

## 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\\_0013](http://resolver.sub.uni-goettingen.de/purl?PID=PPN80693235X|LOG_0013)

**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](mailto:gdz@sub.uni-goettingen.de)

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

against (as we supposed) a rock; however, upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathom. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board: a poor fellow, who was aloft, furling the main-sheet was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life, by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them: my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale, who had been basking asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the

disturbance which our ship had given him (for, in our passage, we had with our rudder scratched his nose), that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, on our return to Europe some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water: it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathom of the cable concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. [Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled, with a great degree of inflammation.] This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage. One part of our distress however I had like to have forgot: while the whale was running

away with the ship, she sprung a leak, and the water poured in so fast, that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking: it was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found it a large hole about a foot diameter: you will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you, that this noble vessel was preserved, with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought. In short, I completely fill it with my—, without taking off my small-cloths and could have dispensed with it had it been larger; nor will you be surprised when I inform you, I am descended from Dutch parents. [The Baron's ancestors have but lately settled there: in another part of his adventures, he boasts of royal blood.]

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cool, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Bathes in the Mediterranean—Meets an unexpected companion—Arrives unintentionally in the regions of heat and darkness, from which he is extricated by Dancing a hornpipe—Frightens his deliverers, and returns on shore.*

I WAS once in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Meçiter-