

MY LIFE BY JOHANN GOTTFRIED SEUME

TRANSLATED BY MADGE HAMBLE

*Bachelor's thesis, 1911.*

My Life by Johann Gottfried Seume.

Observe truth and cherish it, uphold justice, show good will and do good to all alike, dread nothing.

I know as well as anyone else the difficulty of an autobiography and I do not consider myself important enough that my life in general be described. At least there would still be time enough after forty years. A considerate secondhand bookseller offered me for several years, when the aspect in the literary heaven was still standing better, a considerable sum, if I would write for him the psychological story of my education. But I do not submit myself willingly to such speculations, and it goes somewhat against my nature, at my expense, perhaps somewhat peculiar, to speak a common truth, which was known long ago to one-half of the people and the other half do not care to know. The following has determined me in the meantime to say something about myself. Even Herder, Gleim, Schiller and Weise and others still living have encouraged me to put down in writing after my own way, as it were, the circumstances of my life, which they perhaps held more important than it is. I believed that the eightieth year would still be early enough: but the present circumstances of my health remind me not to defer it if it shall happen. Several of my friends threaten me, likely enough, that I in any case will not escape from a biographer and then I fear a bungler or a hypocrite or else to fall into the hands of a shallow, insipid eulogist. No one can know better what is in a man than the man himself if he only is

honest enough and unprejudiced enough and has skill enough to show himself as he is. I leave it to everyone who knows something of me, to judge, if that which he knows of me bears the stamp of this freedom from prejudice and of this skill. I tell also honestly and openly, without sparing myself and without fearing further the reproach of the arrogant or the cavillers who will perhaps then only hold a court of justice over me. I will have to confess to not a few and not small folly, but as far as I am aware of it no meanness. If the narration entertains and perhaps here and there instructs the young and strenghtens (them) in good principles, I have not lived and written in vain.

My father, Andreas, was an honorable, tolerably well to do peasant, who as I, had the disposition to see no injustice without showing displeasure and often bitterness concerning it. His acquaintances called him a hot-headed man and several noblemen called him a restless headed man whom one must supress.

I have often heard that my mother, Regina Liebich, in her youth was counted a beautiful girl. My birth place is Posern, a village a quarter of an hour's journey from Pippach, where a post-station was, where the ancestors of my mother since the "Thirty Years' War" possessed an estate with a brewery and distillery and license to sell liquor: that they, according to a document which they had as a privilege belonging to the Manor, had formerly bought for 90 thalers and for which they had been offered 1200 thalers in 1803. My birthday fell according to the family Bible, which by sheets of white paper inserted in it at the same time was the family chronicle, on the 29th of January 1763

at a terribly cold period, whereupon the aunts and godfathers prophesied all sorts of things.

I came with the name of Hubertusberg; they called me accordingly Gottfried (Peace of God) and Johann was prefixed, because an old relative to whom the family was very much attached would absolutely have it. My memory does not go so far back that I could remember how I learned to read and write. The old schoolmaster Held, whose daughter was my Godmother and who therefore treated me with much partiality and true old pedagogical severity, taught me this dexterily so well that the time has been expunged from my memory. I enjoyed many little privileges at the time of the strawberries, and currants, and when the honey was being extracted; but moreover the rod was for me a very abundant part not on account of the lessons for these always went moderately enough, but on account of much disorder, which I after my opinion at that time held for a wise trick.

My earliest clear remembrance is as follows: I had a cousin of like years, with whom I often valiantly scuffled, because we were the best of friends. He died afterwards as I have heard, as a dragoon. The school lay on a little hill, and below, before the same was a green grass plot over which the overflow of a magnificent spring "The Holy One", called after the dialect of that place "Hileke", meanders.

A splendid place for the wrestler and bully, if it had not been under the schoolmaster's window. We two young squabblers already had quarrels in school which the cudgel had subdued but not settled. Now were we no longer to hold ourselves, discussion got into our fists, the books were

thrown away and the cuffing, wrestling and bullying went on. The godfather schoolmaster called and threatened with the hazelstick from the window down the mountain. No one saw or heard, the boxing went steadily on and sometimes Jacob lay above and sometimes Gottfried, and the little fingers were full of grass and hair. Suddenly the circle divided and the old godfather, Held, quickly belaboured with the hazel instrument our youthful trousers and shoulder-blades. That reconciled the quarreling ones as quick as lightning; we sprang up, scraped together the books, the circle left and we were whipped afterwards. The circle laughed, the blacksmith before the forge and the alehouse keeper laughed loudly, we joined in; and laughing the old school monarch, the pacifier of hazel still swinging threateningly in his hand, returned to his mountain. The affair made a commotion in the village, and everyone from the village magistrate to the nightwatch-man laughed loudly over it; only my father did it secretly in order not to encourage the boy in his fighting.

Still a year earlier and earlier than my memory reaches, chance had almost made an end to my existence. Behind my father's garden flowed the little brook, Pippach, which flows into the Saale an hours journey from Posern. The garden was my favorite romping place, only they feared for the little boy on account of the water. They were rooting up old trees and planting new ones. I was given into the charge of old Jacob, who worked with some others, in order that I should not approach the brook. That he did conscientiously, but he did not consider the nearness. I jumped and ran about there and suddenly the old apple

tree fell in which they worked, seizing me and striking me to the ground. The frightened old men turned and took me to one side; I was apparently dead; Jacob took me on his arm and carried the supposed corpse into the courtyard, where my father spoke concerning household affairs with my mother while she was washing. They announced the news; my parents loved us, without ridiculous weakness, with true deep feeling. "Sir I bring here the boy", said the old man, while he laid me on the washstand, "he is dead! "God in heaven knows I am innocent; I wish the trunk had struck me". Amidst loud lamentations, they sought and sent for help. The barber used all his wisdom, the physician came; all remedies were in vain; no token of life appeared. Twelve hours and more were they busy so sadly in vain and even at the point of stopping and of considering funeral arrangements, when I opened my left uninjured eye. They began the efforts again and brought me back to life. The trunk had not struck me but only a strong branch with twigs and brought about the stupor. Then I must have been about three years old. Of the bruise little remained to see except the spot in the before mentioned left eye, which after twenty years one can still perceive.

A somewhat later occurrence had carried me soon again into that world. My father was at that time on an estate as landlord near Leipzig. The greatest pleasure for me was to ford the stream and to ride in the pasture, for which however only seldom I received permission. When I rode I raced so that the horse's mane flew and my hair whistled. Once I rode against orders. The beast loving the stream as much as I the riding rushed, stamped and snorted; my hand was too weak to hold it, it lay down and

rolled with powerful ease. I came under the horse, lost consciousness, and the stream carried me far, far away with it. However I recovered a few minutes afterwards, when I was drawn out and for a long time the cavalry remained forbidden to me.

Finally my father came from the fair and had brought a horse. "Boy, I have brought you a horse", he said; at the same time he turned to me and a small thin bay roan was led out which had only three and one half feet. The beast limped and whinnied comically, and all laughed at my father, me and the horse. "We have indeed just thrown money away", said my mother half angrily, "that you bring such a glutton into the house". "Wife, do not spoil my jest", he said drolly self-contented. "It was thrown in the bargain, I have probably saved the life of the poor beast, for the dealer in horses spoke of the flayer and death sticker". We have considerable hay this year, the pasture is high; it can still perhaps do something, and since the youth by the power of the devil, will ride horse back, so may he ride.

I scratched myself sulkily behind the ear and concerned myself a little over what should be done with my handsome riding horse. But the horse made good and won by his tricks, renown in the whole neighborhood. First our attention was called as we saw him gallop, by which he astonished every one. He had, as said, three sound hoofs, the fourth was a kind of crooked clubfoot so that in front instead of a horseshoe there was only a plate of the size of a florin. Its walk was piteous and its trot piteous, but its gallop and full run like the best race horse;

there the injured foot need scarcely touch the ground and would be carried along by the others, while in the walk and trot was impossible, because there each foot must do likewise its own service. Since, I grieved little about the walk and trot, The horse was all right for me and it was not seldom that I won the wager over the accursed Rosinants. He was round as an apple and as wise as the steed of Pelide. Concerning his pedigree I have learned nothing; but he was a satirical, original horse, who possessed a multitude of peculiarities. To the wagon and plow he could not be hitched but a light harrow on light soil he drew drolly enough. He liked to swim alone through the stream and decimated the clover in strange meadows and then a dozen stout, agile boys could not succeed in catching or driving him. He real strategically broke through at the best point every time and reached his own manger. After the death of my father, my mother sold him in the neighborhood for eleven thalers, where he was used hard.

Sometime later I saw him almost in his original misery, as when my father brought him home, in a strange, meager meadow; a sack on his head, in order that the poor beast might not make use of his wandering propensities. When he heard my voice he came to me and I thought I found in his neighing caresses and sadness. Also my mother was so moved at my narrative which was confirmed by others that she almost had the weakness to take the homesick creature home.

My father was a cold, morally severe, but not a cruel man. On the contrary his severity came from a quicker, deeper, moral feeling. The disciplinary office in the



house he almost always left to my mother and she had on serious occasions with earnest words only the necessity of mentioning my father's name in order to put everything in good order. My father was however not used as a bug-bear but his strong earnestness in serious things placed the proper object in its proper light.

My brothers and sisters have perhaps never been struck by my father. Only once do I remember that I was actually chastised by him in a terrible way, which certainly hurt him more than me and certainly both he and I were entirely innocent.

He had gone away with my mother, I believe to Weissenfels and had left us home alone with a maid and our play fellows. On the way he remembered that he had left the key in the lock of an upper room in which a table with counted money, mostly in large silver coins, stood. It was too late to return but he hastened home the earlier. In the meantime we romped through the whole house, I with a half dozen of my play fellows and also in the room where the table with the money stood. I insisted on removal, drew out the key and put it in my pocket. I believe that I was the first and last in the room and had seen no one in the proximity of the table.

My father came, went up, did not find the key, came down: "Boy where is the key to the upper room?" I drew it out; he went up again and counted, a florin piece was lacking in the corner. With terrible confusion and anxiety he came down again; "Boy who has been in that room?" All of us father, Jacob, Christain and the others but when I saw that money was counted there we went away immediately and I took the key." "Who has been at the table?" "No one

except I in order to keep the others back." "You have taken it then?" He began to speak weakly and to tremble. "I have **not** taken it!" I answered trembling half weeping. The words were few; he was severe. I denied firmly and wept aloud. He seized me convulsively with his hands and treated me so cruelly that at the out cry of my mother the people of the house and neighbors rushed in and saved me from his hands. "Andres, dear Andres," said old godfather schoolmaster Held, "you ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> beside yourself, you will kill the boy, come to yourself."-----"Heavens" ("Ah God") sobbed my father half weeping and threw himself in the large chair and covered his face without saying another word.

The scene has often been told afterwards and on account of that remained so real to me. The terrible-ness of his condition in this moment I have imagined since in my own mind. He loved his children with the great tenderness of a father and the entire severity of his nature. I was his first born; the neighbors from the schoolmaster to the nightwatch, expected something of me; one will therefore pardon him if he also did. Now consider a father, a noble, fine feeling, cold man who believed his loved one touched by such an enormous deed, the beautiful hope for him on whom his better being hung, vanished immediately.

Someone now took me kindly in hand and urged me to confess. It is still touching to me, how fatherly the old schoolmaster cared for us. "Dear boy" he said "you have made a mistake, you wished only to play with the florins. Only say so, it will be well. You will soon learn what that has to signify." "That I realize already" I said

"and have done nothing." There it remained. My father from that day on turned quietly to himself, did not touch the affair more and looked at me in the meantime, half-sorrowful and forbid all contradictions; spoke no admonitions, no intimidating words, said none of his proverbs and was as a being whose best force is crippled, so that my mother also suffered from it; restlessness was in both souls.

About three weeks later it was cleared up. Little Neighbor Samuel-----since then I can scarcely endure the name either within the Bible or outside of it-----was sent to the grocer's store to get a box of snuff. He brought a florin in order to have it changed. The grocer, by chance, did not have so much small money, and said he would put it on the books; he might take the money again and tell his father. It was either an involuntary mistake, or the new florin of his father's looked better to the boy than the stolen one; he gave the wrong florin back. "Rascal", exclaimed the father, "that certainly is the florin which has caused so much harm over there". Samuel realized it and did not lie, and received in his best manner blows in tenfold measure from his somewhat cold father. A heavy stone fell from my father's heart at the enlightenment of the affair. Whoever lies, steals, was his proverb, and whoever steals belongs in the old way to the gallows. He was visibly brighter again and tried through many hidden chances to make amends, for evidently his respect was not to suffer.

Much teasing stimulated my father to sell his property there and to accept an estate of an inn with considerable economy in Knautkleeberg not far from Leipzig. The en-

The entrance onto the estate fell in a very unfortunate period, in the famine years, 70 and 71. The possessor of the estate LAUER, to which the village Knautkleeberg belonged was then city magistrate of Leipzig. Dr. Teller a brother of the famous Teller in Zeitz and Berlin, a hard, inexorable man, who left behind nothing of capital and very wisely had handed over all misfortune to the tenant. Perhaps the difficulties of his own business and the eccentricities of his ideas made him more dejected and bitter.

My father, instead of selling yearly a hundred bushels of corn from the new farm, must buy over fifty for the maintenance of the large establishment, and I can well remember that he paid fifteen thalers for the last bushel. The famine of those two years is known in Saxony as the misery land. We did not suffer from hunger but my fathers fortune was considerably consumed. "As long as I can buy a measure of corn with my last thaler" said the valiant man, "no one in the house must rise from the table unsatisfied. It was, as if the fearful scarcity had produced double hunger for every one ate, as one could notice, almost twice as much as usual.

By my godfather, the schoolmaster Held in Posern, I was regarded as a phoenix in learning; here by Mr. Weyhranch, I was regarded as a confirmed blockhead. Heaven knows how it happened, whether the transplanting as with a young tree did not agree with me, or something else was the cause; however I was known as the dumb youth from Thuringia for ~~a seven years~~. Mr Weyhranch was not exact in geography; for Posern lies just two hours journey this side of the Saale; but I have since that time

often in all seriousness counted myself a Thuringian, especially since I have several relatives on the other side of the stream, and here can never rightly grow to be a citizen of Meissin. I wrote at Posern in my sixteenth year a tolerably readable hand but Mr. Weyhranch found therein neither beauty nor usefulness and I had to imitate anew his beanpoles of letters where in I was very unlucky since I possessed absolutely no talent for drawing. Mr. Adam Weyhranch was an honorable, well meaning, brave man who had help study a long time in Halle and at Leipzig because his father Weyhranch a teacher in the same position as afterwards his son at least with all his power, would make him a councillor of the ecclesiastical court. But death surprised him in his son's sixteenth year in the university and he still had credit enough from the patron since he would not rightfully venture into the higher clergy to determine the same for a follower. He had dear distress with me and I with him. I indeed do not believe entirely his verdict over my illness. I was still so wholly bewildered that I could do nothing to the man's entire satisfaction. For a long time I was thus in a presumptive moral brooding until finally, I do not know how the knot loosened and daily something better came to light. No one was more pleased over it than my father who had already heard the sentence of condemnation over my brains. Who first uncovered in me something spiritual was the pastor, Mr. Schmidt, an honest, jovial, rather cultured and rather orthodox man, in whose character there was but the characteristics of friendly benevolence and kindness of heart. He concluded from my often strange answers in

the public examinations by the ecclesiastic authorities, about my own sometimes very odd order of ideas and entertained himself much with me and set aright my thoughts. Now he spoke with the schoolmaster, Herr Weyhranch, over the instruction for such that I would become no mechanic and no calligrapher and would hardly be satisfied with repeating mechanically. He limited himself now to the negative and gave up the positive to me. From now on they took very little notice of my crooked and bent lines on the paper and the wooden appearance of my letters but only of my ideas, with which I set the schoolmaster and sometimes the pastor also in perplexity. In a short time I overleaped all the prize scholars of the village in school and was soon the first and the governor of Mr. Weyhranch when he was absent as beemaster and asparagus gardener.

My father's circumstances and health had declined very greatly in the meantime, so that one could not attribute my increased aptitude to presents and favours from the house. I must have been nearly ten years old when I stood at the head of the village school youths, among whom were some concluding their thirteenth year.

About this time, I believe it was in the summer of 1755, my father died. The story of his sickness and death is too sad to me that I should say nothing about it. His estate was as mentioned very unfortunate and the greater share of his fortune was gone. But that did not cripple the fullness of his strength and did not disturb his good courage. Once he had to carry to Dr. Teller in Leipzig his last 100 thalers to pay the installment. The weather was cuttingly cold; the business might not have been pleasant—but he came home frozen stiff, so that a boy had to help

him from his horse, although he usually was an agile man. Now he ordered coffee which my mother prepared herself in the kitchen. When she entered the room she found that he had left his big chair and had thrown himself on the bed, where he lay between the sheets. She thought sleep is better than all medicine and let him lie. That day he complained of heaviness in his limbs and the following day of pain. It seemed that the warm bed had driven back the cold, which could not set the rest of the body in temperature again, which tortured him several years with unspeakable pain and at the end of the third year killed him through the third stroke of apoplexy.

One can consider how much his family must have suffered through this sorrowful existence, and still he never lost until the end a certain ground of brightness and happiness; only his experiences had made him somewhat bitter, so that he manifested his true meaning proverbially, tolerably sarcastic. The minimum of all good will rule through-out the world, was one of his common thoughts; only he could not clothe it so beautifully poetically as we find here and there in the writing of Wieland. "Boy" he was accustomed to say to me with a funny look on his face, "if one calls to you from above, water runs up the mountain, so must you likewise answer, Worthy Sir, exactly so it is above." Physicians were tried and changed without results, and I remember to have heard that he had doctored up more than two hundred thalers. As he died in his thirty seventh year he left his business in a difficult condition, and my mother as a widow with five children, of which I the oldest was about twelve years old. There resulted a kind of insolvency procedure but whereby no one lost a farthing,

only there remained for my mother nothing but the tiny sum of two hundred thalers with which a little house was bought for her.

Every one received us with counsel and very friendly deeds and at least we were never lacking in the necessities. The brave Justitiarius Laurentius of the Hohenthalischen estates tried especially to place the unfortunate family as safely as possible; and not only took nothing for his many endeavors in our affairs but contributed to us in his fine human way many little advantages.

The Count von Hohenthal-Knauthain who brought the Laurer estate and in the meantime had seen me in school and through the church examinations with pleasure, had declared at my fathers death that he would care for me and allow me to learn something. What his idea was however, I do not know. My mother and I sometimes suggested a trade; at least a considerable time passed by, almost two years without anything being spoken about it again. Master Schmidt and the schoolmaster treated me really very fatherly. In my attainments I did not advance perceptibly forwards, since I was already very much in advance of the others and they seldom occupied themselves with me, the highest one; but it began already through associations to unfold a better character of humanity. My study was biblical history from Hubner's biblical history and Luther's Bible itself, besides an old ascetic folio, which the schoolmaster gave me. Formerly I gained such aptness and cleverness in regard to the Bible that it was only seldom that I could not explain and recite a verse which was desired. I knew many Psalms and almost all the Gospel by heart, said tolerably accurately many chapters in each book



and so forth, how many verses each chapter had and in what connection the before mentioned stood; so that the custom remained to me from this time on, on many occasions to cite a service of Scriptural passages, where upon sometimes theologians themselves were surprised. Whether they really proved what they should, concerning that I formerly did not ask; it was only an affair of the memory and an animated play of ideas without further injury.

For a long time I could come to no choice of a calling, so undetermined still were my ideas of life after all. As long as my father lived, I had half way determined to be a merchant, since he had an acquaintance of this kind in Leipzig and I formerly had nothing against it. But that was broken up by his death, and a trade should really be the goal of my strivings. From an innate striving for the substantial I determined finally to become a blacksmith. My mother was horrified and Master Schmidt laughed when I announced the result of my consideration and both had much trouble to dissuade me from the affair. "Boy you are indeed only a pigmy and would sink together like a jackknife with the hammer and tongs before the anvil," said the kind pastor; "to that belongs a cyclops and no lilipution as you are. I understood the last only halfway but gave up to the objections of my mother and gave up my volcanic intentions, still now seldom do I go by a forge that the old inclination for the substantial does not return. Now I determined to be a village schoolmaster and would learn something of Latin and Music and I thought after a preparation in other things I would come through not badly; then I would pass for an excellent catechist.

Still in my father's life time I had once casually said, if it would not be good if I would not ask a hundred questions about a proposition without even being at the end. "I do not trust him for that" said the schoolmaster, then it would be said; "and the questions would be extravagant enough."

The last addition was not very pleasing to me and attracted my attention. Since then I have carried the affair purposely too far and because of it have not learned much which I could and should have learned. A fool asks more, it occurred to me; than a wise man can answer. In the determination to become a village master, a slight glance at Mr. Weyhranch, his splendid , his excellent asparagus bed, and his beautiful roses and pinks might possibly have influenced me for it occurred to me perhaps confusely that with proper instruction and perseverance all would be mine. Every sedentary calling was odious to me and although a schoolmaster must also set, I understood already that many very advantageous essentials are included in his ~~business~~. "Boy, what kind of an idea have you": said Master Schmidt, at this new discovery, "rather be a linen weaver, a schoolmaster is a sorrowful beast. Do you think they all have it like our Weyhranch?" And now he began to draw for me a terrible picture of the poor village schoolmasters in Thuringia and Meissen. I did not allow myself to be hindered and thought, every profession has its vexations and joys. "Now we will see how far it goes" he said, and mentioned it to the count.

At once then preparation was made to take me to Pector Fobinsky. Therefore I came like a half Huron,

well trained morally entirely unspoiled, but scientific-ly entirely rough and wild. The old gentleman took charge of me very friendly and fatherly, and of all my teachers, I owe the most to him.

The Pector's wife gave herself all imaginable trouble to make me neat and polite as also the Master strove to cultivate in me virtue and wisdom. In how far the Pector succeeded, I can not determine but she succeeded very badly. My dress was always very careless, my hair grotesque, unkept and my shoes dirty. Above everything she had her struggle with my forehead which I according to her opinion wrinkled unbearably. Before I was aware of it, she attempted a smoothing with her hand or perhaps also with a brush, but all was in vain. As soon as I fell into thought or ruminated on something singular or strange, the wrinkles appeared like furrows on my forehead and my eyebrows drew together with a sinister effect. The Pector took no notice of this, since he himself possessed some of the same bad habits and considered it incapable of doing either harm or good. He himself gave me the evidence, that I had done in two years as others in six and insisted to my patron on my removal because I now could and must employ my time better. If I had been with him longer, I could have learned much still but his time did not permit him to occupy himself expressly with me. However he gave me a few hours in Hebrew, so that I herein thank him for the first foundation. I came to him without the least knowledge, so to speak, and read my Cicero and an easy Greek book tolerably fluently when I left his house two years afterwards; not to mention that I thank him for the best foundation in History, Geography and other grave

Sciences. I never have heard the reformation taught by anyone else as by him. He was above all very strong in church history, studied untiringly and left nothing good in that department unread.

Up to this time I had been home on a visit once. It was necessary for someone had spoken to me several times so unkindly of the sorrowful condition of my mother and sisters, that I was tolerably determined to leave in the lurch Cicero and Palaephatus and to go home in order to help them by my work. I found luckily that as usual they had exaggerated. Master Schmidt, the good man must have concluded something from my face and spoke with sympathy and warmth. "We cannot make your mother rich," he said, "we cannot procure for you an easy life, but we are not yet so poor and so crule that we will allow you and yours to suffer want for the first necessities." "Therefore be entirely at peace, my son and do your duty on your side."

Finally I was brought from Boina and taken to the archeologist Martini at the "Nikolaischule" at Leipzig. Reiske had been there earlier but had died a short time before and Martini had won great credit as his successor. He might have deserved it as an astectic scholar and an archeologist but he was scarcely an educationalist in any tolerable degree. For in examination he asked me unimportant things, of which I noticed half vexed that Herr Korbinsky had asked me nothing of like things. I would rather have chanced to Pforla because Klopstork was there and a few of my old comrades were there.

My first poetry writing was in Bornia, where we at times had to recite "So So" from Gellert and Hagedon.

I busied myself, since I had nothing else to do; I sat down and made a satirical fable, "The Fool." One is accustomed to use rabbits' feet or also probably short rabbit tails to wipe off blackboards. Now one of the Alumni who did not exactly extinguish himself by talent or zeal was continually occupied to perpetrate all kinds of tricks with the rabbits tail, in this way the youth remained a fox, a blockhead and a fool.

That was a very ingenious invention and it received monstrous applause, because perhaps since the time of the Swede nothing similar had been accomplished in the class room by a pupil. One sees, the delivery will perhaps be extravagant enough and over the expression which with me after all is not very smooth one can easily break the shin-bone so much I remember of the expressions.

I even made Greek verse, heavens, which was not in the school ordinance; for it was only German and Latin verse; in the German mostly Alexandrian, which since that time I cannot rightly endure and in Latin one does not go any further than Hexameter and Distich. I did not quite have the heart to give my Greek verses directly to the Rector, but laid them in his way so that he could see them easily, but he took no notice of them. Since that time I have only a few times turned out some in philological presumption but fortunately more remaining, if I was formerly satisfied with some not so bad and scanned them through with great pleasure perhaps ten times.

Here in my sixteenth year I read my first novel and it was indeed Liegwart Weissenfels gymnasium scholar sent to me fresh as a hot roll from the press at that

place and all three volumes at once. This I finished in one night with monstrous greediness. The first effect was powerful on the imagination, but when I examined it, I found all formerly to be child's play and trifles of the imagination, which occupies a man's valuable time without profit. Only reality began to interest me. Why should we strike at random with such empty poetry. To enter without discussing in detail the worth of this kind of poetry, I returned from the sweetmeats always immediately to the prescribed nourishing, pure diet of history. Also Werthers which then appeared fell at once into my hands and I must confess it played powerfully with my young head, so much the more since all of it looks like history and perhaps it is mostly history. But since my soul was still without passion of any kind, so the effect soon vanished again, since I could not find again the catastrophe in the connected annals of history. Now one should have thought that I have studied history with great effort. But that also was not the case. Study was a craving with me and when this craving was satisfied then I was accustomed almost involuntarily for a long time to ruminate on what I had read, until I sometimes relapsed into the so called blessed "sweet doing nothing," the pleasant half dork, almost pure nearly joyous existence, which is especially peculiar to youth. Naturally I did not continue this long and my spirit proceeded to something else.

Now I united my excursions with my studies. I was seldom seen on the public promenades; but I lay in any thicket or a hidden corner of a meadow and read without further choice, what had fallen into my hands; seldom a novel, almost always a strange German poem, but more often

a selected passage from the Poman or Greek. I was especially delighted now to have wiped out the last of the difficulties and to advance with ease. The electric saying of the old supplanted more and more the biblical saying; still that does not hinder the effect of a word of a Hagbograph which here and there is taken out of the depths of the soul and spoken to the depths of the soul.

In this period I gave to the present Professor Hopfer, lessons in the rudiments of the Hebrew language, and we afterwards have laughed many times over it. After my scholar had grown so powerfully big as the editor of Goliath. Sometimes in my thoughts perhaps I am vain, that he thanks my good method of teaching in the beginning for his quick progress.

I had enough of a mathematical mind to interest myself in the gleaming, glowing, thundering invasions of the cavalry at least and my whole attention was directed to the management and movement of the artillery and especially to the march of the grenadier battalion. The quotation, "The battle is fought out at the point of the sword, when the matter is come to the last push," taken from the ancients, hovered before my eyes at every opportunity and however different our war system maybe from theirs, herein it certainly agrees wholly with the same as the whole history of all campaigns teaches. Without even having an inclination towards soldiery, I read and studied involentairly such books where the giant struggle of human nature is described brightly and vivaciously and I found that more with the old than with the new and I find it still.

The banter and half subordinate character was in a

high degree against me; I petitioned regularly with a request to the count to send me to Grinma or Pforte. I was passing my time without great profit. He was at first dissatisfied with my discontent, but found out by closer inquiry that I was not so entirely wrong and determined to make a change. Also if I had not been right, as that perhaps here and there was the case; the just psychological pedagogics demand to give in to my wish and to resort to an other way with me.

I was sent to Morus and Wolf in the spring. The former has always remained my good fatherly teacher and was then my friend until his death; it would be unnecessary here to praise his moral and intellectual worth. By the second, who was an excellent Latinist as the scholar of Ernesti, I was held at a distance by the strict ascetic orthodoxy of the man. What kind of a character they gave my knowledge. I do not know, for instead of still sending me to school, I was immediately sent to the University. And so I was then by chance in the space of three years a wild, ignorant, country boy, not even knowing the alphabet, and a student at Leipzig, that was really a little fast.

Of the lectures which I remember of this period with excellent delight was Morus lecture on the Annals of Tacitus unquestionably the first. He was an example of a critical explainer in every respect except perhaps in Theology, where he with careful faithfulness hung too much on the prescribed formula and so strong was the man as a Theolog that according to my conviction, Theology had lost. A very common mistake of most Universities, which depends on the management. Morus did not overwhelm us with a great flood of Philological trifles but made his



observations, short, curt, and solid, as his author of the text; he did not read for boys and did not bear the blame if he was not understood. His translation was a studied masterpiece; I have never read a better one: in addition it was exalted still by a heart felt delivery and an expression of great splendour.

The Greeks of the new Testament would not taste to me of the honey of the dwarf elder bee. The barbarisms, the solecisms and the half oriental character of which it is full, always repulses me, and it belongs to the beautiful, inspired enthusiasm of Jesus and the praise worthy moral of his teaching through his scholar, to put it back into my hands. The Hebrew I heard from Dathe very much and very industriously and I remember that I formerly knew by heart a dozen psalms and whole chapters from other books. It was merely need of knowledge and in order not to remain behind the others. And still the Hebrew soon became to me an evil business.

Every one who saw me so carried away with Hebrew, believed that I would become at least the second Mechaelis or else a new, strange oriental light; but it did not last long and since that time I have so entirely forgotten this subject, that I no longer scarcely know what Shewa and Mappig and Gal and Hithpa'el are; for I believe I have scarcely read a Hebrew line since 1780.

About this time the English Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke fell into my hands or perhaps I into theirs; one can imagine the effect. The formula of the church and my former true exegesis held me only by a very weak thread. My room-mate Koibinsky had a friend, with whom now and then he talked over freely "Wolfenbüttlers fragments". An ar-

ticle by Bayle I had also read. All this helped to arrange my peculiar mocking order of ideas or to corrupt me, as my orthodox friends thought. It had come to a breach, only I dared not let anything become public. I believed only what I felt and I felt very little of the church dogma. Master Schmidt, the middle man between me and the count and my true fatherly friend, but a strong orthodox churchman, had I know not how, heard something and in his way rebuked me very warmly. The charges were great, especially the following; so much I remember: I would not ordinarily go to church and at the most only to Zollikofer's; I had bathed often; I had spoken freely and irreverently about a dogma. On account of this profligacy, the good man already saw me burning alive in hell. The theatre was not mentioned; and that would perhaps have been still worse because it cost me so much money I did not have.

I do not deny and I do not defend myself; for the defense would lead to discussion, which would be still worse. He poured out over me a bitter correcting lie which I let drip indeed provoked but still patiently. Especially he threatened me with the count, who by this perverse characteristic of mind would draw away his hand from me. The last remark was unpsychological and worked just the opposite from which it should work. It made me proud instead of making me submissive. I submitted to all that with silence, without promising reformation of which I could scarcely think. My mother was scarcely mentioned and still this would have been the most efficient argument. Wherein could I have changed without denying the bitter purport? Who of our dear teachers of the church should I have heard instead of Zollikofer? The bath in the river I held for

dietetical good and used with discretion, not improper. That I have spoken freely over a religious article is perhaps possible, but certainly not irreverent, in as much as free and irreverent are one: for each popular belief is holy, which proves a consolation to an honorable man and he should still give philosophy so delicately a fillip on the nose. Who ever takes from a suffering wanderer his old cloak, under the pretext that it is badly made and full of holes, is a brute in every respect. I challenge anyone with whom I have ever come in close contact whether I have ever derided anything that was honorable and holy to another.

In short then, I appeased the fanatical man without trouble but the request to allow me a preacher, while I at the same time presented him the manuscript for inspection. He turned only a few pages and gave it back to me trusting-ly with the granting of the request and the remark.

Already the motto gives him the assurance, he permits himself to leave it to my discession, He stands in that account, I believe, with Quinctilian; "For the heart it is and the strength of mind which makes men eloquent." I made a report in Fehbach and Knauthain with approbation and my hersey seemed to be forgotten. But so much deeper and firmer it is with me. It is understood that they did not find the slightest trace of it in the preacher. I know nothing more of what I said, but it was a pure theme of pure universal morality where man is claimed by his own nature though his ownself. One can only make the objection as to the lectures of Zollkoffers, that they

would do for Jews, Turks and heathens. Moreover I do not contend that the speech had had much of the preference for Zollikfer.

As the Count, through my letters to Hessen found out the story, but really not the foundation of the same, he seemed to consider it a common juvenile silliness and to consider me a man who one must leave to his good or bad genius. I had in general only used as a pretext the desire to see the world and had made only a few allusions to my own inner ego. Where should discussion and explanation lead to, which would be of use to no one? The gentleman would have thought; "do not argue with one who denies the first principals." Now therefore I was a prize of fate and had to become that to which the hand of fate lead me.

During our residence in Zeigenhain, old General Gore used me for a clerk and treated me with much friendliness. Here was therefore a true holgepodge of human souls sent together good, bad and otherwise, all of which were alternating. My comrades were, an expelled student from Jena, a bankrupt Merchant from Wien, a lace maker from Hannover, a discharged Post Office clerk from Gotha, a monk from Wurzburg, a Prussian Hussar cavalry sergent, a discharged Mayor from the military prison and others of like stamp. One can imagine that it was not lacking in amusement and only a sketch of the lives of the men must be an entertaining and instructive reading. Since most of them had gone like me, or still worse, a great plot arose for the deliverance of us all. People had so much good confidence in my insight and courage that they confided on me the management and command with unrestrained full power

and I went by my own council and was not unwilling to take the post of honor and to lead the 1500 men to freedom and to dismiss them in honor.

Besides the splendid offer pleased me especially that I could play a trick on the Nobleman VonLandgrave for his soul bartering, a trick he would think about because it would cost decidedly much. When I was tolerably determined, an old Prussian Sergeant Major came to me very truthfully: "Young man," he said, "You hasten inevitably to your destruction if you undertake this proposition. Seldom does such an undertaking succeed, the chances to fail are too many. Believe me, an old man, I have been present, alas, at such events. You seem good and just and I love you like a father. You admit my advice is worth something." If the affair goes through happily, we will not be the last to draw advantage from it." I considered what the old warrior had said, and suppressed my little ambition, excused myself on account of my youth and let the affair go forward.

Now I read in my leisure hours without even considering farther an aim, sometimes after my habit, a single chapter for mere want of something better to do, as I could perhaps formerly in my environment. Here again in the night quarters developed a plot which on account of its brevity and since our protection was not very strong should be executed immediately; but I have not exactly been able to find out the manner of it. This *recruiting* division consisted of mere Prussian natives and Prussian deserters, who speak continually of old Fritz and Seydlitz and Schwerin and fancy nothing smaller. But heavens knows how it became public: the commanding officer required

immediately the whole armed burghership and the farmers of the neighborhood, we made a true military appearance in the old church where we lay to shoot together; and it all went on entirely quiet until ~~on~~ on the way to the Bremer trestle.

Here my stoic contentedness helped me and my humanity made a stroke, which did me no little honor in my sphere. Greed of gain and passion, as it is known, rules the world. In order that we did not starve, a contractor, a great sullen, had promised for no small sum to feed us. You know how it goes. We would eat as much as possible and he would gain as much as possible, which did not get along very well together. Almost our whole pay went to the mess and many complaints were made to Colonel VonHalsfield, who commanded the transport. The man had a feeling for right and did what he could to compell good treatment from the eating house keeper. Since admonitions with avaricious people are usually in vain, deputies were mutually appointed from the transport to the ship, who should look after justice on the steward ship. However it happened to the deputy as in the English Parliament. There one corrupts with guines, offices and pensions; her one bribes with wine, drams and cake, and so it went on here as there, not much better than before.

We went down the whole stream from the mouth to Bremerlehe, where an English transport awaited us. At the mouth from the meadow Makler Faucitt reviewed us, and gave the noncomissioned dragoons officers a friendly dig in the ribs, because we did not cry out loud, full and sonorously enough, "Long live the King." Since I as a little fellow stood among the knapsacks that is in the middle, I escaped

the blow without being forced to utter a word but I must at least swing my hat.

I would have enjoyed very much at the hand of a friend and historian to examine the districts along the Weser from Kowey to Bremen, where the beauty of nature through the thoughts of the old, now lost national honor would be magically illuminated; but now our journey was a slairsh, stupid stubbornness in the country where men formerly fought for a better not so luxuriant fatherland. From Varus to Boniface the dark scene swept before me; Boniface, who with holy inspiration banished heroic virtue and spun his woven slavery, which has made us toys for others. From Bremen to Bremerlee we went on another vessel, which would sail on the sea and not go far from the land. Indifferently I lay down in the evening and slept in the midst of the stream and was very much bewildered as our whole little fleet in the morning sat there dry on the bank and waited, until the flood raised them again; still we were not half so bewildered as the similar occurrence of Alexanders soldiers in the Indus.

In the English transport we were pressed, piled up and picked like herrings. There were no hammocks to save space, but boxes between decks which were already low enough, and now even two beds lay one upon the other.

It was with a strange feeling that I stepped the other morning on the deck and saw for the first time nothing but heaven and water about me. The ocean swayed majestically and the ship danced magically like a little toy on the unlimited huge surface. The heavens were clouded over and cut the water with its deep dark color.

I was really in another world and felt myself by turns large and small according to whether a sublime or anxious sensation ruled in my soul. So it was as if thunder rolled under my feet and pictured a terrible, beautiful, magical world, near me the reddish black cloudy pillars of Alna stormed, and over me the warmth of the mild sunrays poured and far off the whole, large island with her fabulous world magically colored.

Here by chance the Muses cared for their scholar. I sat on the quarterdeck and read Horace's "Augustan, Amice, pauperiem" while the heavy mate would look at me very unfriendly from the bench. I growled my discontent in the little bit of English I had learned as well as I could and would creep down into my chest where I let no one maltreat me. The captian came there, looked at my book and bid me remain sitting. When he had made some arrangements, he came back and began a kind of conversation with me. "You read Latin, my boy?--- Yes sir---And you understand it?--- I believe I do.---Very well, it is a very good diversion in the situation you are in.---So I find, sir; indeed a great consolation. So he went on friendly and symphatecaly. He took me with him into his cabin and showed me his library of travels which consisted of good English books and some classics and promised sometimes to lend one of them to me, if I would take good care of them. Through his friendship, sometimes I received more freedom on the ship, especially since I showed some enjoyment in naval affairs and in a few days took notice of the nomenclature of ropes and sails and ran about above in the mast work very quickly and safely, It was again the need of activity which made me take various small advantages and kept me



especially well. Since the captain perhaps noticed that the shiprations generally given to me were not sufficient for my exemplary appetite, he allowed me secretly sometimes a night cap full of crackers and beef which indeed in the real sense of the word was a very beneficent way for a soldier.

We often had storms and once so severe that it broke our foretop mast and main yard. The towering of the waves, the howling of the winds through the sails, the beating and clattering of the ropes, the thundering of the ship passengers, the whole terrible revolting ocean, all is terrible for a novice but soon one becomes accustomed to it and sleeps quietly under the fight of the elements. The sybaritical magistrate on the Rhine, who had the nightingales shot because they disturbed his sleep, could use no better cure than a journey across the ocean, especially in an English transport. But nothing gives the mind a greater picture of the strength of the human spirit than the regiment of a large ship. Take one out of the line, give him 90 cannon; it is not of the best. They are all of the greatest caliber. For every piece one has two hundred shots of powder and balls. What a supply. Sails and ropes and bars doubled many times, a garrison of a thousand men, what a huge mass for an eye that looks at them from the land. For these men provisions for eating and drinking for many months. All this in a single machine together with which the waves play as with a shuttlecock; and this huge whole carrying the human spirit proudly and quietly in and out through the raging elements after its choice. Curious theatre, who turned with half of Rome on the center of gravity as if they scorned the ruler of the

world, was scarcely a greater sight.

When I did not work with the sailors, I lay in beautiful weather, with my Virgil, above in the masthead and compared our weathering the storm with his own and found him never so truly alive as now, when I thought of the former and awaited its coming. His "The cables creak the sailors fearful cries ascend," is so simple, picturesque and beautiful that it gives us the whole scene. He felt that himself because it occurs again in all his descriptions of a seastorm, with little change. If I had not known that he was at sea, we almost unmistakably could conclude at this point as I concluded from his description of Atlas that he never was on a mountain of the first magnitude. Although I had many means of employment within and without myself which others lacked, still the monotony of the scene began to bore me. The cod and the salting of the cod in the banks in the proximity of America gave a few days of good eating and good amusement. I remember that once we caught so many that besides the distribution eleven tons were salted down in one afternoon. No liver of any kind of a water or land animal seems to me finer and more delicious than the liver of the codfish. So also the fish itself, freshly prepared and eaten is one of the most delicious. I would even place it above the sterlet and the tinny and prefer it to the salmon, especially since it is much tenderer and sounder.

Finally we came in sight of the shores of Nova Scotia and put into port in the bay of Halifax among common friendly cries. Halifax is unquestionably one of the best harbors of the ocean, perhaps the best, for the safety of a countless crowd of ships against all storms.

The Island of Fort St. George near one of the strong land batteries defends the entrance and it takes a tolerable force, to force through it. Its situation is such that it can be made invincible with diligence and expence if the surrounding country was able to be defended.

When I took my leave of the ship captain, he pressed my hand with warm friendliness. "It is a pity, my boy," he said, "you do not stay with us; you would soon become a very good sailor." "Heartily I would," I said, "but you see it is impossible"---"So it is," he cried, "God speed you well." With a kind wish for the kindly man, I descended the ladder into the boat and rowed to the shore.

We came late to land and before the necessities were procured, it was almost night. The tents arrived and we had to put them up. I was appointed under officer. I was to look after the raising of the tents. Now in my whole life I have only seen closely one single, entire camp and of the machinery of a camp, I knew not a straw. A close place, I said to an old Prussian Grenadier, who helped me, I understand tolerably well Latin and Greek, but little of practical military affairs, help me through, perhaps I can help you out sometime. The old soldier smiled, siezed the ax, took several men with him, as if he were carrying out my wise commands and in an hour our tents stood there in spite of the former affair, as well as the hard ground would permit.

The gentlemen did not succeed in making me a hunter, although sometimes I went along with complacency or perhaps wandered about alone with weapon, by the water, for which perhaps my short sight had made me guilty. For from youth

up I could see positively only a little distance although I saw very well in close proximity, and read the smallest writing by moonlight, which even now is tolerably unaltered. In the old world, I have never fished, except sometimes as a boy with my father in the Rippach, which held splendid loach; in America the richness of the haul of fish took my fancy not seldom to this pleasure where I in one hour, caught more lobsters and black salmon, a small kind of brownish black salmon, than I was able to bring home. The first kind do not belong to my taste, I gave them generally to the first one who would have them. Instead of lobsters I choose little tender crabs and of the fish, were eels, mackerel, and cod and a kind of plaice my favorites, which were all very cheap and plentiful there; for an English stiver a cod could be bought which lay with its head on my shoulder and its head very often touching the ground.

Now things went well: I wrote for a long time many regimental lists and did besides very little. The work was indeed dry and slow enough, there often on account of an old pan cover, which was not worth a quarter must some sheets be recopied. But that was all the same since the paper age was setting in at that time in a very practical way, and has since that produced abundant fruit.

Of my own work now little was thought, so much did Munchausen incite me; some trifles do not deserve mention. Only one single piece was perhaps not wholly unworthy as a beginning to come to light, if only somewhere, something of it were to be found in the corner of my memory, where not much of it is remaining. I remember a few verses; I believe they run thus:

Let us rest, friend, in this cavern,  
On the old gray stone there,  
Which perhaps no soul of man  
Since the first day of earth saw.

Ha, how dreadful and terrible appears  
The countenance of our mother here  
How the All Mighty denies her nothing,  
She lies there, nature in terror and horror.

Rocks still inaccessible since the flood,  
Lift up with difficulty their black heads,  
And about their dark skulls fly  
Thunder storms from the chasms.

Crossing each other lie thousand  
Year old oaks, which age devours;  
Decaying, broken stems show,  
That here a forester never measured the forest.

No sociable beast visits the cliff,  
Where never the foot of the wanderer presses,  
Where no bird through the empty air  
Sings a melody of joy.

Only sometimes growles in deep rage  
An old bear from his tomb  
Through the rocks, where with hoarse voice  
Only an old grey Eagle calls.

Still perhaps a savage can listen,  
 Drawing his curved knife for murder,  
 And then in lightening vanishing vapor  
 Graze the skull of the brains etc.

The remainder is blotted out and probably difficult to find anywhere or worth looking for.

The scalping of the savage is well enough known, and fearful instances of it are told. To me none of it had become known. They scalp very honorably only their enemies and our savages were throughout only a friendly people. I can say little of them, that is not already well known.

The so called savages were not clad much worse than I have found the Lithuanians, Esthomans and Finns. A coarse, gray cloth, ingeniously enough wound about the body, made the chief piece of clothing. They came generally to the sea, in their boats of birch bark, which were masterfully built and which they knew how to manage even as masterfully with their small oars. The English sailors, who would irritate them, very often lost their balance and fell into the sea, where upon the Indians laughed right heartily over the Europeans ungainly swimming. They made in their boats, long coast journeys and went to the sea extraordinarily far.

I remember one case which was tolerably interesting to us at least. I had the watch on a small outside battery. I sat on a cannon and gazed comfortably out into the sea which was then pretty rough. Suddenly we discovered something at a great distance, where upon each had his own conjecture what it perhaps could be. No one guessed the

truth. As it came nearer, we saw, it was an Indian birch canoe, which the winds drove to us along the shore. We hastened up and there lay within, a rather old aboriginal American who slept very peacefully in storm and wave breaking. Near him lay one empty and one half empty rum flask which must have been very helpfull to his slumbers. He was not to be awakened; for his condition is easy to be imagined. We carried him up into the guard house, laid him down in a quiet place on a bunk, where he slept off his lethargy. We drew the boat onto land, the flask we saved, the bag which he carried in his belt and in which were 40 Spanish dollars, I shut out of prescution in the cupboard.

When he awoke sobered, he looked willyly, wonderingly about him, that he should find himself in a European Guard ship. But when we told him the dangerous position in which he had been found, he was happy and seemed on the point of wishing to thank us, but then he looked at his belt and missed his purse, his face became longer and broader and a mixture of feelings seemed to work in his soul, all of which said "Ha, Ha it is so?" You have fallen among white people, but when I handed him the purse from the cupboard and he noticed quickly at a glance that nothing was lacking, he perhaps also hastened to come to the conclusion that one would not keep part, where one was master of the whole. His joy became unpatriachal friskiness. He embraced us one after the other and we saw that to him the money was not so dear as the companionship of honest men; and when he finally found the sum complete, he absolutely insisted that the guard should take a hand full of dollars. I had good grounds to refuse that, but must

keep some. Now we towed him again in his boat, with good admonitions and warnings about the rumflask. He seemed thankful enough; the weather was better and he rowed with good spirit through the bay out into the ocean.

I had in America, an old friend of whom I did not know where fate had carried him, who was the best friend I have ever had. A certain Lerre from Halberstadt, of the French colony, who at one time had been in Switzerland with his kinsman Lavater and who possessed the letters better and rational enthusiasm glowing hot. This one was an underofficer, as I, a young courageous light hearted fellow. The life of an English soldier was not pleasant to us and we both occasionally had born with patience the same thought. We could join ourselves to the republic; a very natural pardonable thought for young people who lived more with Plutarch than with Hobbes. The opportunity would not come so Lerre, sought to bring it about and he had even made the plans to go through the great woods, over the bay from Halifax to Boston, really an undertaking of life or death. He had already informed himself concerning the English posts, provided for ammunition and necessary requisites and the expedition was determined upon, just as the news of peace came.

Our life in Halifax consisted in one third German vulgarity. One third Huronic wilderness and one third English refinement and according to the different characters of individuals one of these thirds predominates, with me remained the German perhaps the most, although English and Huron were my studies and sometimes this held the preference. I have already said that Halifax is



perhaps one of the best harbors on the earth. This Island and Fort St. George at the entrance is strong enough, with proper garrison to prevent the approach of every important fleet. The city itself along the shore, far in the bay has about 10,000 inhabitants.

Our journey had lasted two weeks, a terribly long time, however we made the way back in twenty three days; so I made one of the best and one of the worst journeys. We sailed homewards as if we flew and it proved a singular great bold enjoyment to be thrown into a storm on the huge machine. There was assembled a great crowd of ships of all kinds and of all nations, for the first time since the peace, and we met perhaps over 200 in the canal among which were found also two American frigats with the new free United States flags, for England perhaps the greatest grief since the British fleet sailed the sea. The last night was the most beautiful which I have experienced on the sea. There was a powerful thunderstorm on the Canal in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. The assembled fleet, the howling of the storm, the rattling of the ropes, the roll of thunder, the light of the lightening, the glaring light of the glowing waves and the instantaneous change over the blackest night, the calls and cries of the sailors, the ringing of bells, the far distant, dull sound of the signal guns, the threatening and crashing of the joints of the hull and the anxiety that we perhaps would be thrown under the crashing, one can consider the effect of the whole on the kindled imagination and with the brightening morning heaven we were really in the neighborhood of the Chalk mountains, which gives to the land the

name Albion. It was still and fresh and friendly as after a tempestuous night only the ship tossed still violently unwilling on the agitated sea.

We lay at anchor for sometime by the sand hills at Deal and there it was permitted us perhaps a single time to go inland, that is the whole of my stay in Old England and scarcely worth mentioning. The voyage over the North sea was this time very stormy and long, which was the more vexing since the journey over the ocean went so quickly and we held the remainder still only for a stones throw. Suddenly we found ourselves at Kuxhaven and Ritzebuttel, probably because we could not put into harbor on the way. After a few days we sailed again to Bremerlee where we changed vessels and again were towed up as we were ~~towed up as we were~~ down.

Here the fear frightened us that we would be sold by Mindey to Prussia. It was spoken loudly and the well known, unscrupulous soulbarter of the old land grave made the affair not improbable. Serre, also an old Wurznier from Gotha and myself had at Elsfleth taken the laudable resolution to withdraw ourselves from the chains of shameful servitude. A few nights we lay in wait without resulting in an opportunity for the riflemen had their loaded barrels turned everywhere out of vexation and fatigue I fell asleep on my haversack and when I awoke in the morning both of the pikers were gone and could not wakened me probably without danger. I scratched myself behind the ear and looked angerly after the boat which had lead them to freedom. However in Bremen I attempted it alone with my own hands and I succeeded on a bright, clear day under tolerably danger. The next occasion was a dispute with the

Sergeant Major over the delivery of bread, in which the commanding officer mixed somewhat dictatorialy using his fists. The spirit of Prussia siezed my brain firmly. I had wholy, against my custom, unintentionally drank myself somewhat warm in several glasses of wine and set out shortly for good and from there along the shore away over the Bridge into the old town. A good old honorable townsman must have noticed perhaps some confusion in me; he came up to me friendly and said "Friend---you are perhaps a Hessian deserter" -- "And if I am one?" I said. "Then must I say to you our Magistrate has made a treaty with the Landgrace." An now-----

"And now"---those are the last words which Seure has written; the following is also only relate from the memory of a few friends of the deceased. To those who knew him closely and loved him heartily that picture which he himself has shown is a legacy in which he lives on with them. They beleive to see him still before them and to hear him speak because his life is represented so unassuming and true, so bright and calm in words and actions as if he had written it during a painful sickness. His autobiography show us his youth, his other writings show the man and the following traits by a hand which shows the truth will enl the description of his noble and amible character. Great attention toward his inward appearance, little for his outward appearance of earnest thoughts of quiet consideration and depth of soul, lack of compliancy and abundance of indulgence consciousness of his worth and the modesty of a cultured man, kindness and love in his heart, often sinister about his forehead and eyes,

sensitive to beauty and sublimity, a flaming zeal for  
justice and a lawful freedom, independent without fear,  
bitter against bad men out of love for mankind---thus  
was Seume.

G. F. L.