

**THE GERMAN GIL BLAS: OR THE
ADVENTURES OF PETER CLAUS.
IN THREE VOLUMES. VOL. II;
TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN**

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The German Gil Blas: Or the Adventures of Peter Claus. In Three Volumes. Vol. II; Translated from German by Adolf Franz Friedrich & Baron Kuiegge

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ADOLF FRANZ FRIEDRICH & BARON KUIEGGE

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Knigge, Adolf Franz Friedrich

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
BARON KUIEGGE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE
GERMAN GIL BLAS.

CHAP. I.

*From whence arose the Error, which occasioned
a new Adventure to the unfortunate Peter.*

THE numerous readers, (though I dare even hope they will be innumerable) the numerous readers therefore of the first part of my history, will please to recollect the terrible event which I related at the end of the fifteenth chapter, and which happened on the 27th of August, 1776, at three o'clock in the morning. Quitting the cold remains of my

friend Brick, and taking with me the important packet which he bequeathed me, I was going to Louis de Reyberg, but was seized and forced into a carriage. Without doubt this new adventure will cause a great deal of inquietude among the lively and generous, that are any way interested in my happiness. They must per force have trembled, nay, lost much of their tranquility, on being apprized of the alarm and violence I sustained; for he must be a very dull author indeed who cannot, in some measure, interest his reader in recounting the various incidents of his proper history. Assured of this, I continue my recital with courage, and without introducing my work with an humble preface, excusing the imperfections of the first volume, or humbly asking pardon; for I despise low grovelling manners, nor have I
ever

ever resolution to peruse a book that faulteringly implores the indulgent compassion of the reader. It is alone suitable to the pen of a bad author, who produces matter unworthy notice, and yet by a misplaced modesty affects an excuse; I, on the contrary, boldly recommend the history of Peter Claus as an instructive and amusing work. Both my hopes and my wishes incline me to believe, that the public will be pressing to learn the rest of my adventures; willing, therefore, to satisfy their curiosity, I hasten to inform them of the future events of my life.

But for the better understanding the origin of my last adventure, it may be necessary to take the history a little back, and inform the reader, that intending to pass the night with Mr. Brick, I had the pre-

caution to go into a tavern, and take a light supper, with a bottle of wine, to enable me to bear the fatigue which privation of rest might occasion. When I entered, there was no one in the room. Soon after a man of my own age (that is to say thirty-six or thirty-seven) entered the apartment. As I am of a social disposition, I was not backward in beginning a conversation with him: his exterior denoted the man of fashion; his coat was of yellow silk, with embroidered silver buttons; a waistcoat of silver tiffue, and a large beaver hat; the buckles of his shoes were square, and not unfit for harness, at least if we may judge from their size. In a word, he was a man to whom the whole world would have taken off their hats, if we except those *petit maitres* who never wear them but under their arm. The fineness of the weather,
the