



Lebens:

und

Reise = Beschreibung

von

G. W. Guldner,
Farber in Osnabrück;

oder:



Der Mensch soll nicht verzagen.



Emden.

Druck von H. Woortman sen., Stadtbuchdrucker.



1849,

Life- and travel-account of H. M. Güldner, dyer in Jever

or: Man shall not despair

Emden, Printed by H. Wortmann sen., municipal printer, 1849

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Foreword

After many efforts I finally succeeded in delivering a book into print, a book in which I present the story of many borne miseries besides my acquired experiences to the readers. Many books have been published that bear the name “life and travel account” like this one; but without flattering myself I hope that mine will be taken kindly with notable approval; it bears with good reason the title: “Man shall not despair” and will—I hope with confidence—have a beneficent influence on youth as well as on old age.

Not only the travelling I did between 1830 and 1836 will be described in this book, but also complete paths which fate lead me from childhood on and how I always held on to the belief: Man has never a reason to despair. He, who always complies with God, will always persevere—that was always my conception.

If people like me, who learned and experienced a lot, communicate this to the world by print, this would be very desirable to my mind, because what could be better than informing people of something useful? And there’s no doubt that the account of such experiences is useful, because with the full power of reality and truth they seize the reader, arouse good thoughts and give him wise rules of life, warnings, solace, and encouragement.

That’s why I’m justified to be content that the publishing of my life and travel account was no idle work, and am free to hope, that it will be appreciated very much. I didn’t let the work go short, as far as it’s in my power to accomplish it satisfactorily. I would be very pleased if the gentle reader would find more in it than I, the author, expected.

It would be especially delightful, if my book would serve the prospective craftsman, who is meant to take the walking stick and to pilgrim the world, to teach him that he has to have the presence of mind on his journey and never shall travel with fear. At least that's the lesson I learned from the experience, which can be seen from my presentation.

Should there be anyone found in the grand duchy, who could appear with the assertion, he has travelled Germany, etc., like me and particularly in such a bad period, when the cholera raged, when floods and other misfortunes haunted us? I bore much, very much. In Hungary, where no rain fell for one year, I had to starve; I fell into the hands of bandits; rebellion and fire afflicted me, but nevertheless—I got away after many difficulties.

Well, these sufferings now belong to the past; but the memories remain. Sure enough the reader must not think, that I wrote down all these events only from memory. My faithfully kept diary supported me at this work now delivered to the press. In the same I accurately recorded: the distance from every village I travelled to the next, the climate and the produce of every country, the places of interest, good and bad treatment, recruiting, police orders, arrests because of allegedly smuggled tobacco, strokes because of smoking tobacco, engagement during one year in Hungary, burning of my knapsack with all my belongings etc., which will all be told in the book at large.

When after that I present to the reader, how I established under advantageous conditions when back home, but became unhappy through marriage, and how I despite of all still keep my motto until today: "Anything but despair," I hope the reader will not fail to give his friendly credit to the author and merit of the report, but on the contrary join in his motto faithfully: "Man shall not despair."

Jever, August 1848. H. M. Guldner.

I. My young years

The man I owe my life was called Moses Israels. After he already had 7 children, he was given another son in his second marriage at old age and that was me. This happened on July 6, 1806, the day of the devastation of Jerusalem. My mother spent the same day in mourning and fasting and didn't know if she should cry about the fallen fathers or rejoice about the newborn, when I reminded her with eagerness –while she had hardly eaten anything– to end the fasting period. The fasting as well as the notable incident that coincided with my birthday, seemed to have a particular impact on my fate and my character. First of all I had to starve in my life and especially on my journey several times, furthermore in my youth I showed a bias for destruction. So I do remember to have plundered a garden with a boy at my age. When we were locked up in a cellar for that we noticed a stock of syrup and vinegar barrels. We pulled out the tap and let run what could run. By the same token I have a special preference for history, namely tragic stories. Already in my eleventh year I started to write a tragic drama about Esther and Mardachai, concerning the liberation of the Jews. But an also inherent cheerfulness attempted to dispel the sinister daemon in me. As a testimony for this I can present an early written tragedy in 6 acts with a cheerful end. The day of my birth was said to be a cheerful day, and surely this is a reason for the cheerfulness of my mind as well as for the many important and fateful events for all my life. Such days, when even our skies appear blue, although covered with little clouds looking like feathers and sheep, have to have a deep impact on the whole being of a newborn. Quite possibly my being up for indigo dying, my pleasure of having clandestine rendezvous (in German: Schäferstündchen, shepherd's while), the quill business I ran with great fondness (in German: Feder like feather), yes, even not only the interest in quills but also to work as an author with the quill, this is all accredited to this single circumstance. So I grew up to the delight of my mother but to the annoyance of my father. Because as much as the one caressed and almost pampered me the more the other kept me strict and treated me harshly. Be it he wants to revive the joy the new born scream gave him on his old days again and again or that it was out of his preference for blue color. By the way I don't want to offend my old father; he was though a good man, and might have been in a fret about a failed deal or the noticable decline of his assets. The only thing I want to hold against him indeed is that he never

sent me to school and just let me linger around. Although people often told him: Let your children attend the German school so they can learn to read, write and most of all to calculate, his answer was always: „What am I to do with school? I didn't learn anything either and had a hard times to establish myself from nothing and now have quite some assets.“ That's how wayward he was and often seemed to care more about others than about his own family; but probably his old age contributed to this. Indeed my mother finally had me taught without letting my father know and furthermore I had lessons in Hebrew language, which didn't help us children very much to get ahead.

When I was eleven years old my mother died at the age of 44 and with her my comfort and only hope was lost. I put forth an effort in learning something from a scrivener to avoid losing all my education. My wish was fulfilled. He taught me for two years without taking money. When my mother died, there were two sisters still living at home. Since they couldn't bear to live with my father anymore they married young. Soon after my father hit on the idea to marry once more at 77 years old, which cost him 1,000 Reichsthaler.

Now I was 14 years old, alone with my father and honestly thought about: what is to become of me? Then I remembered that one of my brothers-in-law from Holland fabricated drawn quills and I decided to take up the same profession. I went to him and learned for one year.

When I came back a year after I begged my father to allow me to start the business I learned. He responded: I will allow it to you but, but nevertheless I will not give you any money for it, you have to acquire it on your own. I also had nothing from the start. Nobody gave anything to me when I came to Jever. It's enough that I feed you. So I thought: Despair doesn't help much and talked to my father with pleadings and solicitation, because he ran a major stock of manufactured goods: Give me some goods from your shop so I can acquire something for my quills business. However the response was: Look son, here I have a pouch of plums, you can head out with them and sell them by the pound. I was so happy at that moment to be able to do something, so headed off with them, however didn't collect the costs because of too much tasting and therefore had achieved little or nothing and was a rich as before. After that I went to a local businessman and pleaded to give

me some goods on commission. My wish was fulfilled. I got as much as I wanted and soon had acquired enough to open my own company. At first the business went superb. Young and old people were employed. Soon I had put up a sign outside the house with only my name on it but not my father's, but soon after was told to remove it immediately. From this everyone can learn to start things with prudence, when he ventures without permission or concession. So I took in the sign immediately and worked without sign. But that didn't last long, because soon after the back of our house was burgled, where I had my factory and everything I needed for my work was stolen. Now my father got really angry and didn't want to hear about my quills business anymore by addressing me: Son, you have to go away from home. I considered and realized there was no use to hear things like that every day. I thought my father is old and children can easily sin against their parents. Therefore before I left I tried for getting him in ward and presented a petition to the court to have his assets managed because he wasn't able himself due to his old age and his diseases. The petition was not answered because my other siblings were against it. When my father heard about that he became thus furious that I didn't dare to stay any longer. But also my father moved to his daughter's place in Emden soon after. After being there almost one year, we received the sad message that he passed away. Since I was the only minor now the house was rented out and I was boarded by other people and had to think about my further advancement. My wish was to learn a craft because I wasn't born to deal. I took a trip to Bremen to find a job at a master. First I wanted to become a whitesmith. But since I didn't succeed I went back and got to know on arrival that they appointed two guardians for me. They told me to choose a craft. Because indigo dying was in fashion at the time I decided to follow my original bias to become an indigo dyer. I went to a master and was accepted under the condition to learn for four years and to pay 125 Reichsthaler apprentice's due.

With greatest delight I rushed back to my guardians to tell them about it. But to spend so much money? my guardian replied. I answered: This business is in full bloom now and if you learn it well the money is to spare. Because I stick to the motto: who is able is appreciated, tec. and: A trade in hand finds gold in every land. My guardians accepted it as well as they appeared willingly for my own good. They concluded a contract with the master. He got

the claimed money and I had to learn for four years and acceded my apprenticeship on March 1, 1827 [wrong: 1826].

II. My apprenticeship

I started my apprenticeship with bold courage. I liked the work very much. Although I was not used to such hard work, passion prevailed the strenuousness of it. The journeymen bothered me so much, and the master didn't care. But again I thought one must not despair, otherwise one loses passion and won't learn anything. I bore my suffering with patience and the first year passed by. With a change of journeymen, nothing got better. My master had been very content with me during the first year, as was the mistress; because for the latter I did everything she told me with the greatest pleasure. But more and more I realized, that my master was put at odds with me. I didn't get a good word and when he came back home late at night, he started making a noise and sometimes even during the severest winter, I had to get out of bed and make a fire and got beaten up on top of that. When I told my guardian about such harsh treatment, and that addressed reproaches to my master, it got even worse. One fine morning he came into the dye works, took the dying stick, flogged me with the same and gave me the advice: So now you can go to your guardian again to blame me. For a moment I was very amazed, since I didn't knew about that. I didn't know if I should be more upset about my guardian or my master. Then I decided not to be upset at all and asked my master with the greatest serenity, from what I deserved such hard treatment by him? You can leave, was his response. Even more surprised than before I asked why. I will tell you briefly, he replied, I promised to teach you properly. But they refused to enroll you and if I don't fulfill my duties, I won't get any apprentice's due. That's the whole reason. I answered: Can't I be enrolled, if I took another family name, for instance Gldner? We will have a try, he replied. Now it was convenient that my master had a good friend, who was also a dyer. Through him I was enrolled at the chamber he belonged to and from this time on I bore the family name Gldner. So my first fight was over. After about three years of apprenticeship and when I was already working as a journeyman, I was drafted and had to go to the military. Through these many unfamiliar exertions at the parade ground, I got hematemesis and had to lie down at the sickbay for several weeks. When I was restored back to health again, I was sent on vacation and went back straight to my apprenticeship. When I almost finished training it was

required that I had to spend four weeks at the same master who enrolled me. So I travelled to Ovelgönne and worked there for four to five weeks for which you get no fee.

[...]

IV. Good-bye

The day approached that my apprenticeship was to end. It was a hard winter, and it happened very much snow had fallen the day I left my master's home. He gave me an excellent certificate and gave me a self-written dyer's book, in which some blank sides were filed at the end for making notes. The farewell was hard for both sides despite of the strokes I got, harder than many strokes for me. With a kiss I left my former master and went to Ovelgönne to the said master, after a good friend packed my knapsack and my guardians gave me the required money to pay off the chamber in Diepholz, where I was enrolled. So first I went to the master in Ovelgönne who had me enrolled for several weeks, and after that I was qualified from my apprenticeship in Diepholz through thirty-six dyer masters of the whole handcraft under the magistrate assessor and made a journeyman. This happened with great ceremony and took from morning to evening. In the afternoon I was called before the chamber, after I was instructed about craft's practice and customs through six journeymen in a room. Every journeyman got one Thaler. Furthermore I had to pay for the expenses of pipes, tobacco, Dutch gin, etc., for the masters and journeymen all by myself. In return I got a certificate with which I could travel the whole world, issued by the chamber, the craft's seal below. For all that I was cheered up and not timid.

When I had finished everything I went to my youngest sister to say good-bye [probably Fike Ahrens from Warfleht, Berne on Weser. She emigrated to New York in 1853]. I stayed with her several days, checked my things, counted my money and found I had only two and a half Thalers left, with which I had to start my journey at a venture.

[...]

VII.

When in Hamburg I met a lot of good friends from Jever and surrounding areas whose aid to my advancement I have to acknowledge. But I also met a fellow-countryman who was very surprised to see me in Hamburg and urged me to come to his house. After I ate and drank with him he suggested to take a walk and at the same time he could deliver a letter to the post office, a task he had succeeded to. Arriving at St. Pauli he suggested to go to a bar and have half a pint of beer while he would head to the post office and be back soon to pick me up.

I was served by an old fat matron, who, after sensing I was a foreigner, prompted me very generously to join her into the adjacent room where I would find a very delicate conversation. I thanked her most politely for this offering and refused it with the comment that my friend only went to the post office and will be back soon to pick me up to get a few things done in the city. However one quarter of an hour after the other elapsed without my friend showing up and after a renewed invitation of the woman, I believed to offend common decency if I rejected the offer once more. Arriving at the other room I indeed found numerous company—company of very tough, artificially dolled up ladies whose perky attention immediately let me sense their line of business. Outraged about the intentions of my friend and the old matron, I paid my debt and left this depraved clique.

I headed back to my hostel with the best intents to be wary in the future. At night several colleagues suggested to join them to the pavilion of Peter Ahrens and explained to me very importantly—he who was in Hamburg but didn't visit P. Ahrens doesn't know a thing. You can easily imagine with how much curiosity I entered the pleasure house. The salon is of enormous extent, lighted by gas and is a real playground of raw lust and pleasure. Torn away into the whirl of the dancing and drinking crowd, I was soon deprived of my cash on hand and headed home ruefully. My intention to log quite a lot from Hamburg was spoiled by this imprudent deed because I was forced to leave immediately due of the lack of money.

[...]

XI.

[...] Since the cholera advanced with rapid strides, obstacles were put in my way in many districts of Germany, which I always cleared away by changing my route. Here in Offenbach at the police station, I had the same fate and had to take the route to Frankfurt. Frankfurt is only an hour away from Offenbach.

Just arrived, I stayed in the suburb Sachsenhausen at the hostel, "The Golden Can." But I was only there for an hour when the authorities enacted the order that all foreigners had to leave the town due to cholera. However upon my request at the police station, I got the permission to prolong my stop for twelve hours. I felt very uncomfortable having to leave the town so *nolens volens* since everybody told me the city provided many places of interest for the foreigner. The next morning I picked up my traveling book and my health attest at the police station and set forth my journey to Coblenz [Koblenz] via Mainz. Due to the bad weather I took a market ship down the Rhine. I was rowed on board the ship where I met a handsome and varied company. Two young girls with whom I started a chat gave me their favor and were so candid to introduce their birth town and the reason of their journey to me. One of the girls was a cook from Frankfurt and the other was a cheese maker from Switzerland; both had the intention to look for a job.

If anyone would make a Rhine trip just for the fun of enjoying a nice view on the towns and villages along the river, he would be deceived. Because here on the Rhine River where you go through the depth of a rocky canyon you see nothing but mountains and ruins of run-down robber castles, where people peek out of dirty holes in the walls as well as rugged rocks, laboriously planted with vines.

I visited the castle Rheinstein on this trip together with my cook and cheese maker. It lies on a high mountain and an artificially winding path is leading up to it. But only upon arrival you had to pass a chain bridge to reach the castle, where two watchdogs barred the entrance. Because of the outrage of the dogs two gentlewomen appeared inquiring after our wishes and allowed us to visit the castle with pleasure. The sight of these antique altars and the old heavy knight's armors is a marvelous reward for the little effort. After having examined all sights we started back. On this way back my compan-

ions begged me to be under my protection until Coblenz which request I accepted with pleasure. At Boppard we had breakfast and when it came to outflinging the purse to pay for the bill my companions departed by saying, "Sir, you pay for me!" This was a tough nut regarding the stock of my purse, but it got even worse when I was even utilized for their further advancement in Coblenz. In Coblenz I found no other way to escape the web of these women as to assure them I had to collect a little amount of money and then would be available for further help. I disappeared, never to be seen again. Here in Coblenz I had no work and only seven silver pennies as presents.

XII.

From here I had myself signed off for Meiningen [?] and made a little side trip to Mayen. It's said that at the castle of Mayen the beautiful and virtuous Genoveva once lived.

Due to ignorance of the route, I almost had to pay dearly for this little side trip. At sunset I arrived in a large forest where I lost my way so badly that I turned left, then right, then forth and back for three hours without a rest and unable to find a way out. Exhausted from fear, hunger, and stress I sat down on a stub of a tree to brace new energies when I almost fell asleep. The sound of a prayer bell ripped me out of this daze, and I walked towards this tone with the hope of salvation again. But unfortunately the sound faded away before I got out of the maze. Although I memorized the direction exactly, the undergrowth was too intertwined and the snow too deep to keep a steady course. I already strayed for a while, sank deeper into the snow with every step and anticipated that I would not stand this struggle for much longer when God sent me an old huntsman as a guardian angel. At this moment I was so happy that I fell down on my knees and sent an ardent prayer of thanks to heaven. Upon the huntsman's request, I told him about my sorry plight, whereupon he gave me the advice to take the opposite direction to get out of the forest in half an hour by just following his footsteps. I thankfully bid farewell for his assistance but soon lost his footsteps in the dark of the night and again was almost going down when I luckily discovered a cart track which lead me out of the forest and to the same place I had left in the morning.

However, I was blessed that I was here now because so much snow fell at night that the other day the passage was barred. The small town of Mayen lies between mountains and borders the Thüringer Wald [wrong, it's the Eifel]. When back in Mayen, I begged to visit the castle, which was granted to me with pleasure. The castle is newly built and right at the entrance you see a pillar where the life story of Genoveva is written in a language I don't know.

[...]

XV.

When my colleague and I arrived at that tavern [at Steinbach, Baden] at night we sat down at the fireplace to dry our wet clothes and waited for dinner until the cargo wagoner's had eaten and took the remaining crumbs. After proper refreshment we turned back to the fireplace. After half an hour another three cargo wagons arrived, each harnessed with ten studs, bound for France. At such big inns usually all the wagons get locked up in a shelter to protect the goods from burglary. We sat at the fire until about ten at night when I fell asleep because I was so tired. When my companion woke me up to go to bed, I replied that I had a strange intuition and felt as if a disaster was about to happen. To my grief my companion answered that I probably had nightmares and that it would be the best to go to bed. Therefore we asked for our room and were led to a room on the third floor by a servant, which lay across from the shelter according to my calculation. In this room there were two beds and in one of them already lay another traveler. When I had slept for about an hour I heard an anxious cry "dyer!" and noticed in half-sleep that it came from the other traveler across from us, who instantly told us that a fire broke out. Soon after a bright flame blazed upwards in front of the window of our sleeping room. Fear encouraged us very quickly and we snatched up our belongings as much as possible, mixed up our boots, trousers and jackets and ran almost half undressed out of the room but to our biggest shock couldn't find the stairs to the first floor. Finally after much searching and also the residential house was on fire we were lucky to arrive at the first floor where everyone was still in deep sleep, so we were hardly able to wake them up. The busiest of all was the yard dog since he alarmed the whole building because of our noise. When the cargo wagoners heard of the accident they tried to rescue their goods but the disaster was too

far advanced and oddly enough the key to the shelter was undiscoverable. All the goods, carts and horses were totally burned.

I'd like to entrust urgently to you, dear readers, if you ever make a trip and stay at an unfamiliar inn, to use caution and to orientate yourself properly at the house so you will not be caught up in case of a disaster and will start back non-stop. What a sad fate would have awaited us if fortune weren't favorable to us!

When we recovered our breath we demanded our traveling books with a harsh tone, which we finally received having much bother—because the people were deeply confused by the accident. Almost half dressed we had to camp outside in the rain and they even wanted to force us to help fighting the fire. We surely would have done this, but it was impossible to part from our possessions, which was at risk to be stolen. Meanwhile we were not allowed to leave the place and so on top of the fear there was grim torpor. Around one o'clock in the morning unfortunately seven houses were laid in ashes and the lead of the nearby church tower had melted. After they released us we wanted to go to another inn but we heard that the burnt one was the only one in town, so we stopped by at a tailor and feasted on a sustaining porridge soup, which more or less unfroze us. Later we were told that a cousin of the landlord had started the fire while feeding the horses.

[...]

XVII.

Unfortunately, I entered the city of Basel at a very sad time, because there a revolution only broke out on January 27, 1832 [wrong, it was 1831], at night at eleven o'clock. The reason for the revolution probably arose from the countryside that was not willing to serve the city. The leader of the countrymen was said to be a Frenchman owning property at Lake Constance. From the Baden site the countrymen attacked the city and battered it all night, so hard that the mountains were shaking. At first I wasn't able to interpret this spectacle and made inquiries about it, but when I got the answer that the countrymen started a war against the townsmen, I took my heels, fled to the mountains and hid in a dark cave with some people like me and awaited the outcome of the issue. The next morning we were told that the city surrende-

red to the countrymen. My quill is too weak to describe the then sad shape of the city, and I have to leave it to the reader to imagine such a scenery. Since the city was still in a fuss that morning I fled to Alsace where some merciful people hid me because I was haunted due to insufficient papers. But also here I was not safe and therefore had to pass Basel quickly as soon as possible and headed to Seckingen at Lake Constance [it's Bad Säkingen on Rhine, not at the lake]. On this way you have the Black Forest on the left and to the right there is another unbelievable mountain chain I cannot name. It's a true pleasure to travel this lovely region and its villages lying close together. You pass by the villages Fricken [Frick, Switzerland], Laufenbeg [Laufenburg], Waldshut, Tingen [Tiengen], Untereckingen [Untermettingen?], Stelligon [Stühlingen?], Schleichheim [Schleitheim?], Hallau, Neuenkirch [Neunkirch] and finally the city of Schaffhausen. It's strange that the villages are only one mile apart from each other. Gorgeous and odd is also the place where the Rhine floods into Lake Constance and the former cuts the latter. You can clearly see it from a green stripe in the middle of the delta [he mixed up the two ends of Lake Constance. Schaffhausen is not at the delta but at the other end of the lake].

Although the most beautiful part of Europe was at my feet, my situation was not enviable. The beneficent readers will probably remember that I didn't have my papers in a proper order, and now I was again at a place where they would probably ask for my legitimization and so I was afraid to be sent back for the third time. But again I took comfort with my motto: "Man, do not despair!"—and also wandered into the city without being stopped and happily reached the hostel. I already felt safe when suddenly the landlord announced that I had to present a certain amount of money if I wanted go on traveling through Switzerland. I left my knapsack at the hostel, went to the masters and had to pass a bridge on the border to the canton of Zürich to get to one of the dyers. Here I was stopped by a border guard and was demanded to show my traveling book and the required money. My excuse was, that I didn't have the money with me but in my knapsack, and I was about to ask a master for a job and would present the required means when I finally travelled to Zürich. He signed off my traveling book and wrote into it: "provided with traveling money" without having seen it. Provided with this visa I could travel the whole of Switzerland. I therefore ran straightaway back to Schaffhausen and had my traveling book signed off here as well.

Now I was free from worry and wandered on gladly and happily. In Constanz [Konstanz] I was lucky to collect enough money to travel Switzerland regarding my financial situation as well. From Constanz I travelled back to Diesenhofen [Diessenhofen], Stein, Stechborn [Steckborn], Weinfeldten [Weinfeldten], Erlen, Oberreich [Oberaach?], Obereck [Oberegg?], Bischofszell, Habswyl [Hauptwil], Urban [Arbon?], Sandthal [Thal?] as far afield as St. Gallen. The city of Saint Gallen is not nicely built; half of the city lies on the hillside, the other half in the valley. All in all the city only has a few points of interest. From here I travelled to Oberadswyl [Oberuzwil] where I found a job at a big factory. At this factory I not only earned a lot of money, but I also improved my skills substantially especially concerning cotton dyeing. Since I could settle here for a while I had the opportunity to get to know this region and log everything faithfully into my book. Oberadswyl is the most beautiful place in Switzerland. In the surroundings you find very fine cattle and they also grow much flax, which is very profitable for the residents. The benefit of freedom which promotes the potency of the genius as well as the activity of people everywhere, indisputably is the reason that no other country relatively has so many artists and manufacturers and—considering its location—has such a flowering bustle like St. Gallen and Zürich whereas the lack of agriculture also coerces the residents to think about different occupation has to be considered. The only thing I couldn't get used to was the food, which is for the most part was dressed with cheese. Switzerland is a country where the people contrast no less than the surrounding nature, the raw simplicity of the shepherd's life with the sophisticated refinements of the residents of the Gallo-Helvetician cities: briefly speaking a country that delights every traveler; the classical dressage for artists and experts in human nature.

XVIII.

After I stayed in that area for about a quarter of a year, I travelled on and took my way to the lovely lake Zürich and arrived at the city of Zürich after a twenty-four hour march, the most beautiful town of Switzerland as for what I had seen so far. I stopped off at the so-called "green tavern." When entering the public room there was a foreign traveler, beautifully dressed, politely knowing one's manner when talking and started a conversation with me. However I could not make out his profession, and also I was too tired from the journey to keep up the conversation. I therefore abandoned the

same, asked for some food and didn't care about anything else. At night before going to bed this mister again started a conversation and asked me where I planned to go to, whereupon I replied that I will think about it at night and tell him the next morning. He penetrated me to tell him immediately because it would likely be of great use for me. I'm not reluctant to tell you, I answered, if I had the pleasure to know your name and your profession first. He replied hereupon with a smiling face: My profession is very noble, I am everything I am asked for. Can you keep a secret? At most it's probably not necessary as well; I will tell you when we go to bed. At the said time he took his pocketbook and said: I'm an apothecary—servant—surgeon—briefly I always have the profession where the biggest presents are offered. He signed off his own passports and had a police seal from every town. When undressing he showed me his nice killing instruments, which he wore on his bare body and even inside the handle of his umbrella he had a sharpened dagger. After he showed me everything, he said: You are now privy to the secret. I will pay for all you eat, but as soon as you tell anybody from the just experienced I will kill you. I comforted myself with the thought that I can keep silence and that Switzerland is safe enough for a traveler. With this comfort I went to sleep calmly.

[...]

XX.

After I travelled almost all of Baden it remained to visit the very tip of it—Altpeusacht [Altbreisach?], where I spent the Easter holidays. I happened to meet with a warm reception from a rich businessman and while telling him my numerous experienced adventures, I gained his trust more and more so that it hurt him when the eight days of Easter passed by so fast. This businessman had a daughter who was employed at Straßburg and was just at home at the time. With that said I developed such an intimate relation during these days that I almost stayed forever. I can tell you that I was in a situation here that one can call Elysium. Alas! It didn't last long. Before we sat down for lunch one day my bride swallowed a fork full of hot food immediately after it was put on the table, and she met her death instantly. How disappointing this was for me you can imagine easily; I was outcast from heaven to hell by this incident. With a heavy heart I departed from here [...]

XXII.

Upon arrival in Nürnberg, I went straight to the hostel, where the warden told me that the city was in an uproar [May 2, 1832] and therefore it was not advisable to step out and pick up the presents [boarding money from the masters]—only the market place was safe enough to take a look at the turmoil. I didn't even want the latter, but since I met a colleague there again, who had his heart in the right place and who absolutely wanted to go there, I was carried away by force. We planted ourselves at some distance where we had a good overview, and it was dreadful to watch scene like that. The masses were acting in groups and it looked as if they had prepared for a long time. The doors and windows of the most important houses were barred with iron poles. At the house of „the first person“ of the city, to whom the whole uproar was meant for, the doors and windows were smashed, and all of the household appliance were thrown on the street.

However the riot grew so that the military was required to calm down the crowds. They tried to drive apart the restless and announced curfew. Lastly they came over to us and repeated the same. My colleague replied in jest that it was actually a bit early for home. This was taken the wrong way by one of the soldiers and he stabbed my colleague at my side, which implicated his immediate death. I promptly cut and ran and heard the words, “Take the rebel away!” When I arrived at the hostel the public room was packed with citizens. When the warden asked me where my colleague was, I told him of the sad incident. The shock of those attending was so exceptional, that they actually doubted my words at first. When others came in and told the same, they lost their temper and wanted to go back to the market, but it didn't happen. I asked for the reason of the revolt, whereupon they told me, that the one whose house was demolished is concerned with purchase of grain. He had bought in everything obtainable and literally ran a profiteering business. The workers from the suburbs, counting 1500, rose as one man.

Nothing else remained to me than to leave and I met a whole lot of military on my way, ordered to calm down the riot. [...]

On Sunday I went to a tavern with several colleagues [at Regensburg]. Although in this area they don't drink coffee in the morning, I wanted to make an exception this time. I ordered coffee, butter, white bread, black

bread, and cheese and had the pleasure to have breakfast like my fellow countrymen do. The host along with his guests was very surprised that I put butter, white bread, and cheese together on the black bread. He didn't want to believe that there was a country where you eat everything that way while they are content with only a part. In the end, I drank a bottle of the famous Bavarian beer. Then I had my traveling book signed off for Oberzell [Oberzell], which lies at the border to Austria and went down the Danube by raft with 160 men. The passage didn't cost anything, however, we had to help the boatmen to take away the raft to the landing place, which we reached at Oberzell after two overnight stops at Straubing and Passau. Here we fell into the hands of the customs officials, who searched us formally and very often asked us if we didn't have tobacco. However we were told before that the import of the same was strictly forbidden, and therefore, we threw the little we had left over into the water. If I would say the custom officials treated us roughly. I wouldn't tell the truth; on the contrary, we were treated very politely. What they did was their duty.

XXIII.

Here in Oberzell, I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. My motto, "Man shall not despair," almost went down the drain here. Due to the still proliferating cholera and long time unemployment, I was sent back to Bavaria with several of my colleagues. I sat on the cliff, not knowing which direction to take. I couldn't go back to Bavaria because I was very likely to be shipped home from there right away. Austria was where I wanted to go, but I wasn't allowed to. In this despair, I ran back a few miles and met a Bavarian border huntsman, cried on his shoulder, and asked for a good advice. Whereupon, he suggested to bypass the Bohemian forests and go to Wolfstein. I followed this well-intentioned advice and reached Wolfstein safe and sound. However, it was a bad tour. In these forests, I didn't only have to wander through numerous poor villages where traveling journeyman were badly considered and had to fight with mountains, but also the cholera raged most dreadfully, and I often met completely died out villages. If I wanted to stop by at a master, I usually was rejected with the reply that he already passed away or was about to die. In the houses, I stopped off they offered me a lemon every time to sniff it.

The regular burial of the corpses was not possible anymore due to the large numbers, but they rather made pits in the forest where they laid the same and buried them with masses of stone lime.

The disease starts with headache and vomiting at first, which increases more and more and usually is fatal within twenty-four hours. According to my inquiry no one ever recovered from this disease. All corpses develop blue spots across the body and immediately start to decay. People in their good-natured superstition gave me a root to arrest for the malady. I had to take one part by mouth and the other on the naked body. If this has caused my escape from the illness, I can't tell.

The cumbersome journey through the mountains took six weeks. Then I arrived at Waldsassen. [...] On this route I came to the village of Tenitz [Taßnitz/Dasnice?] where I got a job offer. My stay at Bohemia revealed the character of the Bohemians to me. Hate of Germans and much dirt in their domestic facilities is a striking feature of them, which caused me to shorten the stay at the village of Tenitz. I continued my journey to Prague via Scuttenplau [Komotau/Chomutov?] and Töplitz [Teplitz/Teplice]. At the gate of this city my traveling book was demanded. I got a card with which I could go to the hostel. Here I met a manager from one of the biggest factories in Prague from whom I got a job offer. Here, I had the possibility to become familiar with the sites of Prague. The city is divided in two parts, and the border is marked by a heavy iron chain across the street. The one half is occupied by Christians and is called "Christenstadt;" the other half, inhabited by Jews, is called "Judenstadt." The latter is much more beautiful than the former and has thirty-three synagogues. Particularly odd is the flea market. The noise from dealing is unbelievable. One is offering new, the other old clothes, again others are screaming they were robbed. Stealing is very common here indeed, and everyone has to protect himself with his fists and to provide his rights.

The castle hill is high and difficult to climb. The castle itself can only be visited from outside. The entrance was prohibited. Only the chapel was open to the public. The enormous flambeaus caught my attention, which are said to be brought here from the Holy Land. Behind the altar the remains of the holy Nepomuk were shown in a silver coffin. When we stepped out of the chapel, the city of Prague lay at our feet, and we could count seventy-two towers.

Since this day was a Sunday and is usually spent with strolling and amusement we went for a walk to the Kleinseite from here, a small island in the River Moldau.

We had to pass the big Moldau Bridge on that tour, which is famous for its paintings on the balustrade. However our expectations about the island were spoiled. We thought we would find a nicely equipped park but only found sparse vegetation and limited convenience. It can be deduced from some token that the place used to be well attended in former times, but it was impossible to tell why it's not happening now anymore. The theatre in Prague is very magnificent, but I had little benefit from the play because I didn't know the Bohemian language.

I worked here for eighteen weeks. The biggest part the journeymen has to supply themselves, which is not so expensive because all food, cooked, fried, raw, etc., is sold in the streets. That way one only needs about a Thaler a week. Food is very cheap; a fried goose only costs twenty-four Ort.

[...]

XXVI.

Since we couldn't reach Ölze [Oels/Olesnica] that day, I suggested to my comrades to leave the route and wander to Ölze tomorrow. This proposal was met with applause. However soon we came into an awful situation that went astray, finally ending up in a den of robbers.

When we left the military road we had to pass a mountain chain on that byway and came into a very wild area in these mountains. After we passed this area we arrived at a small wood. We worked our way as good as possible, and thought we finally reached the end when we turned out to be in an immeasurable forest. We didn't want to turn around, and so we proceeded—the Augsburgers ahead, I followed. We already had marched four hours when I begged my comrades to take a little rest and drink something because I was so tired, but the Augsburgers got furious and shouted, “No rest! Come along! Dusk is coming. Who knows what hides in this forest and when we will reach the end.” Without saying one more word we marched on. We already had walked for a while when I felt something soft underneath my feet at a small glade and realized that it was moss. I called the attention of my comrades to that and said, “Let's take a rest here.”

But the Augsburger again exclaimed mercilessly, “No!” Our situation got worse and worse. Night came in, and we could hardly see each other. In addition to that, tiredness gained the upper hand so we stumbled over almost everything and only got on very slowly.

Finally about nine in the evening we heard dogs barking. Fear was not able to drive us forward anymore. The hope of salvation, we marched on into the direction where we heard the dogs and caught sight of a light in a small shack in a distance. We approached it boldly, noticed six men talking in front of the door and several dogs, which broke out in terrible baying when we arrived. After our salutations, which they returned, one old man asked where we came from and what our profession was. Hereupon, the Augsburger told him that we came from Breslau and were hatters.

Since usually dyer journeymen are known to have money, we thought it was suitable to hide our real profession because we didn’t know what type of people we met.

You probably got lost, the old man said, and surely are real tired, therefore I recommend to come in my hut and take a rest before you continue. When we hesitated to follow his advice he said, “Don’t be afraid, kids, I am the warden of this forest and I honestly mean well for you.”

We followed the old man who lead us into a very scary chamber partly filled with ropes and axes, containing neither table nor chairs, and which he locked up when he left.

It was pretty clear that we were prisoners of a robber band now. We examined as much as possible a find a way out in the darkness. It was not found, except a very small window to the yard, which was hardly big enough to creep through.

The Augsburger, a very strong man, immediately began to deal with the window, and he hoped to break it open with the devices found in the chamber. He told us that we are all too well aware where we are, but we will make it possible for one to flee and report our imprisonment at the next authority. We will draw lots and the one who’s drawn has nothing else to do than seize the occasion to flee as soon as the robbers come in and bear down on us. The lots were drawn and it chose the Bavarian.

One and a half hour were spent in that hole when the door was opened and four armed men rushed in and demanded us to give our goods freely. However we gave no answer. After a little pause one of them raised his voice angrily, “Hey! Didn’t you hear that we demanded your money and goods?” The Augsburger was the first to step towards him and gave him his stick, which contained an epee, his brandy bottle and his tobacco pouch; the Bavarian did the same. Now it was my turn. Fear overwhelmed me so hard that I didn’t dare to go over to them but holed up behind my comrades. I wanted to give my things to the Bavarian so he could hand them over to the robbers but I got a good nudge from him with his heels, which meant that I was to deliver it myself.

After we gave this away and the robbers made as if they were to demand more, the old man rushed in and called, “Hold on! These guys are under my protection, and I don’t want you to do them any harm.” Growling, the robbers backed down and the door was locked again.

Now the Augsburger began, “Out of this hole—our way goes through the window!” In a wink, he broke the same. We helped him out first, then I helped the Bavarian, and I had to help myself. When we gathered again outside we went towards the forest.

When we were out of the range of the den of robbers, we stopped and now my two comrades came at me and wanted to take my life because it was I who had been the cause of this whole situation. Through pleading and crying, I persuaded them to let me stay alive, but I got a pretty good beating anyway. We marched the whole night through and reached Glogau at nine the next morning [impossible: Glogau is 120km from Oels and Breslau].

XXVII.

The police authorities at Glogau [?] where we reported the incident offered us 200 Polish Gulden if we took them to the robber shack but it was impossible for us to find the way back we went at night.

I travelled from Glogau to Polish Neustadt [Prudnik] via Ölze and Oppeln, where I found a job. After a while I travelled on via Hatzenplatz [Hotzenplotz/Osoblaha], Jägerndorf [Krnov] and Freudenthal [Bruntál] to mährisch Tribau [Moravská Třebová]. Because of the beauty of the town, I stayed here for three days. The twelve miles from mährisch Tribau to Brünn

[Brno] took me eighteen hours. Therefore I arrived very tired at Brünn. The owner of the hostel, a very soulful man, who took my situation to heart, fed me the best, and revealed to me that I just came at the right time since there was a good job vacancy at the dye works.

The next morning, I went to the master in chief who gave me a job at the suburb right away. It was very satisfactory to get work here during winter. Board and lodge leave nothing to be desired. I only had to stand a lot of cold since my hostel was far away from the dye works. We also had to work at night very often but it paid extra, and so, I earned a lot of money, which I spent on new clothes. At this workshop I stayed from New Year's Day to fourteen days after Easter.

When I came back home to my hostel on a Sunday around that time, my warden asked me if I would give up my job here and was willing to work at a Turkey red dye works at the cloister of Tischnowitz [Tisnov]. The master was in a scrape, and I could earn a lot of money. Although there was no lack of journeymen—we were twenty-two at the hostel, from whom eighteen were in the works and four were foreigners—he gave preference to me and recommended me to the master as the most proficient. After I gave in the master came in and asked me if I knew how to dye Turkish red and I said yes. We soon came to an agreement and drove to the cloister Tischnowitz the same afternoon.

At this cloister there were several factories at the time. At the end there was a paper mill, then a soap factory, and finally the red dye works.

However I hadn't been there very long when unfortunately I got a bad hematemesis [Blutsturz], probably due to the cold I had in Brünn, which had me stay in bed for six weeks. My master was very concerned about me. I could get no better care than if I had been at my parent's house. He paid all the costs my illness from his own purse. [...]

I went on and came to the gate of the imperial castle [of Vienna], under which the street to the inner city passed. Above the gate you see the guard patrolling back and forth.

I passed a narrow road to the suburb Mariahilf and came to the hostel, The Golden Peacock. Since you can live very cheaply in Vienna and I was not

yet fully recovered from my sickness, I took a rest here for three days. From here I visited all the sites.

The imperial castle is of old construction and looks very bare. I went there almost every morning where you could see the emperor and Prince Metternich—the actual reigning person in Austria at the time—talking to each other standing at a window.

The bodyguard of the emperor—big, strong, and selected men at the age of up to sixty years, consisting of a corps of sixty men—sat in front of the castle, which I especially admired.

Also the body hussars, who partly consist of Hungarians and was said to have 3,000 men, aroused my attention, the uniforms of which were covered all over with silver laces over which the so called “Dollmantel” was hanging very picturesquely.

The inner city of Vienna isn't that large though, and you can easily cross it within half an hour. The houses of the city are of a bad construction type, strangely contrasting the gorgeous houses of the suburbs. I visited fourteen churches in the city in which I didn't notice anything worth mentioning. After that I visited the “stick at the iron” at Stephan's Square, but it would be more correctly to call it “iron at the stick,” which is an old dead tree whose stem is studded with nails all over and on one branch there hangs a lock. Although I tried really hard to detect the sense of it, no one was able to tell me the true origin of it.

In Vienna, where there are almost 1,000 different kinds of factories, I mainly visited several silk weaving mills, which are mostly run by girls whose weaving looms were constructed so effectively that they could weave ten broad silk ribbons with different patterns at a time.

Other factories I visited were constructed as well as these.

The Museum of Prince Metternich is very splendid; the pictures are exhibited in thirty-two rooms. In each room there is a catalogue on a marble table so you do not have to depend on a guide. [...]

XXIX.

From Neusulus [must be near the mountain Schumlau/Somlyó] I travelled to the town Poppe [Papá] and from there to the village of Naslop [Noszlop].

The journey to this place went through woods and bushes. However, the way was good although at the time there were no avenues located at Hungary.

Here in Naslop I got a job right away and was hired as a foreman.

Through my satisfactory work and the resultant increase of customers I gained the trust of the citizens—even of the local judge. Through that I found many friends. Among them was a renter who lived at the count's estate who ran a brandy distillery, a butchery, a shop, and had to deliver everything the count's citizens needed. Here at the estate of the count, I installed a dye works at the expense of the renter.

I haven't been there for long when I was urged from all sides to establish myself. Indeed I would have done so if not a circumstance I want to tell here briefly kept me from doing so.

A man with a good reputation and also blessed with lucky goods one day came to me and asked if I didn't feel like marrying. I replied that I would love to, but the person had to be of respectable reputation, to my taste, and to possess a fortune—in order to have a proper dye works one needs a lot of money, and I didn't have more than I earned.

Listen, dear friend, he said, I have a cousin who is good, neat, and wealthy. This one I would like to be your wife. However, she isn't here but in Vienna at a finery shop but awaits a visit, and then I will introduce the issue to her. Maybe it will work out. Shortly after, I paid a visit after work. The whole family met for dinner. They urged me to sit down and poured me a pretty bumper of wine. After we toasted our health, Madame asked me, "But, my God, Heinrich, have a look at our circle! Don't you see a foreign person here?" I scanned the line with my eyes and to my surprise noticed an unfamiliar lady whom I welcomed immediately and begged for pardon for my inattention. I further began a conversation because I realized that she was well educated and passed a sound judgment on everything. Soon after she went away with the daughter of the house. Now the host told me that this was the person he proposed to me some time ago and asked me if I was determined to enter into this marriage?

I replied hereupon that it was impossible for me to answer this question immediately but would tell him my decision within fourteen days.

Meanwhile I visited very often and got very familiar with the lady. Since I could be pleased with her in every respect, I didn't miss announcing my decision to my friend and to beg him to prompt his cousin to become my wife. Subsequently he gave me the comforting answer that he will present this proposal to his niece, and that he can assure bright prospects in advance as far as he noticed.

Soon after he invited me to his house. I found the whole family of his cousin there, and I was told that the girl agreed and also her parents came over to celebrate our engagement. They also wrote to my hometown and sought the consent of my relatives. We observed this day their customs very solemnly. From now on I was a groom.

After a year I spent in this state the wedding was determined to happen in four weeks. My papers from home were not here yet but they hoped they would arrive in time since they asked for them a long time ago. The whole dowry was complete.

When I went for a walk one Sunday a good friend, for whom I worked before, paid a visit and suggested to take a path to a not so well attended place where he had to announce something to me in private. When we arrived there he started talking with a gloomy heart, "My friend! My friend! If I didn't hold you that dear I wouldn't have called you. But as long as I know you, you appeared to be a good and honest man. Therefore I want to reveal a secret to you, for which you will thank me later even if it will surprise you at first. The girl you love and which you will marry in fourteen days had an affair with an office clerk at Vienna ten years ago who left her when she was pregnant. The child died right after birth." This news depressed me deeply, and I was close to despair, when my friend begged me to abandon my fancy since it was early enough to step back. He urged me to go to a tavern with him to swallow the displeasure with a glass of wine. Here I drank several glasses, which I normally don't do, and in this state I went home and lay down. When I went through the whole story now, I came to the conclusion not to marry this person. When I lay in bed for a while the maiden showed up and asked, "What is wrong?" After that Madame came in. I sighed deeply but didn't answer, even when my bride and her family showed up. They called for a doctor, but in Hungary they only have doctors in the cities. Good riddance since my malady was nothing but a desperate drunkenness. They prepared a wine soup for me but I didn't touch it. When

nothing helped, my bride started crying, threw herself on me and cried, “Heinrich, dear Heinrich, what happened to you? Tell me!” But I thought to myself, if you knew, you wouldn’t beg to know so loudly.

In the end when it was already late and they realized that there was nothing they could do about me, they left my room. I was glad to be on my own again, stood up, and went to my master. I told him the whole story and said that this person could never be my wife. I asked for quill, ink and paper, and invited my bride’s family for another day remarking that I was about to announce an important matter. At the said time everyone gathered and everyone awaited the things to come.

I told them briefly what I learned about my bride and declared, if this was true I could not marry her, because to associate with a person who bears a shame will cause nothing but misfortune in wedlock. My bride fell down at my feet, begged, and craved to forgive her the committed indiscretion. In the future she will behave well so that our fortune will not suffer any disturbance, etc. However, I didn’t agree, and said good-bye and went to my workshop.

[...]

XXXI.

The city of Triest has a very nice harbor in which the ships coming from all parts of the world, looks like a blooming forest with their diverse flags. You see people from all over the world united here. Everyday the visitor is offered something new and no matter how long you stay and think you have seen everything, still something is left or something happens that is new to the stranger.

I remembered that my former bride mentioned a very rich uncle at Triest. I had noted his address and for some reason I visited him. I found his office with the help of a guide but didn’t meet him there. At another visit I was told that he was in his summer house at the vineyard. Upon my arrival there I was welcomed very politely and upon request who I was I told the story of my engagement, showed him my traveling book, and presented a few letters from his nephew. He was very pleased and urged me to follow him to the balcony where I could tell him some more about his relatives in Hungary. I never ever witnessed a more beautiful and lovely view. In front of us there

was the harbor with its unbelievable mass of ships, the Adriatic Sea, and in the distance, Venice.

Taking the old man's friendliness and courtesy at face value, I believed to arrive here at the right time, but soon after I woke up from this dream. We only had a cup of coffee, when the old man left without good-bye. When I was told so, I made off and left the city the same day.

From here I travelled to Laibach [Ljubljana] where I had the opportunity to visit a miracle of the underworld. A grotto, hundred feet beneath the ground, where a mass is held twice a year. The ceiling of the grotto rests upon marble pillars that are gilded as well as the altar. The whole is lit by candlelight and grants a gruesome solemn spectacle.

Since I had no job for a long time and also my purse lamented I didn't know anything else. I took steps back towards Hungary to remedy this disaster. So I travelled on to Pesth [Budapest] where I was lucky to get a job immediately. I surely wouldn't have left this workshop that I liked very much, if the master had not found out that I was Jew, and he hereupon declared with the most honest face that he had a special aversion against Jews. What should I say? Begging was not my fashion—I said farewell.

Now that I travelled one part of the world quite thoroughly, and I didn't actually enjoy the vagrant life anymore, I came to the conclusion to take steps back to establish my own home. I informed my family from Hungary so they could prepare for my arrival.

[...]

XXXIII.

When I arrived at Jever I was a stranger. Several good friends whose help I had counted on passed away and one brother, who still lived here, was able to be my host for a few days but could not help me with my further advancement. I found the legacy of my father as complicated as before I left, so I was not able to come to terms with my co-heirs no matter how many sacrifices I offered and finally had to go to court.

Since around here the indigo dyeing work was sparse at the time, I thought it was more important to found my establishment right away instead of waiting for the inheritance dispute to be resolved. Therefore I was

constantly busy with purchasing the means for my household, which finally succeeded when the inheritance case was solved.

Through having the money, I soon found several—as they said—honest friends. Amongst them was a then wealthy Jewish businessman named A [probably Ahrens] who went as far as offering me board and lodge at his home until my own household was established. This offer from an established manufactory owner who commanded a number of domestics and had horses and wagons for his entertainment was just too flattering for me not to accept. But appearances are deceitful says the old saw—a truth I pretty soon got convinced of. If his business was already in retrogression back then—a few years later it went head over heels—or if his intention was to cheat me, I don't know. I always had to lend him money for any reason whatsoever; until at the end he had all of my assets in his hands. I made him understand—since he knew what the money was meant for—that he had to hand it back to me immediately as soon as I would get my license, which seemed to be a little something for him, because otherwise he could have purchased me the needed goods.

When the time of my establishment moved closer, he didn't have the cash and so I was compelled to commit him buying the necessary goods for me.

This man, whom I entrusted all of my possessions, and in whom I placed all my trust, not only cheated me on the account and betrayed my confidence, he even undermined my happiness.

Even though he deserved to have his infamous deeds published, I will overlook the individual facts with silence. The revenging Nemesis already flung him from his height and doomed him to the same fate he caused me through his perfidy.

During the time I lived at the above-mentioned house, the same had some female visitors from L [probably Leer]. On arrival of the ladies, I was at the parlor but retired soon after to my room. I hadn't been there for long when the landlady came in and begged me to take a walk with the ladies to Sibetshaus. At first I rejected it, but finally gave in due to the urgent plead and set off with the ladies. We were not very far from Jever when the wind arose and the clouds came down in torrents. We stopped by at my brother's home, which was next to us. Angry about the loss of my umbrella, I left the ladies to their fate and rushed away.

Shortly after this affair I got mail from a friend, where he told me that one of the ladies had a good eye on me, as we call it, and he would advise me to marry her, since she was wealthy and from a good background.

I put the letter into my desk silently without answering.

When later I visited the town in order to buy equipment from a dyer, I visited a friend and only half an hour later the lady appeared and asked me in a friendly manner to go to her father with her.

The old man welcomed me very politely and after a little small talk he went on to the intended affiliation with his daughter and promised not to let her go short on dowry and cash. However I told him, that I was not reluctant to affiliate, but such an important step concerning your whole life had to be considered very carefully from both parties. I left without obliging.

Soon after I received a letter from a master from A [Altgarmsiel?] who asked me to work for him for a few weeks since he wasn't able to handle his jobs piling up due to an illness. Although he had harmed me and I already had the license for my business, I took the job.

The sister of this master—young, good looking and modest—fell in love with me when we got to know each other more closely. The family soon noticed and backed it. In one's youth you are usually blinded. If I had married this person—I have no doubt—I would have been lucky for all my life.

But it was caprice of fate, or rather, as you usually say, my wedding with the first was written on the big curtain.

I had almost finished my work for the master in A for the biggest part, when on a walk I was slipped a letter, whose deliverer left at once. Back home I opened it and was surprised to receive a letter from the lady of L where she wrote me that she lowered herself once more to remind me of her love and if I would not come over and make a declaration until a certain date, she had to assume that she approached an unworthy with her love.

If this was no real love, I thought, the girl would not have deigned to take this step. So rush to her, your fortune is smiling on you!

I was welcomed there from all sides most cordially and after we mutually agreed, the wedding contract was designed. I would have preferred to marry

right away, but my bride and also her parents thought it was more advisable to wait another year.

My dyer workshop, which I founded right after my engagement, had a very lucky start. The jobs piled up more and more, so that I was hardly able to come to terms with all orders, but the nice income encouraged me a lot so that I only slept a few hours at night. I considered myself to be on the peak of happiness. I had everything I wished for—a bride who loved me, an income promising me a bright future.

But I became aware pretty soon that my genius had other plans with me. I was afflicted by articular gout so bad that I not only had to lay down my tools but also was not able to move from one place to another. All my limbs were petrified, and I had to be carried. This state lasted for sixteen weeks. My bride, whom I informed about my sorry plight and asked to come over, excused herself with sickness and her parents were not heard from. I therefore was completely abandoned and compelled to lay my business into the hands of strangers. Needless to say that complaints about the guidance accumulated pretty soon, which I was not able to relieve. One was complaining that he didn't receive the correct order, the other that his things didn't have the correct color and the worst was that upon my remedy, I found lots of stuff piled in a wet state completely spoiled.

Although my business never allowed me even one hour of idleness, I couldn't miss visiting my bride. But as warm and attentive as I was welcomed back on my engagement, as cold and repellent my reception was now. Since I was not conscious of any guilt, I inquired the reason and was given the answer that my bride had changed her mind and wished to back off. I agreed upon that, but it was her parents who didn't want to hear about a cancellation and consoled me with the hope, that it was only a temporary rejection, which would be healed through time. I therefore left again.

The probation year elapsed and the wedding day, which was to be celebrated at my in-laws house, was determined. After my last visit I was very upset about the cold behavior of my bride, and I often asked myself whether I made a good choice? However the issue was too far advanced to cancel; I therefore had to wait calmly what fate will bring me.

Depressed and full of sorrows about my future, I started my journey to my wedding, accompanied by my brother and his family. Instead of being

welcomed with open arms by my bride and her parents, I arrived in a house where only coerced pleasantry was bestowed on me. But despite this dysphoria the wedding took place. My father in law had the function of a rabbi.

Although I tried very hard to gain my wife's respect now, I didn't have the pleasure of seeing my efforts crowned with success. And when I prepared for the homeward journey, she opposed me brusquely. She didn't want to entrust herself to me at all and only when her mother promised to accompany us, she finally gave in.

On farewell the old man plastered us with blessings and good advice, which he preached on deaf ears regarding my wife. Throughout the whole trip she didn't say a word to me, however she chatted very vividly with the others. If I had the misfortune to take part I was sure to be hit by a devastating look, or I could assume to be treated floutingly in front of the whole group. That this hurt me deeply you can imagine, because how did I deserve such a treatment? For instance through having the misfortune to finish the building she had laid the first stone for? If she was lucky to meet a more convenient affair after our engagement, which her father, as a righteous man could not allow, I don't know. I'd like to believe that.

We arrived at home very late and found the whole house carefully decorated with flowers and wreaths by the neighbors. If the relation with my wife had been more pleasant, I would have said—we walked on flowers into our wedlock.

Hoping I could put my wife in a more convenient mood, I took her to the shop choked up with goods, to the printer and had the pleasure to receive words of appreciation from her. Unfortunately a demon already lay in the ambush, happy that the time came closer when he could scatter the recently founded friendship.

The other morning, when the house was still asleep, I got up, to check the goods that were customized during my absence. During this activity I was interrupted through the arrival of a man called H. A. who—without any salutation—handed me over a small slip of paper with the words, “You owe me sixteen pistols [five Thaler gold coins]—have to pay me—immediately pay me—can't wait any longer—have to go to court otherwise—I say to court.—Then you will be impounded—surely impounded.—I would regret

that—really regret that—but you will not let it come that far—I know that for sure—for sure.”

When I finally recovered my breath I replied, “Listen! It’s really impertinent to bother me with this bond at this time of day. Apart from that, I would not mind, if I knew that I owed you something. If you have a claim on me, I will pay you the money correctly, but don’t think I will pay you sixteen pistols upon this scrap of paper! You cheated 200 Thaler from me. To get my money back I had to take several shabby goods from you, so that there’s no score to settle anymore. As a matter of form I demand a specified bill now. If I find myself convinced of its correctness, I will pay you right away.” Hereupon I turned my back on him and started working in the belief that he went back home. Instead he was so naughty to enter my wife’s room and demand money from her. She jumped out of her bed, furious about the impudence of this man, and threw the demanded sixteen pistols from her own money on his feet.

Decency keeps me from repeating the inhumane abusive expressions I received when I came in to ask after her. To avoid a public scandal I left again and thought to wait with my reply until the rage was over.

I also wanted to avoid a meeting with my wife in the presence of my staff during lunch and let them have lunch alone. It was about a quarter of an hour later when my mother-in-law begged me to come to the table; the anger of her daughter already calmed down. Being sincerely relieved about that, I followed my mother-in-law into the parlor with a smile on my face. But good god, with what kind of madness was I received here? My wife stood up like a fury right away and shouted at me: “You, you’re laughing about having plunged me into ruins!” Before I knew what was happening, she took her plate and threw it at my head. Not enough she threw everything from the table, so the shards flew out of the window, and she pulled down the flowers and wreaths from the walls.

This was the first day of my wedlock!

Although a sweet souvenir from my wife for the paid sixteen pistols flaunted in rainbow colors on my head, I didn’t despair, but hoped to please her through love and kindness. But time told me that I was wrong. She not only displaced her things from our house, she also was as inhumane to alienate my customers. She spread that I was not able to manage my

business. I definitely even heard that she dismissed people and told them not to entrust me their goods. What was more natural that my business went into ruins!—Such deeds can be expected from persons who run the same business and didn't appreciate any education—but from a woman?

Since my wife always wanted to go back to her parents, I didn't hesitate a minute to give the allowance but prevented her things from being displaced. She therefore filed a suit to get back her dowry, but the court decided in favor of me. From that time on she lived with her parents for one year; then she came back and promised to lead a decent life with me. My work, which reduced a lot due to her first unfavorable appearance, was also reduced through several new establishments in the country, so that I could live well but didn't have more than that. Nevertheless my wife behaved so that I could be partly satisfied with her.

She had stayed with me for a whole year now when she wanted to visit her parents for fourteen days. I didn't only grant her that, but also gave her some things she would need for the journey and at her parent's house. Spontaneously after her departure the question came to my mind, Will she actually come back?—I therefore went to her cupboards to look for her things and what did I find?—An empty nest!—So this was the price she touted for this year! I hit my head, called myself stupid to be betrayed by a woman. But what did it help? The deed had happened, and she was across the border.

Certainly I plucked up courage soon, stuck to my work and intended to recover the losses through strenuous diligence. But from now on things more and more went backwards instead of forwards. On top of the loss of most of my customers, the creditors who only held the smallest receivables tormented me mercilessly. Since it was impossible to satisfy them all at once, one suit after the other was filed and I was busy to subdue the costs with sour perspiration. I soon was sick of this life and resigned my workers, paid off my creditors as good as possible and worked all alone. That's how my business still goes today. I established the same so that I can fill the leisure time with work.

Although things don't work the way I wished they would, I kept my life and have the belief: To whom god gives a scar, he will also heal, therefore man shall not despair!"

XXXIV. Postscript

Dear reader, you know the quote: “Whose heart is full, whose mouth is overflowing.” This saying is also coming true to me. If you read this book attentively until here, you will think you have reached the end of the story and really this was my purpose not to write any further. But however following the urge of my heart I have to give you the lyrics for a song, which you might sing after the melody of “Praise to Joy, the God-descended, Daughter of Elysium.” Because it’s joy, a great joy, that moves me to add these few words (even in a hurry, because the rest already went into print) to the book.

Through the whole work it runs like a thread, which the attentive reader will have noticed, the one uplifting and comforting thought: “Man shall not despair.” But how did I record this idea? Did I have joyful reason to believe while writing, that I was sure to have cut my way through, that my hope was not in vain to arrive full enjoyment of all creature and spiritual comforts after bearing many sufferings? Was I resembling the yellers at the market square (of which there are many), living self-aggrandizing and giving their poor and downtrodden brothers advice on something payable three days after eternity?—No, nothing at all. It was only melancholy mixed with silently devoted resignation, the deep rooted belief, that human life, although subdued by many changes, nevertheless bears something eternal which can never drown, which keeps man upright and happy, even in awkward situations. Therefore I say: “Man shall not despair.” That this trust would also prove itself externally and even very quickly, I didn’t hope for it back then. And still it happened. Yes, my fate took a delightful turn, I achieved the palm tree even now, and I am not the lonesome wanderer astray anymore, as whom I introduced myself before.

How did that happen you might ask? Simple but wonderful, is the answer. I told you, how my household started with bright expectations, but later was engulfed in misery through several misfortunes. I told you how I was broken up with my wife shortly after the wedding. Oh well, it were hard times I had to suffer from then on. Twelve long, long years I was a pilgrim so lonely and abandoned through my life on earth; all the storms, blowing above my head, I had to resist only trusting in my own power, like the oak tree, alone on the field, exposed to all four winds. I didn’t have a loving person at my side that could comfort and support me when a misfortune descended upon me. But

now imagine my bliss, when suddenly the sun of fortune smiled upon me, and heaven lead this person to my side and indeed in the form of my legitimate wife.

I came to L where she lived, on a business trip. There I heard to my surprise through intermediation of some friends, that my wife was now willing to come back to me and live with me. Like I said, I was surprised, but what you want to believe, you believe easier. I really loved to believe, because I never really hated her. What had to be forgiven I long since forgave and my most fervent wish was concentrated on a joyful reunion. So I believed easily and my belief was crowned. I came, I saw, I conquered? No, lay blissfully in the arms of my lost and found. “Keep quiet, my heart!”

The further process of the story is simple. My wife declared, she would love to share her further fate with mine, wanted to be my faithful companion in life, and I accepted this advance with greatest pleasure; we arranged the necessary regulations and after a few weeks, when all obstacles were overcome and all preparations were met, my wife set forth on the journey to the nearby village W [probably Wittmund]. On arrival I picked her up there and took her to my home—in triumph? No, I can’t say that. Not like the first time, when the neighbors and friends prepared a solemn welcome and decorated the modest house with wreaths and garlands. But instead she was given another triumph, the joy of heart, expressing itself on hers and my face, different than fourteen years ago [can’t be more than twelve years], which would not have laid these words upon our tongues if we would have given vent to our feelings through singing like other people do: “I wish you were mine!” but these words: “All mine, all yours, in eternity!”

However I have to repeat once more—the story is as simple as wonderful. I told it without make-up for which reasons my wife left me twelve years ago. Since then she lived with her parents without sorrows and was met with warm reception by her brothers when her parents passed away four years ago and spend her days in harmless prosperity. She knew I couldn’t promise her a rose garden but nevertheless decided voluntarily to tie her fate to mine indelibly once more. How come that? Who never experienced it on his own maybe knows from novels what true love is able to do. But to what kind of persons? To those who are seized by love in its whole blaze at the first budding of temper, who never experienced the world with all its pains, all its wretchedness and plagues. Only in first love, you say, there is energy. But

now think about our early experiences. How little deep roots it seemed to have taken, yes, it even seemed to have disappeared and still it flamed up in a fine blaze again. Isn't it wonderful? But why wondering? Only the living, the present is right and so I will enjoy with pleasure what the present is offering me; I am happy. I'm not blessed with worldly goods, but who makes do with his humble part, has easily what's necessary. And I have one thing compensating me for all the sufferings I bore silently for so long. Therefore I face the future confidently. On the left I hold my "Kalle" and the right I raise and speak out calmly and joyful—Man shall not despair.