

was sitting at the table and looking at the account-book which lay open on the table, the door suddenly opened, and the new collector walked in in our friend's spotted dressing-gown. Frightened at the fellow's furious look, the former collector took to his heels (*Reiszaus nehmen*), jumped out of the window, ran as fast as his legs would carry him through the garden, and vaulted (*sich schwingen*) on top of the high wall between his garden and that of the château. As he was sitting there, looking with beating heart into my lord's garden, he suddenly heard a voice singing a song. Both voice and song seemed familiar, as though he had heard them in a dream. After long thinking, it came into his mind that it was the song he had heard the younger of the two painters sing on the evening before they had left him. Exclaiming: "Why, that must be Mr. Guido!" he jumped down from the wall and ran over beds and hedges after the voice. Suddenly he stood still, as though enchanted—for there sat his fair and gracious lady on a stone bench, with a wreath of white and red roses in her dark hair, playing with her riding-whip, and opposite to her sat another young lady with short brown curls singing to a guitar. The fair lady raised her eyes, and uttered a loud scream when she caught sight of the collector, whereupon the other lady turned round. At sight of our friend, she burst into uncontrollable laughter, jumped up from her seat and clapped her hands thrice. At this signal (*Zeichen*) a crowd of young girls came forth from the rose-bushes and surrounded our hero; these encircled him, holding a garland of flowers in their hands, and singing a well-known air (*Arie*, fem.) from Weber's opera, the Freischütz.

All at once a well-dressed young gentleman came forth from among the bushes, whom our Ne'er-do-well at once recognized as his old friend, Mr. Leonard. No sooner had the latter recognized his former servant, than he seized the fair lady by the hand, led her up to the collector and delivered (*halten*) an absurd (*wunderlich*) lengthy speech, concluding with an exhortation (*Mahnung*) to love each other and be happy.

The other young lady, the [one] with the curls, now came up