Die Geschichten des Charles Sealsfield.
Zeitschriftenveröffentlichungen und Vorlagen

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Die Geschichten des Charles Sealsfield

Zeitschriftenveröffentlichungen und Vorlagen

Herausgegeben von
Wynfrid Kriegleder und Gustav-Adolf Pogatschnigg

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Inhaltsverzeichnis

Einleitung

Charles Sealsfield ist als Romancier in die Literaturgeschichte eingegangen. Freilich entsprechen nicht alle seine Romane der Gattungsvorstellung, die sich erst allmählich etabliert hat. Wenn er selbst für manche seiner Werke den Terminus ‚Bilder' bevorzugte – etwa „Lebensbilder aus der westlichen Hemisphäre" oder „Neue Land- und Seebilder" –, dann zeigt sich hier ein Romanverständnis, das nicht von einem geschlossenen Gattungskonzept ausging, sondern auch eine Addition einzelner Geschichten durchaus als Roman verstehen konnte.

Sealsfields literarische Karriere hat in der Tat mit kürzeren Prosaerzählungen begonnen. Gerade seine frühen Romane sind aus der Aneinanderreihung zunächst unabhängiger, zum Teil bereits vorher veröffentlichter Geschichten entstanden. Die große Schwierigkeit für die Forschung liegt darin, dass vermutlich noch nicht alle Erstveröffentlichungen entdeckt worden sind und dass sich vor allem nicht immer nachweisen lässt, ob eine Geschichte, die später in einen Roman eingeflossen ist, tatsächlich von Charles Sealsfield stammt. Denn er war, und darin ist er keine Ausnahme in seiner Zeit, ein notorischer Plagiator, der sich hemmungslos auch fremden Materials bediente, wenn es in sein Konzept passte. Die sich erst allmählich herausbildende Vorstellung von geistigem Eigentum und von der Notwendigkeit origineller literarischer Erfindung war einer noch von der traditionellen Rhetorik geprägten literarischen Kultur keineswegs selbstverständlich.

Der Band *Die Erzählungen des Charles Sealsfield* versammelt daher jene Geschichten, von denen wir mit gutem Grund annehmen können, dass sie von Sealsfield selbst stammen; weiters jene Geschichten, deren Provenienz unbekannt ist, von denen wir aber wissen, dass er sie für seine Romane verwendet hat, und schließlich auch jene Geschichten, die nachweislich von anderen Autoren stammen, die er aber in seine Romane inkorporiert hat. Die Sammlung soll also einerseits die Entwicklung des Carl Postl/Charles Sealsfield vom literarischen Anfänger zum Romancier dokumentieren. Sie soll aber auch Material für die Erforschung seiner eigenen literarischen Ästhetik bereitstellen. Ein Vergleich der Vorlagen, also des vorgefundenen Materials, mit dem, was Sealsfield in seinen Büchern daraus gemacht hat, kann dazu beitragen, die literarische Eigenart des Autors und seine literarhistorische Position klarer zu profilieren.

Die Herausgeber

Amerikanische Texte

Hg. v. Wynfrid Kriegleder

Der 1823 in die USA ausgewanderte Carl Postl versuchte, in der Neuen Welt eine neue Existenz zu begründen, zunächst als protestantischer Pastor, dann, nach der Rückkehr von seiner ersten Europareise im August 1826, als Verfasser fiktionaler und journalistischer Arbeiten. In amerikanischen Zeitschriften finden sich vereinzelte Texte, die vermutlich oder möglicherweise von ihm verfasst sind, aber auch solche, die sicher nicht von ihm stammen, die er aber für seine späteren Romane verwendet – man könnte auch sagen: plagiiert – hat. Die genaue Provenienz aller im Folgenden abgedruckten Arbeiten wird sich vermutlich nie zuverlässig eruieren lassen. Aufgenommen worden sind jene Beiträge, die entweder mit großer Wahrscheinlichkeit Charles Sealsfield zugeschrieben werden können oder deren Spuren sich in seinem späteren Werk finden, egal ob er nun bei sich selbst oder bei anderen abgeschrieben hat.

Otto Heller hat als erster nach amerikanischen Zeitschriftenbeiträgen Sealsfields gesucht (*Some Sources of Sealsfield*, in: Modern Philology 7, 1909/10, 587-592; *Sealsfield-Funde*. In: German-American Annals, N. S. Vol. 8, 1910, No. 2, 82-86 und N. S. Vol. 9, 1911, Nos. 1 and 2, 3-30). Karl J. R. Arndt ist ihm gefolgt. (*Recent Sealsfield Discoveries*, in: The Journal of English and Germanic Philology LIII, 1954, 160-171.) In der Folge sind allzu viele Veröffentlichungen als Texte Sealsfields gehandelt worden. Franz Schüppen hat sie im bibliographischen Anhang zu seiner Monographie (*Charles Sealsfield. Karl Postl. Ein österreichischer Erzähler der Biedermeierzeit im Spannungsfeld von Alter und Neuer Welt*. Frankfurt/Bern: Lang 1981, 519f.) angeführt.

Folgende bisher Sealsfield zugeschriebene Titel werden aus dem Kanon ausgeschieden und daher nicht neu ediert:

A Tale of the Wilderness. In: *New York-Mirror, and Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Volume V. New-York, Saturday, August 18, 1827. Number 6, S. 44-45.

Der mit „D" signierte Text erschien unter der Rubrik „Original Manuscripts" mit den Angaben „For the Mirror" und „From the MS. novel of Tecumseh", wurde also als Teil eines Romans über den bedeutenden indianischen Häuptling Tecumseh angekündigt. Schüppen sieht in dem Text zwar „einen weiteren Baustein zum späteren [Tokeah]-Roman" (23). Davon kann aber keine Rede sein. Erzählt wird eine Szene aus dem Kriegszug der

Muscogees gegen die Chocktaw mit den indianischen Protagonisten Onewegua, Heshmocesah und Kewaytinam. Ein weiterer Ausschnitt aus dem Roman erschien eine Woche später. Der Herausgeber spricht von „the fair author of the novel", geht also von einer weiblichen Autorin aus. Für die Erzählung kann Sealsfield nicht als Autor angenommen werden; es finden sich auch keine Spuren davon in seinen späteren Texten.

Flirtation. In: *New York-Mirror, and Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Volume VI. New-York, Saturday, August 30, 1828. Number 8, 60-62.

Den unsignierten, unter der Rubrik „Popular Moral Tales" abgedruckten Text bezeichnet Schüppen als „sentimentale Story" (26). Warum die Erzählung Sealsfield als Urheber haben soll, ist unklar.

Goethe. In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol. VII, Number 19 (Saturday, November 14, 1829), 149-130.

Der mit „S." signierte, unter der Rubrik „Original Communications" erschienene Artikel wurde von Karl J. R. Arndt unter Verweis auf Otto Heller Sealsfield zugewiesen und unter dem Titel „Eine Stimme aus Amerika zu Goethes 80. Geburtstag" 1949 im Band 52/53 des *Jahrbuchs des Wiener Goethe-Vereins* veröffentlicht. Tatsächlich handelt es sich um einen von drei kurzen Artikel über „Mozart", „Charles Maria von Weber" und „Goethe". Warum Sealsfield der Autor sein soll, ist unklar; die Signatur „S." taucht Ende 1829 und Anfang 1830 im *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette* ziemlich häufig auf.

Homer and his Nation. In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol VII, Number 20 (Saturday, Nov 21, 1829), p. 158.

Der mit „S." signierte, unter der Rubrik „Original Communications" erschienene Artikel argumentiert, Homer habe die Griechen zu ihrem aktuellen Freiheitskampf beflügelt; es gibt keinen Grund, Sealsfield als Verfasser zu vermuten.

Kosciusko. In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol VII, Number 25 (Saturday, Dec. 26, 1829), pp. 197ff.

Die mit „S." signierte, unter der Rubrik „Original Communications" erschienene anekdotenhafte Erzählung spielt in Basel; es gibt keinen Grund, Sealsfield als Verfasser zu vermuten.

The Magic Rifle. In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol. VII, Number 26 (Saturday, January 2, 1830), 206.

Der mit „S." signierte, unter der Rubrik „Original Moral Essays" erschienene Text hat den Untertitel „Imitated from the Illyric, by P. Mérimée". Schüppen (Anm. 39, S. 433) konstatiert „eine fast wörtliche Übertragung von Mérimées

„Le fusil enchanté“, aus der *Revue de Paris* von 1829. Es gibt keinen Grund, in Sealsfield den Verfasser zu sehen.

Epistolary Correspondence. In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol. VII, Number. 27 (9. Jan. 1830), 214.

Der mit „S.“ signierte Text enthält zwei übersetzte Briefe der Josephine Beauharnais [fälschlich: Beauharnois] an ihren Ehemann Napoleon Bonaparte. Schüppen weist den Text, im Gefolge Hellers, Sealsfield zu, wofür es aber keinen Anhaltspunkt gibt.

The Indian of the Fall's Valley or *The Foundling* Maid

In: *Saturday Evening Post*, 1.10.1825; erneut in *Edwardsville Spectator* (Illinois), VII, No. 16, 17. Dez. 1825.

Die 1821 in Philadelphia gegründete *Saturday Evening Post* bot Unterhaltungslektüre für das Wochenende. Zu ihren Beiträgern gehörten u. a. James Fenimore Cooper und Edgar Allan Poe. Der 1819 bis 1826 erscheinende *Edwardsville Spectator* war ein wichtiges Organ der Anti-Sklaverei-Bewegung in Illinois.

Otto Heller, der erstmals auf diese Erzählung verweist, bezweifelt, dass Sealsfield den mit „Alcanzor" signierten Text verfasst habe. Franz Schüppen schreibt die „nach den gängigen Mustern europäischer Erzählliteratur" gestaltete „triviale, aber hochpoetische Erzählung" jedoch ganz selbstverständlich Sealsfield zu. (12) Der Text ist zweifellos die Grundlage für den Beginn des *Tokeah*-Romans. Vgl. dazu Wynfrid Kriegleder: Von *Tokeah* (Philadelphia 1829) zum *Legitimen* (Zürich 1833) oder die unvollständige Metamorphose von einem amerikanischen zu einem europäischen Roman. In: Charles Sealsfield im Schweizer Exil. Republikanisches Refugium und internationale Literatenkarriere. Hg. v. Alexander Ritter. (= SealsfieldBibliothek; 6) Wien: Praesens Verlag 2008, 59-79. Es gibt aber keine Argumente, in Sealsfield den Verfasser zu sehen. Auch das frühe Erscheinungsdatum spricht gegen seine Autorschaft.

The Indian of the Fall's Valley or *The Foundling Maid.*

In this adopted babe I hold
With anxious fondness to my breast,
My heart's sole comfort I behold,
More dear than life when life was blest;
I found her pining, fainting, cold – *Crabbe.*

Following the example of the „Great Unknown", who, in his excellent novel of Kenilworth, says, „it is the privilege of tale tellers to commence their stories in an inn," even into such a place will I without further prelude introduce my readers. It was in Canada, and not far from those mighty Falls which are justly ranked

among the most wonderful works of the Creation, that the humble tavern of John Copeland, (Major John, as some, heaven knows why, entitled him,) displayed a sign of the Rosy-god astride his barrel, and giving notice, that there accommodation for „man and horse" could be afforded. Being the only public house in that part of the country, Major John throve tolerably well, for even in those days, when the conveniencies of travelling that we now enjoy were unknown, many were the travellers led that way, in order to see one of the most sublime works of Nature, and who always gave the host of the Bacchus Inn their patronage.

It was on a pretty stormy night on the 5th of November, that Major John and his wife Sally, (for I had forgotten to premise that John was no Benedict,) were disturbed from their rest by a loud knocking at their door. „Arouse thee man, (cried the Dame,) hear you not what a clamor some one is making for admittance? a pretty host art thou forsooth, who would keep a customer tarrying without on a night like this – up, I say, and speed to your duty, Major John!" As a dutiful husband should, mine host of the Bacchus obeyed, and opening the door discovered an Indian, who seemed to wrap his bearskin mantle with much care around something which he bore in his arms. Upon finding that his guest was of a different character than what he had hoped for, John would have in all probability closed his door, but the Indian, without speaking, pushed him aside, and entering the long hall, which was denominated „The Travellers' Rest," seated himself before the cheerful fire, which night and day was kept blazing in the extensive hearth. „Your are familiar and unceremonious, I find," said the landlord. „I know it, White Man, and it is my duty," replied the Indian, „to be so at this moment," and unfolding the mantle, displayed to the view of the astonished major a white female infant. „Save us, man," cried John, „and where got you that baby?" „Ask me no questions now," returned Niagara, for by that name we will call the Indian, „but haste and get something wherewith to feed the child, and send your woman to attend it, for I know nothing of these matters." It was not long before the wife of John made her appearance, and taking the child from the Indian, seated herself before the fire, and satisfied the cravings of the little stranger's appetite, while John, having drawn a pot of ale for the red man and another for himself, drew his chair closer to the fire and with his wife, was all attention, to hear how Niagara became possessed of a white infant. „They say," commenced the narrator, „that to the red man, only ferocity and cruelty belong, and that humanity and charity can exist only in the breast of the white man. But it is a lie; the Great Spirit, when he created our race, and gave to them the colour which distinguishes them from others of his creatures, bestowed upon them hearts capable of feeling for the unhappy, and susceptible to all the gentle feelings of love and charity. I was journeying from the south toward my wigwam, which is in the valley that lies near the great Falls, when I heard what I fancied were the lamentations of distress – it was very dark, for there was neither moon nor star in the wide expanse of heaven, from which the snow fell faster and

thicker than it even does now. – I paused to listen. Hearing the cry again – I proceeded in the direction whence the sound came, and found the infant which now sleeps on the woman's bosom, beside it laid a female, whom I suppose was the mother of the child, but the poor creature had perished in the storm, and she was still and cold in death. – This little girl also would have perished, but I took her in my arms, and the bear skin kept her warm." „White man," and as he spoke he arose from his seat, „Niagara has not shed one tear since the night when his only son was murdered by an Indian, with whom he had quarrelled, until he found this little helpless child exposed to the tempest and alone in the world. Niagara considers it as his own – he adopts it as his daughter – it shall be the sole comfort of his existence – he lives retired even from the place of his birth, and his wife has long since sought the land of the spirits. – Man and woman, if your hearts are not as cold and as hard as the rocks, over which the waters, whose roar you may now hear louder than the storm, roll with impetuous force, you will take and cherish this little foundling until four winters and summers have passed away; I will see her daily, and the old Indian will be as a father unto her." The feeling Major and his wife readily promised to do what Niagara had so emphatically requested, and as soon as the sun rose, the Indian kissed his adopted child and departed.

Passing over the period of time that intervened between the above night and the little Maria's (for so she had been called) attaining the age of four years, we bring our readers to that period. The rosy little girl ran joyfully to meet her father, (for as such she had been taught to consider Niagara,) as she espied him coming towards the dwelling of the Copelands. The good woman knew that the Indian had come to take the child, who was so dear to her as though it had been her own, and she wept bitterly; even John shed a tear in parting with her. „She shall be taught to remember you with love," said Niagara, „and while she kneels in prayers of thanks to the Great Spirit who preserved her, she shall implore blessing for the kind beings who cherished her in her infancy." Niagara, and his little charge, soon arrived at the valley in which his humble cot was situated; it was a wild, yet beautifully romantic spot. Time has so altered the appearance of things, that no vestige of the Falls Valley remains, yet such a place was once in existence, and it may still live in the memory of some of the older inhabitants of that part of the country.

Educated without sophistry, taught to adore, in the simplicity of Nature, the Great Author of All, our heroine grew up in virtue as she did in beauty. Like the flowret, which attaining its bloom in full perfection, repays the gardener for the care and labour he has bestowed on its cultivation, so did the affection of Maria replay the old Chief for the anxiety and watchfulness with which he had reared the beautiful creature, now the darling and support of his age. With the fleetness of the mountain fawn would she leap over hill and dale, and she would climb every eminence where she loved to behold the orb of day rise to illume the world and cheer mankind; or see him declining in the western sky, warning creation that the hour of

rest was near. Thus passed the morning of Maria's life; sorrow had not „her young days clouded," and her heart in the buoyancy of youthful innocence and joy, was the seat of every gentle feeling that could ornament and dignify the human character. It is not in the course of Nature, that the life barque of mortal should sail over the sea of existence, however, without some storms to shatter it even when the surface is calm and bright, too often some rock will lie concealed whereon it may be thrown and destroyed.

In the same valley where the young Maria resided so happily with her Indian father, dwelt a youth, whose beautiful form and manly heart endeared him to Niagara, and equally so to Maria. They loved each other, not with that romantic fervency of which we so often hear but never behold existing, but with that steady fondness, that unsullied purity which no change of fortune can vary or decrease. Sanctioned by the approving smiles of the old chief, it was settled that Arthur Evans should wed Maria, the wild yet loveliest flower that ever blossomed in the Falls Valley. Every one rejoiced in her anticipated felicity; all hastened to give her joy, and prospects of a happier bridal never elated the human soul, than did the approaching union of Arthur and Maria promise. The day at length arrived, and all the inhabitants of the Valley came to do honour to the bride, who, in all the bloom that seventeen healthy happy summers could give, seemed the spirit of a better world deigning to preside over the festivities of the innocent. Even Major John and the good Sally, came to participate in the happiness of the Maid – and the wife declared, „that although she had been to many a wedding, she had never beheld a more beautiful bride giving felicity to a man." Nor ever was there a more beautiful couple, nor a more interesting sight, than when, on the lawn fronting Niagara's cot, as the moon shed her silver light over the valley, Arthur and Maria stood up in the midst of the village circle – tottering with age and weak with infirmities, the venerable and good Niagara rose from the verdant seat, rendered so by the hands of the affectionate Maria, who had made as it were a seat if all the wild flowers of the heath for her adored Parent. He approached his children – not a sound was heard – all seemed impressed with the interesting solemnity of the scene. Taking their hands, he raised his eyes to the starred canopy above them, and for some minutes remained silent, though apparently in deep prayer. „The Great Spirit," he at length said, with a voice of the most touching devotion, „sanction the union of these children – bless them and guard them through life. Brothers, witness that they are now united in bonds never to be assundered, except by death. Thus, my children, do I bind thee to each other, and as the ivy clings around yon aged oak, so cling thou to each other, as thou Maria has clung to me." He then joined their hands, and presented them with two beautiful flowers, tied together beneath a twig which he had broken off the old oak. „These tender and beautiful flowers are thee my children – the branch of the old oak myself. Withstanding the tempests of life, I have lived to enjoy the happiness of this moment, even as this oak has bent beneath the

wars of elements and remained unbroken: but flowrets like these have bloomed in the brightness of the morning dew, to be chilled and blasted by the evening breeze. Let not, however, these reflections mar thy present joy, but teach thee, in the midst of it, that all of us are momentarily at the disposal of the Best and Wisest, our father, the Father of the white man and the INDIAN." The bride was pressed with fervour to the breast of her lover, and both of them were then embraced by the venerable Niagara. Overcome with fatigue and exertion, he sunk on his flowery seat, and continuing to keep the hands of Maria, steadfastly gazed upon her. – „My daughter – yet not my daughter," murmered he – „Heaven protect and bless thee." All again was silent – his piercing eye lost its brightness, and his fingers became cold and still as they convulsively grasped the hands of the terrified bride. She shrieked for aid, and all crowded to the spot, as with a sigh, the spirit of Niagara, released from earthy bondage, soared to regions of surer and eternal bliss. Where then was the gaiety of the bridal guests.? It had fled – and in the eyes where the beams of joy but a few minutes previously had sparkled, now tears of sorrow glistened. Maria's grief was silent, but it was the tearless sorrow that touches the heart to the very core – she knew that the guardian of her infancy was no more – she had heard from his own lips that he was not her Father, but she felt that he had had been more than a Father to her. He was buried: no stately pomp, no show of grief were attendant on the obsequies of the old Indian. Beneath the very oak under which he had united his children, his grave was dug – there he reposes – and the only monument to his memory, were the hearts of his friends, on which his virtues were indelibly engraved – no stone marked his narrow bed – the old tree did so, and yearly it was strewed by the filial hands of Maria with flowers such as she adorned his seat with on their bridal day.

Time, the universal physician, co-operating with the affectionate attentions of her husband, healed the wounds which sorrow had made in the bosom of our heroine, and all again seemed bright and happy before her. – At length the clarion of war sounded through rock and dale: the colonies of America had long been nourishing the sparks of enmity occasioned by monarchical oppression, which, bursting into a flame, they at once avowed their determination to support, until the last life-drop, the inherent rights not only of themselves but of all creation. Entering at once into all the feelings of a patriot, Arthur Evans determined to enlist under the banners of Columbia. It is true, Maria wept when she parted with him, but she asked him not to stay, for she had been reared in the love of justice, and in the defence of its principals – she knew it was his duty to stand forth. During the absence of her husband, she resided with her well-beloved friends the Copelands, under whose hospitable roof she gave birth to a son, whom she called Niagara, in remembrance of her Indian Father.

We need not trace Arthur Evans through all the dangers and privations which he endured in common with out forefathers, in the memorable struggle for

those blessings and privileges which we now enjoy. Suffice it, that he was distinguished in many battles, and rose to some rank in the army. Soon as the contest for liberty had gloriously eventuated, he hastened his return to the wife of his bosom. On his journey homeward, he overtook an old man, dressed in the faded uniform of a British soldier – he was weak with age, and sinking to the ground, when Arthur raised him, and refreshed him with a drink from his canteen. It was but a short distance from Copeland's Inn, and ere long they both approached it; Maria was at the door, and soon espying him, ran, with her infant in her arms, to greet his return and present her darling to the proud father. Then stranger gazed upon her in silence – emotion was visible in his features; at length, with a faultering voice he exclaimed, „In mercy, lovely creature, tell me who you are?" „My wife," replied Arthur, „let that for the present satisfy you." The old soldier continued silent until they reached the house. Unable any longer to withhold, he repeated the inquiry. „It may seem strange to you," he added – „but oh, you cannot judge how anxious I am to know – but I will acquaint you with my reasons for making this inquiry, and while you listen, censure me mercifully. You behold in me the victim of jealousy. I once possessed affluence, and rank in the British army – my name is Charles Granville, and I was united to the loveliest being that ever adorned creation. This lady who has so moved me, is her counterpart, – Heavens! I must not gaze upon thee, least I fancy it is the spirit of Emma rising from her grave to upbraid me for my cruelty. After our union, I was ordered to America, where my Emma gave birth to a daughter. While there, a brother officer became attached to my wife, and paid her more attention that I thought warrantable or necessary to mere politeness. Now listen. Our little girl was not three months old, when on a tempestuous night on the 5th of November, I returned heated with wine, from celebrating the aniversary of the gunpowder plot discovery, to my home; I repaired to the chamber of my wife, were [sic] I found the officer of whom I have spoken, at her feet – she was in tears, and the infant in her arms. Enraged, I stabbed the supposed paramour to the heart, and thrust my wife and infant from my house, on a night when humanity would have given an asylum to a shelterless dog. In his dying moments, the officer swore that my wife was innocent, that he had insulted her, and had followed her to her apartment, where I found him, not pleading a licentious passion, but sueing for forgiveness. Too late did I repent my cruelty. I fled and escaped justice – twenty-three years have I wandered over every portion of the country, in hopes to hear of her or my child, but in vain. My fortune was lost at the gaming table, and I am a miserable heart-broken wretch." As he concluded, John Copeland feelingly, though plainly, thus related the sequel. „It was on the very night you have mentioned," said he, „that a female infant was brought into this house by an old Indian, who is now no more – the mother had perished in the snow – (a cry of horror here burst from the unfortunate Granville) – we took the infant and reared her until she was four years old, when" – „She too died," cried Granville, „I have murdered them both."

„Not so; she lives," continued John; „she was taken by the old Indian, reared with tenderness, and married to one in every way worthy of her. Beneath the garments of the child a minature was found; it is here" – he presented it to the anxious Granville. „It is mine! Oh! God, support me – and my child———." „Supports thee now," cried Maria, as the head of the fainting man rested on her bosom. „Yes, I have found her at last," said the old man, as he revived – „even the guilty can take some joy, though not unalloyed – but Emma perished by my cruelty, and from her, virtuous child, can I expect forgiveness?" „Oh! freely do I grant it, my father," said Maria – „and may thou meet with it above, as thou dost now receive it here." Long was their embrace and silent, and ere the evening closed, some beams of pleasure lighted the penitent father's countenance; but they lasted not – they fled, and even the affectionate attentions of his daughter or her husband, could not avert the melancholy which sank him to the grave in a few months after his residence with Maria in her Valley cottage. His death was expected, and therefore the shock was less severe to his daughter, who blessed with a fond husband, and equally beloving and beloved, lived long and happily. They forgot not, in their felicity, their inestimable friends, the Copelands; but taught their children to revere them – those children, educated as they had been, in piety and virtue, insured for their parents those blessings which made their declining years pass by in the only real happiness that exists, that which arises from contentment and uncorrupted hearts.

ALCANZOR

The Lost Child
[Timothy Flint]

In: *Illinois Intelligencer*, Vandalia, 25.8.1827 (XI, No. 21, whole No. 541), mit der Angabe: From the Western Magazine and Review, May 1827, tatsächlich aber aus dem von Timothy Flint hg. *Western Monthly Review*, Vol. 1, No. 1 (May 1827). Zur Provenienz vgl. Otto Heller.

Timothy Flint (1780-1840), ein Missionar aus Massachusetts, verfasste seit 1826 Erzähltexte über den amerikanischen Westen, von denen manche als realistisch eingeschätzt werden, und gab 1827 bis 1830 den *Western Monthly Review* heraus. Vermutlich ist er selbst der Verfasser des *Lost Child*. Sealsfield hat den Text später für das dritte Kapitel („Der Kindsräuber") seines Romans *George Howard* verwendet.

The Lost Child [Timothy Flint]

Public feeling in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, has been prodigiously excited, during the past winter, by a mysterious and inexplicable catastrophe, which has excited in us a more harrowing interest, than any tale of fictitious distress. The following circumstances were gleaned from the journals, the accounts of different persons, who conversed with the parties, and are corrected from a long conversation with the sheriff at Natchez, who was obliged by bis official duties to see much of the father and mother of the lost child, and to attend the trial of the person, arrested on suspicion of being concerned in stealing the child, and under whose care and inspection he fell, while in prison. That gentleman was obliging enough to communicate to the writer many details of great interest, which are necessarily precluded in the brevity of this narration.

Something more than a year ago, the only child of a Mr. Clark, of Hempsted county, territory of Arkansas, a fine boy of four years, disappeared from the scene of his morning play, near the house of his parents, and could no where be found. A little negro boy had been playing with him, and related, that two men on horseback came upon them, and that one of them alighted, took up the child, and carried him off. The parents were sober, respectable, and comparatively affluent. It is a country of dark forests, and immense prairies; and wolves, bears, and panthers, are common in the woods, and different tribes of Indians hunt in the vicinity. The affection of these parents for their only child was such, as would be naturally expected, and no

effort of the imagination is necessary to conceive the anxiety and agony of their suspense. The honest hearted people about them, though not given to eloquent descriptions of their feelings in such cases, expressed a more unquestionable sympathy by turning out, *en masse*, and scouring the forests, prairies, and bayous, in every direction. The agonizing father followed a man, who preceded him a day or two, as was reported, carrying a child with him on horseback. After a pursuit of three hundred miles, he ascertained, in the bitterness of disappointment, that the child was not his. Every exertion, made to find the child, was to no purpose. The father rode in different directions thousands of miles. Advertisements, promises of ample reward, the sustained search of hundreds of people, were alike unavailing, to furnish a vestige of the child, or the slightest clue to stimulate to hope, and further exertion. After a search of months, the feelings of the parents, from the natural effect of time and disappointment, settled down to the calm of resignation and despair, and they mourned for their child, as dead. It will be easy to conceive, that it was not the tranquil mourning of parents, who have seen their child in its sinless innocence buried under the clods of the valley. The agony of suspense, the feverish efforts of imagination, excited to activity, by the indescribable tenderness of parental affection, and still fashioning new and rnore horrible catastrophies, especially at particular periods of the day, or the evening — from this they could only be delivered, by finding their child, or becoming acquainted with his doom. They had not even the sad satisfaction of the patriarch, finding the bloody clothes of their lost child, by which, suspense might be terminated in the conviction, that an 'evil beast had devoured him.'

Some time last winter, the father received a letter, mailed at the Natchez post office, informing him, that if he would enclose fifty dollars in a letter to the writer, and would send the mother of the child, unaccompanied by any other person, to a certain house in Arkansas, which he designated, with two hundred dollars more, the writer engaged, that a certain woman in the designated house should deliver up the child to its mother. This letter was written in a gentlemanly hand, and signed 'Thomas Tutty.'

The plan of the distracted parents was settled by advice of many respectable people in Louisiana, who entered warmly into their feelings. A letter stating all the circumstances of the case, was written to the post master at Natchez. Another, agreeable to all the requirements of Tutty, and enclosing a bank note of fifty dollars, was addressed to him. In the letter to the post master, he was directed to watch for the man, who should call for the other letter, and have him apprehended. At the proper time, a man of gentlemanly appearance and manners, with the dialect of an Irishman, enquired for the letter. The post master by design made difficulty and delay in making change, and detained the man, until an officer was procured, and he was then apprehended. He was found to be a man, who had kept a school for some time in the vicinity of Natchez, whose singular and cautious habits had already ex-

cited suspicion. He proved himself shrewd, sulky, and pertinaciously obstinate in his purpose, to confess nothing, and to throw the whole burden of proof on the magistrate, before whom he was tried. He would not admit the identity of the hand writing of the letter with his own, and he denied, that his name was Thomas Tutty. He was charged with having fabricated the story, that he knew where the child was, and would cause it to be delivered to its parents, merely with the base purpose of extorting money from the affection of the parents. He continued to affirm, that he knew where the child was, and proved, that he was acquainted with the long way between Natchez and the residence of Mr. Clark, by answering with the utmost promptness and intelligence, questions about the numerous bayous, swamps, and passes, in the distance, put with a particularity; intended purposely to perplex him. On the suspicious fact of his having enquired for the letter, directed to Thomas Tutty, he was committed to prison. The parents, who repaired to Natchez, and various people, who took a deep interest in this strange, and terrible affair, exhausted their ingenuity to no purpose in efforts, to get something out of the prisoner, that might furnish a clue, by which to find the child. He told the father, that in a certain place, where it was supposed he would pass in search of the child, he would find the clothes, which the child wore when it disappeared, and bones having the appearance of those of a child of his years, that had been devoured by beasts. But he assured him, that the bones were not those of his child, but of an animal, placed there to produce that impression. Such an investigation was found to be the fact. Yet strange to tell, nothing could extort from the man the slightest information, that had any other tendency, than still more to excite the imagination, and harrow up the feelings of the parents.

Meanwhile a number of the respectable people of Natchez, stimulated by their intense interest, the warm blood of the south, and their impatient fondness for summary justice, and thinking probably, that a little 'hideing' could do the Irishman no possible harm, and might operate upon his imperturbable closeness the benefit of a course of gymnastics, took him by night from the prison, and gave him a pretty severe drubbing, intimating between the intervals of discipline, that whenever he found the application transcending the bounds of health and pleasant feeling, any useful information, touching the child, would save them the trouble of carrying the operation any farther. The Irishman shrugged, and seemed for a long time disposed to persevere in his customary closeness, and receive all the benefits of the prescription. But at a point, where the thing was becoming evidently very unpleasant, he seemed to relent, and said, that if they would send to a certain house between forty and fifty miles from Natchez, in Mississippi, the people there would tell them, where they might find the child. The sheriff, who stated, that he had disapproved of these proceedings, and was, moreover, ill at the time, was no sooner apprized of this information, than he started at midnight for the designated house. When he arrived there, he found that the people were of good character, and perceived in a

moment, that he was on a false scent, and that the prisoner had given this information only to get rid of correction.

The parents and the people, having exhausted every effort upon the pertinacious silence, and unshrinking obstinacy of the prisoner to no purpose, became fully impressed, that he had, indeed, been concerned in the stealing of the child, but that he no longer knew any thing about its present condition, and had been induced to what he had done, merely to obtain money, by trifling with parental anxiety and affection. They consented to the enlargement of the prisoner on a *nolle prossequi,* on condition, that he should return with the parents, in the hope, that threats, or promised rewards, or a returning sense of justice and humanity, when he should arrive where the clothes of the child were laid, might yet induce him, to put them on a clue to finding him.

He was accordingly enlarged, and crossed the Mississippi in the same ferry boat with the parents, on their route towards home. It had been purposely intimated to him, that unless he would frankly communicate to Mr. Clark on the journey, all that he knew about the child, as soon, as they should have travelled beyond the settlements, he would be put to death. Having advanced beyond the settlement of Concordia, he asked Mr. Clark, how long he intended to allow him to live? The reply was, if he persisted in withholding information about the child, perhaps thirty six hours. Mr. Clark carried a pistol in his belt. The Irishman rushed upon him, seized the pistol, and snapped it at his breast. Although he had primed and loaded it himself, it fortunately missed fire. Failing in his purposes, the Irishman broke away and made for a bayou, to which they were approaching. He plunged in, disappeared, and was drowned, and thus extinguished the only visible hope of a clue to unravel this mysterious and tragical affair. This crime of fiends, child stealing, has been often threatened in that region, which furnishes such facilities for perpetrating it, as a mean of diabolical revenge. An indescribable interest yet exists there in regard to the elucidation of this mystery. Parents, watch your children. Be careful of the presence of suspicious villains, who might in this way sting you to death. The happiest feeling, which a good mother can have on the earth, is, when she sees her children safely and sweetly sleeping in their own beds, under the united protection of innocence and parents, good angels and God.

Jemima O'Keefy – A Sentimental Tale
[Timothy Flint]

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Jemima O'Keefy – A Sentimental Tale [Timothy Flint]

One person, says the proverb, is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. One person is born to empire, and another to saw wood, and make ditches. These truths are clearly set forth in the story of Jemima O'Keefy, which I proceed to relate, premising, that the facts are furnished me by a very respectable citizen of this vicinity, who has lived in this country from its first settlement, and knows as many of the early incidents of its history, as any other man.

Jemima O'Keefy was the daughter of Irish parents, and at fourteen she was not very beautiful, but she had an Irish complexion, as white as a lily, and a profusion of sandy hair. From her childhood, she had a certain good natured pertness of defiance, united with a perseverance and inflexibility of purpose, which, in one way or another, with father and mother, with brothers and sisters at home, or at school, enabled her to carry her purpose, and to become mistress of all, whom she chose to command. It is true, in her early years, her father and mother occasionally applied the rod in her case, as in that of the other children. But if they struck, in some way or other, like the great Grecian commander, she made them hearken; and in the end they stood corrected, and she carried her point. Her parents marvelled, and attempted to solve the mystery of this strange influence. Sometimes, they thought it flowed from the power of her star; sometimes from that of a sharp curved nose, that turned up like a fish hook, which gave her the name in the Dutch place of her birth, of Naze Haken, or hook nose. I, for my part, believe, that it was a kind of amiable defiance and boldness in her manner – a keen eye to discern her mark, and a persevering purpose, to stick to it to the end. That is to say, in Chesterfield's phrase, she was *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*

At the age of fifteen, some say at a village hop, but the authority, which I prefer to follow, gives it at a corn shooking, or what is called in New England 'a husking,' she came in contact with Jacob Barndollar, a German, or as he was called in the village, a little new place near Red Stone, now Brownsville, on the Monongahela, in West Pennsylvania, a Dutchman. Jacob was six feet, two inches high, with a tough skin, brawny arms, and a very thick and impenetrable pericardium, or heart case, and he rode a monstrous Dutch horse, seventeen hands high – called by way of emphasis the 'big horse.' He was allowed to be the 'best man' in the village — that is, he could flog, in a fair fist fight, any Dutchman, Irisher, or Yankee in the place. He had a farm, a log house, a stone barn, a whiskey distillery, an apple orchard, and had been left by his worthy Dutch father, two hundred and seventy silver dollars, tied up in a blue stocking, that had been cut down to the leg, and was fastened strongly at either end with a leather string. Jacob hitherto had cared for nobody, and, when he sung a Dutch psalm at meeting, could be heard distinctly a full mile. The mothers all considered him the best match in the settlement, and full many a girl's heart had softened in view of him, like butter on a warm summer's day. But Jacob whistled and sung, and his heart had hitherto been as insensible, as the hoof of his big horse. Jacob was no longer able to say that after the shooking aforesaid. Jemima and he fell upon a red ear at the same time, and the united shouts of the whole party proclaimed the tax of a kiss, which was the fair due of the young Dutchman. This would have been a delightful acquisition to many of the young sparks present. But, however inviting might be her lily face and hook nose, most of them would as soon have meditated advancing their faces upon the back of a porcupine.— Jacob, too, partook of the common dread of the vixen, who charged him to keep his distance. But the pride and manhood of the 'best man' in the village, goaded on by the general acclamation, was concerned to have the kiss forthcoming. There was a sad scramble among the husks. But for this time physical force carried it over the empire of intellect and charms, and Jacob bore oft the kiss, *coup de main*. But this ravishment was committed in evil hour for poor Jacob Barndollar's peace. Whether she shared the common views of the other girls in the village, or whether she wished to punish him for his presumption, or from what mixture of motives she acted, I am not advised. The fact is all, that is material to my story. – Jacob, hitherto invincible, was brought within the influence of her spell. Sometimes she managed with him, as cats do, when they are wooing; and at other times she soothed him. She was often seen to stroke the mane of his big horse, as if unconscious that ha saw her. She coaxed, fretted, and played vixen with him, until the tall Dutchman's heart hung upon her hook nose, as much at command, as a little trout, fairly brought to dry ground by the hook. – To be short, Jacob Barndollar, in bodily fear of his life, had screwed up his courage to the tremendous point, of asking thew fair Irisher, if she would marry him? After playing with his terrors a sufficient time, she told him yes, and that she would make a man of a Dutchman out of him. So

they were married by a German Lutheran minister, and the psalm on the occasion was sung with prodigious power; and the whole concern of young and old, Irish and Germans were as merry as turkies and *brauntwein* could make them, though even on that evening of bliss, Jacob had sufficient intimations what kind of apprenticeship he had to serve.

For the first moon it would be absurd to suppose, that the happy husband could deny his spouse any thing. He fumed inwardly to a degree, when she introduced tea instead of sour milk, whiskey and fat cakes for supper and breakfast — but, as regarded words, he kept his thoughts to himself. It was worse, when she insisted upon riding the big horse to meeting. On the back of that horse was Jacob's throne — and it went to his heart, to see his wife galloping along in mid air, and himself ambling by her side upon a 'chunk' of a poney, that left a considerable length of his legs, to draggle along the bushes and hassocks; or to be painfully crooked up, at right angles to his knees. But even this he took as he might, in mute resignation, compounded with a touch of internal rebellion. Her modes of showing her power, were so diversified and vexatious, that Jacob, whose inward lust of freedom was by no means subdued, though so grievously hampered, added to his list of oaths, among which the most common was *donner und brauntwein, donner und schnaps, donner und naze haken,* or thunder and hook nose! and it was easy to observe, that this last was the most terrible sublime of cursing, to which he ever ascended.

As we remarked, the spark of freedom, though like a single coal smothered under a bushel of ashes, was not, however, extinct. Three months and a day after his nuptials the smouldering sparks kindled to a flame. They were going to preaching amidst a crowd of his young companions, of a gay spring morning, in which lambs and birds, and the villagers felt the utmost elasticity of life. Jacob looked with the eye of eager desire upon the big horse, while the fair Irish spouse vaulted into the saddle, like a kidling. The poney hung by his bridle to a post, for him to mount. But instead of doing it, his wife remarked him scratching his head and advancing towards her. What would you, Jacob, asked she? *Mein harte,* said he, I bray you take the little horse, and let me have the big one. It looks more so good, for us to ride that way. The spouse saw treason and rebellion in the camp, and that the fate of the empire depended upon right management in the case. So she said, mingling in her expression, threat, defiance and graciousness, 'sure Jacob, you an't such a fool as to think of that just now.' 'Indeed am I, just that fool, *mein frau,* says Jacob. You are a short body, and the way you ride, never brings your feet near the ground. *Donner und schnaps!* when I ride the little Irish heifer, I walk and ride all in once.' A pretty little domestic dialogue ensued, in which she became too warm to let off the steam in English, and had recourse to the greater fluency of her native Irish. Jacob went through his part of the argument as well as he could in Dutch, and run over with all his simple curses of *donner und teyvil,* advancing to the more terrible and compound ones of *donner und brauntwein,* and even *donner und naze haken.*

Sometimes one scale preponderated, and sometimes the other, and the victory long hung doubtful. – But the curve nose finally carried off a complete triumph. It was decisive, in relation to the future; for Jacob never dared again, to say his soul was his own during all their nuptial days together; which were six or seven years; or until Jemima was twenty-four years old, and the mother of three fine stout boys, a happy crossing of the Irish and the Dutch breed. Beside these addlitions to their means, he bred colts, and made wheat and whiskey, and she made cheeses, and they regularly tied up one hundred silver dollars more in the stocking, on the last day of every year. Since he was so civil, as not to question her authority, she generally smiled graciously upon him, and seldom crooked her nose at him rather in wrath, than command. Jacob really loved her next to his horses, and a long way before his boys.

It was an evil hour for this family, when in 1793 a straggling party of Shawnees came upon the house, in the absence of Jacob. They cared not to take the children – but they made free to carry of Jemima captive, and could not interpret the curve of her nose, and her look of defiance and command at first. She comprehended in a moment, that it would take time to make good scholars and subjects of the Shawnees, and wisely submitted to her fate without wailing, or resistance, or fainting, though she talked fast in English, of which they did not understand a word. But though taken of by main force, her heart remained behind, for she really loved Jacob as a good subject, provider, and father of her children. The second or third day of her captivity, on this long and painful march, she began to practise her arts of empire upon her savage masters. – They were pupils, indeed, to inspire any other instructor with despair. But even when they compelled her obedience by force, like the termagant wife, whom the cobbler ducked, for charging him with having vermin about him, who raised her hands over her had, from under the water, and brought her thumb nails together, to let him be informed what her thought were, even when in danger of drowning, Jemima showed in these cases such a free and unsubdued spirit, that the chief, to whose brother she had been asigned, marking the crook of her nose, and her air of defiance one day as they halted, and she was ordered to some disagrecable service, drew his pipe from his mouth, uttered his most emphatic whoo! and thereupon named her Ta-ne-wish, or Pigeon hawk, a name, which she still bears in the tribe. Five years she lived among them, and more than one warrior would willingly have made her his squaw — but her vixen spirit soon acquired the same ascendency among the savages, that it had in her native village. She curved her nose fierccly at any mother's son of them that offended her, and lived in great honour among them, inviolate in their respect, much to herself, and not laboring as hard as was her wont with Jacob. But for her remembrance of him and Jacob the younger, there is no doubt, that she would have become the squaw of To-newa, or the quick thunderclap. But her heart was at her home; and she watched her opportunity, and escaped from the upper waters of the

Big Miami, and through incredible difficulties of forests, and rivers, and hunger, and fatigue, she safely made her way, on foot and alone, from that region all the distance to Red Stone, a length of at least 120 leagues. But her high spirit was not subdued, nor the curve in her nose straightened. On the contrary, at the cabins, scattered along at intervals of fifty miles, where she stopped, she asked for bread, beer and meat, with the same tone of cheerful defiance and authority, which had done her so good service with her spouse, and among the Indians. The gentleman who gave me this story, assures me, that, vixen as she seemed, she was really at bottom an affectionate and kind hearted woman. – When at the term of her long wandering through the wilderness, she came at last in view of the well remembered, peaceful log mansion sleeping in the midst of its orchard, and its ancient chesnut trees, all the wife and mother rose in her heart, and the wept for joy. As it happened, she came up with Jacob at some distance from the house. The meeting was so unexpected on his side, and so like a thunder stroke, that he shed the first tears, he had ever shed in his life, except those of the bottle. His sullen heart was fairly thawed out, like a mass of lead ore in the furnace. Jemima wept too, and they embraced again and again, before either of them spake a word. Donner und blitzen, at last he exclaimed *mein harte*, *mein frau, mein honig strug, mein scherish brauntwein*,* and he ran over all the fondling epithets he knew, and then rushed again to the embrace of his wife.

So long was this continued, and so little disposed did he seem to remove, that Jemima, impatient to see the children, at length recovered recollection, to inquire for them, and to beg that they might procced to the house. Mein harte, said Jacob, let us stay here, and have the good of this meeting, as long as we can. But Jemima was already making for the house with long strides. Jacob came after her like a dog dragged by a string, hanging his head, and moving like a felon to the gallows. This reluctance to go home was so palpable, that Jemima remarked it, and said, as she went back and took him by the hand, 'why Jacob, you don't seem glad to see me after all.' *'Donner und brauntwein — that* am I,' said he. But he still hung back. The mystery of this manner was explained the moment Jemima had raised the wooden latch, and stepped over the threshold of the door – lo, and behold! the first person, that met her eye within, was a woman, whom she had formerly known, as one of Jacob's sweet hearts, by the name of Joan Windpuffer. – She, too, was over six feet in height, lind a babe in her arms, and looked as cold, and as stiff, as an iceberg. *Gott mich estound!* exclaimed Jemima, in Dutch, almost the first time, she had ever been known to speak a word in that language. Who have we here? − Poor Jacob saw a storm brewing, and wrung his hands in agony.— *Mein Gott,* says he—

* My heart, my wife, my honey pot, my cherry bounce!

here has I got two *fraus* and I wants but one. *Gott mich stricken!* I begs you not to fight wid each oders. Nor was the caution unnecessary. The parties intuitively comprehended the relation, they sustained to Jacob, in a twinkling. A fight would have ensued from this position, as sure as frost engenders hail. But, as if poor Jemima was to suffer all conceivable trials of the heart and temper at once, while they were glowering at each other, in came her young Jacob, leading by the fist a little four year old Dutcher, with buckskin breeches, and a mass of flaxen hair about a round face, which instantly told, to whom he belonged. Jemima saw, that the work of rearing boys for the Farm had prospered under her sucessor. A more heart-rending storm of conflicting emotions can hardly be imagined, than that, which now wrung the heart of Jemima. Her resolution seemed taken in a moment. She had always been remarked for the quickness and strength of her purpose. Her own dear children with those of Joan Windpuffer stood staring at her, alike ignorant, who she was. She seized her own children, one by one, who shrunk away from her, and strained them convulsively to her embrace by main strength. Jacob had never seen his wife before in any other position, than that of a master, at once laughing, cool, and stern; and it pierced through the seven bull's hides, by which his heart had been shielded against feeling, to see her in such an agony. This burst of maternal affection soon spent itself, and pride and firmness of purpose resumed their empire. She turned round from the embrace of her children, comparatively calm, to the astounded present wife by right of possession. Now, said she, if you ever kiss one of mine, or hurt them, may God smite you, you vile Dutch! and she added a name which I choose to omit. Saying this, she turned her back, without adding another word, and began to walk oft. Jacob knew full well the strength of her resolutions, and comprehended, that his old bird, whom to say the truth, he loved, both as a wife, and a master, as well again, as the tall woman of his children of his own people, who stood before him, and whom he ruled, like a slave, would soon be flown. He seemed in a quandary, and ignorant what to say, or do. But he stepped before her, as she was going over the threshold. 'Now stop, said he; I bray you, one little minute. If you will stay with me, and Joan will go home to her Dutch vader, I'll give her my best big horse, and four hundred silver dollars.' It is possible, a treaty of this sort might have been brought to bear. But while Jemima half relented, and, like Lot's wife, looked back; and while Joan was thinking of the independent possession of the big horse, and four hundred dollars, and, sitting down calmly, undid her bosom, to nurse her boy, and consider, the sight seemed to restore all her firmness of purpose to Jemima, and to clinch the nail. She put Jacob aside, and walked sternly down the yard. Jacob came after her, but seeing her blood was up, and having experimented contests in like circumstances, he did not care to come near her. – But let none suppose, that her trials were over, because she seemed firm and cool; and that pride and jealousy fully sustained her through this trial. The moment she was out of sight of Jacob and Joan, she turned round, to take a last look of her

peaceful home, where she had been so constantly and happily occupied. I do not say, that she made a tragedy speech – but she wept, and felt abundandly more, than any heroine of the whole of them. There slept her home in the orchard. There were her children and her affections, her cows and cheeses. There was her small empire, with but one subject, whom she had in fact loved as heartily, as she had ruled sternly. In the bitterness of her dethronement, she sobbed, ard heartily cursed the tall and insensible present occupant.

But Jemima was not a personage to become enervated by grief. On the contrary she had a spirit, which, had it not been imprisoned in the precincts of a petticoat, might have made her a conqueror. She waded the Monongahela. She crossed one stream upon a fallen tree; and another she paddled over in the first canoe, sie could find, without inquiring very scrupulously, concerning the owner. Her appetite was not keen, the first two or three days of her journey. But she roasted clams on the Ohio, and ate pawpaws, wherever she found them. She asked for milk and bread and cheese on her way back, in the same tone, and with the same air, which he had commanded on coming out. Most of the nights she slept under a tree. But when she staid at a house, nobody heard her complain, or tell the story of her wrongs, or affect in any way the forlorn damsel. Whatever curiosity might have been excited, on her part, her look and manner repressed the expression of it, and one would have thought, that she had changed place with them, and that she was obligor, and they obligee. Jemima had discovered, that if any one has the tooth ache, or the heart ache, it is much the wisest plan, to keep it to himself.

In short, she threaded back the hundred and twenty leagues with a firm and unbroken spirit. In something more than forty days from her departure, she crossed the Big Miami, and presented herself at the cabin door, from which she had escaped. The savage owner uttered one of his loudest interjections, when he saw her again. To-ne-wa, or the quick thunderclap, was brother of the chief, and had been, as we have seen, her admirer, and had suffered as much from her absence, as such a heart as his could be supposed to feel. Whoo! Whoo! says he. Who have we here? You run off. You come back. Pale face no good. You like red skins best. Truth was, the gallant bearing, and the reverential forbearance of To-ne-wa, whose slave she had been, and with whose mother she had lived, had undoubtedly made a certain progress in her affections; and there is no doubt, she would have yielded to his respectful suit, had not her heart been effectually shielded by impressions of duty, and recollections of Jacob, the elder, and Jacob, the younger, at Red Stone. That tie Jacob and Joan had broken forever – and nothing now stood between her heart and the fine manly person of To-ne-wa, who had uniformly treated her curve nose with almost the same respect, as Jacob had shown, although, by the fortune of war, she was his slave. The warrior, moreover, wore a blue soldier coat, faced with red, over a long chintz gown; and a small high crowned wool hat with three pewter buckles in the band. His face was painted to a charm. He wore a large silver nose

jewel. When he stepped, two hundred brass tinklers shook at once, from his knees down to his red and yellow moccasins. He was, besides, a man of authority in his tribe, and a fierce warrior, and a successful hunter. Nor was there a red skin beauty in the tribe, that would not have accepted the place, offered to Jemima, with pride and joy. Could Jemima be insensible to the charm of subduing her master, and ruling him, who, next the chief, ruled all about him? It was, indeed, a proud triumph for Naze Haken.

Here would be the place, to recite the particulars of the courtship. But brevity, as I think, is the life of these narratives, and I hasten to the *denouement.* They were married, after the Indian fashion; and a most glorious pow wow had To-ne-wa, when he called the curve nose his own squaw. He never before sung *he-aw-aw-hum* with such energy, and, in dancing, he beat up the ground, like the pestles of a powder mill. Poor To-ne-wa soon had to pay the fiddler for that dancing, and became gradually enlightened to the fact, that the gift of command is universal in its claims and enforcements. By hook she managed his savage and fierce spirit this way, and by crook she swayed him that way, until she had him as completely in check, as she ever had Jacob. Soon after marriage, she told him, that they must have a good log house, like the whites. Whoo! says To-ne-wa, big house no good! and he flouted, and flung, like a bad school boy under correction. But the Indians were soon collected, to raise a good hewn log house. Jemima ceased not to tease him, until it was comfortably fitted up within. Next she told him, they must have an apple orchard, fences, and corn fields. – Whoo! says To-ne-wa. Me no love work, like pale face. Me love hunt bear, hunt buffalo. But To-ne-wa was soon in this city, making a trade for five hundred nursery apple trees, and he was directly surrounded with fences, and his house was in the centre of a fine large corn field. To-ne-wa, as had been his wont in former days, was overtaken with drunkenness; and he, who feared no other thing, or being in the universe, appeared before his wife, as a thieving apprentice comes before a master, that has caught him in the fact of stealing. A son was born to them, which she named Jacob, and the husband called Mock-e-wagh, or half white skin. When this boy was six years old, Jemima told her husband, that Jacob must learn his book, like the whites. This was the unkindest cut of all. To-ne-wa doted on little Mock-e-wagh, and intended to raise him to be a companion for him, in scouring the woods; and would as soon have thought of putting him apprentice to a man milliner, as to learn him to read. The settling this point had like to have come to a drawn battle. To-ne-wa got drunk upon his ill humour in the case, and threatened Jemima; but her nose never was curved more inflexibly. She called him drunken brute, and asked him, if he thought, that she would allow her dear Jacob to be raised like a beast, as he was. Whoo! says To-newa, you are 'heap medicine;' you what pale face call *she devil.* But young Jacob was sent to the missionaries at the Maumee rapids. Nothing could prove more conclusively, that the power of commanding is a gift, and knows how to enforce its

claims upon one race, as well as another. It was like making a squaw of the fierce warrior, to part with Mock-e-wagh. The parting extorted tears from him, and the gust of sorrow might have ended in ill temper, if the mother had not pushed off her son.

Whoever goes that way now, sees a snug log house, large fields, a neat apple orchard, bending with fruit – pear, peach, and plum trees, and five or six children, dressed neatly after the American fashion. They are all instructed; and it is a sight, to cheer a good man's heart, to see them sitting of a sabbath evening, one above another, according to their ages, with their bible, or spelling book in their hands; and To-ne-wa every where boasts, that his pappooses read better than those of the whites about him; and it is a question, whether Jacob shall become a lawyer, or a minister. The husband himself has become, in some sense, a civilized man, and a convert to our ways.

It is not two years, since To-ne-wa's wife was seen in this city, with a two horse wagon, and a tidy looking half blood boy, with his switch in hand, to keep off marauders from the wagon. She was loaded with cranberries and maple sugar to the market. Some of the people, as is their wont, turned over the sugar, curving their noses, and curling their lip a little, and asked, if it was clean? Jemima answered with a still sharper curve. Whoo! let your squaw come and see me, and I will learn her any day, to keep a clean house.

A Night on the Banks of the Tennessee

In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette.* Vol. VII, Number 17 (Saturday, October 31, 1829), 129-130; Number 18 (Saturday, November 7, 1829), 137-139, unter der Rubrik „Original Tales". Der *New York Mirror*, ein 1823 von George Pope Morris gegründetes Wochenblatt, erschien bis 1898 unter wechselnden Titeln. Das Magazin verstand sich als dezidiert amerikanische Literaturzeitschrift; zu seinen Beiträgern zählten u.a. James Fenimore Cooper und Edgar Allan Poe.

Otto Heller verweist auf eine Vorlage im *Illinois Intelligencer*, Vandalia, 15. Sept. 1827 1827 (XI, No. 24, whole No. 544) unter dem Titel „Barney Blinn", signiert mit „The Wanderer","credited to the *Augusta* (Ga.) *Chronicle*". Der später für den *George Howard* verwendete Beitrag stammt ziemlich sicher von Sealsfield. Im Vorwort zu seinen *Gesammelten Werken* (jetzt in: Sämtliche Werke. Hg. v. Karl J. R. Arndt. Bd. 6.: Der Legitime und die Republikaner I, XIII) ist dies außer dem *Tokeah* der einzige englischsprachige Text, zu dem er sich bekennt.

A Night on the Banks of the Tennessee.

„And can you tell us whether we are right in our way to Brown's ferry?" demanded I from a man on horseback, who came pacing towards us, in a narrow cart track on the banks of the Tennessee.

It was growing dark; the mists hung gray and heavy over the woods and waters, and gave to the landscape a bewildering chaotic appearance, so as to render it impossible to discern any object at more than three yards distance. Nearly as long as this digression was the pause of the rider. At last he answered in a tone which, from its singular modulation, I think must have been accompanied with a shake.

„Way to Brown's ferry? Mayhap you mean Coxe's ferry?"

„Well then, Coxe's ferry," replied I, with some impatience.

„Why now, you are long five miles off, and may as well turn your horse's head. I guess you are strangers in this part of the country?"

„The devil," whispered friend R——ds; „we are in the hands of a yankee. He guesses already."

The rider had in the meanwhile pressed closer to our gig, in spite of the thorns and brambles, and the narrowness of the cart track. As far as we could discern, he was still young but lean and lank, with a cadaverous countenance, and metal buttons on his coat.

„And so you have mistaken the road?" said he, after a due pause, during which the heavy mists had gathered into a moderate rain. „A strange mistake, when the ferry lays not fifteen rods out of the way, and that leads broad and open down the river. A strange mistake, to go up the river instead of going down!"

„What do you mean by that?"asked both of us at the same time.

„Why you are gone up the Tennessee, and are on the road to B——e," replied the presumptive yankee.

„To B——e?" exclaimed we, in a voice in which a sort of ludicrous stupor and astonishment were so strongly blended, that the yankee asked,

„And you didn't intend to go to B——e?"

„How far is it from here?" asked I.

„Why, how far;" quoth the man of the metal buttons; „it aint very far, but not quite so near neither, as you may reckon. I guess you know Squire Dimple?"

„I wish your Squire Dimple was at ——," muttered I. „No, we dont."

„And where may you be going to?" now began our tormenting rider, who seemed to be water proof.

„To Florence — to embark for New-Orleans," was our reply.

„Ay, as fine a town as there is in the country, now aint it so? and a fine market too. How is flour up country? They say it is six and four levies, and corn seven and a fip. Butter three fips."

„Are you mad?" burst I out, and raising the horsewhip at the same time; „to keep us here with your flour and butter, and fips and levies, when the rain descends in streams."

„Ay," drawled the young man out, however without changing his posture, or accelerating the motion of his tongue. „If you will try your butt-end, I don't care a farthing. I should like to see the man who can whip Isaac Shifty."

„The road, the road, Mr. Isaac Shifty," interjected my friend in a soothing train.

The young man turned to him, and said after a while,

„I guess you are store-keepers?"

„No, sir."

„And what profession may you be following?"

The answer brought another of his scrutinizing glances at us.

„And so you intend," asked he, „to go down the Mississippi in the Jackson?"

„Yes, sir."

„A fine steamboat she is, sure enough, now aint she? But you won't take that there thing with your nag down the river?"

„Yes, we will."

„Why, you hav'nt seen two women in a dearborn?"

„No, we have not."

„Well then," said our yankee, „it is too late at any rate to go back to the ferry, and mayhap there might be danger too. So keep jist that road till you corne to a big walnut tree — there it forks; take the right hand road for half a mile, till you come to Dim's fence — turn then into the lane, to the right through the sugar-camp for about forty rods, take then the left hand road till you come near Breaknecksink — there you turn hard to the right, and that will bring you to B——e. You cannot miss the road," added he in a confident tone, giving at the same time his horse a lash, and riding on as fast as mud and wilderness would permit it.

I must have resembled, during these directions, the stolid French recruit, who is thought worthy the honour of being admitted among the listeners to the wonderful tales of a bewhiskered member of the imperial guard, who had seen, in his Egyptian campaign, mile-long serpents and crocodiles, that swallowed the tambour-major staff and all. I was so benumbed by the rights and lefts; that I had even forgotten to explain to the man of the metal buttons our utter incapability of discerning the big walnut tree and lanes. My blood is none of the coolest, nor am I very patient; but the man's imperturbable phlegm amidst the streams of rain operated so powerfully on my risible nerves, that I broke into a loud fit of laughter, crying, „Turn to the right, and then to the left — mind the big walnut tree, but beware of the Breaknecksink."

„I wish the yankee to the d—l," said friend R——ds. „I am astonished that you can laugh."

„And I, that you can swear."

„But how could we miss the ferry, and what is worse, turn back nearly the same way we came?"

„Why," said I, „these cursed by-ways, and tracks, and paths, and forkings, and the swamp. It is impossible to discern which way the water runs; and then you slept, you know, and I had to look to the horse."

„And in a marvellous fine style you have looked to it," replied R——ds. „To go back the same road we came — nay, it is too bad."

„To sleep," retorted I.

But as we understood and loved each other thoroughly, there was an end to all unnecessary discussions and allusions. The truth is, there was little to be wondered at. It was on the last days of the month of May, that we arrived on the banks of the Tennessee. The country around bears a singular character. There are no mountains, except a branch of the Appalachian chain and the Grange, which rise at some distance. The whole is a vast plain — an immense flat, or, to speak in the language of the country, a sugar camp, with as many cart tracks as there are owners. The morning had been fine, but in the afternoon the atmosphere assumed a hazy appearance. The mists which hovered heavy and immoveable over the broad expanse of the Tennessee, began to creep towards the banks, and to condense into a thick fog. Thus we had no landmark; we could not even see the magnificent Tennessee expanding there and waxing wide and broad. Was it a wonder that I, whose eyes were bent in the direction of the rushing waters, forgot Brown's and Coxe's and heaven knows what ferries? — But to the prosecution of our tour.

The night had closed in — such a night as frequently comes in these months over these south-western backwood sinners, as a due punishment to their frailties. It was as wet as a December night on Newfoundland banks, and as dark — as dark as Erebus; with just a sufficient chill to bestow the ague. The longwinded directions of our yankee were lost of course. It would have required owl's eyes to discern a tree, yea, the screaming of these agreeable birds, the nightingales of these parts — a couple of them struck against our heads — convinced us that they were mistaken as to their road as well as ourselves. But we were worse off in many respects. The track approached often within a few yards of the river, and as the stream was, owing to copious rains, rising rapidly, we had every reasonable prospect of a watery grave before us.

„We had better alight," said I, „or we may find our night's and eternal rest in the Tennessee."

„Never mind," replied R——ds. „Cæsar," meaning.the pony, „is an old Virginian."

A jerk that brought both our limbs and ribs into imminent danger, put a stop to the praises of Cæsar, who had thrown himself on his haunches, and us almost out of the gig.

„Something is in the road," exclaimed R——ds. „Now it is time to look about."

We did so, and found a huge tree, torn by the roots from the ground, lying across the cart track. There was an end to our progress. To pass or to lift the gig over the vast trunk, was a matter of absolute impossibility; its limbs stretched so far out, that the horse had received a somewhat dangerous admonition.

„The track is so narrow that turning about is out of all question," said R——ds. „We must go crab-like."

„Well then," muttered I, „try to find out the forking, and I will do my utmost and turn the gig."

Friend R——ds went back, and I began to examine, viz. to tap for an opening in the underwood; but I bad promised more than I ever could accomplish; I was already stopped in limine, for scarcely was I with the right foot out of the track, and my great coat hung on a branch of native thorns. To penetrate with a whole skin through this wilderness could only have been achieved by a knight-errant of the thirteenth century. I disentangled my great coat and stept soberly back. Friend R——ds returned after a long while with the words,

„That is the most villanous wilderness in the whole west; no road, no path, and, to complete my misfortune, I have lost one of my Monroe boots."

„And I shall find as many holes in my great coat, I presume, as there are thorns on this cursed locust tree," said I, by way of comfort.

These were the last expressions that savoured of something like good humour, for by this time we were soaked through to the skin; and I verily believe, that among all possible situations, a wet one is the least productive of good humour; witness the Dutch, who are any thing but witty, a defect, or as others are pleased to term it, a virtue, which is to be ascribed, most undoubtedly to their living along and amidst canals, ditches, and dikes. Now for my part, I like a moderate adventure that wont cost much and I hate a dull straight quaker journey, where every thing is tame and smooth, and a little shy and cunning withal and pleasant to look at, as these lovely people are themselves — but to be benighted in a sugar camp, for that it was, sure enough, how else could R———ds have lost his Monroe boots and stumbled over threescore troughs — to be benighted in a sugar camp, to have on the one side the Tennessee filled to the brim, and what was worse perhaps, not three yards from us — on the other the trackless forest, the rain pouring down like a deluge; the night of an Egyptian darkness? With all our love of adventures it was no joke.

„Well, what is to be done?" said R——ds, standing with one foot in the mud, and stemming the other, viz. the bootless one, against the wheel of the gig.

„You step into the gig, force it back where the copse-wood opens, and I will explore the road," said I in my usual short manner.

Would our task had been equally short, but wishes are seldom or never fulfilled. However we set to work and fretted ourselves with infinite difficulty, perhaps a twenty yards back, where something like an opening was perceptible.

Friend R——ds has inherited from his English ancestors very sound lungs, and I enjoy none of the worst. Was it owing to these, or to our lucky star, the conversation between us and Cæsar was all at once interrupted by a loud „Halloo?" A relieving army is not received with more cheers — no, nor even the defeat of an opposition candidate by the patriotic betters, than the halloo was by us. We an-

swered the melodious sound with an eagerness which might have awakened the red generation sleeping along the banks of this far-famed river.

„Now," said friend R——ds, „be patient and keep your tongue, or you will spoil all again. It is the yankee."

„Never fear" said I, whose hot temper had been considerably cooled by the shower-bath and the subsequent chill, not to mention the lost Monroe boot of my friend. Truly would I have given the long-winded yankee account of all the butter, potatoes, flour, and corn in the United States, provided he took us out of this deluge.

It was he, sure enough. He had been halting, in true Connecticut style, a tolerable while before us without exchanging a single word. It seemed as if neither of the parties were in a hurry to come to terms. We cerlainly had some reason to act the part of a wary belligerant, who has lost a campaign. Friend R——ds broke the ice by saying,

„Bad weather."

„Why, I don't know," returned the yankee.

„You have not met with the women you was hunting," said R——ds.

„No; I suppose they'll remain in Florence."

„You do not intend to go there, do you?" said R——ds.

„No, I'll home. Why, I expected you was not very far from B——e."

„Why," said R——ds, „we did not wish to go there — but if you will be of our company, we don't care if we do."

„Why, to be sure," said the man to our infinite joy, „the best would bo to let me drive your gig, and I tie my nag behind."

Thus we had at last, after fifty whys and twice as many windings, which would have done honour to an attaché, entered into a sort of alliance with Isaac Shifty, and were on the road to one of the hundred famous towns of Alabama; all of which were as fine as any in the country.

Now it is rather a fault of mine to be too sanguine in my expectations. I had hoped the distance from our place of refuge, would be in just proportion to the pleasantness of our pilot, viz. not very great. But heaven knows what sins I have committed; I find myself continually and sorely disappointed. Horace's impatience during his famous walk was nothing compared to mine. Our yankee had ample time to discuss, like the Roman tattler, at least a dozen different subjects and objects. The first he touched upon was, of course, his own worthy person. From the biographical notice thrown out by him we understood that he was highly connected, that his original capacity had been that of a pedler, but that in course of time he had become a storekeeper, quite respectable, as he modestly insinuated.

The next point were the goods shipped and obtained. These gave rise to numberless accidents that happened on that famous river Tennessee and its muscle shoals, with steamboats and keelboats, and barges and flatboats, or as they are fondly termed, broadhorns; these were succeeded by the covered sleds, the ferry-flats, the common skiffs, the degouts, and finally, the canoes. Our narrator launched then into the canalization plan, by which the waters of the Tennessee were to be connected, with heaven knows what sea. A monstrous plan it was I remember indistinctly, but whether the junction was to take place merely with Rariton bay, or Connecticut river, I have utterly forgotten. At last he came, to my unspeakable joy, to the history of B——e. A. sure sign, so I fancied, that our troubles were going to see their end. But even this spark of joy, moderate as it was, vanished again — for we had to hear the whole topography of this celebrated place, and how it was laid out in straight lines, intersecting each other at right angles, and how flourishing and thriving a place it was, and whether we would not choose to settle there; he had a dozen of building lots, first rate lots to be sure, and how the town contained already three taverns, a sad disproportion to ten houses, as he pleased to style these log dwellings. Two of these taverns were filled with people, there being an electioneering in the place, and a third was not much of a public house. Thus went the report of Mr. Isaac Shifty, when the word electioneering put a stop to it.

„An electioneering!" repeated friend R——ds.

„An elect—ionee—ring," subjoined I. „*Vox faucibus hæsit*, as I heard these horrible tidings. An electioneering in Alabama, going even in old Kentuck by the appellation of the backwoods. Farewell fire, dry clothes, supper, and night's rest after such a tour."

We had no time to say a word more, for our gig which had ploughed for a long time through a sea of mud, became stationary. A dim vacillating light, languishing in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, and the roaring of at least twenty voices, indicated the tavern. A leap brought us on somewhat firmer ground. While our pilot tied our horse to the post we stepped towards the door, when we were caught by the folds of our great coat.

„It aint here — that there house is the better one," said Mr. Isaac Shifty, pointing a little farther.

„Never mind him," said I, glad to cross this intolerable fellow at least in one point. Already I had laid my hands at the latch of the door and we entered.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

ORIGINAL TALES.

A NIGHT ON THE BANKS OF TENNESSEE.

CONCLUDED.

There they sat with their heels on the table, and stood, those namely who could, and reeled and roared. Bless my soul! I wish I had been any where but in this neighbourhood. But there we were. Friend R——ds advanced first. I was astonished at his temerity, thinking on the ill-fated Monroe boot. The merry roisterers seemed to have taken it into their heads to show us good manners. They gave way to the right and left, leaving thus an alley of six feet and upwards, high pallisadoes, through which we were to pass, they mustering us all the while from head to foot. The bootless state of my friend, however, escaped their lynx eyes; but still I was trembling, you may believe it, when, judge of my astonishment, R——ds burst out into a „Hurrah for old Alabama, and hang the waymaster of —— county."

„Are you mad?" whispered I, but he scarcely minded me.

„May I be shot if he sha'nt wear the print of them five knuckles," roared a voice that came from the gulf of mammoth jaws just opening to swallow half a pint of Monongahela.

His thirst however must have been, the greater; he quite deliberately poured the liquor down and then strode forwards, laying his flat hand on the shoulder of my companion with a softness that shook his whole frame. The linsy-woolsey dressed Goliah glanced over him, and the natural harshness of his sharp features and owl's eyes contracted into a ferocity that was, to use a quaker's phrase, any thing but pleasant to look at.

„And hang the waymaster," repeated friend R——ds, half laughing, half serious. „So I say again," raising at the same time his bootless foot to the edge of a chair; „look boys, it is gone – my boot — in that infernal road between here and the ferry."

A roar of laughter ensued that would infallibly have burst the windows had there been glass panes in them, but happily they were supplied with cast-off wearing apparel.

„Come, boys," ejaculated R——ds, „no harm done I hope; but sure enough, rny boot is lost."

It was the happiest impromptu that ever introduced weary travellers into a similar company. Peace, harmony, and good will were all at once established.

„May I be shot, if that aint Mister R——ds from old Virginia, and now from the Missisip," cried that very formidable being, who had laid rather unceremoniously his hand on R——ds' shoulder — his ferocious look yielding gradually to something like a good-humoured grin. „May I never drink a bottle of genewine Missisip with you, if you sha'nt take half a pint with Bob Shags the waymaster."

It was then the very dignitary whom Mend R——ds had hit so marvellously, and at the risk of his eyes and bones.

„Huzzah for old Virginia," cried the master of ways, biting at the same time a morsel of chewing tobacco from that renowned state. „Come, doctor," said the man, holding still with the one hand his tobacco, and in the other the formidable half pint.

„Doctor!" cried the united chorus of the assembly.

„Ay, to be sure, and as great a one as ever trode the Mississippi ground."

„A doctor!" repeated a dozen voices, with a sort of reverential awe.

A man who has power over gin and brandy, whose verdict may give an efficient veto even against a smaller, is at all times a *tribunus plebis*, and in these feverish regions the most influential personage. In this case it had the twofold advantage of freeing us from the pint glasses, and of rendering us privileged visitors; a circumstance of no trifling importance in a tavern which enjoys the honour of being the head-quarters of a party.

Cæsar was the first who reaped his advantage; for Bob had no sooner ascertained that he was still standing in the rain, than he gave orders to the purpose, in a tone which bespoke consciousness of importance.

The lord chancellor will not take his seat on the woolsack with more stateliness than friend R——ds spread his cloak, and took possession of his chair.

„Why," roared the master of ways, after a due pause, „may I be shot, if I aint glad to see you. Bob's never afeard of a reel gemman. Come, boys, none of your jimmaky and slings and poorgun and French drinkings; real genewine Monongehala. Hurrah for old Virginia.!"

Thanks however to the grave mien and the condescending look of R——ds, Bob & Co. kept their distance and disposed of their half pints in their own way. My wet clothes began to lie heavy on my shoulders; besides, the atmosphere was none of the most agreeable. Bob seemed to perceive something like an unpleasant feeling on my part.

„And who is that there man?" asked he, casting a glance at ourselves.

„A neighbour of mine," said R——ds.

I would have pardoned the omission of a ceremony which literally brought tears into my eyes. My hands were really shaken and pressed, that I became convinced the blood would dart from beneath my nails. The blacksmith's vice was nothing compared to these hands, each of which was as rough as a turnpike.

„I am glad ye are come, boys," said Bob to my friend in a sly whisper; „I am jist trying the campaign for the next election — and ye know it are always good to haye a character for respectibility. How long is it since I left ——ville?"

„Five years," replied R——ds, „to the best of my recollection."

„Harry," whispered the master of ways urgingly; „no, I am sure it aint as long—no, boy, it aint more than three years. Yes, yes, three; aint it three?"

The candidate had, as I understood, cleared out from the place of his former residence, the birth-place of R——ds, for reasons best known to himself; and after having strolled about had at last become stationary in B——e, and turned steady, as far namely as human frailty would permit. We could not help laughing in our sleeves at the confidential manner in which Bob began to sound both his and our praises, and the vast importance he thought it worth while to bestow on us. Dr. Rush shrunk into utter insignificance; Theophrastus Paracelsus was a mero cobbler compared to Dr. R——ds; his twenty-five negroes waxed to hundreds under the hyperborean breath of his lungs. It would have been dangerous to contradict him, ready as his five knuckles were to prove the argument.

„You are not going to speechify now?" asked R——ds the new protector.

„May I be shot if I aint. To be sure, I'll go the whole."

„Well, then, we must hurry," replied R——ds. „Perhaps we might still change our dress and take supper."

„Change clothes'?" said Bob with a contemptuous smile. „Why, boys, you needn't do that. But I don't care if you do; jist let's see Johnny."

And so forth he began the negociation with Johnny, viz. the tavern-keeper, who, to our great satisfaction, took the candle and led the way into a sort of back parlour, giving us a fair hope of a speedy supper.

„You have no room besides?" asked I, „where we might put on dry clothes."

„To be sure," said the publican, „there is the garret; but my family are some of them in their beds. No, there aint none besides."

I looked despairingly, for the table was setting, and what was the worst, one of the four doors communicated with the kitchen. There was no prospect of enjoying, even for a few minutes, the undisturbed possession of this vestibule. I looked after our portmanteaus.

„Six small ones, it aint buffalo-skin," vociferated a young bore from the kitchen.

„Six small ones it is," cried another.

„I should be very much disappointed if our portmanteaus are not at present honoured by these gentry with their attention," said R——ds, pointing through the open door towards the kitchen.

„I hope not," replied I.

There was no fear of losing the portmanteaus, or of having them injured, but even the getting them out of the hands of these roisterers could not, I was sure, be accomplished without a joke, and I feared these jokes; there is always a risk of

having one's arm or leg broken. The kitchen was peopled to overflowing. In the midst stood a knot with a candle burning. We advanced both of us to the door, when one of the sonorous voices cried,

„No, I wont pay if I dont see the inside."

„It is surely our portmanteaus," said R——ds.

And so it was; the group was just disputing whether the cover of our portmanteaus belonged to the buffalo or the ox species. They had seen them when carried into the backparlour, and without ceremony they made them the topic and the object of their betting.

„Sixteen smallers," cried R——els, „it is deerskin."

„Sixteen it aint," re-echoed as many voices, with a loud laugh.

„It is a bet," said my friend, „but let us see on what I have betted."

„Make room for that gemman," cried the assembly.

„It is our portmanteaus," said R——ds. „To be sure it aint deerskin; I have lost my bet. There is the stake."

The dollar brought a hurrah forth, which is still thrilling in my ears; but it put us at the same time in possession of our portmanteaus.

There was one thing more necessary, viz. to have the exclusive possession of our room for five minutes.

„We desire to be left alone," said I to the buxom wench, who ran backwards and forwards with a dozen of plates containing jellies, cucumbers, etc. etc. The nymph of the kitchen looked full into my face.

„Please to shut the door," said I, in a tone rather sharper.

„That is the surest means," whispered my friend, laughing, „of having it burst open again."

The door was scarcely closed before it flew wide open, accompanied by a roar of laughter.

„Tail," cried again one of the merry youngsters.

„They want another dollar," said R——ds. „We will let them have it."

„Head," cried he.

„Lost," fell the chorus in.

„There is a treat for you," said my valiant friend, whose admirable temper and presence of mind led happily through all the intricacies of backwoods life, with a facility which was really astonishing.

We now were at liberty to shut the door, and had thus gained the desired time to change our dress. We had scarcely done, when a light tapping at the only

window of the room directed our attention to this quarter. We looked and looked through the solitary glass pane, with which the frame was decorated — and whom should our eyes behold but Mr. Isaac Shifty, who had absconded at the door.

„Why, gentlemen," said the man of trade, „I was mistaken. You aint come electioneering; our scouts say, you are from the lower Mississippi."

„And what then?" replied I, drily. „Did not we tell you so?"

„Why, so you did," quoth the man; „but you mought have told a story, you know. And you see, they are canvassing here, and we have got an opposition in yonder tavern, and we knowd that they expected two men from below, and I thought jist it was you."

„And thinking us on the wrong side of the way, you left us a fair chance of breaking our necks or tumbling down the banks of the Tennessee," said R——ds, in the same shrewd, jocular tone.

„Why, not exactly," replied our late pilot; „we would, true enough, have liked you better in Broad Swamp than here, if you was the two men. But we now know better, and as there will be frolicking this night in your tavern, you best clear out. If you choose, you may as well come to my house, where you'll find as quiet a night's rest as any where in the country."

„That would not do," said R——ds with a glance at the yankee, which, if his eyes have served him right, must have convinced him that he was looked through.

A rustling at the door which opened into the kitchen closed rather suddenly the conversation. The yankee's bright gray eyes had alternately watched persons and objects, and as soon as the latch clicked, the frame fell and the urgent solicitor disappeared.

„He wants us to go," said R——ds, „because he is afraid our protecting presence may give too much respectability to Bob. You see they are informed of the proceedings here. Should the scouts be found out, there will be a real fight."

The waiting girl now brought the last requisites for an excellent supper, the coffee can; and we sat down in the hope of enjoying a quarter of an hour the Alabama delicacies. Our appetites had been edged during full eight hours; and the dishes, to do justice to B——e, were of the most inviting appearance. We were just in full discussion of their merits when the voice of Bob was heard.

It was time, high time to have done with our supper, and to enter the circle of the friends of the puissant master of ways, under the wings of whose protection we had hitherto fared tolerably enough, that is, without a leg or an arm broke. The backwoods etiquette required our presence, and we, in compliance to her dictates, entered the bar-room.

At the upper end, close to the bar, was placed a table, at whose head stood Bob Shags as chairman, president, speaker, candidate, all, and every thing, in his

own person. An inkstand placed before a huge square built personage indicated the secretary. Bob's countenance lowered, as we entered, and he cast a displeasing glance at us, owing, no doubt, to our procrastinated appearance. But Cicero himself might still have learned a good turn for another *oratio ex abrupto* against that arch conspirator Catilina.

„And them there two gemmen," he began, „mought tell you, ay, and be witness of my respectibility — may I be shot if it aint the very best." Bob looked round with a most ominous expression, but every countenance seemed fully to acquiesce, so he continued: „We wants men who aint fools, and who is able to tell ginral government what is what, and to defend our sacred invisible vestered rights against ministration. May I be shot, if I yield an inch of ground to the best of them, if ye boys choose me, ay, and trust me with your confidence for our legislator. Ay, and so I shall."

„We'll go the whole," shouted the assembly.

„The whole," vociferated Bob with solemnity; „that's the very thing. There is too much depridation and extravigation with the people's money, says I, Bob Shags says it. Six teams mought have a snug load to draw the silver which the ministration has got. There it is, boys, black on white."

Bob had a bundle of papers in his hand, which we at first mistook for a dirty handkerchief, but which proved to be the county papers, in one of which the salary which one of the chief magistrates had drawn for more than twenty-five years' public services was very ingenuously popularised by reducing it to teams. Bob paused a moment as the paper went, in its bundle-form, round, and continued thus:

„And what have the people got for their own money? One of the creetors of ginral government a Ginral Tariff, one of your foulest harristock rats that ever lived, has passed an act by which we sha'nt have any more trade with the British. Where shall we get flannels and stockings?"

„Hear, hear," cried one of the auditors, who puzzled us not a little, whether the brown hue around his neck belonged to a flannel shirt or to his skin.

„Besides," roared Bob, „they have distrained the shipping of our cotton and rice, and they have made a law to work in their manufacters. But, boys," added Bob, rising at the same time on his heels, and erecting himself with an air of the most mysterious importance, „there is more corruptions doings, boys, and you the free enlightened people of Alabama are called upon to look to it. Ministration and the yankees have sent clothes and arms and money to the Creeks; two vessels are gone with full cargoes. And they says loudly, that it is right to help them."

„Hear, hear," shouted the assembly, while Bob went on.

„And they will come back across the Missisip, and take their lands in Georgia, and mayhap Alabama to boot." — Deep murmur of diapprobation — Bob raised his voice a tone higher— „And they holds speeches for the Creeks, and says that we thanks them our enlightening, and they call their chiefs Alexander and Pericles and Socrates and Plato and the like names, and say that they are the greatest men. Ay, and these cursed red-skins are fighting against another chief, whom they call Sultan, and who is somewhere in the east, and they say they should be free, and their country be restored to them. Now," said Bob, „aint I right in calling ginral government a fool when they does sich a sort of things, and tells us that we thanks our enlightening to them miserable red-skins, and sends them money and clothes, and mayhap guns, to come back — and we have to pay for it and fight, ay, and fight too."

The storm that had been gathering broke at last out into a tremendous howl, that shook the log-house to its very foundations; but amidst the deafening uproar a laugh was heard, which had escaped our ears; but the sound of which had been unfortunately caught by Bob and a couple of his stanch supporters. The fearful word, „a spy, a scout," were no sooner heard, than all of them rushed towards the door, through which had stolen a man whose appearance seemed to justify the epithet bestowed on him. The unfortunate wight however was caught and dragged before the high tribunal; his bellowing soon brought the whole body of his friends to his assistance, assembled in the next tavern for the same purpose. A fight was inevitable — to escape from it now became our principal care, and we strove as fast as we could, through the crowd pressing from the kitchen department, and from thence into the yard.

„Stop," muttered a husky voice; „you are on the brink of a mud-hole that might drown an ox. Now you will accept my offer."

It was Isaac Shifty, a truer pilot after all than we had imagined. We took his offer, and were safely bestowed in a bed, not exactly the very best in the state, but well qualified to hold both our worthy selves.

The next morning found us better acquainted with our new landlord. We shook hands heartily and passed over to the tavern. It stood still on the same place, but it bore strong marks of the hard battle fought within its precincts. Chairs, benches, and table had gone to pieces; even the sanctuarium of the hostelry, the bar, had not escaped a partial destruction, and mugs and tumblers lay strewed on the ground. Our gig was pasted over and over with electioneering tickets and huzzahs, which we had not a little ado to clear away. But the guests and roisterers were gone; and strange to say, our reckoning had been paid by the master of ways and means, Bob Shags.

A Sketch from Life

In: *New York Mirror, And Ladies' Literary Gazette*. Vol. VII, Number. 18 (Saturday, November 7, 1829), 141-142. Die mit „Emily" signierte Erzählung erschien unter der Rubrik „Original Essays", in jener Nummer der Zeitschrift, die den 2. Teil der *Night on the Banks of the Tennessee* enthält. Sealsfield hat den Text später für seinen *George Howard* verwendet; er ist aber vermutlich nicht der Verfasser. Vgl. Wynfrid Kriegleder: *George Howard's Esq. Brautfahrt* im Kontext der zeitgenössischen Novellentheorie und -praxis. In: Charles Sealsfield. Lehrjahre eines Romanciers. Vom spätjosephinischen Prag ins demokratische Amerika. Hg. v. Alexander Ritter. (=SealsfieldBibliothek; 5). Wien: Praesens Verlag 2007, 165-182.

A Sketch from Life

„It is very provoking," said Mr. Turner as he entered his drawing-room; „I can no longer have patience with that perverse girl."

„What is the matter, dear father," said his daughter Sophia, leaving her station at the window, where she had been watching the Broadway loungers, and throwing her arms around his neck, „what is the matter?"

Sophia was the pet, the darling of her father; and, tyrant as he was in his own family, he could never resist her wishes.

„Your sister Laura," he replied, „is enough to provoke a saint."

„What has she done?" inquired Sophia.

„Why, you know, Sophy, my partner Mr. Morland wishes to pay his addresses to her, and she behaves so strangely, I do believe he will give up the pursuit; she seems quite insensible to all his goodness and his immense riches, and prefers that prosing, sentimental young Courville, who has nothing but his profession."

„Oh, well," answered Sophia, „she cannot help that, Mr. Courville is so much handsomer and younger. You are rich enough, you know, to allow her to unite herself with whoever she prefers"—

„No, I am not," said he angrily; "you foolish girls think because I live in a good house, in handsome style, and give you every thing you wish, there is no end to my possessions."

„Well," said Sophia, „I am sure all the young ladies at school think so, and every body else that I am acquainted with."

„They know nothing about it," replied he; „I'll tell you how it is, Sophy, for you have some sense. At a time when every body failed, Mr. Morland assisted me with his capital, rescued me from utter destruction, and the loss of all the hard earned gainings of my whole life. Since then we have been in business together and have been exceedingly successful; now he wishes to retire and marry; and there is scarcely a young lady in the city who would not be glad of his hand. He has fixed on Laura with my consent; but she treats him so shamefully he dare not ask her. I have a large family to provide for. There's Frank just going into business; not as his father did, indeed, to begin with a little, and work along slowly; but he wants to launch out at once as a merchant, and then he must have his horses, his dogs, and his gig; he must go to the springs in his own carriage, with his own servants too; just as if the best of folks do not travel in steamboats and stages, and are there not plenty of waiters at all the tavern and hotels. I would consent, however, to allow my children all such indulgences, as far as my means go; but as for my daughters, very little shall I have to bestow on them when they marry. Now, think in what style Laura might live as Mrs. Morland! Is it not very perverse in her to be so indifferent? Nay, to mope so, and look so unhappy?"

„It is very strange," said Sophia, musingly.

„And here are you, Sophy," continued he, „just on the point of coming out. What a belle you would be, if you had not an elder sister to attract attention, as one may say! Your mother declares it would be such an advantage to you, and your younger sisters, if Laura married Morland; so have him she shall! Go, child, you can make every one do as you please; go, prevail on your sister to accept the good fortune offered her; and stop," added he, as Sophia was leaving the room, „tell her I will give her an elegant cashmere shawl if she will be a good girl."

Sophia ran up stairs to her sister, and beheld her seated, leaning her head on her hand, the very image of dejection.

„Dear sis", said the lively Sophia, kissing her, „do cheer up, and do not look so despairingly. I have just come from my father, at his request, to urge you to marry Mr. Morland without any more ado."

"Oh, Sophy," said Laura despondingly, „do not you join to torment me. Is it not enough that my mother daily, hourly, exhorts, entreats, and commands, until I am harassed to death; and my father so sternly reproves me! I can see no one, speak to no one, but Mr. Morland; he is always beside me, though I do all in my power to prevent it; and more than all else," added she, bursting into tears, „is not Henry so unhappy?"

Sophia embraced her sister, endeavoured to sooth her, and urged all the advantages she would enjoy if she accepted Mr. Morland; but her tears still continued to flow.

„Think, dear sister,"said Sophia, „what splendour, what magnificence will be yours when you are Mrs. Morland! Then you will be courted, admired, flattered! Reflect, you will be mistress of his beautiful residence in the country — a perfect paradise! imagine in what style you may travel east, west, north, or south, just as your fancy directs, if you will only consent to say one word."

Laura, shook her head mournfully: the picture had no charms for her.

„No, I cannot, I cannot," said she; „I have given my heart to Henry; shall I break my promise to him — shall I destroy his happiness?"

„Oh, that's all romance, as pa says," answered Sophia. „Henry will get over it; the hearts of young men do not break so easily; though I am three years younger than you are, sister, yet I can judge of some things. Suppose you were united to Henry Courville; think how you would be obliged to reside in some obscure street, in a small two-story house, with ingrain carpets and every thing else in corresponding style, with nothing but a little slipshod girl perhaps, to attend the door if any one should visit you; dear me, how shocking."

„But Henry would be there," said Laura, sighing.

The distress of Laura was incomprehensible to Sophia, as she did not understand the feelings which produced it; she became quite animated, as she represented the delights of a splendid establishment, but she failed to convince her sister. Her, thoughts, however, were soon occupied in the arrangement of a dress for that evening. A cousin gave a ball, and Sophia had obtained permission to attend, as it was at the house of a relation. Her mother, who was very averse to have two grown daughters on the tapis at once, did not fail to inform every one Sophia was still quite a child, and this was not her debut.

The little heart of Sophia was too much filled with anticipations of the evening to bestow more attention on the incomprehensible distress of her sister. The hour arrived, a large party went from the house of Mr. Turner. Sophia laughed, and danced, and flirted; the gayest, most volatile little beauty of the assemblage; whilst the mild and gentle-Laura, closely attended by Mr. Morland, was silent, pale, and inanimate. She had one consolation, however, Henry was there; and to see him, though at a distance, to be in the same scene with him, to breathe the same atmosphere, was soothing to her suffering heart. Her mother did not neglect, in the midst of her flattering attentions to others, to keep strict watch to prevent them from exchanging a word. They were, therefore, obliged to content themselves with an occasional glance at each other, whilst apparently occupied with those around them. The tender heart of Laura was touched as she observed that Henry too looked pale, and appeared unhappy. At length the gay party dispersed; Mrs. Turner

had descended to her carriage; the sisters lingered a few moments in the dressingroom to make their adieus to some of their intimates. As they descended together, at the turn of the stairs, a man, wrapped in a large cloak, with his cap pulled over his face, accosted them.

„Laura," said the voice of Henry Courville, much agitated, „will you not speak to me – one word – one little word before you depart?"

Laura extended her hand to him and murmured his name.

„Oh, how I have watched and waited for this moment," said he taking her hand. „Is it so," added he in touching accents, „must we part? is this to be all the intercourse between us hereafter? we, who have been so happy together?"

Voices approached – they could only exchange one look before they separated; but Sophia – the gay, unthinking Sophia, was affected, saddened, and sobered for a time, by the expression of intense misery she beheld on each countenance. Mr. Morland waited for them at the foot of the staircase, and hurried them through the hall to the carriage.

When they reached home, the sisters ascended to their chamber together; Laura sank into a chair in mournful silence, while Sophia approached the glass, humming the air of a cotillion, to discover how she had last appeared to her admiring beaux. Suddenly recollecting her sister, she turned and beheld her slowly and sadly laying aside her ornaments, which she cast from her with a look of disdain.

„Laura," said Sophia, „I do believe you and Henry love each other, and will be very unhappy if you are separated."

„Do you?" replied Laura, with a tone of deep feeling.

„I do not see," continued Sophia, „why papa will not allow you to be happy in your own way. Ah, dearest sis," added she, throwing her arms around Laura as she observed the tears flowing down he cheeks; „do not cry, there's a good girl – ou are too sweet and amiable to be thus afflicted – you shall be happy – believe me, I will convince papa – you know I can always make him do as I wish – he shall not vex you any longer."

„Ah, no!" said the submissive Laura, in despairing accents, „though I know how much influence you have with my father; I know when stern, severe, and unyielding to us all, you control him as you will; yet your influence has never been exerted except in trifles; this is an affair on which his heart is so fixed, his will so unalterable, that you, even you, cannot change his determination. My mother aids him, and they will sacrifice the happiness of their daughter for life."

Again she gave way to a violent burst of tears; the kind heart of Sophia was much affected. She endeavoured to console her sister by promises of prevailing on her father to relinquish his favourite scheme; but in vain.

„I perceive," said Laura, „how it will terminate. I behold my destiny. Have I not often met him, as I did this evening, and yet we could not exchange a word; they surround me, watch me, and I must be passive to their will. That one short interview you witnessed, is all that has passed between us for months."

„I have it," said Sophia starting up, and clasping her hands with delight – „a bright idea has struck me – I perceive how I can please all parties. Yes," added she, walking rapidly up and down the room, „I will marry old Morland myself!"

„You, my giddy sister?" said Laura, smiling, notwithstanding the heaviness of her heart, at the childish glee of Sophia.

„Yes, me, miss," answered she; „you think he will not have me, but he cannot help himself, for I am determined to have him. Yes, yes," pursued she, moving as if perfecting her plan, „before these holidays are over, it will be all settled – it will just suit me – oh, how I will make his thousands fly."

Laura, though she did not believe her sister serious, was comforted by her promises of extricating her from the distress in which she was plunged. She had often witnessed the power of Sophia over others, and wondered, as she beheld her always obtain her purposes either by persuasion, flattery, or commands. The truth was, Sophia, though so very young, possessed that fine tact which gave her a quick perception of the characters of others, and taught her how to control them. The simple and upright Laura would have disdained to use such talents, were she so gifted. There was, however, another reason for the influence of Sophia; she was such a gladsome, mirthful being, no one opposed her for fear of chasing the bright and joyous smiles from her countenance, and her lively sallies were so enchanting, all united to excite them by indulging her in every whim. Laura retired to bed with a heart lightened of some of the load which oppressed it, and slept more peaceably than she had done for along time before. Soon after this conversation she found, wherever they went, Sophia laughing, flirting, and frolicking, with the grave and dignified Mr. Morland; he was drawn away from her side by her gay and volatile sister. The interviews between Henry and herself were more frequent, though still short. One evening they attended a party where their mother could not accompany them. Henry and Laura passed it happily, as their intercourse had been unimpeded, for Laura was no longer so closely attended as formerly, by the stiff and stately Morland. After their return, when the sisters retired to their chamber, Sophia laughingly said to Laura,

„Did I not tell you so? old Morland is quite in raptures, and I expect a declaration soon."

„Dear sister," exclaimed Laura, „you are not serious. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself for me, so young as you are too."

„Sacrifice myself indeed," replied Sophia, „really *mon futur* would be exceedingly flattered to hear you; the only impediment to my happiness, is the fear

you will repent your generosity in resigning him to me, when you behold my dash, my splendour, from your obscure abode; but no, my dear sister, I perceive we view things differently—we have different feelings, different modes of enjoyment—mine will be in crowded assemblies, in gay society, the happiest, the gayest of all. Mr. Morland, you know, has an excellent heart and an unexceptionable character; with him I can have all I desire to make me happy. In spite of his dignity and stateliness, I can do that with him," added she, sportively illustrating her meaning by twisting the corner of her handkerchief around her little finger.

Sophia, as she had prophesied, was omnipotent: she contrived to dazzle and bewilder Morland so entirely, by her wit and flattering attentions, that he thought only of her. At times the sweetness and dignity of Laura would appear to him much more adapted to grace his establishment; and he viewed her noble and simple style of beauty with all his former admiration. Sophia, however, intoxicated his senses, and confused his judgment; she did not give him time to reflect, and he mistook flattered vanity for a serious attachment. One day Sophia sought her father, informed him Mr. Morland had transferred his preference of Laura to herself, and she would accept him, provided, her father consented to the union of Laura and Henry Courville; she positively declared she was determined not to marry before her elder sister; and the attachment of Henry and Laura was so well known, no person would propose for her sister, at least, very soon. Her arguments convinced her father, who, like most tyrants, was governed by a favourite. He acquiesced more willingly in her wishes as he well knew the family and connexions of Henry were superior to his own; and he was considered a young man of talents, who would probably rise in his profession. Laura was soon after united to Henry and experienced all the happiness she had anticipated. By a persevering attention to his profession he obtained a decent competency, and they enjoyed all the comforts of life. The marriage of the more ambitious Sophia was deferred on account of her youth. She never repented the step she had taken, but continued the same gay, rattling, mirthful being, enjoying the opulence she possessed which her kind heart often prompted her to use for the benefit of others. The only circumstance which marred her felicity, was the somewhat niggardly disposition of her husband; that, however, only gave her a field to exercise those talents for manœuvring with which she was so eminently endowed – she wielded him to her will, and he was not sensible of her control. He thought her only fault was extravagance, though he always congratulated himself on possessing one of the prettiest and best of wives.

Emily.

Early Impressions: A Fragment

By the Author of Tokeah

In: *Atlantic Souvenir* 1830, Vol VII, Number 33 (Saturday, Febr. 20, 1830), 149-165, unter der Rubrik „Original Desultory Selections". Das 1826 begründete *Atlantic Souvenir* gilt als erster amerikanischer Vertreter jener sentimentalen Jahrbücher, die um die Mitte des Jahrhunderts den literarischen Markt dominierten. Die Verfasserangabe „By the author of Tokeah" weist klar auf Sealsfield als Verfasser hin. Der Beitrag wurde von Karl J. R. Arndt entdeckt und im *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* LV (1956), 100-116 veröffentlicht. Ein Reprint dieser Ausgabe findet sich im 24. Band der von Arndt hg. *Sämtlichen Werke* (*Journalistik und Vermischte Schriften*), 1991. Die folgende Wiedergabe folgt, nach einer Überprüfung des Originals, der Version Arndts.

Die im Großherzogtum Baden einige Zeit nach der Schlacht von Marengo (1800) spielende Geschichte hat einen klaren habsburgischen Hintergrund: Der alte Baron und Vater der Lady Luitgardis hat unter dem österreichischen General Loudon am Balkan gekämpft und trinkt auf die Gesundheit des österreichischen Erzherzogs Karl, ehe er durch eine unüberlegte Äußerungen seinen prospektiven Schwiegersohn dazu bringt, freiwillig in den Krieg gegen Napoleon zu ziehen und sein Leben dabei zu verlieren. − Es ist nicht ausgeschlossen, dass sich Carl Postl hier an eine der vielen Kriegsaushebungen gegen Frankreich um 1800 erinnert.

Die Geschichte wird als Erzählung eines jungen Doktors vermittelt, der in einer geselligen Runde nahe Pressburg seine Jugenderinnerung preisgibt. Die merkwürdige Coda will nicht so recht zu der Geschichte passen: Sie referiert in wenigen Zeilen das weitere Geschick des Erzählers, der sich einem politischen Geheimbund angeschlossen hatte und nach seinem Austritt von diesem aus Angst vor Verrat am 1. Juli 1810 im Wiener Prater ermordet wurde. Sealsfield greift hier auf traditionelle Topoi des (politischen) Geheimbundromans zurück − man denke an Hölderlins *Hyperion* von 1797/99. Es bleibt aber unklar, was die sentimentale Geschichte der Lady Luitgardis mit dem geheimbündlerisch betriebenen polnischen Freiheitskampf zu tun hat. Sealsfields im Romanwerk immer wieder durchschlagende Faszination mit Geheimbünden und Verschwörungen macht sich schon in dieser frühen Erzählung bemerkbar.

Early Impressions: A Fragment
By the Author of Tokeah

„I was still a child, and had not yet passed my sixth year. My parents were poor, very poor. My father was a teacher in a small town of the grand duchy of Baden. Of six children I was the youngest, and a great favourite with both my parents. My father was an excellent violin player, and as often as the lord of the domain came to reside at his chateau, he was called upon to direct the band of musicians who were to play at the fêtes.

„It was on such a summons that I was permitted to accompany him. Dressed in my Sunday's best, I was gaily scampering before him to look at the worldly grandeur of my lord, whom I fancied, as a matter of course, to be the first personage in the world, for the steward of the domain never spoke of him in any other terms than those of 'our most gracious lord,' and my father, again, never accosted the steward, without holding his hat in his hands Often do I remember this important personage, and the crowd of peasants on a court day, as they stood, their hats between their teeth, their heads bent downwards, and both hands crossed on their breasts – with what reverential awe did they consider this locum tenens of so great a personage! Further, I might perhaps behold the gracious baron himself. I cannot remember all I thought, but my little heart fluttered within me at the mere idea of meeting the looks of such a distinguished man.

„I beg your pardon, my lords and ladies," said the doctor, with a gentle smile, „for the slight satirical tinge, which, for the sake of delineating trifles, I am obliged to give to my humble narrative. It is the only revenge which we poor plebeians may sometimes allow ourselves with our highborn fellow beings.

„The occasion on which my father was summoned was an uncommon one. It was the fête on the birthday of the baron's eldest daughter, a young lady, whose image stands now, after sixteen years of active life, before my imagination, fresh as she lived and moved. At that time she appeared to me an angel. Whether the somewhat coarse forms, which I was accustomed to behold, formed too striking a contrast with the tender graceful shape of lady Luitgardis, or whether her subsequent benevolence had wreathed a charm round her memory, I can not now explain. It was probably the united power of moral and physical beauty which made so deep an impression on my early susceptibility.

„My father of course was not admitted into the presence of the baron, he being only an inferior personage, a sort of liege, who ate the bread of his lord. He was, however, well treated at the servants' table, and I, not even being entitled to that, strolled with a cake in my pocket into the baronial garden, the gate of which I found open.

„How it happened that I went there I do not even now know. The garden was only for the highborn family. It would never have entered my little brain to trespass on it, though it was only a mile distant from my father's cottage – in such reverential awe was every thing held that belonged to my lord's estate – and I am quite sure that there had never been born in our village one bold enough to have said how this earthly paradise of a wilderness looked, till he became of age and was admitted among the labourers who had to keep the walks clean, and to prune the trees. The park was extensive and had many windings; and I sauntered so long about, admiring and gazing at the indigenous and exotic plants and shrubs, that I lost myself entirely. There can scarcely be a feeling more disagreeable to a child than the discovery of being lost; I have felt it ever since. I became no sooner aware of it than I ran to seek for an outlet from the labyrinth; my anxiety increased with my perplexity; fear began to suggest that there might not be an outlet at all; my cake was gone long ago; I became hungry, tired, afraid of not meeting my father any more, and of being punished for my temerity; I deprecated my curiosity; at last, I sat down; exhaustion overcame my anxiety, and I fell asleep.

„I might have slept an hour, when I was awakened by a soft hand. I opened my eyes, and before me stood, as I fancied, an angel. It was the fair Luitgardis, the queen of the festival. My first impulse was to escape; but where to was the second thought; and my father, who, kind as he was, had too much of the pedagogue to spare the rod – the third.

„I began to cry; the young lady took me by the hand, and inquired in the mildest tone the cause of my tears. I told it – my father – the lost way – hunger. She inquired to whom I belonged, and bade me not weep any more. She was not alone; a manly and handsome young man stood at her side. She spoke with him long, and many words. His eyes hung on her; his ears caught every sound. Children are attentive; I knew from this very circumstance, though I had never before seen him – had not even heard the word love in my short life – yet I knew intuitively that they were not brother and sister. I had brothers and sisters; but I knew they looked not, as these did, at each other.

„Lady Luitgardis took me by the hand, and bade me follow them. When we reached the open space before the castle, which was lined with orange and lemon trees standing in large tubs, the young lady told me that, if I liked, I should in future stay in the castle. I kissed her hand and scampered gaily away. My father received me with a most ominous frown, and the words, "Well, you shall have it!" But who can describe his astonishment, when shortly after he was ushered into the presence of the baron, who announced to him, in the most condescending terms, that, to gratify the whims of his daughter, as he expressed himself, I was to stay in the castle under her special protection.

„My poor father stood astounded. He could only bow and answer in a tone almost broken with joy: 'Too much honour, most gracious lord; too much grace for this naughty varlet.'

„From that time I remained in the castle, and lived with the noble family, an unceasing object of the young baroness's solicitude. Under the same hedge of cherries and hawthorns where I was sleeping, and scarcely five paces distant, she had received and returned the youth's love. To hallow the sacred hour, and the recollection, she proposed to baron Rudolph to educate the little slumberer, and he had consented with tears in his eyes."

The youthful doctor paused a moment; his serene clear eye brightened with a radiance, which gave to his genial and open countenance an unspeakable air of infantine innocence. The simple and lively tone, however, of his narrative changed considerably into a mild solemnity as he continued.

„Many of you, my noble friends, will remember that at the times of which I speak – the early part of the present century – our father land was a wide military camp. The victorious Corsican had returned from the land of the pyramids. The peace had been broken again, and our defenders were hastening to the same fields, which were already so profusely bleached with the bones of their brethren. In the chief town of the county in which our village was situated, a regiment of lancers had been stationed. It had marched, with the exception of one company, which had remained with their commander as a reserve, to send reinforcements to the regiment. The officers had been invited to the fête by the old baron, who was an enthusiastic admirer of military life, had been himself a soldier, and had fought and taken Belgrade, under father Loudon, as he fondly called that famous general.

„It is known to you, my lords and ladies, that the officers of our light cavalry consist, with but few exceptions, of noblemen of high rank, the middle classes not being able to defray the expenses of that splendid corps. The noble demeanour of the military guests, their rich uniforms, and, above all, the consciousness of their soon being called to scenes of deadly strife, gave to this entertainment a character, both of magnificence and solemnity, which will never be effaced from my mind, though I was then but a humble spectator. Certain it is, that something hovered before their imagination like a sinister foreboding. They knew they were going to combat the great leader, against whom they had been invariably unsuccessful. They had defeated almost every where the hostile armies when headed by Jourdan, Scherer, Macdonald, and even Moreau. Him alone they dreaded. A magic spell seemed attached to his name.

„The table was spread in the wide vaulted saloon of the chateau, richly decorated and hung with the portraits of by gone warriors and statesmen of the baronial race. Above the second entry was the gallery of the musicians. I stood at the side of my father, looking with childish interest at the splendid company and the sump-

tuous entertainment. I had gazed and stared well nigh an hour, without hearing any thing else than a confused hum in the intervals during which the musicians were not performing, when the old baron arose from his seat, and raising his tumbler, spoke with a loud voice.

„His words were hailed by the sound of trumpets; but, in the midst of the blast, a shriek burst from the lips of the fair Luitgardis, and she was borne away by her maidens almost senseless.

„I heard afterwards the baron had, in the ardour of patriotic indignation, given as a toast – 'Prosperity to the arms of archduke Charles, and his fellow combatants; destruction to their enemies.' He had added – 'If I were young, I would march against the enemies of my country; no man of honour will stay at home.'

„These ill-timed words had scarcely been uttered before the young baron arose, and, stretching forth his hand to the major, had offered himself a volunteer. He was embraced by the whole corps of officers as a brother in aims and fellow combatant. It was with difficulty that lady Luitgardis had been recalled so far as again to join the party, and to partake of the ball.

„Early the next morning a terrible looking Uhlan made his appearance in the baronial castle. He had been sent by his commander to drill baron Rudolph in the military exercise.

„It would be difficult to do full justice to the grim face of corporal Moor. It was literally carved out into most hideous alto-relievo. A cross-cut from his brow was pointed out by a scar, that extended between his left cheek and his eye. Another cut had deprived him of his right eye, and a third ran across his forehead. But what he chiefly regretted was the loss of his mustachio. On a space, nearly of an inch in width, no hair would grow, tallow and grease notwithstanding. It had been hurriedly sewed together by an awkward surgeon. It was always with a grin that he pointed to this deformity, and he never failed to add, 'I have salted that French dog.' Grim as corporal Moor was, I soon contracted a sort of friendship with him. I fetched him beer to the servants' hall, of which he could master an immense quantity; and he permitted me, certainly the greatest favour ever bestowed by a cavalier, to ride on his horse; and told me of the fifteen battles, and fights innumerable, in which he had been engaged. For these he had been made corporal, and received the golden medal, a sure proof of his martial spirit.

„Corporal Moor had, as I remember, another very characteristic singularity. As long as baron Rudolph was in his military dress – no matter whether in the castle, on the parade, or at the head quarters of the division – he thought himself his superior, and as such reprimanded the least fault; but the drilling being over, the corporal resumed again his becoming place in the servant's hall. He dined with the servants of the house, and a truer hearted man I have seldom seen.

„Thus a fortnight passed. The young volunteer, who was an excellent horseman and an able fencer, had finished his lesson, and the last few days had been spent almost wholly at head quarters in various evolutions. One evening he came home in officer's uniform with the golden epaulette; he had been advanced lieutenant. I ran to meet him, and was admiring his superb dress. He raised me up to his horse; a tear was glistening in his eye; the reserve division had received orders to march.

„There were sad crying and shedding of tears that evening. Yes – it was a sad, sad night! The young nobleman had come to the castle to espouse the baron's daughter, the marriage had been agreed on by their parents years before, and they loved each other dearly. An imprudent word of the old baron was now forcing the bridegroom from the embrace of this lovely being into the field of battle. The old cavalier himself began to be sensible of the wrong he had done to the only son of his friend; he could not speak, and tear after tear was seen to drop down his cheeks – an occurrence never known before.

„The young officer left the castle at midnight to join his brethren in arms, and to spend at least one night among them before their march. The hour of separation must have been bitter indeed to the lovers; the eyes of lady Luitgardis were swollen and red the next morning from incessant weeping. She was convinced she would never again see the youth of her love. To catch at least once more a glimpse of him, she insisted on witnessing the marching of the division.

„The departure of troops from their cantonments," continued the doctor, „causes many a heartburning in most instances. In this case there were particular reasons for universal interest. The long war, during which more than fifty pitched battles had been fought, had considerably thinned the population, and the last resource of the country was now marching off. As the officers were young noblemen of rank, so were the privates, with but few exceptions, farmers of respectability. It was the heartblood of the country that was to flow so profusely. It was not the usual sight of a crowd of curious spectators, of buyers and sellers, of paramours loaded with cakes and bottles. No – it was the heart-sickening sight of fathers and mothers, sisters and brides, who hung in the embrace of the soldiers. My brother, a boy eighteen years of age, was among them. He kissed every one of his family – last of all me.

„Lieutenant Rudolph stood with his fellow officers round the baron's carriage, on to the box of which, by the side of the coachman, I had smuggled myself. His advancement could but little allay the throbbing of his heart. His eye was fixed on his bride, and even his fellow officers seemed to pity their brother in arms, who had to leave such a treasure behind him. Their love was no secret; their virtues were known, and had excited universal sympathy. When, at length, the trumpet sounded, at first in three single blasts, and then changing into the quick march – when the

son tore himself from the arms of his father, the brother from those of the sister – baron Rudolph shook once more the hand of his intended father-in-law – it was a wild feverish shake – kissed that of his lady, and vaulted into the saddle.

„I have ever since admired the Uhlans, even though they may not have proved the best soldiers. I doubt whether there exists a corps in any of the European armies, whose exterior is more attracting When the sounds of the twenty-four trumpets burst upon our ears, and their yellow and black silk flags waved on their lances in the fresh morning air; when these four hundred warriors rode gallantly past the thousands of their friends and countrymen who had come to witness their march, and the weeping crowd of mothers, sisters, and brides, muttered and shrieked their half choaked and heart-thrilling farewells – then it seemed as if the better part of our life was gone.

„There is a blank in my recollection between the marching and the return of the division – a space of nearly six months, filled out by the remembrance of lady Luitgardis's benevolence. What I am, I owe wholly to her. It was she who prevailed on her father to permit my attending the lessons of her young brother. And when, shortly afterwards, she was taken from us to be joined to her first and only love, her father kept sacredly the promise given to her. It was he who sent me to the Latin school, and afterwards to the university.

„The news which came from the army was various and contradictory. A rumour prevailed that a tremendous battle had been fought, that our victory was almost decided, but that, at the critical moment, the enemy had been reinforced by a corps under one of his first generals, and our army was in consequence almost annihilated. There was a mystery in these reports that harrowed the soul of every one; it became evident that government seemed anxious to keep the veil of uncertainty over these disastrous events. To us it was solved in a fearful manner by the return of the reserve division.

„Peace had been again concluded with the same suddenness as it had been broken. The tidings of it were received with an apathy, which showed how little confidence was placed in the continuance of this blessing; and the eagerness with which the reserve troops hastened to their recruiting cantonments, confirmed the general disbelief.

„The day and the hour were announced when the division would return. The baron resisted for a long time the solicitations of lady Luitgardis to witness the arrival of the troops; he yielded at last, and the family drove in two carriages to town. I had so much endeared myself to my protectress, that I was allowed a seat close beside her.

„It would be impossible to describe the anxiety so clearly painted on a thousand faces. After a long hour's waiting, the blasts of trumpets broke on our ears from the heights that crown the broad plain on which the town is situated. 'They

are coming,' muttered thousands in a low tone, as if afraid of giving utterance to hopes that might be disappointed. The vanguard now crossed the bridge, and rode through the multitude, which had assembled to hail their arrival. On a sudden shrieks were heard from two lovely girls 'No! it is not our regiment.' There was, I remember it well, a sudden murmur – a stupor – a shudder, that ran through the spectators, as the horsemen passed and passed, all of them strangers. They were dressed in the uniform and had the colours of the regiment, but the men were unknown. Troop followed troop; a whole squadron had ridden by: the second only remained. Half of this had gone too, and no known face yet. At last one came that awakened our recollections; it was Moor, who gallantly rode at the head of his troop as captain. He saluted the baron's family – his face turned away.

„The old cavalier could contain himself no longer – 'Moor,' cried he, in a tone of despair, 'where is the reserve division?' 'This is all that remains of it,' said captain Moor. 'And our friends,' cried the baron, 'major Romberg, and captains Muller and Rastadt?' He did not venture to pronounce the name of his intended son-in-law. The captain pointed with his sabre to heaven – 'gone, gone,' said he. 'And Rudolph?' shrieked lady Luitgardis. 'Fallen,' cried the veteran, wiping a tear from his eye. 'And are they all gone, all of them?' muttered the baron, folding his hands. 'All of them; they lie buried on the plains of Marengo, and I return to bring you their farewells.' It was a heart-rending scene of the most poignant grief.

„The division had been cut to pieces, literally to a man. Those who arrived had been selected from the feeble remainder of their own and other regiments. They had returned the sooner to form the regiment again.

„How noble a sight is a virtuous woman! How strong her mind – how generous – how elevated, and above all selfishness! The family of the baron had expected nothing short of a swoon or a delirium from lady Luitgardis – her love was so deeply rooted – so intimately interwoven with her whole existence. Their fears might have been confirmed if the stroke had been less severe. Had baron Rudolph been torn from her side, and perished by a sudden calamity, then it would probably have overpowered her. But here the wo was associated with ideas so vast, with sorrows so universal. The multitude, horrorstruck at beholding strange faces, and the universal terror depicted in the eyes of fathers, mothers, daughters and brides, spoke so powerfully, that not a word, not a tear, escaped the hapless Luitgardis. Her family hurried round her; she beckoned her consolers away. I pressed close to her; I kissed her hand; I begged her not to weep. My childish fears were superfluous. Not a tear, not a complaint escaped her. With a serene mildness she looked up to heaven, an object of astonishment to all who beheld her.

„And thus she continued, collected, placid, and resigned; but the roses faded from her face; the lilies were tinged with the paleness of unutterable grief; the blast of calamity had nipped the fairest blossom.

„When a se'nnight afterwards an invitation came to the solemn requiem, which was to be sung for the fallen warriors in the principal church of Baden, lady Luitgardis insisted upon attending the mournful rite.

„On the appointed day we rode to town. The church is an immense structure in the main square of Baden. It is built in the mixed Gothic and Italian style. In its centre rose the imposing catafalc, surrounded and studded with four hundred wax tapers, the number of the fallen warriors, and hung with black, and surrounded with the colours and insignia of the regiment.

„My native country," continued the doctor, after a short pause, „is the northern land of music. The town, in which the regiment was stationed, prided itself on having given birth to some of the most distinguished composers of our country. On this occasion the musicians came from afar to offer their assistance at this awful solemnity. They had procured Mozart's last great work – his requiem; and it was to be performed for the first time in these parts.

You have heard, my noble friends, often, and with increased wonder, this noblest of human efforts to remind us of a future state, and teach us the great lesson that every thing here is mortal. I was then a child; my mind could not appreciate the beauties of the music. The swelling sounds of the organ, the mournful tones of the numerous and various instruments, passed unheeded by my ear. They were lost upon me – so were they on the multitude. Their minds were too deeply occupied with the losses they had sustained. But when the trumpets sounded the resurrection, and the voices broke out into that dreadful – that most awful of all death songs – when the 'Dies irae, dies illa' burst from the lips of more than thirty singers, and warbled up the high vault of the vast temple – then, indeed, the whole multitude became roused. They looked terror struck, and shuddering turned their eyes towards the choir, whence these terrible sounds came.

„I felt my lips quivering – my limbs as if I had been immersed in ice-cold water. A shudder ran through me, and I seized the hand of lady Luitgardis, and asked what these terrible sounds meant? 'Thus,' said she, 'the angel of resurrection will awaken the living and the dead at the day of judgment.' I listened again, and the voice of my earthly angel, and the tones that poured forth the power and glory of God associated themselves together in my mind. I never afterwards doubted of my resurrection.

„My ideas have since become clearer; my views more distinct. I have dissected and anatomized the human body; have sought for the seat of the soul and the quadrature of the circle; have read Spinoza and Schelling; have taken the degrees of philosophy and mathematics, of medicine and surgery; but I owe it to this internal voice – to this guide – that I am still unshaken in my belief as to a future state.

„Yes," said he with firmness, „we shall awake to be judged; and she – the author of what I am – was three months afterwards united with her Rudolph. A cenotaph, on the same spot where they had vowed each other eternal fidelity, tells their fate."

The doctor paused, his eye rested in deep reverie on the setting sun, which shed his last glorious rays over the magnificent landscape – an immense carpet of the most delicious green, varied with the richest shades of gold and silver. Nature had laid on her first colouring. The vineyards that cover the sweep of hills below Presburg, and the thousands of blossoming cherry trees, produced an almost magic effect; to the left rose, in bold relief, the castle of Presburg, with its antique and glittering towers; and far away to the west the mountains of Austria were lighted up by the setting sun. It was a glorious sight! The whole company sat in deep silence; not a sound was heard save the strokes of the curfew bell in the neighbouring village, and the hollow deep base of the boatmen on the broad and mighty Danube. It was only gradually that a whisper was heard growing louder and louder, till it broke out in the united expression of fifty voices, all of which joined to pay their thanks to the youth who had excited so universal interest with my proud countrymen.

Never – never will the recollection of this evening be effaced from my memory; nor the fate of the young man whose short narrative I have given. He was too good, too noble for this world – the youth who, in his twentysecond year, had become the ornament of two universities.

While in Poland, he unhappily associated himself with the secret society of — . The fatal renunciation which he had to subscribe, when he took the degrees as doctor of medicine at the university of Vienna, caused his death.

He renounced, in consequence of this, the brotherhood. He might have continued in it; hundreds of members, who held public offices under different governments, did the same; but his honesty revolted at the idea. They knew him but little; they dreaded discovery; and he fell a sacrifice to their fears. On the 1st of July, 1810, he was found assassinated in one of the solitary walks of the Prater, at Vienna.

Deutsche Texte

Hg. v. Wynfrid Kriegleder

Nach seiner ersten Rückkehr aus den Vereinigten Staaten vereinbarte Charles Sealsfield im Oktober 1826 mit dem Stuttgarter Verleger Johann Friedrich Cotta den Druck seines Buchs *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika*, das im Sommer 1827 erschien. Am 7. November 1826 reiste Sealsfield nach London ab, am 7. Juni 1827 kehrte er nach Pennsylvania zurück. Von dort schickte er mehrere Zeitschriftenbeiträge an Cotta, von denen aber nur wenige gedruckt wurden.

Otto Heller hat bei einer Durchsicht der Cottaschen Zeitschriften von 1827/28 folgende journalistische Beiträge als von Sealsfield stammend identifiziert und sie auch veröffentlicht. Einige der Texte sind Auszüge aus Sealsfields *Amerika*-Buch. Vgl. Otto Heller: Sealsfield-Funde. In: *German-American Annals*, N. S. Vol. 8, 1910, No. 2, 82-86 und N. S. Vol. 9, 1911, Nos. 1 and 2, 3-30.

1. Skizzen aus Amerika [Die Ver. Staaten]. In: *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*, No. 19-24, 26-27, 29, 81-82, 119-122. (Jan. bis Mai 1827)
2. Korrespondenz-Nachrichten. In: *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*, No. 268 (8. Nov. 1827)
3. Korrespondenz-Nachrichten aus New York. In: *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*, No. 17-18 (19. u. 21. Jan. 1828)
4. Joseph und William. Eine nordamerikanische Geschichte. In: *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*, No. 94-95 (18. u. 19. Apr. 1828)
5. Die Schäkers in Nordamerika. In: *Das Ausland*, No. 7 (7. Jan. 1828).
6. Jeffersons Grab, von Sidons In: *Das Ausland*, No. 78 (18. März. 1828) [Laut Heller ist der Inhalt „z. T. identisch mit dem anon. Aufsatze: *The Grave of Jefferson*, gedr. im *Illinois Intelligencer*, 11. Oktober 1828 (dort aus einem Blatte North Carolinas abgedruckt).“]
7. Die Kentuckier. [The Americans as they are]. In: *Das Ausland*, No. 180 (28. Juni 1828)
8. New Orleans. [The Americans as they are]. In: *Das Ausland*, No. 183 (1. Juli 1828)
9. Washington. Aus den Papieren seines Neffen. In: *Das Ausland*, No. 186 (4. Juli 1828). [Laut Heller ist der Aufsatz „z. T. eine fast wörtliche Übertragung aus

dem englischen Original. Siehe *Illinois Intelligencer*, Vol. XII, No. 1. Vandalia, Sat. April 12, 1829, whole No. 373 (letzte Seite). *The Last Hours of Washington*. From the Custis' *Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.*"]

Auch Eduard Castle weist in seiner Biographie (233f.) Sealsfield diese Beiträge zu. Die in der Zeitschrift *Das Ausland* veröffentlichten Texte wurden dort als „von Sidons, dem in Philadelphia wohnenden Verfasser des bekannten Werkes über Nordamerika" angekündigt. Wie Castle feststellt, wurde „Washington. Aus den Papieren seines Neffen" (Nr. 9) der *Saturday Evening Post* vom 15. März 1828 entnommen. Die Publikation von drei Ausschnitten aus *The Americans as they are* im *Ausland*, nämlich Nr. 7, Nr. 8 und ein von Heller nicht erfasster Beitrag, „Spanisches Moos" (No. 178, 26. Juni 1828) ging laut Castle „wohl nicht auf Postl selbst zurück". Im Folgenden wird lediglich Nr. 4, der einzige fiktionale Text, neu abgedruckt.

Joseph und William
Eine nordamerikanische Geschichte

In: *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände*, No. 94-95 (18. u. 19. Apr. 1828).

Das 1807 bis 1865 bei Cotta erscheinende *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* war eine der wichtigsten deutschen Literaturzeitschriften der Epoche. 1827 wurde es von Gustav Schwab und Wilhelm Hauff, ab 1828 von Hermann Hauff redigiert. Sealsfield, der einen Vertrag mit Cotta hatte, schickte seit Herbst 1827 aus Philadelphia mehrere Beiträge für die Zeitschrift.

Die von Castle als „sehr anfängerhaft" (234) bezeichnete Novelle hat kaum Ähnlichkeiten mit Sealsfields späterer Erzählpraxis. Es handelt sich möglicherweise, wie in anderen Fällen, um die nicht deklarierte Übersetzung einer amerikanischen Vorlage. Eine binnenamerikanische Erzählperspektive bestimmt die melodramatische Geschichte. Der Erzähler bezeichnet Massachusetts als Land seiner Voreltern. Bemerkenswert ist der Verweis auf James Fenimore Coopers ein Jahr zuvor, 1827, erschienenen Roman *The Prairie*.

Joseph und William. Eine nordamerikanische Geschichte

Verzweiflung grinst aus seinen Zügen, und Kains Stempel brennt auf seiner Stirn. – SCOTT

Es war in der Mitte eines der herrlichsten Junitage, als ich eine kurze Reise antrat, die mich durch die kühlen, entlegenen Wälder der östlichen Gestade von Massachusets führte. Ich konnte nicht verkennen, dass ich im Lande meiner Voreltern war. Selbst die Natur trägt hier den Stempel jener starren Herolde unserer Freyheit, und während die Zeit Künste und Reichthum in unser glückliches Land eingeführt hat, hat sie diese abgelegenen Haine mit scheuer Ehrfurcht geschont. Die Geschichten, die man in diesen Urwäldern und auf den Höfen der Landleute findet, tragen noch immer den Stempel der alten Sage. Die moosbewachsenen Steine selbst haben einen gewissen Anstrich der presbyterianischen und puritanischen Strenge, die unsre Voreltern so sehr bezeichnete. Wir waren eben in einer interessanten Unterhaltung über das Fortschreiten des Menschengeschlechtes in moralischer Hinsicht begriffen, als wir durch die Erscheinung eines menschlichen Wesens unterbrochen wurden, das an Furchtbarkeit und Scheusslichkeit Alles übertraf, was ich noch je gesehen hatte. Die erhabene und weit vorstehende Stirne, das verzerrte und grinsende Gesicht, ein Auge, das Lavater zum Modell seines Satans gedient haben würde, und

eine Gestalt, in der sich Wildheit und Verzweiflung verkörpert zu haben schienen, schoss an uns vorbey. Dieses Wesen war mit einem zerlumpten Kittel nur halb bekleidet und in seinem ganzen Aeußern malte sich untilgbare Schuld. Mein Pferd sprang auf die Seite und ich griff unwillkührlich zu meiner Pistole. Mein Reisegefährte beruhigte mich, er kannte ihn und erzählte mir auf meine Bitte die Geschichte dieses alten Mannes, die ich wiedergebe, so wie sie mir berichtet wurde. Sie dient zum Beweis, dass der Europäer, der sich halbwild oder verwildert in diesen Einöden ansiedelte, häufig alle Laster mit seinen wilden Nachbarn, den Indianern theilte, meist ohne sich zu der schönen, achtungswerthen Seite ihres Charakters zu erheben, und dass das Christenthum, ja der Puritanismus ihn nicht vor jener barbarischen Leidenschaftlichkeit zu schützen vermochte, die in ihren Folgen oft so schrecklich ist. Viele Leser werden sich bey unserer Erzählung des schönen Charaktergemäldes erinnern, das Cooper in der Prairie von seinen Kolonisten entwirft.

Unter den Familien, die in den Siebziger Jahren des lezten Jahrhunderts dem Herrn nach alter puritanischer Weise dienten, zeichneten sich die Elephalet Warners und Lois Leslies besonders aus. Ihre Wohnungen gränzten aneinander und ihre Kinder wuchsen miteinander auf, herrlich wie die Mairosen. Fanny, die einzige Tochter der Wittwe Leslie, war das süßeste Mädchen, das je in dieser sündigen Welt lebte. Mild wie die See, über der kein Lüftchen streicht, kannte sie keine Freude als die, Gott, ihrer Mutter und ihrem Nebenmenschen zu dienen. Ihr Bruder war so eben aus dem Felde zurückgekehrt; die unsäglichen Leiden, die er auszustehen gehabt, warfen ihn aufs Siechbette; seine Tage waren gezählt. Warner, ein rechtlicher Greis, hatte seine Frau verloren, und von fünf Kindern waren ihm blos zwey Söhne übrig geblieben.

Beyde ein auffallender Beleg, wie sonderbar oft die Natur in ihren Launen ist. Joseph und William waren sich in körperlicher so wie geistiger Hinsicht so wenig ähnlich, dass Niemand sie für Brüder gehalten haben würde, der sie nicht kannte. Joseph war ein finsterer, verschlossener, brütender Mensch mit Augen, die kaum hinter den schwarzen buschigten Wimpern hervorzublicken wagten; William war ein edler, herrlicher Jüngling. Beyde liebten die schöne Fanny, jeder nach seiner Wiese. Es war im Jahre 1776, als der Sergeant vom östlichen Milizenregimente Massachusets in die Gegend, wo unser Familien wohnten, kam, um seine Kompagnie zu ergänzen Das Schicksal von Fanny's Bruder hatte jeden jungen Burschen ergriffen. Der Tod, der stündlich sich näherte, die verzehrende Krankheit, die sich in seinem bleichen, verstörten Gesichte aussprach, die Leiden, die er auszustehen hatte und seiner Familie verursachte, waren für seine jungen Freunde eine traurige Aussicht. Es war nicht der Tod, den sie fürchteten, es war die Mühseligkeit, die sie in diesem jammervollen Kriege zu erwarten hatten, welche sie mit Schrecken an den Augenblick denken ließ, der sie von den Ihrigen trennen würde. Das Loos wurde gezogen und fiel auf William. William kehrte mit wehmüthiger Resignation ins elterliche Haus zurück. Er hatte seit den lezten zwey Tagen, nämlich während der

Anwesenheit des rekrutirenden Sergeanten, die Liebe seiner Fanny deutlich und mit Freuden bemerkt. Sie hatte ihn oft wehmüthig angeblickt, und nur die Furcht, die Eifersucht seines Bruders zu erwecken, hatte sie zurückgehalten, sich noch deutlicher zu erklären, und das nämliche war bey ihm der Fall gewesen. (Der Beschluss folgt)

(Beschluss)

Joseph war Williams älterer Bruder; er liebte Fanny gleichfalls, hatte dasselbe Recht auf ihre Hand und dieselben Ansprüche. Die ungestüme Heftigkeit und die Blicke, die er bey den mindesten Aeußerungen seiner Liebe auf Fanny schoss, hatten William schüchtern gemacht. Nun aber, da er sich trennen sollte und musste, waren alle Bedenklichkeiten verschwunden. Er hatte kaum seinem Vater verkündet, dass das Loos auf ihn gefallen sey, als er zum Hause der Wittwe Lois Leslie eilte und mit wehmüthiger Stimme seinem Mädchen zurief: „Ich bin Soldat." Das Mädchen stieß einen Angstschrey aus. William eilte hinzu, fing sie in seine Arme auf und gab ihr den ersten Kuss der Liebe. „Mein William, meine Fanny!" rufen die Liebenden, ohne die Anwesenheit ihrer Mutter und Josephs zu gewahren, als Joseph zwischen sie stürzt und mit einem Blicke, der die Hölle in sich schließt, die Liebenden auseinander reißt. William wandte sich erschrocken zu seinem Bruder. „Verzeih Joseph, der Schmerz der Trennung überwältigte mich." – „Ich wollte", rief der Unmensch, „du wärst in der Hölle." – „Gott helfe uns!" riefen Mutter und Tochter; „Gott helfe uns und beschütze uns vor diesem Unmenschen!" – „Der, wenn ihr so fortmacht," rief Joseph, „euch alle zur Hölle senden wird." Mit diesen Worten stürzte er zur Thüre hinaus. Die Stunden, die William mit seiner Geliebten zubringen durfte, waren gezählt, und er borgte sich jede Minute ab, um sie noch vor seinem Abschiede recht zu genießen. Sein Vater, ihre Mutter und ihr Bruder sahen und billigten ihre Liebe, und Beyde gaben sich das Wort, einander treu zu bleiben. Mit dieser Versicherung waren sie von einander geschieden. Am folgenden Morgen sollten die Neugeworbenen nach Washingtons Lager abgehen. William hatte von seinem Vater, von seiner Braut, ihrer Mutter und ihrem Bruder Abschied genommen und wollte dasselbe mit seinem Bruder Joseph thun. Dieser war jedoch nirgends zu finden, und er musste, ohne Lebewohl von ihm genommen zu haben, abziehen. Monate vergingen; William sandte Nachricht, so oft er Gelegenheit fand. Von Joseph jedoch konnte Niemand etwas erfahren. Später blieben auch die Briefe von William aus. Es verging ein Monat nach dem andern. Immer hoffte Vater Warner und Fanny auf Kunde von William, aber vergebens. Endlich nach einem halben Jahre kam ein Schreiben vom Sergeanten, der nun nach Hause zurückgekehrt war, und unter dessen Befehlen William lange Zeit gestanden hatte. Dieses Schreiben enthüllte die traurige Geschichte. William befand sich auf einer Fourageparthie mit mehreren seiner Landsleute unter den Befehlen des Sergeanten. Sie waren dem

feindlichen Lager ziemlich nahe und hatten den Befehl, einen Transport Lebensmittel, der diesem zugeführt werden sollte, aufzufangen; der Transport war mit einer starken Bedeckung versehen. Ein Kampf entspann sich, der immer hitziger und hitziger wurde; das Terrain ließ keinen Angriff in Reihe und Glied zu; die Kämpfenden waren auf die Wagen und Bäume, in Gebüschen und Hohlwegen zerstreut. Endlich schien sich der Sieg auf die Seite der Amerikaner zu neigen. Schon waren die Britten zurückgeschlagen, schon hatten sie alle Hoffnung aufgegeben, ihren Transport zu retten, als Verstärkung vom feindlichen Lager ankam. Ihr Muth wachte wieder auf, die Amerikaner hatten einen neuen Kampf zu bestehen. Noch kämpften sie mit Entschlossenheit, als ihre Ammunition auszugehen anfing. Das ermattende Feuer bemerkend, verdoppelten die Britten ihre Angriffe, und in kurzer Zeit mussten jene das Gewehr strecken. Sie hatten dieses bereits gethan, und waren von ihren Siegern umringt, denen sie ihr Geld und ihre Uhren ablieferten, als einer der Britten auf William losstürzte, und ihm mit den Worten: „denke an Fanny," das Bajonett in die Brust rannte. Niemand konnte sich das Betragen des Britten erklären. Selbst seine Landsleute tadelten ihn seiner Unmenschlichkeit wegen, das war jedoch alles. Die Britten erlaubten sich in diesem Kriege so viele Grausamkeiten, dass der Mord eines Gefangenen nicht der Bemerkung werth erschien. Dem Sergeanten war jedoch dieser Mord ein Gräuel, und er konnte den Mörder Williams nie ohne Abscheu ansehen. Es war ihm, als ob er sein Gesicht irgendwo gesehen hätte; endlich fragte er einen der brittischen Soldaten nach dem Namen dieses Unmenschen, und hörte mit Schrecken, dass er Joseph Warner heiße. Er war der Bruder des unglücklichen William. Nach einigen Monaten wurde der Sergeant gegen die Bedingung, während des Krieges nicht gegen England zu dienen, ausgewechselt, und kaum war er zu Hause angekommen, als er Williams Vater diese Nachricht zusandte. Der Vater saß vor dem Hause auf einer Bank unter dem Schatten einer alten Eiche, als ihm das Schreiben zukam. Er hatte es noch nicht ganz ausgelesen, als er leblos von der Bank fiel. Ihn hatte der Schlag getroffen. In wenigen Wochen folgte ihm Fanny Leslie ins Grab nach. Der ausgeartete Unmensch lebt noch, keine Kugel hat ihn erreicht, kein Bajonett, kein Schwert durchbohrt, und als ich einige Jahre später durch dieselbe Gegend reiste, sah ich ihn am Wege nach Plymouth sitzen. Bey meiner Annäherung stürzte er aber in den Wald, sich und seine Gräuel vor jedem menschlichen Auge verbergend.

Irische Texte

Hg. v. Wynfrid Kriegleder.

Samuel Lover: The Curse of Kishogue

Samuel Lover (1797-1868) war ein irischer Maler, der auch Balladen und kurze Erzählungen verfasste. Es ist nicht bekannt, welche Ausgabe von *The Curse of Kishogue* Sealsfield verwendete. Hier wird die Version aus S. L.: *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, 1831, abgedruckt. Sealsfield nahm die Geschichte als *Der Fluch Kishogues oder der verschmähte Johannistrunk* in sein *Cajütenbuch* auf. Nach Otto Heller ist „the translation, again, […] on the whole close and exact" (*Some Sources of Sealsfield*, in: Modern Philology 7, 1909/10, 592.)

Samuel Lover: The Curse of Kishogue

'Ireland ist the only country in the world where they would make a comedy out of such a d–n–ble tragedy.'

REMARK OF A LATE JUDICIOUS AND JUDICIAL FRIEND.

You see there was wanst a mighty dacent boy, called Kishogue – and not a complater chap was in the siven parishes nor himself – and for dhrinkin' or coortin' (and by the same token he was a darlint among the girls, he was so bowld), or cudgellin', or runnin', or wrastlin', or the like o' that, none could come near him; and at patthern, or fair, or the dance, or the wake, Kishogue was the flower o' the flock.

Well, to be sure, the gintlemen iv the counthry did not belove him so well as his own sort – that ist the *eldherly* gintlemen, for as to the young 'squires, by gor they loved him like one of themselves, and betther a'most, for they knew well, that Kishogue was the boy to put them up to all sorts and sizes of divilment and divarshin, and that was all they wanted – but the owld, studdy (steady) gintlemen – the responsible people like, didn't give into his ways at all – and, in throth, they used to be thinkin' that if Kishogue was out of the counthry, body and bones, that

the counthry would not be he worse iv it, in the laste, and that the deer, and the hares, and the pattheridges wouldn't be scarcer in the laste, and that the throut and the salmon would lade an aisier life: – but they could get no howlt of him good or bad, for he was as cute as as fox, and was no sitch thing as getting him at an amplush, at all, for he was like a weasel, a'most – *asleep wid his eyes open.*

Well; that's the way it was for many a long day, and Kishogue was as happy as the day was long, antil, as bad luck id have it, he made a mistake one night, as the story goes, and by dad how he could make the same mistake was never cleared up yet, barrin' that the night was dark, or that Kishogue hat a dhrop o' dhrink in; but the mistake *was* made, and *this* was the mistake, you see; that he consaived he seen his own mare threspassin' an the man's field, by the road side, and so, with that, he cotched the mare – that is, the mare, to all appearance, but it was not his own mare, but the 'squire's horse which he tuk for his own mare, – all in a mistake, and the thought that she had sthrayed away, and not likin' to see *his* baste threspassin' an another man's field, what does he do, but the dhrives home the horse *in a mistake*, you see, and how he could do the like is hard to say, excep'n that the night was dark, as I said before, or that he had a dhrop too much in; but, howsomever the mistake was made, and a sore mistake it was for poor Kishogue, for he never persaived it at all, antil three days afther, when the polisman kem to him an towld him he should go along with him.

„For what?" says Kishogue.

„Oh, you're mighty innocent," says the polisman.

„Thrue for you, sir," says Kishogue, as quite (quiet) as a child. „And where are you goin' to take me, may I make bowld to ax, sir?" says he.

„To jail," says the Peeler*.

„For what?" says Kishogue.

„For staalin' the 'squire's horse," says the Peeler.

„It's the first I heerd of it," says Kishogue.

„Throth then, 'twon't be last you'll hear of it," says the other.

„Why, tare an ouns, sure it's no housebrakin' for a man to dhrive home his own mare," says Kishogue.

„No," says Peeler, „but it is *burglaarious* to sarcumvint another man's horse," says he.

„But supposin' 'twas a mistake," says Kishogue.

„By gor it 'ill be the *dear* mistake to you," says the polisman.

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* So called from being established by Sir Robert Peel

„That's a *poor* case," says Kishogue.

But there was no use in talkin' – he might as well have been whistlin' jigs to a milestone as sthrivin' to invaigle the polisman, and the ind of it was, that he was obleeged to march off to jail, and there he lay in lavendher, like Paddy Ward's pig, antil the 'sizes kem an, and Kishogue, you see, bein' of a high sperrit, did not like the iday at all of bein' undher a complimint to the King for his lodgin'. Besides, to a chap like him, that was used all his life goin' round the world for sport, the thoughts o' confinement was altogether contagious, though indeed his friends endayvoured for to make it as agreeable as they could to him, for he was mighitly beloved in the counthry, and they wor goin' to see him mornin', noon, and night – throth, they led the turnkey a busy life, lettin' them in and out, for they wor comin' and goin', evermore, like Mulligan's blanket.

Well, at last the 'sizes kem an, and down kem the sheriffs, and the judge, and the jury, and the witnesses, all book-sworn to tell nothin' but the born thruth: and with that, Kishogue was the first that was put an his thrial, for not knowin' the differ betune his own mare and another man's horse, for they wished to give an example to the counthry, and he was bid to howld up his hand at the bar (and a fine big fist he had of his own, by the same token), and up he held it – no ways danted, at all, but as bowld as a ram. Well, then, a chap in a black coat and a frizzled wig and spectacles gets up, and he reads and reads, that you'd think he'd never have done readin'; and it was all about Kishogue – as we heerd afther – but could not make out at the time – and no wondher: and in throth, Kishogue never done the half of what the dirty little ottomy was readin' about him – barrin' he knew lies iv him; and Kishougue himself, poor fellow, got frekened at last, when he heerd him goin' an at that rate about him, but afther a bit, he tuk heart and said:

„By this and by that, I never done the half o' that any how."

„Silence in the coort!!!" says the crier – puttin' him down that-a-way. Oh there's no justice for a poor boy at all!

„Oh murther," says Kishogue, „is a man's life to be swore away after this manner, and mustn't spake a word?"

„Howl' your tongue!" says my lord the judge. And so afther some more jabberin' and gibberish, the little man in the spectacles threwn down the paper and asked Kishogue if he was guilty or not guilty.

„I never done it, my lord," says Kishogue.

„Answer as you are bid, sir." says the spectacle man.

„I'm innocent, my lord!" says Kishogue.

„Bad cess to you, can't you say what you're bid," says my lord the judge; – „*Guilty* or *not* guilty."

„*Not* guilty," says Kishogue.

„I don't believe you," says the judge.

„Small blame to you," says Kishogue, „you're ped for hangin' people, and you must do some thing for your wages."

„You've too much prate, sir," says my lord.

„Faix then, I'm thinkin' its yourself and your friend the hangman will cure me o' that very soon," says Kishogue.

And thrue for him, faith, he wasn't far out in sayin' that same, for they murthered him intirely. They brought a terrible sight o' witnesses agin him, that swore away his life an the cross examination; and indeed, sure enough, it *was* the crossest examination altogether I ever seen: Oh they wor the bowld witnesses, that would *sware a hole in an iron pot* any day in the year. Not but that Kishogue's friends done their duty by him. Oh they stud to him like men and swore a power for him, and sthrove to make out a *lullaby* for him; maynin', by that same, that he was asleep in another place, at the time; – but it wouldn't do, they could not make it *plazin'* to the judge and the jury, and my poor Kishogue was condimned for to die; and the judge put on his black cap, and indeed it is not becomin', and discoorsed the hoighth of fine language, and gev Kishogue a power o' good advice, that it was a mortyal pity Kishogue didn't get sooner, and the last words the judge said was, „The Lord have marcy an your sowl!"

„Thank'ee, my lord," says Kishogue; „though indeed it is few has luck or grace afther, your prayers."

And sure enough, faith; for the next Sathurday Kishogue was ordhered out to be hanged, and the sthreets through which he was to pass was mighty throng; for in them days, you see, the people used to be hanged outside o' the town, not all as one as now when we're hanged genreely out o' the front o' the jail; but in them days they did not attind to the comforts o' the people at all, but put them into a cart, all as one a conthrairy pig goin' to market, and stravaiged them through the town to the gallows, that was full half a mile beyant it; but, to be sure, whin they kem to the corner ot the crass streets, where the Widdy Houlaghan's public-house was then, afore them dirty swaddlers* knocked it down and built a meetin'-house there, bad cess to them, sure they're spylin' divarshin wherever they go, – when they kem there, as I was tellin' you, the purcesshin was always stopped, and they had a fiddler and mulled wine fort he divarshin of the pres'ner, for to rise his heart for what he was to go through; for, by all accounts, it is not plazin' to be goin' to be hanged, supposin' you die in a good cause itself, as my uncle Jim towld me whin he suffer'd for killin' the gauger. Well, you see, they always stopped tin minutes at the public-house, not to hurry a man with his dhrink, and, besides, to give the pres'ner an

* Methodists

opportunity for sayin' an odd word or so to a frind in the crowd, to say nothin' of its bein' mighty improvin' to the throng, to see the man lookin' pale at the thoughts o' death, and maybe an idification and a warnin' to thim that was inclined to sthray. But, however, it happened, and the like never happened afore nor sence; but, as bad luck would have it, that day, the divil a fiddler was there whin Kishogoue dhruv up in the cart, no ways danted at all; but the minit the cart stopped rowlin' he called out as stout as a ram, „Sind me out Tim Riley here," – Tim Riley was the fiddler's name, – „sind me out Tim Riley here," says he, „that he may rise my heart wid The Rakes o' Mallow*;" for he was a Mallow man, by all accounts, and mighty proud of his town. Well, av coorse the tune was not to be had, bekase Tim Riley was not there, but was lyin' dhrunk in a ditch at the same time comin' home from confission, and when poor Kishogue heerd that he could not have his favorite tune, it wint to his heart to that degree, that he'd hear of no comfort in life, and he bid them dhrive him an, and put him out o' pain at wanst.

„Oh take the dhrink any how, aroon,", says the Widdy Houlaghan, who was mighty tindherhearted, and always attinded the man that was goin' to be hanged with the dhrink herself, if he was ever so grate a sthranger; but if he was a frind of her own, she'd go every fut to the gallows wid him and see him suffer: Oh she was a darlint! Well, – „Take the dhrink, Kishogue my jewel," says she, handin' him up a brave big mug o' mulled wine, fit for a lord, – but he wouldn't touch it; – „Take it out o' my sight," says he, „for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I expected to die game, like one of the Rakes o' Mallow! Take it out o' my sight," says he, puttin' it away wid his hand, and sure 'twas the first time Kishgoue was ever known to refuse the dhrop o' dhrink, and many remarked that it was *the change before death* was comin' over him.

Well, away they rowled to the gallows, where there was no delay in life for the pres'ner, and the sheriff asked him if he had any thing to say to him before he suffered; but Kishogue hadn't a word to throw to a dog, and av coorse he said nothin' to the sheriff, and wouldn't say a word that might be improvin', even to the crowd, by way of an idifaction; and indeed a sore disappointment it was to the throng, for they thought he would make an iligant dyin' speech; and the prenthers there, and the ballad-singers, all ready for to take it down complate, and thought it was a dirty turn of Kishogues to chate them out o' their honest penny, like; but they owed him no spite, for all that, for they considhered his heart was low an account of the disappointment, and he was lookin' mighty pale while they wor makin' matthers tidy fo him; and indeed, the last words he said himself was, „Put me out o' pain at wanst, for my heart is low bekase Tim Riley desaived me, whin I thought he would rise it, that I might die like a rale Rake o' Mallow!" And so, to make a long

* A favourite tune

story short, my jew'l, they done the business for him: it was soon over wid him; it was just one step wid him, aff o' the ladher into glory; and to do him justice, though he was lookin' pale, he died bowld, and put his best leg foremost.

Well, what would you think, but just as all was over wid him, there was a shout outside o' the crowd, and a shilloo that you'd think would split the sky; and what should we see gallopin' up to the gallows, but a man covered with dust an a white horse, to all appearance, but it wasn't a white horse but a black horse, only white wid the foam. He was dhruv to that degreee, and the man hadn't a breath to dhraw, and couldn't spake, but dhrew a piece o' paper out of the breast of his coat and handed it up to the sheriff; and, my jew'l, the sheriff grewn as white as the paper itself, when he clapt his eyes an it; and, says he; „Cut him down – cut him down this minute!!" says he; and the dhragoons made a slash at the messenger, but he ducked his head an sarcumvinted them. And then the sheriff shouted out, „Stop, you villians, and bad luck to yiz, you murtherin' vagabones," says he to the sojers; „is it goin' to murther the man you wor? – It isn't him at all I mane, but the man that's hangin'. Cut *him* down," says he: and they cut him down; but it was no use. It was all over wid poor Kishogue; he was as dead as small-beer, and as stiff as a crutch.

„Oh, tare an ouns," says the sheriff, tarin' the hair aff his head at the same time, with the fair rage, „Isn't it a poor case that he's dead, and here is a reprieve that is come for him; but, bad cess to him," says he, „it's his own fault, he wouldn't take it aisy."

„Oh millia murther, millia murther!" cried out the Widdy Houlaghan, in the crowd. „Oh, Kishogue, my darlint, why did you refuse my mull'd wine? Oh, if you stopped wid me to take your dhrop o' dhrink, you'd be alive and merry now!"

So that is the maynin' of the Curse o' Kishogue; for, you see, Kishogue was hanged *for lavin' his liquor behind him.*

Britische Texte

Hg. v. Gustav-Adolf Pogatschnigg.

Die im Folgenden abgedruckten Geschichten sind vom April 1831 bis August 1831 im *Englishman's Magazine* erschienen. Zur Frage der Verfasserschaft und zu einigen inhaltlichen Aspekten einschließlich der historischen Bezüge informiert der die Edition abschließende Beitrag „Europa 1830-31 – Charles Sealsfields literarischer Kommentar zu den Ereignissen in Polen, England, Frankreich und Italien". Was die Editionsprinzipien betrifft, so folgt die Textgestaltung (Absätze, Dialogstrukturierung usw.) dem Original. Dasselbe gilt auch für die teilweise veraltete Schreibung mancher Wörter. In einigen Fällen habe ich offensichtliche Druckfehler korrigiert. Die Fußnoten sind im Original durch verschiedene Symbole (z.B. kleine Kreuzchen o.ä.) gekennzeichnet. Aus technischen Gründen haben wir diese durch die heute übliche Nummerierung ersetzt. Die Reihenfolge der in diesem Band abgedruckten fünf Texte entspricht der Chronologie ihres Erscheinens in der Zeitschrift.

Scenes in Poland – No. 1
1794 – Macejowice[1] and Praga[2]

„You will deliver this to his Excellency the Field-Marshal, and wait for the answer."

„But, General ----"

„I have served twenty years, and never uttered a *but*. No reasoning; I shall wait here."

It was necessary to obey. The fact was that the general wanted a little sleep --- and no wonder; for he had never closed an eye since we left Petersburgh. We had travelled at the rate of sixteen miles an hour over Lithuanian and Polish roads, so celebrated for their smoothness. It may be, too, that he was not desirous of obtruding himself in the way of the balls and bullets. It matters not. The right of the Poles again showed their colours, and pushed forward. Their sharphooters were seen coming out like locusts. While the General was yet speaking, the fusilade began in good earnest; and from the thickets, the hollows, and the ditches alongside of the public roads, the balls became whistling to our heart's content. At short intervals a brace of bright gleams flashed out, softly shaded with smoke, and down tumbled half a dozen metal caps[3] never to rise again; while the glorious bass thundered after like the *requiem defunctorum*. This portentous music continued. For my part my road was not difficult to find; I had merely to follow the roar of the cannon with my fifty cuirassiers through the thickest of the dead and dying, and on through the centre. It was already broken, and the affair over on this side: towards the extreme left, however, on the road to Warsaw, four regiments of infantry were still maintaining their ground.

„Where is he?" demanded I for the second time of a dragoon major, who set bending forwards in his saddle, his feet firm in the stirrups, and his hand grasping

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1 The battle which decided the fate of Poland in 1794

2 The suburb of Warsaw

3 The Russian grenadier's cap of this time was of a singular form, and not unlike the mitre of the Catholic bishops. Instead of the bearskin, it was decorated with a a brass escutcheon of the imperials arms in relief.

the mane of the horse. He gave no answer, but dropped gently to the ground. The man was dead.

Bravo! Here we are in the midst of a whole regiment of guard-cossacks coming up at a full gallop, and taking us along with them as the whirlwind does with a feather, --- where? Heaven knows. I hope not before the Polish squares.

„Ztupay! ztupay! Comradi!"[4] cried a voice from amidst a cloud of [26] smoke. I knew it well. „Now or never!" thought I; and, wheeling to the right, we dashed straight through the guard-cossacks, accompanied by millions of curses, and at least a dozen of good byes from their pistols. I was in the presence of the Field-Marshal.

„Ztupay! Comradi!" exclaimed he.

„Your Excellency! Despatches from Mother's Majesty."

„Ztupay! Comradi!" No time to read despatches; glory to our Mother and God.[5] St. Nicolas is great! Suwarrow fears not the rebels": and kissing an image of his favourite saint which hung from his neck, he crossed himself with a grimace, gave his horse the spur, and galloped towards the Poles. We followed. The square stood without flinching. Wherever a man dropped the very staff officers picked up his musket, and leaped into the gap--but, poor fellows! It was a desperate game.

„Ztupay! Comradi!" cried the shrill voice of the Field-Marshal once more shriller than ever, and the guard-cossacks set on with tremendous hurrah! The square is broken. Good night, Poland!

„Courier!"

„Your Excellency."

His Excellency turned round towards me, and looked for a moment into my face. „Bravo! Comrado—not afraid of powder? Suwarrow fears not the rebels." I had seen that plainly enough, for he had killed three Poles with his own hand; and he now coolly drew his bloody sword along the palm, which he wiped on the sleeves of his uniform.

„Your name?" demanded he.

„Captain Count D----y."

„Who has send you?"

„General Count R-----n."

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[4] „Ztupay! Comradi" ---- the favourite expression of Suwarrow when attacking. „Forward! comrades!"

[5] „Glory to our Mother and God" – the expression used by Suwarrow. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that there is no exaggeration in the picture of this man. It is drawn to life.

„Who send General Count R-----n?"

„Mother's Majesty."[6]

„Poh! General R-----n don't like to smell powder. Heh? Suwarrow fears not the rebels. Heh? Swaty Nicolas[7], and behind Suwarrow his comrades. Good night, enemies!"

He broke open the autograph letter of the empress, ran over its contents, tore off a piece of the paper, and, stretching out his hand for a pencil which the adjutant held in readiness, he wrote a few lines on the pummel of his saddle.

„You return to Mother," said he looking up, „not general R."

„But your Excellency? ---"

„Who dares debate with Field Marshal Suwarrow? ---what living man?"

His Excellency's face assumed a certain blood-red hue, which I had [27] heard spoken of as an ominous sign; and I retreated a few steps. The tempest, however, passed away, and he calmly handed the scrap to the adjutant.

„Stay, Captain D-----y," said he; „you like powder; you go, not General R."

I touched my hat, received from the aid-de-camp the scrap enveloped and sealed, galloped across the battle-field towards the burning Macejowice, showed my General the letter, told him the orders, and took my seat in his place after having handed him out of his own carriage, leaving him under the agreeable necessity of providing himself with another.

* * * *

„And you have left our good Suwarrow before Macejowice?"; said the Empress.

„The centre of the rebels was forced, and the right wing rolling up. On the left, four regiments still held out, of which I saw one broken. The battle was decided when I quitted the field ..."

„You are again the bearer of our despatches, Colonel."

Three weeks had done more for me than the preceding three years.

I was a Colonel at twenty years of age. I started for Poland, the bearer of the august will of her Majesty.

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6 „Mother,"--- thus Suwarrow and the Russians used to call Catherine II.

7 Saint Nicolas

„Make haste, good D-----y," admonished the august Mother; and I did make haste. It was exactly six days since I had left St. Petersburgh, and already the Vistula lay before me. I was within fifty wersts of Warsaw.

„All is quiet, milosti[8] officer, since yesterday morning," whispered the black-eyed Jewess, pointing down towards the banks of the Vistula, and handing me a tumbler with gorzalka[9], the only beverage I had tasted since leaving Wilna.

My eye was fixed on a regiment of Cossacks, who came trotting up the hollow, laden as if they had plundered a whole country.

„What news?"

„Praga taken," said the dirty Hetman, pointing significantly to his throat. „We must on to Dobry; woe to the rebels!"

Praga taken! mused I, with an involuntary shudder; but it saves ten wersts of my journey. The morning was cold, the ground frozen, the vault of heaven calm and blue. But away far over the borders of the Vistula hovered a wreath of thick heavy mist. Mist? It was the smoke arising from a chaotic mass, form which now and then a pale flame darted upwards. *That mass was Praga!* --- the great fauxbourg of Warsaw, as the geographers say; what it really was, however, it would have been difficult to tell; for Suwarrow had passed through it! The road was strewn with broken ammunition carriages, wheels, cannons, dead and dying horses, in picturesque disorder. The muskets and balls and dead soldiers were untouched even by the Jews. I passed a score of the latter dangling from the door-posts of their brethren, the tavern-keepers, to serve as scare-crows against further [28] appropriations of imperial property. This must have been something like a battle, thought I. The bridge over the --- what is its name? --- is broken down; but they have laid the beams over the frozen bodies of men and horses, which now serve instead of arches. There now Praga should begin; but where is it? I can see nothing of Sapiehas, nothing of Vladimir street. It looks as though all had been blown into the air. Fragments of walls, black-burnt stones, intermingled with thousands of carcasses of man and beast roasted into hideousness; and not a living being to be seen. The sound of my Stepanku's trumpet reechoed fearfully in the empty hollow! Our very horses seemed troubled. Their manes bristled up, teir ears and limbs trembled as if terror-stricken, and they gazed upon the objects at their feet shrinking and shivering.

Here begins something like a street, if a street it may be called.

The houses doorless, windowless, nay roofless; the ways are choked up with the inhabitants: none living. Aye, truly, Suwarrow! Thou art a glorious fellow! right

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8 *Milosti,* gracious

9 *Gorzalka,* brandy

willing to destroy more in one day than United Poland has raised in a thousand years.

There at last again life is seen: it is a picket of Cossacks stationed on the Vistula bridge. Even *they* are tired; for they have quitted the backs to lie under the bellies of their horses. Here we must cross, and let us cross hastily, for a spectacle is before us which should not be dwelt upon. The wearied Cossacks are still on duty: they are guarding about two thousand prisoners, men, women, and children --- lying, sitting, and standing, on the Sigismund-place; some half-naked, some wholly naked, some wounded, others starving, and all freezing to death.

My escort halted. „Here his Excellency keeps head-quarters," said the corporal. I looked up ---not a window was unbroken in the whole palace of the Diet. I alighted and entered; I cannot say through the gate, for there was none. The forehall, the court-yard, the staircase, were filled with officers of all grades and colours. Before the doorless antichamber stood another group of officers, of Cossacks of the Don, and the Ukraine, and uhlans and dragons, grenadiers and cuirassiers, sleeping on the straw. A large straputz[10] in the next room, had the honour of being occupied by the adjutants and some general and staff officers, and in the adjoining cabinet his Excellency was seen stretched on his bed of straw covered with a bearskin.

The adjutant-general went to announce me.

„Come in," cried the Field-Marshal.

I entered the room. It had neither door nor window, but a broken china stove, the pieces of which lay scattered upon the floor, with rubbish and straw.

„From Mother?" cried the Field-Marshal, leaping from his bearskin, donning his hat, and girding on his sword.

„Her Majesty has commanded me" ---

„Ah Captain D-----y, am I right?" [29]

„Colonel, by the grace of her Majesty."

„Mother likes Suwarrow. Suwarrow fears no cold, no Poles, Mother will be satisfied --- killed a good many --- Cossacks have had a good day of it. Bravo, Colonel, you are going back again, Mother wants you immediately. We shall not detain you."[11]

Suwarrow shivered a little, for he had no uniform on. His countenance was blood-red, with black streaks, and his eyes blood-shot. He seemed rather em-

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[10] Straw spread on the ground and covered with any thing, so as to render it a substitute for a bed.

[11] The very words used by Suwarrow

barrassed, and having waved his hand, turned me abruptly out of the room. He looked like a murderer.

„His Excellency will not expect me to depart immediately," said I to the adjutant-general, Count G-----y.

„Indeed, Colonel Count D-----y, you must depart immediately. The despatches are ready and sealed."

I hastened down through the hetmans and colonels, captains and cossacks, and dragons, wishing them with their leader at the devil.

„Stepanku turn round!"

We trotted towards the bridge, Ah! Og-----y's palace! What a a delightful ball there was here three years ago! And now? The provost-general[12] and his myrmidons, with their hanging apparatus, are making their rounds. The great executioner stops before the house, looks and listens. He enters, and so must I, though his Excellency were at my heels. The provost applies his ear to the wall. The whole house is worst than waste. Every thing broken, torn, every where desolation, and filthiness --- Russian filthiness. What is that? A spectre-like figure, gliding behind one of the columns of the entrance hall, into a side passage, seized by his long beard, as we are descending from the upper apartments.

„Ouiai!" whistled the pale, death-like Hebrew with a breath too feeble to blow out a candle. „Milosti officer, I am innocent!"

„We shall see ---"

One of the executioners dragged him along the marble pavement, and we descended.

„Perhaps, provost, I may be of some use as a guide, for I know the house --- I am Colonel D-----y, courier to her Majesty," said I, to prevent unnecessary delay.

The Russian dialect, slavish enough, as is well known, had not sufficient words to express the obsequiousness of the provost, and he followed with a curved back. We entered the servants' apartment. There they lay --- three, six, eight --- men and women, promiscuously --- all dead, all mangled, the apartment flowing with blood --- articles of dress, gold, silver, plate, were scattered here and there.

„The blood is fresh," said the provost, „but where are the men?"

I opened a door which communicated with the upper apartment by a secret passage. Suddenly we heard a loud snoring, which proceeded [30] from three Cossacks who where sitting squatted on their hams, stupified with drinking.

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[12] Provost-general, an office now abolished. He combined in his own person the jurisdiction of the court-material, and had the *jus gladii* in its utmost extent, so as to be allowed to order an immediate execution.

„Dobra gorzalka," stammered one of them, an officer. A couple of lashes with the knout made him rise from his seat ---the seat was a dead body. „Have you not heard the rallying signal? --- Why have you not joined your pulk?"

„Pulk? Pulk?" stammered the man.

„Take all the three," said the provost.

The Cossacks, who had become sober at once, ran out into the kitchen, and opening the iron door of the stove, disclosed three Hebrews, intending them, no doubt, to serve as scapegoats for themselves.

„Take them also!" said the provost.

The passage led into the upper apartments. The secret cabinet on the right side --- yes, I remember it. But what have we here? It is Og-----y, pierced by numberless wounds, his eyes glazed, his hands cold, lying before the very door where he had fallen in the defence of his household gods.

I opened the door. Heavenly powers! the Countess lying dead in the middle of the room --- at her side a child --- a new-born child --- alive!

Ten minutes were gone --- I caught up the boy, threw him upon a pillow, and ran down the stairs as if I had been hunted by the Cossacks.

When I stepped into my carriage, I beheld, on turning round, the three Cossacks, with twice as many Jews, dangling from the iron bars on the window. This was satisfactory.

„But now drive on, Stepanku, --- fast o n--- go on for life and death: 'tis fifty miles out of my way --- a day's ride. It may cost my life --- yet the last hope of one of the noblest houses of Poland deserves a sacrifice." Happily I remembered Abrahams's wife, who had handed us the last tumbler of brandy. She was nursing her child. She must along with me --- I again took a glass --- my Stepanku threw her into the carriage, and on we went --- the children crying and screaming at the sudden disappearance of their mother. After twelve hours' desperate riding, I had delivered my charge over to Count Z-----y, hunted two of his best horses dead, and fund myself again on the road to St. Petersburgh. My head was in danger --- I knew it. Humanity is but a poor advocate with our gracious Katinka.

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Just as I expected. Our gracious Mother looked a little oddly when I stepped into her august presence. Behind her stood General R-----n, with so courtly a smile of satisfaction hovering upon his lips, that I knew at once how matters stood.

„Our good Suwarrow is well?" said her Majesty.

I bowed.

„You left Warsaw on the ninth --- we have an express of the tenth. You thought fit, it seems, to serve the family of a polish rebel before serving your Empress! You are dismissed!" . . . . . .

When I left the imperial apartment, Major G. had the kindness to [31] tell me that I was under arrest. When I arrived before my house, a pritschka, with three horses, stood ready. I knew then my destination --- Tobolsk --- Irkutsk --- perhaps Kamtschatka --- but it was Tobolsk. I shot sables there for two years, was recalled, graciously received, and advised to take care for the future.

Happily, however, Baron W------ch, the imperial body physician, was the friend of my family, and he being of opinion that I could not well stand the air and climate of St. Petersburgh, I received permission to travel --- of which I have now been availing myself these twenty years [32]

Scenes in Poland – No. 2 (1816) – Varsovie --- Dobravice --- St. Petersburgh

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--- Once more then I am in Poland, the same Poland of whole fate I was the bearer twenty-four years ago, --- that noble republic, first slaughtered and then devoured by the monster Legitimacy. The unprincipled Prussian and the perfidious Austrian have however surrendered part of their ill-gotten spoil, and the Russian now holds almost the whole in his deadly grasp. Aye, and deadly is the grasp indeed! Blood and desolation every where!

„*Opoczno,*" says the black table; remember it well; saw it burning with its magazines, and its inhabitants in the flames. The town walls still lie shattered in the most, and instead of the flanked tower they have substituted a gate, surmounted by the double eagle, to spare themselves the trouble of storming it a second time.

„*Geich* Excellency! no horses; have all been taken by his Imperial Highness the *Cesarowitsch* and suite, going to Warsaw, the town is to be illuminated by orders of government this night in honour of the new victory."

The postmaster, a Russian, while making his report, watches and watches, his back curving at the same time to a couple of blows, for which he seems to have made up his mind, provided he can catch from my countenance what is passing within me. No, I am not in a beating humour. A bitter laugh was going to burst from my lips, but I am in Poland, and the man is a spy *ex officio.*

„In half an hour the horses must be ready, or" ---

The man creeps away, and I descend from the carriage to enter his hotel. The bar-room smoked --- black and bleak; in one corner a huge timepiece, in the other an ugly statue of a mitred saint, once red and blue; the tables and benches saturated with *gorzalka,* and the walls covered with one sable sheet, a living mass of flies --- buzzing, buzzing. Ho! it is impossible to enter here!

„A cup of Polish coffee and some eggs into the carriage; I shall take a ramble through the town."

Opoczno, illuminated! What a cruel satire! One house rebuilt since twenty-six years that have succeeded its conflagration; another still full of balls and bullets; a

third in ruins, and so all over the town. And these wretched abodes illuminated! Yes, to have the tidings transmitted to the arch-hypocrite at St. Petersburgh, that all Poland was in ecstasy at his gracious clemency in appointing an imperial *bète* to be its victory.

The market-place is rather crowed --- must see by what. A drove of cattle, destined to Silesia, Germany, and so forth, one the one side; on the other a detachment of recruits, five hundred at least, enclosed on a hollow square of Russian infantry. They are shivering with cold, for [179] they stand naked as they entered the world, the surgeons of the regiment inspecting them to see whether they are worthy of being shot. A couple of gigantic corporals follow these examinators, dealing a sound lash to each of the approved, just to try the strength of his nerves. Alas! the dignity of human nature!

I stroll back to my carriage. The eggs and coffee are ready, the horses coming. Well, let's be off.

Still forty-eight miles to P-----y Castle! Drive on, *Kotschi,* for I am tired, heartily tired. I am not forty-eight hours within the dominions of his Muscovite and Polish Majesty, --- my master forsooth, --- and I am sick of this progressive horrible misery and oppression.

Yes! Thus, exactly thus, a country must look, ground down by brutish violence! Burned towns, teeming with soldiers; miserable villages of scattered red mud cabins, with no chimney, no window, but holes in the walls and roofs, through which the smoke seeks its outlet; the room the common property of cows, calves, dogs, and the horse, if the wretched man be so happy as to own one. Before these sinks of dirt and wretchedness a dunghill, on which the children roll, joined on a Sunday by their mothers, who as a pastime, is employed on a pedicularian search: the husband dead drunk, smothers his misery in *gorzalka,* obtained from the Jew at two hundred per cent. interest, payable with the next crop.

Land of wretchedness! where there is no appeal but to the knout and the cane, must I find thee thus again? And no help! Clutched by the tyrant and his myrmidons, like Laocoon and his hapless sons in the folds of the serpent, --- is there no hope? --- no redemption? None! Corruption and baseness within, violence within and without: if this iron bondage hold out twenty years longer, generous Poland will not be worth the saving. But enough, even thoughts are dangerous here.

Ah look! What is in yonder field? A herd of cattle with a dozen of people, girls and boys, and peasants; two of them carry large screens, on each of them a cow painted. They are advancing slowly step by step; now they are halting just over

against us, again they move onward. Softly postillion, it is a partridge trapping,[1] gently, or you will startle the flock, and your ears will be saluted by a whole legion of *sacramensky Niemczi.* [2] [180] Grabovice with its huntsstraggling away towards the pond, where I took farewell of my noble Z-----y. Poor fellow, he is gone. Burnt down also by these wholesale incendiaries. How strange this village looks! --- These irregular masses of brick, running out into grotesque miniature rocks of all forms. The fire burnt the mud walls into solid heaps, over which the peasants have just thrown their straw roofs.

„Drive on to the ranger's house." --- Ah, old Mieceslaw still alive. How he looks, how he stares. *Pane Bozi Milostivi.*[3]

„Well Mieceslaw, I am thy guest to-night. Send immediately to P-----y castle for horses, let me have a bed for a couple hours, and something to eat."

I went into the wellknown *Kralosti* room. Ilaw was just laying hands on me to undress me, when a phaeton whirled up with four swift Turks. An Apollo-like youth seated in it --- it is Auguste. He enters the gate, leaps down, and rushes up stairs. He is speaking to Mieceslaw. Open flies the doors, and the next moment he is clasped in my arms. Yes, it is Auguste, noble O-----y as he lived and moved. It is he whom I caught up from his mother's cold bosom --- for whom I was disgraced, exiled.

My dear beloved uncle --- preserver! Oh! we have waited so long; but, uncle, we have not a moment to lose. They are already gone."

„Where?"

„To Warsaw. The Countess conjures you to follow immediately. We have been invited --- nay, commanded to appear at the levee."

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[1] This partridge trapping is very common in many parts of Poland. The scene of the sport is a large stubble field, where the cattle are gazing. At a distance of about a hundred yards from the spot where the flock has been discovered, the net is fixed in the following manner: two streaks of net-work, each from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet long, and about half a yard wide, and ending in a sack of from five to ten feet in length, are spread in the form of an angle of forty-five degrees. Into this angle, the *latera* of which, as mentioned are formed by the net, it becomes necessary to coax the birds. This is effected by one or two screens, on which a cow is painted. The partridges, accustomed to the sight of castle, are seen tripping before the painting. Sometimes they take it into their head to nestle down; the screen bearer has then patiently to wait till they start again, and arrive finally at their prison.

[2] *Sacramensky Niemczi,* cursed Germans. *Niemc* signifies foreigner, but more particularly Germans. The Pole has some reason to hate the Germans, and especially their crowned heads.

[3] Pane Bozi Milostivi, gracious Lord!

„Commanded." --- The word struck in my throat. „Yes, commanded by his I.---H." --- "Then my unhappy stars are again in the ascendant. Something must be wrong. My appetite is keen; the pheasants excellent; the tokay superb, but the news might stay a Calmuck's stomach."

„Come, Auguste, let us start."

The four Turks gallop at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Fifty miles to Warsaw; we may be there in three hours. ---

Z-----y then has rendered himself a little obnoxious before his exit from this world. I expected that the tenacious Russian would remember from the dangerous advice given to Poniatovsky [4] seven years ago. Poor fellow! had he followed it and stayed at home, and raised the banner of independence with his gallant little army, Poland would now be free! And you think the *Cesarowitsch* will make you pay for the bitter truths told to him by Z-----y on his late rambles through Poland, when you again fell into the snare. I am come fifteen hundred miles to a wedding, and now I have to pay my court to a----- But look; we [181] are on the banks of the Vistula; there, behind this jungle of oaks and firs, Warsaw should stretch out its limbs. And so it does; the St. Sigismund cupola---one, two churches; the whole is coming now. This cursed C-----sch has made me forget time and distance; but a lovely sight it is, with the country houses and villas buried in clusters of oaks and limes, and its massive palaces arising so peacefully at the side of the modest citizen dwelling. God grant that its inhabitants may understand their interests better for the future. Sad have been the workings of our oligarchy. There then is C------y's summer palace, just over against the Belvidere --- a dangerous neighbour. They perceive us --- they are coming down stairs. Here we are.

„Brother!"

„Sister!"

„God bless you, cousin, and you, sweet Stephanie, and Adrienne, and you C---y, and Theodosi and Adele!"

Yes, that's Poland again. Its brightest feature, its women, are still the same. Not every hope has yet fled. No, I would not give my poor Poland with its countless sorrows, for all the world.

„God bless you again and again!"

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[4] *Poniatovsky.* A historical fact. At a time when the Grand Duchy of Warsaw could not, strictly speaking, have been farther fettered by Napoleon, if this prince had raised the Polish banner, and rallied the nation around it, how different would have been the result. Russia, Prussia and Austria, at war already with France, would, however unwilling, have been obliged to recognise the independence of Poland. The march of Poniatovsky, in 1813, to join Bonaparte, was deprecated by every patriotic Pole.

This evening then at least will be a happy one --- and it is. And we forget review, levee, and all the autocrats of the earth in the joys of these sweet hours. They, however, do not appear willing to forget us; morning scarcely blushes over from Pulawy, and the rolling of drums, and the clamour of the trumpet, make the welkin ring --- a soul-stirring appeal! Regiment upon regiment! --- A fine sight these living columns, moving so majestically down the broad avenues! I can distinctly mark the graceful Pole from the clumsy Russian. Two regiments of lancers, two of Russian cuirassiers, three of infantry, and one of grenadiers, with a park of flying artillery! The troops are ranging themselves on the wide defile between the Vistula and the palace! --- the manoeuvres begin! --- every fifteen minutes the platoon fire is rolling like an electric chain round the eminence, followed by a general discharge, to which the brigade of artillery joins its earth-quivering chorus! The city seems to have poured out its whole population! --- long files of citizens, with their women and children, priests, girls, Jews, peasants, an interminable series of human beings; carriages and four, and six, and two; again, an unpretending hackney-coach, intermingled with detachments of guard-lancers and guard-cossacks single horsemen galloping to and fro, as though Warsaw were in an state of actual siege!

„But, children, we too must start." --- And on we go through fifteen detachments and whole battalions of infantry and grenadiers. All the avenues bristle with bayonets to the very staircase and audience-saloon. There the scene changes. Starred breasts and crossed breasts, powdered heads and round heads, chamberlains with their golden keys, ladies with the order of the empress on the left breast! A dazzling sight, indeed! „Welcome, Lumomiersky, Cosinsky; and worthy Niemezewicz also here!" Poor fellow, he presses my hands with a significant glance at the private entrance door, through which the sound of violent [182] footsteps, and of still more violent vociferation are breaking in brisk and tumultuous succession.

„*Sacre bleu!*" --- the folding doors fly open, and in rushes a whole bevy of Russians!

„*Diable! Si je ne vous traite pas comme les Francais*," roars he at their head.

No, he cannot mistaken.

„*Ah malheur! Et c'est votre regiment, qui a commencé le desordre.*"

The personage, thus admonished, is Prince C-----y.

„*Mais votre Altesse Imperiale, de grace* ----"

His Imperial Highness replies with a grin, and without deigning to cast a single glance at the speaker or the assembly, he suddenly bolts up, and we have the honour of beholding a medley of orang-outang and Calamuk; a thing, misnamed a nose, lies like a dwarfish flat-pressed fig of eyes neither green, black, blue, red nor yellow; a complexion like that of an over-boiled lobster. To make up for his ugliness, he is bedecked by, at least, ten grand ribbons, green, blue, white, red, and

twice as many stars and crosses. On every button a couple of the last are dangling; but his Imperial Highness has thought it superfluous to change his dirty and spurred boots into something more courtly . . . Now he is stamping with the foot again, he turns round, and, without waiting for the grand master of the ceremonies, hurries up to Lubonissky, seizing him by the button of his coat.

„*Ah Lubonisky! Parbleu, ils me tueront ces gens la.*" And throwing himself into a chair he sits a moment, and then runs towards me, seizing me likewise by the coat-button.

„Your name?"

„Count P-----y."

„Nothing more?"

„Nothing for the present."

„Served?"

„Yes, under her Majesty, the late Empress."

„Lieutenant ---?"

„Colonel." His Imperial Highness stares, and then ---

„*Ah Madame la Comtesse de Z------y.* Lost your husband? Was a dangerous rebel----"

The blood flows into my cheeks; the Countess grows pale.

„Their present and late Majesties have not thought so. Count Z-----y was always one of the most loyal nobles," says she with dignity.

There is a sudden stir in the assembly; C-----y, L-----y, R-----l, are joining the Countess. His Imperial Highness loses colour.

„Count O-----y!" said the master of ceremonies.

A malicious grin pervades the Imperial countenance. His eye rests for a while on the noble young man.

„Count O-----y!" sneers he at last; „the son of the late O------y. Just right; the Emperor wants soldiers, rebels' children are the best. Into the ranks with him; nearly six feet high; a smooth face --- a campaign will make it rough ---"[183]

„Pardon me, your Imperial Highness, I have no desire to serve."

„Will make you serve!" --- „Count O-----y is the adopted son of the late Count Z-----y, and betrothed to his daughter," said C-----y, rather in a strong tone.

„The better, the better --- Countess, you will like the soldier's life. Officers like fine women, heh!" and he burst into a horse-laugh.

„Your Imperial Highness, I must decline."

„Decline, decline!" and his countenance changes into a dark-green hue; his face swells up; his eyes glare. Stephanie is near sinking on the floor; but his Imperial Highness turns away. A tall stately female form enters; no sooner casts he a glance at the new comer, than, breaking through the assembly, he advanced towards her.

„Who is she?"

„Go, go, for heaven's sake! go immediately," whispers Count C-----y;

„I shall follow; you must depart this instant. Go, go, a moment longer and he is lost!"

How we enter our carriages I know not yet. We have no sooner reached C-----y's palace, than his carriage comes rolling up at full gallop.

„Shut the gates immediately," cries he to the porter, „not a living creature to be let in, none whatever; and you make yourself ready to depart forthwith to St. Petersburgh."

„To St. Petersburgh? what does that mean?"

„Nothing but than you have to throw yourself, as soon you arrive, at the feet of the Emperor and Empress mother. One hour longer and all is lost."

The Prince, without uttering a word, seizes me by the arm, and breathlessly orders the household to throw into our trunks what first comes next their hands. In thirty minutes longer, and the family hurry us almost by force into the carriages.

„ --- And take the Lemberg gate and road till you come to the three crosses; then turn to the north. Do not stop till you are at cousin's. There my letters will reach you. --- At Petersburgh you'll find my brother."

The truth begins to dawn upon our minds, as we whirl out of the palace; he is right. The caitiff would make it a point of honour to keep his word in this atrocity. Let us hasten; not a moment, indeed, is to be lost.

And truly we fly without stopping as long as the Polish eagle shows itself through the swamps and forests, the deserts and ravines of northern Poland. Every horseman, every carriage makes us shiver like the aspen leaf. In every village we tremble lest the messenger of the despot should have outrun us. But we have gained the heights of Breskoi. An hour more and we are on safe ground. „Adrienne, you look pale! courage, children, on we must --- not for the world could we stop. There, behind these pine-covered crags is Dobravice. Now we are winding down the hollow ridge --- the Golzave is storming wild. --- Soon we shall be there."

Dark and gloomy arise my towers, not a light to be seen in the [184] abode of my forefathers --- my peasants are starving. Drive round the pond to that white-

washed house. They see us, the *hetman,*[5] the *spravèe,*[6] and old Stanislas, all of them are coming, and Stepanek too with his one arm.

„Bless you, children --- don't strangle me --- let me alone."[7]

„The rooms ready for us?" --- „Yea, *Milosti Pane*, and two hours ago an express arrived with a sealed packet. He is still waiting."

I hurry my precious charges into the rooms. We seize the packet and break open the letters. Yes, this peep. --- He would have kept his word. We had scarcely left Warsaw, when the whole city was searched for his victim. A detachment he sent to P---y's castle, to fetch him alive or dead, though he had a narrow escape. C-----y has quarrelled with him, so L-----y, R-----l, and almost the whole nobility have left Varsovie. --- But what an horrible uproar is that? I can scarcely hear my own words. The din is approaching nearer and nearer.

The piercing cries of women and children, the shrill whistling of men, the barking of dogs, the squalling of cats, furnish a confounded concert.

„Stanislas! Stepanek! What does that uproar mean?"

They listen and listen, --- „*Ziganski!*[8] quick, *Ziganski!*" cried Stanislas. „*Ziganski?* What do they want with us now? I hope they will not be our guests? Get them off instantly." I speak to the winds. The word *Ziganski* is not sooner uttered, than all are scattered, as though a tribe of Bashkirs had broken amidst them. There is no rallying them. Some hurry towards the carriages to pull them into the castle yard; others bring the geese, chickens, and pigs into shelter. The women run almost mad. Every where confusion. I seized Stanislas as he is running past me.

„What does this folly mean? Speak, or by ---- "

„*Milosti,* they are so desperate a set of thieves, not a nail is secure in the wall."

„Why not drive them away?"

Old Stanislas shakes his head. „*Milosti,* they are a dangerous people, the *Ziganski* king never flies, but the red cock lights him on his road; and then they only steal, and bring good luck."

„Fool that you are, take a dozen of men, and drive them hence."

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5 *Hetman,* signifies headmen, in which sense the word is applied to military and civil posts of trust. *Hetman* of a domain, is the chief officer of the economical department.

6 *Spravèe,* bailiff

7 The nobleman alludes probably to the custom of the inferior classes to kiss the hands of their superiors.

8 *Ziganski,* or *Zigeinski,* gipsies. They must not be compared with the gipsies of Scotland and England. There is not the least exaggeration in the picture.

„*Milosti,* they come from their winter sleep, it is their first visit this year. We must not, no, no, --- "

The old dotard makes me almost angry. „Come, take half a dozen of men. They must go." Stanislas shakes his head, and so do the [185] rest, but they follow. --- We hasten to the hollow behind the village, where the tribe has fixed its encampment.

„*Tarschkarschi,*"[9] mutters the old men as we arrive at the preserve, „they are fond of pheasants's flesh." The whole preserve is enveloped in a dense cloud of sulphur smoke. These are their tents. We approach by the largest. It is of coarse goat-hair texture, with numberless holes, the top open, volumes of smoke issuing from it; --- nothing to be distinguished. Now the forms become a little perceptible. An agreeable sight it is! In the midst of the tent, before a kettle which hangs from three poles, joined on the top, there stands a frightful old woman, in an absolute state of nature, throwing pigs, chickens, cats, mice, and all kinds of bipeds and quadrupeds, into an enormous kettle. Round the fire women are sitting in the same frightful state, suckling their babes. One of them puts down the child, and the next moment it is taken up by her neighbour for the same purpose. The most terrible equality of rights and conditions prevails. No demarcative line of races human or brutal. My stomach is strong, and can bear something, but this --- what's that again? A dog raises his voice, and the whole tent is in motion. Three or four run towards the door-hole, and leaping round, demand in a barbarous medley of Polish, Russian, and Gipsey, what we want. As many hideous brats, accompany them, holding firebrands in their hands.

As the glare of the brands, and the lanterns of my people fall upon us, their tone becomes less abrupt. Stanislas pronounces the mandate of withdrawal, and they moan with extreme humility; women, children, and beasts joining the concert.

„And the lords of the soil will turn out wandering children of the desert and of misery. And they will not allow them even this cold spot of ground, to rest their weary limbs upon. Twenty yards is all they beg, and this they cannot have for one single night. Wo for the children of the woods! Wo to the Christian tongue that bids them go!" There is in these lamentations something so abject, and at the same time so sinister; their little piercing, their bony, hideously emaciated bodies assume so formidable an attitude, their countenances so demoniac an expression, as to stifle every feeling pity.

„Stanislas, tell them to depart." --- „The children of the forest are tired, the very next step will be their burying ground. --- The wolf, the fox have a resting place, and shall we be denied one?" is the reply. Stanislas raises his cane. Men and

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[9] *Tarschkarschi,* rogues

children dart away, and a hollow laugh is heard. Jaromir impatiently tears up one of the four pegs by which the cords of the tent are fastened to the ground. There is a brief pause, as the tent wavers; but the next moment a dozen of women, twice as many children, with dogs, cats, and all sorts of animals, emerge from their cover. These female furies, with their long greasy hair hanging round their brown emaciated shoulders, their eyes [186] burning like *ignes fatui,* rush upon us, threatening us with their inch-long nails, venting at the same time the most horrible imprecations of which the most barbarous languages capable. When their throats refuse them words, each of them seizes in one hand one of their brood by the foot, and with the other a firebrand, and dart again forwards, brandishing them over our heads. My people no sooner behold me turning than they take to their heels; the whole tribe follow, yelling like fiend. I hasten by a shorter road towards the castle gate. It is already occupied by the tribe. I turn towards a postern. From the courtyard peals another clamour of insurrection.

„Hold him fast. Help, I have got him." --- What's that again? It is Wladimir's and Waclaw's voices. Wladimir, a lantern in the one hand, holds with the other a gigantic black fellow by his long greasy hair.

„Who is he?" The man wears a long coarse tunic of linen with a woollen girdle, a sheep-skin bonnet lies at his feet, his chest is bare, and grizzled hair hangs down the girdle. A portmanteau belonging to our luggage is in his grasp.

„Who is that fellow?"

„The *Ziganski* king."

His right hand wields a short weighty club armed with cooper nags --- his sceptre, staff, and sword, with which he maintains his authority in the tribe. The shout of exultation among my people proves the importance of the capture. I hope there will be an end of the turmoil.

No, not yet. No sooner do I join my pale and terrified companions, than the tumult is renewed more fearfully than ever. Again the women are brandishing their torches and children, threatening in good earnest to dash the latter over the wall, and to fling the former on our roofs. The peasants women and children stand trembling before the gate, anxiously waiting the issue. The affair grows rather serious. With every lash their autocrat receives, they become more furiously outrageous.

„Will you go?" I say to the man, holding a couple of silver rubles in my hand.

His keen diminutive eyes roll and twinkle, and throwing himself with inconceivable quickness from the bench on his feet, he has no sooner caught up the silver pieces, than breaking through the crowd, he bounds with a single leap over the high stone wall. A wild cry of exultation rings through the air, followed by a still wilder laugh.

We sit down to dinner, speaking of this singular people, the hereditary nuisance of Poland and the East. --- Once more a shrill whistling sound rends the air, waxing fainter and fainter, till it dies gradually away in the thickets of the forest. The horde have raised their encampment.

* * * * *

Basiley Hospodie the last station --- Twenty versts more, and we are in St. Petersburgh. [187]

„Halt," cried a gigantic corporal.

„How far to Petersburgh?"

„Twenty versts --- Passports --- "

„Our passports are in St. Petersburgh."---

„No passports, no passing."---

„Upon your head, corporal, we pass --- horses immediately in the name of the Emperor."

The white and green painted cross beam swings up, and our carriage passes through --- the horses stand ready ---

„Grenadiers forward," cries the corporal, and two ferocious looking soldiers spring before and behind the carriage, and on we go.

The sun descends on the broad Neva, illuminating the admiralty and gilding the glittering cupolas of the Alexander Newsky cathedral, when we arrive before the gate of the imperial city.

„Halt!" passports again.

„Going to C-----y."

„Pass; guards along."

The two grenadiers leap down, two others jump up in their place. We dash towards the winter palace, turn round before the square and trot away towards Catharine Street. That magnificent palace glittering from the misty top, is C-----y's --- the bourn of our hearts.

We are come in good time. A grand fancy-ball and pantomime are to be given by the prince and the Polish nobility this very night. The Emperor is to be present. Stephanie and Adrienne are gone to rest a couple of hours and then to dress.

* * * *

Glorious indeed! A world of wonder and delight! images of folly hovering around wisdom --- of the sublime mingling with the burlesque --- spectres wooing the shades of night in the midst of dazzling brilliancy --- floods of melody streaming from above, no musicians to be seen. The scene changes. Numberless grimacing caricatures surround us all at once: dreams are flitting above---the sounds of hundreds of invisible instruments are dying away --- all is still --- silent as the grave. On a sudden a peal of harmony resounds. A sun appears in the centre of the platform, whose rays envelope us in floods of light: a group of winged genii is fluttering around the marble columns toward the centre of the saloon; they divide towards the right and left. A second group of riper fair beings glide along, as if sustained by zephyrs.

A figure is leaning against the silk drapery of the column, with the bearded mask of Benvenuto Cellini; his head slightly bent on one side, his arms negligently folded in deep thought. He haves a sigh. „And cannot Psyche attract the eyes of Benvenuto?" whispers a grey domino. „Benvenuto is capricious," says the artist, „he has so many creations in his wild brains. Alas, they are only fantasies!"

Mais mon Dieu! and his eyes are all at once fixed on a being that, like the queen of the winds, has come unseen before our astonished gaze. Who is this extraordinary being? The noblest form, that ever went forth from the *studio* of mother Nature --- one in fullness of [188] beauty, yet pure as the scent of the rose-bud. A light mask covers her face, her dark curls circle in graceful clusters the fairest neck that ever woke thoughts of love. The orchestra strikes up *Nina, ou la folle par l'amour*, a sweet *adagio* passing gracefully into the *maestoso*. She yields to the power of harmony. What charming ease, what elegance and dignity! Now she seems smitten by a sudden pang! how her whole frame appears to be stricken by wo! and as she, in the thought of fancy, is never to behold the beloved again, she drops her radiant head, her ringlets flying round like so many serpents. She presses her trembling hands on her heaving bosom. She swoons --- she melts away.

The dance over, the music ceased, the mask gone, one deep sigh is heard from all the circle. Where is she? Where is Benvenuto Cellini? demands Auguste, grasping me wildly. He trembles, and draws me feverishly through the salon, through one, two, three, four rooms, towards a remote cabinet. A brown mask stands before the partially open door; he beckons us away; I hold the stormy youth fast; sounds are heard; whispers. „No fiction," timidly murmurs a gentle voice --- „It is the language of my aching heart!"

„Woes are decreed by destiny, but man may arrest and advert them. Benvenuto Cellini sacrifices to the gods."

„And will he not destroy his own creations? the creations which are the shield and delight of millions?"

„Artists are whimsical, but it would be a pity to destroy the sources of felicity."

„Then we are safe," returns the softer voice. It is that of Stephanie. Auguste can be held no longer. In he rushes. The mask falls from the face of Terpsichore --- It is his own Stephanie, and hastens out of the room.

* * * *

And we saw next day the mother of Benvenuto Cellini. She smiled, and joined the hands of Auguste and Stephanie. „My son," said she, „desires you to wear this in token of last night; but child" --- and she paused. --- We understood this pause, kissed the hands of the grey Empress, and joined our noble landlord again.

And we hastened to Dobravice, undisturbed for this time by the *Ziganski*, and then to P----y Castle.

After all it is a sad thing, thus to be forced to cheat a tyrant out of his criminal caprices --- *mais* ---

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LITHUANIAN NOBLEMAN

[189]

My Little Grey Landlord

By the Author of „Scenes in Poland"

„And you will not go?" said Frank, seizing the knob of the door, and darting a glance of impatience.

„Not for this time. To-morrow is packet day --- a number of letters."

„The old song --- letters --- despatches. Our minister can scarcely have more business than you. You are a strange fellow. Here you come over in a hurry scurry, run the first three days over all the theatres and ball-rooms like a madman, and then immure yourself in one of the dirtiest, shabbiest corners of the most desolate part of London, at an equal distance from Billingsgate and Smithfield."

„Not quite so desolate as you suppose," returned I, pointing at a trio of vagrant minstrels, who were just establishing their perambulatory quarters right beneath my windows.

„Only look," said Frank; „but the fiend may look here! --- nothing but murky walls to be seen. I pledge you my word, the most lovely day you ever beheld in London. Confounded ye!" added he, running up to the window, and tearing the curtains down ---

The trio had begun their concert --- an invalid violin, a shattered harp, and an asthmatic flute, sending forth a sort of cacophonic omnibus, to the great delight of a gang of ragamuffins and idlers who clustered around ---

„That's the third serenade I have enjoyed this morning. You see, John Bull is becoming quite musical. A German organ and a Scotch bagpipe have preceded these delightful instruments. If you stay, there may be a chance of hearing more!"

„You are insufferable," retorted Frank. „You want me to go. What is it that keeps you? Do you expect any body? --- 'Something pleasant to look at,' as our quaker says."

„Not that I know of."

The trio had in the meanwhile toiled through a skeleton of Weber's hunting chorus, looking anxiously towards the window. A dirty-capped, squaw-like woman,

was stretching forth her brown wrists, when an elegant cabriolet came up the narrow lane, and right through the crowd. A young fashionably-dressed man jumped out, knocked at the door, and was, after some delay, admitted.

„Is the visit intended for you?"

„I presume not."

„To whom can it be then?"

„There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The minstrels persevered in regaling us with a doleful ditty; but above the shrill sounds of the music arose a cry of fury and terror, declining into a low, pitiful, and fearful moan. A long silence succeeded. The [268] cry seem to startle even the musicians; they paused, surveyed the window, and retreated from the pavement. Immediately the gay young man came slowly down the stair, the bolt of the door was unfastened, and he approached his cabriolet; --- but what a change! The colour had deserted his cheeks --- he was pale --- he reeled as he mounted the vehicle!

„That's strange" said Frank; „strange, indeed. Why, Charles, where are we? Me thought --- "

„Hush!" said I; for I heard the sound of footsteps. I was not mistaken --- a scarcely perceptible touch of the door indicated that some person was outside --- it opened, and a head peeped in --- it was my landlord.

„Ah! Mr. -----, you have company?"

I seized a couple of newspapers and ran after him. He took them.

„At *two o'clock* you will hear the signal. The *King will dissolve Parliament*."

I shook my head, and returned to my room.

„Who is that fellow?" demanded Frank, with a slight shudder; „as so often as I see him an ague overcomes me."

„It is my landlord."

„I know; but who is he --- what is he?"

„Hush! --- more anon. Are you still bound to Regent's Park?"

„Certainly."

„Well, then, I am at your command."

Frank shook his head, and we descended. We rode on without a word, through Holborn. When we arrived at Tottenham-court-road, my friend broke silence.

„Charles, your landlord is a singular personage. I should not much like his company."

„Nor do I."

„Why not leave him then?"

„That's another question --- but listen."

Frank drew his bridle and his horse approach mine.

„You remember," said I, „that 1826-27, I sojourned about eight months in London, and in this very house. It belonged then to the firm of G----- and Co., a mercantile establishment connected with our friends. The concern failed, and this house went over to its present owner. One morning, just as I was on the point of going out to hunt for apartments, this little, grey, thin man entered my room, looked around, and announcing himself, after a long glance at me, as the new proprietor, invited me to reside with him; I did not quite relish his appearance, but I hate moving about, and remained. Every Saturday at five o'clock, five minutes, five seconds, he came regularly for his thirty shillings, which I had to place on the corner of the table, and for which he left the receipt. There was no intercourse whatever between us, for the six months I stayed with him, and when I departed he looked as dry and stale as ever.

„Three days after my arrival last December, a transaction on 'Change kept me the greater part of the day in its vicinity. After I had con- [269] cluded the business, I returned, but immersed as I was in thought, my steps led me unconsciously toward my old residence. I was already in sight of the house before I discovered my mistake. Curiosity prompted me to enquire after its proprietor. I had not spoken three words to the old woman, when the little grey man came down, grinned slightly and took me by the hand, pointing up the stairs. I followed and entered my former apartments. Every thing stood as I left it, --- even some papers I had forgotten lay in the same corner.

„ 'You stay of course again with me,' said the little man, who, turning round abruptly, quitted the room for his own. I moved into his house.

„As I had left him four years before, so I found him again. Not one additional wrinkle. The same withered, ashy features, with their yellow ground, not unlike a silver medal badly gilt. His thin grey hair carefully combed over his forehead, his visage as impassable as ever, his reddish rabbit eyes, protected by the identical dirty green spectacles, his nose as sharp as of old, his lips as meagre as though food had never found its way trough them. --- His very whisper uttered with the same calculating care not to mismanage the stock of his breath. He never talks, he only lisps, and if you may hear a voice; and if you speak to him while a carriage is passing, he will delay his answer till every thing is still, for fear of straining his lungs. Now and then you may hear a noise --- a shriek --- a cry --- a yell in his room, but never his own voice; and, like a spell, the silence has always an unaccountably sudden effect on the most clamorous visitor. A deadly stillness succeeds a moan which resembles the hushing moan of the waves after they have engulphed

their victim. He is the most absolute egoist I ever yet have seen. His age is a problem to me. During my short stay in Paris, (you know I landed at Havre, and spent a couple of weeks in the French capital), I became my chance possessed of a secret of some importance at the period. It was on the second day after I had taken up my abode with him, that he entered my room to look over my newspapers. He asked me a few questions respecting trade in Paris, and in the course of conversation, I gave him some hints as to the stability of a most eminent and flourishing house. The man quailed under my information --- I pitied his consternation and gave him proofs.

„No sooner had he inspected the papers, than he grasped my hand and ran out of the room. Four days afterwards he entered with a ghastly smile, saying, 'You are right --- your information is correct. --- It is still a secret --- keep it. It will not be to your loss --- have you two thousand pounds to spare?'

„'No,' said I.

„ 'Here they are', returned he. 'The --- stocks are down—in a week they will be up thirty per cent and more. Buy now and sell then --- but let me see --- I will do it for you: I have no use for this money.'

„He kept his word. As he said, so it happened. After the lapse of a week he laid six hundred pounds on my table, the fruit of his whimsically generous speculation. From that time I have lived [270] rent-free in his house, and his confidence in me is almost unlimited. The subsequence day I was admitted for the first time to his room. It is a perfect picture of himself. Every piece of furniture worn out, brushed thread-bare, from the bed-cover to the green cloth on his writing-desk. I never yet saw the coals blaze in his grate, they smoke away, smothered into a thick sheet of ashes. He passes his life without making more noise than the ticking of a crazy clock, as regular in his habits as the movement of the pendulum, going down at sunset, and winding up at sunrise.

„I wonder what country may have given birth to this precious anomaly?" asked Frank.

„To judge from his protruding cheek-bones and a slight accent, I should think him a cannie Northman. Whether he has friends or relations I do not know."

„Go on," said Frank; „the account is marvellously interesting."

„His life is a mystery; no one ever enters his room except myself. At eight o'clock he makes his own coffee, the woman bringing him milk and water, and a roll of bread. At ten precisely he comes to look at the papers, over the contents of which he glances with the eye of an eagle. His acquaintance with every thing relating to trade, commerce, or credit, is astonishing. At eleven he walks out to return at half-past five. Till this time, the man, lost to every thing save money concerns, lives in a state of absolute somnambulism; but at half-past five the transmutation of

the metal into something like humanity takes place; then you may see him occasionally rubbing his hands, but softly and moderately, with a smile which might give you a nerve fit, --- his harsh, withered, features contracting into ineffable bitterness.

„At six o'clock the woman carries up his dinner, which she places on a small table in the corner of the staircase. Two raps at the door are the sign of her presence. Once she presumed to intrude, but she was well nigh dismissed. Every Monday, at six o'clock, she fetches his linen, which she returns on Saturday at the same hour.

„To save expenses, he himself receives his bills, delivers his cheques, and transacts his business. However, with all his care and prudence, he is not unfrequently his own martyr. Last week I walked round the corner with him, when a sovereign dropped out of his pocket; how, I cannot yet conceive. A gentlemanly-dressed man took it up and presented it to him.

„'It is not mine; it is not mine --- I never carry gold about me, you may believe me --- It is this gentleman's,' whispered he; pointing at me. He was frightened out of his wits.

„I had to take the sovereign, in spite of my protestations; for he would never have forgiven me, had I left it in hands of a stranger. His satisfaction when I took it, shewed that he felt something like a benevolent inclination towards me."

We now had approached Ulster Terrace, which presents so magnificent a range of palace-like houses to the view. It was one of the finest April days. The sun peered from the silvery clouds in bashful joyousness, with just sufficient force to burst the buds of plants [271] and flowers, and yet not strong enough to dry up that humid fragrance which thrills through the English atmosphere, like the tear glistening in the eye of gentlest beauty. I enjoyed the scene fully --- a scene so eminently calculated to impress a stranger, like myself, with the might and grandeur of this noble aristocratic country. As we approached Clarence Terrace, the clock struck two. A long-drawn peal of thunder came rolling on the breeze from the south.

„What is that?" said Frank; „it is like the sound of cannon."

I paused. --- Should it be as my landlord foretold. --- It was the St. James's guns.

„The King is dissolving Parliament," said I.

„You are joking."

„By no means. Let us hasten down."

We trotted round the corner, and galloped towards Regent Street. Hurry, confusion everywhere increased as we approached Whitehall. It was as the little man had said. England's great, patriotic King, --- a Citizen King in the noblest sense of the words, --- was hastening to give his people the highest proof of his unbounded confidence --- was going to put it in their power to speak to him as man

speaks to man. He was going to dissolve Parliament. We gave a hearty hurrah! to the unflinching monarch as he passed by.

„Now, Charles!" said Frank; „you go with me, and dine with a dozen of our countrymen. We'll have a bumper to his Majesty."

„Not for this time, I must be at home," said I, turning my horse, and pressing his hand.

My little grey landlord filled my head. Where had he got the news---the positive news of an event which the King himself, probably, knew not at the time when he predicted it so confidently. The man had assumed a fearful importance with me. I hastened up the Strand, gave the stable-boy my horse, and paced home. Mr. Lomond was not in yet --- I turned into the street, and paused; something unaccountable stirred within me. I entered the next coffee-house, ordered a hasty dinner, and scarcely taking time to finish it, proceeded through the narrow lane towards my residence.

„Is Mr. Lomond at home?" „Yes." A secret satisfaction accelerated my steps --- I ascended the second staircase. --- It was dusk already in the street — our house was completely dark --- I groped my way, and my hand touched the door."

„Who is there?" asked he, scarcely audible. ---

I gave my name. ---

„Come in."

I found my little grey landlord in his arm chair before smoking grate, motionless as a statue; his eyes fixed on the mantle-piece, on which stood an old lamp, once bronzed, that threw a pale light over an empty frame garnished with a variety of bills, cheques, accounts, and the like papers. As I looked into his sallow unearthly face, he glanced up, and the rays of the lamp shed a reddish glare upon his features, over which flickered something like a smile.

„Have you heard? Mr. Lomond, " said I --- [272]

„I have, and know what you are going to say."

„And what do *you* say?"

He shrugged his shoulders. --- „I knew it these four weeks."

„These four weeks?" --- The tone of my voice was rather doubtful.

„Look here;" said he, pointing to a paper. --- It was a transfer of stock-property to a great amount. --- Again he relapsed into his former silence.

Does this creature think like other people, said I to myself. Does he knew that there is a God? Has he a heart in his bosom? Has he never felt the influence of love? Does he know any such thing as woman, or happiness? Or is his soul shut up with his bounds and bags in the coffers of the bank, where his better self is assuredly deposited. ---

„Well, you have made a good business of it?"

„About a thousand pounds," he drily remarked.

„And yet you are as mute and thoughtful as on the day when I gave you my confidential warnings."

„That you *have* given, young man," said he, „I have retrieved --- saved --- nay, gained a great sum through your forewarning. I am still your debtor, I shall pay, rely on it --- sooner or later --- I shall pay: Lomond is sure."

„Don't speak of it, Mr. Lomond --- you have largely paid."

He stretched out his fleshless hand and pressed mine. It lay like a piece of ice on my fingers.

„Have you met with any disappointment, for really you seem to me ---"

It was the first time I ever touched so closely. He cast an enquiring glance at me, and said, after a pause ---

„I amuse myself." ---

„Amuse yourself?" said I.

He again shrugged his shoulders, and darted a look of pity on me.

„Do you suppose there is no amusement, save that purchased by pounds and guineas in your ball-rooms and party saloons? Do you Longman's wholesale shops? ---"

Poetry! --- This head, thought I, and poetry! but I kept my thoughts to myself. ---

„Poetry --- brilliant poetry --- my young friend;" the first time he had honoured me with this appellation. --- „Yes, my friend, Byron was never more in his trances than I was just now."

His eyes glittered from behind the green spectacles as he drew up his lips.

„I am sorry then, for having interrupted you."

„Never mind, I am glad you are come. --- You shall hear, and from the recital of the events of this morning, you may, in some measure, be enabled to form an idea --- but let us see ---."

So saying, he arose and rang the bell. We sat for a while without speaking a word, for the woman's heavy steps were heard upon the stairs. [273]

„One of the bottles with the ducal coronet, and two tumblers," he said. --- Again a pause. After some minutes the attendant came up; he went towards the door through which she held the bottle, and he handed it to me with a cork-screw.

„Fill the glasses. The King has no equal to this Madeira in his cellars."

„I never have tasted the King's wine, but this I am sure is the best that ever reached my lips."

„This morning," he began, after having sipped at his tumbler, „I had only three bills to present. Of the rest I had disposed yesterday. The first of these three bills had been handed to me by a hanger-on of the exquisites or exclusives of our capital --- a frequenter of Crockford's, whose transition will be Newgate, and finally the halter. I have set him down for January, 1832. he came in a cabriolet; the bill was signed by his Grace of -----, a trifle of three thousand pounds lost and won, as is the fashion. The second of my bills came through a fine young dasher, who sported a tilbury, a most elegant fashionable. His scrap again was signed by one of our most charming women, the wife of a Baronet, of good property, but somewhat embarrassed: this bill was for two hundred pounds. How the signature came upon it, I guessed, but that's not to the purpose. The third, for one hundred pounds, was to be honoured likewise by a lady --- for the signature shewed a Maria -----. It reached me through a linendraper.

„The first object of my visit lives --- you know where. The second occupies a fashionable mansion in --- square; the third I was to find in one of the fag-ends of our bloated city --- Chelsea.

„If you knew the conjectures which crossed my brain on leaving home. These two women. What overtures, what anxiety, what tremors, what palpitations. How condescendingly they would press my hands --- nay, offer gifts --- gifts." --- The grey man darted a glance at me, which chilled my veins.

„Two hundred pounds are a trifle, comparatively speaking; but what might a woman not do for them, if pressed hard. While I, cold --- ice-cold, stern, disdainful, would stand before her like the avenger of blood, seize her with the gripe of justice --- but let us on --- I respect rank, and my first visit, therefore, was paid to his Grace of -----.

„I entered the gorgeous mansion, freshed up with some assistance of my purse too --- repaid --- however --- repaid. Times were once little more prosperous in that quarter --- the range wider. Things have changed --- you comprehend ---.

I nodded.

„ On I passed through the court-yard, the colonnade, when I was arrested by a grinning, yawning, gold-laced varlet, who handed me over to a fellow-idler, who again sent me forward to another; all of them grinning and jibing at me.

„ 'His ----- has not arisen yet,' said a powered man.

„ 'When can I see him?'

„ 'That is uncertain.'

„ 'My name is Lomond, I shall be here at three o'clock.' [274]

„ 'Stop a moment;' said the minion, quailing a little under my determined look, 'I shall see.'

„I looked through the colonnade of the entrance. The fellow came down with a courtly, almost humble smirk. ' His ----- is at leisure --- please to walk up. '

„I ascended the stairs, entered a magnificent drawing-room, and was ushered into a suite of apartments, each of them furnished with regal splendour. Just as I passed through, a figure was coming up from a back entrance of the mansion, who shrunk behind a door as soon as he caught a glimpse of me. However, he had not escaped me; it was the A-----n A-----, that prince of coxcombs and profligates. Ah, thought I, does the wind blow from this quarter? but a door opened, and towards poor Mr. Lomond advanced, who should it be---- but his Grace of ----- himself! ´Be brief, Mr. Lomond,' said the mighty man, 'my time is precious.' I drew my bill from my pocket-book, and held it towards him. His ----- is said to be unyielding --- hard as iron --- but he flinched a little, I can assure you.

„ 'Ah, dear Mr. Lomond! three thousand pounds? The rascal was very quick, indeed; I hope however, Mr. Lomond --- dear Mr. Lomond, (I was *dear,* do you understand), I hope,' continued his -----, 'you will wait a couple of days.'

„ 'Till three o'clock precisely;' and I put my bill again into my pocket-book.

„ 'Till three o'clock; ' muttered his -----, 'till three o'clock! Why that's little more than three hours.'

„ 'Exactly.' ---

„ 'You would not --- you would not.' The iron frame, methought, shook.

„'Were it an emperor I should not hesitate, if he refused acceptance.'

„At this moment the *valet-de-chambre* whispered something into the ear of his ---- relating to the visitor I mentioned.

„'Ah, well, very well; I am at his command. All is right, Mr. Lomond; at three then I shall have the pleasure -----.' The patrician's imperturbable countenance brightened up as I retreated.

„My second visit was to the beautiful Lady N-----. Her ladyship, I was told, was still in bed; she could not be seen.

„'When can I come then?'

„'At two o'clock.'

„'My name is Lomond. Tell her my name, I shall be there at two o'clock,' and I went away. My course lay down Chelsea, through King's road, into one of the lanes, where a carriage is seldom or never seen. The cottage which I had to discover, was retired in a nook, pleasant sheltered from the whirlwind of fashion and dissipation. I was admitted into the cheerful dwelling by a cleanly-dressed woman, who showed me up stairs into a neat drawing-room. Nothing can be more inviting

than these abodes of our less wealthy fellow-citizens: this [275] was a sample of the very best. No richness, no luxury, but every ting pretty and sparkling and convenient; I am a friend to order and cleanliness, and there I met it to my heart's content. Not the lead trace of dust: there was an air of modesty, of noble simplicity, of virtue, in the room; true English, home-bred virtue. I drew a deep sigh. On a sofa lay a prayer-book and a bible, with some needle-work; on a working-table, some linen; everything white as snow. The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen, came out of a bed-room, from which a distressful coughing was heard. It was a sweet, delightful creature."

The man paused, and took his glass and emptied it.

„Fill, my young friend, to her health; I should like to see you carry off this prize."

„I?"

„Stop, let us go on. She was dressed simply, but with extreme taste; her fair hair was arched, in two beautiful clusters, above her temples. One in seldom permitted to enjoy such a sight."

I emptied the tumbler.

„The girl stood a second or two looking at me before she said, 'My mother is very sorry, but she is confined to bed.' I then presented her the bill; she stepped into the next room, and returned soon after with a cheque on the banking house of ----- and Co.

„ 'If, Miss, should perhaps --- you understand me?' I said.

„'I do not;' I replied the girl, with an inquiring glance.

„'If the payment should fall heavy upon you, I can and will wait.'

„'It fell hard; but my mother is better --- no, no' she added, and retreated a few paces, as if afraid of me.

„I was touched --- really touched. I felt almost as though I ought to leave the hundred pounds behind, but, on second thought, I deemed it better to put it into my pocket-book. She works hard to keep herself and her mother in something like respectability. A hundred pounds thrown in her way in such a manner, what mischief might it not create? One must consider every thing --- why she might have a cousin, or some such connexion, who would fain drive his pony --- or the hundred pounds might find their road into one of the thousand craters of French millinery. No --- wiser to leave her as she was. She is the daughter of a mercantile gentleman who failed some years ago, and the remain of whose fortune are locked up in Chancery. *Apropos,* this Chancery business --- it would be a pity if Brougham should succeed in curtailing so salutary an institution. It has brought many a thousand pounds into my coffers. Truly that girl would make a fine wife for you, young man --- but let us proceed. When I regained the King's road, the clock struck one. I looked for

some time at the caricature shops, and at two found myself in ----- Square. I mounted the stairs of my lady's mansion, leaving, with every step, a foot imprinted into the Brussels carpet. That pleases to me. I was desired by the servant to wait a moment, and seated myself in one of the glided arm-chairs.

„'Her ladyship has just rung the bell for the first time,' said the waiting maid, with an air of importance. 'I scarcely believe Mr. --- what is his name? will be admitted.' [276]

„'Tell her ladyship my name.'

„She came in a few moments, and in a hurry, as it seemed, beckoning and running before me. I was ushered into a splendid apartment ---the door opened to a second, and out came a woman. No --- I shall not easily forget her --- and how I saw her, and when, and where – there, young man, where no mortal will behold her, save her husband --- in a state --- but hear. Over her bare shoulders she had flung, in the hurry of the moment, a precious *cachemire*, into which she shrouded herself so anxiously, that her fine proportions were developed every where. She was dressed in a *peignoir* white as snow. Her auburn air escaped luxuriantly from a *madras,* ingeniously wound round her head, *à la Creole* --- (by the bye, I once kept a large assortment of French goods.) The half-open door presented a *coup d'oeil* for which a painter would have given a world. The bed was thrown into the most picturesque confusion. Her dreams must have been very violent --- a snowy pillow lay at the foot; the blue silken coverlet, garnished with white lace, was half flung on the carpet. Behind one of the lion-jaws carved into the foot of the *acajou* bed, lay a white satin shoe; another straggled farther off. Over a gilded chair dangled a robe crumpled into shapelessness; stockings, which a breath might have hurried to bed without the attendance of her maid; all was luxury and disorder. A vague, voluptuous odour pervaded the apartment. As these vanities lay scattered before me, I could not restrain a smile of pity. In their proper places they might have driven a dozen of men into delirium; here they gave strong indication of passion --- of reckless passion, with misery and shame, scorn and utter desolation, close on the heels --- nay they lurked already beneath the bronzed eyelids of her ladyship. She was an exquisite piece of workmanship --- the very image of passion — wild, overpowering, restless, careering on to destruction."

The man cast a feverish glance at me.

„Her eyes sparkled with a sleepy fire --- she resembled one of the Herodiades, whom we owe to Leonardo da Vinci --- (I have dealt in pictures too). Yes, a powerful woman she was; a matured form of beauty, with a tropical haze around her --- nothing mean --- all noble, her colour, her traits, her very paleness lighted up here and there by red streaks; they all shewed fire and love; and yet she seemed stronger even than love. She made a deep impression on me. My heart beat almost. It is long since it beat at last. I was already paid; for what are two hundred pounds

for a sensation? --- a sensation which recalls our sweetest hours before expiring phantasy!

„'Mr. Lomond,' she said, 'will you please to take a chair? Will you be so good as to wait?'

„'Till to-morrow noon, Madam,' I answered, folding up the bill which I had presented to her; 'till to-morrow noon; then we shall see further.'

„My glance must have told her what was passing within me. Pshaw! [277] thought I, pay for the luxury --- pay for thy happiness, thy dissipation, the monopoly which thou exercisest. --- For the hapless wretch whom thy fastidious eye scorns to look upon, there is Bow-street, and Newgate, and its juries and judges, and the gallows; but thou who reposest on silk and lace, for thee are the scorpions of shame, and the world's sneer and contempt.

„ '*A protest!*' said the beautiful woman; 'Mr. Lomond, you cannot be so cruel --- so utterly --- Mr. Lomond!' ---

„Her words were interrupted by a rap at the door.

„'Not at present! not at present!' ejaculated she; 'I am engaged; I am not at leisure,' she added imperiously.

„'Caroline! I *must* see you,' said a manly voice.

„'Impossible my dear!' returned she in a softer, but still very positive tone.

„'You are not in earnest? Who is it whom you talk with?' and with these words the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman walked in. The lady cast a beseeching glance at me. I understood it. --- She was my slave. Ah! there was a time when I would have been fool enough, *not* to *protest.*

„'Who is this man?' asked the baronet, measuring me from head to foot.

„'My upholsterer, Mr. -----.' The brow of her ladyship began to darken. She hesitated --- she advanced.

„The baronet cast another glance at me, and then turned towards the window. The bill was still in my grasp, gaping most unmercifully at the beauty. At this direful sight she hurried towards me, and, with a broken whisper, pressed a diamond into my hand. 'Take it and go. --- Go, for heaven's sake!'

„I glanced at the jewel, slipped the bill between the fingers of her ladyship, and turned away.

„The diamond was worth full three hundred. When I descended I found two brilliant carriages for her ladyship; a couple of liveried loungers brushed their coats, a third stood gaping and laughing. Ah, look! said I to myself, what leads these people to my poor house; what brings the Duke and the Marquis, the Earl and the Viscount before my door in the shape of supplicants; what makes them loose hundreds of thousands, and brings women to betray their husbands, men their country

and themselves? They must live in style and extravagance! --- just as I was thus meditating, there arrived in his elegant tilbury, the young man who had transferred the bill to me.

„'Sir,' I said, as he alighted, 'here is one hundred of pounds. You will be so good as to deliver it into the hands of her ladyship, and you will at the same time be pleased to tell her, that I shall keep the diamond at her disposal until next Wednesday at two o'clock, should she be inclined to redeem the pledge.'

„The youth took the hundred pounds note, a sardonic smile playing over his countenance.

„'Ah! she has paid then, has she? All the better.' [278]

„This smile, these words, they said every thing. Her ladyship was already *perdita!*

„And now I passed to the mansion of his Grace of -----; half a dozen of god-laced servants marshalled my way, and I entered the *sanctuarium* of the Duke. Every thing sumptuous, but stern, like the possessor; yet dissipation was gleaming through.

„His Grace kept his seat, and presented me with a cheque on --- on ----- No, I cannot mention it! but the cheque --- . While his keen eye rested on me, I remained, to all appearance, cold and indifferent.

„'You understand me, Mr. Lomond? I shall perhaps want you soon again.' He put his finger on his lips. 'Can you be silent?'

„I knew where the wind blew from. I knew what had passed --- what was to come. The high and mighty heads across the channel have some interest in „the Question" at issue --- A great interest. They, too, club their share, and ----- ----- is the instrument. Part of it might surely go to the conveyancer to discharge some trifling debts of honour --- trifles of ten or twenty thousand.

„Mr. Lomond!" said I, in amazement ----

The man continued. --- „His Grace was in my power --- is still in my power, this cheque must bear interest for every hour. I am offered by the banker four thousand already. --- Do you understand now, young man, why I mused?"

My landlord paused, laid his green spectacles on the table, his ghastly countenance expanded, his reddish eyes hung with a chilling glare upon me. „Do you now understand my pleasures?" said he, with a rising voice --- the first time I had heard him raise his voice. „Do you reckon it nothing, to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the human heart, to read the crooked counsels of statesmen, to lay bare the most hidden folds of society, to have placed before one's eyes the life of the proudest-born, of the brave, the crafty, and the beautiful, in utter nakedness and in utter helplessness. These scenes, ever shifting, ever varying, in a thousand and a thousand ways; those hideous gamblings, those despairing joys and bootless ra-

vings, which lead to the scaffold, those hysteric laughs of despair, those frantic festivals of dissipation green and grey. Now a father, who cuts his throat because he can no longer endure the cries of his starving children; again, a woman who offers the very jewel for which she has bartered name and happiness. O, these actors! these inimitable actors! Here Garrick and Kean and Kemble might have studied; but their art is lost on me. Often, indeed, a love-stick girl, an old merchant, a starving worthy mechanic, or a mother who panted to conceal the scandal of a beloved child --- a noble lord on the brink of ruin --- often have they made my hair stand erect like the mane of a frightened horse; but now I can look at these scenes, I can, young man; nothing now deceives me; nothing will. I can pierce the heart through; and what do I want? I possess every thing. I may buy ministers and consciences; that is in my power. The fairest women are rushing upon their knees before me. Here, young man, here in this room," said the withered usurer, „here have paid me homage, beauties, to delineate whose charms would outstrips the artist's [279] skill. But I stand immoveable in my scorn, for I am past this frenzy; and I revenge myself on making who spurned and buffetted me while I was young and vigorous, but helpless and pennyless, and with no house to shelter, no friend to console me. I have tasted and am satiated. I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of this country, the arbiters of life --- for gold is life. Forty we are, bound together by the same ties, the same interests, though not the same motives. Once every week we assemble and compare notes, reveal the mysteries of finance, and of existence; no fortune, no condition escape our view. We hold the secrets of every family from the highest to the lowest. In our black book there are notes as terrible to man and woman as those in the book of judgement. Public credit and private happiness, the safety of the bank, and the stability of commerce, depend ten times in the year upon us. What is your secret police? It is we who analyse, who anatomise the world and its value. We love money; we love it, but we love power still more, and money is power. Yes, yes, it is ---

„Here," said the little grey man, pointing round his comfortless walls; „here, within these dingy naked walls; here the lofty hero, who has fought and won battles by dozens, becomes humble as the sinner, who is on the eve of being launched into eternity; here the most enraptured lover, whom a word from the lips of his divinity would drive mad, here he will beg with folded hands; here prays the merchant, who never acknowledge the name of his Creator; here she bends low --- low, before whom the stateliest noble would kiss the dust. Here the artist and mechanic, the farmer and the landlord, learn to unite in prayer. Here," added he, drawing his hand over his brow, „is the scale in which the destiny of thousands, of London itself, is balanced. Do you then believe that I have no rejoicing, no pleasure, no poetry, under this cold and shrivelled mask? that there beats no feeling under these blasted muscles?" He laid his hands on my shoulders, and rivetted his eye once more upon

me. „Yes, you shall hear more --- yes --- ” and so saying he turned and retreated to his bed-room.

I arose, and staggered towards the door almost stupified. I tottered down stairs. The little grey man had swollen up before me into a frightful monster. He had changed into a fantastic horrible being. He was the incarnate representative of the arch-demon. Existence, man, and beauty, looked hideous in my eyes; for all, all appeared subservient to his infernal power. [280]

Three Meetings on the King's High-way

By the Author of Scenes in Poland

„A N D a lovely and a delightful retreat it is, this *maison de Madame Beauclere*, not very far from the *Barriere*; in summer it is protected by cluster of limes, whose blossoms drop down on the marble tables before the house, and now (it was on the 21st December, 1830) you will find an elegant saloon, with two blazing fires, a comfort not to be frequently met with in Paris, you know;" --- said friend Scott, our pilot, as we were traversing the Boulevards.

And a fine place it was truly. We felt as happy as half a dozen of merry fellows will do, who have escaped the cursed *movement* of a Parisian mob, and find themselves snugly seated round an elegant French table, with *perdrix aux truffles* to greet an appetite sharpened by a previous passage of thirty days across the Atlantic, and half a dozen of Chambertin, *le plus fin du monde* to crown the feast.

We had been sitting about two hours. You know what six young men will do, while sojourning at Madame Beauclerc's. Your Lifeguards do not charge more steadily. The *garçon* had to scamper till his patience was nearly threadbare. Well, we were sitting, some of us already in a state of demi-consciousness; the Montmartre began to look revolutionary –- moving, –- quite moving –- the leafless limes commenced promenading before our eyes, when a rough voice exclaimed, „*de l'ordre, de l'ordre; on a toujurs assez de liberté, c'est de l'ordre, qu'il nous faut.*" We were startled. We jumped up as though the heroes of July were before the door. Scott alone kept his seat. The outcry came from a bewhiskered member of the National Guard, a sort of constitutional Janissary, hotly engaged in dispute with an elegant *Combattant* of *Les Trois Journées*, in tricoloured *cravatte*, tracing out for the benefit of his countrymen –- a constitution, indignantly protesting „*qu'on ait reculé devant l'idèe d'une nation assemblé; qu'on n'ait point fait révolutionairement une loi d'election, puis une nouvelle chambre, puis un*" - and so forth; to the evident *chagrin* of a young *Doctrinaire*, a member *du nouveau conseil d'etat*, who in short broken sentences, analysed, divided, and subdivided *la belle* France and her institutions almost into impalpability, strongly insisting on the necessity of peace, and on the quiescence of *les grandes puissances, la grande famille Europienne.* Close to this trio sat a Saint Simonist, from the *Rue Taitbout*, with a mo-

nastic countenance, and farther on a swarthy Congregationalist, who, for the sake of quiet, had twisted a tricoloured ribbon into his button-hole. The saloon had been half filling, unperceived by us, with all parties and denomination; with Buonapartists and Carlists, Guizotists and Republicans and Stationaires. The effects of Chambertin and Maçon began to become evident.

„Fudge, aristocratical fudge, I tell you!" said a voice behind us. [401]

I looked, and sow reflected in a mirror two integral parts of a *John Bull*, just addressing themselves to the preliminaries of a French dinner, by means of a *potage à la Julienne*; and at the farther end of the saloon, a solitary being, also evidently English-born, immersed in deep thought.

„Fudge, I tell you," repeated the man. „Society in Paris is ten times superior to that of your boasted London. Where will you find there statesman and the man of science, the nobleman and the artist, intermingling as they do here?"

„Just as I tell you," replied his partner in the *potage*; "as though they were not in their own country – mere sojourners – day boarders; all politeness and froth as on the first day of one's acquaintance. Your statesmen," added he, with a contemptuous look at the *Doctrinaire,* „and your twopenny noblemen ---"

„Are at least not so proud and overbearing as our aristocrats, who would have less in their caskets if their earnings depended upon themselves, and were not taken from the pockets of the people. And yet they will sneer at these very people, who have to toil hard for their pensions. - *Garçon, another potage!* - If things go on this rate, we shall soon have an Egyptian Caste system in due form."

„Let it be so," said the antagonist. „Every man to his business. Let the farmer stick to his farm, the mechanic to his trade, and the merchant to his accounts, and things won't go the worst for it. A man of talent will always have a chance, I warrant you, as our Copleys and Broughams have had."

„Yes, if they are your humble subservient creatures, and promise to be useful to the tribe; but shew me an independent man, a man of genius, who walks his own way, who breaks through the fetters which they have warped around us. Shew me one, but one. No, the *clique* will keep him down by all means, unless he accommodate himself to their views, that is, become an instrument for oppressing the rest. If Lord Byron has been the son of a plebeian, we should have had less talk about him and his poems. *Garçon!* I say, *Garçon!*"---

The young thoughtful solitary, afore-mentioned, started up, looked round, and cast a long glance at the speaker, but sank again with a heavy motion into his former musing attitude ---

„And the less the better. The fellow had spoiled more boys and girls than any man in England. Better he had never been born."

„And who spoiled him? Why the aristocracy, the very men and women who spoil all our children – every one around us. It is their cupidity – their luxury, which considers all things are their own – their pride, which sneers down the shopkeepers, the citizen. – Nothing degrades and ruins more than contempt. The man who first uttered the word shopkeeper in scorn, ought to have been kicked out of England. – Let us alone with them –"

The solitary youth had during the latter part of the conversation become extremely impatient, the perspiration stood on his forehead, he looked around, emptied his tumbler, and rising with a sudden effort, stepped towards the last speaker. [402]

„And are you saying, Sir, that the son of a shopkeeper cannot rise above his condition in our country?" muttered he, as if afraid of being overheard.

„Rise --- O yes --- to the gallows!" said the other, with a laugh. The inquirer shook visibly, but recollecting himself, turned away and left the saloon.

We had become attentive, and looked with some anxiety after him. In a few minutes he returned. He was apparently not more than twenty years of age, very handsome, with a fine cut countenance; a brownish hue round his eye, however, seemed to betray some recent illness or dissipation. He was fashionably dressed, but there sat on his countenance a cloud of disappointment, seldom to be met with on so juvenile a face. He had no sooner paid for his wine than he retired. We followed soon after. When arrived at the Boulevard Italien, we alighted. At this moment the youth came running past us, and darted right into Frescati's.

„That young man," said Scott, „is going to ruin himself. It is almost a pity. Let us look after him." On entering the saloon we beheld him standing before the table, muttering with voice almost choked, „fifty sovereigns." We had not come up yet, when the *banquier* turned the card --- the young man had lost. His eyes rolled in their orbits, wild, and uncertain. Before we could speak to him he threw his purse on the table. The *banquier* raised the card --- the youth had lost again. Once more he cast a glance at the gold and the bank notes, and then, with a hollow moan, hurried out of the saloon.

* * * * * *

Upwards of four months had elapsed. I had forgotten the house of Madame Beauclere and its noisy inmates, when, one evening, as I entered Cornhill, I felt myself suddenly arrested by a man, who came running against me from one of the lanes which lead into that street.

„One sovereign, only one sovereign --- half a sovereign --- five shillings --- for heaven's sake! five shillings --- five shillings Sir!"

„What's the matter?" said I, endeavouring to disengage myself from his hold, for he had seized both my hands with a convulsive grasp.

„Five shillings, Sir --- she is dying!"

„Who?"

„My wife, my poor wife"

There was in the tone of the petitioner something so uncommon, his voice so heart-rending, the manner so wholly different from the tribe of common beggars, that I for some time paused, uncertain whether to dismiss him, or to give him over to the hands of the police. Stepping towards a lamp, I looked into his face --- it was the gambler at Frescati's! With an involuntary shudder, I took a sovereign from my pocket, and before I was aware, it was in his hand. He darted away, as if haunted by the furies.

About three weeks afterwards, I passed with some newly-arrived friends through St. James's Park, on our way to Westminster. A party of recruits were drilling to the right of our road; they were about ten in number, all of them extremely awkward, and evidently fretting the [403] temper of a veteran sergeant, with the exception of one, whose handsome form and interesting countenance struck us not a little. We approached nearer, it was the gambler of Frescati's, he recognized me, and blushed. His repeated blunders shewed extreme embarrassment. At last, the men got a moment's respite; stepping out of the rank he spoke to the veteran a few words, and then came up to me. „Sir!" said he, with a slight military salutation, „I am the person whom you assisted with a sovereign; will you be so good as to give me your address?" I gave it to him, and he stepped again into the rank, and we went on.

I was dressing next morning, when my servant entered with my card in her hand, announcing two soldiers, of whom one desired to see me. I bid her show him up. The recruit of yesterday entered. He looked pale, almost ghastly, but his handsome countenance was advantageously set off by his neat trim white jacket.

„Have you an hour's time to spare, Sir?" said he, putting a sovereign on the table.

„Certainly," replied I, returning the piece.

„Well, then, you will not refuse giving it to a wretch who presumes on your sympathy, whom you have seen twice, and whom you now behold for the last time --- I hope it will be, in this condition of life!"

I bade him be seated; he took a chair, and after a pause began.

„I am the son of a respectable tradesman, who kept a shop in E-----.

Of two sons I was the favourite of my mother, *owing to my elevated mind and lofty notions*, as she said. --- Oh, for these lofty notions! but let me proceed. She insisted on my receiving a better education than my brother; accordingly, I was sent to E----- school, the school of my native town. This, you know, is resorted to chiefly by the sons of our patricians, and woe to the plebeian who presumes to intrude himself upon them; if not killed or lamed, he is poisoned in mind, by the utter contempt with which the worst aristocratical blockhead fancies himself entitled to treat him. I experienced this treatment in its fullest measure; in so full a measure, that, exasperated at the indignities I had almost every day to suffer, I revenged myself on two of my most rancorous and persevering enemies. For this act of retaliation I was excluded, and sent home to my father's shop, the most discontented being in the world. I had returned from the school with Virgil and Homer in my head; I had now to weigh coffee and soap, tea and candles. I had conversed with the sons of noblemen; I had now to handle molasses and lamp oil. I had even aspired in my visions to a peerage, and saw myself condemned to the most abject drudgery. I felt very unhappy. A circumstance occurred which rendered my situation loathsome to me. One evening, as I was standing before the door of my father's shop, the trotting of horses awakened me from my meditations. Arthur S-----, my school-fellow, just returned from Oxford, came riding up with his sister and a couple of friends, from the lane, towards our house; he whispered a few words to his sister, and then rode towards me. [404] I seized his outstretched hand; my eye, however, rested on Miss Amelia S-----, his sister, hers again on me, and with an expression which almost thrilled me through. There was something indefinable in her look as it hung on me, and then wandered to the shop, almost in disgust. 'A pretty shopkeeper' --- whispered she, --- 'what a pity!' The *cortége* of the fair Amelia laughed, and galloped off, leaving a venomous sting in my heart. From that day forward, my father's trade became odious to me. Not far from our house lived Maria, the only daughter of a retired tradesman of considerable fortune. She resembled Amelia, the proud Amelia, the idol of my heart; her I approached. I was not rejected by her parents, but no sooner had her father become aware that I wrote poetry, and abhorred my parental trade, than he shut his door upon me. Our sufferings began; Maria was beautiful, one year my junior, but inexperienced, like myself. She loved me, she delighted in my verses. 'Byron has gained thousands by one single poem, --- why should not you, George?' The words opened a new sphere; to gain thousands for Maria --- what happiness! We saw each other, secretly, every night; the furtive interviews added new zest to our love.

„My father began to be tired of my vagaries; he desired me to enter seriously into business, and proposed to send me to London, to a relation of my mother. I was to set out the next morning, with a sum of five hundred pounds, to settle some accounts for him. There was an indistinct feeling within me, as I heard these orders, succeeded by a horrible thought. As I paced up and down before my house, medi-

tating on the purport of my father's command. Maria came out other door, beckoning to me. 'George, I shall see you for the last time; papa intends sending me to uncle, after to-morrow, to stay with him.'

„The tidings affected me terribly. 'Our fathers conspire against us, we must prevent it. Maria! Do you love me --- will you?' --- A kiss was her answer. I took, next morning, the money for the setting of my father's bills, left the town in the stage coach for O-----, stayed there till evening, and returned to fetch Maria. My father had once suffered severely by one of our country banks; he was an enemy to all bank bills, and had given me the five hundred pounds in gold. An elopement in our neighbourhood, fully detailed in the newspapers, shewed me the means of doing the same. We fled towards the borders of Scotland, were united, and then went to London. When we alighted from the stage coach, we stood lone and forlorn amidst the gaping multitude; our appearance seemed to excite curiosity; the people looked and shook their heads; the waiter of the inn, before which the stage coach halted, lifted our trunk, and made signs; we hurried into the house in utter confusion. I had left the greater part of my wardrobe at home; Maria had fled almost as she stood. The looks and the jibes of the people told us what we required. We resolved to commence purchasing the following day, to make a more respectable appearance; we did so, and continued during two successive days. The five hundred pounds had melted down to four hundred. As we looked over the goods spread out on the table, Maria, on untying a [405] parcel of silk stuffs, cast a glance at the paper, in which they were enveloped; she lost her colour, I snatched the paper from her hand, it contained the account of our flight, and a description of our person. We tasted no food that whole day, thrust our dearly-purchased goods into two trunks, and set off for Paris to escape our pursuers. France, I had read, was the country for cheap living. We had still near four hundred pounds, a sum equal to ten thousand francs. Many families, I had heard, lived there on the interest of that sum. Alas! the cheap living of France! At Calais all our purchases were seized examined, and taxed. We had to pay nearly fifty pounds for importing them. Commissaries, waiters, barmaids, *garcons*, *gens d'armes*, every one combined to defraud *les Anglais*. Unfortunately neither Maria nor I could speak a word of French. We hastened to Paris under the most gloomy anticipations. How shall I describe to you our comfortless situation in that city, among hundreds of thousands, all of them utter strangers to us? Every step was expensive, our stock of sovereigns melted away fearfully fast. You have seen me at the *restaurateur's*; we were then about three months at Paris. I had left our lodgings to seek peace of mind. Alas! my own countrymen opened a fearful view before my eyes. In my cruel disappointment, I caught the desperate thought to retrieve our sunken fortune by gambling --- I lost a hundred and fifty pounds. Our property had melted down to one hundred and twenty. Maria, on hearing the tidings, almost lost her senses. 'Let us start for England,' she cried in despair, 'perhaps our fathers will forgive us.' The next

morning we set out; in three days we were in London; and now for a settled plan! Hotels were to expensive, boarding-houses I shunned, we therefore took apartments; I wrote to our parents, and then set about writing poetry. My sanguine hopes had received a fearful shock, but I had gathered experience. I longed to write, but what? I could not even think for some time. Images and forms flitted before my fancy; I wanted leisure to bring them into order --- into shape. After the lapse of two months I had composed twenty sheets; I gave it a title, 'Agathon --- the Spirit of the Age.' 'Never mind!' said Maria, looking confidently up to me, 'Think of seventeen hundred pounds.' She thought on the Bride of Abydos.

„I gathered the sheets together, tied them round with silk-tape, and proceeded with a lofty consciousness towards ----- Street, where the patron of genius, I was told, resided.

„'Mr. H----- at home?'

„'Your name, Sir?' demanded the clerk.

„'I gave it.

„'Mr. H----- is not at home,' returned he, scarcely condescending to cast a glance from behind his desk.

„'I desire to speak to him on a matter of importance.' It wanted another doubtful, scrutinizing look, and then a nod from a second clerk, before the man was pleased to proceed into the next room and to announce me. Mr H----- was now at home, and I was ushered into the great patron's presence. This a patron! No --- the very sight of him closed my mouth --- I handed him silently the sheets. [406]

„'Your business Sir?' stammered he.

„'I wish to publish this work;' said I. With a slight occasional twinkle of the eye, he returned a 'Shall see --- Will you leave your address?'

„I wrote it down.

„He cast a glance at the paper; 'Lancaster Street,' sneered he --- 'Shall write ---' and turning his back, I was dismissed.

„Truly our aristocrats are not the worst people --- thought I.

„I waited one week --- two weeks --- three weeks --- a whole month. No answer yet. My funds were exhausted; I went to the eminent personage.

„'Mr H----- was again not at home.'

„ I must see him.'

„'Your name?' --- These people have so short a memory.

„I gave it.

„'Ah,' said the man, with a sarcastic smile, 'There is something for you.'

„I looked at the parcel. --- It was my work. My expectation, my hope, my Maria's pride! I hastened out of the room --- Poor Maria she did not utter a word. Our last sovereign was gone. A full day elapsed, before I could look again on 'Agathon,' but our wants became pressing. I proposed trying another publisher; Maria nodded encouragingly. I ran to ----- Street. Again my work was accepted with a gracious condescending air, and again I had to wait a full fortnight. Our landlord came with his bills; our tradespeople with theirs. The former announced to us, that our apartments were bespoke by a *respectable lady*. We had to move, but where? I was in debt three pounds in our pockets. For the first time in our life we had to resort to the degrading means of bartering with the scum of mankind. The sale of our best furniture was scarcely sufficient to pay our bills; what we had purchased for sovereigns, went away for shillings. My Maria's spirits began to flag. I loved her so dearly. I had torn her from a beloved and loving father --- from affluence. Without credit, without hopes, with a broken-down spirit, there we stood. Oh my cursed loftiness! We removed to a distant, a still more obscure quarter. Twenty times I had approached the arbiter of our destiny; twenty times I had retreated, afraid of having a second disappointment. At least I could abstain no longer. I entered the second great man's house.

„'Your work is not bad, quite good --- it is indeed. But have you no friend --- no person --- You understand me?'

„'I beg your pardon, Sir, I do not.'

„'No man of eminence; no patron?'

I reddened.

„'We are sorry; but advertising is so very expensive; the risk, so very great with beginners. We must decline. Perhaps Mr U-----. in ----- Street ---'

„I took up my poor 'Agathon,' and, without uttering a syllable, ran up into ---- Street. [407]

„'Is Mr. U----- at home?'

„'Yes, Sir.'

„Mr. U. glanced at me from a couple of grey eyes, then at my parcel; weighed it in his hand, shrugged his shoulders, and desired me to leave it. 'But stop,' said he, 'As to buying, I must tell you dear Sir! you have not an idea how scarce money is in these times. Books are a mere luxury, a mere luxury, I assure you, Sir. People won't take unless some great author's name. But let me see. You could obtain something like a preface --- something like a recommendation --- like a passport, you know. I could give you a few lines of introduction to a friend of Mr. A-----. Perhaps he might be so far prevailed upon as just to glance over a couple of pages. A little management, Sir, you know ---'

„I stood upon coals, while the little rubicund-nosed man wrote, on a scrap of foolscap paper, my introduction to the great author's friend. I ran with it, not to lose a moment. The friend of the great man received me, read the note of the bookseller, dropped it gently upon the table, condescended to lay my parcel at the side of it, and said he would consider of it, and return an answer to Mr. U-----; and then turning round, he took up a morning paper, a sign that I was dismissed. When I entered my lodging, my landlady held her bill towards me. My wife's countenance had told our tale but to well. She muttered something about respectability, and hinted that we might as well look out for other lodgings. For a second time we had to barter away what remained. Maria sank almost under the disgrace. Another week elapsed, when I ventured to see my last hope, the bookseller, U-----, in -----Street. He received me with a dry frozen mien. 'Your work is good --- very good; a fine satirical vein; but I am afraid it will not suit our times. Mr. N-----, would be the man; or Mr. O ----- might be induced, or R-----, or S-----. I wish you success Mr. ----. But leave me your address."

„There I stood, as if a thunderbolt had fallen before me. 'Try at N.,' muttered I, 'at L., at R., at S. --- Good success!' How I found my way home I do not yet know. When I entered my lodgings, Maria came weeping, in her hand a letter. I ran towards her and seized the letter. It was the same I had written to our parents. It had been returned unopened. Our misfortune was at his height. To complete the horrors of our situation, my wife --- my pregnant wife --- fell sick!

„My spirit began to fail. Utter darkness before me, I gave myself up as lost. One morning as I was sitting in my cold comfortless room, at the bedside of Maria, footsteps came up stairs. A rap at the door was heard. I sprang up and opened it. A person entered, who announced himself as a bookseller, Z-----. 'My friend Mr. U---- has told me that you write poetry,' said he, blowing himself, and casting a glance around. 'Ah, cursedly high! very high, indeed! One might as well mount a ladder. Ah! genius, genius! it will soar.'

„'Sir,' said I, ' I beg your pardon; but you're jesting.'

„'Pardon, dear Sir! No jest ---earnest. Mr. U-----spoke highly of you.' [408]

„'Why does he not publish, then?' said I, with bitterness.

„'Ah, dear, that's the times, Sir, times. Dear me, I wish, with all my heart I could do something; but the name, Sir, the name, you know.'

„'How can I have a name if every one refuses?'

„'Ah, the very thing; the very thing, dear Sir. Something might be done. Half profile, you know. It comes slowly, slowly: but it will come some time. But could not you let me have a few sketches? Have you never travelled on the continent?'

„'In France.'

„'Ay, France; perhaps it might do. But then we have such a number of publication about France. Why, perhaps, something historical, you know.' ---

'I should like with all my heart ---'

'Yes, yes, all beginnings are difficult; but we must try. You are wrong, wrong indeed, with your talents --- you should --- Now a tragedy, a drama. What do you say to that? But that's not the thing. --- Now look.'

He assumed a mysterious appearance.

'That Reform question, that cursed Reform question. The Tories, you know --- don't you understand me --- the Tories? Well --- the Tories. We might do something; but it ought to be done cleverly. I want something striking --- quite striking; something that will produce effect. A satire --- a bitter satire --- against Ministers --- The Tories want to get in you know --- Ministers --- Gascoigne's amendment --- minority --- defeat of the Bill --- House of Lords --- the grim stern soldier. Now you understand me. I could publish ten or twenty thousand copies --- would make you known. Would pay you twenty pounds. A satire against Ministers, that's the very thing; but it must be particularly good, and not too long. Ministers will go out, rely on it --- they must. Let us see --- When can I have it. After to-morrow can I?

„'Well, after to-morrow, then,' said I.

„Mr. Z------ left me. I thought on his proposal. A satire against Ministers, against the very men who had stepped forward to vindicate the rights of their oppressed countrymen. It went to my heart; but Maria, lingering, dying for want of every thing --- our room cold, comfortless; Heaven forgive me! I could not act otherwise. I went about and began writing. I sat up all night --- the whole of next day, and finished when the bell tolled midnight. The next morning I embraced Maria, read her the effusions of my brain. Never had pen written down a more bitter satire --- never spoken in more cutting language. I dressed, and was on the point of leaving my room, when two raps at the house door announced the postman. A letter; I opened it. It was from Mr. Z-----. I glanced at its contents, and it dropped from my hands on the bed. I sank almost senseless into the chair. Maria read it with a dying voice.

„'I am sorry to have caused probably some trouble to you, but I hope you have not yet commenced writing. I hasten to inform you that our speculation has proved abortive --- quite so. The King dissolved [409] parliament; Ministers stand firmer than ever; but what worse, the nation is stark mad about the Reform Bill. Nobody would buy our satire, and we might run a chance of having our windows and heads broken. It would not do --- besides, it would not be patriotic. Perhaps you could contrive something against boroughmongers. I could not engage, you know --- not promise, I mean; but we might arrange. Let me see something from you. Your very obedient humble servant.'

„The note proved a death-stroke to my poor Maria. She was delivered prematurely of a child, and gave way under the repeated blows of our misfortunes. She is gone, poor Maria is gone!

The soldier wiped a tear from his eyes.

„I accepted of the King's bounty --- enlisted. I buried my wife with the purchase-money of my body, and an now expiating my offences --- my high aspirations!" He murmured a few more indistinct words, and then retired.

I sat musing on his story, when my little grey landlord entered.

„Ah! Mr. M-----," said he, „become a confidant too?"

„Have you heard, Mr. Lomond?"

„Part, at least."

„What do you say? Is it not a pity? A very handsome youth I assure you."

„Let him go to the drill. A man whose spirit is broken down by such trifles, will never stand alone. Highfliers, yes! Highfliers they would be, with plenty of money in their pockets, and would play over the very same game of pride, luxury, and contempt, of which they complain themselves. He who, bowed down by misfortune, has not internal force to rise again, deserves the lash, ay, should it even be from the hand of the drummer --- No, let him go and be drilled into an automaton."

Borelli and Menotti*

By the Author of „Scenes in Poland"

„Nineteen --- twenty --- twenty-one," muttered old Pietro, stretching his grey head out of the window, as he listened to the thunder of cannon, which echoed majestically through the valley, reverberating from the opposite cliffs of Santa Maria.

„That's a salute," continued the old man. „What it will bring Heaven only knows! Should it be that we are fortunate --- ," he muttered, drawing in his breath, like one afraid of being overheard, and looking anxiously around, and then into the distance, from which at intervals swelled a distracted clamour. --- The cause of the noise seemed rapidly approaching.

„Protect us, Jesus, Maria, and Joseph, and all the blessed army of saints!" said Bettina, the wife of old Pietro; „All the people of Reggio are in the park, men, women, and children. I saw Memmo and Giuseppe whetting their daggers behind the cascade --- "

The old man turned with a vacant stare towards the speaker, who went on.

„And I asked them what they wanted, and they said 'that our time is out, and that the Duke is come.'"

„Save us from evil!" said the old man, signing himself with the cross, and turning towards a folding-door, which he opened, and passed through.

„ --- And she still reposes, unconscious of what is going on around us, and before us, and we are utterly powerless! Alas! my limbs, how feeble they are! I can scarcely move."

Pietro faltered towards a bed, and opening the curtains, looked wistfully on a female who lay upon it, whether slumbering or dead it would at first sight have been difficult to tell.

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* The fate of these high-minded men was truly deplorable. --- Encouraged to raise the Standard of independence by the assurance of French assistance, they were basely left to the Austrians and the scaffold. --- Must Italy be for over in bondage to the „Carinthian boor ?"

Her form was of exquisite and of the truly Roman cast. Whiter than the sheet around her, she lay like a marble statue of antique workmanship. She seemed a vision, without breath or motion. Only at long intervals of respiration her pale lips opened slightly and tremulously, but with as little of vitality or volition as leaves by the wind.

„So she has continued for the last seven nights!" said Bettina, bending anxiously over the bed. [608]

„We must not disturb her," said Pietro in a whisper, drawing his wife back.

The sounds, at first faint and distant, and only perceptible from the echo which had returned them, like the rushing and roaring of mighty waters, assumed gradually a more distinct character. Wild tumultuous shouts ever and anon swelled nearer and nearer. The lovely sleeper opened her lips, murmured some inarticulate syllables, and closed them again. The noise increased, the cries, „Long live the Duke! --- Religion! The Pope!" were repeatedly heard. On a sudden a discharge of musketry shook the whole windows and building, and the gates of the villa were burst asunder. Pietro, who had been standing unconscious of every thing, his eye bent on his mistress, now hurried out of the room. He was not gone long, when a shrill cry arose from below. The slumbering form shuddered slightly, again opened her lips, and faultering „*Dio!*" relapsed into a state of suspended energy. The confusion had, in the meanwhile, spread all over the villa, above and beneath, and in the adjoining room. An occasional crash was heard, which made the fabric rock to its foundation.

„They show their valour on our furniture," said Pietro, who re-entered the room, his bloody head tied up with a handkerchief.

„These miserable men, who have run away before the *Tedeschi*, are breaking chairs, and tables, and sofas, and bottles, and casks. They are in the cellars, in the buttery, in the library --- Matteo and Filippo are their head."

While he was speaking, the door was dashed open, and two men entered, dressed in the uniform of the Ducal police, followed by ten soldiers, all armed with muskets and swords, their hats decorated with broad yellow and black cockades.

The chief of the party paused for a moment on beholding the lady on the bed, then elevating his head with an authoritative mien, he traversed the apartment and began to scrutinize its contents. All at once his attention was fixed by a portrait which hung over the fair sleeper; his eyes were filled with fury, and brandishing his sword he thrust it through the painting, and brought it to the ground.

„Ah!" whispered one of the men, „how valiant Filippo is!"

„*Abiano te trovati!*" exclaimed the furious Italian, „*te trovato finalmente? Volevo essere un're et dar' lege alla sua Altezza Imperèale*" --- so saying, he cut the painting and frame into fragments. „*Ma lui sta qui sono sicuro que sta qui; deve essere in questa stanza!*"

and leaping forwards, he, with a single jerk, flung aside the sheet which mantled the pallid wife of Borelli, and exposed her to the gaze of his companions.

The men had been standing in deep silence; a couple of them now sprang forward, and replacing the sheet, drew the officer from the bed; their attention was attracted by a slight movement of the lady --- a protracted shivering crept over her frame; her teeth chattered; she stretched forth her hands, as if to withdraw somebody from the grasp of an enemy; she struggled with all her might --- „*No,*" she cried, „*No, barbarians, you shall not have him!*" and with a fearful shrick she added, „*All in vain! All in vain! --- They have him! They have him!*" --- Convulsion seized her, and again she sank into a lethargy.

* * * * * *

It was on the 10th of April, 1831, two days after the scene just described, when from the road which winds through the dreary flat that spreads from the vine-covered hills of Reggio towards Modena, two carriages were seen entering the city gate, surrounded by a detachment of Austrian cuirassiers, an immense multitude flocking at the same time from all sides. Ducal dragons, in their primitive uniforms, just recovered from the pawnbrokers; mendicants, half naked, with black and yellow ribbons round their necks; women and children in a similar *dishabille*, and with the same decorations, in honour of their Austrian deliverers, intermingled with robbers, monks, and Ducal soldiers, were pressing with furious execrations towards the carriages. These carriages contained [609] Borelli and Menotti, the two leaders of the popular party of Modena, who had at length come within the grasp of sovereign vengeance. The news had been brought by an express to Reggio, and the people had been called upon to testify their loyalty, and to deliver his Imperial Highness from the Jacobins. The loyal subjects had assembled in consequence, and they were not a little disappointed when they found the object of their hatred in the hands of the Austrians. To the right, towards the St. Maria gate, a trop of cuirassiers were trotting up and down to keep off the crowd, which, recoiling under shouts of „Live the Duke!" advanced again, shouting „The Austrians!" Some Modenese *employées* more daring then the rest, climbed up the arcades and windows, to throw stones and all sorts of missiles at the carriage, and those who protected them; while from the opposite quarter, the peasants came in crowds, with their priests riding on mules, and waving exultingly their broad -flapped hats. The carriage was approaching towards the Ducal palace, from which Francis the IVth had fled six weeks before, and where his life was saved by the firmness of Borelli, from the infuriated mob, that now demanded the blood of their late idol. The balconies and windows were filled with the creatures of the Duke; the cries of „Death to the Jacobins!" waxed louder and louder, and the same populace, who a fortnight before, a squadron of *Tedeschi* would have chased the whole length of the Peninsula,

now pressed forward upon the cuirassiers, regardless of blows and swords, to satisfy their vengeance --- Italian vengeance.

They had succeeded in stopping the carriages. „Death to the traitors!" shouted the monks. One of the most ferocious-looking of the mob sprang upon the coach-step, and holding fast by the left hand, aimed with the right a thrust through the window. At the moment, the sword-hilt of a cuirassier descended on his neck, and knocked him down so effectually, that carriage and riders passed over his loyal corpse. The cavalcade neared the bastions of the citadel, the gates of which were guarded by a numerous detachment of Polish lancers. The sight of blood had stimulated the Italians, and again they pressed upon the escort; but the Poles wheeled forward, the carriage rolled into the arch-way, and the subjects of his Imperial Highness, men, women, monks, and robbers, tumbled over each other in angry confusion. The gates closed, the vehicle moved a few step farther into the open court-yard, and there halted. The two prisoners descended; a deep melancholy sat upon the face of the first. It was Borelli --- the ardent, the enthusiastic Borelli. His companion evinced more resignation: he caught his faultering fellow-sufferer by the arm, and led him through the gloomy passage into the subterranean chamber of the prison. A slight smile passed across Menotti's lips when the rusty wings of the heavy iron door unfolded. „Ah!" he said, „they are afraid of our escaping. Alas! what a worthless thing is life after what we have just witnessed!"

There was no chair --- no table --- no bed in the room; Ducal littleness thought it necessary to shew its cruelty even there. Borelli reeled into the arms of his friend, and then with the words, „*O Luigia!---Luigia!* --- dropped on the damped chill stone floor.

* * * * * *

At the hour of the promenade, the arcades of the main street of Modena were deserted. Save in the quarter of the populace, the city seemed to be uninhabited; no sound was to be heard --- no serenade of the gay lover --- nothing except the trotting of the cuirassiers and lancers, who rode up and down the *Strada Ducale* with a motion as regular as the piston of a steam-engine. Before the ducal palace stood Baron Geppert, the Austrian General, surrounded by his staff and a bevy of officers, damning, in good German, the French and the insurgents. At length he bowed, and the crowd dispersed as the cavalry trotted through the different streets towards their quarters. The clatter of horse-hoofs gradually died away, and nothing was audible save the „*Wer da*" of the guards, as they called through the night upon the solitary passenger.

* * * * * * [610]

It was in the evening of the next day, when Count Morovsky, Captain in a regiment of lancers of his Austrian Majesty, entered the room of his friend Baron O'Donnel, a Captain in the same corps. The Baron was so fortunate as to have his quarters assigned in the palace of the Most Illustrious the Contessa -----. He sat before a looking-glass, while his servant arranged the fine curls that clustered around his forehead.

„*Ma foi*, Charles!" exclaimed the Baron --- his countenance flushed as if he had been in pursuit of a troop of Independents --- "*ma foi!* she loves me even more than I was aware of! By Jove! What a delightful creature! She herself bandaged this scratch on my left arm. Oh, these tears! --- these dejected features! --- these sights!"

„You have heard the order of the day?" said the Count. „No trifling with women --- "

„Pshaw! away with your order! The old grey-beard would turn us into Maltese knights. --- Here we are watching and guarding, and what? men who are not worth guarding, and who will run as fast as tailors, and women who are worthy of the noblest men. Besides, you know, she is the sister of the confidant and favourite of the Duke. I would barter all the *frauleins* of Germany for this widow: no coquetry --- no grimaces. Let her once answer yes, and you know your ground. And then, rich as a daughter in Israel --- beautiful as an angel, or an Englishwomen, and fervid, impetuous, like a daughter of her own impassioned country. One condition alone she demands, to be mine --- mine for ever, --- and adieu service. But hist! I hear a carriage --- her uncle is driving out this very hour."

„Probably to have some poor rogue of an Independent made quietly away with. The Duke, I understand, named him a member of the Secret Military Commission."

„The better --- the better --- let this country be a little cleansed of the *canaille*, and it will not look the worse for it."

The speaker was interrupted by a slight tap at the door.

„What now?" whispered the Count, „I'll step behind the alcove."

„No --- no;" said the Baron, but his friend was already concealed: no sooner had he gained his retreat, than a female entered --- it was the proud and noble Contessa -----, the fair and youthful widow. She had been weeping --- a tear still glittered on her eyelids --- she glided towards the Baron. She was a voluptuous figure, with a neck and shoulder of ivory.

„O' Donnel!" she said with a voice of music, „O' Donnel you shall hear the condition;" she paused, „Life of my soul! you must kill my uncle!"

The Captain stared, „Kill your uncle?"

„The sole condition," said the dazzling woman.

„Kill your uncle, with my sword?"

„Ay, or with your poinard --- this poinard."

She unwrapped a paper and exhibited a sharp roman dagger.

„This is the condition --- fulfil it and I am thine."

She fixed her hurried glance on him --- she grasped his hand --- she led him to a sofa --- her mouth hung over him, as if the quicker to catch his utterance, but her lover passively ejaculated „Kill her uncle!"

„Kill your uncle?" said the Count, drawing the curtains of the alcove, and stepping towards the beauty --- "Why kill him?"

The bright-eyed Italian seemed no ways discontented; bounding from the sofa, she playfully aimed the dagger at the breast of the officer, who stood quite calm.

„Ah! you are my man," and she burst into a laugh. „If Signor O' Donnel will not accept my condition, you will --- will you not?"

„I kill your uncle, Contessa! You are a merry."

„No, no," said she, throwing herself on the sofa, „No, no --- kill him --- deliver me from him, or he will" --- she paused.

„And is there no other means?" demanded O' Donnel. [611]

„Ah!" exclaimed the Contessa, after a moment's musing, „I have it --- Count, you are mounting guard to-night?"

The Count replied in the affirmative --- „But how know this?" said he, shaking his head distrustingly.

„Will you exchange with the Baron?"

The two officers looked at each other in surprise.

„Will you?" demanded the Contessa, stepping before them, and surveying them with the fiery glance of a love-glowing Italian.

„I will," replied O' Donnel.

„And you must!" said the Contessa, seizing his hand, and urging him to make arrangements for the change.

He departed silent and thoughtful. Something mysterious was going on, --- something which might secure him a place for life in Mohacz, or some other fortress, but he had given his word of honour, and he went. After he had announced the exchange at the station, he dined at the *Trattoria della Villa*, and then retired to his lodgings in anxious expectation of what was to ensue.

He had opened the smaller wicket in the massive gate, and ascended the marble staircase, when a hollow bass voice resounded from the long corridor, answered by soft feminine accents. The officer listened. It was the voice of his landlord, the Cavaliere S-----, in earnest supplication. Saint after saint was invoked in succession. The officer listened in breathless suspense. The old Italian, after the litany was finished, ran over the service for the souls of the dead and the dying, and then over a funeral prayer for Menotti and Borelli. He recited the virtues of the unfortunate citizens, their devotion to the Holy Virgin, their humanity towards the serviles --- towards the Duke himself.

„And will they be sacrificed?" cried a female in a heart-broken tone, in the midst of the Cavaliere's prayer.

„Our Lord did no harm --- no harm to mortal, he benefitted and blessed a sinful race, yet was he crucified!" responded another female.

„May the Almighty dispense mercy to the noble Borelli!" said the aged Cavaliere, arising from his knees and quitting the corridor.

During his devotions his suspicion had been awakened by the footsteps of the Captain, no sooner had he discovered the listener, than retreating, he exclaimed, „I shall follow Borelli --- We are overheard."

„Be calm! " said the officer, „Be calm, Signor, I shall not betray you, but take care for the future."

„Oh! he will not betray us," whispered Rosalia, the eldest daughter of the Cavaliere, a captivating girl of eighteen. „He will not betray us. Will you, sweet stranger? --- Oh you will not!"

The Count stood gazing at the blooming girl who hung by his side. Her father, mother, and younger sister had left the room. Before he was aware of it he was seated by Rosalia.

„You are silent, Signor!" said she, blushing, and looking upwards with an expression so pious --- so confidently pure.

„And you have not mounted guard?" said she, after a pause.

„No Signora! your friend O' Donnel has had the kindness."

„O' Donnel! O' Donnel," said the girl, and her countenance lighted up, and a smile of exultation flashed across her countenance. „O' Donnel! and the Contessa ---- has permitted him to go? Oh she does not know how to love!"

She hesitated.

„But how do you know Signora that O' Donnel stays at the palace of the Contessa?" said the officer, releasing himself from her arm.

She hesitated again, and clasped his hands.

„O, you will not bring him to the scaffold! --- O no, you will not!" She turned to him imploringly.

„Whom mean you?"

„Borelli!" [612]

„Borelli!" said the Cavaliere, returning and uniting the hands of his daughter and the Count. „Signor," said the old man, „she is the eldest of my children; she has two villas, this house, and a fair dower. Count, she is yours! --- Will you save Borelli and Menotti?"

„Save Borelli and Menotti? Why, I thought you hated both, and detested the patriots."

„I hated them so long as I did not know you; but now, Signor, I confide in your honour --- Save them!"

„Save them? how can I? You know that I am under military oath --- that strict obedience is our point of honour."

„Sleep then, and we will save them; and still she shall be yours!"

The arm of the beautiful Rosalia was wreathed so tenderly round his neck --- her eyes rested so beseechingly on his --- her entreaties sounded so seducingly --- Heaven knows what he might have engaged in, in spite of Metternich and the fortress of Laybach and Lugano, and Mohacz and Brunn. At the instant, however, when love and acquiescence were hovering on his lips, the beat of the drums was heard, succeeded by frequent blasts of the trumpet and the roar of a cannon, startling the sleeping city, and scattering the glass panes of the Cavaliere all over the room.

The Captain sprang up.

„What is that?" exclaimed the agitated Cavaliere. „If Borelli and Menotti be not at liberty by this time," said the officer, seizing his sword and cap, „then they will be hanged indeed!" With these words he hastened out of the room and down stairs towards the citadel.

The whole city was in an uproar. The drums rolled with increasing vehemence, squadrons galloped from every quarter, to the place of rendezvous. The rumour went, that an attempt had been made on the eastern side of the citadel, by a strong body of disguised Patriots, under the protection of a cavalry officer, by whose orders the Conte ------ had been seized, while on his return to his palace, and carried to the guard-house. There he had been deprived of his dress and his insignia, and the conspirators, disguised as Ducal dragons, had obtained access to the interior of the citadel; they had succeeded in liberating the prisoners, and conducting them through two piquets, when they were arrested and discovered by a third.

Rumour spoke too truly, the two officers had sacrificed themselves without benefitting the captives. It had been discovered, also, that many of the young cavalry felt too much sympathy for the rebel subjects of his Imperial Highness, and, consequently, the next day the whole body of lancers and cuirassiers was marched out of the city, and the garrison duty entrusted to the infantry.

Alas! this only proved an adventure which decided Ducal elementary to hurry the fate of the patriotic pair. His Highness thought it necessary to employ haste, lest his victims should escape him, and his counsellors sympathized with him. On the 25th of May a number of workmen were seen erecting two long posts on the bastion, which overlooks Modena on the western side. Two single beams, ten feet high, with an iron hook on top. The man had been brought over from Reggio in the dead of night. The posts were the gallows destined for Borelli and Menotti. For the last fortnight they had been nearly starved; and to prevent their answers from embarrassing their equitable judges, they had been drugged with a mixture of wine and laudanum.

* * * * * *

The 26th of May was ushered in by a beautiful morning; not a cloud fretted the blue vault of heaven. A few lingering stars were gradually waning in the east, while one alone shone with undiminished lustre on the western horizon. Towards Reggio, gleams of a reddish hue grew gradually into fiery streaks, then a pale and doubtful light began to diffuse itself, first over the stately steeples and cupolas of the city, and then over its palaces. The bells proclaimed four; here and there was distinguishable the rattling of a distant cart, but as yet there [613] were no signs of civil turmoil. Nothing broke the sepulchral stillness save the challenge of the sentinels, or the step of the early wayfarer. It was a mournful, an impressive calmness. In the citadel alone was there a stir of life. With the din of martial weapons, blended the stern and abrupt words of command. A battalion of Hungarian grenadiers had been under arms in the square of the citadel for a long hour. The clock struck five, as a file of soldiers emerged from the interior. In the midst of them were two men, supported on the one side by priests, on the other by the executioner. Their hands were fastened before their breasts, and a crucifix was stuck in the knot that confined them. The procession slowly proceeded towards the outer bastion. When arrived before the two posts, they halted, and the soldiers formed around. A man raised a paper which he held in his hand, and uncovering his head, read the contents. The prisoners were dragged towards the two posts. The executioner ascended the ladder, dropped a cord from the hook, and fastened it around Borelli's neck. --- He next mounted the other post and did the same by his companion. He pushed the ladder away, and the victims of tyranny fell, but not to expire immediately. Their bodies were secured by the middle to a noose, which held

their weight suspended, till in their agony their eyes protruded from the unhappy men was still struggling, till the weight of his frame tightened the pressure to strangulation, and he hung a corpse.

In the evening previous to the execution, a carriage of the Duke was seen leaving the city of Modena, on the road which leads towards Parma, escorted by ten dragoons. Not far from Reggio the road diverges towards the Villa Ombrosa. In the carriage were two men, dressed in the costume of judges of the Ducal tribunal: the haste with which they travelled showed that they were on an errand of importance. When they had reached the park of the villa, they halted till their escort had joined them. Thus protected, they proceeded, and alighting, entered the doorless devastated house; no soul and passed through one --- two --- three rooms; no inhabitant! At last, a man and woman appeared --- it was Pietro and his wife.

„Who are you?" demanded the Commissioner.

„The steward of my lady, the noble Luigia Borelli;" said the old man.

„I am here," said the Commissioner, „to carry into execution the mandate of the Most Serene Archduke and Duke, by whose orders the goods, and chattels, and estates of Borelli the traitor are confiscated."

The old man tottered to the wall.

„Ah Signor," said his wife, „the Archduke surely might as well suffer our mistress to die in peace;" she pointed towards the door.

The Commissioner advanced; on the same bed still lay extended the same form, the beautiful Luigia Borelli, as colourless and as motionless as ever; with no sign of animation save the slight quiver of the lips. After a moment's regard, the Commissioner said, „To-morrow, at six o' clock, the house must be cleared." He then retired.

„Who is that man?" inquired Bettina.

„The Commissioner of our gracious Duke."

„He may now repose on the bed which his gracious Duke's servants have prepared for him," said Bettina; „there is not a chair in the whole house, and if I should be hanged, I will not sit for him!"

„Peace," said the old man; „peace be with us and ours."

But no peace came for Pietro and Bettina; it was a terrible lone night for them: below stairs were heard the revelling dragoons, and above, the Commissioners cursing the Independents. When, in the morning, the clock struck six, Bettina sought the chamber of her mistress. She approached the bed hurriedly, and withdrew the curtains. Luigia Borelli still reclined like a statue, but the lips moved no more. The spirit that stirred them had departed. [614]

„They have killed her at last!" said the faithful domestic; „at last! at last!"

The same hour, the same minute, in which Borelli, her beloved husband, had yielded up his life, she too had ceased to breathe!

Gustav-Adolf Pogatschnigg

Europa 1830-31 – Charles Sealsfields literarischer Kommentar zu den Ereignissen in Polen, England, Frankreich und Italien.

Nach dem *Oxford Companion to English Literature*[1] war *The Englishman's Magazine*[2] eine originelle und anspruchsvolle Literaturzeitschrift, die vor allem Gedichte, Essays und Rezensionen veröffentlichte. Unter anderem findet man in dieser Zeitschrift Gedichte des jungen, noch unbekannten Tennyson und Texte von Autoren wie Charles Lamb, Arthur Henry Hallam oder (James Henry) Leigh Hunt. Anscheinend waren es der Abdruck eines Sonetts von Tennyson und ein den 22jährigen unbekannten Dichter überschwänglich lobender Artikel von Hallam *On the Genius of Alfred Tennyson* in der Augustnummer und die daran anschließende Polemik in der Zeitschrift *Blackwood's Magazine* über die „*superhuman* […] *pomposity of that […] paper*"[3], die letztlich zur Schließung des *Englishman's Magazine* führten. Die Polemik zwischen Hallam und *Blackwood's* war nur der Schlusspunkt einer längeren Auseinandersetzung zwischen dem *Englishman's Magazine* und anderen literarischen Zeitschriften wie dem *Blackwood's Review*, dem *Edinburgh Review* und dem *Quarterly Review*, in deren Verlauf das *Englishman's Magazine* Dichter wie Tennyson und Wordsworth und die Vertreter der so genannten „Cockney School" (vor allem Leigh Hunt und Keats) gegen die konservativen Zeitschriften verteidigte.[4]

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1 Fifth Edition ed. By Margaret Drabble, Oxford University Press, Oxford etc. 1965, 319.

2 Eine gleichnamige Zeitschrift mit christlich-pädagogischer Ausrichtung erschien ebenfalls in London in den Jahren 1842-43 mit dem Untertitel Popular Periodical for General Reading bei James Burns.

3 Vgl. Harold G. Merriam: Edward Moxon. Publisher of poets, Columbia University Press, New York, Morningside Heights 1939, 40.

4 Vgl. zu den allgemeinen, finanziellen und politischen Gründen für die Auseinandersetzungen, die zur Schließung der Zeitschrift führten, Harold G. Merriam (Anm. 3), 34f. – Die 200 Seiten umfassende Biografie Moxons widmet dem *Englishman's Magazine* nur knappe fünf Seiten (30-35), sonst wird die Zeitschrift nur im Zusammenhang mit ihren bekanntesten Beiträgern erwähnt. Da der Autor sich vor allem auf die lyrischen Beiträge konzentriert, finden politisch-essayistische oder erzählende Texte wie die von Sealsfield kaum Beachtung.

Die Zeitschrift war nicht nur für ihren literarischen Anspruch sondern auch für ihre buchdruckerische Qualität bekannt. Ihr Herausgeber war der Londoner Verleger und Buchhändler Edward Moxon (1801-1858), der selbst mehrere Gedichtbände veröffentlichte. Leigh Hunt nannte ihn „einen Buchhändler unter den Dichtern und einen Dichter unter den Buchhändlern". Moxon druckte Werke von Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Longfellow, Lamb und Tennyson, und mit vielen von ihnen, insbesondere mit Tennyson, dessen Werk er zeit seines Lebens betreute, war er befreundet.[5] Zu den Besonderheiten des *Englishman's* gehörte, so der *Oxford Companion*, dass die Beiträge, entgegen der damals – aus verschiedenen Gründen – üblichen Anonymität, nicht selten gezeichnet waren. Dies gilt, wenn auch nur in einem eingeschränkten Sinn, für die vier Novellen von Charles Sealsfield, der sich als Autor dieser Zeitschrift in der besten literarischen Gesellschaft der englischen Romantik befand.[6]

In der ersten Nummer (April 1831) werden die verlegerischen bzw. herausgeberischen Grundsätze (*principles*) der Zeitschrift dargelegt und mit einem Motto von Daniel Defoe eingeleitet. Defoe wird zum Leitstern (*genius*) der Zeitschrift erhoben, da er sich stets unbeirrt und gegen alle Widerstände um die Wahrheit bemüht habe und so „in the most elevated sense of the expression a 'True-born Englishman'" (so der Titel seines berühmten Gedichts von 1697) gewesen sei. Er gilt dem Herausgeber als Vertreter jener „intermediate class which may be pronounced the moral regulator of the community", der bei allen politischen Kontroversen den häuslichen Herd im Blick behalten habe. Sein vielfältiges Werk sei von dem Wunsch beseelt gewesen, die Menschen weiser und besser zu machen.

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[5] Vgl. *The Oxford Companion*, 674.

[6] Zur Identifizierung Sealsfields als Autor der vier Novellen vgl. Gustav-Adolf Pogatschnigg*: Die politischen Novellen Charles Sealsfields im Englishman's Magazine von 1831,* in ders. (Hg.): *Charles Sealsfield – Politischer Erzähler zwischen Europa und Amerika,* Charles-Sealsfield-Gesellschaft, Turin 1998 (= Schriftenreihe der CSG Bd. IX), 41-57; zu klären wäre, ob Sealsfield auch der Autor eines Zwei-Seiten-Beitrags in der Augustnummer (1831, 639-641) mit dem Titel *An Audience of The Grand Duke Cesarowitch Constantine, before the Polish Revolution, by a Distinguished Foreigner* ist. Gegen diese Hypothese spricht, dass hier nicht wie in den vier Novellen auf „the Author of the Scenes of Poland" referiert wird und dass es mehrere Beiträge zu Polen gibt; dafür spricht die narrative Darstellung, im Gegensatz zur rein journalistisch-berichtenden Form in den übrigen Polen-Beiträgen, die partielle Übereinstimmung mit einer Passage im zweiten Teil der *Scenes in Poland,* deren konkrete Vorlage Sealsfield wohl im Bericht eines französischen Aristokraten in der Zeitung *Das Ausland* vom 27. Januar 1831 gefunden hat, und gewisse stilistische Merkmale, und nicht zuletzt der explizit kritisch-ironische Blick auf den Großherzog Konstantin, der in manchem an die Darstellung von Kaiser Franz I. in *Austria as it is* erinnert.

Defoes politisches Engagement für mehr Gerechtigkeit in der Regierungszeit von König William III. (1650-1702, Regierung ab 1689) wird mit dem Hinweis auf ähnliche Umstände unter dem namensgleichen König William IV. (1765-1837, Regierung ab 1830) aktualisiert und zum politisch-kulturellen Programm der Zeitschrift erhoben: „It is a leading object of our ambition to be considered the representative of the intellectual dignity and moral worth of the unpretending majority of an enlightened nation."[7]

Zum zweiten Leitgedanken neben der Aufgabe „to elevate the standard of morality and taste as high as may be compatible with the capabilities of humans nature"[8] wird im Namen von „our excellent Daniel" der Kampf für die Freiheit erklärt. In diesem Zusammenhang wird der „Internationalismus" der Zeitschrift begründet: Wo auch immer Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit in Gefahr seien, „from arctic to antarctic", „our sympathies girdle the great globe itself".[9] Insbesondere gilt dieser Kampf auch dem „abominable system of slavery" und den „legislative impurities which mark the unrighteous reign of colonial bondage."[10] Abschließend wird in wenigen Sätzen ein Programm zur Demokratisierung Englands entworfen, das sich gegen die Institutionen, „framed for a backward state of society", gegen die Monopole, die „arrest the energy of the commerce", gegen die „usurpation of the aristocracy which excludes the people from the national councils", gegen „the revenues of the church which are lavished upon laziness and profligacy" und gegen den „shattered Temple of Justice" richtet, „which has been turned into a legal chaos full of ruinous complexity".

Die „trust-worthiness" der literarischen Beiträge gründe sich, so der Herausgeber, auf die völlige Unabhängigkeit bei der Auswahl, die nur vom Talent und vom Können der Autoren und keinen sonstigen parteipolitischen oder persönlichen Sympathien geleitet sei.

Diese Einleitung macht verständlich, warum ein Autor wie Sealsfield hier vier Novellen publizieren konnte, wenn wir einmal die Frage der Sklaverei beiseite lassen, die bei Sealsfield bekanntlich eine andere Beurteilung erfahren hat, in den vier Novellen allerdings nicht thematisiert wird und dem Verleger bzw. Herausgeber Moxon wohl unbekannt war. Die Entscheidungen Moxons für oder gegen den Abdruck von Manuskripten sind nicht dokumentiert, da es keine diesbezüglichen Notizen oder Briefe gibt. Überdies war Moxon nicht immer in gleichem Ausmaß für

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7 *The Englishman's Magazine*, April 1831, 2.

8 Ebda.

9 Ebda. 3.

10 Ebda.; zu diesem literarischen Programm im Geiste Defoes vgl. auch Harold G. Merriam (Anm. 3), 31f.

die Gestaltung der einzelnen Nummern verantwortlich.[11] Alle fünf „britischen" Novellen Sealsfields stehen – implizit oder explizit ganz eindeutig – im konkreten politischen Kontext der Pariser Julirevolution und der sie begleitenden nationalen Befreiungsbewegungen in Polen und Italien bzw. im Zusammenhang mit der umkämpften Reform des englischen Wahlrechts zwischen 1828 und 1832.

Die Texte erschienen in knapper Folge. Die 1. Nummer der Zeitschrift brachte im April 1831 die „Scenes in Poland. No. 1" (pp. 26-32). Deren unmittelbare Fortsetzung, „Scenes in Poland. No. 2" , erschien in der Mai-Nummer (pp. 179-189), hier mit der Autorbezeichnung „From the Journal of a Lithuanian Nobleman". Mit ihren insgesamt 16 Seiten handelt es sich um eine für die Zeitschrift relativ umfangreiche Erzählung. Die Juninummer bringt „by the Author of ‚Scenes in Poland'" die aus dem expliziten Revolutionskontext etwas herausfallende Erzählung „My little Grey Landlord" (pp. 268-280), auf die in der Julinummer (unter derselben Autorreferenz) „Three Meetings on the King's Highway" folgt (pp. 401-410). Die Serie schließt in der Julinummer mit dem Italien-Text „Borelli and Menotti" (pp. 608-615).

Es ist hier nicht der Ort, auf alle Einzelheiten zur Frage der Autorschaft der genannten Texte einzugehen. Den ersten Hinweis auf Sealsfield als wahrscheinlichen Autor gab 1909 August Ravizé in der Zeitschrift *Euphorion*, wo er seine Zuschreibung ausführlich und überzeugend begründet. Der Herausgeber der *Gesammelten Werke* Sealsfields, Karl J. R. Arndt, konnte aber offenbar dieser Argumentation nicht folgen und hat die Texte nicht in die Sealsfield-Ausgabe aufgenommen. Franz Schüppen bestätigt in seiner Dissertation Ravizés Auffassung,[12] und ich habe dann vor ein paar Jahren die Texte in der British Library in London wieder gelesen und konnte die von Ravizè und Schüppen geleistete Vorarbeit im nochmaligen Rückgriff auf die Texte zusammenfassen und durch den einen oder anderen neu hinzu gekommenen Aspekt weiter untermauern. Ohne die Argumente hier noch einmal auszubreiten, sei daran erinnert, dass die Frage der Autorschaft sich *de facto* am chronologisch letzten Text, „Borelli and Menotti", entscheiden lässt, da dieser alle vorangehenden Texte über die indirekte Kennzeichnung „By the Author of …" identifiziert. Und tatsächlich ist es gerade diese italienische Novelle, in der Sealsfields Handschrift und Persönlichkeit am deutlichsten erkennbar ist.

In sechs zeitraffenden Abschnitten, deren Handlung Anfang April beginnt und am 26. Mai 1831, dem historischen Datum der Hinrichtung von Ciro Menotti und Vincenzo Borelli, endet, werden die zwei Monate in Erwartung der Vollstre-

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[11] Vgl. Harold G. Merriam (Anm. 3), Preface.

[12] Vgl. Franz Schüppen: *Charles Sealsfield/Karl Postl. Ein österreichischer Erzähler der Biedermeierzeit im Spannungsfeld von Alter und Neuer Welt*. Frankfurt/M. etc. 1981 (= EHS Reihe I, vol. 428), bes. 39-43.

ckung des Todesurteils weitgehend aus der Sicht der Dienerschaft von Luigia Borelli, der Frau des Vincenzo, erzählt. Diese Erzählperspektive entspricht der Konzeption des „gehobenen Volksromans" (Sealsfield), die sich dann auch in vielen von Sealsfields Romanen exemplifiziert findet. Zu Sealsfields kritisch-realistischer Romanästhetik gehört nicht nur die Darstellung des Volkes sondern ebenso der herrschenden Aristokratie der Restaurationszeit und, als besondere Charakteristik seiner Schreibweise, die konsequente Sprachmischung, die hier das Italienische betrifft. Der spezifische historische Kontext der Erzählung gibt Sealsfield, dem (anonymen) Autor des drei Jahre vorher in London erschienenen, polemischen Reiseberichts *Austria as it is*, Gelegenheit, seine scharfe Kritik am Habsburg-Regime aus der Perspektive der nationalen Befreiungsbewegungen weiter zu führen.

Die Erzählung wurde nur zwei Monate nach der Hinrichtung der beiden Aufständischen veröffentlicht. Sealsfield muss wohl, außer mit Hilfe der aktuellen Zeitungs- und Zeitschriftenberichte, vor allem über seine Pariser Verbindungen recherchiert haben. Als Korrespondent des *New York Morning Courier & Enquirer* hatte er sich noch wenige Monate vor seiner Londonreise in Paris aufgehalten, das in diesen Jahren das Exilzentrum der Carbonari war, die seit dem Wiener Kongress die antiösterreichischen Befreiungsbewegungen in Italien organisierten und zu deren führenden Persönlichkeiten Ciro Menotti und der Anwalt Enrico Misley gehörten. Misley war nicht nur maßgeblich mit der Verschwörung in Modena befasst. Er war auch indirekt mit Sealsfield durch seine Schrift *L'Italie sous la domination autrichienne* (1832, Paris) verknüpft, die ihrerseits mit *Seufzer aus Österreich* (Leipzig 1834), der Raubübersetzung von *Austria as it is*, verbunden ist.[13] Sealsfield hatte also offenbar gute Informationsquellen, was u. a. durch die Erwähnung des historisch verbürgten, missglückten Befreiungsversuchs der Gefangenen deutlich wird. Als einer der persönlichen Informanten für Sealsfield kommt übrigens Joseph Napoléon in Frage, der als Comte de Survilliers den *Courrier des Etats Unis* in New York herausgab und mit dem Sealsfield 1829 zusammenarbeitete. Joseph war der ältere Bruder des französischen Exkaisers und damit der Onkel von Napoléon Louis, dem Sohn von Exkönigin Hortense von Holland und Bruder des späteren Napoléon III. Napoléon Louis war mit seinem Bruder unter anderem an der Organisation des Modena-Aufstands beteiligt. Er starb 1831 in Forlí. Mit Hortense hat Sealsfield, soweit wir wissen, erst 1832 Kontakt aufgenommen, also nach dem Erscheinen von *Borelli and*

[13] Vgl. dazu im Einzelnen Charles Sealsfield – Karl Postl: *Austria as it is or Sketches of continental courts, by an eye-witness. London 1828 – Österreich, wie es ist oder Skizzen von Fürstenhöfen des Kontinents. Wien 1919*. Eine kommentierte Textedition, hg. und mit einem Nachwort versehen von Primus-Heinz Kucher. Böhlau, Wien 1994, 278-392, bes. 389ff.), und Nicoletta Dacrema: Enrico Misley und die politische Publizistik von Charles Sealsfield, in Gustav-Adolf Pogatschnigg (Hg.), *Charles Sealsfield – Politischer Erzähler und zwischen Europa und Amerika* (Anm. 6), 30-40.

Menotti. Dass er aber vor bzw. während der Niederschrift Informationen von Joseph Bonaparte bekommen hat, ist nicht auszuschließen.

Der Auftritt einiger Offiziere von österreichischer Seite in zwei – wenn man so will persönlich gefärbten – Nebenrollen, deren Namen und – soweit die bisherigen freilich noch lückenhaften Nachforschungen ergeben haben – deren Anwesenheit in der Emilia-Romagna im fraglichen Zeitraum jedenfalls historisch verbürgt sind, wie etwa Maximilian Karl Lamoral O'Donnell (Wien 1812 - Salzburg 1895), oder Menrad von Geppert (Leibnitz 1768 - Wien 1855), lässt zusätzliche Informationsquellen vermuten. Denn woher sollte Sealsfield z. B. gewusst haben, dass die beiden Akteure ihre Dienstpflicht bei der nächtlichen Kontrolle verletzt haben, sofern wir nicht glauben wollen, dass es sich hierbei um einen fiktiven Zusatz handelt?

Abgesehen von diesen Namen sind es die topografischen Bezüge bei der Beschreibung von Modena, die dem Text den Anschein geben, das Werk eines mit Ort und Geschehen bestens vertrauten Autors, wenn nicht sogar Augenzeugen zu sein. Wie nun Sealsfield, der – soweit wir wissen – niemals in Modena war, zu diesen detaillierten Kenntnissen gelangte, ist eine interessante Frage, die sich übrigens auch für die Polen-Erzählung stellt, denn auch dort hat man den Eindruck, dass der Autor über die geografischen Verhältnisse (Entfernungen, Straßenzustand etc.) sehr gut Bescheid weiß. Will man nicht davon ausgehen, dass Sealsfield sich mit Stadtplänen bzw. Landkarten beholfen hat – sofern erstere damals überhaupt schon existierten –, liegt die Vermutung nahe, dass er sich hier anderer Texte bedient hat, während er für die London- und Parisbezüge der anderen Erzählungen wohl selbst ausreichende Ortskenntnisse besaß.[14]

Was nun die Erzählperspektive betrifft, so ist vor allem die Tatsache interessant, dass Sealsfield ins dramatische Zentrum zwei Figuren stellt, die – was ihre tatsächliche Rolle beim Aufstand betrifft – eigentlich nur Nebenrollen gespielt haben. Einmal die Frau des Vincenzo Borelli, die in einer Art von psychosomatischem Koma das Schicksal ihres Mannes erwartet, mit dem sie auch in der Stunde seiner Hinrichtung einen zeitgleichen und in diesem Sinn sehr melodramatischen Tod erleidet, der freilich nicht den Tatsachen entspricht, da Borellis Frau in Wahrheit noch lange wieter gelebt hat. Zum andern der historische Borelli: Er wurde als Einziger zusam-

[14] Eine solcher möglichen Quellen hätte z. B. die 1795/96 erstmals anonym erschienene und sehr verbreitete „Reise eines Liefländers von Riga nach Warschau, durch Südpreußen, über Breslau, Dresden, Karlsbad, Linz, Wien und Klagenfurt nach Botzen und Tirol" von Joachim Christoph Friedrich Schulz sein können, die sich vor allem mit Polen (und mit Warschau, seinen Palästen, Stadtvierteln usw.) beschäftigt. Allerdings gibt es keinen Hinweis darauf, dass Sealsfield aus diesem Buch passagenweise kopiert bzw. montiert hätte.

men mit Menotti hingerichtet, alle übrigen Beteiligten wurden zu Kerkerstrafen verurteilt, was ihn nachträglich zu einem der Helden des Aufstands gemacht hat. Borelli stammte als liberal gesinnter 30jähriger Notar aus einer modenesischen Kaufmannsfamilie. Sein Bruder war nach dem Aufstand von 1821 ins Exil gegangen, aber Vincenzo nahm an der Verschwörung von 1831 nicht teil. Er hatte also nur eine sekundäre Rolle im Geschehen, in das er gewissermaßen nur am Rande verwickelt wurde: Sein Verbrechen bestand darin, dass er in seiner Eigenschaft als Notar die Freilassung der Gefangenen gefordert und das Dokument, in dem Francesco IV. als abgesetzt erklärt wurde, unterschrieben hatte. Tatsächlich erwartete sich die Öffentlichkeit keinesfalls ein so strenges Urteil; allerdings nahm Borelli seine Handlungen vor dem Militärgericht nicht zurück. Erwähnen wir noch, dass an der Hinrichtungsstätte in Modena im Jahre 2007 in Anwesenheit von zwei Urenkeln des Ciro Menotti ein Denkmal eingeweiht wurde.

Bevor wir uns kurz den übrigen Erzählungen zuwenden, folgen noch ein paar Hinweise auf den Stil, der – wie schon angedeutet – auf Sealsfield als Autor hinweist. Da ist einmal die Szene der von ihrer getreuen Dienerschaft umgebenen, bewusstlos im Bett liegenden Luigia Borelli, deren wörtliche – unter Austausch der kontextuellen Referenzbezüge – Übersetzung ins Deutsche wir in dem ebenfalls 1831 erschienenen *Virey*-Roman wieder finden können. Ein analoges Versatzstück – eine Schlachtszene – finden wir am Anfang der Polen-Erzählung. Diese übernimmt der Autor als Episode für eine Schlacht in Mexiko. Dass Sealsfield diese beiden Szenen wieder verwendet – aus der Zeitschrift in den Roman oder umgekehrt, wenn wir an die gleichzeitige Fertigstellung des *Virey* denken! – ist mehr als wahrscheinlich. Wollte man hingegen behaupten, Sealsfield habe diese beiden Szenen für den *Virey* benützt, ohne ihr Autor zu sein, dann muss man sich fragen, ob er also vielleicht nur der Autor der beiden in Paris bzw. in London situierten Erzählungen und nicht der von *Borelli and Menotti* und der *Scenes in Poland* ist? Denn dass Sealsfield mit dem *Englishman's Magazine* „in Verbindung" stand, also einer ihrer Beiträger war, geht aus seiner 1854 verfassten autobiografischen Skizze für Brockhaus' „Konversationslexikon" hervor. Sieht man die aus nur wenigen Nummern bestehende Zeitschrift durch, dann kommt Sealsfield am ehesten als Autor genau dieser hier abgedruckten Novellen in Frage.

Neben den viel gerühmten Landschaftsbeschreibungen in seinen amerikanischen Romanen gehört zu Sealsfields schriftstellerischen Bravourleistungen zweifellos auch die Darstellung von Volksaufläufen und Schlachten, also von Massenszenen mit hochdramatischer Regieführung, die dem heutigen Leser manchmal etwas übertrieben und detailbeladen erscheinen mögen, andererseits aber verständlich werden lassen, warum Sealsfield in den 30er- und 40er-Jahren des 19. Jahrhunderts ein viel gelesener Autor war. Seine Qualitäten waren eben die, die man *mutatis mutandis* auch heute von einem Bestsellerautor erwartet. Ein anschauliches Beispiel für einen Volksauflauf bietet *Borelli and Menotti* mit der Szene, in der die beiden Gefan-

genen von einer organisierten, einerseits herzogtreuen, andererseits österreichfeindlichen Menge unter wütenden Rufen und Steinwürfen ins Gefängnis gebracht werden. Sealsfields Handschrift ist nicht nur in der detaillierten Beschreibung der österreichischen Uniformen erkennbar. Wir können sie auch in der Konzeption der Mönche sehen, die als *agents provocateur* das Volk mit „Tod den Verrätern"-Rufen aufhetzen. Auch Sealsfields kritische Sicht auf den wütenden Pöbel, seine ablehnende Haltung gegenüber der ‚Mobokratie', wie wir sie an den im selben Jahr im *New York Morning Courier & Enquirer* erschienenen Darstellungen des Pariser Volkes der Juli-Revolution ablesen können, kommt hier deutlich zum Tragen.

Im Gesamtkontext des *Englishman's Magazine* stellt die Novelle *Borelli and Menotti* mit ihren expliziten politischen Italien- und Österreichbezügen eher eine Ausnahme dar. Italien ist vor allem in den kulturellen Notizen über Malerei, Architektur und Musik vertreten, Österreich und Deutschland sind weitgehend abwesend, sieht man von dem umfangreichen Text „The Incendiary. A Tale of the German Peasant-Wars. Freely modernized from the old Chronicles of Brandenburgh" ab, bei dem es sich um nichts weniger als um eine anonyme Übersetzung von Kleists Kohlhaas-Novelle handelt.

Im Zentrum des editorischen Interesses steht vor allem die Darstellung der angelsächsischen literarischen und politischen Welt: Schottland, Irland, auch die Vereinigten Staaten und England, vor allem – aus aktuellem Anlass – die schon erwähnte Wahlreform. Das dominante Auslandsthema aber ist Polen, das mehrmals und mit einer gewissen Regelmäßigkeit zur Sprache kommt. Impliziter Bezugspunkt sind der Novemberaufstand des Jahres 1830 und die nachfolgenden Schlachten und Niederlagen der Polen gegen Russland. (Man erinnere sich an die polnisch-deutsche Solidaritätskundgebung beim Hambacher Fest 1832). Polen war so etwas wie ein heißes außenpolitisches Thema, das Interesse der Leser war garantiert. Die Berichte in der Juli-Nummer bringen eine scharfe Kritik an den Interessen der Heiligen Allianz des Wiener Kongresses zum Ausdruck, die in einem Aufruf im Namen der ‚European community' kulminiert, der sich insbesondere an England und Frankreich richtet. Man plädiert für eine nicht interventionistische Neutralitätspolitik als Minimalforderung. Ein militärisches Eingreifen sei zwar gerechtfertigt, wäre aber unter den gegebenen Umständen – damit sind vor allem die preußischen und österreichischen Territorialinteressen gemeint – zu riskant, da die genannten Mächte einer Intervention nicht tatenlos zusehen würden. In der Septembernummer finden wir einen knapp fünfseitigen literarischen Bericht über die Zustände in Polen unter dem Titel „True Tales of Poland, by a distinguished foreigner (*Authentic*)" (Herv. im Original), der vom despotischen Betragen des Herzogs Konstantin, des Bruders von Zar Alexander, erzählt. Im Unterschied zu den Sealsfield zugeschriebenen *Scenes in Poland* deutet hier keinerlei stilistisches und erzähltechnisches Merkmal auf seine Autorschaft. Ein direkter Vergleich der beiden Texte würde den Unterschied

evident machen und in diesem Sinn die – auf anderen Argumenten begründete – Wahrscheinlichkeit erhöhen, dass Sealsfield der Autor der *Scenes in Poland* ist.

In den *Scenes in Poland* gibt es nicht nur die schon erwähnte Schlacht zwischen Russen und Polen. Im Fortsetzungsteil dieser Novelle wird auch eine nuancenreiche Begegnung des Protagonisten mit einem Zigeunerstamm geschildert, die alle ethnografischen Ingredienzien für eine exotisierende Rezeption enthält. Es ist durchaus möglich, dass Sealsfield diese Szene – wie auch diejenige der Audienz beim Cesarewitsch Konstantin, dem Vizekönig von Polen, die sich in gleicher Form in der deutschen Zeitschrift „Das Ausland" vom Januar 1831 nachlesen lässt – aus anderen Quellen für seinen Text adaptiert hat.

Der Zweiteilung der Erzählung entspricht die chronologische Verteilung auf zwei Momente in der Geschichte der polnischen Unabhängigkeitsbewegung gegenüber den verschiedentlich erhobenen territorialen Ansprüchen Russlands, Preußens und Österreichs. Zum einen geht es um die die Schlachten bei Maciejowice und die von Warschau 1794, in denen die Polen von der übermächtigen russischen Armee unter Feldmarschall Suvorov vernichtend geschlagen wurden. Zum andern ist es die definitive Teilung Polens nach dem Wiener Kongress. Im ersten Teil ist der Protagonist der Erzählung, ein polnischer Adeliger, der als Kurier zwischen der Zarin Katharina II. und Suvorov fungiert und mit diesem in einer direkten Begegnung konfrontiert wird, wodurch auch der Leser ein – eher zwiespältiges – Bild von dem legendären Russen bekommt. Ungenannt bleibt hingegen im historischen Hintergrund der nicht minder legendäre militärische Führer der polnischen Armee, der polnische Nationalheld Tadeusz Kosciusko, der demnach nur für die informierten Leser von damals als militärischer und politischer Anführer der Polen anwesend ist.

Dies verdient deshalb hier erwähnt zu werden, weil Kosciusko – eine Art polnischer Lafayette – als 30jähriger am amerikanischen Unabhängigkeitskrieg teilnahm und 1784 zurück nach Polen kam, wo er wenige Jahre später General der polnischen Armee wurde. Nach der 2. Teilung Polens begann er 1793 den nach ihm benannten Aufstand. In der Oktoberschlacht 1794 bei Warschau wurde er verwundet und kam in russische Gefangenschaft. Aus der Gefangenschaft entlassen, ging er zuerst wieder nach Amerika, dann nach Frankreich. Der *Encyclopedia Britannica* zufolge war es die unglückliche Liebesgeschichte mit der Tochter eines polnischen Generals, bei dem er als Hauslehrer in Diensten stand, die den jungen Kosciusko zuerst ins vorrevolutionäre Frankreich und von dort nach Amerika geführt hatte. Kosciuskos amerikanische Lebensgeschichte legt nahe, dass Sealsfield diese Persönlichkeit nicht unbekannt war, denn der Pole befestigte u. a. West Point am Hudson, war an der Schlacht von Saratoga beteiligt und diente in der „Südlichen Armee" u. a. in South-Carolina. In der Folge wurde er vom Oberst und Chefingenieur zum Brigadegeneral befördert, erhielt die amerikanische Staatsbürgerschaft und wurde während seines zweiten Amerikabesuchs zum Freund des damaligen Vizepräsidenten Thomas Jefferson (1797). Davon abgesehen war sein Name auch im Europa der

„Polen-Begeisterung" in aller Munde. Und *last but not least* verbrachte Kosciusko seine letzten Lebensjahre in Solothurn in der Schweiz, wo er 1817 starb.[15]

Dass gerade dieser Mann im ersten Teil der *Scenes in Poland,* wo es um die Schlachten bei Maciejowice und Warschau geht, nicht auftritt, wirft ein merkwürdiges Licht auf die Erzählung, ohne allerdings die Autorschaft Sealsfields ausdrücklich in Frage zu stellen. Denn selbst ein weniger gut informierter Autor als Sealsfield musste im Jahr 1830 die Figur des polnischen Nationalhelden gekannt haben. Was auch immer die erzählerischen Beweggründe für diese Entscheidung gewesen sein mögen – , der Held ist hier, in seiner Eigenschaft als Kurier, kein militärischer Führer sondern ein beobachtender Teilnehmer auf beiden Seiten: als Soldat dient er den russischen Eroberern, verkörpert vor allem in der Figur von Suvorov und der Zarin, als Pole identifiziert er sich mit den Opfern. Die Ambiguität der Position des Protagonisten, der durch den von den Russen zerstörten Warschauer Stadtteil Praga geht, kulminiert in dem Ausruf „Aye, truly, Suwarrow! thou art a glorious fellow! Right willing to destroy more in one day than United Poland has raised in a thousand years." Doch das Bild der totalen Vernichtung erhält einen symbolischen Umschwung, als der polnische Kurier im zerstörten Palais der Familie Og(insk?)y – „What a delighful ball there was here three years ago ! And now? …" – zwischen den Leichen der Familie den neugeborenen Stammhalter findet und diesen persönlich in einem Gewaltritt an einen sicheren Ort bringt. Die durch die Rettungstat verursachte Verspätung bei seinen Kurierdiensten kostet ihn zwei Jahre Verbannung in Sibirien, nach denen er aus gesundheitlichen Gründen entlassen wird.

Im zweiten Teil finden wir den Ich-Erzähler um 24 Jahre gealtert wieder. Gleich zu Beginn wird die Lage Polens nach dem Wiener Kongress mit dem Hinweis auf die Rolle der „unprincipled Prussian and the perfidious Austrian" bei der Aufteilung Polens in wenigen Sätzen zusammengefasst. Das Geschehen konzentriert sich auf die Audienz in Warschau beim neuen russischen Vizekönig, in deren Verlauf es zum Eklat kommt, als der junge, vom Erzähler als Säugling gerettete Graf O----y den vom Vizekönig geforderten Eintritt in die russische Armee verweigert. Wieder ist es der Ich-Erzähler, der die sofortige Flucht zuerst in seine Heimat in Dobravice und dann nach Petersburg unter den Schutz der Zarin organisiert. Der Vizekönig wird als das abschreckende Beispiel des absoluten Herrschers vorgestellt, die Beschreibung seines Äußeren erinnert in ihrer ‚majestätsbeleidigenden' Schonungslosigkeit – wohl nicht von ungefähr – an die Beschreibung von Kaiser Franz I. in dem zwei Jahre vorher erschienenen *Austra as it is*. Die Flucht von

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[15] Vgl. Brockhaus, Mannheim, 19. Auflage 1990; weitere Informationen zu Kosciuszkos Solothurn-Aufenthalt, zum dortigen, ihm gewidmeten Museum etc. kann man in einem kürzlich erschienenen (eher populärwissenschaftlich angelegten) Band nachlesen – Urs Scheidegger: *Kosciuszko. Freiheit, Recht und Gerechtigkeit. Wegmarken und Zeitzeichen aus dem Leben des polnischen Nationalhelden,* Solothurn 2007.

Warschau über Dobravice nach Petersburg gibt dem Autor Gelegenheit, Land und Leute (einschließlich der Zigeuner) in bewährter ethnografisch-exotisierender Manier vorzustellen. Die unverhältnismäßige Länge der Zigeunerepisode und die Tatsache, dass sie ohne eigentliche thematische Notwendigkeit eingeschoben wird, verweist nicht nur auf eine – oftmals kritisierte – erzähltechnische Charakteristik der Sealsfieldschen Schreibweise, sondern ist in erster Linie als ein Zugeständnis an den Publikumsgeschmack zu bewerten. In diesem Sinn muss wohl auch die überraschende Schlussszene gesehen werden, die den Maskenball rund um die Figur von Benvenuto Cellini im Palais des Fürsten C----y (Ciartorisky?) zum Thema hat. Oder soll man den Maskenball eher symbolisch lesen wie den Satz eines Maskierten, als patriotische Botschaft der *Scenes of Poland*: „No fiction," timidly murmurs a gentle voice --- „It is the language of my aching heart!"?

Es ist eben dieser Satz in seiner Doppeldeutigkeit – einerseits bezogen auf die authentischen patriotischen Gefühle, andererseits auf den emphatischen Wahrheitsanspruch, einschließlich der autobiografischen Einschlüsse vom Schreiben überhaupt – , der seine programmatische Gültigkeit auch für die beiden in der Juni- und Julinummer des *Englishman's Magazine* publizierten Erzählungen von Sealsfield beansprucht. Während die *Scenes in Poland* und *Borelli and Menotti* ein explizit politisches Szenario eröffnen, geht es in *My Little Grey Landlord* (Juninummer) und *Three Meetings on The King's Highway* (Julinummer) um die Frage von Geld und Macht bzw. und indirekt damit zusammenhängend um die Problematik der Künstlerexistenz, wozu die Diskussion um die Wahlrechtsreform in England – und am Rande auch die französische Julirevolution – den politischen Hintergrund abgeben.

In den insgesamt sieben Nummern des *Englishman's Magazine* (April bis Juli und August bis Oktober) enthielt jede Nummer mindestens einen Artikel oder einen Zustandsbericht zur Reform Bill unter dem Stichwort „Reporting Progress", d. h. der politische Aspekt der Zeitschrift war Moxon offenbar ebenso wichtig wie die eingangs angesprochene literarische Opposition gegen die konservativen Literaturzeitschriften. Im zweiten programmatischen Leitartikel mit dem Titel „The Country and its Prospects", der das literarische Programm der Grundsatzerklärung „To us, Revolution is as welcome a phrase as Reformation, supposing the salutary end we aim at be accomplished" in den konkreten politischen Kontext der Reform Bill stellt, lesen wir weiter: „We thank the Premier [Lord Grey] for his just explanation of the relations of the Commons and the Aristocracy […]. He may well be envied the glory of an act that will solace his declining years, and impart to his memory a hallow and unfading radiance. Nor has he been without fitting compeers in his high-minded career. The Dukes of Norfolk and Devonshire; the Marquise of Cleveland; Lord Radnor; Graham, Smith and Russell, have each acquitted themselves after the fashion of the best days of England." Weiter heißt es: „A General Election may fairly be anticipated […]. Should however, an untoward event, or the dying desperation of corruption baffle our expectations […] then, and in that case, it will

be for the king, and the untainted Aristocracy – and the PEOPLE, with whom all power originates, to PROVIDE FOR THE EMERGENCY, [Hervorh. im Original] according to the usage of the Constitution, when the privileges of one of the estates have suffered from the encroachment of another. We shall make an appropriate extract from De Foe's 'Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted'". Noch einmal also wird Daniel Defoe zum Zeugen aufgerufen: „The good of the people governed is the end of all government, […] if the male-administration of governors have extended to tyranny and oppression, to destruction of right end justice, overthrowing the constitution and abusing the people, the people have thought it lawful to reassume the government in their own hands, and to reduce the governors to reason." Um diese Überzeugung zu unterstreichen, fährt der Text fort, dass „[…] the Bill, we are all but morally certain, will pass through the House of Commons by a triumphant majority", – eine Hoffnung, die sich allerdings erst ein Jahr später erfüllte.

Wie schon die *Scenes in Poland* kann man auch *My Little Grey Landlord* und *Three Meetings on the King's Highway* als zusammen gehörend lesen. Die verbindenden Elemente sind einmal der identische Erzähler, den man übrigens aufgrund gewisser chronologischer Hinweise (Reise- und Aufenthaltsdaten in Paris bzw. London, der Name Charles des Ich-Erzählers) sogar biografisch mit Sealsfield identifizieren könnte, zum anderen der ominöse Wucherer Lomond und die Hauptfigur der zweiten Erzählung, der junge Dichter. Der erkennbar eingeflochtene historische Zeitbezug für beide Texte ist der 22. April 1831, der Tag, an dem William IV. das Parlament auflöste, um so die Durchsetzung der demokratischen Wahlrechtsreform – die Umschichtung der Wahlprivilegien von den kleinen, ländlichen Wahlbezirken auf die dicht besiedelten Industriestädte – zu ermöglichen. Dieser historische Hintergrund wird durch das gelegentliche *name dropping* von zeitgenössischen Politikernamen vervollständigt. In diesem Sinn darf man vielleicht den Titel *My Little Grey Landlord* auch als ein auf Lord Charles Grey hindeutendes Wortspiel verstehen, den Premierminister, unter dem die Wahlrechtsreform für das House of Commons begonnen und im Mai 1832 zu einem ersten Abschluss gebracht wurde, obschon die Charakterzeichnung des „little grey Landlord", d. i. Mr. Lomond, offensichtlich nicht mit der historischen Persönlichkeit des Premierministers übereinstimmt.

Tatsächlich ist der Wucherer Lomond ein englisches *remake* des Pariser Wucherers Gobseck aus der gleichnamigen Erzählung von Honoré de Balzac. Ravizés Verurteilung von Sealsfields Bearbeitung des nur wenige Monate vorher erschienenen *Gobseck* als Plagiat ist wohl zu streng. Nicht nur lässt er den Umstand unberücksichtigt, dass es sich um eine weitverbreitete Praxis der Schriftstellerei handelte, nicht näher spezifizierte Anleihen zu machen (wie das u. a. die oben erwähnte *Kohlhaas*-Übersetzung belegt, die mit dem verfälschenden Titel und dem auf die Brandenburger Chronik hinweisenden Untertitel offenbar ganz bewusst alle Spuren des Kleistschen Originals verwischt). Ravizé wird auch der Tatsache nicht gerecht, dass

Sealsfield den Balzacschen Text nicht einfach übersetzt, sondern eine präzise Auswahl von charakteristischen Szenen getroffen, diese in das Londoner Milieu transponiert und so alles neu arrangiert hat.

Einmal mehr beweist sich Sealsfield als ein Meister der intertextuellen Montage, wobei ihn offenbar der Monolog des Gobseck über „money is power" besonders fasziniert hat. Sealsfield hat diesen Schlussmonolog und jene Szenen aus Balzacs Text übernommen, in denen die Abhängigkeit nicht nur der unproduktiven, dem Luxus frönenden Aristokratie, sondern auch der bürgerlichen Klasse von der Macht des Geldes hervorgehoben wird. Und vor allem hatte Balzac – und Sealsfield ist ihm darin offenbar zustimmend gefolgt – in scharfsinniger Polemik die Herrschaft der Finanzwelt über die politischen Entscheidungen formuliert, eine Analyse, die Sealsfield in seiner Adaptierung gekonnt auf den englischen Kontext überträgt, wobei er einige interessante Zusätze einfügt, wie zum Beispiel die präzise Anzahl von vierzig Finanziers („I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of the country, the arbiters of life"), die sich – wie bei Balzac, aber dort ohne Zahlenangabe – wöchentlich in einem Etablissement treffen, oder wenn sich im Schlussbild Gobseck in ein „image fantastique" transformiert, während sein Konterfei Lomond in Sealsfields bewährter Hyperbolik zu einem „frightful monster" anschwillt.[16]

Die nachfolgende Julinummer enthält u. a. einen Artikel über „The Bill and the Lords" und einen Auszug aus den „unpublished memoirs" über „Charlotte Corday, Marat and Duperret", womit der historisch-politische Bezugsrahmen für *Three Meetings on the King's Highway* gegeben ist. Der britische Ich-Erzähler aus *My little Grey Landlord* trifft sich am 21. Dezember 1830, nach einer eben beendeten 30tägigen Atlantiküberquerung, mit Freunden in einem renommierten Pariser Lokal, wo sie Zeugen hitziger Diskussionen von Teilnehmern aus verschiedenen Lagern der Julirevolution sind. Der Weinliebhaber Sealsfield konnte es sich offenbar nicht verkneifen, die Grundsatzdiskussionen zwischen „the heroes of July" i. e. „a bewhiskered member of the National Guard, […] an elegant *Combattant* of *Les Trois Journées*, [Hervorh. im Original] […] a young Doctrinaire, […] a Saint Simonist, […] a swarthy Congregationalist, […] Buonapartists and Carlists, Guizotists and Republicans and Stationaires" ironisch auf die Wirkung von „Chambertin und Maçon" – nicht Politikernamen, wie der unbedarfte Leser glauben mag, sondern zwei Weinsorten – zu reduzieren.

Dem süffisanten Beginn des narrativen Rahmens entspricht dann nicht die vom Ich-Erzähler Charles (!) berichtete tragische Begebenheit des jungen, aus bescheidenen Verhältnissen kommenden Schriftstellers, der mit seiner heimlichen

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[16] Vgl. Honoré de Balzac: *Gobseck*, in *Balzac - La Comédie Humaine*, Tome 1, hg. Pierre Dufief, Omnibus, Paris 2007, 59-106.

Verlobten und dem ihm vom Vater anvertrauten Geld von London nach Paris flieht, wo er in der eben geschilderten Anfangsszene den Ich-Erzähler trifft. Vier Monate später, also im April 1830, ist Charles in London, wo er den jungen Mann noch zweimal trifft: einmal als Bettler, zum zweiten Mal als Soldat, als der sich der junge Mann verdingt hat, um so die Begräbniskosen der inzwischen verstorbenen Lebensgefährtin zu bezahlen. Bei dieser letzten Begegnung erzählt der Soldat, wie er vergeblich versucht hat, sich als Dichter durchzusetzen, bis er sich aus Verzweiflung bereit erklärt habe, sein Talent für die Abfassung einer Satire gegen die demokratischen Minister der Regierung Grey zu verkaufen: „Heaven forgive me! I could not act otherwise.“. Kaum hat er jedoch die Satire beendet, hat sich die politische Situation mit der Auflösung des Parlaments geändert, und der Verleger zieht den Auftrag zurück. Charles trifft am Ende wieder seinen Zimmerherrn Lomond aus der vorangehenden Erzählung, der kein Mitleid zeigt, sondern erklärt, dass derjenige, der nicht die Kraft hat, sich von derartigen Schicksalsschlägen zu erholen, nichts Besseres verdient, als zum Automaten gedrillt zu werden.

Auch diese Geschichte kann auf zwei Ebenen gelesen werden: einmal als auf die Funktion von Literatur in einer vom Geld beherrschten Welt bezogene moralische Anklage; zum andern als autobiografische Erzählung, denn die emphatische Schilderung der Besuche des jungen Dichters bei mehr oder weniger desinteressierten, arroganten Verlegern legt die Vermutung nahe, dass Sealsfield hier auch aus eigener Erfahrung geschöpft hat.

Alles in allem sind die Erzählungen von Charles Sealsfield im *Englishman's Magazine* nicht nur eine Sammlung von lesenswerten literarischen Texten in einem spezifischen historischen und kulturellen europäischen Kontext. Sie sind auch eine willkommene Ergänzung des immer noch unvollkommenen Bildes, das wir uns von diesem Schriftsteller des 19.Jahrhunderts bisher machen konnten.

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