or onetime special taxes will be lost among the people, who will be more blessed than the inhabitants of the Elysian fields.

"Then," Jupiter continued, "I shall descend frequently with the whole crowd of the gods to revel among the Germans and

² Tamerlane, or Timur (ca. 1336-1405), a renowned Mongolian conqueror, usually pictured as the incarnation of deceitfulness and atrocity.

their vines and fig trees. I shall relocate Helicon inside Germany and transplant the Muses there. The three Graces will awaken a thousand merriments in the Germans. I shall bless Germany more abundantly with all sorts of luxuries than Arabia felix, Mesopotamia, and the country around Damascus. I shall forswear use of the Greek tongue and speak only German, and, in a word, prove such a Germanophile that I shall yield to them (as previously to the Romans) dominance over the whole world."

I said, "Your Highness Jupiter, what will the masters and princes say when the future German hero illegally takes away what is theirs? Won't they resist by force or at least protest to men and gods against this seizure?" Jupiter answered, "My hero will bother very little with them. He will divide all the mighty into three groups. Those who live in sin and evil he will punish like commoners, for no earthly power can resist his sword. The others will be given the choice of staying in the country or leaving it. Those who love their land and elect to stay in it will have to live like other common people. But the private life of the Germans will become much happier and more enjoyable than is the life of kings at present. All Germans will be like Fabricius who refused to share the kingdom of Pyrrhus because he loved his fatherland and his virtue and honor too dearly.³ Those will constitute the second group. The third group, the ones who want to stay rulers, our hero will lead by way of Hungary and Italy into Moldavia, Wallachia, Macedonia, Thrace, Greece, and even across the Hellespont into Asia. Having obtained these countries for them, he will there deposit and make into kings all the military cutthroats of Germany. Then he will capture Constantinople in one single day, will lay in front of their behinds the heads of those Turks who won't convert to Christianity, and re-establish the Roman Empire.

³ Gaius Fabricius Luscinus was regarded as a model of ancient Roman simplicity and integrity. After the defeat of Heraclea (280 B.C.), he had been sent to negotiate with Pyrrhus for the release of Roman prisoners and had spurned the enemy's bribes.

"Returning to Germany, he (with the two members of parliament summoned from each of the German cities, who will be called the leaders and fathers of the German fatherland) will construct a city right in the middle of Germany. This city will be larger than Manoa in America, contain more gold than Jerusalem in the days of Solomon. Its ramparts will compare to the Tyrolean Alps; its moats, to the straits between Spain and Africa. In the city he will build a temple of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; and in the museums that will be built he will collect the rarest objects from all over the world and the rich gifts that will be sent him by the kings of China and Persia, the Great Mogul of the East Indies, the Great Khan of Tartary, Prester John in Africa, and the Great Czar in Moscow. The Turkish emperor would send him even more—if our hero hadn't taken his realm away from him and given it as a fief to the Roman emperor."

I asked Jove what the Christian kings would do in this emergency. He answered, "The ones in England, Sweden, and Denmark (because they are of German blood and family), and the ones in Spain, France, and Portugal (because the ancient Germans once conquered and ruled these countries) will volunteer to receive their crowns, kingdoms, and lands as fiefs from the German nation. Then there will be a constant and everlasting peace among all nations of the world—as in the days of the Emperor Augustus."

CHAPTER 5: *How the hero will unite the religions and mold them into one*

Jumpup, who had been listening, provoked Jupiter and almost ruined the whole game by saying, "And then Germany will be like the land of Cockaigne, where it rains muscatel and six-inch pies grow over night like mushrooms, where I'll have to chew with both cheeks full like a thrasher and guzzle malmsey wine until my eyes start watering." "Sure, sure," Jupiter answered, "particularly when I strike you with eternal

hunger like Erysichthon, because it seems to me you are making fun of my majesty." To me he said, "I thought I was among good fauns, but I see I ran into ridicule personified. One should not reveal the counsels of heaven to such traitors, nor throw precious pearls to the swine. Well, shit on his back and let him use it for a scarf!" I thought, What a curious and foul mouthed idol is this, who, besides the sublime, handles such filthy matters? Sensing that he disliked laughter, I suppressed it as best I could and said, "Kindest Jove, just because of one rude and immodest faun, please don't conceal from your Ganymede how things will be in Germany." "Oh, no," he said, "but order this godling to hold his tongue hereafter, lest I transform him into a rock." Then he said, "Dear Ganymede, the making of gold will be as common in Germany as any other trade—pottery, for instance—and every stable boy will carry the philosophers' stone in his pocket." Then I asked, "How can Germany have an enduring peace with our different religions? Won't the various priests incite their people and provoke one new war after another?" "Oh no," said Jupiter, "my hero will wisely anticipate this matter, and above everything he'll unite the Christian denominations throughout the whole world." I said, "Miracle of miracles, that would be a great and unsurpassable deed! How could it be done?" Jupiter answered, "I'll be glad to reveal that to you. After my hero has created universal peace in the world, in moving words he will address the spiritual and worldly leaders and heads of the Christian peoples and particularly of the churches; and he will eloquently point out to them the harmfulness of the prevailing discord in matters of faith. Through the most reasonable, incontrovertible arguments he will lead them to the point of desiring a general union and of handing the whole matter over to his direction. He will then assemble the wisest, most learned, and most pious theologians of every denomination and assign them a quiet, serene place where they can cogitate without being disturbed; he will furnish them with food, drink, and all other necessities, and order them first to compose the differences among their various religions and then to put down in clear wording the cor-

rect, true, holy Christian religion according to Holy Writ, the ancient traditions, and the opinions of the holy fathers. About that time Pluto will scratch his head long and hard because he'll be worried about a diminution of his realm. In fact, he will initiate all sorts of quibbles, conspiracies, evil, and deceit; he'll advance one amendment after another and try to kill the matter or at least prolong it *ad infinitum* or *indefinitum*.

"He will undertake to point out to each theologian, in glowing colors, his vested interests, his status, his peaceful life, his wife and children, his reputation, and whatever is most likely to make him insist on his own opinion. But neither will my brave hero be idle; as long as this council lasts, he will ring the churchbells to admonish all Christians to pray ceaselessly to the highest Numen to send the spirit of truth to the council. But if he notices that one or two are perhaps yielding to Pluto's blandishments, he will torture the whole conclave with starvation, and if they won't work to complete the great cause he'll speak to them of hanging or show them his marvelous sword; first with kindness, later with seriousness, terror, and threats, he will bring them to the point at issue, so that they will no longer mislead the world, as they used to, with their obstinacy and false doctrines.

"When unity has been reached, he will have a great celebration and publish the refined and improved religion to all the world. He'll make a bloody victim of anyone who is against it, tar and feather him, and send him to Pluto for a New Year's present. Now, dear Ganymede, you know all you wanted to know. Now tell me the reason for your leaving heaven, where you used to pour many a precious cup of nectar for me."

CHAPTER 6: *What the ambassador of the fleas effected with Jupiter*

I thought to myself that the fellow might not be a fool after all, but rather that he might trick us as I had tricked others at Hanau in order to get off more easily. For that reason I

tried to provoke him, because you can always tell a fool by the way he acts in anger, and I said, "The reason I left heaven is that you weren't there. I took the wings of Daedalus and flew to earth to look for you. But wherever I inquired I found that your reputation had suffered among people and that you and the other gods had lost credit among men. They called you an adulterous whoremonger full of crab lice and denied you the authority to punish others for such sins. Vulcan, they said, was a pitiful old cuckold who had been forced to accept the adultery of Mars without any particular revenge; they were wondering what kind of armor such a lame-brain might be forging. Venus herself was called a most hateful strumpet because of her lack of chastity, and men wondered what manner of charm and grace she might bestow on others. Mars was called a murderer and a robber; Mercury, an idle gossip, thief, and procurer; Apollo, a presumptuous harlot-chaser; Priapus, a filthy swine; Hercules, a crazy madman. In short, the whole crowd of gods was esteemed so despicable that they ought to be given no other lodging than the stinking Augean stables."

"Ach!" said Jupiter, "would it surprise you if I forgot my customary kindness and smote these hopeless character assassins and ungodly detractors of gods with thunder and lightning? What do you think, my dearest Ganymede?" And while he was grumbling and threatening, Jupiter shamelessly pulled down his breeches, in front of me and my whole party, and chased the fleas out. His splotchy skin showed how cruelly these insects had been troubling him. I couldn't imagine what he was driving at until he said, "Shoo! Begone, you little pests! By the river Styx I swear you shall never have what you solicit so eagerly!" I asked him what he meant by these words. He answered that the tribe of fleas, when they heard that he had come down to earth, had sent their ambassador to transmit their compliments. The fleas had indicated also that, though they had all been assigned to dogs, at times some of their number found their way into the pelts of women, either because they liked it there or because they had gotten lost. But these out-of-borders, they complained, were treated badly by the women, captured, and not only murdered but,

before death, horribly martyred and mauled between their fingers, so that a stone might cry out and take pity on them. "As a matter of fact," Jupiter continued, "they presented their cause in such moving and piteous words that I had to have compassion for them and assure them of my assistance, but with the proviso that I was to hear the women too. However, the fleas replied that the women, if allowed to contest the matter, would either prey on my pity and kindness with their poisonous, bitching tongues or would outshout the fleas, bribe me with beauty and lovely words, and seduce me into a false judgment, disadvantageous to the fleas. They prayed, moreover, to be rewarded for the humble devotion and loyalty they had always shown and would continue to show, for they had always seen at close range what had been going on with Io, Callisto, Europa, and several others, and had never passed the news to Juno, though they were very close to her too. But if I should permit the women to hunt and kill them on the premises, they petitioned to be granted a heroic death, to be killed with a cleaver like oxen or shot like game. I answered, 'You boys must be awfully hard on them, or they wouldn't be so hard on you.' 'That is so,' they said, 'but the ladies won't let us live in our own territory. Some of them take care of their lap dogs with brushes and combs, washing them with soap and lotions, so that we are forced to quit our fatherland and look for homes elsewhere.' I then allowed them to take refuge on my human body so that I might know of their activities at close range and pronounce my sentence accordingly. Well, this rabble started to pester me, so I have to get rid of them, as you have seen. I will defecate my charter right on their noses and let them trouble and tribulate the women all they like."

CHAPTER 7: *Once more the Hunter tracks down honor and booty*

We couldn't really laugh because, first, we did not want to give away our position by making too much noise; secondly,

our hallucinator didn't like it. But Jumpup almost exploded. Just about that time our lookout in a high tree let us know something was approaching in the distance. Having climbed up, I saw through my telescope that it was the draymen we were waiting for. For protection they had some thirty-odd cavalymen with them. I could easily figure that they would not drive through the woods where we were but would go around it, across the open field where we could do nothing to them, though the open road was in very poor shape. I hated to have lain in wait for nothing, with only a fool as our prize, so I quickly made another plan.

From our campsite a creek bed ran toward the field; one could ride along in it on horseback. Twenty men and I placed ourselves at the point where it left the woods, and I ordered Jumpup to keep himself in reserve at the campsite. Then I ordered each of my men to pick some one man in the convoy and told each man whether to fire or hold his shot in reserve. Some experienced hands asked me if I thought the convoy would come here, where they had no business. Others who thought I could work magic spells expected me to deliver the convoy into our hands by magic. But I did not need any devilish tricks for it, only my well trained and clever Jumpup; for when the convoy, which proceeded in strict grouping, was about to pass us, Jumpup, following my orders, started bawling like a heifer and whinnying like a horse so that the woods echoed with the sound, and anyone would have sworn there were droves of horses and cattle in it.

As soon as the convoy heard these sounds, they decided to do a little stealing and collect some items that were rare in these parts, for the countryside had been pretty well picked over. All of them rushed helter-skelter into our ambush, as if they were racing for the privilege of being gunned down first. Thirteen saddles were vacated by the welcome we gave them, and we squeezed a few more empty soon afterward.

Then Jumpup ran down the creek shouting, "Cavalry this way! Cavalry this way!" This so confused and frightened the horsemen that they could ride neither forward nor sideways nor back; they dismounted, hoping to take off on foot, but I

managed to capture all seventeen survivors plus the lieutenant who was in charge. Then I rushed to the freight wagons and unhitched twenty-four horses. But I got only some bolts of silk and some Dutch cloth. There wasn't enough time to rob the dead, let alone search the wagons thoroughly, because the drivers had galloped off as soon as the action began. They were sure to sound the alarm at Dorsten, and everything might be taken away from us. When we had packed up, Jupiter came running out of the woods wanting to know whether Ganymede was about to leave him. I said, "Yes"—unless he gave the fleas their charter. "I'd rather see them all in Cocytus first!" he answered. I had to laugh, and because I had several horses free, I asked him to get on one. But since he could stay in the saddle no better than a nut, I had to have him tied to the horse. He said the skirmish reminded him of the battle between the Lapithae and the Centaurs at Peirithous' wedding.⁴

Now when everything was over and we were hurrying off with our prisoners as if someone were breathing down our necks, the captive lieutenant got to thinking about the big mistake he had made in delivering the cavalry troop recklessly into the hands of the enemy and sending thirteen good men to the slaughter. He became desperate and wanted to force me to have him killed. He thought this dereliction was a blot on his name and would block his future promotion—if he ever got that far and wasn't shot first. I tried to cheer him up by pointing out that fickle Fortune often shows her meanest side to soldiers; yet I had never seen a man downhearted or even desperate on that account. His attitude, I told him, was a sign of faintheartedness. Bold soldiers always tried to make up for losses next time; he would never get me to violate my word of honor and military custom by harming him. When he saw that I was not about to kill him, he started cursing me, in hopes of arousing my anger. He said I had

⁴Intimate knowledge of classical mythology used to be the mark of an educated gentleman. "Jupiter" has it.—Peirithous was a Thessalian prince who also ruled over the Lapithae. At his wedding he and his friends had to subdue the Centaurs, who threatened to carry off the bride.

fought with him not honorably but like a highwayman and a cutthroat; I had deprived his men of their lives; I was a rascal and a murdering son of a bitch. His own men were greatly startled when they heard him talk this way, but mine got so angry they would have riddled him like a sieve if I had let them, and keeping them from it required considerable effort.

Personally, I didn't even get excited about his talk. I called on friend and foe alike to witness what had taken place, and I had the lieutenant tied up and guarded like a madman. I promised, if my superiors permitted it, to let him have his choice among my own horses and weapons and to prove to him, in a duel, that it is fair in war to practice deception on an enemy. Both friend and foe then said that among a hundred raiders they had never met anyone who would not, after such derogatory remarks, have shot the lieutenant and dispatched the other captives as well.

Early in the morning I brought my booty and prisoners safely to Soest, and I got from this raid more honor and glory than I had ever received. Everyone said, "We'll have a second Johann von Werth in him!"⁵ and that tickled me greatly. The commander wasn't in the least inclined to have me fight a duel with the lieutenant. He said I had overpowered him twice before and that was enough. The more my reputation increased, the greater grew the envy of those who were jealous of my good fortune.

CHAPTER 8: *How the Hunter finds the devil in a trough, and how Jumpup comes by some fine horses*

But I just couldn't get rid of Jupiter. The commander didn't want him, and said he was giving him to me because

⁵ Johann von Werth (ca. 1595-1652) was a famous general of cavalry. He had won his reputation as a swift and terrible leader of forays from about 1633 on. In France he was called Jean de Wert, and his name was used to frighten children into submission.

he could earn no ransom. Thus I got a personal fool and didn't have to buy one, though only a year ago I had been forced to be one myself. Well, that's the way luck and the times change! Only a little while ago lice were eating me up, and now I had the lord of fleas in my charge. Six months ago I was the stable boy of a lousy dragoon; now I employed two men who called me "master." It wasn't quite a year ago that the gang of boys was running after me to make a harlot of me; now the girls were turning silly because of love for me. Thus I discovered early that nothing in the world is more constant than inconstancy. And I was beginning to worry that Luck, once she vented her spite on me, would really show me a rough time.

Just about then Count von der Wahl, governor general of the Westphalian district, was collecting troops from the various garrisons to lead a campaign through Münster across the Vecht river toward Meppen, Lingen, and such places. He particularly wanted to smoke out two companies of Hessian cavalry at Paderborn that had been giving our men trouble. I was included among the dragoons; and, some troops having been assembled at Hamm, we rode quickly toward the cavalry garrison, a badly fortified town, and waited for more of our men to arrive. The enemy tried a sally, but we chased them back into their nest and offered them retreat without horses and arms but with everything their belts encompassed. They refused and fought us with carbines and muskets.

Thus it came about that I had to try my luck in capturing towns, for the dragoons were advancing for that purpose. I succeeded excellently and Jumpup and I were among the first inside. We soon emptied the streets because whoever among the citizens carried a gun was cut down, and they did not want to fight anyway. Then we went inside the houses. Jumpup said we should pick the house with the biggest pile of manure in front of it, because that meant the richest codgers lived there and officers would be quartered there. Well, we attacked such a house. Jumpup went into the stables and I into the house itself, our understanding being that each

would divide with the other what he had liberated. Each lit a candle. I shouted for the master of the house; receiving no answer (because the people were hiding), I stumbled into a room in which I found only an empty bed and a locked chest. I forced it open, hoping to find something precious, but when I lifted the lid a pitch-black something rose up, and I thought it was Old Nick himself. I swear I was never in all my life so scared as when I came on this devil unawares. After a second of hesitation I shouted, "I'll beat your brains out!" and raised the hatchet with which I had opened the chest. And—I didn't have the heart to strike.

Then he kneeled down, raised his hands, and said, "Dear suh, Ah begs uv you fer God's sake, lemme live!" I knew he was no devil because he had mentioned God and was begging for his life. Accordingly I told him to hurry and get out of the chest. He did, proving to be as naked as God created him. I cut a piece off my candle and let him show me the way. He did so, taking me to a room where the owner of the house waited. He and the domestics were amused at the incident, but they still feared for their lives and begged for mercy. I reassured them; that was easy because we had orders not to harm the civilians. Then the master turned over to me a cavalry captain's belongings (among which was a heavy, locked traveling bag) and said the captain and all his men, except the blackamoor and one other, had gone to their posts to fight.

Meanwhile Jumpup had caught one man and six beautiful horses in the stable. We put them in the house, locked it, asked the Negro to dress, and told the owner what to tell the captain. After the city gates had been opened and the guard had taken their places, our general of ordnance, Count von der Wahl, was admitted; he took lodgings in the very same house we occupied. For that reason, in the middle of the night we had to move and look for other quarters. We found them with our comrades who also had come into town with the attack. We had a good time and spent the rest of the night eating, drinking, and carousing, after Jumpup and I had shared our loot. My share consisted of the blackamoor and the two best horses. One of these was a Spaniard on

which a fellow wouldn't be ashamed to be seen by his enemy; later I used it to show off. From the contents of the traveling bag I received various precious rings and, in a gold casket studded with rubies, the miniature portrait of the Prince of Orange. These things, valued at no more than half their worth, along with the horses amounted to over two hundred ducats. The darky who had scared the daylights out of me I gave to the general and got a mere two dozen thalers for him.

From there we moved quickly to the Ems river, where we achieved little. As it happened that we were passing by Recklinghausen, Jumpup and I got permission to visit the parson whose bacon I had once stolen. We had a good time reminiscing. I told him that the blackamoor had repaid him and his cook by frightening me the same way I had scared them. I gave him a nice pocket watch that rang the hours—another piece of loot from the captain's bag—and so everywhere I made friends of people who otherwise would have had occasion to hate me.

CHAPTER 9: *An unequal struggle in which the weaker is the stronger, and the victor is vanquished*

My pride increased with my luck, and the upshot of it was bound to be my ultimate downfall. We were camping about half an hour from Rehnen when I and some of my friends sought and obtained permission to go to town in order to have our guns repaired. But we really intended to have a good time together, and we turned in at the best inn and asked for musicians to play some tunes to help us down the beer and wine we were drinking. We lived it up and left out nothing that might hurt our pocketbooks. I even bought drinks for fellows from another regiment and acted like a young prince who owns land and serfs and has money to burn. Therefore, we were served better than a group of cavalymen that weren't spending quite so lavishly. This made them mad and they started quarreling with us.

"Why is it that these foot-sloggers throw around their

money?" (They thought we were musketeers, and, in fact, there is no animal in the world so much like a dragoon as a musketeer; when a dragoon falls off his horse, a musketeer gets up.) Another shouted, "That milkface is sure to be a clodhopper whose mother sent him some of the milk money. He's spending it on his comrades so they'll help him out of the lurch sometime—or maybe the ditch." These words were meant for me, for they thought I was a young nobleman. The waitress told me this, but since I hadn't heard it myself I couldn't do much about it. Immediately after that I ordered a big beer glass filled with wine and let everyone drink to the health of all good musketeers, and with each toast we made such a racket that no one could hear his own words. This displeased them even more and one of them said, to no one in particular, "What a life these foot-sloggers are leading!" Jumpup answered, "What's it to you, bootblacks!?" That hit home, but he looked so ugly and made such a cruel and defiant face that no one dared cross him. And yet they resented us, and one of them, a clean-cut fellow, said, "If these town-crappers couldn't show off on their own dunghill, where would they show off?" (He thought we were garrisoned here, for our clothes looked fairly clean.) "Out in the field we'd pick 'em off as a falcon picks off doves." I answered him, "We capture cities and fortresses and they are handed over to us to guard. But you horsemen, you don't even rouse the dogs in the meanest crossroads town. I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy ourselves in a place that's more ours than yours!" The cavalryman answered, "The master in the field takes the fortresses. And that we are the masters I'll prove by not being afraid of three such gun-toting babies as you. Two of 'em I'll stick behind my hatband and the third I'll ask if there are any more like you. And if I were sitting over your way, my young squire, I'd hit you over the head."

I answered, "Although I am not one of your cavalymen, but only a hybrid between them and the musketeers, I think my pistols are as good as yours. But this baby is brave enough to face a horsy blowhard like you with nothing but a musket

and on foot." "Huh, you son of a bitch," said the guy, "I consider you a rascal if you don't live up to your words like a nobleman." I threw a glove at him and said, "Look! If I don't get that back from you, in the open field, on foot, and using only my musket, you can call me what you called me just now." We paid our bill and the horseman readied his pistols and carbine, and I my musket. As he rode off to the place we had agreed on, he advised Jumpup to go ahead and order my funeral. Jumpup told him to have his friends order his own. But he reproached me for my cockiness and said he was afraid my number was up. I only laughed because long ago I had figured out how to deal with a well-equipped cavalryman if one were to attack me.

When we came to the place where this jolly meeting was to take place, I had already loaded my musket with two balls, put on fresh priming, and smeared the cover of the pan with tallow, as careful musketeers do in rainy weather. Before we engaged, our friends on either side agreed that we should attack each other in an open field. One of us was to enter a fenced-in field from the east, the other from the west, and then each was to do his best, like a soldier in the face of the enemy. No one was to help his friend, nor was anyone to avenge the death of either. When all had promised this, my opponent and I shook hands; each forgave the other his own death, and each hoped to prove the superiority of his branch of the army in this stupidest of all stupidities in which a reasonable person ever engaged.

With my priming lighted on both ends, I entered the field on the side assigned to me. When I saw my opponent, I acted as if I were throwing off the old priming as I walked. But I was only pretending. My opponent thought the musket had misfired. Eagerly, pistol in hand, he rushed toward me, thinking to pay me for my sins and send me to hell. But before he could say Jack Robinson I had the pan open and the fire going again, was aiming, and welcomed him in such a way that my blast and his fall were one and the same thing.

After this I retreated to my friends who received me almost

with kisses. His comrades took him out of the stirrup, behaved honorably toward him and us, and returned my glove with words of praise. But when I thought my honor was at its highest, there came twenty-five musketeers from Rehnen who arrested me and my friends. I was put in chains and sent to headquarters, for all duels had been forbidden on pain of death.

CHAPTER 10: *The general of ordnance restores the Hunter to life and encourages him*

Since our general of ordnance was used to keeping strict discipline, I was afraid I might lose my head. I only hoped to get off easy because I had always been a good soldier though still very young, and I had gained a great reputation for bravery. But this was an uncertain hope, for the daily occurrence of such brawls required exemplary punishment.

Meanwhile, our men had attacked a strong redoubt and demanded surrender, but had not obtained it because the enemy knew we had no heavy artillery. For that reason the general, Count von der Wahl, moved up his whole force, let a trumpeter once more demand surrender, and threatened to storm the place. There came a polite letter to the effect that only the eloquence of force would induce the commander to surrender.

While everyone was wondering what to do next, it occurred to me to take this opportunity to get out of jail. So I racked my brain and set my mind to work thinking about how to deceive the enemy, because all we needed were the big guns. And because something occurred to me immediately, I let my lieutenant colonel know I had an idea how the place could be taken without great trouble or expense, if only I were pardoned and set free. Some old, experienced soldiers laughed and said, "The fellow thinks he can talk his way out of jail. Well, no harm in trying." But my lieutenant colonel himself, and some others who knew me, accepted my words like articles

of faith, and went to the general to report concerning my intention and other details they knew about me. Because the count had heard of the Hunter, he ordered me to his house, where I was free of my chains for the duration. The count and my lieutenant colonel were just at table when I came in.

When the general asked what I wanted, I answered, "Your Excellency, although my life is forfeit because of my crime and your Excellency's orders, allegiance to our Imperial Roman Majesty impels me to show how the enemies of our Majesty can be harmed and the armed might of our Majesty strengthened." The count interrupted my speech and asked if I hadn't recently given him the blackamoor. I said I had. Then he continued, "All right, your diligence and faithfulness might possibly suffice to save your life. But what's your plan?" I answered, "Since the place can't hold out against heavy artillery, I think the enemy will be ready to negotiate as soon as they *believe* we have big guns." "Any fool could have said that," answered the Count. "But who will persuade them to believe it?" I answered, "Their own eyes. I saw their lookout with my telescope. We can fool them by loading logs, like wooden pipes, onto wagons and taking them into the field with heavy teams. They'll think these are guns, especially if your Excellency will order some excavations as for gun emplacements." "My dear young fellow," answered the count, "those men are not a bunch of children. They won't believe this nonsense—unless they hear the guns. And if the trick doesn't come off," he addressed the officers about him, "we are the laughing stock of the world!" I answered, "Dear sir, let me make those guns sound in their ears. Just let me have a few double-barreled muskets and a fairly large barrel. There will be nothing there except the proper sound. But if, contrary to expectation, the thing goes wrong and we get laughed at, then I—who must die anyway—as the author of it all, will take the mockery with me and erase it with my life."

Although the count wanted none of my scheme, my lieutenant colonel persuaded him by saying I had a lucky hand in such things and he didn't doubt I'd succeed this time too.

Therefore, the count ordered him to arrange everything as could best be done. And he promised jokingly that all the honor gained by this trick would go to the lieutenant colonel.

So three of the hollow logs were prepared and twenty-four horses hitched to each—though two would have been plenty! Toward evening we took these out where the enemy could see them. Meanwhile I also had obtained three double-barreled muskets and a huge cask, which we got from the wine cellar of a castle. I arranged these things to suit myself and at night had them taken out to our mock artillery. I loaded the muskets with twice the normal charge of powder and fired into the cask, the head of which had been removed. This simulated three trial shots. The report was such that anyone would have sworn on stacks of Bibles that we had ten or twelve-and-a-half-pound cannons. Our general of ordnance could not help laughing at this elaborate trickery, but once more he offered the enemy terms, adding the information that if they did not surrender tonight they'd have to pay for it tomorrow. Both sides sent hostages, the articles of surrender were signed, and that same night we moved through one of the gates. This benefited me considerably, for not only did the count grant me the life I had forfeited by violating his orders, but he also set me free that same night, and in my presence ordered the lieutenant colonel to make me an ensign at the first opportunity. But this was inconvenient, for he had many cousins and in-laws on the waiting list, and they were all watching to be sure I wasn't promoted ahead of them.

CHAPTER 11: *Containing all sorts of things of slight importance but of great imagination*

In that campaign nothing more that was remarkable happened to me. But when I got back to Soest, the Hessians from Lippstadt had captured my man, whom I had left behind in my quarters with the baggage; moreover, they had taken one of my horses from the pasture. The enemy learned from this

man about my exploits, and they thought more highly of me than before, for until now common report had persuaded them to think that I could work magic. He also told them he had been one of the devils who had so frightened the Hunter of Werle in the sheepfolds. When the "Hunter" found this out, he was so ashamed that he took French leave once more and went from the Hessians to the Dutch. But my man's being captured turned out to be the greatest stroke of luck for me; this will become clear from a later part of my story.

I started to live a little more respectably than before, for I had great hopes of soon becoming a junior officer. Gradually I began to associate with the officers and young noblemen who were waiting for exactly the same thing I imagined I would be getting before long. For this reason they were my worst enemies—except that to my face they acted like my best friends. The lieutenant colonel didn't particularly like me either, because he was under orders to advance me ahead of his relatives. My captain disliked me because I kept better horses, clothes, and weapons than he, and moreover, I no longer came across with gifts for the old miser. He would have preferred that they chop off my head instead of promising me a troop, for he had hoped to inherit my fine horses. And my lieutenant hated me because of *one* word that had slipped out recently.

It happened like this. On our last expedition he and I had been ordered to keep watch together at a difficult post. It had to be done lying down, though it was pitch dark, and when my turn came, he came crawling up to me on his belly like a snake and said, "Sentry, do you notice anything?" I answered, "Yes, sir, lieutenant." "What is it? What is it?" he asked. I answered, "I notice the lieutenant is scared."

From that time on he didn't like me, and I was ordered to go where the situation was most risky. In fact, he was looking high and low for opportunities to "get me" before I became an ensign—that is, while I could not defend myself against him. All the sergeants were my enemies, too, because I was preferred. Even the common soldiers started to waver

in their love and friendship for me, because it appeared that I despised them since I kept company with the big wheels—who didn't like me any better. Worst of all, not one solitary person told me how everyone felt about me. I didn't notice anything because to my face each man played up to me, though he would rather have seen me dead. So I kept on living blindly in false security, and as time passed I became more and more conceited. Even though I knew that some people were disgusted when I outdid the nobles and the officers of rank with my showing-off, I did not stop doing it.

After I had become a corporal, I was bold enough to wear a leather collar worth sixty thalers, scarlet-red trousers, and sleeves of white satin embroidered all over with gold thread—all of which were worn at that time by the highest officers. Of course, everyone took notice. But I was a frightfully stupid fool to manage things this way, for if I had used the money I squandered on clothes for bribes in the right places, I would have gotten my command and not made so many enemies. But that wasn't all: I dressed up my best horse (the one Jumpup had gotten from the Hessian captain) with saddle, bridle, and arms, so that when I sat on him I might well have been mistaken for St. George. I hated it that I wasn't a nobleman and couldn't dress my man and the stable boy in my personal uniform.

I reasoned that everything had to have a beginning; once I had a coat of arms I could have liveried servants, and when I became an officer I would have a seal even though I wasn't a nobleman. I had not entertained this thought very long when an imperial count palatine gave me a coat of arms. It had three red masks on a white field, on the crest the bust of a young jester in calfskin with a pair of rabbit ears, and bells in front. I thought this matched my name perfectly, for I was called "Simplicius." So I properly became the first of my lineage, family, and coat of arms, and if someone had tried to make fun of this, I would have been quick to unsheath my sword or to pull a pair of pistols on him.

Although I did not care much for women yet, I went along

with the nobles whenever they called on ladies, of whom there were many in town. I wanted to be seen and show off my precious wardrobe, my well-groomed hair, and the plumes on my hat. I must confess that I was preferred to all others because of my good figure, but I also heard that the spoiled females compared me to a handsome, well-carved wooden statue that has little to recommend it besides its beauty. Except for playing the lute I could not produce anything to please the ladies, for as yet I knew nothing of love. But when the men who were popular with ladies twitted me for my wooden manners—mostly in order to show off their own eloquence—I said that, for the time being, it was enough for me to enjoy a bright sword and a good musket. The ladies approved of this speech, and this so enraged the ladies' men that they secretly swore to kill me, though there was no one who had the heart to challenge me or provoke me to challenge him—for which a slap in the face or some insulting words would have sufficed, and I had laid myself wide open for that. From this behavior the ladies inferred that I must be a resolute youth; they said publicly that my appearance and resoluteness spoke louder than all the lispings compliments Cupid had ever invented, and that enraged the gentlemen even more.

CHAPTER 12: *Fortune fortuitously grants the Hunter a noble honorarium*

I had two fine horses, and at that time they were all the joy I had in the world. Every day I was free I rode them on bridle paths and in the riding school. Not that the horses could have learned anything more than they knew—I did it so people would see that these beautiful creatures belonged to me. When I was prancing through the streets, or rather when the horse was dancing along with me on it, the silly people looked at me and said, "Look, that's the Hunter! What a beautiful horse! What a panache!" or "God Almighty, what

a guy he is!" I cocked my ears and enjoyed it as if the Queen of Sheba had compared me to the wise King Solomon in all his glory. But, fool that I was, I did not hear what prudent and experienced people thought of me or what my detractors said. In a word, the wisest doubtless considered me a young puppy whose extravagance would necessarily be of short duration, because it was built on a weak foundation and maintained by uncertain loot. And if I am to confess the truth, I must admit that the latter were right, although at that time I did not understand it, for the situation was this: I was able to make an enemy sweat and could pass for a good plain soldier, but I was still only a child. The reason for my greatness was that then, as now, the snottiest stable boy could shoot the bravest hero in the world. But if gunpowder had not been invented, that would be an apple off another tree.

While riding around, it was my habit to memorize all roads, paths, ditches, swamps, bushes, hills, and watercourses in order to use my knowledge of the locality later on, either in offense or defense, if the occasion arose. One time I passed a ruined building not far from town and thought this might be an ideal place for a retreat or a lookout, especially for us dragoons if we were chased or outnumbered by cavalry. I rode into the yard, the enclosing walls of which were nearly ruined, to see if a horse could be accommodated there in case of necessity and if one could defend the place on foot. As I rode past the cellar my horse balked and couldn't be made to move either by force or by kindness. I gave him the spurs till I felt sorry for him, but all for nothing. I dismounted and led him down the stairway, but he jumped back, and when I tried to coax him down, I noticed he was sweating from fear and had his eyes glued to one corner of the cellar. As I looked at the trembling horse, I got scared myself and felt as if someone were pulling me up by the hair and pouring a bucket of ice water on me. But I could see nothing. Then I thought that perhaps the horse and I had been hexed and would have to die in this cellar. When I tried to get out, the horse refused

to follow and that made me even more frightened and confused, so that I didn't know what I was doing.

Finally I took up my pistol, tied the horse to a sturdy elderberry bush that had grown in the cellar, and as I was about to look for help in getting my horse out, it occurred to me that perhaps a treasure was hidden in the ruin and *that* might make the place so eerie. I became convinced of this and looked around more closely, particularly in the area where my horse did not want to go at all. In the corner I noticed a section of the wall about the size of an ordinary strongbox where the masonry was different in color and texture. But when I was just about ready to investigate I again felt as if all my hair were standing on end, and this seemed to confirm my hunch that a treasure-trove must be hidden there. I would have preferred an exchange of bullets in a duel—no, a hundred—times more than being in this frightful situation. I was troubled and didn't know by whom, for I could see and hear nothing. Having taken the other pistol as well, I moved to get out, leaving the horse behind, but I couldn't get up the stairs; a strong air current seemed to keep me down. At that point cold shivers started running down my back. Finally I had a bright idea: I would fire the pistols to alarm the peasants who were working in the fields nearby, and they would help me. There was no other way of getting out of the haunted place. But I was so desperate and mad that in firing I aimed at the exact area of the wall where I thought the cause of my strange experience lurked. The bullets made two holes in the masonry as big as a good-sized fist.

After the shots my horse whinnied and perked up his ears, and that made me feel good. I don't know whether the monster or ghost disappeared at that instant or whether the poor horse was glad to hear the shots. My courage returned; I walked up to the place unhindered and started enlarging the holes in the wall. There I found a treasure in silver, gold, and jewels so rich that I should still be enjoying it—if only I had known how to keep and invest it. There were six dozen

old-fashioned silver cups, a large, gold loving cup and several plated ones, four silver salt cellars and one of gold, an old golden chain, several diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, some of them mounted in rings and other jewelry, and a whole boxful of large pearls (but all old and no longer of the highest quality); then, in an ancient moldy leather bag, I found eighty of the oldest Joachimsthalers of the purest silver, and 893 gold pieces with the French coat of arms and an eagle. No one could identify these because, as they said, the inscription was illegible. I put the coins, rings, and jewels in my pockets, boots, and saddlebags; and since I didn't have a sack with me on this pleasure ride, I cut the blanket off the saddle and put the rest of the silver vessels between the blanket and the lining. I hung the gold chain around my neck and rode happily toward my quarters.

But as I was leaving the yard I noticed two peasants who were about to run away when they saw me. I easily caught up with them because I had three pair of legs and level ground. I asked them why they feared me and wanted to run away. They told me that they thought I was the ghost who lived in the deserted farmhouse and usually mistreated anyone who got close to it. When I asked for additional information, they told me that, from fear of the specter (or rather monster), no human being had come there for years on end, except perchance a stranger who had lost his way. Rumor had it that in the cellar lay an iron trough full of money, guarded by a black dog and an accursed maiden; as their grandparents told it, a strange nobleman who knew neither his father nor his mother would some day arrive to save the maiden, unlock the iron trough with a fiery key, and take the hidden money with him. They told me lots more of such silly things, but because they sound too tedious I won't go into them. Then I asked them why they came, since they dared not enter the ruin. They answered that they had heard a shot and a loud scream. When I told them that I was frightened and had fired a shot hoping to summon help, but that I had not screamed, they replied that in this ruin lots of shots might be heard before

anybody in the neighborhood would investigate. "For in truth, it is so haunted that we would not believe your Lordship when he said he had been there, had we not seen him with our own eyes when he rode out."

Now they wanted to hear from me whether I had seen the maiden with the black dog and the iron trough. If I had wanted to, I could have told them the worst cock-and-bull story, but I said nothing at all, not even that I had found the treasure. I rode home and looked over my find and was glad all over.

CHAPTER 13: *Simplicius' strange notions and castles in the air, and how he kept his treasure-trove*

Those who see the value of money and consider it their god know what they are talking about. If anyone learned the power, the almost divine virtue of money, it was I. I know the feelings of a person who has a good supply of the stuff, and I've found out more than once how it feels to have not a single penny. I venture to prove that money possesses all the virtues, and more, of precious stones: money removes fear and makes people jolly and happy, as the ruby does. It often robs you of sleep, like garnets; on the other hand, it also induces repose and sleep, like the hyacinth. Like the sapphire and amethyst, it strengthens the heart, drives out fright, and makes people joyful, wide-awake, moral, and mild-mannered. It dispels bad dreams, quickens the wit, and if one quarrels makes one win, like the carnelian—especially if one bribes the judge with it. Money allays lecherous and adulterous desires, because one can buy pretty women. In short, one can hardly overstate what money is able to accomplish (as I have already shown in my book, *Black and White*) if only one knows how to use and invest it.

My money—what I had amassed of it by robbery and finding the treasure-trove—was of a strange kind. In the first place, it made me more cocky than I had ever been before, so much

that I hated from the bottom of my heart being called just plain "Simplicius." Like amethyst, it kept me from sleeping, for I lay awake many a night worrying about how to invest it and thereby get more. I made myself a perfect arithmetician, for I added up how much my unminted gold and silver might be worth and added this to the total of cash hidden here and there or still in my purse. This came to a considerable amount even without the precious stones. It also tempted me with its peculiar trickiness and evil nature, by jolly well interpreting the proverb, "He who has a lot wants more," and making me so stingy that everyone would have been glad to become my enemy. I considered quitting the army, buying a little place somewhere, and twiddling my filthy thumbs all day long. But, in view of the free life I was leading and my hope of becoming a big shot, I soon rejected that plan. Next I thought, Simpli, get a patent of nobility; at your own expense, recruit a company of dragoons for the emperor, and you are sure to become a young lord who in time will go places. But as soon as I considered that a single unlucky skirmish or the end of the war might be *my* end too, I no longer favored this.

Next I wished to be of age, a grown man. If I were, I'd take a beautiful, rich, young wife. I'd buy an estate in the country and lead the quiet life of a gentleman farmer. I would specialize in animal husbandry and have a good income honestly obtained. But since I was much too young for this scheme, I had to give it up too. I had plenty of ideas like these until I finally resolved to put my most valuable possessions in the hands of a wealthy man in a well-defended city and let him administer them until Fortune decided what to do with me.

At that time my Jupiter was still with me, for I could not get rid of him. At times he was altogether rational and talked very sensibly for weeks on end. He liked me because I had done a lot for him. When he saw me walking around in deep thought, he said, "Son, your dirty money, your gold and silver—give it away." I asked why. He answered, "That way you'll acquire friends and get rid of unnecessary worries." I told

him I'd rather have more than give it away. He said, "Then get more, but you will never have peace of mind or friends."

I thought about it and came to the conclusion that what Jupiter said was indeed sensible, but lust for money had such a hold on me that I wouldn't dream of giving anything away. Yet after a while I gave the commander a couple of silver and gold-plated cups, and my captain a pair of silver saltshakers. But these rare antiques only served to whet their appetites for more. I gave twelve silver thalers to my dearest friend, Jumpup. He advised me to dispose of my wealth or be prepared for trouble over it, because officers didn't like a common soldier's having more money than they. He had heard rumors going around about my wealth. If he were in my shoes he'd retire from the wars, go to some quiet place, and let God provide.

I said, "Listen, brother, how can I so easily give up the prospect of having my own troop?" "Ah!" said Jumpup, "don't you see many a good sergeant become old and grey, who should have had a troop before a lot of others—even you?" I had to keep silent because Jumpup was telling the truth and he meant well with me. But secretly I resented it, for I was awfully conceited at that time.

I considered this advice and that of my Jupiter very carefully, and I remembered I had not a single natural-born friend in the world who might assist me in trouble or avenge my death. Yet neither my greed nor my ambition nor my desire for greatness would let me quit the army and seek peace. But I stuck to my first plan, and when I had a chance to go from Münster to Cologne with a convoy of a hundred dragoons, several merchants, and their freight wagons, I wrapped up my treasure-trove and handed it over for safekeeping to a prominent merchant, in exchange for an itemized legal receipt. There were 74 marks of unminted fine silver, 15 marks of gold, 80 Joachimsthalers, and in a sealed box, various rings and jewelry, which with gold and precious stones weighed altogether eight and a half pounds; there were also 893 an-

tique gold coins, each valued at one and a half florins. I took Jupiter along because he had well-to-do relatives whom he wanted to join. He praised me to the skies for all I had done for him, and therefore his kinsmen treated me with much consideration. But he kept advising me to invest my money better, to buy friends who would do me more good than gold in a strongbox.

CHAPTER 14: *How the Hunter is caught by the enemy*

On the way home I thought about arranging my life from now on so that I might regain everyone's favor, for Jumpup had put a busy flea in my ear by persuading me to believe everyone was jealous of me—and in truth, that's how it was. I also remembered what the famous fortuneteller of Soest had told me some time ago and then I was even more disturbed. With these thoughts I sharpened my wits: I noticed that a man who lives without care from one day to the next is really almost like a dumb beast. I tried to find out why this or that person might hate me and concluded that my pride had made more enemies than anything else. For that reason I decided to act humble again (even though I wasn't), to associate once more with the common soldiers, to take off my hat to the higher-ups, and to diminish my wardrobe, until perhaps my status improved.

From the merchant in Cologne I had brought along a hundred thalers, which I was to repay with interest when I returned to claim my treasure. I thought that on the way I'd spend half the money among the soldiers of the convoy, for I had learned by now that greed makes no friends. I had resolved to change and to make a new start on this trip. But I had reckoned without the host, for when we were passing through the duchy of Berg eighty muskets and fifty horsemen ambushed us at a very favorable spot, just when I had been sent ahead with four other men and a corporal to reconnoiter the road. The enemy kept quiet while we rode into their trap,

letting us pass so as not to warn the convoy until it got into their line of fire. But they sent a cavalry officer with eight men who watched us until their group had attacked the convoy and we turned around to join our men at the wagons. Then they pounced on us and asked if we wanted quarter. I for one was well mounted and rode my best horse, but I did not care to run. I swung around to a small plain to see what could be done. Meanwhile the volley our men received told me what we were up against, and flight suddenly appeared attractive. But the ensign had it all figured out; he had cut off retreat, and while I was trying to fight my way out, he—mistaking me for an officer—once more offered me quarter.

I thought that getting off with my life was better than risking it and asked if he would keep his promise of quarter as an honest soldier. He answered, "Yes, honestly." So I handed over my sword and was taken captive. He asked right away who I was, for he thought I was a nobleman and therefore an officer. But when I replied that I was called the Hunter of Soest, he said, "It's your good luck not to have fallen into our hands a month ago. At that time I could not have given you quarter because we considered you a sorcerer."

This ensign was a bold young cavalier and not more than two years older than I. He was overjoyed at the honor of capturing the famous Hunter and for that reason he kept his word—even in the Dutch manner. (It's their custom not to take from their Spanish enemies anything under a man's belt.) In fact, he was even so considerate as not to have me searched; I, in turn, was generous enough to hand him the money in my pockets. When the time came to divide the loot, I told him in secret to make sure he got my horse with saddle and bridle, for the saddlebag contained thirty ducats, and to find another horse like mine would be hard. For that the ensign liked me as if I were his own brother. He immediately mounted my horse and let me use his. Of the convoy only six were killed and thirteen captured (eight of whom were wounded); the others fled, not having the guts to recapture the enemy's spoils, as they could have, for they were all mounted.

In the evening, after the loot and the captives had been parceled out, the Swedes and Hessians (who had come from various garrisons) left for home. The ensign kept me, the corporal, and three other dragoons, all of whom he had captured. We were taken to a fortress located somewhat less than ten miles from our garrison. Because I had harassed that place quite a bit, my name was well known there, but my person was feared rather than revered. When we came in sight of the town, the officer sent a cavalryman ahead to announce his arrival to the commander and to let that gentleman know how the ambush had turned out and who the captives were. When the word got around there was nearly a riot, for everyone wanted to see the Hunter who could supposedly work miracles. Then some said this and others that about me, and it was just as if a great potentate had come to town.

We captives were taken straight to the commander, who was greatly amazed at my youth. He asked where I came from and if I had ever served on the Swedish side. When I told him the truth, he asked if I didn't want to stay on his side again. I answered that it didn't make any difference to me, but since I had sworn on oath of loyalty to the emperor I thought I ought to keep it. He then ordered us taken to the provost marshal, but the officer, at his own request, was allowed to invite us for the evening, since I had formerly entertained my prisoners, one of whom had been his brother.

That night several officers, soldiers of fortune as well as born noblemen, convened at the officer's and he sent for me and my corporal. To tell the truth, I was extremely well treated by them; I acted as if I had never lost a thing, was the life of the party, and carried on not as one captured by the enemy but as if I were among my best friends. For all that, I behaved as modestly as possible, because I guessed my behavior would be reported to the commander—and it *was*, as I later found out.

Next day we prisoners of war were taken one after the other to the regimental judge advocate, who examined us. The corporal went first; I was next. When I entered the room he was

surprised at my youth, and in order to reproach me he said, "My child, what have the Swedes done to you that you fight against them?" That riled me, especially since I had seen soldiers just as young among them, and I answered, "The Swedish soldiers took away my prettiest marbles and I wanted to get 'em back."

Hearing me pay him back, some of the officers present were ashamed, and one said in Latin that he should ask me serious questions, for I was clearly no child. That's how I found out the judge advocate's name was Eusebius, for that's how the officer addressed him. Then he asked me my name, and when I told him he said, "There isn't a devil in hell by the name of Simplicissimus." I answered, "Probably there isn't one named Eusebius, either," and repaid him in kind. But this didn't go over so well with the officers, for they told me to remember that I was a prisoner and hadn't been brought here to make wisecracks. I neither blushed nor apologized, but replied (since they were holding me for a soldier and wouldn't let me get off as a child) that I had answered as I had been asked; I hoped that I was not to blame for that. Then they asked about my home, family, and connections, and whether I had served on the Swedish side; they inquired, furthermore, about conditions in Soest, the strength of the garrison there, and other items like that. My answers to all their questions were brief and to the point; I said no more about Soest and the garrison than I thought I could justify. I kept altogether mum about having been a jester, for I was ashamed of it.

CHAPTER 15: *Under what conditions the Hunter becomes free again*

Meanwhile, in Soest, they had found out how the convoy had fared, that the corporal, myself, and several others had been captured, and where we had been taken. The next day a drummer was sent to come and get us. The corporal and the three others were turned over to him, with a letter the com-

mander let me read before dispatching it. It went approximately as follows:

Monsieur, etc.,

Your letter was handed me together with the ransom by your drummer, who is returning with the corporal and the other three prisoners. As concerns Simplicius, the Hunter, because he served on our side before, he cannot be released. If I can be of any service in which duty does not interpose, I am and remain,

Your humble servant,

N. DE S. A.

I did not half like this document, but still I had to seem grateful for it. I asked to see the commander but was told he would send for me after the drummer had been dispatched the next morning. Until then I would have to be patient.

I had waited longer than the appointed time when, around noon, the commander sent for me and for the first time honored me by inviting me to his table. During the meal he drank to my health but did not indicate by even one word why he wanted me, and it was not becoming for me to mention it. But after the table had been cleared and I felt quite content, he said, "Dear Hunter, you saw from my letter what pretext I used to keep you here. Now, I don't intend anything unreasonable, dishonest, or contrary to the rules of war. You yourself told the judge advocate that you used to serve on our side in the main army. For that reason you will have to make up your mind to join my regiment. If you do, and you serve to my satisfaction, in time I shall advance you further than you could hope for on the imperial side. Otherwise I hope you won't mind if I return you to the lieutenant colonel from whom the dragoons took you."

I answered, "Honored Sir Colonel, since I never swore allegiance to the Crown of Sweden or to its allies, and since I was only the lieutenant colonel's stable boy and never swore allegiance to him, I do not feel bound to go into Swedish service or to break my oath of allegiance to the Holy Roman Emperor. For this reason I humbly beg you to excuse me for refusing this request." "What?" said the colonel. "Do you de-

spise Swedish service? Remember that you are my prisoner, and I'll show you a thing or two before returning you to Soest so you can serve the enemy, or maybe I'll let you rot in jail. Now think that over."

To be sure, these words frightened me, but I did not yield and said I hoped God would protect me from such treatment and keep me from perjury. As for the rest, I'd leave it to the colonel's well-known discretion to treat me like a soldier. "Sure," he said, "I know how to treat you—if I wanted to be severe; but you had better think it over. And don't give me cause to teach you a lesson." After this I was put back in the stockade.

It isn't hard to imagine that I didn't get much sleep that night but instead had all sorts of ruminations. Next morning several officers, including the one who had captured me, appeared, on the pretext of entertaining me, but in truth to bring news that the colonel was about to accuse me of sorcery, since he couldn't get me to comply in any other way. They meant to frighten me and see what I would do, but because I had a clear conscience I reacted rather coldly. Even though we talked little, I noticed that the colonel's main concern was to keep me from going back to Soest. He could easily figure out that I wouldn't leave a place where I was hoping for advancement and where I still had two beautiful horses and other valuables.

Next day he sent for me again and once more questioned me if I had changed my mind. I told him, "I have decided to die rather than commit perjury. But if you will let me off without forcing me into Swedish service, I solemnly promise not to bear arms for six months against either Swedes or Hessians." The colonel was downright pleased with this offer; we shook hands on it, and he forgave me the ransom and ordered the secretary to make out a document in duplicate, which both of us signed. In it the colonel promised me freedom and protection so long as I stayed in the fortress which was entrusted to him. I, in turn, pledged to do nothing harmful to the garrison so long as I stayed in the fortress. The colonel kept me for

lunch again and showed me more honor than the imperials ever had done or would do. That's how he gradually won me over, so that I wouldn't have gone back to Soest even if he had set aside my promise and let me go. And that is how, without spilling a drop of blood, he did considerable damage to the enemy, for from this time on, having lost me, the reconnoitering of the Soesters was not at all effective. Yet, I don't want to depreciate them or brag about myself.

CHAPTER 16: *How Simplicius becomes a free lord*

If something is to happen, everything shapes up for it. I thought I was practically married to Lady Luck (or at least was so close to her that even the worst must turn out to my advantage), when at the commander's dinner table one day I heard that my stable boy had come over from Soest with my two beautiful horses. However, I didn't consider (but later learned) that in the beginning fickle Fortune raises whom she wants to destroy all the higher, in order to dash him so much lower in the end.

Because I had done him much good, this servant (whom I had captured from the Swedes) was very devoted to me. Every day he had saddled my horses and ridden out of Soest to meet the drummer who had been sent to bring me and the others back. He had taken my best clothes along, that I might not come back naked or in rags (for he thought I had been stripped bare). When he did not see me and heard I had been asked to accept service with the enemy, he dug his spurs into the horses and shouted, "Farewell, drummer! Farewell, corporal! I'm going where my master is!" Thus he fled from Soest and arrived just as the commander had freed me and was honoring me. The colonel put up my horses at an inn until I should find myself lodgings. He thought me lucky to have such a faithful man and such excellent horses while I was still so young and only a common dragoon. When I took his leave, he praised one of the horses so highly that I thought he would

have liked to buy it from me. And since he was too discreet to ask the price, I said I would be honored to offer it as a gift. But he roundly refused, mostly because I was in my cups, and he did not want it said that he had talked a drunken man out of something he might have refused while sober.

That night I got to thinking about how I would arrange my future life. I decided to stay my six months where I was, that is, to spend the winter, which was approaching, in peace and quiet. I had enough money for this without using any of my treasure at Cologne. I thought it would be a good time to finish growing and to reach full strength. In the spring I could all the more courageously join the imperial army.

Early next morning I did an autopsy on my saddle, which was in much better shape than the one the ensign had received from me. After that I had my best horse taken to the colonel's quarters. I told him that since I had resolved to spend my six warless months here under his protection, my horses would be worthless to me. To let them be ruined would be a shame. Therefore, he'd do me a favor by giving this martial nag a place alongside his own, and I'd be happy if he would accept it as a token of my gratitude for all the favors I had received from him. The colonel thanked me very courteously and, through his steward, sent me a fattened live steer, two fat hogs, a barrel of wine, four barrels of beer, and twelve loads of firewood. He had all these things delivered to the lodging I had just rented for half a year. He sent word along that these housewarming gifts were to provide a little help in getting my household started.

Seeing that my generosity earned me much credit with the colonel, I wondered how I could enhance my reputation with the common people. So I sent for my man and, in the presence of my landlord, said to him, "Dear Nicholas, you have shown me more loyalty than a master can require of a servant. But now that I have no master of my own and no war in which to obtain the means of paying you as I'd like, and since I won't need a man in the quiet life I intend to lead, I am giving you as your wages my second horse together with the

saddle, pistols, and other gear; and I am asking you to be content for the present to find another master. If I can be of service to you in the future, be sure to let me hear from you at any time."

My good Nick kissed my hands. He could hardly speak for tears. He didn't want to accept the horse but thought I should sell it and use the money to support myself. Finally, after I had promised to take him back in my service as soon as I needed someone, he was persuaded to accept it.

This farewell scene so moved my landlord that he could not keep from crying; and as my man praised me among the soldiers, so the landlord praised me to the skies among the citizens. The commander thought I was a prince of a fellow because not only had I kept faithfully the oath I had sworn to the emperor but also I had given up my excellent horse, servant, and weapons—all the better to keep my oath to him. To myself I was a great master—like any beggar who is subject to no one. In this manner everything gets turned around in this topsy-turvy world: some have to swear an oath when they enter military service; I had to do it when I quit.

CHAPTER 17: *How the Hunter plans to spend six months, and an encounter with the prophetess of Soest*

I don't believe there is a person in this world who hasn't a screw loose somewhere, for we all come from the same place and when my pears are ripe the other fellow's aren't far from it. But someone might answer, "Ah, you coxcomb, do you think because you are silly others are too?" I don't say that, but I do think that some are better than others at hiding the fool within them. A person with foolish notions isn't necessarily a fool; when we're young we all have such notions. But he who acts them out is thought a fool, for some people show none of their foolishness, and others, only half of it. Those who suppress it altogether are regular sourpusses. But those who give a little indication of it when time and occasion permit—those I consider the best people and the most under-

standing. Since I was quite independent and had money in my pocket, I probably let my own foolishness show a little too much, for I hired a boy, dressed him like a page in the most outrageous colors—purple, violet, and yellow, no less—and declared these to be *my* colors because I liked them. This youngster had to wait on me as if I were a prince of the realm and had never been a dragoon—or, half a year before that, a poor stable boy.

This was my first folly in that town. And though it bulked large, it was not even noticed, much less was I reproached for it. But what's the difference? The world is so full of foolishness that nobody pays attention to it any more, or laughs at it, or is surprised—they're all so used to it. I was reputed to be a smart, professional soldier, not a fool still wearing children's shoes. I made arrangements with my landlord for boarding myself and the page and I gave him as a down-payment the meat and wood the commander had sent me in exchange for my horse. My boy had to have a key to the wine cellar, for I was pleased to serve wine to my company. And since I was neither a burgher nor a soldier, and therefore had no one of my own kind to keep me company, I made friends in both groups and had daily visitors whom I did not want to leave unwined. The organist became a good friend of mine, and since I may say, without bragging, that I loved music and had a good voice, which I wanted to keep from getting rusty, he taught me how to compose, and to play the organ as well as the harp. As I already played the lute masterfully, I bought one of my own and had a lot of fun with it every day.

When I was tired of music, I sent for the furrier who, in Paradise, had taught me the art of self-defense. I practiced it with him in order to become even more perfect, and I persuaded the commander to have one of his artillerymen teach me, for a fee, the art of aiming and firing a cannon and the use of gunpowder. As for the rest, I kept very quiet and to myself, so that people were amazed when they saw me poring over books like a student—me, who had been used to robbery and bloodshed.

My landlord was the commander's watchdog and my keeper;

he reported everything I did or didn't do. But that suited me well enough, for I hardly gave a thought to soldiering, and if the conversation got around to it I never let on I'd been a soldier. I acted as if I were here only for my daily lessons and exercises. I wished my six months were over, but no one could tell where I'd take service after that. As often as I called on the commander he kept me for lunch or supper, and sometimes we got into conversations meant to probe my thoughts and intentions. But I answered so carefully that no one could tell what my plans were, and no one could suspect anything but good in me.

One day the commander said, "How about it, Hunter? Don't you want to become Swedish yet? Yesterday one of my ensigns was killed." My answer was, "Honored sir, a wife is not expected to remarry immediately after her husband's death. Why can't you let me wait my six months?" With such repartee I always escaped a definite answer and gained more and more of the colonel's favor. He even permitted me to walk around freely inside and out of the fortress. In time I was allowed to hunt rabbits, quail, and other birds—a privilege not given his own soldiers. Moreover, I fished in the river Lippe and had such good luck that I seemed to be catching fish and crayfish by magic. Then I had a hunter's suit of middling quality made; dressed in this, I tramped by night all over the countryside around Soest, where I knew every road and pathway. Occasionally I collected the treasures I had hidden in various places, hauled them into the fortress, and let on I wanted to spend the rest of my life with the Swedes.

Once I ran into the fortuneteller of Soest, and she said to me, "Look, son, didn't I advise you well to hide your money outside the town of Soest? I assure you, it was the greatest stroke of luck for you to have been taken prisoner. If you had come home, certain fellows who swore to kill you because you deprived them of a lady's favor would have strangled you while you hunted." I answered, "How can anyone be jealous of me when I care nothing for girls and their favors?" She replied, "Surely you will not remain long of this opinion, or the

ladies will run you out of the county on a rail. You always laughed at me when I foretold events. Do you again not want to believe me when I tell you more? Don't you find people friendlier to you here than in Soest? I swear, they love you only too well, and such excessive love will harm you if you don't accommodate yourself to it." I asked her why, if she knew so much, she didn't tell me more about my parents and if I'd ever see them. But she should have spoken up in clear language instead of using abracadabra. She said I should ask about my parents after I'd accidentally met my foster father leading the daughter of my wet nurse by a rope. She laughed violently and assured me that she had told me, voluntarily, more than she had revealed to others who had begged her. From now on I would hear little from her, and as a parting gift she advised me to use plenty of bribes and to love weapons instead of women if I wanted to fare well. "Old blabber-mouth," I said, "that's just what I am doing!" She answered, "Yes, sure, but soon you will be different." Then I gave her a few silver thalers, and when I started kidding her she left hurriedly. Just then the coins were heavy in my pocket, and I also had many precious rings and other jewelry. These valuables were constantly screaming at me that they wanted to circulate among people again and that I should let them go if I wanted to be popular. I obeyed them willingly, for as I was quite a show-off I paraded my wealth and let my landlord see it without reserve. He reported even more than he had seen! People wondered where I had acquired it, for word had got around that I deposited my treasure-trove in Cologne, because the cavalry officer had read the merchant's IOU when he captured me.

CHAPTER 18: *How the Hunter begins courting and makes an occupation of it*

My plan to learn the mastery of firearms and fencing during these six months was good, and I made excellent progress,

but it wasn't enough to keep me occupied, and boredom is the devil's workshop, particularly when you don't have a boss. Diligently I studied all sorts of books and learned a lot from them. But there were some that helped me like the grass eaten by a sick dog. The incomparable *Arcadia*,⁶ from which I hoped to learn polite conversation, was the first that diverted me from wholesome stories to books of love and from true history to heroic fiction. I picked up books of that sort wherever I could, and when I had found one I didn't stop until I'd finished reading it, even though it took me all day and all night. Instead of eloquence, these books taught me how to pitch woo. But at that time my affliction was not so strong or violent that one could have called it a divine frenzy or an oppressive malady, for whenever my love happened to alight, I received what I wanted easily and without special effort, and I had no cause to complain like other wooers and lechers who are full of fantastic thoughts, troubles, desires, secret suffering, anger, eagerness, revenge, rage, tears, bragging, threats, and a thousand other manifestations of foolishness, and who in their impatience die a thousand deaths. I had plenty of money and did not mind spending it; I had a good voice and practiced daily on various musical instruments. Instead of dancing, which I never liked, I exhibited a well developed, supple body when fencing with the furrier. Moreover, I had a fine, smooth face and was acquiring a graceful pleasantness of manner so that the ladies ran after me even though I did not particularly trouble about them.

As the approach of Martinmas (when we Germans start the swilling and stuffing that goes on until Lent), officers and civilians invited me to various places to help eat the Martinmas goose. And that's when things began to happen, for on these occasions I met some ladies. My singing and my lute made them look at me, and when they did, I made such graceful eyes and gestures—in addition to the love songs I had com-

⁶ The *Arcadia* (1502) of Iacopo Sannazaro is the outstanding pastoral novel of the Renaissance; however, Grimmelshausen probably means Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (1590), for it was available in German translation.

posed myself—that many a pretty girl fell for me and was in love with me before she knew it. Lest I be considered a tightwad I, in turn, gave two parties, one for the officers, the other for high society in town. Thus I gained favor with both sides and entrance to their houses, for my food and drink was of the best. I really cared only for the company of the ladies, and though I might not get what I wanted from one or two (there were still a few who could withhold their gifts), I treated them all alike, so as not to bring suspicion on those who showed me more favor than virtuous maidens should. I made each of them believe that I merely made conversation with the others and that *she* alone enjoyed my love.

An even half dozen loved me, and I them, but none alone had me or my heart. In one, I liked only her dark eyes; in another, her golden hair; in the third, her lovely charm; and in the fourth, something else that the first three did not have. If I called on still others, I did so because they had something new or strange, and in any case I refused or despised nothing, since I did not intend to stay in the same place long. My page, who was an archrascal, was always rushing around with love notes and messages; on the side, he received a lot of favors from the *Fräuleins* and knew when to keep quiet, all of which cost me a pretty penny, since I wasted a fortune by doing this and might well have said, "What's gained by the drum is lost by the fife." In all this I kept my affairs so secret that not one in a hundred knew what a lover-boy I had become, except perhaps the parson, for I didn't borrow half so many theology books as I used to.

CHAPTER 19: *How the Hunter wins friends, and the sermon the preacher delivers*

If Fortune wants to cast one down, she first raises him high, and the good Lord always sends a warning before the fall. He sent one to me, but I refused to accept it. In my own mind I thought my present happy state so firmly established that no

misfortune could touch me, because everyone, especially the commander, wished me well. "What a friendly man the Hunter is," I heard them say. "He speaks with the children in the street, and he is everyone's friend."

I often visited the oldest of the town's ministers, from whose library I borrowed many books, and when I returned one, he discussed all sorts of subjects with me and we got along well. When the Martinmas goose and the Christmas holidays were past, I gave him, for the New Year, a bottle of Strasbourg brandy, which he sipped with rock candy, as all the Westphalians do. When I stopped off to call on him he was just reading a book called *Joseph*,⁷ which I had written and which my landlord had lent him behind my back. I blanched and was ashamed that such a learned gentleman should be reading my attempts at writing, especially as it is well established that a man is best known by what he writes. But he invited me to sit down with him, and although he praised my imagination, he upbraided me for going into so much detail on the amorous adventures of Potiphar's wife. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks," he added. "If you did not know from experience how a lover feels, you could not have told so much about this woman's passion." I answered that what I had written was not my own invention; I had copied and extracted it from other books in order to gain practice in composition. "I am willing to take your word for it," he said, "but you may be sure I know more about your love than you think!" This sent a shudder down my spine, and I wondered if the devil himself had told him about it. When he saw me blushing he admonished me to consider what a dangerous road I was taking. He mentioned the proverb, "Young soldiers make old beggars," and warned me against squandering my money on women and in other useless ways. I wasn't used to such talk and became very impatient, but I let on that I was grateful for his paternal concern and promised to think it over. In my heart I thought, "What business is it of yours, how I man-

⁷ Grimmshausen, not Simplicius, wrote the novel *Joseph the Chaste*. See p. 65, note 1, for a parallel.

age my life?!" And as I had become used to the pleasures of love, I did not want to do without them. Such warnings count for nothing when a young man is no longer used to the bridle and spurs of virtue, and he runs headlong into his undoing.

CHAPTER 20: *How Simplicius pulls the wool over the preacher's eyes, so that he forgets to look at Simplicius' life of pleasure*

I was not yet so stupid or so drowned in lusts of the flesh that I neglected to keep up my friendships with everyone so long as I was staying in the fortress, that is, until the end of the winter. I also recognized what trouble a man may have if he incurs the hatred of the clergy, for they have great influence among all nations, regardless of creed or denomination. So I racked my brain and returned on the next day to the parson and, using learned words, lied atrociously about how I had resolved to follow his advice. From his reaction I could see how pleased he was. "I feel how much I need an angelic counselor and have needed him for some time—in fact, even in Soest; now I am happy to have found one in your Reverence, learned sir. If only the winter were over or the weather improved so that I could leave." I asked his further advice, particularly about a college where I might enroll. He answered that his alma mater was Leiden, but for me Geneva would be just the place. "Holy Mary!" I answered, "Geneva is farther from home than Leiden." "Alas," he said, considerably shaken, "it seems you are a popish Catholic. My God, how you've pulled the wool over my eyes!" "Why, Reverend?" I said. "Because I don't want to go to Geneva?" "Not at all," he said, "but because you are calling on the Virgin Mary." I replied, "Isn't it becoming for a Christian to call on the mother of his Saviour?" "Certainly," he answered, "but I beg of you to tell me what denomination you belong to." I answered, "You have heard, Reverend, that I am a Christian, for if I were not, I would not be in church so often. But I

confess that I am a follower neither of St. Peter nor of St. Paul.⁸ I simply believe what is contained in the twelve articles of the common Christian faith, and I will decide when one of the three denominations can persuade me with sufficient reason and proof that *it* has the only true and saving religion. For only one of them can be right; the other two must be wrong. If I were to embrace one without sufficient deliberation I would be eternally sorry. No, I'd rather stay off the road altogether than go astray. If your Reverence will be my guide, I will follow you with deep gratitude and accept that religion which you yourself profess."

He then said, "I see you are caught in pernicious error, but I hope God will enlighten you and help you out of the slough. To this end, I will shortly prove to you from Holy Writ the truth of our faith, so that it will prevail even against the gates of hell." I answered that I was eagerly looking forward to such proof; but secretly I thought, "I won't mind your faith if only you don't nag me about my love affairs!" From this the reader can see what an ungodly and evil rascal I was at that time, for I caused the good parson a lot of futile trouble just so he would leave me alone in my life of vice; and I thought, "When you finish with your proofs, I shall have flown the coop!"

CHAPTER 21: *How the Hunter contracts an unexpected marriage*

Across the street from my lodging there lived a retired lieutenant colonel with an exceptionally beautiful daughter who always looked like a lady. I had long wanted to meet her, though at first she didn't seem the kind of girl for whom I would give up the others that I might love her alone and cleave to her forever. Yet I often went walking in hopes of

⁸ The followers of St. Peter are Catholics; those of St. Paul, Protestants. Since the Protestants were divided into Lutherans and Calvinists, Simplicius refers to three denominations.

meeting her, and many times I made amorous eyes at her. But she was so well chaperoned that I could never talk to her alone. Moreover, I had to be on my best behavior because, for one thing, I was not acquainted with her parents, and for another, the family had a much higher social position than I considered myself to have. I got closest to her when we chanced to meet on the way to or from church. Making good use of my chance, I sighed piteously—something I could do perfectly, though it was all pretense. But she reacted so coldly that I was forced to believe she could not be seduced as easily as the daughter of a common burgher. And while I was beginning to doubt that I could ever have her, my desire for her grew violent.

The lucky star that helped me to make her acquaintance was the one children carry on a stick ahead of the procession around Christmas to commemorate the fact that the three wise men were guided to Bethlehem by a star. In the beginning I took it as a good omen that a star guided me to her house. When her father summoned me, he said, "Monsieur, I have sent for you because of your position of neutrality between soldiers and citizens. I need an impartial witness for an affair in which I am about to mediate between the groups." I was beginning to think he had something of awesome importance in mind because there were pens and paper lying on the table. But it was nothing more than an invitation to a "royal" party (since the Eve of the Three Kings, or Twelfth-night, was at hand) for which the guests are given various titles, and I was to see that no favoritism was shown and that the offices were distributed by lot without respect to person. His secretary was helping too, and because the lieutenant colonel was something of a merry drinker and it was after supper, he sent for wine and snacks. The secretary was writing the names down, I was reading them off, and the lady my heart longed for was drawing the slips of paper. Her parents were looking on and complaining about the long winter evenings. That was their way of hinting that I was welcome in their house to help them pass the time after the lamps were

lit, since they were not occupied with anything special. This was exactly what I had been hoping for. After this night (when I showed only a moderate interest in the lady) I was trying once more to catch my sweet bird and to make a big fool of myself so that the girl and her parents couldn't help thinking I had swallowed hook and all, though in reality I was only half serious. My aim was, rather, to act like a husband without bothering to get married first. Like a witch, I dressed up only at night when I went to call on her, and throughout the day I kept busy with love stories. From these I copied love notes to my sweetheart, as if I were a hundred miles away or wouldn't see her for years to come. After a while, since her parents encouraged rather than prevented my billing and cooing, I offered to teach her the lute and thus had free access to her, by day as well as by night, and I had to change the ditty—

The bat and I,
By night we fly,

which I had made up, into one in which I congratulated myself on my luck at seeing her by day after many a beautiful evening. I continued the song by complaining that now my nights were made unhappy for lack of daytime pleasures. Though the verses turned out to be somewhat too free, I sang them for my beloved to a sensuous melody and with many deep sighs. In addition, the lute seemed to ask, in my behalf, that the maiden please cooperate in making my nights as happy as my days. But her answer was rather chilly. She was an intelligent girl and had ready answers for all my inventions and conceits. I was careful not to mention marriage, and when the matter came up in conversation I spoke of it vaguely and ambiguously. My lady's married sister noticed this, and, seeing that her sister loved me from the bottom of her heart and that the affair would at length end badly, prevented me from meeting my beloved alone as often as previously.

It isn't necessary for me to go into the details of my courting, because love stories and novels are full of that sort of

information. It is enough if the gentle reader knows that I was first permitted to kiss my beloved doll, and after a while to continue from there. I pursued such advances with all the incitements I could think up until I was finally admitted by night into my sweetheart's bedroom. I lay down beside her in bed as if I belonged there. Now, because everybody knows what usually happens next, the reader might surmise that I did something improper. Not me! All my entreaties were in vain and all my promises fell on deaf ears. Such resistance as I encountered I would not have thought possible in a woman, for she was intent solely on honor and marriage, and though I promised her the latter with a thousand sanguinary oaths she wanted to do nothing until after the wedding. But she did let me lie next to her in bed and, worn out by arguing and chagrin, I dozed off. But I was awakened with a vengeance. At four in the morning the lieutenant colonel stood by the bed with a torch in one hand and a pistol in the other. "Croat!" he shouted to his man, who was standing next to him with a drawn sword, "Croat, run and bring a parson." I woke up and saw the danger I was in. "Golly," I thought, "he wants you to make your peace with God before he makes war on you." There were green and yellow spots before my eyes and I wasn't quite sure whether to open them or keep 'em closed. "Irresponsible rascal, you want to dishonor my house?!" he said to me. "It would serve you right if I broke your neck—and that of this slut who has become your whore. Hold me or I'll tear your heart out, you beast, and throw it to the dogs for mincemeat." He rolled his eyes and gnashed his teeth like a rabid dog. I did not know what to reply and my correspondent, who also received a terrific tongue-lashing, could do nothing but cry. When I recovered my senses a little, I wanted to defend our innocence, but he ordered me to shut up and I had to let him talk.

Meanwhile his wife came in, and she started a brand new sermon, so that I wished I lay somewhere in a briar patch. I don't think they would have stopped for the next two hours if the Croat and the minister hadn't arrived. Before they came I

tried several times to get up, but the lieutenant colonel threatened my life and made me lie down again. That's how I found out that a man who is caught in an evil deed has no courage at all, and how a thief feels when he's nabbed breaking into a place, even though he has stolen nothing yet. I was thinking of occasions when I would have chased off the lieutenant colonel with two of his Croats, but now I lay there like any coward and hadn't the heart to open my mouth, much less use my fists.

"Look at this fine spectacle," he said to the parson, "to which I had to call you to make you a witness of my own shame." He had hardly uttered these words in an ordinary tone of voice when he started raving again and losing his sense of proportion. He ranted about breaking my neck and spilling my blood with his own hand, and so on, and I thought he might shoot me in the head any minute. The parson did his utmost to keep him from a rash deed that he might later regret. "Lieutenant colonel," he said, "use your God-given reason and consider making the best of a bad bargain. This handsome pair isn't the first or the last to be overcome by the irrepressible force of love. The crime they have committed—if it is to be called a crime—can be easily remedied by them. To be sure, I don't approve of this approach to marriage. Still, our couple deserves neither the gallows nor the wheel, and you will derive no shame from their action if you forgive them, keep this peccadillo secret, consent to the marriage, and let them confirm their intention by the customary church ceremony." "What?" he answered, "I am to forgive them, praise them, honor them, instead of punishing them? I'd rather tie them up and drown them in the river before day-break! You must marry them this moment—that's why I sent for you—or I'll wring their necks like chickens."

Seeing I'd have no choice in the matter, I considered that I would not have to be ashamed of the girl; as a matter of fact, in view of my family and background, I was hardly worthy of sitting down where she kept her slippers. I swore up and down that we had done nothing sinful together. But I was told we should have behaved so that no one could suspect

anything evil; this was no way to remove the suspicion we had raised. Then, sitting up in bed, we were joined in matrimony by the parson, and thereafter we were requested to get up and leave the house together. At the threshold the lieutenant colonel told his daughter and me never to darken his door again. Having recovered a little and having my sword by my side, I answered almost in jest, "Dear father-in-law, I don't know why you do everything topsy-turvy. When others get married, their relatives lead them to their bed. You, on the other hand, not only chase me out of bed, but also out of the house after the wedding; instead of wishing me luck in my marriage, you don't even want me to have the pleasure of seeing my dad-in-law's face and of serving him. If your attitude were to spread, the institution of marriage would make few friends in this world."

CHAPTER 22: *How the wedding goes, and what the Hunter plans now*

The people at my lodgings were surprised to see me bring home this girl who—even greater surprise—went to bed with me without batting an eyelash. And even though the trick played on me put perplexing notions in my head, I wasn't so foolish as to scorn my bride. Now I had my sweetheart in my arms, but my head was full of a thousand thoughts of how to manage and improve my situation. One minute I thought I deserved my fate; the next, that I had suffered the most grievous disgrace on earth and would have to avenge myself for it. But when I considered that revenge would necessarily hurt my father-in-law and therefore also my innocent, kind wife, all my plans came to nothing. I was so ashamed that I decided to keep to myself and show myself to nobody, but then I realized that that would be the greatest foolishness of all. Finally I resolved to regain my father-in-law's confidence and, as for the rest, act as if nothing untoward had happened and everything about my marriage was all right.

Over such thoughts daylight came, and I got up, although

I would have liked to stay in bed longer. First I sent for my brother-in-law and informed him of how closely we were now related. I asked him to send over his wife to help us with plans for entertaining at our wedding celebration; and I asked if he would please try to patch things up with my in-laws. Meanwhile I would invite guests who would promote peace between us. He agreed willingly to do what he could, while I went to see the commander and invited him with clever phrases. He promised to come, sent me a deer and a barrel of wine, and said he'd try to bring my father-in-law along. I had a meal prepared that was good enough for princes and had plenty of fine guests, who not only had a good time but even reconciled the parents-in-law with me and my wife in such a way that they wished us as much luck and happiness as they had cursed and sworn at us the night before.

I didn't mind the unusual procedure after all, for if the vows had been said in church, I fear there would have been some members of the fair sex who might have made trouble for me, for among the burghers' daughters there were at least half a dozen who had known me only too well and who were in trouble now.

On the day following, it was my father-in-law's turn to entertain the wedding guests; but since he was on the miserly side, he did not have as much to offer as I. Then he told me how to arrange my life and how to keep house, and I noticed that I had lost my noble freedom and was about to go into bondage. I played the obedient son, as if I really wanted to hear my father-in-law's advice and, if possible, follow it. This attitude pleased the commander, and he said, "Since you are a promising young soldier, it would be foolish for you to take up anything but soldiering in these martial times. Nowadays it is far better to put a horse in someone else's stable than to feed somebody else's horse in your own. As far as I am concerned, you can have a troop any time."

My father-in-law and I thanked him, and I no longer rejected the offer as I used to. Then I showed the commander the merchant's IOU and informed him that I had to go and

get the valuables before joining the Swedish service; for if anyone found out that I had gone to the enemy they'd keep my fortune and give me the raspberry in Cologne. This made sense to them, and it was agreed that I should leave for Cologne in a few days, return to the fort with my treasure, and accept my troop. My father-in-law also was to get a lieutenant-colonelcy and a company in the commander's regiment. Since Count von Götz was in Westphalia at that time and had his headquarters at Dortmund, the commander expected a siege next spring and was looking for good soldiers (though this was all for nothing, because von Götz had to quit Westphalia and face the Duke of Weimar on the upper Rhine the next spring).

CHAPTER 23: *Simplicius comes to a city, which he calls Cologne (because it has to have a name), in order to retrieve his treasure-trove*

Things have a way of happening. One fellow's misfortune comes about piecemeal, by degrees; another's overtakes him by leaps and bounds. Mine had a sweet and pleasant beginning, and I considered it not a misfortune but the greatest luck. I had hardly spent a week with my beloved bride when, dressed in my hunter's outfit and armed with a gun, I took leave of her and her friends in order to pick up what I had left in Cologne for safekeeping. I got there without mishap because all the roads were well known to me; in fact, not a soul saw me until I came to the toll gate at Deutz, across the Rhine from Cologne. I, on the other hand, saw many people; I especially remember a peasant in the duchy of Berg who was the spitting image of my knave in the Spessart, and his son was just like me. This boy was herding the pigs when I tried to sneak past him; because the hogs heard me and started grunting, the boy cursed them and wished aloud that the devil might fetch them and a hailstorm strike them. The hired girl heard him and she hollered at him to stop cursing or she'd

tell his father. The boy answered that she could kiss his backside and spit on her mother. Now his father had heard him too, and he came out of the house with a cat-o'-nine-tails, shouting, "Wait, you so-and-so of a rascal. I'll teach you how to swear!" And grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, he beat him like a dancing bear, and with every stroke he said, "There, you bad boy, I'll teach you how to cuss; you go plumb to hell; I'll kiss your backside; I'll teach you to spit on your mother," and so on. This sort of education reminded me of myself and my knan; but I was not honest or grateful enough to thank God for removing me from such darkness and ignorance and giving me knowledge and better insight. Why shouldn't the good luck I was enjoying every day last forever?

When I got to Cologne I stayed with my Jupiter, who was quite rational at that time. When I told him why I had come, he said right away that I was probably on a wild goose chase; the merchant to whom I had entrusted my money had declared himself bankrupt and skipped the country. True, my effects were under official lock and key, and the merchant had been ordered to return, but he wasn't likely to come back because he had taken the most valuable part of his assets with him, and a lot of water would flow down the Rhine before the matter was settled. Anybody can imagine how much I liked hearing this news. I swore worse than a trooper, but what was the good of that? It did not produce my property, and there wasn't much hope I'd ever get it back. Since I had taken along only ten thalers to spend on the journey, I could not even stay as long as the business required. Moreover, there was another danger in staying, for since I was attached to a hostile garrison, someone was sure to turn me in, and I would not only lose my treasure but get into even worse trouble. Was I to turn around without doing anything, leave my fortune behind with nothing to show for my trip? That too seemed inadvisable. I decided to stay until the bankruptcy came up in court and to tell my bride about it by letter. So I went to an attorney, told him my situation, and asked him to set a

fee for helping me; I would pay him an extra bonus for hurrying the proceedings. Since he hoped I would be good for quite a haul, he eagerly accepted my case and let me board at his house. The next day he went with me to the man in charge of bankruptcies, handed in a notarized copy of the merchant's I O U, and produced the original; then we were informed that we would have to wait till the case came up in court, for some of the goods were missing.

Being sure now of considerable leisure, I wanted to see what life in a big city was like. My landlord was, as I said, an attorney and counselor at law, but on the side he kept half a dozen boarders, and in his stable there were always eight horses, which he would hire out to travelers. He also had a German and a French stable boy, either of whom he used for driving or riding and to take care of the horses. With these three, or three and a half, occupations he made not only a living but also a good profit. Since Jews were not allowed in town, he was able to keep a lot of money-making irons in the fire.

During the short time I spent in his house I learned a lot from him, particularly how to diagnose many diseases. And that is the most important part of medicine, for they say that when a disease is correctly diagnosed the patient is already half cured. To my landlord goes the credit for my acquiring this knowledge, for he taught me to observe first his and then other people's complexions. I found that many people are sick unto death without knowing it; others, even the doctors, consider them to be in perfect health.

I found some who were sick with anger, and when the disease came over them they made faces like the devil, roared like lions, scratched like cats, clawed about them like bears, bit like dogs, and—worse than savage animals—like utter fools threw away everything they could lay hands on. They say this disease is caused by the gall bladder, but I think it comes about when a fool gets stuck up. Therefore, if you see an angry man roaring, especially if it is over a trifling matter, you can be sure he has more pride than sense. From this ill-

ness springs much unhappiness, for both the patient and others. One ought not to call those suffering from it "patients," for patience is exactly what they don't have.

I found that stuffing and swilling is also a disease. It is a trouble caused by habit rather than by opulence. Poverty helps but is not a complete cure, for I saw beggars living in luxury and rich misers suffering the pangs of hunger. It carries its remedy on its own back; it is called "want," if not of money then of bodily health, so that in the end these patients grow healthy of their own accord—that is, when because of poverty or other diseases they can no longer stuff themselves. I also found that laughter is a disease. Philemon died of it, Democritus was infected with it till he died, and to this day some of our ladies say they like to laugh themselves to death. Some think it originates in the liver, but I rather think it is caused by a plethora of silliness, and excessive laughter is not an indication of a rational human being. No medicine is needed against it, for it is a jolly disease and many times it stops before the patient wants it to.

Of other diseases, like envy, gambling, pride, curiosity, laziness, vindictiveness, jealousy, frailties of love, and other such illnesses and vices I shall not write at this time. For one thing, I don't *intend* to write about them; for another, I want to get back to my landlord, who caused me to think about such imperfections, for he was possessed by greed to the ends of his fingernails.

CHAPTER 24: *The Hunter catches a coney in the middle of the city*

This fellow, as I said, had various and sundry ways of accumulating money. He lived off his boarders, not they off him. He could have fed himself and his family well for what the boarders paid him, if he only had used the money for that purpose. But he fed us poorly and held back on everything. In the beginning I ate with his children and the hired help,

because I didn't have much money with me. The tiny morsels we received seemed altogether too diminutive for my stomach, which was used to Westphalian helpings. We never got a good piece of meat on the table, only the leftovers of what had been served a week ago to the boarders. It had been gnawed at here and there and was hoary with age like Methuselah. His wife (who did the cooking, for he wouldn't hire a maid) poured a dark, sour gravy over it and deviled it up with pepper. We licked the bones so clean that you could have made chessmen out of them, but even then they hadn't been utilized well enough. They were put in a special container, and when a certain quantity had accumulated they were broken up and all the fat boiled out of them. I don't know whether it was used to flavor soup or to grease jack boots.

On fast days—there were plenty of them, and they were all meticulously and solemnly observed, for our host was very scrupulous on this point—we had to gnaw on stinky smoked herring, river salmon spoiled by too much salt, rotten kippers and other fish, all superannuated. He bought everything cheap and went to the trouble of visiting the fish market in person to pick out with his own hands what the fishmongers were about to throw away. Our bread was usually black and stale; our drink, a thin, sour beer that cut my insides to ribbons, though the landlord said it was good, aged bock. The German hostler told me that in the summertime things were usually even worse; the bread was moldy, the meat full of maggots, and their best dish was a couple of radishes at noon and a mess of lettuce at night. I asked him why he didn't quit the niggard. He answered that he was away on trips most of the time and was counting more on tips from the travelers than wages from the moldy miser.

One time the skinflint brought home six pounds of beef tripe for soup and put it in the pantry cellar. To their delight, his children found a window open, tied a fork to a long stick, and with this contraption helped themselves to the tripe, boiled it in a hurry, and ate it half raw. They told him the cat must have eaten the mess. But this parsimonious

skinflint did not believe them. He looked all over for the cat, weighed it, and found out that with hide and hair it was not so heavy as the tripe that vanished! He wasn't at all ashamed of these cheap maneuvers but thought that he was very clever and ought to be admired for the inventions his greed taught him.

Since he acted so shamelessly, I asked to be transferred to the boarders' table and never mind the cost. The food was slightly better, but that didn't do me much good, for it was only half cooked. This saved the landlord money in two places—in fuel and in the quantity eaten. Nobody could digest much of it. Then, too, he counted every bite we put in our mouths and looked miserable when we ate well. His wine was watered and did not aid digestion; the cheese served at the end of the meal was hard as a rock; the Dutch butter was so salty that no one could use more than an ounce at a meal; fruit was carried in and out till it got soft and ripe; and if anyone grumbled, he started a terrific row with his wife so that we could all hear it. But secretly he told her not to change a thing.

His house was always clean, though. And when he found the smallest sliver of wood or piece of paper under foot, he would carry it to the kitchen personally and say, "Many a mickle makes a muckle"; but what he really meant was, "A lot of toothpicks make me a roaring fire."

One time, one of his clients had brought him a rabbit. I saw it hanging in the pantry and thought we would soon enjoy a piece of game, but the German hostler told me we'd never sink our teeth into it. If I went to the Old Market that afternoon, I would see the rabbit for sale there. I cut a little piece out of the rabbit's ear, and at noon, while our landlord was out of the room, I told the boarders that our skinflint had a rabbit he wanted to sell and that I would cheat him out of it. If they would go along, we would not only have some fun but get the rabbit to eat as well. They all agreed to join me, for every one of them would have been glad to play a trick on our landlord.

Therefore, in the afternoon we went to the place where the

hired man had said the landlord used to stand whenever he sold something through an agent, and where he would be watching lest he get cheated out of a penny. We saw him there, talking to some people of importance. I had employed a fellow to say to the salesman, "Mister, that rabbit is mine. It disappeared last night from my window, and I am taking it along as stolen goods. If you want to, you can take me wherever you want to go, but at your risk and at your expense." The seller answered that he would find out what to do; the rabbit had been given him by a gentleman who doubtless had not stolen it. And while the two were arguing, a crowd quickly gathered. When our tightwad noticed what was going on, he motioned to the salesman to let the rabbit go, for on account of his many boarders he was afraid he'd be the talk of the town.

The man I had employed made a big show of producing the piece of ear and fitting it in the notch of the rabbit's ear, and the crowd was satisfied that it was his rabbit, and that he was in the right. Now I and my company approached as if we just happened to come along. I sauntered up to the man with the rabbit and started haggling with him over the price. When we had agreed, I sent the rabbit to our landlord, asking him to take it home and have it prepared for our table. The fellow I had employed got a tip worth two mugs of beer and nothing for the rabbit. And so, against his will, our curmudgeon had to serve the rabbit, and he could not even say a word about it, while we had a good laugh. If I had stayed longer in his house, I would have played more such tricks on him.

End of the Third Book