

LBRRIS

We know
books

Heidi

JOHANNA SPYRI



WORDSWORTH CLASSICS

CONTENTS

I	<i>Up the Mountain to Alm-Uncle</i>	9
II	<i>At Home with Grandfather</i>	21
III	<i>Out with the Goats</i>	28
IV	<i>The Visit to Grandmother</i>	41
V	<i>Two Visits and What Came of Them</i>	53
VI	<i>A New Chapter about New Things</i>	63
VII	<i>Fräulein Rottenmeier Spends an Uncomfortable Day</i>	70
VIII	<i>There is a Great Commotion in the Large House</i>	83
IX	<i>Herr Sesemann Hears of Things which are New to Him</i>	93
X	<i>Another Grandmother</i>	98
XI	<i>Heidi Gains in One Way and Loses in Another</i>	107
XII	<i>A Ghost in the House</i>	111
XIII	<i>A Summer Evening on the Mountain</i>	121
XIV	<i>Sunday Bells</i>	136
XV	<i>Preparations for a Journey</i>	148
XVI	<i>A Visitor</i>	154
XVII	<i>A Compensation</i>	162
XVIII	<i>Winter in Dörfli</i>	169
XIX	<i>The Winter Continues</i>	179
XX	<i>News from Distant Friends</i>	186
XXI	<i>How Life Went On at Grandfather's</i>	201
XXII	<i>Something Unexpected Happens</i>	208
XXIII	<i>'Goodbye Till We Meet Again'</i>	221

CHAPTER I

Up the Mountain to Alm-Uncle

From the old and pleasantly situated village of Mayenfeld, a footpath winds through green and shady meadows to the foot of the mountains, which on this side look down from their stern and lofty heights upon the valley below. The land grows gradually wilder as the path ascends, and the climber has not gone far before he begins to inhale the fragrance of the short grass and sturdy mountain-plants, for the way is steep and leads directly up to the summits above.

On a clear sunny morning in June two figures might have been seen climbing the narrow mountain path; one a tall strong-looking girl, the other a child whom she was leading by the hand, and whose little cheeks were so aglow with heat that the crimson colour could be seen even through the dark, sunburnt skin. And this was hardly to be wondered at, for in spite of the hot June sun the child was clothed as if to keep off the bitterest frost. She did not look more than five years old, if as much, but what her natural figure was like, it would have been hard to say, for she had on apparently two, if not three, dresses, one above the other, and over these a thick red woollen shawl wound round about her, so that the little body presented a shapeless appearance, as, with its small feet shod in thick, nailed, mountain-shoes, it slowly and laboriously plodded its way up in the heat. The two must have left the valley a good hour's walk behind them when they came to the hamlet known as Dörfli, which is situated half-way up the mountain. Here the wayfarers met with greetings from all sides, some calling to them from windows, some from open doors, others from outside, for the elder girl was now in her old home. She did not, however, pause in her walk to respond to her friends' welcoming cries and questions, but passed on without

stopping for a moment until she reached the last of the scattered houses of the hamlet. Here a voice called to her from the door: 'Wait a moment, Dete; if you are going up higher, I will come with you.'

The girl thus addressed stood still, and the child immediately let go her hand and seated herself on the ground.

'Are you tired, Heidi?' asked her companion.

'No, I am hot,' answered the child.

'We shall soon get to the top now. You must walk bravely on a little longer, and take good long steps, and in another hour we shall be there,' said Dete in an encouraging voice.

They were now joined by a stout, good-natured-looking woman, who walked on ahead with her old acquaintance, the two breaking forth at once into lively conversation about everybody and every thing in Dörfli and its surroundings, while the child wandered on behind them.

'And where are you off to with the child?' asked the one who had just joined the party. 'I suppose it is the child your sister left?'

'Yes,' answered Dete. 'I am taking her up to Uncle, where she must stay.'

'The child stay up there with Alm-Uncle! You must be out of your senses, Dete! How can you think of such a thing! The old man, however, will soon send you and your proposal packing off home again!'

'He cannot very well do that, seeing that he is her grandfather. He must do something for her. I have had the charge of the child till now, and I can tell you, Barbel, I am not going to give up for her sake the chance which has just fallen to me of getting a good place. It is for the grandfather now to do his duty by her.'

'That would be all very well if he were like other people,' asseverated stout Barbel warmly, 'but you know what he is. And what can he do with a child, especially with one so young! The child cannot possibly live with him. But where are you thinking of going yourself?'

'To Frankfurt, where an extra good place awaits me,' answered Dete. 'The people I am going to were down at the Baths last

summer, and it was part of my duty to attend upon their rooms. They would have liked then to take me away with them, but I could not leave. Now they are there again and have repeated their offer, and I intend to go with them, you may make up your mind to that!’

‘I am glad I am not the child!’ exclaimed Barbel, with a gesture of horrified pity. ‘Not a creature knows anything about the old man up there! He will have nothing to do with anybody, and never sets his foot inside a church from one year’s end to another. When he does come down once in a while, everybody clears out of the way of him and his big stick. The mere sight of him, with his bushy grey eyebrows and his immense beard, is alarming enough. He looks like any old heathen or Indian, and few would care to meet him alone.’

‘Well, and what of that?’ said Dete, in a defiant voice, ‘he is the grandfather all the same, and must look after the child. He is not likely to do her any harm, and if he does, he will be answerable for it, not I.’

‘I should very much like to know,’ continued Barbel, in an enquiring tone of voice, ‘what the old man has on his conscience that he looks as he does, and lives up there on the mountain like a hermit, hardly ever allowing himself to be seen. All kinds of things are said about him. You, Dete, however, must certainly have learnt a good deal concerning him from your sister – am I not right?’

‘You are right, I did, but I am not going to repeat what I heard; if it should come to his ears I should get into trouble about it.’

Now Barbel had for long past been most anxious to ascertain particulars about Alm-Uncle, as she could not understand why he seemed to feel such hatred towards his fellow-creatures, and insisted on living all alone, or why people spoke about him half in whispers, as if afraid to say anything against him, and yet unwilling to take his part. Moreover, Barbel was in ignorance as to why all the people in Dörfli called him Alm-Uncle, for he could not possibly be uncle to everybody living there. As, however, it was the custom, she did like the rest and called the old man Uncle. Barbel had only lived in Dörfli since her

LIBRIS We know BOOKS

marriage, which had taken place not long before. Previous to that her home had been below in Prättigau, so that she was not well acquainted with all the events that had ever taken place, and with all the people who had ever lived in Dörfli and its neighbourhood. Dete, on the contrary, had been born in Dörfli, and had lived there with her mother until the death of the latter the year before, and had then gone over to the Baths at Ragatz and taken service in the large hotel there as chambermaid. On the morning of this day she had come all the way from Ragatz with the child, a friend having given them a lift in a hay-cart as far as Mayenfeld. Barbel was therefore determined not to lose this good opportunity of satisfying her curiosity. She put her arm through Dete's in a confidential sort of way, and said: 'I know I can find out the real truth from you, and the meaning of all these tales that are afloat about him. I believe you know the whole story. Now do just tell me what is wrong with the old man, and if he was always shunned as he is now, and was always such a misanthrope.'

'How can I possibly tell you whether he was always the same, seeing I am only six-and-twenty and he at least seventy years of age; so you can hardly expect me to know much about his youth. If I was sure, however, that what I tell you would not go the whole round of Prättigau, I could relate all kinds of things about him; my mother came from Domleschg, and so did he.'

'Nonsense, Dete, what do you mean?' replied Barbel, somewhat offended, 'gossip has not reached such a dreadful pitch in Prättigau as all that, and I am also quite capable of holding my tongue when it is necessary.'

'Very well then, I will tell you – but just wait a moment,' said Dete in a warning voice, and she looked back to make sure that the child was not near enough to hear all she was going to relate; but the child was nowhere to be seen, and must have turned aside from following her companions some time before, while these were too eagerly occupied with their conversation to notice it. Dete stood still and looked around her in all directions. The footpath wound a little here and there, but could nevertheless be seen along its whole length nearly to Dörfli; no one, however, was visible upon it at this moment.

'I see where she is,' exclaimed Barbel, 'look over there!' and she pointed to a spot far away from the footpath. 'She is climbing up the slope yonder with the goat-herd and his goats. I wonder why he is so late today bringing them up. It happens well, however, for us, for he can now look after the child, and you can the better tell me your tale.'

'Oh, as to the looking after,' remarked Dete, 'the boy need not put himself out about that; she is not by any means stupid for her five years, and knows how to use her eyes. She notices all that is going on, as I have often had occasion to remark, and this will stand her in good stead someday, for the old man has nothing beyond his two goats and his hut.'

'Did he ever have more?' asked Barbel.

'He? I should think so indeed,' replied Dete with animation; 'he was owner once of one of the largest farms in Domleschg. He was the elder of two brothers; the younger was a quiet, orderly man, but nothing would please the other but to play the grand gentleman and go driving about the country and mixing with bad company, strangers that nobody knew. He drank and gambled away the whole of his property, and when this became known to his mother and father they died, one shortly after the other, of sorrow. The younger brother, who was also reduced to beggary, went off in his anger, no one knew whither, while Uncle himself, having nothing now left to him but his bad name, also disappeared. For some time his whereabouts was unknown, then someone found out that he had gone to Naples as a soldier; after that nothing more was heard of him for twelve or fifteen years. At the end of that time he reappeared in Domleschg, bringing with him a young child, whom he tried to place with some of his kinspeople. Every door, however, was shut in his face, for no one wished to have any more to do with him. Embittered by this treatment, he vowed never to set foot in Domleschg again, and he then came to Dörfli, where he continued to live with his little boy. His wife was probably a native of the Grisons, whom he had met down there, and who died soon after their marriage. He could not have been entirely without money, for he apprenticed his son, Tobias, to a

carpenter. He was a steady lad, and kindly received by everyone in Dörfli. The old man was, however, still looked upon with suspicion, and it was even rumoured that he had been forced to make his escape from Naples or it might have gone badly with him, he having killed a man, not in fair fight, you understand, but in some brawl. We, however, did not refuse to acknowledge our relationship with him, my great-grandmother on my mother's side having been sister to his grandmother. So we called him Uncle, and as through my father we are also related to nearly every family in Dörfli, he became known all over the place as Uncle, and since he went to live on the mountainside he has gone everywhere by the name of Alm-Uncle.'

'And what happened to Tobias?' asked Barbel, who was listening with deep interest.

'Wait a moment, I am coming to that, but I cannot tell you everything at once,' replied Dete. 'Tobias was taught his trade in Mels, and when he had served his apprenticeship he came back to Dörfli and married my sister Adelaide. They had always been fond of one another, and they got on very well together after they were married. But their happiness did not last long. Her husband met with his death only two years after their marriage, a beam falling upon him as he was working, and killing him on the spot. They carried him home, and when Adelaide saw the poor disfigured body of her husband she was so overcome with horror and grief that she fell into a fever from which she never recovered. She had always been rather delicate and subject to curious attacks, during which no one knew whether she was awake or sleeping. And so two months after Tobias had been carried to the grave, his wife followed him. Their sad fate was the talk of everybody far and near, and both in private and public the general opinion was expressed that it was a punishment which Uncle had deserved for the godless life he had led. Some went so far even as to tell him so to his face. Our minister endeavoured to awaken his conscience and exhorted him to repentance, but the old man grew only more wrathful and obdurate and would not speak to a soul, and everyone did their

best to keep out of his way. All at once we heard that he had gone to live up the Alm and did not intend ever to come down again, and since then he has led his solitary life on the mountain-side at enmity with God and man. Mother and I took Adelaide's little one, then only a year old, into our care. When mother died last year, and I went down to the Baths to earn some money, I paid old Ursel, who lives in the village just above, to keep and look after the child. I stayed on at the Baths through the winter, for as I could sew and knit I had no difficulty in finding plenty of work, and early this spring the same family I waited on before returned from Frankfurt, and again asked me to go back with them. And so we leave the day after tomorrow, and I can assure you, it is an excellent place for me.'

'And you are going to give the child over to the old man up there? It surprises me beyond words that you think of doing such a thing, Dete,' said Barbel, in a voice full of reproach.

'What do you mean?' retorted Dete. 'I have done my duty by the child, and what would you have me do with it now? I cannot certainly take a child of five years old with me to Frankfurt. But where are you going to yourself, Barbel, now that we are half-way up the Alm?'

'We have just reached the place I wanted,' answered Barbel. 'I had something to say to the goat-herd's wife, who does some spinning for me in the winter. So goodbye, Dete, and good luck to you!'

Dete shook hands with her friend and remained standing while Barbel went towards a small, dark brown hut, which stood a few steps away from the path in a hollow that afforded it some protection from the mountain wind. The hut was situated half-way up the Alm, reckoning from Dörfli, and it was well that it was provided with some shelter, for it was so broken-down and dilapidated that even then it must have been very unsafe as a habitation, for when the stormy south wind came sweeping over the mountain, everything inside it, doors and windows, shook and rattled, and all the rotten old beams creaked and trembled. On such days as this, had the goat-herd's dwelling been standing above on the exposed mountainside, it could not have escaped

LIBRIS

We know
books

being blown straight down into the valley without a moment's warning.

Here lived Peter, the eleven-year-old boy, who every morning went down to Dörfli to fetch his goats and drive them up on to the mountain, where they were free to browse till evening on the delicious mountain plants.

Then Peter, with his light-footed animals, would go running and leaping down the mountain again till he reached Dörfli, and there he would give a shrill whistle through his fingers – whereupon all the owners of the goats would come out to fetch home the animals that belonged to them. It was generally the small boys and girls who ran in answer to Peter's whistle, for they were none of them afraid of the gentle goats, and this was the only hour of the day through all the summer months that Peter had any opportunity of seeing his young friends, since the rest of his time was spent alone with the herd. He had a mother and a blind grandmother at home, it is true, but he was always obliged to start off very early in the morning, and only got home late in the evening from Dörfli, for he always stayed as long as he could, talking and playing with the other children; and so he had just time enough at home, and that was all, to swallow down his bread and milk in the morning, and again in the evening to get through a similar meal, and to lie down in bed and go to sleep. His father, who had been also known as the goat-herd, having earned his living as such when younger, had been accidentally killed while cutting wood some years before. His mother, whose real name was Brigitta, was always called the goat-herd's wife, for the sake of old association, while the blind grandmother was just 'grandmother' to all the old and young in the neighbourhood.

Dete had been standing for a good ten minutes looking about her in every direction for some sign of the children and the goats. Not a glimpse of them, however, was to be seen, so she climbed to a higher spot, whence she could get a fuller view of the mountain as it sloped beneath her to the valley, while, with ever-increasing anxiety on her face and in her movements, she continued to scan the surrounding slopes. Meanwhile the children were climbing up by a far and roundabout way, for Peter

knew many spots where all kinds of good food, in the shape of shrubs and plants, grew for his goats, and he was in the habit of leading his flock aside from the beaten track. The child, exhausted with the heat and weight of her thick armour of clothes, panted and struggled after him at first with some difficulty. She said nothing, but her little eyes kept watching first Peter, as he sprang nimbly hither and thither on his bare feet, clad only in his short light breeches, and then the slim-legged goats that went leaping over rocks and shrubs and up the steep ascents with even greater ease. All at once she sat herself down on the ground, and as fast as her little fingers could move, began pulling off her shoes and stockings. This done she rose, unwound the hot red shawl and threw it away, and then proceeded to undo her frock. It was off in a second, but there was still another to unfasten, for Dete had put the Sunday frock on over the everyday one to save the trouble of carrying it. Quick as lightning the everyday frock followed the other, and now the child stood up, clad only in her light short-sleeved undergarment, stretching out her little bare arms with glee. She put all her clothes together in a tidy little heap, and then went jumping and climbing up after Peter and the goats as nimbly as any one of the party. Peter had taken no heed of what the child was about when she stayed behind, but when she ran up to him in her new attire, his face broke into a grin, which grew broader still as he looked back and saw the small heap of clothes lying on the ground, until his mouth stretched almost from ear to ear; he said nothing, however. The child, able now to move at her ease, began to enter into conversation with Peter who had many questions to answer, for his companion wanted to know how many goats he had, where he was going to with them, and what he had to do when he arrived there. At last, after some time, they and the goats approached the hut and came within view of Cousin Dete. Hardly had the latter caught sight of the little company climbing up towards her when she shrieked out: 'Heidi, what have you been doing! What a sight you have made yourself! And where are your two frocks and the red wrapper? And the new shoes I bought, and the new stockings I knitted for you - everything