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Vollständige

und

auf die möglichste

Erleichterung des Unterrichts

abzweckende

Englische Sprachlehre

für

die Deutschen

von

Karl, Fr. Chr. Wagner

Doktor der Philosophie und Professor am Collegio Carolino in Braunschweig.



Braunschweig, 1802

im Verlage der Schulbuchhandlung.

A n h a n g.

Außer einigen prosaischen Stücken findet man hier des Herrn Beresford vor-
 treffliche Uebersetzung von Bürgers Leonore, drei Monologen aus Shakspeare
 (s. King Henry V. Act. IV. Sc. I. — King Henry IV. Act. III. Sc. I. — Hamlet,
 Act. III. Sc. I.), und Gray's schöne Elegie, auf einem Dorfkirchhofe geschrieben.

Leonora.

From sickly dream, sad Leonor'
 Upstarts at morning's ray:
 „Art faithless, William?— or no more?
 How long wilt bide away?—“

He march'd in Fred'rick's warlike train,
 And fought on Prague's ensanguin'd plain;
 Yet no kind tidings tell
 If William speeds him well.

2.
The king and fair Hungaria's queen
At length bid discord cease;
Each other eye with milder mien,
And hail the grateful peace.
And now the troops, a joyous throng,
With drum and uproar, shout and song,
All deck'd in garlands fair,
To welcome home repair.

7.
„O, trust in God! — Who feels aright
Must own his fostering care;
And holy sacramental rite,
Shall calm thy wild despair.“
„Alas! the pangs my soul invade,
What pow'r of holy rite can aid?
What sacrament retrieve
The dead, and bid them live?“

3.
On ev'ry road, on ev'ry way,
As now the crowd appears,
See young and old their path belay,
And greet with friendly tears.
„Praise God!“ each child and matron cry'd:
And „Welcome!“ many a happy bride:
But, ah! for Leonor'
No kiss remains in store!

8.
„Perchance, dear child, he loves no more;
And, wand'ring far and wide,
Has chang'd his faith on foreign shore,
And weds a foreign bride.
And let him rove and prove untrue;
Ere long his gainless crimes he'll rue.
When soul and body part,
What pangs shall wring his heart.“

4.
From rank to rank, now see her rove,
O'er all the swarming field;
And ask for tidings of her love,
But none could tidings yield.
And when the bootless task was o'er,
Her beauteous raven-locks she tore;
And low on earth she lay,
And rav'd in wild dismay.

9.
„Ah, mother, mother, gone is gone!
The past shall ne'er return!
Sure death were now a welcome boon;
O, had I ne'er been born!
No more I'll bear the hateful light;
Sink, sink, my soul in endless night!
Sure heav'n no pity knows.
Ah me! what endless woes!“

5.
With eager speed the mother flies:
„God shield us all from harms!
What ails my darling child?“ she cries,
And snatch'd her to her arms.
„Ah, mother, see a wretch undone!
What hope for me beneath the sun!
Sure heav'n no pity knows!
Ah me! what careless woes!“

10.
„Help, heav'n, nor look with eye severe
On this deluded maid;
My erring child in pity spare,
She knows not what she said.
Ah, child, all earthly cares resign,
And think of God and joys divine.
A spouse celestial, see:
In heav'n he waits for thee.“

6.
„Celestial pow'rs, look gracious on!
Haste, daughter, haste to pray'r.
What heav'n ordains is wisely done,
And kind its parent care.“
„Ah, mother, mother, idle tales!
Sure heav'n to me no kindness deals.
O, unavailing vows!
What more have I to lose?“

11.
„O, mother, what are joys divine?
What hell, dear mother, say?
T'were heav'n, were dearest Will mine;
'Tis hell, now he's away.
No more I'll bear the hateful light:
Sink, sink, my soul in endless night!
All bliss with William flies;
Nor earth, nor heav'n I prize!“

12.

Thus rav'd the maid, and mad despair
Shook all her tender frame;
She wail'd at providential care,
And tax'd the heav'n's with blame.
She wrung her hands and beat her breast,
Till parting day-light streak'd the West;
Till brightest star-light shone
Around night's darksome throne.

13.

Now hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread
Alarms the lone retreat:
And straight a horse-man slacks his speed,
And lights before the gate.
Soft rings the bell, — the startled maid,
Now lists, and lifts her languid head;
When lo, distinct and clear,
These accents reach her ear.

14.

„What, ho! what, ho! ope wide the door!
Speak, love; dost wake or sleep?
Think'st on me still?—or think'st no more
Dost laugh, dear maid, or weep?“
„Ah! William's voice! so late art here?
I've swept and watch'd with sleepless care,
And wail'd in bitter woe!
Whence com'st thou mounted so?“

15.

„We start at midnight's solemn gloom,
I come, sweet maid, from far.
In haste and late I left my home;
And now I'll take thee there!“
„O, bide one moment first my love,
Chill blows the wind athwart the grove;
And here, secure from harm,
These arms my love shall warm.“

16.

„Let blow the wind and chill the grove;
Nox wind, nor cold I fear.
Wild stamps thy steed; come, haste, my
love:
I dare not linger here.
Haste, tack thy coats, make no delay;
Mount quick behind, for e'en to-day,
Must ten-score leagues be sped
To reach our bridal bed!“

17.

„What, ten-score leagues! canst speed so
far,
Ere morn the day restore?
Hark! hark! the village clock I hear:—
How late it tells the hour!“
„See there, the moon is bright and high,
Swift ride the dead! — we'll bound, we'll
fly.
I'll wager, love, we'll come,
Ere morn, to bridal home.“

18.

„Say, where is dock'd the bridal hall?
How laid the bridal bed?“
„Far, far from hence, still, cool and small;
Six planks my wants bestead.“
„Hast room for me?“ „For me and thee!
Come, mount behind, and haste and see.
E'en now the bride-mates wait,
And open stands the gate.“

19.

With graceful ease the maiden sprung
Upon the coal-black steed,
And round the youth her arms she flung,
And held with fearful heed.
And now they start and speed amain,
Tear up the ground and fire the plain;
And o'er the boundless waste
Urge on with breathless haste.

20.

Now on the right, now on the left,
As o'er the waste they bound,
How flies the heath! the lake! the cliff!
How shakes the hollow ground!
„Art frightened, love? the moon rides high,
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?“
„Ah, no. — why heed the dead!“

21.

Now knell and dirges strike the ear;
Now flaps the raven's wing;
And now a sable train appear;
Hark! „Dust to dust,“ they sing.
In solemn march, the sable train
With bier and coffin crows the plain.
Harsh float their accents round:
Like night's sad bird the sound.

22.

„At midnight's hour, the corps be laid
In soft and silent rest!
Now home I take my plighted maid,
To grace the wedding feast!
And, sexton, come with all thy train.
And tune for me the bridal strain.
Come, priest, the pray'r bestow,
Ere we to bride-bed go!“

23.

„The dirges cease — the coffin flies,
And mocks the cheated view;
Now rattling dins around him rise,
And hard behind pursue.
And on he darts with quicken'd speed:
How pants the man! How pants the steed!
O'er hill, o'er dale they bound:
How sparks the flinty ground!“

24.

On right, on left, how swift the sighs
Of mountains, woods and dowlts
How fly on left, how fly on right,
The hamlets, spires and towns!
„Art frightened, love? — the moon rides
high.
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?“
„Ah leave, ah leave the dead!“

25.

Lo, where the gibbet scars the sight,
See round the gory wheel,
A shadowy mob, by moon's pale light,
Disport with lightsome heel.
„Ho, hither, rabble! hither come;
And haste with me to bridal home.
There dance in grisly row,
When we to bride-bed go!“

26.

He spoke, and o'er the cheerless waste
The rustling rabble move.
So sounds the whirlwind's driving blast
Athwart the wither'd grove.
And on he drives with fiercer speed,
How pants the man! how pants the steed!
O'er hill and dale they bound;
How sparks the flinty ground!“

27.

And all the landscape, far and wide,
That 'neath the moon appears;
How swift it flew, as on they glide!
How flew the heav'ns, the stars!
„Art frightened, love? — the moon rides
high.
What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!
Dost fear the dead, dear maid?“
„O, heav'ns! — Ah, leave the dead!“

28.

„The early sock, methinks I hear;
My fated hour is come!
Methinks I scent the mourning air:
Come, steed, come haste thee home!
Now ends our toil, now cease our cares.
And, see, the bridal house appears.
How nimbly glide the dead!
See, here, our course is sped!“

29.

Two folding gates the road delay,
And check his eager speed;
He knocks, the ponderous bars give way,
The loosen'd bolts recede.
The gates unfold with jarring sound;
See, new-made graves bestrew the ground
And tomb-stones faintly gleam,
By moon-light's palid beam.

30.

And now, O, frightful prodigy!
(As swift as lightning's glare)
The rider's vestments piece-meal fly,
And melt to empty air!
His poll a ghastly death's-head shows,
A skeleton his body grows;
His hideous length unfolds,
And sithe and glass he hold!

31.

High rear'd the steed, and sparks of fire
From forth his nostrils flew;
He paw'd the ground in frantic ire,
And vanish'd from the view.
Sad howlings fill the regions round;
With groans the hollow caves resound:
And death's cold damps invade
The shudd'ring, hapless maid!

And lo, by moon-light's glim'ring ray,
 In circling measures lie
 The nimble sprites, and as they stray,
 In hollow accents cry:

„Though breaks the heart, be mortal still;
 Nor rail at heav'n's resistless will.
 And thou, in dying pray'r,
 Call heav'n thy soul to spare!“

Speech of King Henry V. after hearing some of his soldiers pretend the kings to be guilty of the damnation of those who die in a battle.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children,
 Our sins, lay on the king; — we must bear all.
 O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
 Subject to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy?
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
 What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farsed title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distrustful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell!
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's
 peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

**A Speech of King Henry the fourth, when he receives news
 in the night of the Earl of Northumberland's Rebellion.**

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye- lids down, And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, lyest thou in smoky huts, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;	A watch cas'd to a common larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains, In cradle of the rude imperious surge; And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows to the top, Curling their monstrous heads; and hanging them With deafning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Beneath rich canopies of costly state, And hush'd with sounds of sweetest me- lody? O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch	That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy re- pose To the wet seaboy, in an hour so rude; And, in the calmest, and the stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then, happy low- lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Hamlet's Meditation on Death.

To be, or not to be, that is the ques- tion. —	For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous for- tune;	When we have shuffled of this mortal coil,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to sleep, —	Must give us pause: There's the re- spect, That makes calamity of so long life. For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, Th' oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
No more: and, by a sleep, to say, we end The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks	The pangs of despis'd love, the laws delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of th'unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make,
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; — to sleep; —	
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;	

With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels
 bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after
 death,
 (The undiscover'd country, from whose
 bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we
 have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of
 us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and mo-
 ment,
 With this regard their current turn awry
 And lose the name of action.

An Elegy, written in a Country-church-yard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the
 lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his
 weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and
 to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape
 on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his dron-
 ing flight
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant
 folds;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled
 tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon
 complain
 Of such as wand'ring near her secret
 bower
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-
 tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moun-
 d'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet
 sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing
 morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-
 built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing
 horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their
 lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth
 shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to
 share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe
 has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team
 afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their
 sturdy stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their useful
 toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful
 smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
 power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth
 e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the
 grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these
 the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies
 raise
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle and
 fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note
 of praise.
 Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting
 breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent
 dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of
 death?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with cele-
 stial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might
 have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample
 page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er
 unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
 bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush
 unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert
 air.
 Some village — Hampden, that with
 dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields with-
 stood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton, here may
 rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his coun-
 try's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to com-
 mand,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.
 Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd
 alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes
 confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to
 a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on man-
 kind,
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth
 to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous
 shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble
 strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to
 stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their
 way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to
 protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless
 sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
 Their name, their years, spelt by th'
 unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply,
 And many a holy text around she
 strews
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er re-
 sign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheer-
 ful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look
 behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul
relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye re-
quires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature
cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thou, who mindful of th' unho-
nour'd dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale
relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy
fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may
say,

„Oft have we seen him at the peep of
dawn

„Brushing with hasty steps the dews
away

„To meet the sun upon the upland
lawn.

„There at the foot of yonder nodding
beech,

„That wreathes its old fantastic roots
so high,

„His listless length at noontide would
he stretch,

„And pore upon the brook that babbles
by.

„Hard by yon' wood, now smiling as
in scorn,

„Muttering his wayward fancies he
would rove;

„Now drooping, woeful, wan, like
one forlorn,

„Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in
hopelass love.

„One morn I miss'd him on the cas-
tom'd hill,

„Along the heath, and near his fav'rite
tree;

„Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
„Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood,
was he.

„The next with dirges due in sad array
„Slow thro' the churchway-path we
saw him borne:

„Approach and read (for thou can't
read) the lay,

„Grav'd on the stone beneath yon' aged
thorn!“

The epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of
earth

A youth to fortune and to fame un-
known:

Fair science frown'd not on his hum-
ble birth,

And melancholy mark'd him for her
own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul
sincere;

Heav'n did a recompence as largely
send;

He gave to misery all he had a tear,
He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he
wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread
abode,

(There they alike in trembling hope
repose)

The bosom of his father and his God.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or name, appearing as "L. ...".

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