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TRAVELS
OF
BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

CHAPTER I

[THE BARON IS SUPPOSED TO RELATE THESE ADVENTURES TO HIS FRIENDS OVER A BOTTLE.]

*The Baron relates an account of his travels—
The astonishing effects of a storm—Arrives at
Ceylon: combats and conquers two extraor-
dinary opponents—Returns to Holland.*

SOME years before my beard announced approaching manhood, or in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveller himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular, and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine,

for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam with dispatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating, was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous bulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high, that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth; however, as soon as the storm subsided, they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in an horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him

on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened.—The word fortunate, here, requires some explanation.—This chief was a man of a very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half-starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventure may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a

fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the violent heat of the sun much better than I could: in our excursion, he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water, which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about, I was almost petrified (as who would not?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with an intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent.—What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me: however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach; and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, that only

added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about, I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me: on my right hand was the piece of water before-mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind-legs, just in the act of seizing me: I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay sometime in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds, I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprung at me, jumped forward as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck in the throat of the other; and they were

struggling to extricate themselves; I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse* which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a waggon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on; after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me on our return to Holland to the burgomasters, who in return requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amster-

dam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper; some of his variations are rather extravagant: one of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tale, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of Monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness, that it pierced his heart, and killed him immediately.

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity, makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

CHAPTER II.

In which the Baron proves himself a good shot—He loses his horse, and finds a wolf—Makes him draw his sledge—Promises to entertain his company with a relation of such facts as are well deserving their notice.

I SET off from Rome on a journey to Russia,

in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveller had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of travelling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced north-east. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness: I pitied the poor soul!—Though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying, “You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time.”

I went on; night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow: for the sake of safety, I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my

eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment, to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a church-yard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards, I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weather-cock of the steeple. Matters were now very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow over night; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the church-yard whilst asleep, gently and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weather cock of the steeple.

Without long consideration, I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgot his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn after fasting so long.]

He carried me well—advancing into the interior parts of Russia, I found travelling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter; therefore I submitted as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge and drove briskly towards

St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland, or Judgemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest, I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head sliely up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had ate his way into the horse's body ; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt-end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear, frightened him so much that he leaped forward with all his might : the horses carcass dropt on the ground ; but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually we both arrived in full careersafe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectation, and

very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences, and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia; nor trouble you with the various intrigues, and pleasing adventures, I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house always receives the visitor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favourites in the brute creation; also foxes, wolves, and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world, and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits, or petit maitres.

CHAPTER III.

An encounter between the Baron's nose and a door post, with its wonderful effects—Fifty brace of ducks and other fowl destroyed by one shot—Flogs a fox out of his skin—Leads an old sow home in a new way and vanquishes a wild boar.

It was sometime before I could obtain a commission in the army, and for several

months I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentleman-like manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both, out of town with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country. The very recollection of those amusements gives me fresh spirits and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw through the windows of my bed-room, that a large pond, not far off, was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down stairs and out of the house in such an hurry, that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention; I soon came within shot, when levelling my piece, I observed, to my sorrow that even the flint had sprung from the cock, by the violence of the shock I had just received. There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had upon my eyes, therefore opened the pan, levelled my piece against the wild fowls and my fist against one of my eyes. [The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.] A hearty blow drew sparks again: the shot went off, and I

killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty wid-geons and three couple of teals. Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to it many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes. In a noble forest in Russia, I met a fine black fox, whose valuable skin it would have been a pity to tear by ball or shot. Reynard stood close to a tree. In a twinkling I took out my ball, and placed a good spike nail in its room, fired and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush to the tree. I now went up to him, took out my hanger, gave him a cross cut over the face, laid hold of my whip, and fairly flogged him out of his fine skin.

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes : of this I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depth of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet the foremost pig only ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as fixed to the ground. On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail in order to be led by filial duty. My ball having passed between the two, had cut his leading string, which the

old sow continued to hold in her mouth : and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped of course ; I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail, and led the old beast home without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in a forest, unprepared for attack or defence. I retired behind an oak tree, just when the furious animal levelled a side blow at me, with such force, that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire.—Ho, ho ! thought I, I shall soon have you now—and immediately I laid hold of a stone wherewith I hammered and bent his tusks in such a manner, that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a cart, to secure him properly, and to carry him off safe and alive, in which I perfectly succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

Reflections on Saint Hulert's stag.—Shoots a stag with cherry stones; the wonderful effects of it—Kills a bear by extraordinary dexterity; his danger pathetically described—Attacted by a wolf which he turns inside out—Is assailed by a mad dog from which he escapes—The Barons cloak seized with madness, by which his whole wardrobe is thrown into confusion.

You have heard, I dare say, of the hunter's and sportsman's saint and protector St. Hubert; and of the noble stag, which appeared to him in the forest with the holy cross between his antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship, and seen this stag a thousand times either painted in churches, or embroidered in the stars of his knights; so that upon the honour and conscience of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not even at this present day such crossed stags. But let me rather tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself in the presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon this a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would

permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his antlers: it stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry-sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit I ever tasted before. Who knows but some passionate holy sportsman, or sporting abbot, or bishop, may have shot, planted, and fixed the cross between the antlers of St. Hubert's stag, in a manner similar to this? They always have been, and still are, famous for plantations of crosses and antlers; and in case of distress or dilemma, which too often happens to keen sportsmen, one is apt to grasp at any thing for safety, and to try any expedient rather than miss the favourable opportunity. I have many times found myself in that trying situation.

What do you say of this for example? Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going home, a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth ready to fall

upon me: all my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain—I found nothing but two spare flints; one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain, and made him turn about, so that I could level the second at his back door, which, indeed, I did with wonderful success; for it flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and blew up the bear with a terrible explosion. Though I came safe off that time, yet I should not wish to try it again, or venture against bears with no other ammunition.

There is a kind of fatality in it. The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenceless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intimation of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed upon so suddenly and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation—with a wolf face to face—our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me: that I saw in his flaming eyes. In short,

I laid hold of his entrails turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

The same expedient would not have answered against a mad dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg. Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better, I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak, and he put it in the wardrobe with my other clothes. The day after I was amazed and frightened by Jack's howling; "For God's sake Sir, your fur cloak is mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to peices. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner.

CHAPTER V.

The effects of great activity and presence of mind—A favourite hound described, which pups while pursuing a hare; the hare also litters while pursued by the hound—Presented with a famous horse by Count Przibosky, with which he performs many extraordinary feats.

ALL these narrow and lucky escapes, gen-

flemen, were chances turned to advantage, by presence of mind and vigorous exertions; which, taken together, as every body knows, make the fortunate sportsman, sailor, and soldier; but he would be a very blameable and imprudent sportsman, admiral, or general, who would always depend upon chance and his stars, without troubling himself about those arts which are their particular pursuits, and without providing the best implements which insure success. I was not blameable either way; for I have always been as remarkable for the excellency of my horses, dogs, guns, and swords, as for the proper manner of using and managing them that so upon the whole I may hope to be remembered in the forest, upon the turf, and in the field. I shall not enter here into any detail of my stables, kennel, or armoury; but a favourite bitch of mine I cannot help mentioning to you—she was a greyhound, and I never had or saw a better. She grew old in my service, and was not remarkable for her size, but rather for her uncommon swiftness. I always coursed with her. Had you seen her, you must have admired her, and would not have wondered at my predilection, and at my coursing her so much. She ran so fast, so much, and so long in my service,

that she actually run off her legs ; so that in the latter part of her life, I was under the necessity of working and using her only as a terrier, in which quality she still served me many years.

Coursing one day a hare, which appeared to me uncommonly big, I pitied my poor bitch, being big with pups, yet she would course as fast as ever. I could follow her on horseback only at a great distance. At once I heard a cry as it were of a pack of hounds—but so weak and faint that I hardly knew what to make of it. Coming up to them I was greatly surprised. The hare had littered in running ; the same had happened to my bitch in coursing—and there were just as many leverets as pups. By instinct the former ran, the latter coursed ; and thus I found myself in possession at once of six hares, and as many dogs, at the end of a course, which had only begun with one.

I remember this, my wonderful bitch, with the same pleasure and tenderness as a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage. I was at Count Przubosky's noble country seat in Lithu-

ania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood, which was just arrived from the stud. We suddenly heard a noise of distress—I hastened down stairs, and found the horse so unruly, that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horsemen stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to show this to the lady's, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons, in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honour, in the campaign against the Turks,

which was soon to be opened under the command of Count Munich.

I could not indeed have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier. A horse so gentle, so spirited, and so fierce—at once a lamb and a *Bucephalus*, put me always in mind of the soldier's and the gentleman's duty; of young Alexander, and of the astonishing things he performed in the field.

We took the field, among several other reasons, it seems, with an intention to retrieve the character of the Russian arms, which had been blemished a little by Czar Peter's last campaign on the Pruth; and this we fully accomplished by several very fatiguing and glorious campaigns under the command of that great general I mentioned before.

Modesty forbids individuals to arrogate to themselves great successes or victories, the glory of which is generally engrossed by the commander, nay, which is rather awkward, by kings and queens, who never smelt gunpowder but at the field days and reviews of their troops; never saw a field of battle, or an enemy in battle array.

Nor do I claim my particular share of glory in the great engagements with the

enemy. We all did our duty, which, in the patriot's, soldier's, and gentleman's language, is a very comprehensive word, of great honour, meaning, and import, and of which the generality of idle quidnuncs and coffee-house politicians, can hardly form any but a very mean and contemptible idea. However, having had the command of a body of hussars, I went upon several expeditions, with discretionary powers; and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly, and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fellows whom I led on to conquest and to victory. We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape; I had an advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out, therefore I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself, led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them; in this I was

gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit—We broke them entirely—made a terrible havock amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped, gentlemen; but judge of my astonishment, when in this market place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets; or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly,—with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough, for when I looked round for my men, what should I see gentlemen? the hind part of the poor creature—crop and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in without refreshing or doing him any

good! How it could have happened, was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town gate. There I saw, that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis, [a heavy falling door, with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly, to prevent the entrance of an enemy into a fortified town,] unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand—the wound healed; and, what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own horse's laurels.

CHAPTER VI.

The Baron is made a prisoner of war, and sold for a slave—Keeps the Sultan's bees, which are attacked by two bears—Loses one of his bees; a silver hatchet, which he throws at the bee's, rebounds and flies up to the moon; brings it back by an ingenious invention; falls to the earth on his return, and helps himself out of a pit—Extricates himself from a carriage

*which meets his in a narrow road, in a manner never before attempted nor practised since—
The wonderful effects of the frost upon his servant's French horn.*

I WAS not always successful. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks to be sold for a slave. [The Baron was afterwards in great favour with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter.] In that state of humiliation, my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her, to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm it flew upwards and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected

that Turkey-beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where every thing has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent: so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, so long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand; and, with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farms. I was four or five miles from the earth at least, when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my

body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others, were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveinances than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I travelled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavours were in vain, he could not make the horn sound; which was unaccountable, and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way, there was no proceeding: however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it,

wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which considering the weight of the coach was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again with another jump into the road beyond the other carriage: I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under the left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you, that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old: in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion, by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind-legs, by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves, he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire, I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without

putting his mouth to the horn—The King of Prussia's march—Over the hill and over the dale—with many other favourite tunes: at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

Some travellers are apt to advance more than is perhaps strictly true: if any of the company entertain a doubt of my veracity, I shall only say to such, I pity their want of faith, and must request they will take leave before I begin the second part of my adventures, which are as strictly founded in fact as those I have already related.

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

The Baron relates his adventures on a voyage to North America, which are well worth the reader's attention—Pranks of a whale—A sea-gull saves a sailor's life—The Baron's head forced into his stomach—A dangerous leap stopped a posteriori.

I EMBARKED at Portsmouth in a first-rate English man of war, of one hundred guns, and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river Saint Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force