

The Defier of Ghosts. 1

Mr. Counsellor Gerstensaft was ~~now~~ reclining in a window-seat, having just finished his  
 death pipe, and was considering ~~with himself~~ <sup>with himself</sup> what a great man the world had lost in himself: "Or  
 perhaps not lost!" said he. <sup>Grant that</sup> Pukethal, his birth-place, <sup>was</sup> blind to his merits, — Pukethal  
 was a ~~rich~~ <sup>poor</sup> ignorant benighted town. All ~~the~~ towns were not like Pukethal:  
 there were towns ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> a very different <sup>description</sup> character; for instance Klatschausen — a town in  
 the highest degree enlightened; "a truly discriminating town!" exclaimed he; for there only had  
 Mr. Counsellor Gerstensaft met with any success in his proppium. So much indeed, that  
 the corporation had given him hopes ~~that that on the evening of electing him their Recorder~~ <sup>and the late</sup> Recorder's widow had given him hopes ~~even~~ still more flattering to his  
~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup>. — The day of election, as the Almanach informed him; must by this time have  
 passed: and he was just ~~about~~ <sup>beginning</sup> to "make his moon" on the tardiness of the Post  
 Office, when he heard <sup>the sound of a horse's hoofs and</sup> his ~~own~~ name loudly pronounced in the street: "Which was the  
 house of Mr. Counsellor Gerstensaft?" <sup>the next</sup> ~~at the same moment~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~infernal discharge~~ <sup>at once</sup>  
~~mounted~~ <sup>heard</sup> ~~clattering up the steps, and~~ <sup>heavy boots of a courier were</sup>  
~~in to the Counsellor's~~ <sup>heard clattering up the steps, and the door-bell rang out an alarm of joyous agitation</sup>  
~~house,~~ <sup>to him</sup> ~~announcing~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~to his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~appointment to the Recordership~~ <sup>appointment to the Recordership</sup> — and convey-  
 -ing the ~~general~~ <sup>general</sup> congratulations of the corporation, ~~and their~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~request~~ <sup>request</sup> the general expression  
 of their wishes that he would soon arrive to take up his abode amongst them.

The last day of his residence in Pukethal had at length arrived; and from the top-  
 most window of his house Mr. Recorder threw down a look of indulgent tender pity upon  
 the poor infatuated town that lay below beneath him. "Poor erring place!" said he;  
 most certainly ~~with the Holy Spirit's assistance~~ <sup>Quot Deus vult reddere, prius de-</sup>  
~~mentat.~~ <sup>mentat.</sup> Vixit bituly & shall be avenged. Soon, too soon (I fear), will Pukethal  
 be taught to know

to tempt - whom it is that she has lost in loving me. But who will pity her? For whom did she  
show any remorse for my counsel? ~~then then~~ ~~then~~ I ~~then~~ I not in vain for ~~perhaps~~ ~~that~~ ~~insisted~~ ~~on~~  
~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~prepared~~ ~~my~~ ~~thing~~ ~~on~~ ~~great~~ ~~political~~ ~~project~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~culture~~ ~~of~~ ~~Whacco~~? ~~the~~ ~~may~~ ~~my~~  
project ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~Whacco~~? ~~may~~, ~~my~~ ~~greatest~~ ~~goal~~ - for the ~~total~~ ~~extermination~~ ~~of~~ ~~ghosts~~?  
~~then~~ ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~accused~~ ~~to~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~an~~ ~~unfortunate~~ ~~man~~ ~~?~~ ~~Was~~ ~~not~~ ~~the~~ ~~bravely~~ ~~adventurous~~ ~~career~~  
my ~~life~~ ~~spent~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~Germany~~; and ~~indeed~~, ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~brilliant~~ ~~effect~~? ~~But~~,  
as far as this ~~Brubthal~~ is concerned, ~~what~~ ~~has~~ ~~come~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~? ~~Nothing~~: ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~soul~~  
in the place pays any heed to ~~them~~: ~~ghosts~~ are as plenty as ever. But ~~bitingly~~ ~~that~~  
~~was~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~avenged~~ ~~terribly~~ ~~shall~~ ~~the~~ ~~Klatschhausen~~ ~~Gezetter~~ ~~avenged~~ ~~me~~: and it shall  
now be shown ~~what~~ ~~consequences~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~scale~~ ~~of~~ ~~illuminating~~ ~~even~~ ~~small~~ ~~states~~ ~~who~~ ~~may~~  
obtain ~~than~~ ~~great~~ ~~men~~ ~~stand~~ ~~at~~ ~~their~~ ~~heads~~!"

His fine eulogy was not unpleasantly interrupted by the sound of the getting up of the  
post-chaise which was to ~~carry~~ ~~him~~ ~~away~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~scene~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~father's~~ ~~triumphs~~. The  
door was opened; the steps were let down; and the Recorder ascended the chaise with the  
air of a Roman Consul mounting his ~~own~~ ~~triumphal~~ ~~car~~. But ~~no~~ ~~modification~~  
pursued him to the east. ~~With~~ ~~a~~ ~~magnificent~~ ~~air~~ ~~he~~ ~~said~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~with~~ ~~whom~~  
he had lodged - "that he should not forget him; that ~~he~~ ~~should~~ ~~continue~~ ~~to~~ ~~extend~~ ~~his~~ ~~favor~~  
to and countenance to him; and might even find a time to write him a few lines."  
Painful it was to observe the cool indifference of the brute, ~~who~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~as~~ ~~if~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~  
have much preferred to ~~have~~ ~~this~~ ~~vision~~ ~~of~~ ~~honors~~ ~~in~~ ~~reversion~~ - ~~sixpence~~ ~~in~~ ~~hand~~,  
or (~~or~~ ~~prose~~ ~~pudor~~!) a pint of stout? - On passing through the town-gate, ~~the~~ ~~guard~~  
should equal ~~in~~ ~~lofty~~ ~~of~~ ~~mind~~: "Wt. Grottsseft, I think?" was his ~~easy~~ ~~style~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~  
interrogation. "Wt. Recorder Grottsseft" was the ~~haughty~~ ~~indignant~~ ~~reply~~: "What? is  
all ~~remembrance~~ ~~for~~ ~~dignities~~ ~~extinct~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~vicious~~ ~~town~~?"



