

**THE CRIPPLE OF
ROTTENSTEIN, A
NARRATIVE OF FACTS**

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The cripple of Rottenstein, a narratibe of facts by G. H. Von Schubert

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G. H. VON SCHUBERT

**THE CRIPPLE OF
ROTTENSTEIN, A
NARRATIVE OF FACTS**

THE
CRIPPLE OF ROTTENSTEIN.

A Narrative of Facts.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

G. H. VON SCHUBERT,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY IN THE EAST," ETC. ETC.

By Mrs. W. H.



LONDON:
G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET.
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1843.

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LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE following little tale was committed to my care, some time ago, by a very dear friend ; with a request that if, on perusal, I thought it capable of effecting any good, I would publish it. I have read it through attentively, and entertain no doubt whatever upon the subject. The lesson taught is that of cheerful submission to God's will, of an unwavering faith in God's goodness, of an earnest hope in Christ Jesus, and of the peace which arises out of such faith, amid the deepest temporal afflictions. A book which inculcates such principles as these ought to be in the hands of every body. The present book does inculcate these principles ; and, therefore, it is offered to the public.

Of the author, Mr. von Schubert, less, I believe, is known in England than his

merits deserve. He is not only a man of genius, but a Christian in the best sense of the term, who cheerfully dedicates the talents which God has given him to his Maker's service. If this specimen of his manner of teaching the great truths of revelation by example have the effect of drawing him more into notice, even thus a good end will have been attained.

Concerning the Translator, I am permitted to say very little ; she is herself a foreigner ; yet, as the following pages will shew, she is no mean proficient in the English language. Her modesty has drawn over her name a veil which I do not feel myself justified in removing. But this much I will take upon myself to state—that if so much as one wounded spirit be brought by the perusal of the Cripple of Rottenstein to the foot of the Cross, the best wish of a benevolent and generous heart will be accomplished.

CHELSEA COLLEGE,
January, 1843.

THE
CRIPPLE OF ROTTENSTEIN.

SOME time ago there lived, in a small cottage at a little distance from the village of Rottenstein, in Bavaria, a poor cripple, who, from his birth to his sixty-second year, when it pleased the Lord to release him from the bonds of his miserable body, had never been able to exist without the assistance of others. Such was the deformity of his body that he was almost like a ball, his knees actually touching his chin. This wretched creature could neither stretch his legs nor make use of them to walk; the utmost he was able to do was to crawl, or, rather, to roll the distance of a few steps, when the surface of the ground was perfectly even; and in the last years of his life his poor body, broken and bruised, and entirely ex-

hausted by sufferings, was no longer capable of even this slight exercise. His arms were almost as deformed as his legs; yet, in the days of his youth, he had at least been able to move his hands and fingers, and had made such diligent use of them in knitting stockings, sewing, and doing other easy work, that he, at that time, earned the oatmeal-soup, and the bread, which composed his daily food, and had even succeeded in laying by something for the future. At a later period, during a winter, very severe for that country, he had become a martyr to the gout, and was thus deprived of the use of his hands, so that from his fiftieth year he was obliged to be fed like an infant.

His lodging was free, for the cabin he occupied belonged to the parish—it was a kind of hospital. In former times, when the plague used to desolate those countries, it was the place where persons whose case was considered hopeless were deposited. And this accounts for the cottage being out of the village, on the border of a large wood, and away from the high road.

During the life of the old shepherd's widow, who had been allowed a refuge in the same place, in consequence of her great age and infirmities, our poor cripple received from her the services most indispensable to his situation. In her last years, that old woman, who had been in her youth of a violent and quarrelsome temper, had exhibited a model of meekness, of patience, and of real piety to all her acquaintances, and had been like a mother to our impotent friend. She prepared his food, and gathered in the forest wood to warm them both in the winter. She had watched him with the tenderest solicitude, and always shared with him what sympathising friends gave her.

At the time when Jacob—such was the cripple's name—had lost the use of his hands, the shepherd's widow was already eighty-two, and there is every reason to believe that Jacob would not have been visited with this affliction if a severe illness had not kept his old friend in bed for several days, during which there was no one to heat the stove, and to paste a piece of paper on the broken window,