

**BYGONE DAYS; OR, AN OLD
MAN'S REMINISCENCES OF
HIS YOUTH. IN THREE
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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Bygone Days; Or, An Old Man's Reminiscences of His Youth. In Three Volumes, Vol. III by
Wilhelm von Kügelgen

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WILHELM VON KÜGELGEN

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VOL. III.

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By WILHELM VON KÜGELGEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

SIXTH PART.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

	PAGE
ARRIVAL IN BRANBURG.—THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.— HOW TO GET INTO THE GOOD GRACES OF THE LADIES.— MUSICAL ACHIEVEMENTS.—TWO PULPITS.—THE SCHOOL . . .	1

CHAPTER IV.

A DECISION FOR LIFE.—THE AUTHOR GIVES HIMSELF UP TO DEMAGOGUERY.—MY ACTIVITY AT COURT.—THE ACTENSTÜCK. —THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY	38
--	----

SEVENTH PART.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSIONAL STUDIES.—MY FELLOW-STUDENTS.—THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OLD GERMAN COAT . . .	80
--	----

CHAPTER II.

WHY THERE IS ANOTHER JOURNEY TO LAUSA.—THE HOUSE- FATHERS.—ROLLIN AND HIS PEOPLE.—WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED IN LAUSA	116
--	-----

	PAGE
CHAPTER III.	
CONTRASTS.—FURTHER RESULTS.—THE LAST SUMMER	145
CHAPTER IV.	
THE NIGHT-WANDERERS.—THE HERO GROWS TIRED.—I BECOME CLAIRVOYANT.—FRESH OCCURRENCES.—THE CRIPPLE OF HORNSTEIN.—THE TRAVELLING ADVENTURES COME TO AN END	169
CHAPTER V.	
THE LANDED ESTATE	216
CHAPTER VI.	
A GOOD TEACHER.—THE ACTRAAL.—MY EARS ARE OPENED	223
CHAPTER VII.	
ONE GLANCE MORE AT LAUSA.—CONCLUSION	241
—————	
GERMAN EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENTARY WORD	254

BYGONE DAYS.

Sixth Part.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN BERNBURG.

BERNBURG, the capital of the duchy,* is a small town lying pleasantly on both sides of the Saale, and at that time had about seven thousand inhabitants. Above the town towers picturesquely, on a rocky eminence, the very old castle, the crowning ornament of Anhalt. With majestic walls, strong towers, and an immense number of different buildings, so that it resembles a town itself, it looks down on Bernburg, and the stream which, cleaving the town in twain, flows on between vine-clad hills, green meadows, and pleasant woods. Not far from the castle, and occupying a like elevation, rises the cathedral of the land, the castle-church, or church of St. Ægidius, which

* The duchy, of which Bernburg is the capital, is that of Anhalt-Bernburg.—T.

is surrounded by an extensive lawn. Here is situated, in almost rural loneliness, the abode of the superintendent.

Sitting on my luggage, and all dusty and tired, I, on Midsummer's Eve of the year 1817, was driven up to this house in a small light car drawn by a single horse. The mail which now rolls twice a day, and in a few hours, from Ballenstedt to Bernburg along a smooth highway, went at that time twice a week, and at night, and on the bad roads it often upset, so that only the most venturesome could avail themselves of such a conveyance. Beckedorff had, therefore, hired a special vehicle for me with a cautious driver; who took, it must be confessed, twelve long hours to go five (German) miles, but, as a compensation, brought me with unbroken bones to the place of destination.

The heartiness with which the Krummachers received me delighted me not less than the cheerful beauty of the prettily-situated house; for, judging from the similar official residences I had seen in Dresden, I imagined and expected a superintendent's dwelling-place to have a spectral nakedness. I was at once conducted into a pleasant corner room with three bright windows, which looked partly toward the garden, partly toward the church and the churchyard. Here I was to live, having as companions two valiant sons of the house—Emil, a scholar of the head class in the academy, and Eduard, a scholar of the second class. The