PETER SCHLEMIHL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649185221

Peter Schlemihl by Adelbert von Chamisso

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

ADELBERT YON CHAMISSO

PETER SCHLEMIHL



PETER SCHLEMIHL.



PETER SCHLEMIHL:

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

LAMOTTE FOUQUÉ.

adallies of Distriction

WITH PLATES BY GEORGE CRUICKSHANK.

- " There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
- "Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

LONDON:

G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER; AVE-MARIA LANE.

1824.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

NOTICE.

ADBLUNG said to me one day at Petersburgh

"Have you read Peter Schlemihl?"—"No."

"If you read it, you will translate it."—

I have translated it.

The story is a moral one. I leave its development to my readers. It would be little flattering to them to suspect they required my assistance, in order to discover the obvious lessons it conveys.

I have not scrupled to introduce a few verbal alterations; but the deviations from the original are very trifling.

THE TRANSLATOR.

TO MY FRIEND WANGNER!

COME to the land of shadows for awhile,
And seek for truth and wisdom! Here below,
In the dark misty paths of fear and woe,
We wanty out our souls and waste our toil;
But if we harvest in the richer soil
Of towering thoughts—where holy breezes blow.
And everlasting flowers in beauty smile—
No disappointment shall the labourer know.

Methought I saw a fair and sparkling gem
In this rude casket—but thy shrewdor eye,
WANGNER! a jewelled coronet could descry.
Take then the bright, unreal diadem!
Worldlings may doubt and smile insultingly,
The hidden stores of truth are not for them.