

Werk

Titel: The Surprising Travels & Adventures, Of Baron Munchausen, Also An Account Of A Vo...

Autor: Raspe, Rudolf Erich

Verlag: Fordyce

Ort: Newcastle Upon Tyne

Jahr: 1840

Kollektion: Bucherhaltung; Itineraria

Werk Id: PPN80693235X

PURL: http://resolver.sub.uni-goettingen.de/purl?PID=PPN80693235X|LOG_0011

OPAC: <http://opac.sub.uni-goettingen.de/DB=1/PPN?PPN=80693235X>

Terms and Conditions

The Goettingen State and University Library provides access to digitized documents strictly for noncommercial educational, research and private purposes and makes no warranty with regard to their use for other purposes. Some of our collections are protected by copyright. Publication and/or broadcast in any form (including electronic) requires prior written permission from the Goettingen State- and University Library.

Each copy of any part of this document must contain there Terms and Conditions. With the usage of the library's online system to access or download a digitized document you accept the Terms and Conditions.

Reproductions of material on the web site may not be made for or donated to other repositories, nor may be further reproduced without written permission from the Goettingen State- and University Library.

For reproduction requests and permissions, please contact us. If citing materials, please give proper attribution of the source.

Contact

Niedersächsische Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek Göttingen
Georg-August-Universität Göttingen
Platz der Göttinger Sieben 1
37073 Göttingen
Germany
Email: gdz@sub.uni-goettingen.de

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 inconveinces 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