

**SELECTIONS FROM P. K.  
ROSEGGER'S WALDHEIMAT  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND  
EXPLANATORY NOTES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649701216

Selections from P. K. Rosegger's *Waldheimat* with Introduction and Explanatory Notes by P. K. Rosegger & Laurence Fossler

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**P. K. ROSEGGER & LAURENCE FOSSLER**

**SELECTIONS FROM P. K.  
ROSEGGER'S WALDHEIMAT  
WITH INTRODUCTION AND  
EXPLANATORY NOTES**



SELECTIONS

FROM

P. K. ROSEGGER'S

Waldheimat

WITH INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

LAURENCE FOSSLER, A.M.

*Professor of Germanic Languages, University of Nebraska*

---

BOSTON, U.S.A.

PUBLISHED BY GINN & COMPANY

1896

50524.28.133



*Transcribed from  
Linnæus's 24th 1792*

COPYRIGHT, 1895  
BY LAURENCE FOSSLER  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	v
LIST OF ROSEGGER'S WORKS . . . . .	x
Vorwort . . . . .	1
Um's Vaterwort . . . . .	3
Wie der Reijensepp gestorben ist . . . . .	11
+ Auf der Nacht . . . . .	23
+ Als ich das erste Mal auf dem Dampfwagen saß . . . . .	32
Als die hellen Nächte waren . . . . .	42
+ Als ich der Müller war . . . . .	49
Robinson in der Schneiderfeuschen . . . . .	58
+ Als ich das erste Mal Komödie spielte . . . . .	75
NOTES . . . . .	87

*Responsible for these initials cum. in June 1922*





## INTRODUCTION.

---

OF late years there have been put into the hands of our American students many excellent modern texts to supplement, if not supplant, the older classics in the earlier stages of the study of German. There are many strong reasons in favor of this movement, which, however, need not be insisted on here. In presenting the following selections from Rosegger's *Waldheimat*, the editor feels persuaded that he introduces an artist of exceptional charm and power, simple yet strong and transcendently skillful in his diction. Rosegger is unhampered by what the Germans denominate "tendenziöse Richtung." His art is directed simply and solely to the portrayal and the interpretation of the life about him, and he accomplishes his task with all the self-confidence and certainty of the born genius. His is a healthy, sympathizing, genial nature, rooted and nourished in the traditions of the past. He occasionally jibes good-humoredly at that past, yet never ungratefully. He is a lover of nature; his native mountains and mountaineers — the one in a garb of larches and firs, and the other in the *Loden* (coarse woolen cloth) — never weary him nor us. A true poet, he penetrates to the inner core of life

and effects his unavowed and, perhaps, unconscious purpose to quicken the reader to the sentiment of human solidarity and brotherhood.

The objections that might be urged against Rosegger's writings, that they are local or provincial, are, in reality, high praise. For, as just stated, the substratum of his art is human nature, common to all of us. It is only the setting, the framework which is to be characterized as "local" or provincial. And through this the American student catches glimpses of Old World life amounting, veritably, to a revelation. Similarly to Berthold Auerbach in his *Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten* or to Fritz Reuter, in his stories of Mecklenburg life, our author has struck a chord, responded to by readers everywhere. Just as the painter with brush and pigment reproduces the ideals of his innermost consciousness, so the poet or novelist is at his best when he gives forth the precipitate, so to speak, of his own life experiences. It must be admitted that, in thus circumscribing himself, the artist narrows his field, but he gains a directness and an intensity wholly peculiar and true. Nor does such restriction detract from the general acceptability of his art. For the mind of the reader delights in discovering universality under the guise of individuality. This is largely the secret of literary excellence. That which distinguishes the writer of *Dorfgeschichten* from his more ambitious co-laborer in other literary fields is rather the choice of subject, and the purpose to illustrate a common human nature in the lowlier walks of life.

PETRI KETTENFRIER ROSEGGER was born on July 31, 1843, at Alpel near Krieglach, Steiermark (Styria). His parents were in somewhat straightened circumstances, scarce able to wrench even comparative prosperity from their small acres. His mother, the daughter of a charcoal burner, herself an expert in her father's occupation, was a truly poetic, healthy soul, endowed with generous impulses and ardent sympathies. In tracing Rosegger's ancestry one is involuntarily reminded of Goethe's characterization of *his* mother:

"Vom Mütterchen [hab ich] die Frohnatur  
Und Lust zu fabulieren."

Our author, speaking of his mother, says: "Das Beste in mir — ich habe es von ihr. Sie hatte in sich eine ganze Welt voll Poesie." He remembers with gratitude and relates with pride the pleasurable rewards he was wont to receive from her in his boyhood — some song sung, or story told, to brighten his young life. The future poet's early experiences and observations were cultivated and fostered by this guardian angel and he was thus enabled to rise somewhat out of his narrow and narrowing surroundings. At the age of seventeen, in 1860, he was apprenticed to a tailor (cf. "Mein Meister — der Natz," p. 58) and not until 1865 were the possibilities of education placed within his reach. During the four years of his apprenticeship, he worked, as he tells us in the preface to *Waldheimat*, in sixty-seven different houses. In Austria it is still the