REBEL IN BOMBAZINE
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug
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Memoirs of
MALWIDA VON MEYSENBUG

Edited by Mildred Adams from the translation of Elsa von Meysenbug Lyons

This is the autobiography of one of those rare individuals who illumine the past and the present not so much by what they do as by what they are. Daughter of an aristocrat, born in the lull between the Napoleonic storms of 1800 and the revolutionary tempests of 1848, she was a rebel by instinct and force of circumstance. Brought up in the tight, conventional ways of a small German court, she struggled for freedom to express her political and social ideas. Then the authorities closed down and she fled from Germany as so many of her spiritual descendants in liberalism are fleeing today.

Her memoirs combine in a fascinating sequence the charm of the ancient and the problems of the modern. Early chapters show a Germany held fast in the enchanted slumber of the old regime. One sits at the window with the little Malwida peering across the park to the parties in the palace, one feels for the poor prince so disciplined by his mother that the only thing he wanted when he reached the throne was to go hunting. All the pomp, the ceremony, the stiff conventions pass before our eyes like scenes in which we had a long-lost and half-forgotten part.

Her later chapters set the stage for much in modern Europe that puzzles modern Americans. She was a friend of exiled leaders—Mazzini and Kossuth, Carl Schurz and Alexander Herzen—and her description of how the emigres in London lived and what they thought has its parallel today in any American town where groups of liberal Germans, Russians, Italians have taken refuge from dictatorship. She knew Schopenhauer, watched the Empress Eugenie at mass, became a confidante of Wagner. Her prophecies about Russia foreshadow what is happening there, and her ideas about America are arresting and provocative. REBEL in BOMBAZINE is at once a thrilling story of an extraordinary woman and an exciting account of a period which seems to be repeating itself today.

Illustrated. $3.50
From a portrait by Leubach

MALWIDA VON MEYSENBUG
Memoirs of
MALWIDA VON MEYSENBUG

* REBEL IN BOMBAZINE *

Edited by Mildred Adams From the Translation of Elsa von Meysenbug Lyons

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In the midst of a period racked by too much action it is a delight to present one of those rare human beings who illumine the past and the present not so much by what they do as by what they are.

Rebel though she was, Malwida von Meysenbug shot no tyrants, led no armies. Throughout her whole life she only wanted to be good. But the process of being good in her particular day, according to the dictates of her particular conscience, led her into the midst of every kind of revolution that kept Europe, during the first half of the 19th century, in a turmoil closely akin to that which afflicts it today.

The memoirs she wrote burn with an individual charm and spirit. But it is more than the grace of their author that makes them valuable to American readers half a century later. In her simple and sometimes naïve account of the people and the scenes she knew, in her reaction to them and her philosophizing about them, Malwida von Meysenbug makes valuable contribution to modern understanding of our own confused epoch.

She was born in 1816, at a time when the Napoleonic fever was dying out and the familiar 18th century ways seemed to have surged back to smother the lusty young desires of the new 19th century. Her people were of French Huguenot stock which had crossed the Rhine in an earlier day. Her father, Carl Philipp Rivalier, Freiherr von Meysenbug, was Prime Minister in the Electorate of Hesse—a small duchy in the north of Germany that had recently been part of the kingdom of Westphalia, which Napoleon created and gave as a gift to his younger brother Jerome.

With such a background it is tempting to claim that by heredity and early conditioning Malwida was destined for
political interests, but other facts stand in the way of such easy
generalizing. Out of ten brothers and sisters, all of whom had
the same heredity and were subject to the same early influences,
she was the only one who took the rebel’s road.

The first evidence of her unwillingness to conform to the ways
about her is contained in the account of the child’s first com-
munion. Her emphasis on her bitter disappointment, the sense
of unworthiness, almost of sin, which overwhelmed her when
she failed to feel the expected conversion, when she was not
“changed in the twinkling of an eye,’’ is arresting and poign-
ant. It explains her later dissatisfaction with the teachings
of the church, her gropings in the higher criticism, and her
emergence into the Free Congregation which substituted reason
for faith. It also sheds considerable light on her later revulsion
from politics and economics (with which she never felt at home)
to the mistier and more comfortable fields of philosophy, where
she was much happier than she ever was with stubborn facts.

This inability to move contentedly with majority opinion and
action, this need for making one’s own decisions and going
one’s own way, is one of the most noticeable traits in feminist
leaders and radical agitators of whatever time and country.
The path of Malwida von Meysenbug parallels to an astonish-
ing degree the paths of certain women who are responsible
for the comparative freedom which feminine America enjoys today.

They, too, had their troubles with an established church, they,
too, tried to improve the education of their fellow women, they
were forced into long consideration of the inferior civic and
social position of their sex, they became convinced of the need
for political action.

Then their paths left hers. The Americans focussed their
energies on getting the vote, while Malwida moved on to less
tangible endeavors. But that was chiefly because our feminists
were Americans with a basic belief in democratic institutions,
while Fräulein von Meysenbug was a German to whom popular
suffrage, for either men or women, was more a cherished ideal
than a factor in contemporary government.

Starting with that desire for freedom of religious thought,
she went on thinking for herself on other controversial sub-
jects. Each time she entered a new field she found new barriers,
and each time she persisted in going through them. And in so
doing she was more than an individual rebel. Her progress,
step by painful step, in search of the right to think for herself
in the realm of politics, in the spheres allotted to women, in
matters of personal relationship, in education, in philosophy,
was the via dolorosa of any number of earnest liberals groping
toward enlightenment.

The Europe in whose drama she played her part was a Europe
in which absolutism, the divine right of kings, the rule of the
upper classes, were still accepted. The French revolution had
come and gone, treating lives and fortunes and business and
ideas as a Kansas tornado treats the trees and the roofs and the
people that get in its way, leaving society upside down. But
that did not mean, as one is so prone to think nowadays, that all
Europe underwent conversion and put into immediate effect the
new democracy. On the contrary, most of the continent showed
a remarkable imperviousness to the theories for which so many
had been guillotined.

The more usual frame of mind was like that which Fräulein
von Meysenbug describes in Hesse Cassel after the July revolu-
tion of 1830—the old ruler came back to power, the young
people gave up hope, and the conservatives decided comfortably
that this unrest was “just another entr’acte in the long comedy
of absolutism.”

In such pictures the author sets the stage for things that are
happening in Europe today. She shows how the background was
arranged, what colored the sky, who made up the mobs, which
strings pulled (and still pull) the puppets about. The Germany
that submits to Hitler is the Germany that she shows confused,
full of beautiful thoughts, bowing to convention as to a god,
impotent in individual political action (and now driven to
incredible extremes in an attempt to deny that impotence), wist-
ful, hungry for certainty of any kind.

The Italy that Mussolini drives is the collection of divided
states for whose independence her friend Garibaldi fought, for
whose unity her “brother” Mazzini slaved with mystic fervor.
England on the dole is the England whose unemployed she saw
parading one long winter through, chanting as they tramped
along, “No work! No work!” France is uneasily rebellious
against the "business man's regime" on which she comments.

Most illuminating of all to American readers are her comments on the United States and Russia. At the end of a very interesting geographic analysis she groups them together as "perhaps chosen to realize those socialistic tendencies which hovered before all our eyes as the ideal of the future, for whose fulfillment we had fought and whose downfall we were all mourning."

How accurate she was as far as the United States is concerned, one must leave to the contradictory analyses of New Dealers and their opponents, but there is no doubt about her uncanny prescience with regard to Russia. Her life in the household of Alexander Herzen gave her an extraordinary insight into the fundamentals of Russian civilization, Russian problems, Russian possibilities. With what must, at a time when not only absolutism but also serfdom prevailed, have seemed fantastic optimism, she wondered, "Will communism in Russia hold if freedom is granted?"

Fraulein von Meysenbug's friends, like her Europe, have seemed half forgotten in the crowding events that followed the great War of 1914-18. But though most of them are dead, their ideas still trouble men on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

Herzen, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche—it is a roll-call of revolutionary leaders in politics, thought, art. Some of them are better known than others—Mazzini and Garibaldi than Herzen, for instance, partly because the history of Italy is more familiar than the history of Russia, partly because they carved their names in deeds, while Herzen was mostly content with words. Yet in the annals of Russia, Herzen ranks as one of the most famous of 19th century revolutionary leaders, and the strength of his influence is indicated by the fact that the Soviet has named a Moscow street after him. It has also put up statues in the University of Moscow to Herzen and to his friend Ogareff, whose arrival in London brought about Malwida's withdrawal from the Herzen menage.

A word about that menage, both before and after Fraulein von Meysenbug knew it, is interesting in view of the great importance it had in her life. It did not reach the state in which
she found it by chance, nor did it continue, after she left, in the same smooth path she had swept out for it. Indeed a reading of the Herzen biography would indicate that her three years in the household constituted almost the only peaceful ones that the family, as such, ever knew.

Alexander Ivanovich Herzen (born 1812) and his wife Natalie were cousins, the illegitimate offspring of a pair of wealthy brothers named Kakovlev, whose family was old and distinguished. Herzen was thirteen at the time of the revolutionary outbreak of December, 1825, when he and his friend Ogareff swore, on a hill at sunset, to avenge the martyred rebels. He received the normal education of a young aristocrat, and when he was twenty-six he fell in love with his cousin Natalie and married her.

For political cause, whose gravity varies according to the account one reads, he was exiled to Siberia for a year; then he returned to Moscow, and in 1847 set out with his wife and three children to visit Germany and Italy.

His wife was frail. She had borne him six children of whom three had died and one was a deafmute. (This lad was drowned, and a seventh child, Olga, was born before Fräulein von Mey- senbug appeared on the scene). In Switzerland she became entangled in a love affair which rang throughout the entire liberal European world. Herzen himself wrote to Proudhon and Michelet about it, and even tried to draw Wagner into the series of accusations and recriminations—a detail which may shed light on the latter's refusal to go to the Herzen house when Malwida invited him.

Natalie Herzen died in May, 1851, and Herzen took his son to London, partly, perhaps, to escape from the gossip of his intimates. It was two years later that he sent for his daughters, and persuaded Fräulein von Meysenburg to take charge of their education.

There is no evidence that she knew about the somewhat purple background of the Russian revolutionary. Her memoirs are remarkably free from scandal, perhaps by intent, perhaps because of the singular myopia which afflicts (or blesses) high-minded women so that they actually are not aware of those aspects of human behavior of which they could not approve. She never
mentions what she must have known—that after her departure from the household, Herzen fell in love with Madame Ogareff.

Herzen died in Paris on January 31, 1870, his pamphleteering days over, but his name still so troublous to the peace of Europe that the police insisted his burial in Père Lachaise be hasty and secret. Later his body was removed to Nice, where a frock-coated statue of him looks out to sea.

Of his children, Alexander married an Italian girl and became a professor of physiology in Lausanne. Olga married Gabriel Monod, a French historian. Natalie never married, but was living in Lausanne among her memories as late as 1933.

Malwida von Meysenbug lived on in Paris and in Rome, earning a living by her writing which became very popular, absorbed in music, philosophy, mysticism. Taking Olga back to see her father and then snatching her away from that somewhat turgid household. Encouraging young writers, young thinkers.

Romain Rolland, then a young man, knew her in Rome, and used to go and play the piano for her. There was an intense correspondence between the old liberal and the young one, and Rolland wrote of her with touching and admiring deference.*

He describes her as a little woman, simple in dress and bearing, her eyes “wide and their texture more vigorous than her frail person; in the protruding globe, the iris was clear blue.... There was nothing pinched about her face. A rather heavy nose, a large mouth, a firm bone structure for cheeks and chin.... The most striking thing about her face was the virile crease at the corners of her lips.”

Her drawing room in Rome boasted a white bust of Wagner against a purple background, and anemones in a silver vase. “Their texture was not more delicate and transparent than was the little old lady with grayish-blue eyes and white hair drawn tightly back under a black neckerchief who, smiling and silent, calm and quick, came toward me with noiseless steps, took my hand, and pierced me with that limpid look of hers which washed one’s soul of its impurities without seeing them and then went on to its depths....

“She had passed a whole lifetime with the heroes and the monsters of the spirit, their sorrows and their contaminations;

*Letters of Romain Rolland and Malwida von Meysenbug. Holt, 1933.
Foreword

all had confided in her, and nothing had altered the crystal of her thought.”

Her memoirs were published in three volumes. The first German edition (1875) explains that friends in Paris had published the first volume years before “almost against my will.” It had met with an “unexpectedly friendly reception,” and further reminiscences were requested. The second volume, which begins with her arrival in London, deals in large part with the men of ’48 who, at the time of its writing, were already despised and forgotten. She felt that, though they “accomplished nothing,” they were “Pioneers of Freedom,” and deserved a “reverent and grateful memory in the hearts of those for whom they fought and suffered.”

How warmly her public agreed with her is indicated by the fact that by 1881 the German presses were already issuing a third edition, and since that time the demand for the book has been so steady that in 1927 the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt was putting out a 43rd edition. Since Hitler came into power there has been, for obvious reasons, no new reprinting.

It is fitting that these memoirs, never before translated into English, should be introduced to American readers at a time when Europe is once again faced with a conflict between theories. The ideals for which Malwida von Meysenbug was exiled—ideals which were built solidly into the framework of the United States—are again proscribed in Germany and Italy, and again stand on trial in the minds of many people in many countries. England again is a haven for liberal refugees, and the United States, which seemed so strange and far away when Froebel tried to persuade Malwida to come here and be his bride, shelters its share of the unpossessed. There is in New York City a University in Exile whose faculty are the spiritual descendants of that college in Hamburg where Malwida taught.

This edition has been edited from the translation of Elsa von Meysenbug Lyons, a great-niece of the author who is now living in the land her distinguished ancestress yearned for, but never reached. Some cutting was necessary in order to fit three German volumes into one printed in English. It has been the editor’s effort to preserve the narrative, the motivation, and the progress of the principal characters intact, but readers of the
original German will miss many delightful side excursions which were necessarily sacrificed.

This volume has been prepared for the interested reader rather than for the expert, and footnotes have been added by the editor only when some comment or explanation seemed to be demanded by the text. Scholars who consider Malwida von Meysenburg's Memoirs in their original form to be source material essential for an understanding of nineteenth-century liberalism will note many omissions, but it is hoped that students of the period and the movement who do not wish to go to the German original may find valuable material in this shortened English version.

As for the title, readers familiar with the nineteenth-century scene will recognize it as descriptive of Malwida's status as well as her costume. Bombazine (also spelled bombasine and bombazeen) was a twilled dress material, stiff and shiny and usually black, especially favored by widows, governesses, and others who had reason to emphasize their discretion.

The grateful thanks of the editor go to Miss Ruth Barber for her assistance, her enthusiasm, and her endless patience.

Mildred Adams.

New York
July 26, 1936.
My earliest childhood memory is my mother's living room, with its painted tapestries showing landscapes with palm trees, high reeds, and buildings of foreign architecture. I had been told that one of these fantastic houses belonged to a magician named Blumenbach, whom all nature obeyed. By the house stood a stork on long stiff legs, his head, with its long bill, drooping on his breast. "That is Blumenbach's servant;" said the friend of the family who told me fairy-tales, "he stands there always, awaiting his master's orders."

I was the second youngest of ten children. When I came into the world, my parents were still young, and neither very rich nor poor. We lived in the city of Cassel, in what used to be the duchy of Hesse, with an outlook over gardens and parks sloping down in terraces to the fertile plain of the Fulda.

Every day a carriage passed our house, with two liveried footmen running before it. In the carriage sat an old man in a uniform of Frederick the Great's time, with a three-cornered hat on his head. His white hair was plaited in the back, and a terrible growth covered one cheek. This was the cancer which caused his death.

I did not attend the funeral, but my old nurse used to describe it to me again and again. The Duke was buried, not in the tomb of his forefathers in the big church, but in his favorite
abode, the Pleasure Palace he had built upon the Wilhelmsöhhe. According to an old custom, the funeral took place at night, by torchlight. A knight in black armor mounted upon a black horse rode close behind the hearse. This knight was chosen from the ranks of the high aristocracy, but was compelled, so the legend goes, to pay for the honor with his life. On this occasion the people's expectation was not disappointed. The black knight, a young nobleman full of health and vigor, died three weeks later of a fever. Was this fever simply the result of exposure in the cold iron armor during the long night ride? The people did not think of such a possibility, and my childish imagination accepted their belief. Every time I visited the Pleasure Palace with my parents I was seized with a secret horror when I saw the black coat of mail which the unfortunate cavalier had worn that fatal night.

The death of the old Duke was not only the cause of great changes in my family; it marked the end of a whole epoch in the history of my little fatherland. The reigning house of Hesse was very ancient, and counted among its ancestors members who had distinguished themselves by courage and loftiness of character, but later rulers had degenerated. They had enlarged their private fortunes in shameless ways, selling their subjects to foreign powers as soldiers.* Yet the old Duke, in spite of all his faults, had had a certain dignity of character; at the coming of Napoleon he left his duchy of his own free will, knowing well that he had not the strength to protect it, and preferring exile to a useless slaughter of his subjects. The capital of his little duchy became the capital of a large kingdom (Westphalia) which Napoleon later gave to his youngest brother Jerome. The elegant frivolity of the French customs found its way into the houses of the men who had worn wigs. The young king created a little Paris on German soil.

My father, who could not take his family into exile, entered the service of the new government. My mother was young and very beautiful, so it was only natural that both should have taken part in the gay life of the young court. Often I used to tease my mother to tell me of those days which came to an end

*As in the American Revolution, when Hessian mercenaries were brought over by the British.
before I was born. How eagerly I listened to her descriptions of the brilliant fêtes, and ransacked her wardrobe for the shepherdess dresses, the Turkish costumes, the antique draperies, remnants of the bygone splendor!

It had all flown like a dream. The Russians had appeared at the city gates; their cannon balls had whistled through the streets. My parents packed their most valuable belongings and left the house, which was too much exposed to the enemy's attack. Our old aunt, who lived with us, had hidden many things in the attic in jars filled with flour. A cannon ball had struck the house and still remained in the wall.

But the Russians were driven away and the old Duke returned to his country. Pigtails* and corporals' staves replaced the graceful French fashions. The country was once more ruled by a mistress, ungracious nurse of the Duke's senility. Favorites, who had enriched themselves in the exile they shared with the Duke, were appointed to the highest offices. The masses, who were distinguished among the various German nationalities for their loyalty to their reigning house, had at first received him with joyful acclaim; but it was soon apparent that the bond between past and present was shattered. Rulers and people had interpreted the national uprising and the war for independence in opposite ways. The dreams of freedom that animated so many young hearts had fled. Old-fashioned people looked on the restoration as the close of an entr'acte in the great comedy of absolutism. The blood of the people had flowed in vain. History stood still.

Only death did not stand still; it took away the old man with the plait; and from that moment on men's coiffures, at least, were freed from the bonds of the past.

Outwardly much was changed under the new government. My father, who, in his childhood, had been a playmate of the Duke's heir, was, on the latter's accession to the throne, called to his side to fill an important position in the state. We left our old house and moved into a larger and more imposing one near the palace.

*Emblems of the old régime; a Hessian pigtail, an Austrian corporal's staff, and a Prussian military corset were burned by rebellious students at the Wartburg festival in 1817.
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

Here, on the evenings of the court balls, after I had watched my mother dress, I would sit by a window in the dark until she had entered the brilliantly lighted ballroom, where she would draw the curtains aside from one of the windows so that I could get a glimpse of what was going on. I saw the ladies in gorgeous costumes, the gentlemen in gold-embroidered uniforms, lined up on either side of the room. I saw the young Duke and his family enter and walk down between the rows of guests, stopping to say a few words to each. How proud I was when I saw that my mother was held in conversation longer than the others! I firmly believed this must be a sign of great distinction. I had heard so much about the nobility of Haroun al Raschid and the knightly virtue of the Emperor Frederick Redbeard, that I never doubted the superiority of princes.

My father, who was overburdened with work, had little time for his children, but when he could devote himself to us it was a great occasion, for he had a wholesome, sweet, affectionate nature. Our mother supervised our education, guiding us especially to an interest in the arts. The bent of her mind was intellectual, liberal, patriotic and philosophic, with a queer tinge of mysticism characteristic of the time. Her views and her independent nature often led her into conflict with her conventional acquaintances of the court circle; and she chose her intimates solely for their mental and spiritual qualities. She liked to associate with the best members of the theatre, and treated them as equals, a courageous thing in those days. We children were encouraged to mingle with the grown people; and my older brothers and sisters, who had each a favorite art, contributed to the frequent musical performances we had at home. My mother believed that contact with fine, intelligent people was good for the mental development of a child. I think she was right and that this contact is one of the most important elements in education.

In the mornings, my youngest sister, Laura, and I studied with a tutor, but in the afternoon we were free to run about the garden, picking flowers and discovering new worlds to our hearts' content. I can not imagine it healthy to go back to school benches immediately after eating and to concentrate solely on
"I solemnly decided to struggle against temptation."
Youth, and the Powder Barrel

more or less abstract subjects. I think nature should play a larger part in our education than study.

Books were my passion. I could not see one without taking hold of it, and a birthday which brought me no books was dull indeed. My devotion to them even led me to take books secretly from my mother's library; luckily I found none which could harm me, but my conscience hurt, and I solemnly decided to struggle against the temptation. After many defeats, I conquered it.

Another great joy was a puppet theatre, on whose stage we played elaborate operas and dramas. I worked for weeks to produce them with the best possible scenic effects, and I was so much in earnest that one evening, when we were giving Euryanthe with great pomp to an audience of parents, sisters and brothers, I burst into tears and dropped the curtain because my youngest brother, who played with us, made some foolish remark during a tragic scene. Later when we gave real plays and I was told I acted well I felt absolutely sure of my vocation and dreamed of becoming a great actress.

Most children love the stage and educators should stress this factor, as important traits of character can be discovered through this medium.

At the same time, great events were happening in our country, and in the world outside, of which I had only a childish conception; but because they so closely concerned my father's fate I caught and brooded over every rumor that came to us. The first was the sudden and secret departure from the country of the young Crown Prince at the time his trusted valet met with a sudden and mysterious death. It was whispered about that the servant had been mistaken for his master. The Duchess followed her son into exile.

A beautiful woman with very lovely children moved into a house directly opposite ours, next to the palace. I heard from our maids that these were the Duke's children and that their mother was his wife. I could not understand how a man could have two wives and two distinct families at the same time, but I sided vigorously with the exiled Prince and his mother, whose virtues and noble mental qualities were praised by everyone. My mother, as far as I could see, was of the same opinion, be-
cause she never showed more than absolutely necessary politeness toward the woman, around whom gathered all the flatterers looking for promotions and honors. She was pretty, and not unintelligent, but common and without culture; yet the Duke loved her madly. His legitimate wife, the daughter of a great royal house, was virtuous, learned and artistic, but proud and cold, and had never given him the domestic happiness he craved. My father's conciliatory attitude toward the mistress was solely for the good of his country. His task was always difficult. The Duke had a kind heart, but little culture; he was frivolous, and given to outbreaks of violent temper that bordered on insanity.

Somewhat later, my father accompanied the Duke to a distant bathing resort for a cure. In his absence, the rumor spread that the Duke was seriously—some whispered, dangerously,—ill. The country was in great excitement. The news of the July Revolution (of 1830) had come from France. An electric current flashed throughout Europe. All the elements of dissatisfaction that had smouldered among the people struggled to come to the surface. In our country the discontented raised their voices and said that the Duke had only taken the trip to please his mistress, who had been ordered to take the baths, or, on the other hand, that the serious illness of the Duke was concealed to prevent the return from exile of the legitimate heir. Everyone grumbled because the country was without a government at so critical a moment. The liberal party wrote the names of the heir and his mother on their banner, and stormily demanded their return. All who were with the Duke were severely criticised, my father most of all, and our family trembled for his security.

News soon came that the Duke was out of danger, but before he was well enough to travel disturbances broke out in several parts of Germany and in our duchy. The people wanted the return of the Duke, but not of his mistress. On the border she was received in such a threatening manner that she thought it better to turn back. The Duke returned alone with my father, greatly aged, with uncertain gait, and hair much grayer than when I had last seen him.

A few days later his legitimate wife returned with the Crown Prince and his sister. A formal reconciliation was celebrated
by a public fête. The Duke and his family appeared on the balcony for the masses, who filled the square in front of the palace, cheering with uncontrollable joy. Then the Duke appeared on the balcony a second time, surrounded by the representatives of the people, among whom were the most fanatical liberals. He promised the people what they asked for—a constitution.

This, my father now set to work eagerly to draft. The provisions he drew up were broad and most liberal—and far more progressive than the Duke's beliefs. Often I saw my mother await with deadly fear the outcome of a scene in the palace, where my father was fighting alone against the undisciplined passions of a man in whose hands lay the fate of thousands. And when I saw the deep furrows of care and worry upon my father's face I began to hate those who unjustly accused him of being the instrument of despotism. I dared not give vent to my indignation in the family circle, but when my rage grew beyond control I fled into the servants' hall and there held glowing discourse on my father's noble qualities and the wickedness of the revolutionaries.

Autumn came. There was still great unrest among the people, and uprisings took place from time to time. The Duke retired to his summer palace under pretense of resting. With him were his eldest illegitimate daughter, a young girl of great intelligence and noble character, and my father, who came the hour's drive into town daily to work on the constitution. In fear and trembling I used to watch at the window for his carriage; he had hardly time to kiss us. When we visited him at the summer palace, we had to drive in a closed carriage, because if we had been recognized the people might have stoned us.

One day* the city was alarmed by the news that the hated mistress had secretly gone to the summer palace; that preparations were being made for the flight of the Duke; that work on the constitution would be suspended; that a coup d'état was imminent. In no time the streets were filled with people who formed a procession and marched to the summer palace.

Most of our household had gone out to follow the proceedings. My youngest brother, then a boy of sixteen, a butler, and an old secretary of my father's were the only male members of

*Malwida must have been about fourteen at the time.
the household who stayed with my mother, an old aunt, my younger sister, several maids, and myself. The old secretary sat in the chancellery on the first floor like a soldier at his post, guarding my father's papers. The city was almost deserted. From our windows we could see the long street down to the gate from which the road led to the summer palace.

After several hours of anxious waiting, we heard a noise that sounded like the distant roar of the ocean. Soon we saw a thick black mass approaching from the distance. It came slowly nearer, filling the whole width of the street. An unusually large man led the procession, brandishing in his hand a great stick. This was a baker who had taken charge of the movement. Suddenly he halted before our door, and with him the whole mob.

He shook his stick at our windows and let out terrible curses. At that instant thousands of hands and sticks were raised, and thousands of voices shouted and yelled. We hardly had time to move back, when large stones were hurled at the windows on the first floor, some even reaching the second floor where we were. Heavy knocks on the front door followed. My brother had had the presence of mind to lock the door and draw the bolt at the coming of the crowd, but they were trying to force it, and God knows what would have been our fate if help had not arrived in the nick of time.

Two young officers on foot broke through the crowd. It was the Crown Prince and his adjutant. They stood before our door and the Prince addressed a few words to the rebels, commanding them to disperse and be quiet; he also promised that their requests should be heard and gratified. This display of courage made a great impression. At the same time a division of cavalry, with drawn swords, was seen coming slowly down the street.

The mob began to disperse, still letting out oaths and threats. After the street had been cleared the Prince came up to console my mother and receive her thanks. In the evening my mother's rooms were filled with people. Friends and acquaintances hurried in to inquire about us. Among them were several leaders of the Liberal party, who wore the uniform of the National Guard.

So reality unfolded before me for the first time. My vision began to take in a larger horizon. Though my reason was still guided by my heart, so that I took for granted that those I
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loved must be in the right, and though I still played with dolls as I had before, yet I began to read newspapers and to follow with keen interest political events. I felt myself on the brink of a new life. I had received a second baptism at the hands of the revolution.

The constitution was finished. It was really the most liberal of all the German constitutions, and was ushered in with great ceremony. The people were intoxicated with joy. Everywhere were seen the national colors; not the German colors, because the idea of a united Germany was still taboo, but those of our small fatherland, which had formerly been forbidden because they were the symbol of liberal aspirations. On this day the National Guard took the place of the ducal soldiers* everywhere. The square in front of the palace was packed with people. The windows, the balconies, even the roofs were crowded with spectators. When the Duke, with his family, appeared on the balcony of the palace as a constitutional monarch, he was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm.

The sight of so many people moved by a common feeling of love and gratitude seemed to me a very fine thing, though I could not quite reconcile my emotion with the fright and hatred which this same mass of people had aroused in me a short while before. Moreover, I soon saw that the unjust attitude of the people toward my father persisted, in spite of the fact that it was principally to him that they owed this most welcome constitution. Although the Duke made him Prime Minister and showered honors upon him, he did not wish to remain in the country, and asked for an ambassadorship, which, with reluctance, was granted him.

But it was less than a month before the Duke realized that he was incapable of reigning as a constitutional prince, and the rumor spread that he had decided to abdicate in favor of his son. Perhaps he also wished to return to his mistress. At any rate he judged himself with a praiseworthy frankness which made one forget many of his faults. His decision was so strongly opposed that he had to leave the country by stealth, lest he be prevented.

*The German fashion of a number of private armies responsible to various leaders is apparently not new.
He left a decree naming his son regent during his absence, thereby giving hope of his return.

My father, at his urgent wish, accompanied him. We were to follow, also in secret, because the people's hatred of our family seemed to increase after the Duke's departure. The preparations for our—I might almost say flight—had something tragic about them. We could neither bid our friends goodbye nor give them presents as souvenirs. Even the old aunt was not to know the date of departure; her advanced age would not permit of her going with us, and it was feared that the unavoidable excitement of parting would be too much for her.

One January morning we all arose before daybreak. The travelling carriage, harnessed with four post-horses, stood ready in the courtyard. We left the house stealthily, and drove through the deserted, snow-covered streets. Over us hung a gray, misty sky, lighted by the first ray of dawn. Was I to find out that this fate was but the natural result of a long chain of effects that arise from conflict of outer causes with our individual characters and actions? Or must I believe that the culmination of man's fate is determined in advance by an inscrutable Providence which wills our good and guides us from beyond the clouds?

At that time I believed in this last hypothesis.

For several years after this we led a wandering life, following the Duke, who travelled in the south of Germany, never staying anywhere for more than a few months. The older children were placed in boarding-schools, but my mother could not bear to part with my younger sister and me. This planless, rootless life, without any systematic education, was bad for one of my dreamy temperament. I am convinced that, had I been able to continue my studies seriously and connectedly at that time, my faculties would have been strongly developed instead of being wasted in speculation and the struggles of imagination. Even then I felt my ignorance keenly, and I have a bitter memory of a children's ball which my sister and I attended one winter evening in Frankfort-am-Main.

As we stepped out of the carriage we were received by the two sons of the house, boys of our own age, who stood at the foot of the staircase with kid gloves on, hat in hand, to usher us up
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the stairs. Their sister, our young hostess, was bewitchingly beautiful, spoke several languages perfectly, danced with indescribable grace, and received us with the distinguished manners of a finished lady of the world. The conversation was carried on in French, which I knew so little that I could answer only in monosyllables, and when the dancing began my humiliation reached its height. I knew nothing at all of the modern dances which were printed on the little card that was handed me. Under the pretense that dancing gave me a headache, I stayed glued sadly to my place all evening, watching the elegant young creatures who danced with such happy ease—I, who in my dreams felt capable of the most heroic deed, the most magnanimous sacrifice. My sister, less self-conscious, less ambitious, but in this case wiser, brought confusion into the contre-dances, laughed heartily over it, answered in German when spoken to in French, and enjoyed herself immensely.

We had at last to become reconciled to a separation from my father, who promised, as soon as all his sons should be able to support themselves, to leave the Duke and join us permanently. We settled with my eldest married sister in the town of Detmold, the capital of the tiny principality of Lippe. This was a pretty, clean little town in one of the most picturesque parts of northern Germany. My brother-in-law was one of the leading nobles of the place, the friend and inseparable companion since childhood of the reigning prince, and no public event took place without his advice.

The prince of this small state was an honest, kind-hearted man of somewhat limited intelligence and of unconquerable timidity. His mother, Princess Pauline, a strong-minded woman of masculine build, had been regent for nearly twenty years, as her son was a small boy when his father died. She alone, of all the reigning heads in Germany, had dared to face Napoleon, trying to make him listen to reason and humanity, and he in turn treated her with great respect and passed on without molesting the little country. She was a friend of the fine arts and of science; and by summoning several eminent men to her court she took pains to encourage education and morality. At the
head of a large kingdom she would have been a Catherine II without the great Catherine’s vices.

The only thing in which she did not succeed was the upbringing of her two sons, her only children. In order to give them a foundation of strict morality, she tyrannized over them to such an extent and treated them as children for so long, that the older one, of a timid and retiring nature, became almost half-witted. The second one, a frivolous, dissolute fellow, once freed from maternal authority gave himself up to a life of dissipation. He had been in the military service of various countries, and was always forced to leave on account of bad behavior; his brother had more than once saved him from debtors’ prison.

The reigning Prince, who had come to the throne after his mother’s death, led the life of a recluse. His wife was a good, gentle, submissive creature. They had many children, and their home life was exemplary. The old castle with its high corner towers and small turrets was surrounded by large gardens which were planted in the old walls, and these in turn were surrounded by a broad moat in which ducks and swans swam about peacefully.

From the public promenades, one could see the princely family walking in these gardens, but never did one member ever set foot outside in the streets of the town. Once or twice a year there was a gala dinner at the castle to which the ladies of proper rank were invited. Then the court carriages rolled through the town to call for the guests, whose toilettes otherwise would have suffered too much, for there were no closed carriages for hire in that little place, and one usually went to parties, even to balls, on foot. The dinners were an ordeal for the poor Prince; he had to say a few words to each one of the long row of ladies. Stiff as a piece of wood, laced up in his uniform, lips tightly pressed, he stammered a few banalities about the weather. He scarcely waited for an answer before moving on, and seemed greatly relieved when he finally reached the men.

Two ruling passions tempted him from his cell: hunting and the theatre. The glorious woods surrounding the little capital were full of game, and he was the only legitimate hunter. Scarcely a day went by in winter which did not see two or three of the
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Prince's sleighs flying through the snow-covered streets taking the whole family into the woods for the day. The Prince and the older sons hunted; the Princess, with the other children, wrapped in their furs, either sat in the sleigh or walked about in the snow. In vain the teachers complained that studies suffered; the children's mental development was sacrificed to family life and hunting.

The second passion was satisfied at the cost of the little state. His theatrical expenses were rumored to be large, and were absolutely uncontrolled. The Prince's friends said that at least he might be allowed this one pleasure, because he led such a simple and moral life. And it must be admitted that his theatre was one of the best in Germany, and that even the greatest artists did not think it beneath their dignity to perform there. The best dramatic works, as well as the best operas, were given with unusual perfection, and it became a source of artistic and intellectual education which raised the community far above others of the same size.

After the theatre, the chief amusement of the community was "La Ressource," the gentlemen's club. Fathers of families, and the young unmarried men, spent a great part of the day and nearly all their evenings there, reading the papers, playing cards and billiards, drinking wine and beer, discussing the news of both the larger and the smaller world, and sending up innumerable columns of tobacco smoke into the air. On Sunday evenings the ladies were admitted, and the gentlemen appeared in full dress. Pipes and cigars were put aside; the elderly played cards and the young amused themselves with games, conversation and dancing. Once a month there was a large ball.

This was the typical social life of the small German states, where no one was very wealthy and most of the citizens were officials with salaries that merely covered the necessities of life. In such a club everyone, at small expense, could meet his friends and enjoy social intercourse within his means. Detmold was distinguished above other towns of its size by a small court, a splendid boys' school, a good theatre, a good girls' school, and several men of eminence and merit in the sciences, so a certain loftiness of ideas was felt in the manners and the tone of the conversations.
According to custom, before my sister and I could enter society we had to be confirmed. For a year, in preparation, we went twice a week to be taught the dogmas of the Protestant Church by the court pastor (the Reverend George Frederick Althaus), a gentle, sentimental man beloved by all the young of the community. I took the welfare of my soul very seriously, and my confirmation cost me long and agonizing struggles between my longing for the Christian ideal, which was being taught me, and the strong love of life and beauty which was just awakening in me. More painful still were my doubts and questionings of the dogma, from which I had no help except anguished prayers for faith.

Toward the end of the year our teacher asked us to attend the class lessons which he was about to give all the children who were to be confirmed that year. I was touched and pleased with this. I had never known the charm of studying with any other children except my sister. It seemed to me lovely to associate on this occasion with a group whose members were much below me socially, but who were my equals in the sight of God. Many of the sixty children were plain little peasants. I took my seat on the wooden benches among them with pleasure, forgetting that the room was small and the air infected by the vapors from the damp dresses of these poor children, who were often not clean, as they came in from the country in all sorts of weather. My health had been delicate for some time, but I would have despised myself had I not been able to overcome any weakness and disgust. In their midst I felt at ease, though I was usually so timid in other society.

My doubts, my scruples, were another matter. The dogmas and teachings I knew perfectly, and I was without fear when the day of public examination arrived. It was a holy duty for me to give the congregation an account of my knowledge of the Christian doctrines and so demonstrate my worthiness for admission into the church. I gave my answers in a strong voice, which carried, I was afterwards told, to the furthest corners of the crowded building. At home they were delighted with my success, but to me it was no satisfaction. To grasp the infinite, to receive the revelation of eternal truth, to be changed by the grace of God into a new being without faults or blemishes,—
that was what my soul longed for, and, in this last festive week before confirmation, hoped to attain.

The ceremony was to take place on Sunday. We had our last lesson on Friday. Our teacher was much moved; he spoke to us of the holiness and importance of this great event. The excellent man could always touch my heart even though he could not always satisfy my intellect. The written confession of our beliefs, which our teacher required of us, I made with as much candor as possible. How could I have told him all? How could I have unveiled to him that in the depths of my being a voice protested, in spite of the fervor and sincerity of my endeavors, against most of what he taught us with such care, and that perhaps I was further removed from being a devout member of the church than the peasant child whose indifference distressed him? However, I lived in the hope that God would reveal himself to me in the final hour; that He would give me, like Paul, the conquering faith which I lacked. My teacher was entirely satisfied with what I had written.

On Saturday evening my sister and I went with all the members of our family to church to assist in the preparations for our first communion. I listened to the admonitions with deep concentration, but when the minister read the formula of the ritual "Whosoever is unworthy to eat of this bread or drink of this wine, he eats and drinks to his own judgment," I was seized with a deadly fear. When he then asked those gathered there if each sincerely repented of his sins and went to the table of the Lord with the wish to be freed through His blood, and all answered with a strong "Yes," I was so perplexed that the word died on my lips. I trembled and suffered the tortures of hell.

We left the church and everything swam before my eyes as in a dream. All evening, while the family conversed as usual, I was bowed down and crushed by the great responsibility with which they had burdened my soul. A hundred times I was on the point of calling out, "No, no, I am not worthy," but the fear of being misunderstood, of being held simply sick or crazy, and of disturbing the peace of others closed my lips. I went to my room, threw myself down on my knees and implored God for help. The next morning I awoke in a calmer frame of mind.

According to custom, we wore on this occasion black silk
dresses. Our maid took special pains with our toilettes, and chattered more than usual. It jarred upon me, and yet distracted me from painful thoughts. When the hour arrived I told my mother goodbye with deep emotion, begging her to forgive my faults. My sister and I had first to go to the minister's house. There, everything was strewn with flowers. Our teacher received us in his ministerial robes and spoke to us so affectionately and impressively that the most indifferent of the children showed emotion.

When the bells of the church began to ring, our procession started to march down the street by twos, our teacher in the lead. The way was strewn with flowers, and the church was beautifully decorated with them. The town glee club greeted us with a lovely song. I felt myself growing wings; I prayed that God would bless this hour for my whole life. The sermon, given by the same voice that had moved my heart so often in the little green room, quieted me. Then the minister asked us our confession of faith and I said "yes" with great confidence. He put his hands on our heads, took us in as members of the Protestant Church, blessing each one with a special quotation from the Bible. To me he said, "Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life"; my heart repeated the solemn oath, "faithful unto death." The choir from above greeted the young Christians with a song of victory. We did not return to the confirmation benches, but joined our parents to wait until the Church was cleared of those who did not want to take communion.

As the plaintive song, "Innocent Lamb of God," arose, resounding through the church as with a secret shudder before the mystery now to be revealed, fear and doubt again began to assail me. My heart beat violently; my voice almost cried of itself, "No, no, I have not the proper faith." I followed my mother and elder sister to the altar with downcast eyes; the outer world had disappeared for me. I expected to see the mystery of the cross, the life in death, in the light of heavenly glory for me. I touched the chalice with my lips; a voice said to me, "This is my Blood which was shed for the forgiveness of many."

I felt no inner change; no mystery was revealed to me; no
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God was there to usher me into the ranks of the chosen ones. I was abandoned, condemned forever. How I got home, how I lived through the agony of that day, how I succeeded in hiding my great suffering from my family, I do not know. I only remember that the innocent eyes of my little nieces, whom I loved dearly, seemed to say, “What are you, lost angel, doing in our Paradise?”

Exhaustion followed this intense struggle, and then a healthier peace of mind. Although a similar conflict tormented me every time I attended the Eucharist, still my family were not over-attentive to religious duties, and the occasion seldom arose.

Gradually I stopped going to church at all, and occupied the time by writing out my own meditations on a Bible text. My sister and I enjoyed the normal social life of our contemporaries, except that, as our financial circumstances put us beyond the need of domestic duties, our time was entirely our own. I roamed through the lovely surroundings of the little capital, sometimes with my family, sometimes alone. I began with great enthusiasm the study of history and literature. The writings of two women had a great influence upon me—Bettina von Arnim and Rahel Varnhagen von Ense. I found myself more than ever in a strange state of dualism. On the one hand I was a happy person, endowed with manifold forces, capable of creating a rich future—then again I accused myself of bitter, imaginary faults and despaired of myself. Just then I read Dichtung und Wahrheit for the first time. Goethe mentions similar struggles in his youth and says he conquered them by leaving speculative tendencies and turning to the outer world. “Every sincere effort comes from within outward.” These few words were my salvation. What the mysteries of the church could not do, the clear, plastic, hellenic mind of our greatest poet accomplished.

My health was poor, and I spent a part of these loveliest years of youth in great suffering. But I had become very calm and gentle, rejoicing in a great inner peace, for I craved peace above all else. The family even gave me the nickname of “Reconciliation,” because it had become a necessity for me to smooth little family discords. I made a real cult of family ties.
I also loved social pleasures, dancing especially. The thought of marriage was still far from me; this union of two beings seemed to me to be another holy mystery, to which I felt I had not enough composure to turn. I felt that it was a revelation which the future would hold for me after I had found the answer about Truth.
CHAPTER II

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First Love

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In these peaceful years came one of the happiest episodes of my youth. My brother-in-law, who was Lord Chamberlain and also superintendent of the theatre, had introduced to my younger sister and me his musical director, a jovial young Rhinelander, who was to give us piano lessons. Through him, music became the centre of our life. He and a talented young actor who lived with him often came to spend the evening with us. Together we studied, analyzed, and discussed the musical and dramatic masterpieces. We were living in retirement from our usual social circles, partly because of my poor health, but chiefly because we were in mourning for my eldest sister, who had died in giving birth to her fourth child. I gave myself up to the charm of these evenings with the utter simplicity of a free heart. Intellectual, serious relations between young men and girls, without coquetry and passion but with the candor of good, simple characters, always seemed to me to be one of the loveliest things in life.

I had no idea that a feeling of a different kind could creep into this intimacy. Nevertheless it seems that our friend the music director had formed a deeper affection for me. Encouraged by my mother's kindness, he had spoken of it to her. Always inclined to prefer the advantages of talent and character to those of money and position, she undertook to clear the
obstacles and beg my father's consent, if it suited me. One day, during a long walk, she told me of our friend's wishes and of her willingness to help. To her great surprise she met with a decided "no."

I still had the same antipathy to marriage as before, and I drew back, almost frightened, when my mother uttered the word. Not that it would have frightened me to marry into a lower station of life than my own; on the contrary, my imagination would have found a charm in the Wilhelm-Meister life of our friend. But I felt that I was not mature enough for marriage, and at the same time I saw clearly that the sympathy which I felt and frankly showed was by no means love. Fortunately no harm was done either of us by my innocent kindness, and the passing love changed into a lasting friendship.

The peaceful monotony of our life was broken by my mother's serious illness, and when I had nursed her back to health we left for a long trip down the Rhine and through southern Germany. Finally we settled down in a watering-place prescribed for my mother, which combined the efficacy of its springs with great beauty of surroundings and the elegance of a city. There I became acquainted with the "great world" which for some time I had been longing to see—its brilliant balls, its gambling, and its cosmopolitan society.

Among our acquaintances there was a Russian diplomat, a man of some thirty years with a fine, interesting countenance. He walked on crutches because of a rheumatism he had contracted when the boat bringing him from St. Petersburg to Germany on a pleasure trip caught fire and he jumped into the sea to save two people's lives. From the first moment I felt myself under the spell of his witty conversation, and was immediately convinced that I would prefer his company to any other pleasure. He never took part in large public festivities on account of his health, but as he lived in our hotel we saw a great deal of him.

Once, at our request, he accepted an invitation to a fête champêtre which an amiable acquaintance of ours, a rich creole, was giving. The fête took place on a hill overlooking a rolling, fertile country. I sat under a tent which our hostess had erected, enjoying the beautiful view in peace. All about me I heard the jolly chatter of the party in several tongues.
Suddenly I glanced up and saw two dark eyes looking searchingly and sympathetically at me. It was our new friend, who had crept in softly and seated himself beside me. Now, all of a sudden, it was clear to me why I felt so happy. Rahel says, "Love is a conviction." I was convinced. He seemed to me a perfect being, not only because he had the spirit which never tires, but because of a grace of mind which always charms. In spite of the fact that I looked like a child, and in his presence felt the insurmountable timidity that had spoiled so many beautiful moments of my life, I felt that he took a more than ordinary interest in me, and liked being near me.

As he could not walk much, he often suggested little trips on donkeys through the green hills and blooming fields. We often rested on the grass while he spoke to us of history, poetry, and his travels. I listened to him with my whole soul, enjoying intensely the new charm of such conversation, although my painful timidity kept me from saying freely what I felt and thought.

Did he guess what was going on in the heart of the young girl at his side? I do not know, but he was very gentle and kind to me, and in my growing disgust and disillusionment with the great world I felt that he alone embodied the ideal which I had made of fashionable society.

He left the place to make a trip of several weeks through southern Germany in order to test his strength and to see whether his cure was complete. After his departure, society lost its last charm for me, and the balls bored me. I had only one burning wish: to see him again. One day this wish became so strong that I sent a fervent prayer up to God to be allowed to see him once more. By a strange coincidence, he returned that very day, to the same rooms, above ours, which he had occupied before. I did not hear of it until evening. While we were sitting under the orange blossoms in front of the Kursaal with the others, he suddenly appeared, came towards us, and sat down beside me. We asked him about his trip, and whether he had taken the same rooms. "Yes," he replied, adding softly so that only I could hear, "If I had not been able to get just those I would never have come back."
A few weeks later, he left for good, to take a new ambassadorship in a distant country. The evening before his departure we met in the Princess' salon. He sat by me all evening, and for the first time I felt entirely at ease with him. In the face of danger, I have always found courage; and so here, at the moment of parting, my usual reserve had disappeared. These last moments had to be mine, and they were completely so. We left the drawing-room together. At our door he took a hearty farewell of my mother and sister, then gave me his hand, held it a moment, gazed at me with a look of deep feeling, then left without a word.

I did not sleep all night. Before daybreak, I heard his footsteps overhead, and heard him come down the stairs. I slid quietly out of bed so as not to awaken my mother and sister, wrapped myself in a cloak, and rushed to the parlor window. I saw him cross the court to the gate where the carriage awaited him. Suddenly he turned and looked up at our windows. I drew back with lightning speed. When I looked again he had disappeared.

After his departure, the Russian countess who was his friend and mine spoke of him to me with great admiration and respect. She added meaningly that he was not in a position to marry, excepting a rich woman, but that he was too honorable to marry only for money.

A few days later I saw on the table a letter from my father to my mother. As my mother usually let me read them, I took this up, and my eyes fell on a passage about me. My father wrote: "So the poor child has come to know the great sorrow. May God comfort her." My mother had evidently guessed the truth and had written to my father about it. To me, however, she said nothing, because I was silent. The name of the absent one was never again mentioned between us.

The following winter we spent with my father in Frankfort-am-Main. We led a quiet life, for my father had retired from society at large and refused all invitations except those of two or three families who were old friends. This life did not satisfy me. In our household there were not enough duties to keep me busy. During the day my father was occupied; in the evenings
he read aloud to us—good books, but nothing that stirred my soul or opened up new horizons. The "holy unrest" took hold of me again; I sought a higher goal, the way to the Ideal.

Painting had always been my favorite art, because I had decided talent for it. Music was a need of my soul; I drank it in like the very breath of life; but I preferred listening to playing, because I had little skill with my fingers and had to practice long hours in order to play anything as I wished to. With drawing, on the contrary, I succeeded surprisingly well, even before I had taken any lessons.

About this time I saw some pictures by the German landscape painter Karl Morgenstern, who had lived many years in Italy, and who painted southern landscapes with the soul of a poet as Claude Lorrain did. When I saw these pictures, I understood for the first time that light, color and form give us the idea of beauty through themselves, their blending, and their harmony, making us feel the infinite joy that emanates from them.

From then on I had only one wish: to be a pupil of the painter whose pictures had made such a deep impression on me, and to dedicate my life to art, which now seemed to me the way to moral perfection.

But how was this wish to come true? The Master took no pupils, and my parents would have considered such a thing impossible. Nevertheless I was determined.

We had an old friend, a very original person whom we all loved dearly. To this friend I confided my wish to take lessons with Morgenstern. He went to the artist's studio, looked at his paintings, and spoke about Italy to him in Italian. When he had won the good will of the artist, he suddenly said to him in German that he had come to beg him to give lessons to a young friend. The affair was handled so adroitly that the artist, amused by the originality of the procedure, promised to come and see if my talent warranted his giving his time to it. He really came, and after having seen my drawings promised to give me lessons and wanted me to start painting in oil immediately.

I was beside myself with joy. However, to buy the necessary materials for oil painting large expenditures were required at once. I did not want to ask my father for them, as he had
already granted me, very reluctantly, the expensive lessons. I therefore secretly sold a lovely gold chain and several other pieces of jewelry that I had, and felt an inner satisfaction in reaching my lofty aim through a sacrifice.

So I began to paint, and surely not even the greatest artist could have felt a deeper joy than I felt in giving myself up to an occupation that should at last show me the way to the Ideal. I painted all day, and when I put away my easel I felt uplifted. I lived in a world apart; that was to me the only real one. I did not neglect my other duties, and I was even more tender and agreeable to those around me, because I felt such an inner satisfaction. However, they realized that my thoughts, my real self were elsewhere; and though I certainly did not want to hurt them, they were a little angry. My acquaintances began to tease me, because they could not believe that such deep concentration in a young girl could have another cause than personal affection. I was told that I was envied by many young ladies who had wanted to take lessons of the celebrated artist but had not attained their wish.

All that scarcely touched me; my teacher was dear to me as such, nothing further. A tender, calm memory still lived in the depths of my heart, and it would not have been possible for me to change so quickly. I was too deeply immersed in my studies to take part in conversations that had to do with every-day events, and while these went on around me I sat at my easel copying pictures of my teacher's; pictures in which a deep-blue sky was reflected in a still deeper blue sea, hemmed in by picturesque cliffs, palms and olive trees. While painting I realized more and more that the Christian tenet is wrong—that emotions are not the enemy but rather the instrument of the spirit.

In the spring we returned to our little town in the North. It was a heartrending sorrow to have to give up the lessons which had brought me so much happiness; it seemed as though I were renouncing the salvation of my soul. Besides, notwithstanding our retired life, Frankfort offered a great many intellectual resources which I craved more and more. The only comfort I had was the correspondence I kept up with my teacher about art.
My first concern after returning to our future home was the arrangement of a studio in which, alone and deeply absorbed, I passed hours of happiness. I also drew a great deal from nature, but the landscape about me no longer pleased me, since I had become accustomed to the ineffable charm of southern scenery, which I loved and knew so well from my teacher’s paintings. What did charm me was the woods, with their mysterious half-darkness and the streaks of sunlight which fell through the foliage and played on the mossy ground. This is the true poetry of the landscape of northern Germany, and this is, perhaps, why the people of this region, in their primitive days, chose the woods and trees for their shrines and worshipped Wotan in the sacred oak-groves. However, for a proper landscape, the green alone seemed to me inartistic. Blue, violet, yellow and red give the southern landscape color-tones that please the eye. Perhaps this is why even the far North, where naked cliffs, snow and the deep-blue sea predominate, is more picturesque than the fertile lands of central Europe, where green predominates.

There were no art galleries in Detmold; not even one good painting; no artists, and scarcely a handful of people who knew what painting meant. My ever-searching nature grasped for other outlets. The old religious questions awakened in a new way. I did not fear criticism any more. I went to church very seldom, because I found no new thoughts, no real enlightenment there.

One day I was told that the eldest son of our minister was going to preach the following Sunday. I went to see how the pale, quiet boy whom I had once seen working in his mother’s room had developed. A young man in a black gown ascended the pulpit, bowed his head and remained in silent prayer for a few minutes. He was big, like his father, but his face was pale, with sharp-cut, classic features such as one finds in the southern races. Long, black hair fell to his shoulders; his forehead was that of a thinker, a martyr. When he began to speak I was stirred by the sound of his sonorous voice.

However, I soon forgot everything but the substance of his sermon. It was not sentimental morality, nor the stiff, cold uncertainty of the Protestant orthodoxy. Here was a young
mountain stream that gushed forth poetry and new, vivifying thought. Here was the clear flame of a perfect soul combined with the strength of a powerful intelligence. I was most deeply and joyfully moved. Returning home, I told my mother of what I had heard, and said with enthusiasm: “If this young man stays here, this little country will have a great future.”

A few days later my mother went to the Club. My former teacher introduced his son to her, and she came back just as enthusiastic as I had been when I came from church. “He is a model young man,” she said. I was sorry not to have been there; yet I rather preferred not to meet my young apostle in the conventional way. He had already fastened himself in my imagination as the inspired prophet of a new truth. I did not see him again for a year, as he went back to his university. *

Meanwhile I felt that I must leave the merely contemplative life for a more active one. The intense joy I experienced in painting seemed to me too egotistical unless I could, at the same time, alleviate the sufferings I saw everywhere around me; unless compassion, which seemed to me the true essence of Christianity, was materialized in deeds. I decided to try to found a club to work for the poor. I spoke of it to the young ladies of my acquaintance. They shrugged their shoulders, doubting the success of the undertaking, but I succeeded in getting a few together and we began with a very simple organization.

We met once a week at the homes of the members, each time putting into the treasury a sum so small that it was a burden to no one. These contributions served to buy materials for the work; they were increased by voluntary donations. At each meeting through the year we worked on clothes for the poor, and on Christmas Eve distributed them. Before long all the young society girls wanted to join. The amount of work we accomplished with such small means was really not insignificant.

Among the girls who joined the club were the young preacher’s two sisters. I knew the elder; she was pretty and very sweet, but I had never found her interesting. The younger † was just entering the circle of grown-ups. She was

* Bonn, where he was a pupil of Gottfried Kinkel, poet, revolutionary, and later exile.
† Elisabeth.
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much younger than I, and I had known her only as a child. Now, drawn together by the inexplicable attraction which decides the destinies of men, we became warm friends. She was not as popular as the older sister; she was considered affected because at the age of seventeen she preferred serious topics to frivolous gossip, and only talked freely when carried away by interesting conversation. In ordinary social relations she was embarrassed, quiet and awkward. I understood her only too well; and saw with delight her rich nature reveal itself in manifold ways. In a short time she became my most intimate friend.

She often spoke to me of her brother, whom she worshipped. Her love for him was a real cult. I listened to her with deep interest, and the thought of the young preacher grew dearer to me. His family expected him back from the university in the spring. His sister fairly trembled with joy at the thought, for he was to remain at home a long time to take his examination as candidate in theology.

I also looked forward with pleasure to seeing him again: I knew that he would bring me new light, and besides he was the adored brother of my dearest friend.

When at last he arrived, my sister and I were invited to spend the evening with his sisters. We had scarcely sat down, when the door opened and Theodore came in. He sat down beside me, and the conversation at once became animated. It was strange how our views coincided on all the most important points. We looked at each other with surprise, because it seemed as though the word of one always came from the thought of the other. When we left, he stood stock-still in the middle of the room and looked at me like one in a dream while I said good-bye to him.

At my request, he and his sisters were invited to our home a few days later. I was again under the influence of that inner constraint which had spoiled so many hours of my life, the strange impossibility to open my heart freely where I would most have wished to. I did have a moment's conversation with him alone, finally, and we spoke of his young sister, whom he called "die Kleine." The love we both had for her made me talkative, and while I expressed my devotion to her I felt that her brother would be henceforth the third in our alliance.
Several days later my mother came to me with a letter, and said, "Prepare yourself for a pleasant surprise." The letter was from my father, who said that my sister-in-law, my eldest brother's wife, had to spend the winter in the South on account of her health, and wanted me for a companion. She and I loved each other dearly, although we lived so far apart. She wanted to spend the winter in Provence, returning by way of northern Italy.

To go south, to Italy! Since my childhood, Italy had been the land of my dreams, the land of wonder, to which my yearnings turned in their boldest flights. It seemed too good to be true, and yet it was true. The only painful thing about it was telling my sister, the faithful companion of my life, with whom up to now I had shared everything, good and bad alike. She received the news in the sweetest and most resigned manner possible, and gladly helped me with my preparations for the holiday.

My trip aroused general interest. Two days before my departure, die Kleine and her brother spent the evening with us. They rejoiced with me, but deeply regretted my leaving, and would have liked to go with me.

I had to leave very early in the morning by post-chaise, as there were no trains yet in those parts. My mother was asleep. In order to spare her the pain of saying goodbye, I did not waken her. It was with a very heavy heart, after all, that she let me go for so long a time and so far. A trip to Italy in those days was a risky undertaking; I bade her a silent farewell at her bedside, and went to the post-chaise accompanied by my faithful sister. There we found die Kleine and her brother. I embraced die Kleine again and shook hands with her brother. He gave me a bouquet, to which was fastened a letter, carrying, instead of an address, these words of Tasso's: "I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno." I climbed into the carriage, holding the bouquet and letter in my hand, and felt as though a beneficent Deity had descended to bless me.

After a few hours' ride, the post-chaise stopped in a small place where we travellers got out for dinner. Instead of dining, I went into the garden of the inn and opened my letter. It was in verse: a farewell sonnet and a long poem which he had
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written after one of our last talks. The sensation of perfect bliss which overpowered me was inexpressible. When the chaise reached the city where my chaperon and I were to spend the night I answered him, also in verse. I sent it to his sister, requesting her to give it to him.
CHAPTER III

* The End of Spring *

Our travelling party to the South consisted of my sister-in-law, her two clever boys, their tutor, the maid, and the manservant. A large travelling carriage, fitted out with every comfort, took us down. Surely this is the most agreeable way to travel. Whatever other advantages trains may have, in order really to enjoy a trip through beautiful country one must go in this way—one's own master, stopping where and when one pleases, not whipped by the fury of steam engines, conductors, and the eternal entrance and exit of strangers, who are very often antipathetic.

The jolliest mood prevailed in our little coach. The boys brought much cheer to our party with their chatter, their songs, their questions and observations; so did the servants, with their naive surprise over everything new that they saw.

Even the tutor added to the gayety. He was a strange creature, a real German eccentric. Born in a poor family, he was brought up in a seminary; then by privations and hard work he had contrived to study theology at a university. There is nothing more pathetic than the poor students of theology in Germany, who, when they have finished their studies, often have to wait eight or ten years before getting a pastorate which, when they get it, scarcely brings them enough to eat. Our candidate had already waited ten years in vain. In the meantime, he helped himself along by teaching; and as he had
received an excellent education and was of irreproachable character, my sister-in-law took him as tutor for her boys. Good creature as he was, he had something intensely awkward in his manner, which was all the more amusing as a good share of vanity made him very sensitive, especially on his one weak point: poetry. He was always writing verses, not only for his own satisfaction, but in the hope of gaining fame at the fount of Parnassus. It was positive torment to hear him read them.

In Bern I had my first glimpse of the great Alps. Only one thing marred the journey: I could not always enjoy myself in my own way. One had to adhere to certain formalities; for instance, spending endless hours at the table d’hôte while outside a glorious sunset transfigured a ravishing landscape. Again, I often wanted to linger a long time at one particular object that attracted me, but here the tutor, who always had his watch in one hand and a guidebook in the other, gave me no peace. Scarcely would we come to anything worth seeing than he would look at his watch, cry out in dismay: “Ach, mein Gott, we haven’t a minute to lose!” and would hurry with small steps to the next place mentioned in the book.

Our stay at Hyères did not begin too cheerfully. I was very homesick, and had a consuming longing for our peaceful home life, for our friends, and all the love that surrounded me at home. Little by little, however, the tormenting pain disappeared.

We had rented a comfortable house on the Place des Palmiers, from which we had a glorious view of the plains with the orange groves, the bordering hillocks, the sea, and the islands. I roamed over the hills covered with sea-pines, or rested beside clear mountain brooks that rush to the sea and surround small islands on which red and white oleanders grow wild, studying the soft shades of light and color, constantly drawing from nature.

I made a pleasant circle of acquaintances. Our untiring tutor, who had provided himself with letters of introduction to all the local notables, discovered a German musician who lived in Hyères on account of his health, who had real talent and composed lovely songs. He often came in the evening and accompanied my singing. My sister-in-law loved music too much to refuse herself to this visitor. The only disagreeable thing about
these delightful evenings was that the poor musician felt it his duty, out of gratitude, to take the pedagogue-poet's verses as text for his songs. The latter's muse was startlingly prolific under the influence of southern skies. The tutor was overjoyed to see his poems set to music, and it was incredibly funny to watch his expression as he listened to the lovely melodies which accompanied his bad verses. Half abashed and yet proud, he would lean against the mantel, fold his hands over his stomach, and with a satisfied smile on his lips, cast down his eyes. Poor poet!

His conquering spirit did not stop there. He had procured an introduction to the wife of the Mayor, who was a German. He had given her the idea of arranging a Protestant service in her house every Sunday, for both natives and strangers, at which he would preach and the musician direct the singing. The Mayor's wife, being a strict Protestant, was delighted to have found this rock of salvation in her Catholic surroundings. The tutor's social standing was established. The Mayor's wife was the first lady of the town, and very rich; she took him in and made so much of him that he swelled with vanity. A hall in her house was arranged like a chapel and provided with an altar and an organ. The assembly was large. I went nearly every Sunday with the boys; my sister-in-law came as often as her health permitted.

On my lonely walks I became acquainted with the peasants, asked about their habits and their needs, and soon was so well known in that neighborhood that more than once, when I had lost my way on an unknown road, I heard my name called and a child, a farmer or a woman appeared to set me right. I gained their special good-will by painting their portraits. Among others I painted two pretty sisters, and gave one hers to send to her fiancé in Toulon. Several days later they came and brought me a large basket of oranges, covered with the loveliest flowers. In the North that would have been an expensive gift, but in this blessed spot the poor have something to give in return for the gifts of the rich.

I went to call on these girls. Their home was one of the poor ones of the country—a small, miserable bedroom, the courtyard of the house serving as living room, and an orange tree
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as sole decoration. I found the sisters sitting in the courtyard sewing. It was January, when the proletarian of the North freezes miserably in the icy streets, in his cold attic room, or in the damp cellar. They were not in the least embarrassed by this unexpected visit, but offered me a wooden stool with perfect savoir-faire, and in spite of acknowledging that they could neither read nor write, told me a thousand witty and clever things.

The French clergyman at Toulon invited his colleague to come to preach to the German convicts in the Bagno. Naturally he accepted with delight. It was decided that my friend Pauline, the two boys and I should accompany him. I had visited the Bagno in Toulon on the way to Hyères, and had felt deeply distressed and humiliated when I saw all the unfortunates degraded not only by their crimes but also by human justice, which with finely contrived cruelty chose the abominable costume of two colors, yellow and red; and forged chains which often bound together those guilty only of some slight offense and still capable of reform with the most brutalized criminals. It was the first time that I had seen such a house of correction, and I asked myself whether society had a right to punish like this, whether it were not itself responsible for the crimes it punished, and whether this form of punishment really served its purpose.

I had scarcely dared to look at these unfortunate creatures, for fear of humiliating them still more by a careless look or by seeming simply curious. After the sermon we were allowed to speak with them. One peasant from Alsace said to us, with almost childish simplicity: "I only killed a woman in anger and now I am here for life. If you had only taught me these good precepts in time, perhaps it would never have happened." We finally left, promising to send them German Bibles, the only thing we thought we could do for them.

The plan which we had at first made, to divide our time between Hyères and northern Italy, was given up, and it was decided to spend the whole time in Hyères. I regretted Italy, but I was glad to stay where new and pleasant ties held me.

An elderly lady, who was very kind to me, introduced me to a Frenchman who lived on the same Place as we did. He was
an aristocrat of an old family, still young, but lame, so that he could walk only with difficulty. His great wealth permitted him to alleviate his condition in all sorts of ways. He had a beautiful house, a magnificent library, a charming garden in which he enjoyed the air and was led out by his valet or rolled in a chair. A Parisian woman of good education and much intelligence read to him and was hostess when he had company. I found him one of the most cultured, intellectual people I had ever met. As a young man, he had travelled through Germany, knew many of the most important people there, valued German literature above everything, and especially admired Goethe, whom he had known personally.

Besides, he had that perfect form, that esprit, and that knightly manner that were formerly extolled in the French before the rule of the bourgeoisie had degraded the old French gallantry. He was extraordinarily good to me, put his library at my disposal, sent me flowers from his garden every day, and begged me to spend the evening there as often as possible.

A charming little circle gathered about him. Its chief ornament was a young Frenchwoman who had had the misfortune of seeing her much loved husband become insane. She now lived in Hyères in a villa by the sea with an old uncle and her little girl, whose wild, eccentric ways led them to fear for her the same fate as her father’s. The mother was an extremely attractive woman and an excellent musician. We often had music at our invalid’s, who loved it passionately. I sang and she played. They were delightful hours, because she loved only the best in music, and to my utter surprise, in this small French frontier town I heard Beethoven played with perfection.

One day the invalid’s reader and I received an invitation from a family in Hyères to accompany them to the ball which was to be given in Toulon on the King’s birthday. It was then a two-hour drive by carriage from one town to the other. When we arrived, the halls of the Admiralty were already full of people. Everyone crowded to the windows and the balconies to see the fireworks that were displayed on the square, then returned to the ballrooms to dance. The Admiral was extremely kind to us, and charged his adjutant to take especial care of
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us, to bring us partners, and to do everything to make the fête a real one for us. The adjutant acquitted himself splendidly, and brought us so many partners that we had scarcely time to breathe. The French naval officers looked very well in their handsome uniforms, and there were fine, cultured, genial men among them, so that the dance gave me real pleasure.

They had just begun to dance the polka in France, and most of the ladies did not know it. I had already danced it in Germany, with all kinds of variations, and happened to be asked to dance it by an officer who had recently been in Germany and had learned it there. The other couples, who were less skillful than we, stopped dancing and made a circle around us, admiring us, and saying the most flattering things. I was a little bewildered; the splendor and elegance of the fête, the courtesy and the homage shown me, gave me a pleasant feeling of satisfaction.

Finally, about four o'clock in the morning, notwithstanding the pleas of our hosts and partners, we got into the carriage. The invalid's reader and I came back alone, as the others were staying in Toulon. My companion, of a jealous and spiteful nature, teased me constantly about my "success" as she called it. As she received no answer, she finally fell asleep. I did not sleep. I lived through the hours just passed, again and again, and I had to admit to myself that I had never been to a more brilliant ball nor had so much attention shown me.

But the more I thought it over the more it seemed to me all empty and inane. Dancing suddenly lost all its charm, and the compliments I had received seemed flat and insipid.

We approached Hyères; the sun rose majestically out of the sea, which still lay dark, like a brazen shield, then little by little took on a purple hue. I gazed on this glorious spectacle with half-closed eyes, unable to enjoy it because I was dead tired. I came to a clear and definite conclusion: that the social pleasures which up to then had charmed me should have no more meaning in my life; that their magic had fallen, as overripe fruit falls from the trees; and that in future I would not seek the pleasures of the "great world." I would dance no more.

The invalid teased me a great deal about my success, of which the reader had told him. I answered only with a smile, and
continued to enjoy his brilliant conversation as often as possible.

I was sad when it came time to leave. My new friends, the ravishing beauty of the South, my sketches from nature, had all grown very dear to me. All our friends begged us to postpone our departure, but my sister-in-law wanted to return to her husband, and once a decision was made she never put off carrying it into effect.

In the early morning our carriage stood at the gate. I glanced once more from our window to the sea, the islands, the orange groves, the invalid’s house, and Pauline’s home. Everything glittered in the first fragrance and rosy splendor of the early morning. A blessing on this past winter, a peaceful feeling in the midst of sadness welled up in me like a deep inner prayer. I followed the others into the carriage. At the door stood the invalid’s valet, who handed me the loveliest bouquet as a last greeting from his master. Away rolled the carriage; my eyes swam in tears; my stay in the South was over.

When I reached home, I found my father there on a long visit. The family circle was large, and I was received with a joy and affection that warmed my heart. Nevertheless I felt a little estranged; and a vague but decided feeling of a break was brewing in the depths of my being. I saw plainly that the life I had before me lacked a guiding principle. Yet exactly that had become the thirst of my soul, the flame that consumes all small considerations; I felt it would consume me if it were not realized. Moreover at this time I was forbidden by the doctor to do any more painting; my eyes had always been weak, and now it seemed that I was threatened with blindness.

I loved my father with a love that even now, so long after his death, has lost none of its strength. I saw with sorrow how loneliness oppressed him, as he still had to be near the ever-wandering Duke, and how painful it was to him to be separated so much from his family. One day when I was alone with him he spoke of it, and cried out with bitterness: “I am so alone, so alone!”

I threw myself into his arms and said, “Take me with you when you go again; let me be with you always. I will devote my life to you. You need never be alone again.”

He embraced me but did not reply and did not accept my
offer. If he had accepted it, the whole course of my life would have been different.

Among the friends I found again, die Kleine was first and dearest. Her mother, her elder sister and her brother were away, but they were expected back shortly, and with them an aunt, a much younger sister of their mother, whom they called "the intellectual aunt," and of whose influence over her brother die Kleine told me much. I had heard little of my preacher since my departure for the South, although my mother and die Kleine had frequently mentioned him in their letters. I had thought of him often, and was delighted at the prospect of seeing him again. The thought of this beautiful and intellectual aunt, however, disturbed me a little.

At last they arrived, and die Kleine soon brought her aunt to see us. We found her very pretty, elegant, intellectual, almost learned; but she lacked spontaneity and was not sympathetic to us. My mother, however, asked her as well as the three others to spend an evening with us. It was the first time I had seen Theodore since my return. He came to me and shook hands. We looked at each other; it was a look of mutual recognition, the greeting of one soul to another, a deep understanding as if we had known each other since the beginning of time. All fear of the intellectual aunt disappeared; I felt that she touched only his mind, not his heart.

In the course of the evening he asked if I had written any poems in the South. When I said yes, he asked me to show them to him. I consented, on condition that he criticize them frankly, which he promised to do. It seemed to us only natural to talk together exclusively almost all evening, as if to make up for lost time. Then we agreed upon regular evenings to meet at our house, where he wanted to read aloud the second part of Faust to our little circle; and so frequent meetings were assured to us.

Several days later I sent him a selection of the poems I had written at Hyères. In answer I received an inspired poem which set forth our first meeting, our parting, his farewell greeting and my answer as those pregnant moments from which the full bloom of life arises in heavenly grace. With this was a criticism of each of my poems; brilliant judgments, which were a joy
and a lesson to me. I felt unspeakably happy. The sun of a great love arose on my horizon.

Still, I did not at any price want to call the feeling that grew strong in me anything but friendship. I was resolved to limit it to the intercourse of two congenial souls, because I was haunted by heavy scruples. He was just beginning life, without any help other than his genius. I believed he was destined for great things, and would not for the world have bound him with ties which might, perhaps, hinder his future. I was older than he, and it seemed to me that I should not make claims on the loyalty of so young a heart. I strove, therefore, to keep our relations on the plane of exchange of ideas.

Scarcely a day went by in which we did not exchange letters with poems or questions and answers about everything in the world. He freely acknowledged his love, and asked the same avowal from me. If I answered that I was older than he, he would smile, for I still looked like a child, or be hurt and reproach me bitterly with coldness. He could not guess that for the sake of a very great love I fought against this love itself.

The hard struggle affected my health, and I became critically ill. For three weeks I hovered between life and death. Nevertheless, even during the greatest suffering a dim feeling of infinite happiness encompassed me, and I constantly heard the Beethoven symphonies ringing in my ears. Finally I was out of danger, but still so weak that people were not allowed to speak with me. I heard that my friend had been there daily to inquire after me, and my mother gave me a letter from him. It was beautiful and lofty, like the feeling that united us.

When I could see my friends again, he came in his turn. Later on, he admitted to me that he felt then that all my scruples had vanished. But after the first few visits he came very seldom. I was deeply distressed, and if I had not received a few lines from him daily I could hardly have stood it. At last I heard, as the loveliest surprise, what had kept him away. He had finished his first book. In this he openly renounced orthodox Christianity, and represented Christ as a man, a reformer and revolutionary, who wanted to introduce nothing more than a purified Judaism and loftier morality.

So, long after Theodore had brilliantly passed his examina-
tion as candidate in theology, he suddenly broke with a double tradition: that of the church, and that of his dearest personal relations. It was a bitter trial for his parents; his father and grandfather were distinguished ecclesiastics, each in his own country, and his mother hoped that her favorite son would become a new defender of the Protestant faith.

I was entirely absorbed in this book, and not only because I admired the intellect and the poetry of the beloved author. As I read, one veil after another fell from my eyes. I saw that all my painful struggles had been only the legitimate rebellion of free thought against petrified orthodoxy, and that what I had felt was wrong was the practice of an eternal right. Without hesitating, I followed my friend into the sharp, healthy air of criticism. It cost me nothing to give up the idea of Christ as a Mediator between God and man, because I had never felt the necessity of this mediation. Likewise it was easy for me to free God from the narrow bounds of individuality in which Christian dogma binds him. It was only difficult for me to give up the belief in personal immortality. I loved this phase of personal egoism very much, this poetic pretension of the I, that would like to live on forever, this dream of love without end. Theodore once wrote me: "You still resist a little in believing that everything mortal is mortal. If I found it in my heart to believe in immortality, then my reason would not let me do so. The small, wicked beings did not believe in their own immor-
tality, it was the good, the great ones. However I have not this faith. If I wanted to speak of immortality then every rose, every spring flower, the song of the nightingale and everything that had ever charmed me would have to come with me and I know that the rose fades, that the flower falls apart, the eyes grow dim, the hair pales and the heart itself with its love turns to dust. Immortality is only in poetry.

"The physical personality of man is immortal in his children. His spiritual immortality exists only in the spirit of his chil-
dren who are not he himself, but are engendered by him and are similar to him. These children are his thoughts that are transformed and live again in different people, or in memory pictures that live forever in the beloved heart. Do you think that when my eyes are closed forever and I think in my last
hour of all the love I have had—do you think that I would wish for anything more?"

He had resumed his visits, and our talks turned almost exclusively on these subjects. The tie that bound our hearts became doubly strong and sacred, and I no longer refused an avowal of the deepest, holiest love. We scarcely ever saw each other alone, and our hearts could speak only through glances and hasty words. The correspondence, however, went on without interruption. We agreed so thoroughly upon everything, that we hardly knew in which of us this or that thought originated. He wrote me once:

"May it be as you say; may all that the spirit wills be fulfilled in me; may no flower that delights me, no happiness that charms me ever keep me from the service of Mankind, which has become the goal, the magnet that draws me on—I know not whither; I only feel that it is a current that flows to the Ideal. What a tender joy to be able to tell you this! I can confide only in you, because all this belongs so much to you that I no longer know if any of it is mine."

While we thus enjoyed the calm happiness of a pure love, clouds gathered over our heads. The nature of the feeling that united us could no longer be a secret to our families, though neither Theodore nor I ever said one word about it. A decided objection made itself felt without words. His family probably objected because of my age—I was six years older than he—and because they felt as I did that the freedom of the career which he had to make for himself, should not be restrained by an early entanglement.

My family saw, besides these difficulties, an even more serious one. He was a Democrat, admitted it openly, and became more radical every day as his critical eye saw the immeasurable distance between existing conditions and his ideal. My brother-in-law and my brother were very much put out because he had written an article in which he criticized the large expenditures for the theatre at the cost of the poor people, who had to pay for it in taxes. Absolutism went so far in Germany at this time that even in our pocket-edition country no free word could be spoken, no justifiable criticism of matters affecting the public weal be expressed and a person who dared disturb the haloes of
Theodore Althaus, preacher, rebel, and lover, as Malwida drew him.
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these small majesties was taboo. My brother-in-law scarcely noticed Theodore any more, never spoke to him, and observed our relationship with decided disapproval. This opposition on the part of my family upset my mother very much. She knew my nature too well not to realize that such a love would strike powerful roots in my heart, and if it were opposed would make me suffer intensely.

Up to this time I had kept my love locked in the depths of my heart, but now, finding it attacked, I felt the necessity of acknowledging and defending it before the whole world. I kept away from the circle which had ostracized him. When I met him at the Club or anywhere else, I spoke with him more than with anyone else. I ignored my brother-in-law’s disapproving looks, and the half ironical, half indignant expressions on the faces of my friends. Harder to bear was my mother’s displeasure, which began to show itself in reproaches and bitter remarks; these were all the more painful in that I was not accustomed to such treatment from her and that she had once been an enthusiastic admirer of Theodore’s.

One evening, though I had given up dancing, I went with my family to a ball at the Club. Theodore was also there, and as he never danced he sat by me the greater part of the evening; we were absorbed in conversation. On returning home I saw an expression of ill humor on my mother’s face, and she soon burst forth with violent reproaches because I had been with Theodore almost exclusively and thereby laid myself open to all sorts of remarks. At first I answered gently, but then the feeling of being unjustly treated got the better of me, and for the first time in my life I exchanged cruel words with my mother. Notwithstanding my timidity and meekness, I was very proud. I had often said to my sister that the motto of my life would be “loved by few, respected by all.” Love seemed to me too sacred a gift to expect from many, but respect is the fruit of our moral conduct and this we should inspire even in our enemies.

During the summer my father visited us again. Even with him I was no longer in accord on the important questions of life. Politics had taken a large place in my conversations with Theodore, and the development of my thought to democratic
views was the natural consequence. In my letters to my father I had often asked him questions on political subjects, in order to form my ideas according to his, if possible. He had once recommended Guizot* and his politics, which I should observe if I wanted the right ideas on the subject. More frequently he left my questions unanswered, as he considered these things outside a woman's sphere.

I still remember the moment, in a flash of pain, when one of his remarks in conversation showed the deep gulf that had sprung open between his views and mine. He had been told of the change that had been going on in my way of thinking, which was considered the result of the lamentable influence of the "unhappy affection" for a person with eccentric and wrong views. This is an oft-recurring error of the orthodox in religion and politics; when a mind frees itself from their laws, they blame this emancipation upon some mental seduction, and never think that it is the logic of one's innermost being, which only comes to light through circumstances.

I hardly ever saw Theodore now. He was never invited to our house, and I seldom went to see die Kleine, as most of my time was devoted to my father. His letters were my one consolation. One day I discovered that I had not received one of the letters, and found that it had been given to my mother. I asked her about it and she gave it to me, but—opened and read. This was a great blow to me. I could have shown his letters to the whole world, and especially to my mother. However, they were so absolutely mine that I did not wish to share them with anybody on earth.

In the autumn Theodore was ill, and I spent many anxious hours, the more so as he had accepted an offer to edit a paper in a large north-German city and therefore a separation was imminent. In my heart I cursed the prejudices of the world which made it impossible to go to the man to whom my most sacred feelings belonged, to nurse and comfort him. When he was well enough to come down to his mother's room, I went to see him. It was Christmas Eve. I found him with his mother and die Kleine. We talked till twilight. Then the bells of the

* Minister in the middle-class monarchy of Louis Philippe, then ruling France.
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nearby church began to peal. We were silent; these bells, announcing Christmas, called back a world of poetic memories. A magnetic current passed from one heart to another, for we understood each other without words.

Lights were brought in and other visitors came. I could not bear idle chatter at this moment, so I said good-bye and went into the room where I had left my coat and hat. The room was lighted only by the moon; I had left the door open. Theodore came in. "Dear friend, it was too painful to see you again under these circumstances," he whispered, putting his arms around me. For the first time our lips met. Then he hurried away to his own room, and I wandered home through the moonlit night; its innumerable stars were reflected in my heart.

His recovery was slow, and I saw him very seldom. Neither of us was at ease in the other's home. One evening, however, a few minutes before the beginning of the performance at the Theatre, he came to see us. I remarked casually that I was not going, as Robert le Diable was being sung, an opera I had not liked for a long time because of its striving for effect and its meretricious music. When Theodore heard that I was staying at home, he begged permission to stay a while after the others had gone. In this respect my family had always been tolerant, a practise which honored those who used it as well as those toward whom it was used. They could not make an exception in this case. We were alone, almost for the first time since we had known each other. The joy of being able to say at last everything that filled our hearts was so great that it would have satisfied me, but Theodore was not satisfied; he embraced me and pressed me to his heart. We remained thus for a long time, silent, lost in that sea of bliss which has been so often sung and yet is always new and inexpressible.

At last he said, "Nevertheless we are still free."

"How proud!" I answered smiling. "But I am no less so. May no happiness be dear and holy to us that is not compatible with freedom."

The beautiful moments were short. He left me. My family came home from the Theatre. I was outwardly calm as usual, but within was a deep, unfathomable peace.

Meanwhile plans were going forward for my mother's an-
nual large party, to which the princes and princesses were invited. This time our fête was not to be a ball, but an evening party with living pictures staged by an artist. Suddenly my mother announced to me that it would be impossible to invite Theodore. His family would naturally be invited, but my brother-in-law had declared that we could not possibly humiliate the young princes by asking them into the same parlor with a person who had written such a critical article censuring the innocent inclinations of their father, and that if Theodore came he himself would not. My mother had given in to these considerations, though it was hard for her on my account.

My sisters were entirely absorbed in preparations for the living pictures. A young artist who had lived in the town for a short time helped them. He was very welcome in our house; gentle, pleasant, gifted with a certain talent, he never disagreed with anybody and did not have a single political opinion of his own. I saw with a feeling of bitterness that this good but insignificant man was taken into the bosom of the family, that he was the soul of everything that took place, while a highly gifted, noble man was banned, even openly insulted. I did not insist, nor beg that Theodore be invited; but I declared that I would not attend the fête either unless I received a solemn promise that a smaller party, of the best families, would be given immediately after the larger one, and that he would be invited to that. The compromise was accepted. My mother was glad to soften the blow, and she wished to avoid having the state of affairs too well known, as it would be if I did not attend the party.

Theodore's mother was deeply hurt by the insult to her favorite son. Die Kleine and her father also declined their invitations. Of that family, only the eldest sister and her fiancé appeared at the fête. I sent Theodore a nosegay of violets, the first of the year, and wrote him a few words that lifted us high above the pettiness of human intercourse. Then, supported by an inner contempt against the madness of society, I bore the torment of the evening. One felt a general subtle ill humor, for naturally remarks were made about the absence of one of the first families of the town and about an affection on my part that my family openly disavowed.
The following morning I received a few lines from Theodore in which he thanked me for the violets and my note. He ended with these words: "I am reading Plato to cleanse myself of the filth of the modern world."

Several days later I reminded my family of the promised smaller party, as a matter of justice to us both, an evidence that the insult had not been personal but a concession to the little tyrants. Die Kleine came with her brother. All the guests put themselves out to be friendly and agreeable, my mother setting the example. Theodore also did his utmost to be sociable and amiable. Everyone noticed with surprise that this feared Democrat, this evil critic, was a many-sided, cultured person with whom one could associate quite humanly. The outer satisfaction was complete, but the sting had pierced my heart too deeply to be healed. I was henceforth in open war with the world in which I had been brought up. I had begun the battle for liberty against absolute authority.

Still there were many lovely hours, that spring, for my friend and me. Sure of our mutual affection, we enjoyed in freedom and harmony every moment of happiness that fate granted us. We often met in the rooms of the Princess' governess, an excellent old lady who was an intimate friend of the Althaus family and had known Theodore from childhood. She was also my friend, and the injustice with which the world treated us infuriated her. Very often when the sun, at setting, gilded the tops of the large trees under her windows, or when the nightingale sang in the trees, and the gardens which surround the palace sent up their fragrance, we four—she, Theodore, die Kleine and I—sat at the open window of her cozy room, and either read or conversed together. Petulance often drove us younger ones to carry our good friend with us to conclusions which her intelligence recognized, but which she would not acknowledge out of respect for tradition and her affection for the princely family. In particularly cheerful moments we even brought her to the point of singing the Marseillaise with us, which resounded like an irony through the walls of the feudal palace. She teased us too, and one day said jokingly to Theodore, "Just wait; I see the day coming when you will be in
your father's place, sitting at the ducal dinners and having a very good time."

"Then be assured," he replied, "that you will also see the ghost of my youth standing behind my chair to disavow me."

Summer came, and it was decided that we should go to southern Germany to my father. Theodore had also decided, as his plan for editing a paper had fallen through, to go away to a larger city, a literary centre, where he would have a wider field for his now exclusively literary activities. He had a friend living there who had persuaded him to come. This young man said of him, "He has a great future; he will be a second Lessing."

So Theodore and I must part. It was like a death sentence to me. But I never thought for a moment of limiting his freedom by persuading him to a formal engagement. On the contrary: when my mother, touched by my silent suffering, offered to intercede with my father to use his influence to get Theodore a position that would enable us to marry, I thanked her heartily for the love that overcame her judgment and declined positively. The thought of binding our love by the slightest sense of obligation, the slightest outside pressure, went against me. Love and freedom had become so inseparable in my mind that I had an unbounded trust in him. More than once I had kept him from swearing eternal faithfulness. I could not conceive that a love like ours could ever end, and if it could, how could a vow help? We had never spoken of marriage, and I had scarcely thought of it. Our fate was to love each other, to be made better by our love, to press on to the highest goals. For the rest, we must submit to what the future held for us.

He left a few days before we did. The day before his departure he came to say goodbye. My family left us alone. The only promise I exacted from him was to write to me as soon as a new love came into his heart. He said smiling, "As if one found many like you in the world!"

Once more he unfolded before me the whole wealth of his mind and imagination, while, leaning on his shoulder, I listened intently, that I might gather in this last hour together one more eternity of bliss.

Next morning I received these lines, which he had written
House in Hesse Cassel where Malwida was born.

Schloss in Detmold.
at the moment of departure: "Be strong, and don’t forget what you have won. This hope is my comfort. Keep it alive for me.”

Thus ended the springtime of my life.

After his departure I became impatient to leave Detmold. A chilly breath seemed to have blown away the flowers of spring. Only the parting from die Kleine was hard for me. She gave me some roses from their garden, from which so many had come to me with his letters. I kept them until we reached the Rhine, then threw them into the water, as Polycrates had thrown the ring, so that the gods would preserve my love, my great good fortune. Yet even then I was far from happy in it. The separation weighed heavily on me.

My father met us at the Rhine. He had taken a house for us at the bathing resort Homburg, which for several years, after a quick boom in 1834, had become a fashionable place of amusement, where many idle folk gathered along with those who sought strength at its healing springs. The time seemed remote when I saw the "great world" surrounded by brilliance and believed that it could further my development. I had become indifferent to all its frivolous pleasures. The only place I liked here was the old castle garden, a glorious park with trees a hundred years old, quiet fountains, deep, shadowy, lonely nooks, where the fashionable seldom strayed.

The days on which I received letters from Theodore were my red-letter days. He lived in a circle of intellectual people, was successful in his work, and the melancholy from which he suffered seemed to have disappeared.

Our peaceful life was interrupted by an event which hit us all very hard. It came from a person whom none of us had ever doubted. In order to keep something very painful quiet, my father would have had to give a sum much larger than any he had at his command. We had to rush back to Frankfort, where my father had a permanent home with the Duke. He was taken with melancholia as a result of this occurrence, a condition that was the more distressing because until then age had not robbed him of his cheerfulness. Once I went up to him as he was looking out of the window at the river and the autumn landscape. I tried to say a few words of comfort, but he shook his head and said: “This blow has finished me. I shall never get over it.”
Shortly after that we were awakened at night; he had suddenly become very ill. I felt from the first moment that his prophecy would come true. After several anxious days, he recovered sufficiently to be able to walk around the room, always leaning on one of us. However, it was apparent that the current of life was broken, that he was only a shadow of his former self.

Christmas came. His death was now only a question of days and hours. By a strange coincidence, the old Duke, whose fate he had faithfully shared, died after a short illness and his last question was concerning the health of his esteemed friend. This incident had been kept from my father, but he guessed it, as though by intuition. Three days later he too passed into his final sleep.

I believe that nothing differentiates people more than their way of bearing grief. It surrounds us with a silence in which we hear only one sad and solemn melody. As long as this requiem of the soul is not disturbed, even the greatest sorrow has its beauty. But when the daily noise of the outer world begins again the spell is broken, and then heartrending suffering begins for certain natures, while others find a relief therein. I belong to the former type. Every word that disturbed me in memories of him who was gone from us was painful to me. My whole being was still concentrated in him.

During this time of sorrow, one oasis had been left me—my love for Theodore and my trust in him. His letters were my comfort. Besides these he also sent me the proof sheets (one after the other) of a new book he was publishing. He wrote: "I again dedicate to you the first printed pages of this book, which belongs so completely to you that I hardly know what is yours and what is mine in it."

On almost every page I found traces of our mutual thoughts, of our talks, exchange of feelings and ideas, and of all that had given us so much happiness. Almost unconsciously I said to myself: "Spare me this one happiness, Oh Fate, and I will be strong in every trial you impose on me."
CHAPTER IV

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The Powder Barrel Explodes

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On New Year's Day, 1848, my father's will was read before the members of our family circle. I was touched by the simple and beautiful words with which the testament began, in which my father expressed his belief in personal immortality. The rest, the material part, left me indifferent. However, we found that my father's fortune was much smaller than we had expected, and that as it had to be divided among so many, each share would be very small. Besides, it was still uncertain whether my mother would receive the pension promised her by the Duke, who had died during my father's last illness. In case she did not, we would naturally divide our shares with her, and we would all have to lead a very economical life.

For the first time my sister and I thought of going out to earn our own living. Several of our brothers were well off, but it did not occur to us to be dependent on them. We discussed this point, and each of us was ready for the sacrifice. I had made up my mind to turn over to my mother my entire share of the inheritance if necessary and go away. I had begun to feel that in any case I could no longer go on living with those who held my most sacred convictions false. But at the same time I was perplexed by the question, what to do to earn my bread.

I had thought much,—more than most girls of my age; I had read much. But did I know anything well enough to make a
living by it? Had I technical knowledge of any kind? I felt with deep distress the inadequacy of my education.

Since I had had to give up painting, I had begun to hope that some day I would be able to write. I had made several bashful attempts at sending essays and stories to publishers, without telling anybody. Several were published, although I was not paid for them. But I did not really know how to go about making a living at writing, and I dared not consult my family about such things, of which they would heartily disapprove.

While the horizon of my life was veiled and gloomy, that of the people began to clear. The papers brought news of uprisings in Sicily and Naples.* The severe and stultifying despotism weighing on those lovely countries seemed suddenly to be checked, and a new life seemed to be rising. Theodore wrote me: "To think that in Naples one can speak to the people in public places about liberty and their rights, and yet I must remain in Germany. This is almost more than one can bear."

One day, returning from a lonely walk, I found everyone at home in great excitement. News of the Paris revolution of February 24 had arrived. My heart beat with joy. The monarchy had fallen; the republic had been declared; the provisional government counted among its members a celebrated poet and a plain workman. Only a little blood † had been shed for such a high stake, and the great watchwords Liberty, Equality, Fraternity were again inscribed on the banner of the movement.

The electric current soon spread in all directions. Germany, which had seemed to be sleeping so soundly, quaked as from a subterranean fire. News from Vienna and Berlin followed in rapid succession. The prince of political darkness, Metternich, had fled.‡ The foundations of despotism seemed to totter everywhere. The prop of absolutism, military force, seemed powerless before the enthusiasm of the people, who were standing up for their rights. The three glorious March days in Berlin proved

*These, in January, were the first mutterings of the revolutionary storm that was to sweep all Europe in 1848.
†23 dead, 30 wounded. The poet was Lamartine; the workman, Albert, a locksmith; other members were Ledru-Rollin (see p. 180) and Louis Blanc (see p. 189).
‡March 13, 1848, after an all day struggle in the streets, Parliament and Palace, he resigned and started driving in a carriage toward England.
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it. Almost every day was marked by some new important occurrence. But how differently these events were interpreted according to different points of view! One day, for instance, going into the living room I found my mother with a newspaper in her hand. She called to me: "Now you'll be satisfied. The King of Prussia rode through the streets of Berlin carrying the black, red and gold banner.* What more can you want?"

I answered that this gave me no pleasure; I was all the more sad over this masquerade because it was only forced by the pressure of the moment; it could not possibly be an expression of the true opinion of a monarch who, as was well known, had cherished the dream of reestablishing the feudal system. What I longed for was not gifts of mercy or kingly concession to the people, but real self-government † of the people themselves, before which the princes should bow or disappear.

The news that a German Preliminary Parliament would meet in Frankfort filled me with intense joy. The city was in boundless excitement. At the meeting of the Free Congregation, which I had attended all winter, the speaker did not ascend the pulpit to deliver a regular sermon but from the altar spoke fiery words of inspiration, exhorting the people to be ready to fight a joyous battle for the most sacred rights of humanity. Outside we could hear the clang of weapons, as the burghers hurried into the arsenal close by to arm themselves. I was wildly happy. I wished that the enemy were standing outside the door of the little church and that we might all march out singing Luther's Chorale to fight or die for Freedom.

The people came forth from their caves with the curious gaze and naive astonishment of men who have long been kept in darkness and who see daylight again. I mixed with the crowds that continually filled the streets. I shared their joy when the tricolored flag was hoisted over the palace in the Eschenheimer Gasse where the German Diet had met so long, not for the benefit of the German nation, but to its detriment. I often stood with the groups of workmen who gathered before the show windows

* This was merely the banner of Father Jahn's banned gymnasium clubs, now become the revolutionary symbol of a united Germany.
† The English word is used in the original; apparently the idea behind it was not, and is not, understood in Germany.
of the picture stores, in which were exhibited the portraits of the members of the provisional government in Paris, the foremost German liberals, the heads of the great French revolution, etc. I tried to explain everything to them, to point out the men whom they could trust, to make clear the significance of the days ahead.

In the theatre, Schiller's dramas, long banned from the German stage, were revived; I attended the first performance of Don Carlos. It was as though now for the first time the noblest of German poets was understood, as though his great soul spoke for the first time to the awakening Fatherland. In the scene where Posa begs for freedom for the downtrodden Netherlands, and with the magic of his goodness moves even the despot's heart, unbounded rejoicing broke out. At the same time, shouts of joy arose from the street outside. Everyone asked the cause; the answer was loudly announced by someone in the orchestra circle: several deputies to the Preliminary Parliament, who had for years been martyrs on account of their free views, were just coming into the city. The people had unharnessed their horses and were drawing them in triumph through the streets.

Nature itself celebrated this festival of rebirth. The spring was unusually early and beautiful. At the end of March everything was already green and in bloom. The houses were decorated with flowers and tricolored flags. One wandered in the streets as through green woodpaths. Trains and steamboats decorated with flags and flowers brought endless throngs of cheerful pilgrims, who hurried hither to the jubilee of liberty. Never, perhaps, even in the famous days at the elections of the Emperors, had the old capital seen so many people gathered together.

The last day of March came. A glorious sun shone in the cloudless sky over the flower-bedecked city and the masses of brightly garbed people. A young acquaintance, the only person in my environment who shared my views, came early in the morning to call for me to witness what we could of the events of the day. We made our way to the Römerplatz, where the venerable building stands in which the German Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire were once elected. The Platz was surrounded by rows of the Frankfort National Guard and the Turnverein,
for Father Jahn's gymnastic clubs, so long forbidden as dangerous to the state, had also been revived. It was a cheerful sight to see these fresh, happy youths in picturesque costume of linen smock and pointed hat with broad brim and feather, weapons in hand and faces beaming with enthusiasm. It was the promise of a future when no standing armies would be necessary, but every free man, trained to arms, would be ready to defend his fatherland and his own hearth, if necessary, with all his might.

We pushed happily through the crowd and stepped into a house near the Römer on the chance that the inhabitants might let us watch from one of their windows. The simple burghers found our request quite natural, and led us into a bedroom where a small child slept in a cradle, quite unconcerned with what was going on outside. The Platz was crowded, and seemed to be covered with a mosaic of heads. It was scarcely possible to keep one street open for the delegates. Here in the old Kaisersaal the Preliminary Parliament was to be organized, to choose its president, and from there it would go to St. Paul's Church, which had been hurriedly prepared for the meetings. At last the procession of representatives approached two by two through the path kept open for them, with bared heads, greeting the rejoicing crowd, and went into the Römer. Most of all, the men from Baden, who for so long had championed the cause of Liberty, were greeted with joyful acclamations.

While the proceedings were going on inside the Römer, stirring scenes were enacted among the thousands on the square. Hope, expectation, astonishment over the sudden realization of their dreams found most animated expression. Fear may have troubled many a heart, but it was stifled in the joyfulness of the day; and if there was malice it lurked in silence.

At last cannon shots and tolling of bells announced that the first German Parliament had been constituted. A great hush fell, and from the large window of the Römer, where once the elected Emperor used to be announced to the people, one of the deputies now shouted the name of the President of the Preliminary Parliament. It was a name well known and loved by all who valued freedom.

When I returned home and told where I had been, they wondered, but did not blame me. Never had I loved Germany so
intensely. Only a few weeks before I had wished to be in rebellious Italy. Now I would not have wanted to leave Germany at any price; I felt myself bound to it by mighty bonds of love, and was convinced that nowhere would development be so thorough and so beautiful.

My only bitter disappointment during these days was not to be able to go into St. Paul's Church, which was so small that it was open only to men. I was somewhat consoled, however, by the sights in the open streets, scenes previously undreamed of. Tribunals were improvised, from which the most prominent liberals, such as Hecker, Struve, and Blum spoke to the people. The young people especially crowded around these platforms; and chiefly because of the picturesque costumes of the Gymnasts the spectacle had also outward charm.

The radical Republican party wanted decisive measures: the declaration of the basic rights of the German people, the immediate arming of all citizens, and the continuance of the Preliminary Parliament until a definitive Parliament could be elected by the people. This was a revolutionary program, a declaration of the sovereignty of the people. The moderates were afraid of it. The secret enemies, political and religious Jesuits, undermined the ground, agitating in underhand ways. The majority was still too astonished, too surprised by all that had happened, to have a clear grasp of the necessities of the moment.

They negotiated with the past; they took precautionary measures; they wanted to save the form; they wanted to avoid terrorism; they rejected the proposals of the Republican minority and grasped at half-measures, which are always a sign of weakness. They chose a committee to come to an understanding with the old Diet, which had a few new liberal members. They postponed the arming of the people until the election of the real Parliament, and declared that the Preliminary Parliament had no right to decide the destinies of the nation.

After these decisions, the radical Republicans left the church to appeal directly to the people. It was the third day of the deliberations. The split in the assembly, which was supposed to be a regenerative body, was evident. The consternation, the excitement, the fear and anger of both sides, were terrible.
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Demonstrations of all kinds, conferences of the different parties, lasted all night.

On the evening of the third day, my friend came in joyfully to tell me that a gentleman of her acquaintance had promised to take us two next day into St. Paul’s Church to a place where we could see and hear everything without being noticed. Next morning we went to the church early. Our protector, who was one of the National Guard on duty around the church, took us to the pulpit, which was hung on the side toward the congregation with black, red and gold bunting. By moving the hangings a little apart we could see all over the church, and as the tribunal was just under the pulpit we could hear the speakers perfectly. The wives of several of the deputies also came into our hiding place, and were good enough to point out to us the most distinguished men.

The members of the Left who had not walked out of the assembly stormily demanded first of all a reconciliation with the radicals. One of the deputies from Baden was sent to call them back. He succeeded, and after a while the sixty members, led by Friedrich Hecker, returned to the church. They were joyfully received, and Hecker, leaping up to the tribunal, explained the sacrifice they were making for unity and exhorted them to continue with further effort.

Hecker was very handsome; he had a head like Christ, with long blond hair and a dreamy, inspired expression. He had been known in Germany a long time for his Republican views, and I had heard from Theodore, who knew him, how strictly in private life he lived up to the principles which he had for years fought for in the Baden Chamber of Deputies.* He spoke with a fire and eloquence that carried one away. I admired the sacrifice which he was making for unity, and the public applauded it with loud rejoicing. Still, it was a dangerous sacrifice, and the secret enemies, many of whom sat on the benches of the deputies, no doubt could scarcely keep from smiling at the repeated mistakes of those whose function was to preserve Liberty.

After this oration followed discussions and speeches about

*Baden had been a constitutional monarchy since 1818, by the Proctocol of the Congress of Vienna which prescribed constitutions for all the German states though it provided no means of enforcing their adoption.
the real objective of this assembly. It was voted that on the first of May a definitive parliament, chosen by manhood suffrage, should assemble in Frankfort to decide on Germany's future. Shouts of joy greeted this decision, both inside and outside the church, where it was immediately announced to the crowds. I was seized with a delirium of joy; I saw my dreams coming true, a rich, free, life-giving future open for Germany. At six o'clock in the evening the Preliminary Parliament dissolved. The deputies left the church again in procession, while the rejoicing people strewed flowers in their path. I had not noticed that I had eaten nothing all day. I thought only of Germany and of the first of May. But in my joy I did not consider that every delay in a moment of decision is fatal, and that to win one must not give the enemy time to gather their forces.

When I returned, I found no one at home. I was glad, because I needed solitude to give myself up undisturbed to the sensation that filled my heart. I sat by the open window, through which the spring winds blew in, carrying the fragrance of early blossoms. From a nearby garden, where the farewell fête to the deputies was taking place, I heard a band playing the Marseillaise—that beautiful song of freedom which resounds like the pillar of Memnon when the sun rises. I was blissfully tired, and revelled in that exquisite mood where personal existence seems dissolved in a great universal sensation.

I had followed the course of history too little to know that mankind does not enter new phases quite so suddenly; that the moments when all is pure hope only illumine like lightning the goal toward which the masses are struggling on a long, toilsome path; that the struggle is often diverted and interrupted by ignorance and weakness; still oftener, however, through forgetfulness of Christ's maxim that one should not put new wine into old bottles.

Shortly after this it was decided that my mother, my sister and I should return to settle permanently in Detmold, as our income no longer permitted us to travel about. The necessity for leaving Frankfort was like a death sentence to me. In a few weeks this city would be the centre of national development; all the great decisions would be made here; the most eminent
Germans would gather here; and I had to return to a small nook which would not even be touched by the great stream of life. I knew that I had strength to renounce everything which people usually call happiness. But having to renounce intellectual life, to shut oneself away from great events in the life of mankind, from the impressions which lift us above ourselves and above all the pettiness of existence—that was always for me the unbearable sorrow. It seemed to me the real sin against the Holy Ghost.

I saw with bitter clearness the right of an individual to have all that is necessary to develop to its full capacity. I no longer doubted that it was permissible to break every authority in order to acquire this right. Unfortunately, in order to acquire moral independence one must have economic independence. At this time a woman's independence was recognized only if she had a fortune; without one, what could she do? For the first time I realized the necessity of getting economic independence through one's own efforts.

We left Frankfort. I felt the double sorrow of leaving behind my father's grave and the birthplace of Germany's future. Our train was unusually long. In it were a lot of volunteers going to Schleswig-Holstein to fight for German unity. The cars were decorated with flags and flowers. At every station I slid out of our car to see these fresh, enthusiastic youths. I envied them their freedom, their opportunity to share danger in the common cause.

At one station I saw several Poles hurrying to their own country, where they hoped for an uprising. The young volunteers encouraged them in cheerful terms, and said: "When we have finished down there, we'll come and help you." These boys in their enthusiasm had no doubt of the success of the revolution and the victory of Freedom. They knew nothing yet of the petty national jealousies, which developed only too soon, encouraged by Democrats as well as reactionaries, and which were the cause of one well-known Democrat's saying, "If the hatred between Slavs and Germans did not already exist, it would have to be created." Sad words, whose result only benefited the tyrants. In their generous eagerness, the young people found it quite natural to help the Germans to be Germans,
the Poles to be Poles. Surely none of these would have hesitated to give back to the Poles that part of their country which Germany, after that awful division,* took away.

The great movement had caused a tremor even in our remote little town. Revolutionary scenes had taken place. The people had gathered in front of the palace in which we had once sung the Marseillaise to demand a meeting of the Chamber, which during this prince's reign had never met. The prince naturally had to give in, as the two cannon constituting his armament would probably have made little impression if he had refused.

It was to be expected that the Chamber, which consisted of thirty deputies, would first look into the budget and cut down the large appropriations for the Theatre. The crown prince, who according to German custom was "worthily" preparing himself in the military service of one of the large states for his future duties as regent, was not there at the time; otherwise, he would perhaps have tried to keep his father from making such concessions. He was thoroughly impressed by the excellence of his position "by divine right," and had said to a lady who lived in the city where he was stationed, speaking of the February revolution in Paris, "If we march on Paris, we will, I think, put Henry V on the throne and not the Orleans, because legitimacy must be consistent."

Several of the higher officials, against whom the people's anger had shown itself in window smashing, hissing in the streets and other noisier as well as more dangerous demonstrations, went about with downcast eyes, with intimidated and humiliated faces. A young man who had formerly been shunned as a zealous Democrat was the lion of the day. He stood at the head of the movement, lectured to the people, quieted the uprising, and received with a condescending smile (because he was not a serious person) the thanks of the humiliated aristocrats whom he had protected by his interference.

All this was petty and laughable, because these small movements assumed the forms and names of the great movement, yet were only tragi-comic. One could easily have found material in them to mock the revolution, as Goethe did with the great revo-

*There were three carvings of Poland, the last of which (1795) gave the capital, Warsaw, to Prussia.
lution of his time. Nevertheless there was a serious side to these little events. It was the cry of the oppressed against the small as well as the great tyrants.

_Die Kleine_ was not at home when I returned. She was visiting her grandfather near one of the largest centers of the movement. However, she was expected home soon with her brother. With what deep emotion I looked forward to this double meeting! It was a ray of light returning again to my soul.

I was in great need of it. Theodore’s letters in the last few weeks had become shorter and fewer, and had finally stopped altogether. It was a sorrowful privation for me, but I forgave him completely because of the overwhelming events in which he was immersed.

I very frequently visited his mother, with whom a new intimacy had sprung up. She had followed her beloved son part way to freedom. She herself remained an eager Christian, but she had become a Democrat, and tolerant to the extent that she understood how her children and I could be true to the Ideal even though we denied the Christian dogmas. In her I found the sympathy I missed at home, and when my heart was too full I went to her for comfort.

One day as we were sitting together on the sofa in her living room she read me parts of Theodore’s letters, in which he described the events in which he had taken part. He wrote that his whole day was spent in taking part in public events. “And in the evening,” he added, “I hurry to the little garden, to the arbor. I help to wind wool while we talk peacefully; that is my recreation.”

If a poisoned shaft had struck my heart very suddenly in the midst of a peaceful festival the effect could not have been more terrible than that of the reading of these few lines. Whom did this garden, this arbor belong to? To whom did he render these little services? What were these talks that were his recreation? All this seemed so familiar to his mother that she went on without a word of explanation. I was too proud to ask, but I felt an icy wind blow over that which only a few moments before had been a blooming oasis in the desert of my life.

Then the door opened quietly, and _die Kleine_, in her travelling clothes, appeared, and behind her her brother. They had
wanted to surprise the family, and had not written the time of
their arrival.

He shook hands with me in an embarrassed way; a fleeting
clasp was the only greeting after this long, sad separation,
after the heavy losses I had had, after the unexpected events
which promised to realize our most precious common hopes. 
*Die Kleine* pressed me to her heart with fervor, and looked at
me so sorrowfully; my mourning probably enhanced the traces
of the suffering I had gone through, and perhaps she read in my
face an expression of the sudden revelation I had had.

Who could describe the grief, the torture of the weeks that
followed? I saw him several times at our house and elsewhere,
but it was not as before. No letters went back and forth; no fleet-
ing confidential words, no meaning glances. He did not exactly
avoid being alone with me, but our conversation touched only on
general subjects. *Die Kleine* was more tender to me than ever,
but she was openly embarrassed, and our relations were painful.
I struggled with my pride, and my devotion. I felt the sting of
jealousy of an unknown something that had drawn his love
from me. The bitterest hurt was that he was not frank enough
to tell me everything, as I had so often begged him to do.

When I heard that he was going to Frankfort to attend the
sessions of Parliament, I awaited with deadly anguish a fare-
well which would clear up and make things right—a simple and
noble confession such as was due the friendship that ought to
succeed our love, but there was nothing. A short farewell visit,
at which my sisters were present, a handshake, as to an ordinary
acquaintance. So ended this love for which I had sacrificed so
much and was prepared to sacrifice even more.

I still could not believe it. I could not grasp the thought that
a love which was so deep, so inextinguishable in me could have
died in him. I said to myself that this must be only a passing
phase; that he would return to the tie which had been blessed
by freedom. Several days after his departure I went to *die
Kleine* and begged her to tell me the truth, without softening or
hiding anything. She hesitated a few moments, then told me
simply that her brother had fallen in love with the wife of his
best friend in the city where he had spent the past year; that
she returned his infatuation, although she greatly respected her husband. They both told him about it. He had acted very nobly. They had come to the decision that Theodore must leave the city for some time.

When I heard this I could not speak at first. Finally I asked, "Why didn't he tell me?"

_Die Kleine_ answered that she had begged her brother to tell me, but that he could not bring himself to do it because he himself was convinced that this infatuation was only a passing fancy, for which he could not justify himself to me.

At home I did not betray my sad secret by a single word. I wanted to spare Theodore the hatred which my family would have felt for him if they had known the whole depth of my sorrow. But in the night, when I was alone, a life and death struggle began in me. My heart beat as though it would burst, and death would have been a welcome release. Finally, however, (as so often in my life) I heard a voice from the depths of my suffering say to me, "To want to die to escape suffering is weakness. Live for the Ideal, to realize the good in you and in those about you." When day broke, I had accepted life and all the pain it brings with it.

I became more than ever absorbed in my studies, and especially sought out books that dealt with questions of the day. Several times a week I went to _die Kleine_ to read with her and her mother. Among other things we read Fichte's _Addresses to the German People_. Although forty years old, they seemed written for the moment in which we lived, and were a proof of how long it takes a people to understand its prophets. His ideas about educating the people interested us especially; we discussed them with enthusiasm.

The necessity for extending education to women also became clear to me. This thought occupied me day and night. How could a people fully liberate itself if half of it were cut off from the careful, thorough preparation which true freedom demands of a people as well as of an individual? How could a woman, in whose hands lies the first education of the future citizen, form his heart and his mind to the realization of his duties if she herself did not know them, if she felt no tie between herself
and her people? How could a man ever perform his public duties to their full extent if a woman's heart at home did not stand by him, sharing his interests and ready if need be to sacrifice her personal happiness to them?

The Chamber of our little country had met, just as they were meeting in all the German states, in spite of the fact that a General Parliament was meeting in Frankfort. Among the deputies were a few lukewarm Democrats, cultured and interesting men. *Die Kleine*, who in this respect was just as influential in her home as I was disregarded in mine, easily persuaded her parents to have these, together with several other good Democrats of the town, gather at their house often in the evening.

Among the latter one young man especially stood out. He had a philosophical mind, was radical in his views, of noble character and thoroughly consistent in word and deed. He was a college friend of Theodore's and like him had been a theologian, but had also like Theodore renounced theology. From the beginning he was especially interesting to me, and showed me warm sympathy. At these gatherings we discussed all the questions of the day, particularly social questions, which seemed to us all much more important than political. I began to study the different social systems; this young man (whom I will call the Democrat *) lent me the books.

One of the questions we discussed most was the abolition of inheritance rights. The idea appealed to me strongly, as it seemed to me to contain a whole new moral code. To abolish personal property, the fruit of labor, seemed to me unjust, if not impossible. But that ownership should cease with the death of the man who earned it seemed sensible. First of all, it would limit the monstrous power of capital, and it would force parents to give their children an education which would enable them to become independent through their own efforts. Every individual would be obliged to work, in order to live, and thus many crimes would be avoided which arise from the idleness sprung of inherited riches. The more I thought about this idea, the more sensible it seemed.

These gatherings, these studies, gave my life renewed interest, but they highly displeased my family. Our physician,

* His name was Volckhausen, but she never uses it in these memoirs.
who was a family friend and one of the most prominent men of the town, one day found Julius Froebel's Social Politics lying open on my desk. He was shocked, and told my mother that he would never allow his daughter to read such a book.

My mother knew that she could not prescribe my reading any more; I was not so young as all that; but it was most painful to her, and she plainly showed how she disapproved of such studies. The other members of the family almost shunned me, and looked on me as a lost soul. When I came home in the evening from the gatherings, they scarcely replied to my greeting, and continued the conversation with doubled interest, so as not to let me get in a word, or seemed so absorbed in work that they did not notice my entrance.

My former acquaintances shunned me quite openly. To cap the climax of anathema under which I lived, my mother and sisters one day received an invitation to dinner at Court, from which I was excluded. This was open warfare. I belonged to the enemies of monarchy, and the little gods of our Olympus revenged themselves on me by ignoring me. It was a hard blow for my mother; her pride asserted itself and she declined the invitation; only my sisters went.

Besides this, my mother was quite aware that I carried a deep wound in my heart. From now on she hated the originator of my sufferings all the more, because she still believed that he alone was to blame for my erroneous views. I never gave away by a single word what had really taken place. I could not bear the thought of seeing him accused, and I believe there is no sorrow more bitter to real love than having to admit the guilt of the loved one.

Some time after die Kleine's confession I had written to her brother. I told him that I knew everything; that the only thing I reproached him for was that he had not had high enough regard for me to tell me himself. I added that I could fully sympathize with him in this unfortunate affair, and that I asked nothing more than that our friendship should continue, that I should remain the confidante of his inner life. It seemed to me as if this letter must find its way to his heart. The most unselfish love, which had conquered itself, dictated it. Nevertheless it remained unanswered.
The discussions of the Frankfort Parliament continued, and on the platform wonderful speeches were heard in which were developed the noblest views on the highest questions of mankind. One saw plainly on this occasion what a people of thinkers the Germans had been, and how quickly words, nay even brilliant oratorical gifts, were at their disposal, while other peoples develop them only after long parliamentary service. Now everyone was confident that practical ability would keep pace with this brilliant maturity of opinions, this lofty flight of thought.

The Basic Rights of the German People were proclaimed. The proclamation was short, pregnant, embracing everything that a nation needs to become happy and powerful. It was printed on broadsheets, spread all over Germany; there was scarcely a hut where one had not been fastened to the wall and read with high hopes. I myself brought more than one of these sheets into the homes of the poor, whom I visited more eagerly than ever because now I could bring them good news and direct their vision to a better future. I understood now why the priests and their like have such an easy time comforting the people. They need only promise Paradise behind the clouds, which will compensate for a life full of misery, without incurring any responsibility for it. Democracy, however, had taken over a more difficult task. It wanted to give the people the earth, make it possible for them to lead a more worthwhile life down here. It was much harder to preach this new Gospel, because here one had to keep one's promises.

The finest of the Frankfort discussions was that about public education. What Fichte and other patriots had once demanded was more than fulfilled. I shed tears of joy as I read these discussions. A people of forty millions had not only obtained through these Basic Rights a guarantee of everything proper to human existence, but in accepting the decision about public instruction it received a guarantee of the means of intellectual life. Science and art were no longer to be monopolized by the privileged classes; their comforting light should penetrate into the hut of the poor as well as the palace of the rich. Education was obligatory. Up to a certain age children were to do no work other than their studies, so that later on, when work-
ing hours would very sensibly be reduced, they might find in their homes the joys of mental life which their education would have opened up to them. A new guest, education, would enter every family circle, and turn the stall of the beast of burden into the home of human beings.
CHAPTER V

* Reaction—and Revolt *

In the autumn Theodore returned from Frankfort, but only for a few days. He had been appointed editor-in-chief of one of the most important Democratic papers in north Germany. This was the best work for him at present, as the press was now free, and there were so many new ideas to be spread to help development. Also, from a pecuniary standpoint, it was an excellent position. Just one year earlier, this circumstance would have altered both our lives, for our marriage would have been the direct result. Now it was the cause of a further separation. He was completely estranged from my family, who hated him. He came to our house for one short courtesy call, and I saw him two or three times very hurriedly.

He went away to begin his work. I naturally subscribed to his paper. It began with brilliant editorials such as only he could write, in which the inexorable critic went hand in hand with the inspired poet, not only destroying but also gloriously creating. When his birthday came around I could not resist the impulse to send him a sign of remembrance. I wrote him a few words, simply expressing my wishes for his happiness. This time he answered me—only a few, but kind, tender words, and added, referring for the first time to the past: "We lived too completely for each other; it was natural that a break should come. If you had been more of a coquette, you would have made a better use
of the situation, and would have won out. Please understand that in telling you this I am praising you."

For the first time I saw what power coquetry has over even eminent men. I had always detested this feminine failing, and had believed that frankness and truth were the noblest ornament of a great love. After this letter I said to myself with painful surprise that if I had been calculating in my love, if I had been able to hide my anguish of soul behind the attraction of the mind, which is always strong with an intelligent man, perhaps all would have been different.

My life at home became daily more difficult. Die Kleine and her mother did everything possible to comfort me and lessen the sadness which consumed me. But the harmony which existed between them made me doubly conscious of the misery of my situation. I was therefore delighted to receive an invitation from a young girl in Berlin, whom I had got to know quite well when she was making a short visit to relatives in our town, and who now asked me to come to her for a time. I wanted very much to go. The Prussian Chamber in Berlin was now the only spark left of the Revolution; the Frankfort Parliament had foundered after the election of John of Austria.* Freedom of development was over from this time on, and reaction was coming in with full sails set under the protection of Austrian absolutism and Jesuitism. Only in Berlin did the radical party, fighting bravely, still make a stand.

I was so run down and weak that I scarcely had courage to ask permission to make the trip. I found no great opposition, however, as this girl was not considered eccentric. On the trip I felt as if I had escaped from prison. I was still dejected and tired, but revived a little after the hearty reception my amiable hostess gave me.

The interesting scenes which I attended distracted my thoughts. I had never been to Berlin, and was pleasantly surprised by the grandeurs of the city. I felt freed from the pressing narrowness of small surroundings, and understood more than ever how necessary room is, room for thoughts and for deeds; in a word, freedom to live according to one's convictions and the innermost needs of one's nature.

*As Administrator of the non-existent German Empire.
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

I went often to the sessions of the Chamber, and heard discussions of the greatest interest, in which the most decided radicalism always won out. The abolition of capital punishment and of the nobility were carried by a large majority. They struck out much more directly for the goal than in Frankfort.

Yet these successes were already mixed with the darkest fears. Reaction raised its head successfully, and one could see a life and death struggle approaching. A friend of my hostess, a deputy of the Left, came to see us as often as he had a moment to keep us informed of the situation. The net in which the Revolution was to be caught and smothered was already spun and ready to be drawn.

My friend and I were greatly excited. We went out every day, and mingled with the groups of people who stood in the streets discussing excitedly, without really knowing clearly, what was to be feared and what to be done. At home everything was ready to take in our friend the Deputy, to hide him, and help him to get away, for they feared force would be used against the deputies. That the Chamber would be dissolved and Berlin declared in a state of siege seemed settled, if one could judge by the mass of troops that had been gathered. The excitement among the workers and the students was fearful.

One afternoon we had gone to the square where the Chamber sat, and were standing with a group of workers, all serious and determined people, whom we were telling what we had heard from the Deputy. Suddenly we heard soldiers approaching, and at the same time cavalry galloped up from all directions and began to occupy the square. The deputies were ordered to disperse. Giving way only to force, they came out in orderly procession and crossed the square, then separated. It was a sad sight, and all of us who stood there felt our blood boil with indignation. The last hope of the Revolution was gone.

A state of siege was declared. Resistance from the people was feared; the city might be bombarded. My friend begged me to leave for my mother's sake, as she did not want to take the responsibility for anything that might happen to me. I wanted to stay, to share the danger with her and with the people, but love for my mother conquered. In order to spare her anxiety I decided to go, but I went with a heavy heart, envying my friend
who could stay where a great historical event was in the making.

My friend accompanied me to the station. We found it in the possession of soldiers watching those who were leaving. The waiting rooms were crowded with people fleeing the fate to which the government apparently desired to doom the city. It was exactly as if an enemy stood before the gates. Whole families from all ranks of society crowded together there. The poor had all their goods and chattels with them, provisions, beds, clothing. Children cried, women were beside themselves, men were dumbfounded. I embraced my friend with deep sorrow and stepped into the enormously long train. In the compartment where I sat the most sinister possibilities were discussed.

Suddenly the train stopped. In a twinkling all heads were out to see what was the matter; there were questions, shrieks; many of the travellers jumped out, although there were deep ditches on both sides of the train. At last we heard that the people in Potsdam had torn up the rails, and the train had been signalled to wait until it was safe to go ahead. The conversations that now took place showed how great a fear already possessed people's minds. The spirit which had called forth the March Days was dying out. The fall of Vienna, the siege of Berlin, had shattered faith in the Revolution. Reaction had won.

We did not get into Potsdam till night. There, too, soldiers were everywhere, and there was such a crowd that I stood helpless, not knowing how to get at my luggage. In my dilemma, it was a pleasant surprise when suddenly a young officer came up to me, bowed, gave his name and offered his services. He was a young man whom I had formerly met at balls, and he had recognized me. I willingly accepted his protection, although he belonged to the enemies of the people, and could at any moment be called out to fight them. He accompanied me to the country house where die Kleine's grandfather was spending his declining years in retirement from public life.

I wanted to beg hospitality for the night, but I had to ring repeatedly before the door was opened. At last a timid voice asked who was there. As soon as I had given my name, I was admitted. I found the venerable man with his two daughters, one of whom was Theodore's intellectual aunt, still in the drawing room, though it was late. They received me most kindly, and
apologized for not having had the door opened sooner. They feared it might be an unwelcome visitor, as lately many excesses had been committed against dignitaries of the church. They invited me most cordially to stay several days, and I accepted thankfully, as I was only too glad to remain near Berlin to await the final outcome.

Next day came the shocking news that Robert Blum had been shot in Brigittenau, near Vienna.* The first victim to the raging reaction had fallen. Thereafter one must be prepared for the saddest things. The reactionary party must have felt itself already strong, as it had risked killing the most beloved man of the people, one of the finest characters, one of the most practical intelligences in the whole revolutionary party. From now on it could dare anything.

I trembled for another life; for Julius Froebel, who had been sent to Vienna† with Blum, and whose fate was still unknown. I did not know him personally,—only from Theodore, who was a close friend, and from his works. But I had been corresponding with him for some time, and took the greatest interest in him.

I left Potsdam one evening, greatly worried, to go home. There were two men in the compartment with me, whom I recognized as members of the extreme Right of the dissolved Parliament. I had closed my eyes, although I did not sleep all night. The men, thinking they were alone with a sleeping person, spoke without reserve. They were going home; were glad the “affair” was over, that times of order were about to return, and that the mob would now have what it deserved. One of them, who seemed fully initiated into the secret workings of “higher politics,” told with gratification how the dissolution of the Chamber and the siege of Berlin had been arranged long ahead, and how only the return of the troops from Schleswig-Holstein and “the end of this affair” had been awaited in order to strike against the Revolution in the Capital itself. I realized then how strong the reaction was, and how systematically it had laid its nets to catch the revolutionaries.

* Where he had been fighting in the ranks of the besieged rebels.
† By the radical minority of the Frankfort Parliament, with messages of sympathy for the revolution. The majority had dispatched two delegates of their own, to comfort the Imperial party. Froebel’s life was saved because he had published a pro-Austrian pamphlet.
My life at home was as sad as ever. Everything I related about my trip created a contrary impression on my family; every bit of news in the papers was differently construed. My sole refuge was again with die Kleine and her mother.

Once a week we met at their house to read philosophy with the Democrat. We began with Schleiermacher, who had taken a philosophical mind into the pulpit. Two years earlier he would have satisfied me entirely. Now I saw that I had gone beyond religious liberalism, which deceives itself. After I had drunk of the bitter chalice of that first scepticism which so painfully disturbs the unity of a being, I felt strong enough to renounce every tradition which could not stand the test of reason. I therefore eagerly seconded the Democrat's idea of putting aside Schleiermacher and of reading Feuerbach.

Until now, Feuerbach's work had been absolutely forbidden me. My mother saw in him the expression of complete atheism, and I too had been somewhat timid in approaching the free thinkers. Now this hesitancy had disappeared, and I agreed to read The Essence of Christianity. From the very first pages I said to myself in astonishment, "But these are the thoughts which I have had for a long time; my own conclusions, only I never dared admit them." Feuerbach, it seemed to me, called everything by its real name for the first time; he destroyed forever the idea of any other revelation than that made by great minds and great hearts.

The philosophical and liberating process that took place within me completed my isolation in society. People deliberately let me hear remarks like this, (speaking of a young girl) "What a sweet creature! She does not pretend to have opinions of her own." They wanted to show me how far I had strayed from the proper path. But far from returning to the proper path, I was occupied more and more with the idea of the emancipation of woman; emancipation from the prejudices which had hitherto bound her, to the untrammelled development of her capacities and to the free exercise of reason which had long been granted to men.

In spite of the narrow environment in which I lived, I heard of more than one feminine individuality which had been awakened by the regenerating wave that had swept over the
world and had wished to free itself from the threefold tyranny of dogma, convention and family to live according to its convictions and by its own efforts. The German woman began to feel another aim in life than that of simply being a good Hausfrau*—a title which had always been given her with a mixture of contempt, because it meant that she was nothing else at all.

I began making plans with die Kleine. I wanted, by means of correspondence, to come into touch with women and girls who had sympathies similar to ours, to look up others similarly minded in their circles, and get them to do the same. Thus we hoped to cover Germany with a great network of women’s alliances, in which the weaker, more timorous ones would gain courage through joint effort. The better education of women, the acquisition of various proficiencies in order to obtain economic independence, a wider field for noble endeavors—that was to be the first task; above all to make them more capable of taking in hand the patriotic and humane education of the young and taking part in the great work of national education.†

The wound of betrayed love still bled continuously in my heart, but I succeeded in burying my sorrow and bearing my unhappiness with pride. True friendship and warm sympathy I could share, as for instance with the Democrat, but that all-powerful feeling I had had for Theodore I could never again give to any other.

The anniversary of the Paris, Berlin and Vienna revolution came. 1848 had been a year in which the most progressive peoples of Europe arose as by a common impulse and with a loud voice to call into action those principles which, since the great French Revolution, had been the dream of all noble hearts and the terror of all tyrants. What sudden blooming and luxuriant growth! Freedom, self-government, abolition of class differences, the poor coming into all the material and mental rights of man. And this achieved without too great sacrifices.

*Whatever progress in this direction was made during the years that followed has been swept away by Hitler, who decrees that women shall be Hausfrauen alone.

†This was about the time that the first Women’s Declaration of Rights was being signed in a parlor in Seneca Falls, New York.
Twelve months had passed, and the downfall of these same revolutionary principles was absolute. The German Parliament no longer existed. Caught in its own net by the choice of the Austrian for the head of the empire, it fell through its own weakness, and the last remnants who went to Stuttgart saved nothing but their personal honor. The election of a radical administrator for the empire came when there was no more empire. The revolution had thwarted itself; it no longer had the power to dictate laws.

The insurrection in Dresden in May (1849) was the last tremor of the dying revolution. With what deadly fear did I read the accounts of that struggle! There was still a flickering hope that help would come to the insurgents from other parts of Germany and that the real revolution would arise from there, now that events had shown how little half-measures were worth. Its fate was decided only too soon. Discouragement had already gained the upper hand. People feared to aid the insurgents. The Prussian troops came to save the Saxon monarchy; Dresden was bombarded and many cruelties were perpetrated. There was shooting, imprisonment, and exile. The rights of the German people were banished from mortal sight into the depths of a magic mountain until the time when again some favored being should speak the "Open, Sesame."

I was ill the greater part of the spring, one ailment following another; but I suffered more morally than physically. The anathema of my family and society weighed heavily upon me, and I found comfort and relief only in my studies and in correspondence with several of the most eminent men of the Revolution; my poor also helped to sustain me, for I visited them more frequently than ever, and in trying to bring comfort I was comforted. My intercourse with die Kleine also continued to give me joy. Since the death of her mother the year before, she never left her father in the evening. Now a small circle formed in their house again, where I felt completely at ease. A learned astronomer who lived in our town came regularly twice a week to read astronomy with us, and as he opened up the universe to us it seemed to me as if the ephemeral sorrows of this world were not worth the many tears we shed for them.

Yet our hearts were still full of anxiety and care. Theodore
had written an article just after the dissolution of the Frankfort Parliament in which he openly incited the people to take arms and start a more radical revolution than the first one. Immediately he was accused of high treason and suspended from the editorship; and we anxiously awaited the outcome of his trial. One evening while our little circle was assembled, *die Kleine* received a letter from him. When she had read a few lines, her eyes filled with tears and she threw herself into my arms. “He is sentenced to three years’ imprisonment,” she said. His letter was written in a very calm tone. He tried to comfort his family, and said he had known when he wrote the article what would happen. He cared the less because he had nothing more to say now that his summons had been in vain.

I suffered not only for him, but also for myself, who at such a time might have shown him the full measure of my love and by a thousand tender contrivances might have mitigated the harshness of his fate. I had firmly decided to withdraw from his life, but at that moment I could not help writing him a few words to show my sympathy. When Christmas came I had a Christmas tree arranged through the kindness of a friend who lived in the town where his prison was. Many small gifts were strung on the tree, and this friend received permission to send it to him. He never found out who sent it.

I have run ahead of events a little, and shall return to the spring of 1849. Moral and physical suffering had pulled me down so much that life had become a veritable burden to me. I felt that I must make one last energetic effort to strengthen my health and then see what could be done. I explained at home that I wanted to make an end to all the medical expedients with which I had been tormented and by which I had only been made worse, and that I wanted to try sea bathing. I had saved some money, and could travel economically, so no one needed to make any sacrifice for me. *Die Kleine* wanted to go too, and also my Berlin friend, Anna, who was spending the spring with her. My family was astonished and perplexed over this new extravagance. The doctor shrugged his shoulders and said they might as well let me go, as I had so much faith in it.

The very thought of fleeing from the pressure of home life
and seeing the sea again revived me somewhat. We went to Ostend.

In the train I sat next to a young woman whose sympathetic appearance attracted me. She was with an elderly couple. We soon got into an animated conversation, which turned to the struggle which was still going on in Hungary. The young lady seemed happily surprised when I told her of my sympathy for Hungary and said how much I wished that the Austrian despotism would fall. She began from then on to speak more confidentially with me, and as we found we had much in common and many mutual friends, and that our views coincided, she at last whispered her name into my ear. It was that of a well-known Hungarian patriot, Franz Pulszky, whose wife she was.

She was going to England to join her husband, who had been sent there by the Hungarian republican government. Naturally she was travelling with a false passport. She told me of her departure from Hungary through the ranks of the Austrian army, which occupied the frontier. The old couple who accompanied her had met her accidentally near the frontier, and without knowing her, only guessing her predicament, had led her through the enemy's camp under their protection, pretending she was their daughter. During the trip, they had become very much attached to her, and were now accompanying her through Germany and Belgium to Ostend, where she was to embark.

Her stories interested me so much that for the moment I forgot everything else. She had to leave her young children in the care of a friend, in a country torn by civil war. The youngest had been born in a peasant's hut during the mother's flight from the Austrian soldiers. One could scarcely believe that this young, delicate creature had braved so many storms and so much hardship; but she had a strong soul, which later revealed itself in full force in the severe trials of exile.

Having arrived at Ostend, we all accompanied her that evening to the boat which was to take her to England. Her elderly friends stayed on a few days in Ostend in the same hotel where we lived, and we became better acquainted. The old man was a German socialist, one of the very early apostles of socialism,
who, because they were still isolated, had fled across the ocean to realize their theories in the new world. He thereby sacrificed his fortune, and after the failure of his enterprise had returned to Europe, where a Hungarian had advised him to go to Hungary as the country most adaptable for the realization of socialistic ideas. He had spent many years in Hungary, but met with the same disappointments as in America. The revolution and the war had finally put an end to his dreams, and he was on the point of returning to Germany with his wife when they met Mrs. Pulszky and became her protectors. I had long talks with them about theoretical and practical socialism. When we parted he wrote in my travelling book: "All political revolutions will come to naught until some means has been found for combating the great oppressor of mankind—hunger, and all the misery resulting therefrom."

The stay in Ostend was a real physical and moral resurrection for me. As we were leaving, news came of the quelling of the Baden revolution by the Prussian army * and the fall of Hungary through Görgei's treachery.† Chance led us into the compartment in which a Prussian officer was telling two women of the heroic deeds of the soldiers in Baden, of the punishment decreed "these revolutionary canaille," and so on. We were beside ourselves with anger to have to listen quietly to all this and hurried to find another compartment at the next station.

During the next winter my health was better, but my position in the family even worse. Once a week in the evening I went to a young married woman, whom I had met through die Kleine, to read with her and an intellectual young doctor who was also a Democrat. We began Hegel's Philosophy of History. My family disapproved of this also.

I felt the need of making the knowledge I had acquired useful to others. I started with our maids, and used to go

* The Grand Duke of Baden was driven from Karlsruhe by revolutionists, but Prussian soldiers restored the old régime.
† Arthur Görgei, commander of the revolutionary Hungarian army during Kossuth's dictatorship, finding himself hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded, surrendered to the Russian army supporting Austria. He saved his own life, but the insulting tone of his message of surrender provoked Austria to terrible retaliation on other Hungarian leaders.
occasionally while they were sewing, to give them clearer ideas, i.e., about the movement of the earth around the sun, the change of seasons, etc. They were delighted, and said: "Oh, Miss, if only everyone thought as you do that we too like to learn things. How much easier it would make our work if we could think of such beautiful things while we do it."

In former times my mother would not only not have said anything; she would have been glad to see me do such a thing. Now she believed I wanted to propagandize my extravagant ideas, and reproached me for spoiling the useful working hours of her maids. I answered that I wanted nothing more than to fill the emptiness of their minds during the hours of manual work with some good knowledge. She answered me harshly; I, hurt by unjust accusations, became angry too, and answered back in harsh words, which I immediately regretted, but which were the unavoidable result of such a struggle of principles and views in a time of bitter conflict.

I felt that our mutual love would die under these everlasting daily clashes and excitements, and that there was only one way to save it—separation. For the first time I told myself very clearly that one must free oneself from the authority of one's family, painful as the process may be, as soon as it leads to the death of individuality and tries to subject freedom of thought and conscience to any single form of conviction. Freedom of individual convictions and a life in conformity with them—this is the first right and duty of a human being. Until then, women had been excluded from this. Only marriage or the church gave them the right to leave the paternal hearth. I realized that it was time to lift this prohibition. I said to myself that I should forfeit all self-respect if I had not the courage of my convictions about the independence of women.

I saw but one way before me: to go to America, to a young world where work was not a disgrace as in Europe, but where it is a title of honor, through which a person authenticates his rights in society. To work for my living would then be not only consistent with my views but also it would be a necessity; my little inheritance would at most last for the journey and until I was established.

To go as a governess anywhere in Germany would have been
too great a trial for my family,—they would not have allowed it. Besides, I wanted to leave this old Europe where every attempt at establishing freedom had failed, where despotism of state, religion, and family suppressed the people, the individual, and all thought. Finally, I wished to put a distance between Theodore and me and thus end a vain sorrow, for I could neither open nor share his prison.

I did not speak of these plans; they would have been considered madness and I should have been hindered. I mentioned them only to die Kleine, and wrote of them to one of the noblest democrats of the Revolution, Julius Froebel, who had already been in America for some time. I asked his advice, as I was in correspondence with him and admired him greatly. He answered, "Come!" encouraging me in every way. So my mind was firmly made up. Now it only depended upon finding the means of making the step less hard for my family and of sparing myself a painful and useless struggle.

At that time I heard of some courageous and enthusiastic women who, embracing the same ideas as I, had opened in Hamburg a school for women where the same complete means of mental development was offered as in the universities for young men. I was told especially of the woman who stood at the head of the undertaking, whose energetic, noble character was praised in such a way that I wanted very much to make her acquaintance. The way for my departure was now apparently found. I decided to go first to this college, and then from there to America. Professor Carl Froebel, who, with his wife, was at the head of the school, was the brother of my friend Julius Froebel who expected me in America.

I gathered my courage and told my mother that I had heard of this college, and had decided to go there for three months. I added that she knew what a thirst for knowledge I had always had, and that I wished to fill in the gaps in my education as much as possible. Neither did I hide from her that I believed a separation for a while would do us both good.

I was happily surprised to find less opposition than I had feared. My mother herself felt that my second argument was just; she also secretly hoped, perhaps, that such a change would quiet me and lead me to more moderate views. She even declared
that she wanted to take me to the place of my choice, to satisfy
herself that the institution was a suitable one.

I prepared my things for the trip with the secret thought of
never returning. It seemed to me as though I were making
my last will and testament. I had done with youth * and with
the dreams of the past and went out firmly to meet the duties
of a riper age with its life of action. I wanted to make my place
in the world as a responsible being who builds his own destiny
according to his principles.

In thought I took leave of the prison where he lived who had
made my future as wife and mother impossible for me. To love
again as I had loved him seemed impossible, and without such
a love marriage seemed to me a profanation. I had chosen other
aims; I would live for an idea, fight for a principle.

I did not write to him. The decision I had reached
strengthened me in this resolution. I still loved him dearly and
painfully, but I could not help seeing in his wonderfully gifted
nature a rock on which perhaps he himself, and possibly many
another heart, would come to grief, and which I cannot denote
otherwise than as the Don Juanism of idealism. Just as the
fleshly Don Juan looks for satisfaction of the senses in every
beautiful form, so the intellectual Don Juan looks for the ideal
in every beautiful soul with which his imagination is filled. He
holds the reins which draw him towards this or that being for a
lasting love, and yet a glance, a melody, a momentary sympa-
thetic feeling suffices to lure his imagination elsewhere. He is
surely the more dangerous of the two Don Juans because the
wounds that he inflicts strike noble hearts and cannot be healed,
for it is the ideal in him that they have loved.

I knew through die Kleine that her brother had been attentive
to several other splendid women after the one for whom he had
left me, without having one of these affections fill his life or
determine his destiny. Now, in prison, one new love alone
seemed to dominate him. During the beginning of his imprison-
ment he had received a surprisingly beautiful letter from an
unknown woman, who expressed the pleasure with which she
had always read his articles and the sympathy which she felt
for his fate, but who signed only her first name, as she seemed

* She was thirty-four.
to want to remain a mystery. Enchanted by the wit of these lines, he had spared no effort until he had found out who the writer was. Then a correspondence sprang up between them that gave his prison a certain charm. The writer showed a mind of such fullness, depth and originality that her image took firm hold of him and every former affection was effaced by it. He dreamed only of a union with her after the expiration of his term.

Before I knew this, I had several times thought of writing him anonymously, not revealing myself to him until he had felt there was an undying communion between us. Now that I knew another woman had taken possession of his poetical imagination in this way, I felt that I must raise an insurmountable barrier between us. My comfort was that it was not I who had been unfaithful to this sacred, primitive-German love.

The day of departure came; I hid my emotion when I took leave of my family; I knew it was forever. The separation from die Kleine was very painful because we both knew what it meant; but we also knew that we were going the same road to the same goal, and that lifted us above our grief at parting.
I had written to Mrs. Froebel to ask her about entering the college. She answered telling me to come as soon as possible. My mother and sister Laura accompanied me to Hamburg. I left them at the hotel and went to the college alone. A strange, almost solemn feeling came over me as I stepped across the threshold of the house in which a new life was to begin. I was no longer a young scholar seeking to be prepared for life, but a mature being who had fled from the conflicts of existence to the only real refuge, a noble, fruitful activity.

Professor Froebel and his wife met me with such warmth that I immediately felt at home. Five or six young ladies were introduced to me, all of whom had left school long ago but had come from different places to complete their education here. They lived in the college. In the evening I also met the real founder of the institution, of whom I had already heard so much.

Emily Wüstenfeld was one of those powerful personalities who, too sharply cut, at first impress one with the harsh and positive sides of their being, but on closer acquaintance inspire one with increasing respect and love. She received me most heartily, and as she explained her plans I saw that my dreams would take shape here. The college was founded on the principle of making possible the economic independence of woman.
through her development into a being complete in herself and capable of growing in her own way.

Here, as in other German cities, the idea of the emancipation of women had developed as a result of the movement for freedom in the church. The Free Congregations which had first separated from the Catholic, then also from the Protestant churches, under such names as “German Catholics” and “Friends of Light,” had made great headway since the revolution of ’48. All the large and many of the small cities of Germany had such congregations. The reformers who headed these congregations were sometimes eminent men and sometimes not, but they all worked on the same principle—the independence of the parish from the state, self-management in matters of religion and education, the free choice of ministers and of school teachers by the congregation itself, the equality of civil rights for men and women.

In some of the congregations they strove even in outer forms for the simplicity of early Christian times: they all called one another “Thou” and celebrated Communion as a love-feast of brotherhood. Others had abolished Communion, Baptism, and other religious ceremonies, which no longer symbolized ideas for them. They baptised only from civil necessity, to make sure of civil rights for their children.

In Hamburg, the Free Congregation, called to life by Johannes Ronge,* had found many warm followers. The women who founded the college had, however, foreseen that it would not be enough to give women equal rights with men in the Congregation, but that one must also give them the means of making worthy use of these rights. There was for women, as for the masses, only one way to make a blessing of liberty, namely, through education. The view until then generally accepted, that a girl’s education ceases when she leaves school, that she then has nothing to do but to enter society, to marry, and at best to embellish home life with her talents—this view needed a thorough reform.

The college was supported by a number of stockholders, the majority of whom were married women, mothers of families, who through their own experience had come to the conclusion

*Whose sister later married Carl Schurz in London.
that life must have another basis than mere devotion to another being. The stockholders formed the Board of Directors; with this was another committee, made up of women who had founded it and the professors who lectured there, which decided the inner questions of the college. Professor Froebel and his wife had charge of the home life. The best scholars of the city lectured. In the beginning these men had little confidence in the venture, because they doubted the perseverance and energy of women at any serious study. They had risked the trial only out of respect and friendship for the founders, especially for Emily. When I retired to my room the first evening, I felt that I had found the true way to a new life.

Next day I brought my mother and sister to the college, and had the satisfaction of seeing them more pleased with it than I had dared hope. After several days they left and I remained alone—alone for the first time in my life—and resolved to make my own way without other guide than my conscience, without other support than my own work, without other reward than the respect of those who could respect me as I was.

I made the acquaintance of the professors who gave the lectures. At first I attended all of them, so as to choose those which interested me most. I was delighted with the atmosphere which prevailed there. The teachers insisted that we should interrupt them with questions and remarks, to stimulate study and to make certain that their words had not fallen upon deaf ears. Among the listeners were many students there on scholarships, because one of the principal aims of the college was to give the same benefit of education, without difference, to rich and poor alike. These girls had only to pass an examination to show they had enough elementary knowledge to be able to follow the lectures. The lectures were also attended by many ladies of the city, and sometimes a grandmother, mother, and grand-daughter sat together on the school bench.

There were in the college a kindergarten and elementary school where the young girls who wanted to become teachers could have practical experience. The kindergarten system, founded by the genial Friedrich Froebel, had developed quickly in Germany along with the liberal political and religious move-
ments. I had heard it spoken of, but first saw it here in practice, and was delighted with it.

Another happy surprise came to me when on Sunday I was taken to the meeting of the Free Congregation, which was attended by all members of the college. A large hall was arranged in a simple and suitable way; a numerous audience filled it, intently following the talk of a young, simple and modest looking man who spoke to them from a platform. His talk continued a series, begun before my arrival, in which the speaker linked, with systematic scientific criticism of the old dogmas, the development of new ideas in all spheres of human life: the state, society and the family. Religion, freed from the barriers of the church, became a living, active thing, a substance, not an empty force. It was a true sociology, where, on the ground of a general human viewpoint, the bitter differences of rank, riches, and greater knowledge were reconciled.

When I was introduced to the speaker, Mr. Weigelt, I told him that his talk had awakened in me the wish to become a member of the congregation; that I knew well that one person more or less mattered little, but that it seemed to me to be the duty of women as well as of men, in times of struggle like these, to come out clearly with their convictions and join forces with those who shared them. He said that I was right; only he advised me to wait and examine the thing more closely, so as not too hastily to take a step so important to one of my social standing.

Some time afterward I became a member of the congregation. For this, one applied to the Board of Directors. One's name was presented to the full congregation to be voted on, and, if accepted, written in the Register. One paid an extremely small yearly contribution for common expenses. For me this step was very important. It separated me forever from my past. By it I openly left the Protestant Church and joined a real democratic association.

I soon felt the consequences. When I was still a very small child, the Duke had once come to see my father and found me with him. I don't know whether I pleased him, or what other reason there was, but that day he nominated me for a place in the best and richest foundation in the country for unmarried
women of the nobility, a foundation which gives them a pleasant independence. The claimants go forward in line as soon as a place is vacant. Strange to say, I received notice a short time after being taken into the congregation that my turn had come to receive my pension. My mother begged me by letter not to lose a pleasant independence through my own fault.

Economic independence was my greatest wish; I wondered seriously whether I might not then be able to found a school for the people and organize it according to my own views. First, however, I would have to renounce the step I had just taken, because as pensioner I would have to swear on the Bible that I belonged to the Christian church. Even had I wanted to leave the congregation, I could never again belong to a dogmatic, orthodox church; but I certainly would not buy my independence with a lie. Therefore I answered that by conviction I belonged to a Free Congregation; but that if I could be freed from the formality of the oath I would come to accept my position. They did not even deign to answer me.

I still intended to go to America, and told Emily and the Froebels about it. They would gladly have dissuaded me on account of the friendship that had so quickly developed between us, but understood my reasons very well and were too liberal to work against a decision which they found quite natural. A little while after my arrival in Hamburg, the preacher of another Free Congregation, with his family and several friends, had come there with the intention of sailing for America to found a Free Congregation. The family was very nice, and I decided to join them. It seemed to me that I had found all at the same time friends, home and purpose, because there must be much work to do over there, and above all they would need a school.

I decided, however, that I must tell my mother of my intention, because I did not want to go secretly. I wrote her, putting my plan before her in the simplest and most appeasing way. I spoke to her of the friend awaiting me in America, in whom I would have a protector.* I said that she knew me too well not to know that I would go my way quietly and with dignity. I implored her to believe that I was following a sincere conviction, that I was merely fulfilling my destiny, and I begged her to

* Julius Froebel—see p. 94.
love me always as I would love her to the last minute of my life.

The answer struck me dumb with surprise and distress. My mother found my plan not only foolhardy but wicked. She thought it unwomanly to go with such confidence to a man I had never met, and incredible that I should want to put such a distance between me and my family.

Her letter was so unjust, I felt so undeserving of her reproaches, that I was seized with great indignation. I fought a terrible battle with myself, looking with hatred into that abyss into which religious and social prejudices draw the noblest natures. I recognized my absolute right to break the fetters and go my own way, even should I find no other approval than my own conscience, and no other success than to have asserted my personal responsibility. But—it was my mother from whom this blow came; from her who had loved me so devotedly before the conflict of views separated us, and who still loved me in spite of all. That decided my fate.

I answered that I was always able to sacrifice my wishes to her peace; that I would, therefore, give up my plan to emigrate; but that I would always reserve the freedom of my convictions, that no power on earth would be able to hinder me in this, and that just because of these I thought it would be less painful to her to know that I was living according to them at a distance instead of under her own eyes.

Professor Froebel wrote my sister at the same time: "Your sister is an idealist, and wants to live according to her ideals. She can be advised against this or that step if it be found imprudent, but one should not attack the independence of her actions, and still less doubt the purity of her intentions." He showed me the letter and expressed the liveliest sympathy, as did his wife and Emily.

Emily proposed that I remain in the college, to head it together with Professor and Mrs. Froebel, and to use my influence especially over the young girls. She assured me that the ladies of the Board as well as the professors found that I had brought a good element into the life of the place, that the boarders liked me very much; and finally that she herself felt she had in me the friend she needed in her life and her work. I listened to all this with emotion. For the first time I was conscious of hav-
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ing become an individuality, exercising a certain power—and this at a moment when I most needed the reassurance. I therefore accepted Emily's proposal very gratefully. I could not see my friends departing for America without deep regret, but I took the sacrifice to be an atonement for the sorrow I had unwillingly caused my mother.

I began my new task eagerly, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the young girls swarm lovingly around me. One of the first measures I tried to introduce was dividing up the work, in which I set the example. In order to spare the college, which was not rich, the expense of keeping many servants, I made up my own room every morning, and soon the others began to do the same. Not only was there more order in the house, but each one felt the benefit of bodily exercise at the beginning of the day, which later on helped concentration on mental work. Then we boarders decided to do our fine washing ourselves and so save another expense. Once a week we stood in the garden around a washtub, and while our hands were rubbing clothes we discussed subjects from the lectures or some other important questions which they had started.

The loveliest thing about this community life was the total disappearance of all petty interests, of all the gossip and vanities which too often mark the gathering of women, and for which they are justly criticised. Our life was too full to leave room for frivolities. We did the rough work because it was for the good of the college, which was our greatest intellectual interest; and we did not feel humiliated by it because even the most menial work, when it is a duty, ennobles a person. Yet we did not lay more stress on it than it deserved.

The teachers who, in the beginning, had been so dubious, became steadily more enthusiastic over their task. They found much keener attention and susceptibility to new ideas among the feminine audience than they had ever found among the masculine, and the questions with which they were besieged after the lessons showed that they had not spoken to empty heads.

Once a week there was a social evening. Here also a new and lively atmosphere reigned; freedom without exuberance, intellect without affectation. Youth gathered around age to learn
by questioning and hearing. The more important people talked willingly; they gave of their best and were looked on with respect. Illustrious foreigners passing through Hamburg were introduced at these evenings, and more than once it happened that authors and poets read their works there even before they were given to the public.

Although my life in the college was already full, I managed to visit the meetings of the congregation every Sunday morning and once a week in the evening. These latter meetings were social and for the discussion of business matters. The workmen and poorer members came with their wives and children and sat at the same tables with the gentry. They discussed political, religious and scientific subjects together as equals and the wives took a lively interest in everything.

The principal subject which just then occupied the congregation was the founding of a non-sectarian school. A committee consisting of three men and three women was to be elected, by general vote of both men and women, to organize it. When the papers were drawn from the urn and the names read aloud, mine came so often that I became quite confused, for although I was prepared to do anything to be of use, still I felt very timid whenever it meant appearing in any way in public. When our dear preacher told me I had been chosen, I wanted to decline, as I did not think I had enough practical experience to organize such a work. However, friendly persuasion from all sides determined me to accept a confidence which till now I had not had an opportunity of deserving. My two female colleagues were women of great ability and much experience. The preacher, another member of the congregation, and Professor Froebel formed the other half of the committee.

The school was to be self-supporting, but it was unanimously decided to determine the fees according to the means of the parents. The impartiality of the committee and the honesty of the parents were to determine the amount on enrollment. A second important principle, which led us to long discussion and serious consideration, was joint instruction for boys and girls. It was finally decided to carry this out only in the elementary classes; to divide the higher classes, but to give the girls exactly the same tuition as the boys. Religion was entirely barred from the
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curriculum, leaving that to the families to care for according to their personal views. The school was merely to teach and to awaken morality through true culture, humane views, and noble example, and by pointing out the duties of the individual in the family, in society and in the state.

I also worked in the large Association for the Poor which had been established by the tireless founder of the college. This society did an extraordinary amount of good, not only by giving alms but by well-paid work, which aroused the self-respect of the destitute; and by the personal sympathy shown them which lifted them out of the isolation of their misery. I was given my quota of poor families to visit. What nameless misery I saw in this rich, luxurious city, what moral depravity!

One day I came through a street unknown to me, almost entirely inhabited by prostitutes. I saw several of them at the windows or before the door in the terrible reality of daylight when rouge and veiling tinsel are stripped off. It was the first time I had seen these sad creatures, and an inexpressible sympathy flooded my heart. How indignant I became when I heard that these poor creatures had to pay a tax to the city in order to practise their horrible calling. So the state profits by the degradation of women, by this dark stain on society, by this mortal sin of public life.

A burning desire seized me to turn my forces in this direction and to preach to these unfortunates the new morality—that work ennobles a person instead of degrading him. However, I saw that for this reform, also, the ground must first be prepared by inculcating the principle of economic independence of woman through a better education. Here, as elsewhere, the problem must be attacked from the root up. How else could a moral revolution which affects the very core of human life be brought about in countries which protect immorality and throw back all infamy on the victims of misery and slavery while the real malefactor may sit among those who rule the country and make the laws?

My life was now so crowded that no time remained for useless mourning and bitter reflections. A deep peace was in my heart, and one evening when, as was my custom, I stood at my window before going to bed, looking into the still night and
examining my day’s work and my past life, I thought: “I am happy once more.”

At this time *a letter from *die Kleine* brought the news that, on the request of his father and the intercession of influential friends, but especially on account of ill health, Theodore had been released from half of his penal service, and that they now expected him home after a year and a half in prison. Then I heard from my sister that he had arrived, and that his family had visiting them a young woman who, they said, was going to marry him. At this news a shadow passed over the peaceful light in my heart.

At the same time, however, I had the joy of announcing a new boarder for the college. My friend Anna from Berlin wrote me that all I had told her of the life there attracted her so much that she, who was entirely independent, had decided to come and make herself useful. She came, after having visited *die Kleine*. She had met Theodore, and was carried away by his magnetic personality. I asked her about the wedding. She told me that there was no question of it now, as the girl, who had aroused Theodore’s interest by her unusual letters to him in prison, had turned out to be very unattractive in appearance; that the ideal which Theodore had formed of her was absolutely different from the reality, and that even if friendship and respect still remained, love had not followed. After her departure Theodore had gone to a bathing resort, as his health had been greatly affected by the long imprisonment.

This last news distressed me greatly, but the first gave me a certain satisfaction. Not that I would have believed that the broken tie could ever be revived, but—so weak is the human heart. I saw with positive joy which I could not control that none of the affections he had harbored since our separation had ever so possessed his entire being, nor filled his heart, as had his love for me.

Preparations for the congregational school were so far advanced that the time had come for the choice of teachers. There were many candidates of both sexes. The committee proposed them and the congregation had to decide on them. For this purpose the candidates had to explain their views on congregational

*Late 1850.*
schools before the congregation, and then give a trial lesson to a class assembled for that purpose.

Great was my surprise to receive a letter from die Kleine announcing that her brother wished to apply for the position of head master for the upper classes. As the press was censored, the literary field was now closed to him; service for the state under the reactionaries was impossible; there remained only work in the Free Congregations, to which he had belonged for a long time. It moved me greatly that he came to me, as it were, to create a new future for himself. I was, however, determined to meet him with the quiet of a soul that has found its own equilibrium. I answered die Kleine that her brother should come and compete, and that I had no doubt that he would carry away the victory.

Anna and I had become more and more intimate. I loved her dearly, but I had taken on too many duties to devote myself to her entirely, as her nature demanded. So it came about that she was greatly attracted to a young girl who had been in the college a short time, who returned her affection with great warmth. Charlotte was soon Anna’s shadow, and we never saw one without the other.

One evening when I came home as usual after visiting my poor, tired and distressed by the sight of so much suffering, the maid told me there was a strange gentleman upstairs with Anna. I guessed immediately who it was, and could not help being greatly excited. I took hold of myself forcibly, however, and went calmly into the room where Anna was recovering from an illness. In the semi-darkness of the sick-room I saw someone sitting on Anna’s bed. Theodore rose to greet me. I welcomed him with composure, and we talked like old acquaintances.

He soon became warmly attached to our preacher, who heard with delight that he was the author of the book against orthodox Christianity which I have already mentioned and which he wrote at the time of our most ardent love. The preacher said that this book had had a great influence upon him. Emily also knew the book and was delighted to meet the author.

Theodore had come only for a few days; he wanted first to see whether he liked our life well enough to join it. During this time he was very amiable and attentive to me. Then he
went back to arrange his affairs in order to return for good.

While he was away I took the greatest pains to prepare his election by telling the congregation all about him, of what he had already suffered for his convictions, and of the brilliant talent as teacher which I was convinced he had. Thus, upon his return, the way was already paved. Emily, whose house was a few steps from the college, had taken him in as her guest. He came almost daily, attended several lectures, and spent most of his evenings in the college circle. The preacher had asked him to introduce himself to the congregation by talking to them in his place on Sunday.

His talk was beautiful and made a great impression. The day came for the election of the head master, who would also become a member of the Administrative Committee to which I belonged. The election took place in the evening, and the congregation were almost all there. Our committee sat on the speakers’ platform, and in front of us stood the urn which was to receive the votes. Two other candidates came first, read their written compositions on the aims and organization of a free school and gave trial classes to the children gathered there for that purpose. Both were received with great applause, so that I feared that Theodore would not have the most votes.

Now he came forward and read his composition in which the problem of free schools was completely solved in both an ideal and a practical way. We all felt that he said everything that could be said on the subject. The preacher nodded to me with a happy smile. The trial class equalled the lecture. The children, who had never seen him, were all joyously excited and did not want to stop. The votes were now dropped into the urn; the preacher read and counted them. I saw the result by his delighted expression. He announced that Theodore had been elected by a great majority.

The school was to open the same week. It was only necessary now that Theodore should apply for citizenship papers; for this German city had its own government, and he was looked on here as an alien.

The answer came some time later, after New Year’s. It said “no”. The authorities claimed that political expediency made citizenship impossible for a man who had been charged else-
where with high treason. An order was added that he should leave the city limits as soon as possible.

It was a sad and painful blow to us all. The congregation was in great excitement. This was the first sign that danger was approaching, that the reactionary party looked with disfavor upon these little centres where reigned a freedom which was not tolerated elsewhere.

The most influential men of the congregation took all possible steps, gave every guarantee, but in vain. I, too, decided to make a desperate attempt. I asked for an audience with the then head of the Free City, and it was granted me. The official was a gentle, polite little old man. I explained my mission to him, and said that I could give more personal guarantees than all the others, as I knew Theodore's highly esteemed family very well, and knew positively how far removed any thought of political activity was from his mind, and that he merely wished to devote himself to the teaching of the young.

The little old man answered with a sly smile that this was perhaps more risky than anything else, as in teaching especially one was given the medium of spreading one's ideas. Then he took on an attitude of kindness, and said: "I assure you the difficulties do not come from us. It was once said of us that we are not a fatherly but a motherly government; we would not have refused anything of our own volition. Weighty reasons determine us, and I am sorry to tell you there is absolutely no hope."

Theodore said little, but one saw by his bitter smile and his deathly pallor that only now did he fully realize his position. His fatherland was closed to him; his work was made impossible for him. What remained? Exile. With his capacities, and in the prime of life, this would have not been such a serious misfortune, but the unexpected blow suddenly disclosed such a stage of disease, which he had probably contracted in prison, but which neither he nor his friends had realized was so far developed, that it was impossible for him to leave Germany at present. He had to leave Hamburg, however, as all the pretexts we had invented for keeping him on had finally come to an end. The first consideration was his health. He decided upon a cold water cure in the north, a day's journey from Hamburg, where
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lived a doctor friend of Charlotte's, who had a splendid reputation.

Theodore said good-bye to the school, and had the satisfaction of seeing his departure greatly lamented by his pupils; then he left, and I again felt a void in my life that could not be filled. When, after some time, we had no news of him I decided to write and tell him that he owed me too much esteem and friendship to persist in this really wicked silence, as he knew what an unselfish interest I would always take in his fate. This time he answered, with perfect candor and in a friendly tone. From then on our correspondence was restored, but the news he gave me of his health was not satisfactory.

I wrote secretly to the doctor of the sanitarium, and begged him to tell me his true opinion of the condition of the invalid. His answer was: “As you want to know the truth I must tell you that I cannot guarantee your friend many years of life. It can only be a question of the more or less quick development of the disease before the inevitable end.”

Another teacher had to be elected in Theodore's place. I proposed the Democrat, my old noble friend with whom I had been in constant correspondence. I knew that he had no work, because he was too firm a republican to serve under the reactionary party. They accepted the proposal; I wrote to him; he accepted with pleasure, came, was elected; and as he had never been publicly compromised there was no excuse for refusing him permission to stay. And so a faithful friend was again near me, and soon I had the great happiness of seeing him become attached to a splendid, highly cultured girl who had been in the school some time and headed it with me. She returned his affection, and towards the end of the summer we celebrated their engagement with great joy.

Aside from the painful secret I carried in my heart, this summer was, intellectually, very wonderful. A new professor had been won to the college, who was not only brilliant but very amiable. He talked to us on geology and chemistry. I wrote detailed accounts of these lectures to Theodore, to let him share some of the pleasure they gave me.

When the autumn holidays came for the college and the congregational school, I felt very tired and determined to do some-
thing for my health. Since my stay in Ostend I had been completely won over to hydrotherapy and had discarded all medicine. Our doctor in Hamburg was of the same opinion, and ordered a cure for me in the sanitarium where Theodore was.

I acquiesced with delight, as, knowing what I did, I had a great yearning to see him once more. I departed for the sanitarium, which is on a little lake, beautifully situated in the country. I arrived at noon, before dinner. The doctor, who met me, confirmed what he had written me. In the dining-room I found numerous people; Theodore sat at the head of the table. I had written him that I was coming; he was therefore not surprised. He rose and came to greet me. He had changed so much that I had trouble hiding my distress at seeing him.

The doctor prescribed for me the strict treatment of doing absolutely nothing, on account of my eyes, and in order that I might also have a complete mental rest. The latter counsel I could not obey. My anxiety for my friend left me no peace. Occasionally he came to get me to take me to some lovely spot by the lake, and there he read me different things with which he was busy at the time. At other times he became morose and unapproachable, rejecting every attempt to help him.

One day while we sat at table, a letter was handed me from my friend Julius Froebel in America. Enclosed therein was also a letter for Theodore, whose friend he was likewise, and whom he believed to be still in Hamburg. After dinner I asked Theodore to come out with me to read these letters, as they were always long and very interesting. We sat down in a charming spot enclosed by cliffs overgrown with moss, from which a clear spring trickled.

My letter was dated from the most distant western part of America, where our friend expected to found a settlement for which he prophesied a great future. The soil and location were suited to a great international centre. My friend knew the reasons which had kept me from going to America before. "Conquer all these difficulties and doubts now, and come," he wrote. "But I feel that I cannot call you to such a distance without offering you a legitimate protection. Come and be my wife, if only in name; let us keep our freedom until our hearts decide whether to give this union its proper character." Then he ex-
plained the trip minutely, and the things necessary for me to bring. Finally he added: "This letter seems so material and filled with details along with such important decisions; and yet, if you only knew with what anxiety my heart awaits your answer. If you decide to come, bring other friends along. I mean especially Theodore, who would recover here from all the injuries the Old World has done him."

I felt myself blushing as I read this letter. What a strange position to be in! He whom I had wanted to follow as protector and guide in order to begin with his help my ideal of a new life now bade me come as his wife, to lay with him the foundations of a new civilization. But this call came at a moment when the old world had enchained me once more with those ties with which the dying holds the heart that has loved him—the college and the congregation, whose threatened existence had become a part of my life, and the man who sat beside me—I could not leave until their various fates had been decided.

I turned to Theodore. His head had fallen back and rested on the moss-covered rock; his eyes were half closed, and his pale face expressed a deep sorrow. He handed me his letter without a word. I skimmed through it: our friend urged him also to come with me. "Too late," he said in a low voice.

Tired of the treatment which did not improve his condition, Theodore decided to go away, without knowing exactly where. My holidays had come to an end. At the college I was received with joy. Anna and Charlotte, who had also taken a holiday trip, had not yet come back. Our dear professor the naturalist returned from a trip to Southern Germany where he had happened on the trail of intrigues set in motion against the college by the Pietistic party, which had a strong organization in Hamburg. Even in small places in the Black Forest he had found pamphlets in the parsonages printed by a Pietistic press in Hamburg, in which the college was represented as a hot-bed of demagogy where under cover of education revolutionary plans were formed. Parents were warned against entrusting their daughters to this institution.

So open warfare was being waged against us. Friends of ignorance and superstition, who have always made use of religion for their own purposes, had armed themselves against us
because we wished to free women from their shameful yoke. The danger made the college still dearer to me, and I vowed not to leave it but to share its fate.

Danger seemed also to threaten the congregations more and more. Several of them had been dissolved in different parts of Germany. Meanwhile our congregational school flourished, and the preacher led his audience through all phases of criticism until he openly pronounced the word atheism.

Theodore arrived in Hamburg shortly after I did. Emily took him in again. We need not fear that the "motherly government" of Hamburg would not allow him a few days' rest. He was happy to be there again, and as before spent several hours a day at the college, frequently alone with me. In the evenings we gathered for interesting conversations at Emily's, with the preacher, or at the house of one of the professors. At these times Theodore recovered the full force of his mind, and it seemed very hard for him to decide to leave. Finally he set a day for his departure; he wanted to go home first of all. The day before, however, he fell down in the street and had to spend several days in bed, and the doctor declared he would not be able to travel for several weeks.

I had no more scruples about visiting him as a real sister of mercy. I went to him every morning after finishing my duties in the college, to divert him with conversation, to bring him books, and to see that he lacked nothing. He had at last understood that in every great love of woman there is mother-love, which demands nothing, but gives, helps, comforts, and pardons. When he was allowed to leave his room he asked me to go driving with him. It was a lovely, mild autumn day. We had a heart-to-heart talk. Returning home he sighed, and said: "Oh my queen, life is beautiful after all."

The following day he left us. He had decided to go to the little town of Gotha where he wished to consult an excellent doctor. Before going there he spent a few days with his family, and then was to go to see a friend who was very close to him. This was a rich young widow who was in love with him. I don't know why he had hesitated to marry her before; now, when he was so sick, there was naturally no question of it, but he wanted to see her. I heard some time later that he had changed his plans, and after spending a few days with his family left di-
rectly for Gotha. This was an inner satisfaction to me; after all he did not love this woman, otherwise he would, even on the eve of death, have tried to see her once more.

Some weeks later a letter from home told me that Theodore's father, who had not had news of his son for some time, had been notified from Gotha that Theodore had fallen very ill immediately upon his arrival and had been taken to a hospital too weak even to tell his name. His father had gone to Gotha immediately and found him sitting up, but still too ill to leave the hospital, where he was very well cared for.

I alone knew exactly what this illness meant. The thought of him haunted me day and night. I wrote to him and soon had the comfort of receiving a few lines in answer, telling me of the danger overcome and a return of hope. I could not share this last delusion, but I wrote him about things that would interest and divert him.

I had very little money; nothing but my small income, half of which went to my poor, the congregation, and so on. Now I stopped spending money on myself, mending my clothes instead of buying new ones. I used the little that remained to buy things for Theodore, dying far away from his family and friends. The moment had come for lessening his suffering by those small attentions which I had always disdained giving to the healthy man, as being unworthy of a great love, although many women try to make themselves indispensable to men in just this way. One could send the invalid many a delicacy which the hospital could not give him. Every week I sent off a parcel with everything I could possibly think of. It was very little, to be sure, but he felt the thought behind the gift, for his letters were always very appreciative.

Another Christmas came along. We celebrated it again in our circle, but this time there was no joy in my heart. The last news from Theodore was worse again. The New Year approached and my fear for the invalid, whom no one went to comfort, grew to such an extent that I decided to go to Gotha to see for myself how he was getting along. I confided my real destination only to Emily and the Democrat; both said I was right.

On a cold winter day I started the trip, arriving in Gotha at
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dusk. As soon as I reached the hotel I had them show me the way to the hospital. It was quite far, in the outskirts of the town. I had to walk through quiet lonely streets, then up a long avenue, on both sides of which stretched broad, snow-covered fields, which, by the pale light of the stars, looked like an un-ending pall.

At last I saw a lonely house, in which two upstairs windows were lighted. Entering, I found an old woman, who, when I asked for Theodore, told me she was his nurse, and seemed delighted that someone had come to see him. I wrote two words on a piece of paper to tell him I was there.

I found him lying on a sofa. He seemed deeply touched to see me. I was extremely shocked at his appearance. Though he was not yet thirty, he looked at least forty; a long black beard made his pallor and emaciation more apparent, and when a smile came to his lips it was sad to the point of evoking tears. I told him that I could not bear the thought of his being alone during the holidays, and he seemed hurt that none of his family had come to see him. Before I left he begged me to come the next morning and stay till dinner time, and in the afternoon again till evening.

The following morning I went to him at ten o'clock. He had had his room nicely straightened up and had made his invalid's toilette a little more carefully. I had brought some work with me and sat down opposite him at the table to sew. We spoke of a thousand things, and he became steadily more cheerful. It was impossible for him to read and write much; there remained nothing for him but conversation. When I noticed that this also tired him, I kept quiet. He leaned his head back on the pillow and often closed his eyes, while I went on working until he started the conversation again. In the afternoon it was the same; he even reproached me for having come late. Our conversation was very animated.

The next day was New Year's Eve. He invited me to stay and have supper with him in the evening. I had brought a few little things that he liked, so as to arrange a little fête; the good nurse, who had taken a fancy to me at once, helped to get everything ready. Theodore was cheerful; I took pains to seem so.

On New Year's morning I went out early to see if I could
buy some flowers. He loved them very much, and had at one
time given me so many that I wanted to surprise him with some.
The little town, however, knew no such luxury. Flowers in win-
ter, indeed! At last I was told that the gardener of a princely
pleasure palace, which lay a good distance from the town, might
have some. I went there, and my joy was great when I found
a pot with blooming hyacinths and another with tulips. The
gardener did not want to let me have them at first, but I paid
him well and so got them. I carried them back that long dis-
tance. An icy wind blew over the snow-covered fields; I feared
my flowers, and held my coat protectingly around them
while the wind tore away my veil and the sharp air cut my face.
I was rewarded by Theodore's smile as I set the flowers on his
table and by the pleasure with which he inhaled the sweet fra-
grance that brought back to him so many precious memories.

Two days before my departure he became very weak. He
could hardly speak, and a feverish unrest drove him to walk
around the room or to sit down exhausted, first here, then there.
He had only a lounge and plain, hard chairs in the room. I tried
to think of a way to make him more comfortable, and scoured
the town to find an armchair I could rent. However, there were
none for rent, only for sale. I hesitated a little; I had only just
enough to pay my hotel bill and my fare home. But, I thought,
I will travel third class. He needed the armchair. I bought it.
I had it brought to his room and went to spend the last evening
with him. He was very much touched, and as he shook hands to
bid me farewell he said with a deeply moved voice: "People
claim that the democratic women have no heart. I can contradict
that."

Next morning I left before daybreak. Waiting for the train
to leave I walked up and down the platform of the station. The
winter air was fresh, but calm; innumerable stars still shone
above; in the east a dark red stripe indicated that the sun would
shine again to illumine this world of fleeting appearances. My
heart was so heavy that even the tears refused to flow. I stared
at the purpling stripe on the horizon and asked myself, "What
is left for me in this world?" The answer from within said "To
be good." I gazed at the sunrise as my train carried me away,
and my heart repeated the refrain, "Be good, be good."
Our usual routine began again, but we were greatly worried over the financial condition of the college. It was clear that the subsidies were being cut off because of all sorts of machinations outside. Some of the donors in the city became more indifferent; they were weak characters who were frightened by threats or influenced by rumors. The intimate connection of the college with the congregation gave ministers (who were furious that their churches were empty while the Congregational Hall had more followers than it could hold) a pretext to attack the college and to estrange the sympathy of those who did not want to break openly with God.

Emily and I had long, sad consultations together. We were reproached with having been too radical and having acknowledged our principles too openly, but we did not regret having spoken so clearly. If the time was not yet ripe for the realization of our ideas, then it was better to leave their fulfillment to the future rather than to compromise with the old world. There are natures which can work for the progress of society by sparing all prejudices, calling things only half-way by name, and conceding a little in order to gain a little. These otherwise honorable natures do a work which has its uses. But there are others who, carried away by the irresistible logic of their principles, must speak out positively. If they do not succeed at once in realizing their ideal, they at best gain active sympathy for it, and at worst they are living protests against petrified forms which no longer contain a living spirit. Our best teachers agreed with us, although they were terribly sad at the thought that it might be necessary to close the college.

One April morning we had examinations in the congregational school. I was there on time, and all the other members were there except the Democrat, the headmaster, who was usually punctuality itself. When at last he came in I saw in his face that something must have happened. In a free period he asked me to come into his study. When we were alone he turned to me, visibly moved, and said hesitatingly, “I had a letter from my brother this morning.”

I knew that his brother had been in Gotha for some time, and occasionally went to see Theodore. “Dead?” I interrupted, for I immediately guessed the truth. He nodded “Yes.” We were
both silent. He had tears in his eyes. I did not weep. All was emptiness around me. He wanted to give me particulars. "This evening," I said, and clasped his hand.

I walked home as usual. At the college I met Emily, and said softly, "Theodore is dead." She was much shocked, for she had been very fond of him. I could not talk even to her; I went to my room to wait until the sense of life and duty should return to me.

In the evening I learned from the Democrat that until the day of his death there had been no particular sign of its imminence, but that on the morning of that day Theodore had said, "If the doctor does not help me today, then it will be my last." The doctor had come, but found no cause for immediate anxiety. At sunset Theodore asked the old nurse to help him get into the armchair I had given him, and to turn him towards the window. He had steadfastly gazed into the dying light of day and peacefully gone out with it. The good old nurse had closed his eyes and mourned him like a son. "He is such a just man," she had said of him when I was in Gotha.

That beautiful individuality, gifted with all that makes people irresistibly attractive, capable of achieving the greatest and loftiest in life, was no more. The eyes whose light had once transformed the world for me were closed forever. The most overwhelming sorrow for me was not to have been with him in his last hour; not to have accompanied him to the mysterious threshold; not to have received his last thought, his last sigh, as an eternal bequest. I reproached myself for not having gone again. Now it was too late; it was all over, over!

I felt like one dead to any personal claim. I lived only for my work. I came into still closer touch with the working classes. It became more and more clear to me that the future rested with them; a merely political revolution had become unimportant to me. I was convinced that such would always fail as long as the people remained slaves of capital and ignorance. I often gathered a number of the most educated workmen around me. We discussed these ideas, and agreed absolutely on everything.

The trades-unions, which since the year '48 had developed rapidly in Germany, gave proof of how much could be accomplished mentally and morally with small means by un-
hampered association. The union in Hamburg was not only in a beautiful location with a considerable library and a relief-fund from which itinerant workmen could be assisted, but it also gave instruction in art and science; the men had reached such a grade of culture that it was a pleasure to go to the parties occasionally given there, to which comrades of the same opinion were invited.

The statistics of these unions proved how very much education had raised the standard of morality. The saloons were empty, and the workmen preferred to spend their evenings in study instead of drinking up their wages. Who would ever have believed that it was against these same unions that the reactionary party turned with bitter persecution? The prime minister of the leading German state called them "the abscesses of society." Governments began to dissolve them everywhere.

In Hamburg, under the "motherly" government, the union still existed, but it also expected to be dissolved shortly. We therefore decided in our talks with the workmen to go on working for the union and our common interests in secret, if we could no longer do it openly. There was no question now of political revolution. It was only a question of uniting the people through common interests and mutual help, so that they would be protected against misery and be prepared to be worthy of better days.

Meanwhile the effects of the intrigues against the college became more tangible. We saw that it would be impossible to keep on. We did not want to make any concessions nor to beg for help because we would have had to lie to get any. We therefore decided to close of our own accord, at the height of our success, in order to prove that the closing was the result not of a false principle but of lack of funds.

The experiment had been made, the result was perfect. Now only time was needed for the seed to ripen. The idea of leading women to absolute freedom of mental development, to economic independence and to all the rights of citizenship was on the road to realization; this idea could not die again. We did not doubt that many of those who had seen its first incarnation in our school would see its complete triumph, if not in Europe, then certainly in the New World.
Again the question rose before me: What to do? To return to my family was impossible, for the same reason for which I had left them. I could not remain in Hamburg either, although my young friends in the college begged me to stay there and continue to teach them. But as I did not have enough to live on I would have had to work very hard, and I felt just then that I lacked the strength.

If I had any wish left, it was to go to England, where a great number of political refugees lived, among whom I had friends who urged me to come. However, at the slightest mention of such a desire in my letters to my mother she became so unhappy that I immediately gave up the idea, and this time without much struggle. I felt so broken, mentally as well as physically, that I thought I could not live much longer. In Theodore's grave and in that of the college I had buried my youth and my hopes and the buoyant courage which believes in the future. My illusions of life were shattered forever.

Anna asked me to go to Berlin with her, pay only a small amount for board, rest thoroughly and then decide about the future. I accepted her offer because, in spite of the difference in our natures, I loved her devotedly. With her I was sure of not having any painful chords touched, and I determined to give myself up entirely to study and lead a very retired life.

In Berlin I was given a quiet room at Anna's, and there, sur-
rounded by an excellent library, I planned to wait until my strength for work returned. As a means of recuperation I began reading the Greek tragedies again. *Antigone* especially I read with greater delight than ever. In it I found the undeniable proof that even though the Greeks in everyday life gave woman a subordinate place, the poets, at least, found in her their very highest ideal.

One day I received a visit which excited me painfully. My youngest brother had come to Berlin as ambassador to the German government. He was a person of fine intellect and very talented, but an absolute aristocrat and monarchist, as well as a strict Protestant. I knew through my sisters that he was very angry with me for living in Hamburg and joining the congregation. I was very grateful to him for letting his love overcome his prejudices and received him very affectionately.

He began the conversation by saying that he had come to tell me how deeply it hurt him to see a sister, whom he had once loved dearly, go not only in a false but in a criminal direction. He spoke of a letter of our mother's wherein she told him of her great grief at my idea of going to England, to people who were accused of high treason. I told him I had given up this idea out of love for my mother, for whom I was always willing to sacrifice my wishes if it could be done without sacrificing my convictions.

Thereupon he began to prove to me that this was my chief error—assuming convictions in a sphere where women did not belong.

"The true duty of woman," he said, "is to remain in the sphere to which God has assigned her. Your place is with your mother and your family. What have your companions done for the good of mankind? They have tampered with morality and justice because they have swerved from the only true basis—God's laws which He revealed to us through His Son. Only on the granite foundations of the past rest the monuments of the present and will rise those of the future. Men to whom God has entrusted the leadership of others have worked for a long time on this difficult task and hold in their hands the reins which form the web of destiny of the people. Only they can understand this work and direct it. It is useless and criminal vanity
for women to interfere; they thus step out of the sphere to which God and womanly modesty have assigned them."

He continued for a long time in this strain. At first I wanted to have it out with him, but I soon saw that that was useless. His convictions were just as strong as mine, and no reasoning could shake them. Finally I burst into tears at the precious memories of the past which he conjured up. That frightened him.

"No," I said, "I am not ill, but I am crying because I love you all so deeply, and because I see that the diversity of our views has opened such a gap between us. Let me say once and for all that I can sacrifice my happiness and personal wishes, but nothing will change my convictions. Even if I wanted to change them I could not, because I cannot force my reason to find that wrong which it knows to be right."

Besides my hostess, I saw only the editor of a Democratic paper, to whom I had sent an article, and two others to whom I had introductions from Hamburg. I corresponded with my friends in Hamburg, England and America.

In our letters, as in our conversations, we exchanged ideas and views, but without the slightest hint of revolutionary activity. What could one have started anyway, with things in such a condition that there was even an objection to kindergartens, under the pretense that documents in the Ministry plainly showed that the pedagogues wanted to plant the seed of freedom and independence in small children?

One day Anna had a bad headache and was in bed. Charlotte was with her. I was sitting in Anna's little drawing room writing a letter to my friend in America when the maid announced that a gentleman wished to speak with me. I thought it was one of the Democrats and asked her to show him in.

I was very much surprised to see an absolute stranger. He bowed very politely, and upon my asking what he wished explained, not without great embarrassment, that it was a very unpleasant commission. The chief of police had ordered him to search my papers and summon me to the police station.

I remained as calm as possible outwardly, and asked the cause of such a measure. He excused himself, saying he was only carrying out his orders, but he thought he had heard that I was
in correspondence with a certain Weigelt (this was, as I have said, the name of our preacher in Hamburg). I smiled, and said they must be kept busy if they searched the papers of every-body who corresponded with this kind, gentle man, who did not concern himself with politics at all. He asked whether the room in which we were was mine. I said "No."

"But you were writing when I entered?" he said, and went to the table on which lay my portfolio with the half-finished letter. He took these things, bowing to me as if to excuse himself. Anger welled up in me as I saw his vulgar hand grasp the pages on which I had written the thoughts and feelings which one confides only to friendship. What kind of civilization was this, where such barbarities could be practised? I should prefer the oriental custom which sends a suspect straight to the rope without offending the most sacred thing he has, intimacy of thought and feeling, in the name of justice and the law.

The official asked to see my room. The outer door was locked on the inside, and one could only get in by going through Anna’s bedroom. As the official told me I could not leave his sight, I had to call Charlotte and ask her to unlock my door from the inside. She was naturally much upset over the unex-pected visit, and unfortunately lacked the presence of mind to take at least Theodore’s letters away, and save these precious souvenirs from the profanation which awaited them, while I went around through the hall with the official to get to the outer door of my room.

I saw with indignation and irony that an armed soldier, to whom the official handed my portfolio, stood in the hall. Did they really believe that I would receive the peaceful messengers of public order with a revolver in my hand? Was this the way the police understood the emancipation of women? It was prob-ably on account of this mistake that the official was so ashamed and embarrassed.

In my room he went directly to the desk, and took all the papers, casting hurried glances through them. Among these was a little pack of separate sheets of notes I had made during the lectures in Hamburg. I knew that there was one single sheet among them which could serve a suspicious police as a corpus delicti, although it contained nothing that would endanger the
safety of the country. It was simply a list of words and expressions agreed upon with friends in Hamburg by which we could communicate with each other unconstrainedly; but it was well known that in the times in which we lived the maintenance of a secret correspondence would be considered a great crime by the officials.

I took the little packet of sheets and leafed through them under the official's eyes, saying: "You see these are scientific notes, and have nothing to do with politics." He gave them a hurried glance and continued to empty the desk drawer. In that instant I shoved the one paper into my pocket unnoticed, and handed him the packet, which he put with the other things.

After everything was packed together, the official asked to speak to Charlotte alone, while I was forced to stay in my room. Then he insisted upon going into poor Anna's room; her headache was made worse by all the excitement. When he saw that she was really sick he mumbled an apology and withdrew. Before leaving, he repeated to me the command to appear at police headquarters within an hour, bowed very low, and said with emotion: "As a man I beg your forgiveness for what I have had to do as an official."

"I have nothing to forgive," I replied. "On the contrary, I pity you. It must be sad when the duties of an official and those of a man stand in such contradiction."

After he had left, I found Anna in tears, and the relatives with whom she lived in great dismay. I was the calmest of all, for I had need of my presence of mind for what lay before me. They all trembled for me, thought of prison and all possible terrors; yet I had to go.

I went alone, and on foot. I did not want to compromise anybody, and wanted to conduct myself as simply as possible. At the police station I asked for the official with whom I had been told I should have to deal. I was looked at suspiciously, and a door was opened for me in a rather insolent way. I now entered a hall where many officials sat working at desks. They looked at me, smiled and whispered. Again I asked scornfully for the particular official. They showed me another door. I had to pass through several more rooms like this one until I finally reached the office of the chief of police. He received me politely, asked
me to be seated on the sofa, while he sat on a chair next to it. The light fell full on my face when I turned towards him, while he sat in the shadow—probably a police measure whereby to see more easily signs of guilt in the face of the accused.

He began by telling me how unpleasant it was for the government to have to take such steps against a woman of a universally respected family, whose own brother held a prominent position here in Berlin. He asked me how it happened that I had so far changed my views from those of my family, and how it was that I followed a path separating me forever from the society in which I was born and brought up. I asked him if he did not believe that women, also, could have opinions of their own and the courage to practise them. Instead of answering, he shrugged his shoulders and commenced a regular trial. The sly and yet stupid way in which he conducted it instilled in me an extraordinary contempt.

I gave him only very short answers. The simple and upright admissions I made seemed to confuse and shame him. He asked if I was in communication with any émigrés in London. I answered that I had friends there with whom I corresponded. He seemed to want especially to know whom I knew and saw in Berlin, naming the editor of the Democratic paper. I said that I had got to know him through an article I had sent him. Then he spoke of "certain other people" who must also have come to see me. This I denied.

When the official saw that he received not the smallest admission of any kind of guilt, he suddenly changed his manner. He became confidential and friendly, and begged me to believe that this was all for my good; that they wanted to do a service to a family of high standing, and lead me back to the path which I ought to follow according to my upbringing and rank. I thanked him ironically for this solicitude; regretted to say, however, that I could follow no other path than that which my conscience prescribed.

When he saw that this method also failed, he tried something else, pointing out that I was perhaps wrong to rely on those whom I called friends; that Charlotte had not shown herself too tender towards me in the talk which she had had with the subordinate official. That was the first real blow to me. All
the losses and dangers that perhaps awaited me had not yet been able to shake me, but that one of those who shared my loneliness and knew my character and my experiences could have betrayed me, that took effect. Nevertheless I answered curtly that I did not believe it.

Finally, when he saw that this too did not help, he said: "I see that I can do nothing with you. I must get fresh instructions and read your papers. Day after tomorrow, at the same hour, you must come here again. Furthermore," he added with a sly smile, "it is probably unnecessary to tell you that you need not wait the expiration of your certificate of residence."

I answered him: "You mean to say I must leave Berlin? That I will gladly do, because my stay here will no longer be a pleasant one."

"Yes, the thick bureaucratic air here is suffocating, isn't it?" he asked with a cunning smile, rubbing his hands with pleasure.

I looked him firmly in the eye and answered: "That is an expression which I used recently in a well-sealed letter to a friend in Hamburg."

He was somewhat confused, for he had clearly shown me that my letters were being opened and read. I bowed and left. As I went out of the building, I felt my strength giving way. I threw myself into a cab and drove home, where I found everybody in the greatest excitement. Anna embraced me in tears; she thought she would not see me again, that they would surely take me to prison. In my heart was only one painful thought, doubt of Charlotte, which the police chief had aroused. I took her aside and told her frankly what that man had said of her. It was not difficult for her to convince me that the official had lied shamefully.

Everyone in the house was of the opinion that I should leave immediately, without waiting for the second examination, before the path to freedom might be barred me. I was not yet prepared for this decision. I wanted to stay to prove my innocence and to get back my papers, the loss of which hurt me inexpressibly. But Anna implored me not to gamble with my liberty. She proved to me, rightly, that they could find hundreds of pretexts in my papers for at least an investigatory arrest, which would not only be injurious to my weak health,
but would also be a thousand times more painful to my family than absolute separation.

I had to admit she was right, and determined to go. Anna and Charlotte begged me to rest a little after the terrible excitement of the morning while they made the necessary preparations for me. Luckily by living very economically I had saved a little sum, sufficient for the trip to England. I took only a satchel with a few necessary articles. Anna undertook to send the rest of my things later on.

When dusk came I bade them farewell. All of them embraced me, weeping and giving me blessings for my journey. Anna’s cousin, a youth of eighteen years, gave me his arm and we left the house quietly, as though to take a walk, because we knew the police were watching it. On the most popular promenade of the city we mixed with the thickest crowd of people so as to mislead any follower. Finally, at some distance away, we turned into an empty side-street where we made sure that no one was following.

We then turned to a new, sparsely inhabited part of the city where lived a young couple whom I had known in Ostend and seen several times since my arrival in Berlin. They were kind, cultured, democratically inclined people, and had not been compromised. I planned to spend the night with them and leave early in the morning, which I could not have done from Anna’s house without being noticed. The young people were luckily alone, and not a little disturbed when they heard the cause of my visit. They offered me their help in the kindest way.

Anna’s cousin left to call for me early next morning in a carriage. My hostess did everything to comfort and encourage me. Her husband went at a late hour to ask one of his friends, an authentic Democrat who had fought for the people in ’48, to accompany me next morning, as he considered it wiser for me to have an experienced man as a companion. During his absence of several hours, his wife and I sat together, absorbed in conversation about the great problems of life, because neither of us felt like sleeping. All my energy had returned, and I felt strong enough to deal with fate. Toward morning the two men came. Deeply moved, I thanked the total stranger for undertaking such a hazardous venture. He assured me that it was a simple duty of solidarity of views; and I realized that this dedi-
cation to an ideal was a more noble knighthood than any other.

At break of day Anna's cousin came for me in an open carriage. We thought it better to drive to the next railroad station in the carriage, as my departure might possibly be hindered at any of the stations in Berlin. It was towards the end of May and an unusually warm spring morning. Even at this early hour it was already stiflingly hot, and a storm was brewing. The drive was pleasantly shortened by the interesting talk of my generous escorts. At the station we breakfasted in an arbor while the storm came closer. We were almost gay, and I said in jest, "For whom are these thunderclaps, me or my enemies?" As I sat in the train and the signal for departure was given, I shook hands with my escorts for the last time, and said: "It was for them; I am going to Freedom."

During the trip to Hamburg I was aware of the abominable feeling of fear which despotic, unclean, suspicious governments instil, and against which innocence is no protection. I thought with horror of all the noble souls who had fallen into their hands and been sacrificed as veritable martyrs in the prisons of my fatherland, in the murderous climate of Cayenne and other sad places, in which brute force held imprisoned intelligence, virtue and patriotism. I looked distrustfully upon every person who entered the compartment, pressing into the corner at every station so as not to be seen.

At last I arrived without hindrance and went immediately to Emily, who was at first distressed and then delighted at the turn of my fate. The Democrat was also delighted. They quickly arranged for my departure. An English boat was sailing the following morning, and they engaged passage for me. My last concern was to write to my sister, telling her that when the news of my departure became known I would already be on the high seas and in safety; I begged her to comfort my mother and tell her that I did not break my promise voluntarily.

At ten o'clock that night the Democrat and an honest carpenter who had been an old friend of mine accompanied me on board. They stayed with me on deck until midnight. We shook hands. "We shall meet again only when the Fatherland is free; otherwise I shall die far from it," I said to them. They were too moved to speak. But I knew that I would live in their hearts.
Thus I embarked in flight, alone and deeply distressed. If consideration for my mother had not kept me from going to America, to that free country where I could have lived according to my convictions without being in constant opposition to the society in which I was born and hurting my family's feelings, then I could, by this time, probably have established myself on that side of the ocean. Once I had wanted to leave my fatherland of my own free will because the ideal I dreamed of was not being realized; now, however, seeing the German coast fade behind me, with only green waves and a blue sky visible, I felt that it is bitter to be forced to flee from home into exile.

I was landing alone, expected by no one, scarcely knowing where to turn. Although I knew the English language thoroughly, I could hardly understand the guttural sounds on first hearing them spoken by the people. Inspection of the only travelling bag I had with me was soon over. A pleasant feeling of freedom came over me when no passport was demanded. I could go where I pleased, and after reaching London I begged an official to tell me how I could reach St. John's Wood, where lived the exiled friends to whom I thought of turning. He showed me, quite civilly, a large omnibus which would take me there. I handed the driver my bag, told him the address and resigned myself to fate.
I had thought my trip was ended, but soon observed that I had started on another. We drove through streets and over squares, over squares and through streets, without number and without end. The dismal, high houses, the gray sky, the noise of the never ceasing stream of carriages, the throngs of pedestrians crowding the sidewalks in feverish haste, as though life depended upon their overtaking one another—all this confused and deafened me. My neighbor explained to me that this was the “City,” the center of the trade and business life of London.

After that we came into more beautiful, broader streets with palatial houses bearing the unmistakable signs of a life of splendor and power, but always covered with the veil of gray, lead-colored sky; that was the “West End,” the home of the aristocracy.

Finally, after a drive which seemed to me to last an eternity, we reached a part of the great city where everything took on a friendlier and more homelike aspect. Pretty, new little houses, built in the most varied styles of architecture and surrounded by neat gardens, made a friendlier impression after the dark stone buildings; so did the broad, unpaved streets on which the rattle of carriages was less noisy, and where the pedestrians walked quietly instead of chasing one another in fearful haste. One felt here that one could live and breathe peacefully and I was pleasantly surprised when our omnibus stopped and the conductor told me that we had reached our destination. It was but a step from this corner to the house I was looking for.

He gave me my travelling bag, I held out a hand full of small English coins, letting him take what he wanted, as I did not know their value well as yet. Then he went off in another direction, leaving me on the corner alone. I took my bag and walked on, not without inner excitement, toward the house where I hoped to find the friends who were my sole point of contact in London.

In front of the little cottage which, like almost all the houses of that part of London, had besides the house number a special name on the gate, I stood still a moment to stop the violent beating of my heart. Over this gate was certainly not written: “Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’entrate!” On the contrary, if there was anything left me to hope for on earth, it
would have its source behind that door; but was there anything at all for me to hope for in this world? Was the struggle for bare existence worth beginning anew?

I finally decided to ring the bell, and asked the maid if Mrs. Kinkel * was at home. She led me into a room on the ground floor and left me, soon returning with a piece of paper and a pencil and asking me to write down my name. I wrote only my first name and she went upstairs with it. Soon after, I heard joyous voices, hasty steps rushing down the stairs; the door flew open, and before I could realize anything, I was embraced by large and small arms and greeted with shouts. Deeply touched, I felt that the compensation for the bitter cup of exile was that those who had never before met immediately recognized each other as children of the same ideals and felt drawn to one another without having to go through the conventional forms which society, whose main purpose is to hide one from another, considers necessary.

After the first storm of questions and answers had subsided, after they had expressed their surprise and indignation over the cause of my flight, I was able to get a clear impression of my new friends. Johanna Kinkel had nothing in her appearance that one could call pretty or charming; her features were strong, almost masculine, her complexion strikingly dark, her figure massive, but above all this shone a pair of wonderful dark eyes, which denoted a world of thought and insight, and in the rich modulations of her deep full voice there was an abundance of feeling, so that, on first impression, one could not possibly say: "How ugly this woman is!" One had to say: "What a remarkable woman! How fortunate I am to be able to know her better!"

Kinkel, on the contrary, in spite of the suffering he had gone through, was in the prime of his manly beauty. His manner had something gentle, delicate, even refined, which, con-

* The Kinkels were among the most famous of the German exiles. He had been professor at Bonn, poet and editor, and leader in the uprisings of 1848 and 1849. Imprisoned and sentenced to death for his liberal activities, he was rescued dramatically by Carl Schurz (see p. 151). His wife is still famous as composer of The Soldier's Farewell ("How can I bear to leave thee—?"). As kindred spirits, Malwida had long corresponded with them.
trasted with Johanna's coarser manner, one might perhaps call effeminate; he was polite to the point of gallantry, most animated in conversation, and full of humor to which he sometimes purposely gave a touch of frivolity. He met me with the kindest frankness, and yet I felt from the first that, in spite of those brilliant traits, he would never mean as much to me as Johanna. However, his perfect reliability which shone through the various mannerisms, plus his true German loyalty, honesty and manliness, formed the basis of a lasting friendship which has stood the test of long years and many changes of fortune. The four children were still too young to know much about, except that their cheerful, confiding manner and their mental alertness made a very pleasing impression.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Kinkel went into the question of the practical side of my life with the most touching solicitude. Under no circumstances would I accept their proffered hospitality longer than for the first day. I knew how limited were their means, and how hard they had to struggle to live in this country where work is better paid than elsewhere but where the cost of living is also proportionately higher. Johanna, who fortunately had no urgent work on this particular day, came out with me, and by chance we found a small lodging very near them. After I had dined and spent the evening with them as cosily as though I were at home, Kinkel accompanied me to my new abode, leaving me at the door with encouraging words and wishes.

Scarcely had I closed the door of my narrow, ugly little room, when the full meaning of my forlorn situation swept over me. For the first time in my life I was entirely alone, far from all I loved, on foreign soil, with scanty means, looking toward a future which loomed dreary and unpropitious. The affectionate reception at the Kinkels' had done me good, but I could not depend on them for everything. They also had to fight the hard struggle for existence in this stormy sea of life called London. Even with the best intentions, they had no time for me, and time is everything in London—the basic capital which each and everyone strives to put out at as high an interest as possible. The only thing I could see was to give lessons, and thus be in the disagreeable position of having my friends have
to secure pupils for me. Thoughts of the past tormented me even more than worry over the future. Fear of how my mother had received the news of my flight, what my friends in Berlin might have had to suffer after my departure, sorrow over all that I had lost forever—when I finally lay down these cares stood about my bed like pale spectres, keeping away the sleep which I so badly needed.

The next morning a little courage returned with the light of day and I began to look around my quarters. I lived on the ground floor of a house which had two windows in front and three floors above mine; the landlady's kitchen and bedroom were in the basement. In front of the house was a small square space with a couple of straggly shrubs covered with dust and a tiny plot of grass shut off from the street by a fence and a gate, through which one entered. Each floor contained two rooms, a front one, and a bedroom behind it; those on the ground floor were small because the front door and hall took up some of the space. The front room on the ground floor in England is always called the parlor (that is, the talking room) and usually serves, if only one family lives in the house, as a dining room. When there are several boarders the landlady keeps this room, letting the boarder in the bedroom behind have the use of it.

This was the arrangement I had made. I had rented only the little back bedroom, but could use the parlor for my work in the daytime with the understanding that I might be subject to momentary interruptions by the landlady who received her visitors there. However, there was no choice. My bedroom held a huge bed, a washstand and two chairs, and there was just room enough left for my trunk. It opened onto a dismal little court, and therefore had neither the space nor the proper light for working. I did not have the means to rent one of the upper floors.

This description serves for all the houses of London, except that in the richer, more dignified ones the dimensions are different and the house is occupied by only one family. My landlady did not own this one, she had only rented it for a number of years, had furnished it, and now was subletting it. This is very generally done in England, and forms the means of livelihood of an entire class of people, and sometimes also their ruin,
I now tried to become acquainted with my landlady. She was a widow and had lost her only son a short time before. During our first talk she immediately told me all this, portraying her natural grief with such comic, boastful pathos that my sympathy was somewhat diluted with amusement. Sorrow had apparently not harmed her health; she was round, fat, and copper-red of face. This glowing color was, as I soon noticed, the result of her constant enjoyment of gin and brandy which she, like many other Englishwomen of her class, imbibed all too freely. These other gods, which she honored along with the God of her Anglican church, would have made her most anti-pathetic if there had not been a comic side to her and had she not been such a marked national type that it amused me to study her.

She was Mrs. Quickly come to life, right out of Shakespeare’s Henry V and needing only a Falstaff to complete the picture. She behaved very strangely. I saw her only in the house, and never in any other garment than a short, shabby little old velvet coat and, on her head, a bent old black hat with faded mourning flowers. I soon noticed that this was her usual mode of dress, and when I had seen more of London I understood why. In London, no woman of the people, no maid, takes a step out of the house without a hat on her head, and this is one of the worst of English prejudices. Where the clean little white cap of the French maid looks pretty and decent, this hat of the Englishwoman, usually dirty and misshapen, trimmed with faded flowers or ribbon, is a horrible sight.

To help clean the house Mrs. Quickly had only a fourteen year old girl, a small, thin, dirty creature, whom she declared she was making happy by giving a thorough, practical education. This education consisted of making her do all the heavy work, and run errands from morning till night, so that she sometimes dropped from sheer fatigue. If she had not done enough to suit Mrs. Quickly, or if gin had befogged the latter’s mind to such an extent that not a vestige of reason remained, the poor little thing would get a box on the ears. She often lectured the girl with high sounding phrases which never got beyond a certain set beginning. In later years I often thought of her when I saw that splendid comedian Robson in one of
those favorite roles where he tries, while intoxicated, to give a definition of the perfect person, and never succeeds in getting beyond the first three words.

However, in spite of her failings I wanted to stay on good terms with her. In the beginning I listened with the utmost patience to her tales of woe, all of which turned upon the one theme of her lost son whose unequaled virtues she praised in bombastic sentences. I did not want to make any more work for the poor servant girl, and, being accustomed to waiting on myself, I did not call on her for any personal favors. One day I went down into the kitchen to get an iron to press my dress. The kitchen was Mrs. Quickly's kingdom; here she reigned supreme, and the girl was not even allowed to go near the saucepans. Mrs. Quickly looked at me with utter amazement when I came in, but when I told her my errand her surprise changed to anger.

"What!" she exclaimed. "A lady wants to iron in the kitchen? That is impossible."

With an air of offended majesty she pulled the dress away from me, ordered the little girl to put wood in the stove and to attend to the dress; then she turned to me again, and, with the countenance of a tragedy queen, said,

"You are a foreigner. You do not know our English customs. We consider it very unladylike for a lady to come into the kitchen—and to iron a dress besides—! No, Ma'am, please to ring the bell when you need anything; otherwise you will ruin my servants."

Very much ashamed at my ignorance of the moral code in these matters, I crept back into my parlor and laughed heartily when I looked at this dirty, badly furnished little room on the ground floor and thought of what a tremendous abyss the barriers of prejudice had dug between it and the kitchen in the basement.

Then I became sad because I saw that I, who had gone through so many painful struggles to get away from prejudices, would have to face others even more stupid in this country without being able to conquer them. Having to earn my living, I would be dependent on a society so jealous of its savoir vivre that it looks upon each deviation from convention as a mortal
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

sin, I was facing one of the most terrible of social problems,—
that of being a hypocrite, of debasing myself for the sake of
my daily bread. Bitter thoughts besieged my soul and increased
my melancholy. I had no longer the elasticity of youth, nor the
unlimited belief in the future which carries one across abysses.
My wounds were still too fresh.

At last I received letters from Germany. First a gratifying
one from my favorite pupil in Hamburg, a very gifted girl of
seventeen who loved me devotedly. Then came sad letters from
my sisters telling me of the effect my enforced departure had
had on my family, especially on my mother who had learned
of it first through the papers. Naturally their pride was deeply
hurt, but still more were their hearts made anxious by anxiety
over my uncertain fate, and even the comforting letters I had
written of my safe arrival and of the kind reception I had met
with at the Kinkels' did not lessen their grief.

Letters soon came from Anna, who had been very much
annoyed by the police after my departure. They had come to
inquire about me, and as I was not to be found she was ordered
to police headquarters and was questioned by the same repulsive
person who had questioned me. Finally, convinced that she knew
nothing of the plots and crimes of which they held me guilty,
they let her go, but of course she had suffered under these tor-
menting ordeals. All this news weighed heavily on me. My
heart was filled with great bitterness, and for the first time
I felt my idealism, my belief in something higher and better
than the brute force surrounding us everywhere, beginning to
waver.

Meanwhile, I felt the need of work. In spite of my economical
mode of life the small amount of cash I had brought with
me was dwindling fast. This money I owed in part to the
generosity of a friend in Hamburg, without whose help I could
not have made the trip to England. I could not count on my
small income for any length of time, and anyway, it was noth-
ing as compared to the most modest demands of living in
London. I had vowed never to ask help from my family, not
because I doubted their willingness to give it to me, but because
I looked upon it as a solemn duty to go my chosen way alone,
and to bear its worries and cares by myself without burdening others who were not in sympathy with it.

Therefore I began to look about for work, especially for a place as governess, as I saw that all too many people were giving language lessons. At the same time the thought of being a governess in an English household was terrible to me. I knew that in England these are creatures who form a special class of society, a something between master and servant, with limited social consideration, the narrowest horizon of pleasures and recreation, and an immoderately long list of tasks and duties. I had strong doubts as to whether my health could stand the strain of such a life, regulated as it was only according to the needs of others and never according to my own. Furthermore, and this was my principal objection, I had a horror of hypocrisy, which I would necessarily have to practise.

In the first few days after my arrival in London a young girl called on me who had been a pupil in our college and now held a position as governess. She told me that one of the chief duties of such a position was to accompany the pupils to church on Sundays. In liberal homes, like the one she was in, once only, but in orthodox families, twice. The first question in engaging a governess is about her religion. Sometimes there are objections to one church or the other—one family does not want a Catholic, the other will have no Protestant,—but a person belonging to no church—nobody would ever want her, and it would be impossible for her to find a position.

My young acquaintance, who had attended the lectures of our Free Congregation in Hamburg every Sunday, declared herself Protestant and had to go to church regularly with her pupils, but as she had a jolly, sensible disposition she thought of all sorts of ways to smooth away the boredom of the monotonous and endless ritual of the Anglican Church, and instead of the prayer book which plays so large a part in English families and in English bookstores she would take some other book with a similar binding, *Emilia Galotti* or some other classical work, to read during the Litany. The sermon was for her a lesson in the English language, as it is understood that preachers speak the purest and best English.

The thought of having to act such a farce was most repug-
nant to me, and I was delighted when, through a German living in England, whom I had met in Hamburg and to whom I had written, a position as governess was offered me in a Jewish family. This was one of those Jewish families which, by their tremendous wealth, had conquered the opposition of Christian society and had avenged their persecuted race by forcing the persecutors to bow before the power of gold. The family was also known for its real personal merit.

I was led into the parlor, because it is there that business visits are conducted in England; only equals come into the drawing room. The first question was naturally, “What religion are you? Catholic?”

“No.”

“Oh, that’s good. Then you are Protestant. Religion doesn’t matter in my daughter’s education, the Rabbi gives her religious instruction, but I have other objections to the Catholics.”

Thereupon she asked me if I had already had charge of one or more children. I answered truthfully, “No,” but added that for several years education had occupied my thoughts and that I was confident I could undertake it. The next day I received a note in which she very politely regretted not being able to engage me, in spite of the favorable impression I had made, as the “routine” would be foreign to me.

I felt inner relief that the yoke had once more passed over me, like the ostrich who buries his head in the sand as if death, though now invisible, were not just as surely approaching. Then I wrote to the German woman who had recommended me, telling her the result of her endeavors, and before I knew it, launching into an explanation of my theories on education, which I believed were better than the “routine” of the typical governess.

She answered me immediately, saying that all I wrote coincided absolutely with her own views, that she had long yearned for someone who thought thus, and inviting me to spend two or three weeks with her at her country estate where she was at present with her family, so that we could become better acquainted with one another and be able to exchange opinions. She added very delicately that the expense of the trip might be rather heavy for me at the moment, that she could not take that burden
London—and Mrs. Quickly

upon her conscience merely for her own pleasure, and had therefore instructed her business agent in London to come to see me and make all necessary arrangements.

The agent, an amiable Englishman, came, took me to a first class compartment without my having to worry over the "how," wished me a bon voyage, and—away sped the train. I had to go through a large part of old England because my destination was in the north of Wales. In Bangor I was addressed by an Englishwoman who said that she was sent by Mrs. Schwabe* with the latter's carriage to drive me over to Anglesey where the family estate was.

My hostess received me at the door of her beautiful country house with the utmost cordiality. I was now for the first time in the midst of an English household, although my hosts were of German extraction. No one submits so easily to the customs of a foreign country, accepts foreign customs and a foreign language with such ease, and identifies himself so completely with natives as a German. Almost all German families in England, especially the richer ones, live like the English, and to such an extent that their children have forgotten their mother tongue and with pride call themselves English.

Mrs. Schwabe's household was conducted according to English custom. Her wealth took the place of noble ancestry in providing the entire machinery of an aristocratic household. There was the butler, a sort of maître d'hôtel, head of the servants, in black frock coat and white tie, the other servants, coachman, etc., all in livery, the housekeeper, the chambermaid and the housemaids, the groom—in short, all the hierarchy of English servants with their differences of rank which are held just as sacred as those of high society—all this I found in Mrs. Schwabe's house. For the numerous children there were a German tutor, a French governess, and the necessary number of upper and under nurses, and the architectural whole was crowned by an English lady, Miss B. (who met me at Bangor), who knew in every detail the English code of living.

Miss B. reigned at the midday dinner, showing no mercy

* Jane Carlyle wrote to her family (Letters edited by Aldous Huxley. Doubleday Doran, 1924), "What nice people these Manchester Schwabes of Geraldine's turned out to be! I quite took to the Lady and she to me."
to the smallest offense against those customs which by public opinion are alone considered gentlemanly and ladylike. Her watchful eye immediately detected whether or not, at the other end of the table, Master James or Master Henry had in his left hand the piece of bread which, in eating fish, takes the place of the knife which must never touch fish. If it was missing, she would call one of the servants with a nod of her head, put a small, neatly cut piece of bread on the silver tray, and say "Master James," or "Master Henry." Whereupon the offending child would return to the path of morality.

In broader fields, too, Miss B. had great practical and organizing talent. She wrote the innumerable notes and letters for Mrs. Schwabe which usually claim the entire forenoon of English ladies and which have become necessary in large cities on account of the tremendous distances and the time wasted by going in person. Besides, Mrs. Schwabe had a perfect passion for writing letters, and an incredibly large correspondence to which she could not do justice alone. Her well known generosity drew a great number of petitions and requests of all kinds, her hospitality and her numerous connections demanded endless invitations back and forth; then there were letters to merchants, dressmakers, agents of her house in town or her estates in the country, and finally the different correspondences which she carried on over most of the countries of Europe, often with eminent persons in all classes of society. Her study was like a Premier's office where she sat at a desk covered with papers of all kinds, while Miss B. worked and dispatched with the skill of a cabinet minister, at the same time cutting and shortening wisely and moderately the detailed outpourings of her chief.

Miss B., entrusted with all the details of the family's life, devoted herself to them with the utmost loyalty, living for their interests as though they were her own. Of course she was firm in retaining her own point of view; she had two ideals toward which she would have liked to guide at least the younger generation, namely, the aristocracy and the English High Church. She dreamed of aristocratic marriages for the young people, and of the return to the bosom of the one church which alone brought salvation, for the parents subscribed to the Uni-
tarian faith and were bringing the children up in their own beliefs.

The morning after my arrival I was frightened by the roaring sound of an instrument which I had so far heard only in the opera *Norma*, when the priestess beats with a club on a brazen shield to call all the people together. I thought this must be a signal for breakfast, and hastened to follow the deafening call.

A butler opened a door and I entered a library. In the center stood a desk on which a large Bible lay open. Mr. Schwabe was seated before it. All the occupants of the house down to the very last servant sat around him in a half circle and in solemn silence.

I was offered a seat, and after an introductory prayer Mr. Schwabe began to read a chapter from the Bible and then a sermon by Channing,* the head and ideal of the Unitarians. After this the Lord's Prayer was recited, and then everyone knelt down to pray silently. With this the house service was over and everybody returned to his day's duties, the masters to command, the servants to serve and obey, and thus was restored the earthly order which had momentarily been interrupted by the invisible presence of God.

I was very pleasantly impressed by this manner of beginning the day, which is the same in most English families, especially in the country. Nevertheless, I thought it my duty to tell Mrs. Schwabe that I would not come to these morning prayers as religious forms meant nothing to me. With her great kindness she had found the true spirit of tolerance, told me to do what I thought best, and did not for a moment let it affect her feeling and sympathy toward me. I noticed, however, that others of the household, especially Miss B., did not look upon me quite as favorably after that, even though they, and especially the latter, never deviated from strict conventional politeness.

Besides Mrs. Schwabe, I had another member of the family on my side, namely Mr. Schwabe, a man for whom I had great respect. He came from bourgeois stock of the type which, by its own efforts, has attained great wealth and in England especially forms a powerful, compact, active party of practical progress,

*William Ellery Channing, the American divine and anti-slavery writer.
liberal ideals, and tremendous munificence. The names of Richard Cobden, John Bright and others glorified this group, and Mr. Schwabe was a friend of all these men, always ready to help where a large public undertaking demanded it, or to lessen personal misery for the workmen in his factory by caring for their spiritual as well as for their material welfare. With this also he had the petty vanity of the parvenu and felt flattered in associating with the nobility. Though a practical business man he loved the fine arts and was an eager patron thereof. He liked music especially, and it was here that we met on congenial ground. He accompanied my singing every evening when we went through the treasury of German songs, and this raised me considerably in his estimation.

The large and magnificent house was always full of guests come on long or short visits. Here I became acquainted with the loveliest side of English life, country life on the large estates of the favored ones of English society.

Among the many visitors while I was there were several men belonging to those sharply defined types which one finds chiefly in England. These are so well-developed in their special sphere that they almost attain perfection in it, while in other spheres they may be narrow and even mediocre. Among these was an old man from Manchester who greatly interested me. He had in former times been a working man himself, then he had made a modest fortune, and now was devoting his life solely to the improvement of the penal laws and of prisons. He had been given the right to visit at will all the prisons in Great Britain in order to observe existing conditions.

As he saw that I was interested in the question which absorbed him, he proposed my going with him to the prison in the little town near the Schwabe estate. I accepted with pleasure, and one morning we walked towards our destination along lovely roads lined with beautiful foliage.

At the mention of his name the doors of the prison were thrown open, and we walked in. The prison consisted of a clean, whitewashed, rather large room with barred windows, a wooden bench and table, and wooden beds with mattresses on them. Only two prisoners were there at the time. One was a gentle, quiet-looking man who listened to my companion's kind words with
emotion, seeming to be comforted by hearing forgiveness promised the truly penitent after earthly justice had been dealt. The other, a wild-looking Irishman, listened in dismal silence, and when the old man had finished, shook his head and said stubbornly,

“What good does it do me to hope for a better life sometime in the future when I have to bear hunger and misery here? No, that means nothing to me. Take me out of prison, give me enough to eat and drink; then, when I am out of work again I will begin to drink in order to forget my misery and I will beat my wife again, perhaps kill her, and then I will be executed. Even that would be better than living like a dog.”

My pious companion wanted to reply, but the prisoner shrugged his shoulders, turned his back on us with a cry of impatience, leaned both elbows on the table, buried his face in his hands, and gave no further sign of interest in anything the old man said to him, nor did he move when we said good-bye and left. My companion was distressed over the failure of his loving admonitions, but much as I honored his views and his humane deeds, I nevertheless thought secretly that the prisoner was right.

I met another remarkable type, from the other end of the social scale, at a large dinner which set the whole house in commotion. Mr. Schwabe’s nearest neighbor was a baronet whose wife was the daughter of old Lord Amherst, who was staying with his son-in-law during my visit at the Schwabes*. In the country a rich factory owner who has earned name and position for himself by his wealth, industry and honesty associates with his aristocratic neighbors as with equals, and between these families there had already been several visits exchanged. Lord Amherst’s presence gave occasion for more. They were invited to midday dinner and accepted.

The preparations were as for a world-famous event of great historical significance. It was here that Miss B.’s talent for organization showed in all its splendor. She drew her plan of attack, holding in order with invisible threads the whole army of servants, which was increased considerably in number by putting into livery such underlings as gardeners’ boys, and
only when everything was in absolute readiness did she retire to dress.

Finally the festive hour struck, and the carriages of the nobles drove up to the large entrance of the house. White-gloved butlers stood ready to extend an arm for the assistance of ladies in alighting from the carriages, for this also is English etiquette, that a butler must never aid one otherwise than by holding out a bent arm or sometimes a pretty cane—his hand must not touch the lady’s.

Of the various guests Lord Amherst interested me most. He was a true example of the fine aristocratic man of the world in the best sense of the word; a type almost legendary today, not to be found in our modern society, interwoven as it is with the bourgeoisie and those who are noble by right of wealth alone. He was then over eighty years old, enjoyed splendid health, was very youthful and lively, had what the French call esprit in the highest degree, besides an extraordinary memory which put at his command a rich store of interesting stories. A contemporary of the great French Revolution and its two bastards of 1830 and 1848, he knew not only most of the European courts and countries, but as English ambassador he had also lived for some time in China, and had known all the eminent personages at the end of the last, and during the first half of this, century.

When I was introduced to him he immediately spoke to me in the best German, and said that he had known an excellent statesman of my name, whom, from his description, I soon recognized to be my father. After dinner the ladies withdrew according to English fashion, and I then had the opportunity of observing his daughter, who did not seem to have inherited any of the amiable and truly charming qualities of her father. She had that cold, dry manner one meets so often in England, whose reserve does not conceal hidden treasures, but only a barren mind.

When the gentlemen came back we had music. I had to sing, accompanied by Mr. Schwabe, and then Lord Amherst, who was in the jolliest mood, proposed to his daughter that they sing one of their old duets, as he was passionately fond of music and had been quite a celebrated amateur. The duet of the eighty-
year-old father and his fifty-year-old daughter was very enjoyable. It was a comic duet of the older Italian school, and the manner in which it was sung still showed the splendid method and the artistry of both singers.

The beauty of nature in this glorious countryside had more of a healing influence on me than the society, and I began to look forward with dread to my return to London and the sultry atmosphere of a refugee's life. To be sure, I had not seen much of it, but I had heard a great deal that was unpleasant. Once again I longed to go to America, to the new country where life was still untouched by the strivings of civilization, and in this mood I wrote to the Kinkels. From both of them I received the kindest answers, arguing against my fear of returning to life in London. He wrote,

"I thank you heartily for your kind letter and the breath of nature which comes to me from it. I do not, however, agree with your opinion about emigration and the stimulation of mankind by nature. To flee so far away does one no good; like the bear * bound to a post, one can only lay about one vigorously with one's teeth, until one finds peace. Only the working of history brings us a step farther, and history is struggle. Do not fall back upon Rousseau's point of view!"

Johanna wrote still more emphatically, "I rejoice with all my heart that the country makes you so happy. Just as nature affects you, so do people here whom I love and esteem affect me. Daily I feel more at home in England, and the lofty spirit of its inhabitants makes amends for what our countrymen lack. Those whom one cannot tear from the pettiness of their own personalities must be left to their fate. But that you, out of chagrin, should wish to flee to America, is impractical and not compatible with your sensible nature. You will find an atmosphere of gossip and intrigue in America just as anywhere else in the world."

I felt that they were right and decided to return to London as I did not want to impose any longer on the hospitality of my newly acquired friend. Mrs. Schwabe assured me of her warm interest and spoke of plans for the future. I left her with a deep

* Bear-baiting had been made illegal in England only about 15 years before this.
feeling of gratitude and friendship. Mr. Schwabe himself drove me over to the station in Bangor. After buying my ticket he asked if I would like to be in the same compartment with Lord and Lady Palmerston. I said I would, and he took me to a compartment which they alone occupied. Mr. Schwabe said goodbye to me, and handed me a little basket of luscious grapes from his hothouses for refreshment on the way.

It was not difficult to recognize Lord Palmerston, whose face I knew so well from the excellent caricatures in Punch. He was reading an English paper, and when he had finished he offered it to me with a few polite words in broken German, excusing himself for speaking it so badly. I answered him in English. He immediately began to converse with me, calling my attention to the two articles in the paper which he considered most important. One described the return of the young Austrian emperor from his first official trip through his states, including Hungary, which had been defeated by Russian arms and then subdued by the executioner. It further described the joyous acclamations, ringing of bells, strewing of flowers, cries of “Viva!” with which he was received in Vienna.

The second article gave an account of the departure of the first large steamboat in regular service between England and Australia, which was to make the trip in three months. It described the joyous enthusiasm with which the thousands of onlookers, coming of their own accord, had cheered its departure.

After reading both articles I returned the paper to Lord Palmerston and said to him that the enthusiasm spoken of in the second article was of much greater importance than that of the first, because it celebrated an event marking a new step in the progress of civilization, and was the spontaneous outpouring of a free people in time of peace, while the Vienna enthusiasm seemed like a shameful thing over the fresh graves of their murdered brothers and their suppressed freedom. I did not believe in the spontaneity of the latter, but thought it was ordered by the police and paid for.

He seemed astonished that a very simple looking traveller should express such opinions, and also be so bold as to offer grapes from her basket to himself and to her ladyship. The latter declined them rather haughtily, but he took some and
thanked me kindly. The conversation seemed to interest him, and he asked me if what I said was based on my own observations and if I knew what the feeling was in Germany. I replied by telling him of the conditions prevailing when I had left so short a time ago, told him that I was convinced that the reaction which was now existing with all its terrors could not last very long, and that, contrary to appearances, we were continuously striding forward toward the conquest of all despotism. He listened to me courteously and attentively.

Perhaps something like a reproach stirred his conscience when I, with intentional warmth, spoke of heroic Hungary, which could have been saved by English intervention from the yoke of Russian arms.

I knew that he was one of those statesmen whose consciences resemble the rubber figures which, on being pressed, take any form desired, and when the pressure ceases, spring back to their former shape. Otherwise he would not repeatedly have become prime minister under such various political combinations, could not have been a friend of the Emperor Nicholas and, according to rumor, secretly bribed by him, and at the same time flirt with every liberal party.

To my regret, just at the most lively part of our conversation other people got into the compartment, occupying the seats between us and so putting an end to our talking. When we arrived in London he got out first and waited for me, as I was last, and while his wife went with the servant toward their carriage he offered me his hand to alight and bade me goodbye very politely.
CHAPTER IX

Exiles in England

And so I was again in this giant stream of London life, back in my small room at Mrs. Quickly's, and asking myself, "What next?"

My friends the Kinkels decided the question by telling me they had found some pupils for me. To be sure it meant only two lessons a week, and a lesson only brought me two and a half shillings, but it was a beginning, and those five shillings a week filled part of the void which was opening in my bank account. And then giving lessons was at least individual freedom, and I would be independent after working hours. The certainty of coming back to my own modest rooms after lessons I preferred a thousand times to the luxury which would have surrounded me as governess in a rich family, luxury paid for with constant submission to a strange will, and with the pretense of a belief I no longer held. Therefore I was overjoyed with this modest beginning, and it was not without a feeling of excitement that I started on my career as a bread-winner.

I cannot say how moved I was at receiving my first self-earned money at the end of the month. Far from feeling humiliated, I can say that on the contrary money had never given me more pleasure. I had kept my word; I earned my daily bread, I worked like a daughter of the people, and I realized again that money has a moral value only when it is a medium
of exchange between the one who demands service and the one who gives it. Thus, through actual practice, I came back to my old theories of the abolition of inheritance, and again it seemed to me that morality and human dignity could only gain thereby.

Before I went to Wales I had looked about a little in the circle of émigrés (at least among the German political refugees) and there I received certain impressions which had made me wonder if it were not better to break with these connections entirely and go to America. Having returned to London, I could not help keeping up these acquaintances, partly because they sought me out and I was too lonely to shun all intercourse, partly because there were really interesting and important people among them who attracted me and from whom I could learn much. I therefore determined to see intimately only the latter, and otherwise to be an observer, very much on my guard not to get entangled in the small intrigues and ugly gossip which prevailed here as they do in the life of any community which does not combine sharply defined aims and regular activity with great thoughts or socially necessary work.

Only a few doors from me, a center for the German refugees had been formed in the house of a woman I had met in Hamburg, where she lived for some time and where she often visited the college. Finally, after the police had searched her house, she decided it would be better to move to England with her family. She was a German-Russian, from one of the best aristocratic families of the Baltic provinces, married to an elderly Lapland baron by whom she had several children. Wealthy, with a lovely figure and an attractive face, elegant and distinguished in manner, cultured, amiable, an animated and enthusiastic person, she had for some reason or other joined the Democratic party; had thereby made herself unpopular in her own country, and had left it.

As the Emperor Nicholas' arm was long, she had been constantly watched by the police in Germany and Switzerland; and as they thought she was involved in Kinkel's escape (this was not true) she had finally been driven to take refuge on the hospitable soil of England.

When she first came to London she had, like the other
émigrés, looked to the Kinkel house as the natural center of the political group which strove to keep their home ties in a distant country and to entertain each other with their mutual hopes, wishes and plans. But various ill-feelings had arisen, perhaps from misunderstandings, perhaps from really irreconcilable temperaments; also, the Kinkels had absolutely no time for idle social life, nor could they waste hours in unfruitful conferences, as they had to work hard to make a new home for themselves and their children.

Kinkel’s clear and practical view of things had convinced him from the beginning that it was necessary to avoid the oft-repeated mistake of political émigrés which Macaulay, speaking of the English refugees in Holland, describes so well,—instead of putting the time of exile to good use and spending it in fruitful work, they waste it in sterile anticipation of events which they believe will inevitably come and restore them to political power. The same thing happens to political parties as to individuals: after a great catastrophe a person always hopes in the midst of his suffering that fate will still be so good as to re-create his former happy circumstances so that in the future he can avoid mistakes and remain master of the situation. But alas! Fate is not so kind.

Only a few of the émigrés understood this, and so when the Kinkels closed their doors and let no more “time-robbers” disturb the day’s schedule the whole flock moved to the house of the above-mentioned Mrs. von Brüning, who opened it hospitably and asked nothing more than to be queen and godhead of this wandering democracy.

Mrs. von Brüning took me in kindly, but not with the same warmth that she bestowed on her other guests. There was a concealed antagonism between us from the first which was only, as I will tell later, reconciled in a solemn moment. This antagonism could surely not be explained by feminine vanity, because she must have seen from the beginning that I could not have the faintest pretension of aspiring to her position. She was beautiful, charming, much fêted; and I, whose soul was filled with such solemn, deep melancholy, in whose brain hovered dark-winged cares, I could not compete with her as the shining star of a social gathering. The mysterious thing that kept us
apart was probably this: her enthusiasm was more for personalities, mine more for principles; she with her wealth wanted to rule in the realm of democratic ideas; I wanted to serve them with the little I was and had.

Then also, she knew that I was a friend of the Kinkels, with whom she was just then on rather strained terms, and whom she did not see any more. Therefore, I was by no means a daily guest of hers like the others; in fact I went so seldom that she sent for me and reproached me for staying away so long.

Nevertheless, I was glad to join them from time to time, because I was certain of finding some interesting personalities there; among others, Doctor Löwe from Calbe, who with his clever sharp eyes seemed to gaze right into one's soul, and whose talks attracted me above all others because of their clearness, conciseness and depth of understanding.

If Löwe stood out preeminently among men of a riper age, a truly ideal youthful figure stood out among the younger people, one who towered so far above all others that, even without being a prophet, one could safely say, "He alone has a great fruitful future." I mean Carl Schurz, who through his bold rescue of Kinkel from Spandau had made a name for himself which was dreaded by some and crowned with laurel by others. Still very young, hardly twenty-two or three years old, he had already taken part in the Baden revolution with his teacher and friend, had fled in the most daring manner from the besieged Rastatt, through a sewer pipe which led from the fortress to the Rhine; thence into France; where he had, together with the great-hearted Johanna, laid and carried out a plan by which he freed his beloved teacher from the slow martyr's death of imprisonment.*

I had already met him in Hamburg when he, with a price on his own head, was on his way to Berlin, where he lived and moved about freely for several months under an assumed name and under the very eyes of his would-be executioners, without being recognized, until his preparations were ripe and he took their prey away with a sure hand.

Having spent several hours with him, I had already recog-

*News of these adventures spread to America and were a factor in Schurz's first political popularity in Wisconsin.
nized in him a highly gifted nature such as one seldom meets. Brought up in the beautiful Rhine country, though in straitened circumstances, he combined all the elements which that happy soil characteristically fosters: outwardly most simple and unassuming, he had a thoughtful, amiable disposition, a nature full of kindness and poetry, a strong and clear perception of life, very practical ideas, and that indomitable energy which is the root of a cheerful and justified self-confidence and the indispensable requisite for success.

I had been in steady correspondence with him since he had arrived in England with Kinkel after the latter's perilous escape, and thus had the opportunity of knowing better the superior gifts of this young man who, next to the Kinkels, was the one I had most enjoyed meeting in England. He called upon me soon after my arrival, and from then on I saw him almost daily, either at my house, at the Kinkels', or at Mrs. von Brüning's, where an interest far removed from politics attracted him.

Exile, instead of offering him the bitter potion it gave to others, blessed him. Among the number of political refugees was Johannes Ronge,* whose wife had become intimate with Mrs. von Brüning. She had her youngest sister visiting her, a pretty creature with a very sweet disposition whom I had known at the college, where she had been one of the best students until she left to go to her sister in London. She was a favorite at Mrs. von Brüning's, and there Schurz met and fell in love with her, and they became engaged.

This delightful young couple gave the circle at the Brünings' a special charm which was enhanced by their both being unusually musical. Schurz often accompanied the beautiful singing of his fiancée. Unfortunately they did not remain with us very long because after their marriage that summer they decided to go to America. Schurz knew that by giving lessons in England he could make a very good living, but he felt that he was fitted for bigger things, and he wanted to free himself from the useless waiting for a new uprising. He preferred to

*Founder of the Free Congregation in Hamburg to which Malwida belonged.
Exiles in England

spend his time during the rule of the reactionary party, and until a possible change in circumstances, in observing freedom in its unhampered development in America. I spent many more happy hours with the young people in their charming little country house in Hampstead. But before the end of the summer they sailed away with my sincerest good wishes.* Their departure left a deep gap in my life, and lessened the charm of the Brüning circle to such an extent that from then on I seldom went there.

As far as the other refugees were concerned, most of the foolish hopes which many of them cherished originated in Germany. There a great deal was expected of the émigrés, who were believed to have a divining-rod with which they could conjure up golden springs of help from out the earth; the émigrés themselves, on the other hand, thought it useless to look around for permanent work, as they had to be constantly on the watch, ready to rush to the help of the victorious revolution with bells and flying banners. Several times delegates from the revolutionary party came to confer on united action in case events should take a favorable turn.

The emigrant democracy was, with a few exceptions, at fault in clinging to its theoretical ideals, thereby losing sight of the surrounding conditions from which it could have learned much. Households like Mrs. von Brüning's fostered this fatal tendency. There, idle theories and empty hopes were furthered by foolish talk in which the participants exalted one another and were mutually screwed up to a fantastic pitch of certainty with regard to the happenings they dreamed of, while pleasant company, a plentiful table and material help (for Mrs. von Brüning's generosity was well known) deluded them into oblivion of the distress of the moment and the necessity for work. How the eyes of the intelligent were opened as soon as they left the narrow atmosphere of the colony of émigrés is shown by a letter from Schurz which he sent me from America a few months after his arrival. He wrote in part:

*Schurz was to become politician, brigadier-general in the Northern Army, U. S. Senator, and Secretary of the Interior in President Hayes' Cabinet, and the father of the Civil Service.
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

*I have not yet seen much in America, but I have learned a great deal. This is the first time I have lived in a democracy or seen how a free people acts. I confess without a blush that previously I had only a feeble conception of it. My political opinions have undergone a sort of inner revolution since I have been reading in that book which alone holds the truth: the book of actuality. When I think of most of the passionate professional revolutionaries, as exile has shaped them, or most of the liberal women of the upper classes, with their sentimental democracy, set down in these surroundings; when I think how horribly they would go on—the former about the behavior of the bourgeoisie and the intrigues of the parsons, the latter about the unbridled violence of the people; and how both of them would come to the conclusion that there was nothing to this Eldorado—then I begin to be fearful for the future European republic, which will have to be built on these two elements.

"It is true that the first sight of this country fills one with blank astonishment. On the one hand you see the principle of individual freedom driven to an extreme—contempt of their own freely-made laws; on the other, you see the crassest religious fanaticism boiling up into brutality; here you see the great mass of working people with the fullest opportunity for emancipation, and alongside it the speculative frenzy of Capital swarming into incredible undertakings; here is a party which calls itself 'Democratic' and at the same time is the chief support of the institution of slavery; there is a party which thunders against the heaven-shrieking injustice of slavery, but founds all its arguments on the authority of the Bible and lives in an incredible spiritual subjection; here is the uncontrollable spirit of emancipation; there, the active lust for oppression—all these in full freedom, helter-skelter, in kaleidoscopic confusion.

"The democrat who comes from Europe, who has lived in the world of ideas and has not yet found an opportunity to see these ideas brought down to earth and incorporated in human nature, asks in astonishment, 'Is this a free people? Is this a true democracy? Is democracy a reality if it nourishes all these opposed principles in its bosom? Is this my Ideal?' So he

*Another translation of this letter appears in The Speeches, Correspondence and Political Papers of Carl Schurz, vol. 1, pp. 5-8. (Putnam, 1913).
questions himself, despairing, and walks with unsure foot in this New World, this really new world. He observes and thinks, gradually strips away the preconceptions with which Europe has loaded him, and at last comes on the answer to the riddle: Yes, that is what people are like when they are free. Freedom breaks the chains of development. All the strengths, all the weaknesses, all the good, all the bad, appear in the light of day and in their actuality; opposed principles struggle together unhampered; outer freedom first shows what enemies there are which must be conquered in order to achieve inner freedom. He who wishes for liberty must not be dismayed because men do not show themselves better than they are. Freedom is the only condition in which it is possible for men to learn to know themselves—to see themselves as they actually are. It certainly does not in itself bring about the Ideal, but it would be a mistake to wish to force the Ideal against human nature.

"Here the Jesuits are allowed to do their work; they are not killed nor driven out—for democracy establishes the freedom of every creed as long as it does not infringe on the civic freedom of others—nor are they fought with the weapon of official authority, but only by public opinion. This is not only more democratic but more politic, for if the force of public opinion moves slowly against spiritual slavery, that is only a sign that men are not yet mature enough to move fast. This method has the advantage that it moves always step by step with the view-point of the multitude; therefore its victories are slower, less brilliant, but more enduring and more decisive.

"So it is with everything here. The European revolutionary gets impatient with it, and wants to start a fight; but men are so made that they will not allow themselves to be knocked into rationality; and true democracy is so made that in it public opinion reigns, not as it ought to be, but as it is. It is my firm conviction that the European revolutionaries will drive any forthcoming revolution straight on to the rocks of reaction by their sheer lust for power, their sheer insistence on quick and positive betterment. Every glimpse into the political life of America strengthens my conviction that the task of a revolution can be no other than to make room for the will of the people; i.e., to break down every authority which has been incor-
porated in the life of the state and to throw open the bounds of individual freedom as far as possible. Then the will of the people will pour out; it will do plenty of stupid things, but that is its nature; no matter what is done for it beforehand, it will still, when it is freed, perpetrate stupidities. Yet each of these stupidities achieves something; while the wisest thing that can be done for the people achieves nothing until public opinion itself has caught up to it. Till then the appropriate force of authority must support the superimposed achievement or it will totter. But if achievements exist only by grace of authority, then democracy is in a bad way.

"Here in America, every day shows how little a people really needs to be ruled. Indeed, what would be shudderingly called a state of anarchy in Europe exists here in most beautiful bloom. There are governments, but no rulers; there are governors, but they are paid employees. Here in America the great educational institutions, churches, commercial undertakings, etc., owe their existence not to official authority but to the spontaneous cooperation of private individuals. Here one gets a glimpse of the productivity of freedom. In one place there is a magnificent church—a brewing concern built it; in another, a university—a rich man founded it with a legacy which now forms its capital stock, while it is run almost entirely on donations; elsewhere, an orphan asylum of white marble—a wealthy citizen erected it; and so it goes on endlessly. Here one realizes for the first time how superfluous governments are in a number of circumstances, whereas in Europe they seem indispensable, and how the possibility of being able to do things awakens the desire."

I was most interested in these revelations of my young friend, the justice of which with regard to America as well as to the democratic refugees and the revolution became evident to me. I had seen too much of the doings of the revolutionaries in the old world, not to understand the natural development of freedom in the new world. Only one thing I thought I must cling to, the misunderstanding of it on his part seeming to me erroneous; namely: the possibility of a more artistic form of free life, in Germany at least, when once the idea of freedom had fully taken root and had developed from within. Otherwise I agreed absolutely with Schurz that the grafting of
the forms of a free government, a purely theoretical freedom, on the living but still immature body of the people can never bear fruit.

In Europe, the desire for freedom came from other circumstances than in America. There a new society, without an historical past, without a national tradition, without any national ideal except that of individual freedom, had developed from the most varied races on the foundation of liberal institutions; it could, since it had endless room for development, try all kinds of experiments; and each party and every individual would have free play for developing. In Europe, however (and I mean especially Germany, which I feel I may look upon as unique among the revolutionary countries of Europe) theoretical democracy had of necessity to free itself first from the fetters of tradition, and then to make more or less convulsive attempts at attaining reality. There must be no clumsy experiments; perhaps the school through which the German people, always prudent and not anxious for innovations, must go, would have to be long and tiresome. However, it seemed quite possible to me that even a theoretical education in freedom might well lead to the desired result, not so much in the unfolding of material interests as in the satisfaction of the ideals and the cultural urge which had been nourished in secret.

No matter how hopeless the immediate future was, however great my doubt of the ability of the revolutionary party grew, however ghastly the reactionaries, threatening with darkness and annihilation every lovely blossom, I always hoped anew with inner confidence; if dawn should ever really come in Germany, how beautiful freedom will be! As throughout German history the trend is apparent toward the South, as the northern Faust in his "dark stress" searches for the beautiful ideal of the South, so some day the German spirit, when it takes its life into its own hands, will create beauty along with freedom. Instead of, as in America, allowing the despotic spirit of old, enslaving religions to be carried on to the detriment of intelligence and morality, it will build for its new and more ideal image of freedom, new and loftier temples of liberty.*

I had had a presentiment of what these temples might be

*cf. Hitler's hold on the religion of modern Germany.
when, still in Germany, I had read three new books by the same author: *Art and Revolution, The Art of the Future*, and *Opera and Drama*, by Richard Wagner. The author, also a refugee since the Dresden revolution in the spring of '49, lived in Switzerland. I did not know him personally, but I was so mightily struck by his trend of thought, in which I recognized the gospel of Germany's future as I also dreamed it, that I wrote to him and received a friendly answer.

His musical works were just beginning to be given on the German stage, but I had unfortunately not been able to hear any of them; the text of *Tannhäuser* I had read in Hamburg with Theodore and Anna, and we were carried away by it. We all realized with joy that a new path was opened for a great redeeming art. The text of *Tannhäuser*, full of deep ethical meaning, was not a frivolous diversion after the dreary monotony of a day's work, like most of the operas given then. It riveted our attention, overwhelmed us with sympathy and pity, and filled us with the painful pleasure with which the true drama, with its tragic atonement, lifts one above the miseries of life to the sublime. I thought with delight of what this text, enhanced by music, must be in actual performance, and I longed to see it. My leaving Germany cut off all hope. I did not continue the correspondence with the genial author and composer because, being entirely unknown to him, I did not want to burden him, and also because all these redeeming thoughts of the future seemed now to have been removed beyond my reach.

I had received another strong and lasting impression from quite a different book which I had also read in Germany. This was a skeptical criticism of politics and the development of world conditions. While I was in Hamburg, a workman friend of mine came to me one day with a book and said: "The man who wrote this is one of us." The title of the book was *From the Opposite Shore*, and the author was a Russian, Alexander Herzen. I had never heard of him; in fact Russia was to me, as to most western Europeans, a *terra incognita*.

The Russian court was well known; Peter the Great, who introduced West European life into his steppes; the bloody game in which the crown of the autocrat flew from one head to another; the brilliant, frivolous Catherine II, who made eyes
across Germany at distinguished Frenchmen while she gratified chosen ones among her subjects with less platonic favors. The amiable, sentimental Alexander I was known personally, he who as victor over Napoleon marched into Paris and as victor over many women's hearts left indelible memories behind him. Finally, the stern Nicholas, whose awe-inspiring mien was known all over Europe, and whose iron sceptre weighed heavily not only on his own kingdom but on all Europe, keeping Germany especially in submission and fear. All this was known; one's idea of Russia was simply an autocratic throne.

But who knew anything of the Russian people, or Russian literature? The name of Pushkin was scarcely mentioned, as that of a Russian poet; and it was only after Baron Haxthausen's book * appeared that the Russian community was spoken of as a primitive arrangement like those which all the Indo-Germanic peoples had had and had given up with the growth of civilization.

Haxthausen's book, and the description of the communistic arrangement of the communities, which was entirely new to me, had interested me very much and had directed my thoughts toward Russia. When I looked at a map and saw that tremendous expanse of geographic sameness and, on the other hand, the complex formation of the western European countries, rent asunder by seas, rivers, peaks and mountain chains, then the thought came to me more than once that while in western Europe the development of the individual, as well as the nation, had been carried to an extreme, Russia and the geographically similar America, with their broader contours, were perhaps chosen to realize those socialistic tendencies which hovered before all our eyes as the ideal of the future, for whose fulfillment we had fought and whose downfall we were now mourning.

I had once written my thoughts on this subject to my friend in America, and he answered that he agreed with me so entirely that he had nothing to add to my comments. Therefore, being interested in Russia, I took this Russian's book with some anticipation.

*The Russian Empire*, a classic work on the Russian communes and agricultural system written by Baron August Franz Maria Haxthausen, German economist.
As it was given me by one of the workmen who were most ardent students of socialistic theories, I expected to find a new system in it. I had scarcely begun to read, however, before I felt that here was something entirely different from mere theory. A fiery stream of living perceptions, passionate sorrows, burning love, inexorable logic, biting satire, cold disdain, under which were hidden a disappointed faith, stoic renunciation, and despairing skepticism—all this flowed to me from this book, awoke a thousand-voiced echo in my soul, and enlightened me with the merciless light of truth and a harsh criticism of what we had all recently experienced, from the springtime of hope in February and March ’48 up to the 2nd of December ’52 and its aftermath of massacre, prison, and penal settlement.

How astonished I was at this reflection of our own destroyed ideals and desires, our own hopelessness and resignation, in the soul of a Russian who, as he himself says, had come to western Europe with buoyant hopes and blessed expectations and had found there nothing but what he had fled from at home. How much more was I astonished at the strength and boldness of this thinker who, instead of persisting in the illusions of the revolution after bitter disappointments, did not shrink from thrusting a knife into the wound, probing the harsh truths of historical development, seeking the source of our miscarried hopes in order to discover the cause of failure.

How delighted I was, therefore, when I heard one day at the Kinkels': "The Russian, Alexander Herzen, has arrived in London." I expressed a keen desire to meet him, and Kinkel said that nothing could be easier, as he was coming to see them in a few evenings. Several days later I really did get an invitation to come to meet Herzen.

I went with great expectations. On my arrival I found there General Haug, who lived with Herzen, and Herzen’s young and handsome son. I had also heard about Haug; I was very much pleased to meet the clever, much-travelled man, whose deeds had won my esteem, and I enjoyed the beauty of Herzen’s boy.

Finally Herzen came in, a square-built, powerful man, with black hair and beard. He had rather broad, slavic features and wonderfully brilliant eyes which, more than any others I had
ever seen, reflected his soul in the animated changes of thought. He was introduced to me and we were soon engaged in the liveliest conversation, in which the sharp flashing mind of the man I had learned to know from his book was revealed to me more forcibly by his brilliant talk.

Strangely enough, in almost everything my views corresponded more with his than with those of the others who were present; and when, after tea, according to English custom wine and thin slices of bread and butter called "sandwiches" were served and various toasts proposed, I raised my glass toward Herzen and said jokingly "To Anarchy!" Whereupon he laughingly clinked his glass against mine and answered: "Ce n'est pas moi qui l'ai dit."

He, his son and Haug accompanied me to my door, and after this evening I had the delightful feeling that an important personality had come into my life with whom I felt in absolute harmony.

One émigré house I have still to mention, to which I often went. This was that of Count Oscar Reichenbach, who with his family lived in a distant part of the city from us, and therefore came but seldom to the Brüning circle. I met them through the Kinkels, and as I was cordially invited to come often and was much attracted by them, I went as often as my time allowed; however, if I did not spend at least half a day there, it was not worth the trouble of taking the long omnibus trip. Here it was the master of the house who was the center of attraction. Count Reichenbach was the perfect type of the northern aristocrat: tall, slender, blonde, distinguished in features and carriage, outwardly cold and reserved, sparing with his words, often seemingly severe and commanding.

His rather harsh manner softened to great cordiality toward those he liked, which was doubly a surprise because it was not expected. Towards me he was always very friendly, and in spite of his intimidating me a little, I found great pleasure in his conversation. His wife, a "bourgeois," was a very congenial, generous woman.

Three young children completed the family, including also a brother of the countess. He was one of the most unusual types I have ever encountered. If he had appeared in the costume of
a Hindu beggar or a Buddhist priest, I would have found it quite natural, but to meet, in this modern world of industry, of avarice and of greed, such unselfish and incarnate love of humanity, that was indeed surprising and strange. The world could only explain his unusual conduct as a kind of insanity, and therefore years ago they had put this poor man into an insane asylum; but finally the conviction that he really was, as he appeared to be, an unusually self-sacrificing and noble creature, brought about his release. He had an extraordinary knowledge of English life and of the real, typical English customs, and through him several of the most prominent English personalities were introduced to the Reichenbach house. Among these I met the author Thomas Carlyle and his wife, and the latter especially I got to know very well later on.
My life at Mrs. Quickly's finally became unbearable; my lessons had increased in number and I needed a somewhat better home in which I could receive visitors and one more centrally located which would make it easier for me to get about. A young woman from Hamburg, the older sister of one of our college girls, who gave piano and singing lessons, proposed our taking an apartment together, thus living more economically and also more comfortably. As she was pleasant and seemed to be serious and industrious I agreed.

I therefore left Mrs. Quickly and St. John's Wood, and we moved into a pretty, rather quiet street, near one of the so-called Squares where grass, flowers and trees enliven the stone desert of London and are of great benefit to those who live near them, especially children. We had a double room on the ground floor as a common living room, and two bedrooms on the second floor, as this house, like the other one, had only two rooms to the floor. They were, however, slightly larger.

My life, though still simple, took on a more agreeable aspect. We were now the mistresses of our own rooms and the landlady could not enter at her pleasure. We were able to have our books and papers about, and on returning home in the evening, weary from our lessons, we entered a room with a good fire, a healthy though very simple dinner, and the feeling of home, which brought mutual good-will into our lives.
However, we had to work very hard for this bit of comfort. Two pounds sterling a week did not defray the cost of the mere necessities of life, there was in addition the expense of clothing which could not be neglected as the success of a teacher partly depends on that, and finally there were bus fares and sometimes even cab fares, for the tremendous distances of London make walking impossible and even with riding one must deduct ten or fifteen minutes from each hour.

What it means in the rainy season, when one can hardly see a step ahead, is surrounded everywhere by a dense, damp, stuffy, yellow atmosphere, through which the sun shines like a lantern through an oil-soaked paper, when it is often so gloomy indoors that one must light lamps at noon in order to work—what it means then to go from one lesson to another, from warm rooms into the damp cold, to wait for omnibuses on street corners, to be packed in them wet and dripping along with other wet and dripping creatures, to be content with a meager lunch snatched in a bakery between lessons, only one can know who has gone through it.

Fortunately, the German language was an essential part of every fashionable education, since a German prince was the husband of the Queen * and the language was as important at court as English. Most of those who studied it did so because it was the fashionable thing to do, though some were eager for an understanding of the German spirit and German literature.

My experience as a teacher thus brought me into contact with many phases of English life and culture, some pleasant, some not. Some of the so-called favored classes revealed shallow and unsympathetic natures, needing reforms as much as did the lower ranks, or more so, as in the poorer classes there is still chaos. Much fiery youthful ardor is suppressed by the oppressive rules of fashionable education, much talent destroyed, many a mind capable of development driven by the dull routine of study into indifference to any real understanding.

I had an example of this in the lessons I gave in one of the first families of English aristocracy. The study was a large room, one wall of which was occupied by a grand piano at which the piano teacher who was the fashion of the moment gave the

*Albert and Victoria, of course.
eldest daughter, a girl of eighteen, finishing lessons. Such lessons cost a guinea, and are therefore given only as a final varnish, any teacher being, according to the popular notion, good enough for the beginner.

In the middle of the room stood a round table at which an old English teacher taught one of the younger children; against the wall, near one window, there was a sofa on which an under governess taught one of the other little ones to read; opposite, by the other window, was a table where the German lessons were given. Between the windows the head governess sat reading, after having made the rounds to the different tables to see that the mechanism of the school room was in motion. If there was no piano lesson, then a violin teacher gave one of the boys a lesson, and all these different lessons went on at the same time.

Once in a while the door would open and the lady of the house, one of the proudest aristocrats of the three united kingdoms of Great Britain, would drag in her heavy silk dress and go the rounds, never greeting the teachers, but addressing only the children with a few words, asking them how they were getting on, if they had learned anything today, etc. Only the distinguished piano teacher, the “homme à la mode,” did she honor with a nod and a few friendly words. Thereupon she rustled out of the door again, serene in the consciousness of having fulfilled her maternal duties.

When the repetition of a showy piece which had to be practised for a musical performance became too boring the petted piano teacher would get up, warm himself at the fireplace, even stretch out on the sofa and skim through the governess’ book if she had left the room. When his three-quarters of an hour was over he would leave this educational inferno with the cheerful consciousness of having earned another guinea.

In the German corner of the room I sat through all this with one after another of my pupils. Among them was a boy of nine, who became confidential when the head governess was absent and no one could hear us. He bemoaned the boredom of his lessons, especially of those in history.

“It does not interest me,” he said, “to learn names and numbers by heart, when such and such a king was born, when he took the throne, and when he died. That is all there is to a history les-
son. I would much rather read the papers, then I could at least find out what people think and do. I would like to know something of Kossuth whom the Hungarians love so much; they tell me he is not a good man because he roused his people against the Emperor. Is that true?"

I told him that it was not so, that Kossuth wished only to free his people from unjust oppression, so that they could develop freely according to their own talents and be allowed to govern themselves as English people do. I told him that the study of history had a very different object from memorizing dates and names, that he was right to be bored by all that, but that it would seem very different to him if he were to see therein the beginning of the development of the human mind, the indissoluble link between past and present. Then he would look upon the heroes of mankind with a feeling of enthusiasm and be inspired by their example to lofty and honorable deeds.

Fortunately the boy spoke German rather fluently, and I could therefore give him all these views in a language which was a closed book to the head governess, whose conventional mind would have considered them against the rules.

However, I lost sight of the boy all too soon, and I do not know what his future was. The head governess informed me one day, with polite but forced regret, that the lessons must cease. I left with real regret at not being able to give my freedom-loving pupil more food for his yearning heart.

The position of governess is a pitiful one. She is a kind of polypus, a cross between animal and plant, that is to say, between master and servant. She is treated with disdain from above, and just as badly from below. The servants obey her unwillingly, and the upper nurse who is often old, has served two generations, and rules with absolute power in the nursery, does everything in her power to thwart the governess who receives the children from her hands.

The unfortunate creature is assigned to the study room where she spends her life with her pupils. They often expect varied knowledge of her—modern languages, music, drawing, history, geography, sewing, etc. How well she teaches is of little importance. If other teachers are engaged for special subjects she still is not allowed to leave the study room, as it would be im-
proper to allow young girls to be alone with a strange teacher. A regular walk breaks the monotony of the day.

The governess has her dinner at one o'clock with the children, and the mother usually dines with them. After that she has only tea and bread and butter at six. She never goes into the adult part of the house except perhaps for ten minutes in the evening when she takes the children in to see their parents, or when she receives an express invitation to spend the evening in the drawing room. Then she must make a grand toilette and appear in a low-necked silk gown. If she can play the piano or sing, she is a welcome means of banishing the evening's boredom, and is considered thereby more valuable, especially in the country, where there is little diversion.

The only time she can call her own is late at night in her lonely, often ugly room, which in winter is frequently cold. She is usually much too weary to do anything. Even on Sundays she is not free because she must take the children to church once or twice. Only in case the children happen to be with their parents for several hours has she any leisure.

I saw how right I was to regard such an existence with horror. My life was now full of varied experience, and I was content just as the day laborer is content when he has accomplished his day's work. But in the depth of my being there was the silence of the grave. I took the days as they came, without asking anything. I did not long to go back to Germany. What could draw me back to a country of which a friend wrote,

"The spirit of the age? What is the spirit of the age now? I do not understand why some Radicals consider your party so rich. The spirit of the age in Catholicism is the Jesuit, in Protestantism it is the inner mission, with the Freethinkers it is the belief in animal magnetism. They form the spirit of the age. And if you hope for any other you will be deceived."

In England I at least felt that I was in the midst of the currents of a free political life, and I knew that no chief of police had the right to question me about my personal views so long as I did not transgress the laws of public safety and property. This personal freedom, which protects even the criminal within his own four walls, inspired me with great respect. It gives life a background of peace which is necessary to the
development of an organized society worthy of human beings. On the other hand, in contradiction to this political freedom were certain social barriers and conventional absurdities. I had a thousand opportunities for noticing how their religion, for instance, was not rooted in a deep belief but was simply a matter of "respectability." Nothing proves this better than the truly revolting manner of keeping Sunday sacred by allowing the most grievous boredom to prevail. I have been in English homes on Sundays when the men moved only from one armchair to another, and by terrible yawning showed the barren condition of their inner minds; when the children moped about, not being allowed to play, or to read any kind of a book, not even Grimm's Fairy Tales; when the sole pleasure of the household consisted in "sacred music" strummed on the piano, or sung.

These dull Sundays are even worse for the poorer classes. Just about that time the great fight began as to whether people should have access to the museums and the Crystal Palace on Sundays. The question was discussed in Parliament, and voted down. It was feared that the churches would be left empty and morality suffer if the people began preferring heathen pictures and curiosities of nature. At least that was the only way in which one could explain the decision that churches and taverns should be the only public places that were open on Sunday. After church the beer houses were crowded, the week's wages spent, and the children at home remained without bread. Only too often the Sabbath was desecrated instead of being kept sacred.

In Mrs. von Brüning's circle we decided to take a walk through the streets on Saturday evening when the proletariat do their Sunday shopping. This was no small undertaking, and was possible only in company with several men armed with good canes. We left behind us watches, chains, purses, and other things easily stolen. One Saturday evening we started out, each lady leaning on a gentleman's arm, with a few extra men as protectors. We did not have to search far—behind many a palace there was a narrow alley in which ragged women and half-naked children sat in front of miserable hovels and with horrible language and gesture bombarded the well-meaning in-
truder and screamed for alms, always ready to take it from his pocket if he were slow or unwilling.

We saw night scenes such as only Dante described in his *Inferno*. Out of the gloomy mists of an alley in which miserable forms rose like the pale shadows of past sins we stepped into another lit by gas flames which fluttered in the wind with an uncanny glow, shining on the bloody sides of butchered meat. Cheese, fish half-rotted or dried, and the like filled the air with terrible odors. The crowd swayed and thronged, screaming, scolding, bargaining, looking as though they had risen from abysmal depths, creatures changed by misery or crime into caricatures of God's image. In the glow of gas flames they bought their Sunday feast to which hungry children had looked forward for a week.

With what hatred, contempt, scornful indifference they stared at us, creatures foreign to their world, whom curiosity had led here to gaze on torturing reality as on a play! How deeply I felt the whole damning sentence which gazed at us from those red-rimmed eyes, expressive of utter hopelessness!

Not all evenings were like this. Kinkel gave a course of lectures on the History of Art in the hall of London University, and after the lectures the audience went into the adjoining halls to see the superb Flaxman collection of pictures. I stood one evening talking with Kinkel and his wife when Herzen, who had attended the lecture with Haug and his son, joined us. I had not spoken with him since that first evening at the Kinkels', and was delighted that he should address me like an old acquaintance, making witty remarks about what we had just seen and heard which showed how his fiery spirit was able to observe sharply in other realms besides those of politics. At that time I knew nothing about him except that he lived in a little house close to Primrose Hill, in a green and open district of the London wilderness close to Regent's Park, and was very busy with literary work.

In the circles in which Herzen moved, namely those English homes which had opened their doors especially to the émigrés of the Italian democracy, I was at that time a stranger. On the other hand, another circle of emigrants had been opened to me through an old acquaintance. The reader may remember my
meeting on the trip to Ostend a young lady who was on her way to England, and who disclosed to me her lively interest in the fate of Hungary. I looked her up after my arrival in England and found that she and her husband, Franz Pulszky, were the center of the Hungarian émigrés who then were very numerous in England. Her three small sons, whom she had had to leave behind in Hungary, had been brought to her by a faithful friend. With her great talent for organization she had made a very congenial home. It may have seemed modest to her who was brought up in luxury, but to homeless exiles escaped from jail or gallows it became a true house of refuge.

She took me in with the most charming friendliness, remembered our first meeting, and asked me to come often. I found her deeply cultured, tender and yet energetic, and the sympathy which she inspired in me seemed to find an echo in her so that almost from the first there sprang up a mutual attraction which developed into warm friendship, and remained unchanged through varying circumstances.

Next to Johanna Kinkel, Thérèse Pulszky was the outstanding woman of the emigration. She was the only daughter of a rich Viennese banker, had received a very careful education under the supervision of her gifted mother, and had spent her youth in the aesthetic surroundings which only culture and riches combined can give. Married for love, she had given her new fatherland, Hungary, a warm heart, and when political storms gathered over it she had boldly taken sides with the patriots until at Hungary's fall she followed her husband to England. The Austrian government confiscated not only Pulszky's fortune but also that of his wife, and they were now stranded in exile with very limited means, a young family, and a great many claims on them from all sides.

Courageously and energetically Thérèse arranged her life. She devoted herself to literary work; she undertook the teaching of her children almost single-handed; she cultivated English society in the interests of her adopted fatherland; she took part in the political agitations which were kept up in the first few years of exile; she was the adviser and helper of the Hungarian émigrés, and often gathered at her own home a circle whose interests were varied.
There I met Kossuth* for the first time—on his arrival in England he was very much honored. In the circle of Hungarian émigrés he was still looked upon as a ruler, and surrounded by a sort of court ceremonial. The first time I went to the Pulszkys’ to an evening party I found a large gathering, mostly from Hungary. After every one was assembled the cry went up, “The Governor!” whereupon the company separated and lined up on either side of the room. Then the door was thrown open, and in walked Kossuth and his wife, behind him his small sons, and a couple of gentlemen like aides. He wore the Hungarian frogged coat, and his distinguished face, framed by a full graying beard, was serious and dignified. He bowed very graciously to both sides and then started a conversation with his favorites.

His personality did not arouse in me the wish to know him better. Just as little was I drawn to his wife, to whom I was introduced, and whose nervous, emotional temperament, ruled by an obvious pride in her husband’s position and her boys’ future, made her rather unprepossessing appearance still more unsympathetic.

I noticed one very peculiar national trait among the Hungarian émigrés which was a decided contrast with the Germans. Their patriotism had a less reflective but more immediate intensity. A single gathering like that at the Pulszkys’ was all that was necessary to call forth a fiery spirit demanding immediate action.

On this particular evening a very talented artist was there, a violinist who upon general request began playing Hungarian melodies. This set the whole gathering to longing passionately for their distant home and the wild freedom of the Puszta, and when he, worked up to an exalted pitch, played the Ragoczy March everyone was carried away in a sort of patriotic frenzy. They joined in singing, stamping their feet, calling upon Eljen, and would certainly have been prepared, had Satan appeared on the scene, to throw themselves on him in ecstasy, bound to conquer or die.

Combined with this chivalrous nature was a certain romantic

*Considered by some historians as more responsible than any other single individual for the revolutions which swept Europe in 1848.
loyalty which inspired some of them to join the leaders of their fatherland in personal service and devotion. Such a one had followed the Pulzsky family—it was he who had brought their children out from under the very noses of the victors. He remained with them like a good spirit, teaching, protecting, helping, giving up his country and its advantages even though he, not having been compromised by revolutionary activity, would have been permitted to return. In like manner Kossuth was accompanied by a chivalrous protector who made it his duty to watch over the life that was so dear to the Hungarians and to protect him from any possible danger which might befall him, even in England. This Kurvenal lavished on him the most delicate attentions, making every-day life sweeter, and mitigating the bitter cup of exile. It was touching to see with what delicacy he filled the gaps which arose in a household reduced to such limited circumstances.

I did not visit these gatherings often as my time was too limited and I was usually too tired to go to evening parties. Then, too, a sudden heart attack confined Mrs. von Brünning to her bed and this took me to her oftener than before. This woman, who, at the time of her splendor, had often repelled me by vanity and frivolity, now became dear to me. The patient cheerfulness with which she bore her suffering, the stoical, smiling peace with which she saw inevitable death approaching, touched me greatly. When the small circle of faithful friends sat around her bed she often spoke of her end, and it could certainly be said that she who had given up all belief in personal survival approached annihilation very gracefully.

After Mrs. von Brünning’s death the whole circle which had formerly gathered at her house was dispersed. The family left England. The Reichenbachs, Löwes, and others went to America. They all tried to persuade me to go with them, and for a moment I wavered, but aversion to starting life all over again for another time, and the fear of giving my mother another shock when she had barely recovered from the first, held me back. However, I felt very sad at seeing them all leave, especially the Reichenbachs whom I really loved and over whose fate I was very much worried.
Malwida's sister, Louise von Meysenburg Needle.
Spring had come when I received a letter from Herzen telling me that his two little daughters had remained with friends in Paris since his wife's death, but that he wanted them back on the anniversary of that event, and desired my advice as to how he should arrange for their lives. He did not want to put them into an English boarding-school for he had a horror of the hypocrisy of English life. He had confidence in me, and if I would agree to give the older ones lessons he would be very much pleased.

I answered that I still had a few free hours in which I could give his child lessons, that I would gladly do so, and then we could talk over what was best to be done in addition. I expressed my full sympathy for his personal fate which had included misfortunes culminating in the most terrible of all—his wife's death—and I told him how happy I should be to help mitigate the bitterness of this fate by taking charge of the children to whom he clung with such devotion.

A few days later he came to see me, bringing his elder daughter, a child of seven with large, beautiful eyes and an unusual expression of mingled energy and gentle fervor, an unusually pretty child of a foreign type which, her father told me, was real Russian. She won my heart immediately, and it touched me deeply to see with what tenderness her father cared for her.

The next day I went to the new house which he had taken in one of the large squares of London, and found a German nurse sewing and in a large armchair next to her my acquaintance of the previous day. Next to her was a small girl of two, very lovely. Herzen soon came in and initiated me into his household affairs.

The house was simple but well organized. The son had his teachers, the little girls were cared for by the German nurse, and now I had come to give the elder lessons. After these lessons, Herzen often invited me up to his rooms and began acquainting me with Russian literature by reading translations of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Gogol and others, and by giving me vivid descriptions of Russian life and customs in general.

This new world opened up to me an interesting horizon. I found a great deal in its simplicity that was charming. The hours in which the gifted Russian set before me the unknown
world of his large and distant home were an oasis in the monotonous desert of my life, and soon this house with its charming children became a place of rest and joy. No longer did I look on work as forced labor, but began to be sensible of its mild blessing in the happy results it brought me.

One day Herzen invited me to spend the evening with him and a circle of his more intimate friends. This was a group of émigrés still unknown to me—namely, Mazzini’s circle, which, with the exception of himself and his friend Aurelio Saffi, consisted almost entirely of Englishmen. For a long time I had wanted to meet the great Italian, the Roman Triumvir, the fiery spirit through whose ardor a whole nation had kept its patriotic enthusiasm for twenty years, notwithstanding the despotic oppression of the priests. It had not been possible to meet him before this because he did not mingle with any of the other refugees. Therefore I was much delighted when the long desired opportunity arrived, and I went with that expectancy which one has for the unusual.

Just as I had been unpleasantly affected by the almost courtly ceremonies with which Kossuth had been surrounded and the supercilious attitude he took, so now was I surprised by the absolute simplicity and modesty in attitude and in appearance of the man whom Herzen introduced to me as Joseph Mazzini, the man whose thought inspired and led a whole nation, and before whose political importance powerful princes trembled. Mazzini was of medium height, well and slenderly built, rather thin than stout, not an imposing figure. His head alone resembled the picture one had of him, and when one saw the noble features, the brow on which thought was enthroned, the dark eyes which bespoke both the fire of the fanatic and the mildness of the man of feeling, one felt the charm of this man’s presence and realized at once that he was one of those rare personalities to whom one could not be indifferent, but must either follow or oppose.

I exchanged only a few words alone with him that evening, but followed with deep interest a discussion he had with Herzen and Saffi in which he defended against both the dogma of the revolutionary problem, upholding the duty and mission of “sacred action” and forcibly denouncing mere skepticism, mere denial of existing problems.
Herzen, with his sharp power of dialectic, brought out the innumerable defeats which premeditated revolution had suffered and especially the lack of ability for organization which so recently had come to light everywhere in this democratic party. Saffi agreed with him in this. Mazzini was obviously hurt that this young man, his colleague in the Triumvirate of Rome, his old friend, his junior should venture to oppose him and to side with Herzen in believing that for the present there was nothing to do but protest against existing conditions and deny the old world and all its political, religious and social forms. Mazzini was convinced that mere negation was a destructive principle and that the only true task of revolutionaries was instilling into the people the consciousness of having to fulfill a duty. He assured us several times that he cared nothing for Italy if it desired only material greatness and material well-being; the only thing that seemed to him worth struggling for was that Italy should fulfill a great mission in the progress of mankind by becoming more noble, more moral and more faithful to duty itself.

He then touched upon his almost mystic belief in the importance of Rome. The name alone suggests its superb destiny: Roma, backwards, spells Amor—an omen that Rome will rule the world a third time, but this time by the power of love, of true brotherhood, which will go forth from there and with the strength of a shining example draw the other nations after it.

In the face of the paramount interest of hearing this wonderful man speak, the rest of the company vanished entirely, and although a long time was to elapse before I saw the Italian refugee again the evening remained significant in my memory.

The London season was over. Summer arrived, and the hot streets became unbearable. Parties and balls ceased; musical pleasure, crammed into the short space of three or four months, was at an end. The nobility and the rich bourgeoisie fled to the country or the continent and all lessons stopped. Fortunately the material result of my hard work was such that I could indulge in the refreshing change of a visit to the seashore, and as my health was in great need of it I decided to take this rest. I picked out a spot at the mouth of the Thames which
could be reached by water and therefore at little expense. The
trip down the river was lovely, lovelier than I had remembered
it from my first entrance into England, and my goal, little
Broadstairs on its high white cliffs, greeted me invitingly.

At that time only one interesting house stood there solitary
on a high cliff—the house in which Charles Dickens often spent
the summer and in which he wrote many of his novels. I was
taken to see several commonplace and comparatively expensive
lodgings which were all in the ugly main street of the little
town and devoid of view. None of them pleased me—they were
beyond my budget, and moreover they breathed the same banali-
ty as London lodgings and were even smaller and more limited.

At last I asked in despair, "Is there no house with a view of
the sea?"

"Yes," was the reply, "there is a room with some sea folk,
but that is no place for a lady."

"It doesn't matter, I want to see it," I answered.

They showed me the way and left me to my fate, as it did not
seem worth while to guide anyone with such plebeian tastes. On
the outthrust of a cliff covered with grass and shrubs I found a
little house, the back of which touched the higher cliff. A good-
natured woman received me, almost ashamed when I asked about
lodgings, and said her room probably would not be good enough
for me. When I insisted on seeing it she led me through the
lower part of the house which was kitchen and living room for
the family, up a narrow staircase, and into the only room on the
second floor. It held only a bed, a dresser, a table and two chairs,
but the one window had a view of the little wild cliff at whose
feet waves broke foaming from the open sea beyond.

I had found what I wanted. So far as the wild charm of soli-
tude was concerned, the view left nothing to be desired. The
little room was extremely clean, and if it had no decorations,
neither was it banal. I asked the price, and with great hesitation,
and looking at me anxiously to see if it was too much, the
woman said five shillings a week. I agreed to the small price
with delight. She promised to cook my dinner, which I was to
order, and to serve it downstairs in the kitchen-living room. I
was now settled according to my heart's desire, and looked for-
ward to the coming weeks with great pleasure.
The English bathing resorts have this great advantage over those on the continent—they are really places of recuperation, and do not import the social entertainments of large cities. Everyone lives as he wishes; one does not have to make grand toilettes; one sees people on the beach, where the children play together in the sand, but it is not necessary to make acquaintances. There are no Kursaals, no tables d'hôte—one lives and eats in private lodgings, or, if the family is large, takes a house and runs it in one's own way. It is another practical arrangement devised by English common sense for real recuperation, real rest from the winter's fatigue, real renewal of strength in the bracing air and the sea bathing.

I was almost fanatical in my enjoyment of the solitude, and fled from every meeting, however accidental, that might have brought me into contact with people. My only intercourse was with the seafaring folk and the children of the fisher families. When I was tired of reading or writing I would sit down with them in my wild nook in front of the house and tell them stories, or get them to sing songs for me, or scramble about with them among the rocks to hunt for shells. I often climbed the cliffs with my book, settled myself on one of the highest points where the wall dropped straight into the sea, and read by the hour.

At that time I was still immersed in the scientific atmosphere into which life at the college had led me. I believed that the solution of all problems and phenomena of life was to be found only in natural sciences. The atom of carbon which today is part of the mechanism of immortal thoughts in a poet's brain and tomorrow blooms forth as a flower, or, in the throat of a lark high in the eternal ether, sings a hymn of joy to light, seemed to me to be the profound proof of unity of being. This filled my heart with such mysterious bliss that, looking up from my book, I sent a greeting over the dark waves to my German fatherland to which I was now reconciled and which I loved deeply for its intellectual activity.

Sometimes I was tempted to go down to the shore, even on dark nights, to see the roaring elements when the sounds of their mighty symphonies were wafted up to me. Free as I was, and among these good people of the coast, I was not hampered by social considerations, but felt at perfect liberty to throw my
cloak around me and walk along the beach alone. There, while storm and waves raged, I was thrilled with a divine feeling of liberty.

Then I thought how wrong our educational system is, how it keeps people, and especially women, away from the great liberalizing influences, from association with elemental forces, from everything primitive, and thus destroys all originality in them. To be able to give oneself up to great impressions with real zest is what makes people strong and good. To seek intercourse with stars on bright lonely nights, to step boldly into the most difficult labyrinths of thought, to harden one's body by struggling with storm and waves, to look death fearlessly in the face and bear its pain with understanding—this is condemned as fool-hardy and eccentric. On the other hand, to spend one's life at balls, in a whirl of ugly and even immoral dancing flavored with meaningless talk and in scanty clothing—that is considered legitimate, youthful enjoyment. The authority for such rules is supposed to be the voice of reason. The petty souls who fear night, storm, and waves, but who teach their children in the drawing room to become elegant cowards like themselves—those are feminine creatures par excellence, the true women!

With such thoughts the old passion for fighting seized me again. I wished for life, strength and opportunity to form heroic women who would be capable of bringing up a race in which all moral cowardice would disappear, as it is from this that political and social cowardice arise.

Once, during a nightly ramble on the cliffs, I found myself confronted with an individual wrapped in a broad belted cloak, with a wide hat on his head and two pistols and a short dagger stuck in his belt. At first he startled me, but I was soon at ease when the man stopped and asked, with the utmost good nature, if I was not afraid to be alone on the cliffs at night. When I asked who he was, he answered that he was one of the coast guards ordered to protect the country's revenue against the activity of French smugglers, who land cognac and liqueurs on this coast.

The man's genial manner induced me not to evade him on my nightly walks. He told me much of his wild and lonely life, which was threatened by the elements as well as by people. It
was not enough that he must be constantly on the alert against the smugglers, who land their contraband in tiny inlets, bury it in ravines in the rocks, and await opportunities to carry it inland. The very rocks and weather added to his perils. One of his comrades was blown off the cliffs by a strong gust of wind and buried below in the sand and boulders. For a long time they did not know what had become of him, and it was several months later that the wind stirred up the sand and laid bare his corpse.

The man told me of this, and of the dangers of frost and storm and rock slides, with utter simplicity, as if it were quite natural that it should be so, and that some such fate should be the reward for faithful service. It did not seem to occur to him that more sensible government arrangements—free trade, abolition of protective tariffs, etc.,—would automatically stop smuggling, and would so lighten the work of the coast guards that on the dangerous nights especially dear to smugglers he would not have to expose himself to the fury of the elements.

It is very different with the pilots of the rescue force to which my landlord belonged. Their duty lies in saving strangers' lives, during which they must expose their own. This difficult and lofty duty cannot be dispensed with, but becomes the more demanding as humanity and a sense of obligation grow stronger.

I was witness to a scene in which the courageous men who form the coast rescue force risked their lives without hesitation. One evening I was eating my supper in the room which was both kitchen and living room. Outside the sea raged, the storm roared, and the rain fell in torrents. Suddenly dull noises at short intervals sounded through the night. The wife jumped up, frightened.

"Those are distress signals!" she cried.

Before I had time to inquire further the man rushed into the room. A ship was in distress and the life boat must go at once. Quickly he pulled on his long boots, threw on his rubber cloak and hat, and after a hasty farewell to his wife and children, hurried to the shore. Deeply affected, I stood by the weeping wife who, having helped him to dress without a moan, only gave way to her feelings after his departure.
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

"Such is my life," she cried bitterly; "I am forever worried to death about him."

Suddenly she thrust her baby into my arms. "Hold him for me!" she cried. "I must follow him. I must see him go off."

She pulled her skirt up over the back of her head and rushed out to the edge of the water, to watch the departing life boat until it disappeared in the towering waves.

I stayed behind in the cottage with the fisherman's child in my arms, strangely moved by the little drama. Not until the next day at noon did the husband return, on a calm sea, after much hard work, which brought him happily the double reward of having made a complete rescue of those in danger and having received the modest sum of money which goes to rescuers.

Finally I had to give up my beloved solitude and return to London to take up hard work again. The last evening, as the full moon was lighting up the sea, I let my host take me out on the water. I was so lost in a sensation akin to that of hearing music that I had almost forgotten that the regular beat of the oars proceeded from a human being when the man spoke. He began telling me that he had gone to sea as a lad, had made long trips around the world, and spent many nights on the sea in the tropics. He described in glowing colors the splendor of southern stars, the fragrant air, the whole blissful wonder of that fantastic zone.

"But," he added, "as soon as we landed anywhere my first thought was to run and read the newspapers because nothing in life had interested me as much as politics. I must tell you that I am a Republican and have become one merely from my own observation, by comparing the different conditions of the countries I travelled through, and I have concluded that a republic is the only form of government worthy of a free people. I also take great interest in all the exiled Republicans who are in England now."

I told him that I was one of their number. He cried out that he had thought so for a long time, and had told his wife that I must be a Republican because I was so simple and human with them. Then he asked me if I knew Ledru-Rollin.*

*Alexandre August Ledru-Rollin was a Jacobin republican leader of French workingmen, an opponent of Louis Blanc on the executive commit-
“Not personally,” I replied, “but by sight, and I could easily meet him if I wanted to.”

“Well, then,” he said after some hesitation, “tell him that if he ever needs a trustworthy seaman and a courageous man to take him in a safe skiff across to the French coast so that he can fulfill the blessed work of freeing the French people from their tyrants, and to bring him safely back again, please tell him to think of me and call upon me, as I am ready for it at any time!”

tee of the Constituent Assembly. In 1849 he led an armed movement to impeach President Louis Napoleon, and consequently had to flee.
CHAPTER XI

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The Family of My Choice

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Only a few of my pupils had returned as it was long before the beginning of the season and most families were still in the country. However, I started my lessons in the Herzen household and was delighted with the lovely children. One evening I was passing the house, and as I had not been there that day I went in to see how the children were. Herzen was with them, and I noticed that he looked disturbed and sad. When I left he accompanied me outside, and suddenly burst into tears, saying that the household was not properly organized, that he was worried about the children, that his home was a ruin; and several times repeating, "I do not deserve it. I do not deserve it!"

I was deeply moved to see him thus. There is always something touching in the sight of a man weeping; much more so when he is extremely reserved and undemonstrative and seems so absorbed in current world problems that one hardly believes him capable of deep feeling in the more intimate relations of life. His confidence in me also touched me, and when he said, "Please advise me!" I promised to think over what was best to be done.

I pondered a long time. The children and the nurse had often begged me to live with them, and we had made plans for a lovely life together. In one respect the thought had been tempting. To live with the children under such conditions promised
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an educational work that might bear rich fruit in place of the mere humdrum giving of nondescript lessons. And yet I was frightened because I feared any new and deep attachment to people. The dreary peace of being alone seemed to me preferable to the sorrows which love brings. I knew how deeply my heart gave itself to any attachment. When this was broken a part of me was torn off and my very life endangered.

This was no question of a position as governess. This was an entry into a family of my own choice, as a sister goes to a brother to bring up the children whom death has robbed of a mother. Only thus would I do it, thus, or not at all. The children's eyes beckoned like stars promising great blessings. The intellectual element would enter my life again in association with Herzen, perhaps bringing an inspiring clash of views without any need for that hypocrisy which is more or less necessary in talking with the English. Then, too, there was the consideration that my health would probably not stand a second winter of such strenuous work as giving lessons.

I sat down and wrote to Herzen, telling him that his sorrow had touched me deeply, and that the wish to help him had outweighed many other considerations. I offered to take the children's upbringing entirely into my own hands, adding that I naturally would have to move into his house, but that I looked upon the task as one of my own choice, and that from the moment I moved into his house all pecuniary obligation between us must cease. To make that certain, I would still give a few lessons on the outside, the proceeds of which would satisfy my modest needs. In this way I could assume an ideal undertaking whose only reward would be its success. I ended by saying that it was understood that we both entered into this agreement freely and equally, with absolute liberty on both sides to dissolve the partnership when it seemed best to one or the other.

I soon received Herzen's answer. He wrote that this proposal had been on the tip of his tongue a hundred times, but that scruples similar to mine had held him back. He had a boundless love for liberty and independence, and a fear of those personal contacts that so easily upset the peace of resignation. "I am afraid of everything, even of you," he said, but added, "yes, let's try it. You will be doing a noble thing for me if you save
my children. I have no talent for bringing them up. I know it, and don't deceive myself about it; but I am willing to help in everything, to do all that you think necessary and right."

Now that timidity and reserve were overcome, he urged me to hasten, and after a few weeks I moved into the house. I found several changes necessary in regard to the children, in the organization of the household, even in the social connections which Herzen had formed. These had oppressed and annoyed him, but he did not have the energy to regulate and shape them according to his better judgment. From the beginning I noticed this trait in him—he who never faltered a hair's breadth in a fight for a principle, who was adamant in his opposition, and who remained at his freely chosen task with a perseverance known only to those to whom work is an outlet for inner creative power and not a mere vocational necessity—he recoiled timidly from every change in the daily routine of life. He would submit to a thousand disagreeable disturbances before adjusting them with a firm hand, and though he loved his independence fanatically, he often found himself a slave to circumstances.

His house * had become a haven for swarms of Russian and Polish refugees. They had practically taken possession of it, and began to feel as though they were its masters. Not a day, not an evening was safe from these intruders. All family life, all reading aloud, was subject to their interruptions. Herzen himself suffered the most from their intrusion, and he often gave vent to his ill humor in intense moroseness.

I did not approve of this, nor, on account of the children, could I put up with it, and I told Herzen so. We had long, heated discussions about it. I told him candidly that I had come to guide the children as much as I could in the right path, but that I also wanted to keep their father for them, and with his help to create the kind of happy home in which childhood thrives.

With the extraordinary truthfulness about himself which was one of his good traits, and with the frankness with which he always acknowledged that particular lack of strength, he admitted that it was sheer weakness not to arrange these things, and gave me full power to do as I wished. I advised him to

*Herzen was wealthy.
name two evenings a week when he would see his acquaintances. In the day time and on the remaining evenings he was to have peace. He found that one evening a week was enough, and in this respect we soon had peace. However, this created a feeling of enmity toward me on the part of those who, seeing their influence menaced, had not looked on my entrance into the family with favor. I was not to escape punishment.

It was understood that there were exceptions to this rule who were always welcome. Among them were several with whom I was to become more intimate later on. I especially noticed a Pole whose martyr-like bearing filled me with awe and sympathy. This was Stanislas Worcell, a man from one of the first aristocratic families of Poland, at whose cradle deputations from some thirty villages had stood as subjects to wish his parents happiness. As a child he had eaten only from silver dishes, was surrounded by servants, and had grown up in the greatest luxury. However, he had not neglected to enrich his mind and had gained so much varied knowledge that he had become a truly cultured man. With all this he was filled with that mystical and fanatic patriotism which I learned to know better in reading the Polish poets.

Poland was the mystic star which illumined Worcell’s great soul even in exile, though it had handed him the bitterest cup and had spared him no painful renunciation. Rich, honored, happily married, the father of several children, he had staked everything for the independence of his fatherland when the Polish revolution broke out. After the greater power of the foreign conqueror had prevailed, nothing remained for him but exile. What made it more bitter was the action of his wife and children who, instead of following him, went over to the enemy’s camp where they were heaped with honors.

Worcell earned a living by teaching mathematics and languages. One of his pupils was Herzen’s son, so he came to the house very often. Herzen esteemed him greatly. He was the first to come with warm sympathy when the moment arrived for the realization of Herzen’s long-cherished plan to found in London a Russian press which should work against despotism in Russia.

To console himself after the loss of his wife, Herzen had conceived the idea of starting a medium for suppressed Russian
thought in foreign countries. Through such a press the ideas of the exiles, openly expressed, could return to their home country to become, by spreading hope and enlightenment, the messengers of a better future. As Herzen had conceived the idea, he thought of putting it into effect with his own money. It was Worcell, a Pole, who first grasped the significance of the plan and joined in its execution with delight by putting at Herzen’s disposal the funds of the Polish émigrés, thus enabling him to send pamphlets into both Russia and Poland.

I was present when Worcell received from Herzen’s hand the first Russian pamphlet printed in London, and I shared the joyful emotion of both men. I now saw another seed of liberty sprouting which could blossom freely in liberal Albion.

Many others besides Worcell hailed Herzen’s work with delight. Michelet, the French historian, wrote about it, asking what other hatred had a right to go on living if Poland and Russia could unite.

However, not all the Poles were so sympathetic nor so splendid as Worcell, and I was soon to discover many petty jealousies and intrigues among these émigrés. A Polish family that knew Herzen, and whose children often played with his, had become attached to the latters’ German nurse. They often invited her over with the children, treating her as an equal and probably hoping thus to acquire an influence over the family. At first they were very polite to me—they called on me, invited me to their house, and would perhaps have liked to win me over. However, the family was not congenial to me. They lacked the simple, silent dignity in misfortune that Worcell showed. They bore their misfortunes with ostentation. I could barely keep from smiling when the father, and Polish relatives of his, came to Herzen with mysterious airs, looking about suspiciously, whispering, as though fearing eavesdroppers and carrying secrets on which rested the fate of the world. In short, they seemed “drapés dans la conspiration” as I once told Herzen.

I held myself somewhat aloof and tried to keep the children from seeing too much of those children, who did not seem to be exercising a good influence. Of course the whole clique was antagonistic to me from then on.

My inborn love of family life came to the fore again. I
pondered much over the tendency then so prevalent of disrupting the family on the ground that it was death to one's individuality.* Surely this applies only to family tyranny. The family should not take upon itself the right to check an individual in its free, natural development any more than the state should. Both state and family should, on the contrary, protect and encourage the individual by allowing him to develop according to his own nature. Never should they hinder his free will. If a family be religious and desire to give a minor child a religious education they should do so. But to force a mature individual to retain the views he was brought up in, or to persecute him if he does not, is tyranny. Likewise, the state can order religious instruction in its schools, but to force its officials to go to church is pure despotism. Impressions and examples should be the principal means of educating individuals as well as peoples. To surround young people with beautiful impressions, to set noble and lofty examples, then to let nature take its course—this is true wisdom.

The very original little creatures I had taken charge of now turned my thoughts to individual instances, and I tried to fit theories to them as far as possible. At first I paid more attention to the elder daughter, undertaking to instruct her entirely myself, studying her well-defined nature with care. The little girl I took into my heart with infinite tenderness. She was too small to study, but returned my love with an almost passionate devotion wonderful in one so young.

This was the first cause of an outbreak of ill humor on the part of the nurse, who had a special fondness for this child. In the beginning my dealings with her had been of the friendliest. She was delighted to have another woman in the house with whom she could talk, who listened to her tales and turned a sympathetic ear to matters which concerned her most deeply. Now her manner toward me began to change. At first I attributed it to jealousy. Then I saw that there was more behind it than that, and found out that those Poles had aroused all sorts of suspicions which she manifested towards me in the most disagreeable manner, partly by bad humor, partly by reticence, by retiring earlier with the children, who still slept with her, etc.

* Eighty years later this idea is still “modern”.

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At first I tried to ignore it and remain friendly as before. Finally, however, I became irritated as her conduct began to influence my elder pupil. She grew shy and diffident towards me, took sides with the nurse, did her lessons badly or unwillingly, and was, as I noticed, also swayed by the Poles.

Finally I told Herzen that my influence on the children would be nil if this continued. I asked him to take decided steps in the matter before the evil became so great that it might lead to an irreparable misunderstanding. Again he showed that irresolution, that timidity in grappling with circumstances at the right moment in order to prevent future trouble. Finally, after the most unpleasant scenes, Herzen saw that it could not go on like this, and that he must choose between the nurse and me. I gave him absolute liberty to dissolve our partnership if it was difficult for him to discharge her. He would not hear of that, however, and finally decided to ask her in the most tactful way to leave.

After her departure I took the children into my room with me, and arranged my life with them as I wished. We had peace once more, although the Polish influences were still discernible for a time in my elder pupil. However, I hoped this soon would be overcome.

Just at this time a Russian couple came into our lives, one which, when the Herzen family was still complete, had been with them in Nice. These two were peculiar types representing a generation which, after Herzen had left his fatherland, had come to the age of action and was distinguished by several unsuccessful conspiracies. Mr. E.* was a friend of Petrascheffski, who had been caught as the leader of a plot and sent to Siberia. Sickly, nervous, intensely irritable, he was one of those entirely theoretical people. Gifted with a sharp, analytical mind, brilliant powers of dialectic, philosophical penetration, he never (because of the crippling of every power of action under despotic oppression) got beyond bitter irony and terrible skepticism in everything. The latter trait seemed to exercise a very baneful

*Vladimir Engelson, a Finn who, having been as a young man on the verge of suicide, had read a pamphlet of Herzen's, changed his mind, and worshipped him ever since.
influence, for, conscious of his ability, he displayed certain pretensions which were not justified by any real success.

I liked E. very much, and often conversed with him. Discussing and quarrelling with him were real mental gymnastics. His wit and raillery amused me because, with these sharp weapons, he annihilated only those who deserved it, and never those who were weak or in need of help. In this he remained perfectly human. He could not bear to see an animal suffer, and his anger knew no bounds when he saw one maltreated.

I was less attracted by his wife. She was handsome, but cold, proud, clever, positive and yet mystical—an unusual combination of qualities. However, her husband loved and admired her greatly. Both were frequent guests, especially as they also loved the children and told them about the mother whom they had known and admired.

Besides these, certain of the French refugees came often—not the theoretical republicans, at whose head stood Ledru-Rollin, but the socialists of whom Louis Blanc* was looked upon as the leader. He often made us laugh, and the youngest Herzen child had a special fondness for him. As soon as he came into the house he would inquire about the child, and often played *au volant* or some other game with her by the hour. He was so conceited over this conquest of a three-year-old that he became quite angry when one of the other Frenchmen said mockingly, "Heavens, Louis Blanc, you don’t for a minute imagine that the child is in love with you! It’s only your blue coat with the pretty yellow buttons."

The little joke was very much in character. He was extremely conceited, and believed himself to be a great man in spite of his small stature. However, to be just, one had to admit that he was really amiable. His success was due entirely to his own efforts. He was not only very talented as an historian, but he also had a deep, logically developed conviction which, even in private conversation, he displayed with a rhetorical swing, yet without the floods of revolutionary phrases which most of his

countrymen used. He was also a theorist, and although his system had already been proved untenable, he defended it with great skill and stubbornness whenever Herzen pointed out its weaknesses.

In confidential talks he loved to speak of his life with the French workmen and to tell of the love they had shown him. Among other things, he told of how he had once gone walking with a member of the Provisional Government of 1848 and had noticed that a man in a blouse persistently followed them. No matter which way they turned, the man was behind them. A poor woman came up to Louis Blanc begging for alms. He felt in his pockets, only to find that he did not have a coin. Then the man in the blouse stepped up quickly, put a few sous into his hand, and said, "No one shall ever be able to say that Louis Blanc let a beggar go without alms." It turned out that one of the workmen always followed him wherever he went, watching over him, always ready to come to his aid.

One of the few Frenchmen who dared to meet Louis Blanc in discussion was a daily guest. This was Joseph Domengé, a young man from Southern France. His parents being without means, he had been left in early youth to make his way alone through the chaos of Parisian life, and had thrown himself into the revolution with the impetuosity of an enthusiast. The sequel for him, too, was exile and poverty.

Herzen had met him one evening at a mutual friend's, and had left the house with him so absorbed in conversation that they had roamed the streets of London half the night. I also met him soon afterwards, and he made such a winning impression on me that I suggested that Herzen take him as teacher for his son. He had not accepted any philosophic system a priori, but his whole manner of observing was truly philosophic and he met with unflinching criticism those theories which his countrymen, each in his own pompous way, tried to inflict on others. He had studied, and seemed to me in every way suitable for guiding the growing boy. Herzen was of the same opinion, and Domengé from then on came several hours daily to teach. He nearly always stayed to dinner, whereby the conversation became more varied and animated.

Another time Herzen said to me, "Now prepare yourself to
meet a very remarkable person who has just come to see me. I have invited him to spend the evening." I had heard his name before. He had been much talked of because of a duel he had fought with a follower of Ledru-Rollin in which he had shot his opponent. Because of that he had stood before an English jury, and during that trial many queer and unfair bits of evidence were produced by his political opponents.

His name was Barthélémy; he was a plain workman from hot-blooded Marseilles, and in early youth had belonged to the secret society of Marianne which had then revolutionary tendencies in France. He was chosen by lot to take revenge upon a police sergeant who had injured a member of the society, and had killed him as he had been ordered. He was arrested and condemned to the Bagno. Soon after this the revolution of '48 broke out. He was freed from the Bagno, fought in the July days at the workmen's side, and only with much difficulty and danger did he escape imprisonment and exile in Cayenne, compared to which exile in free England, in spite of poverty and privation, was a happy alternative.

I was eager to see this person who, even in youth, had had such a wild, abnormal career, and yet I also had an uneasy dread of him whose hand had taken life more than once. How surprised I was when that evening Herzen introduced a man of fine, quiet demeanor who was not different from any other gentleman of the party, and who spoke to me in a voice whose deep, musical tones had an irresistibly sympathetic effect. This supposed wild man was reserved, modest, indeed almost timid, and absolutely refined in movement and behavior. He never became vehement in discussion, never shrieked like the other Frenchmen, had no academic rhetoric of delivery, in fact he spoke very little. However, when he did speak, the others were silent.

Among the Italian émigrés I became well acquainted with several who frequented Herzen's house and became dear to me. At that time I did not see Mazzini, as he never went out in the evenings, except to his most intimate English friends whom I did not then know. However, his former colleague in the Roman Triumvirate, his pupil and friend Aurelio Saffi, was a frequent guest at the house. Herzen was unusually fond of him, and
Saffi leaned more and more to Herzen's views, which were quite different from those of Mazzini.

Mazzini had a dogma, a beautiful pure one, to be sure, but still a dogma, to which he wanted to convert the world, and in the infallibility and final realization of which he firmly believed. Herzen was a fanatic about freedom; he wanted unlimited development of all possibilities, and therefore hated and denied the existing tyrannical powers which opposed that. He would even have denied the Republic (and did it at the time of the French Republic of '48) if this should ever become a binding dogma.

Saffi also began to see that it was an impossibility to make laws and prescribe the march of development when one was outside the fatherland. Instead of conspiring, he turned to a definite activity in the land of exile, as his pecuniary circumstances did not allow him any independence. After a while he received a call from Oxford University which he accepted. He was a very cultured person, a poetic, melancholy soul. He would sit for hours without uttering a single word. When one spoke to him he awoke as from a distant dream. Once we saw him sitting opposite a Frenchman who was telling him old stories of the revolution of '48 which we had heard to the point of satiety. Finally a call to dinner ended the monologue, and Herzen asked Saffi laughingly if he were now well informed in the affairs of the mairie of the XIIIth arrondissement. Saffi looked astonished, and answered, "I heard absolutely nothing about it."

In spite of his absent-mindedness he was one of the most genial figures of the whole emigration. He was not a born politician; patriotism for him was poetry, and Italy's uprising had affected the poetic youth as though it were the embodiment of an ideal. When still very young he was called to the head of the Roman Republic with his older friend, and his first experience with power had been the enchanting dream of a newly resurrected Rome. The dream had vanished, and when he awoke he was alone in fog-enveloped exile.

An utter contrast to Saffi, and yet also a true Italian type, was Felice Orsini, who, having known Herzen in Italy, now looked him up in London. He was the picture of the Condottiere
of the Middle Ages, such a figure as those that floated before Macchiavelli when he, in objective contemplation of his times, set up the political type which was erroneously taken for his ideal and held up against him.

Orsini was handsome, the true Roman with sharply curved nose, tightly closed lips, dark, flashing eyes and a high forehead. Like Safi, he also spoke little, but not because he dreamed or was far away in other poetic spheres, but because he observed, planned, and never let himself go, never let anyone surmise what his thoughts were. He had been imprisoned several times, and told me that he had read Rousseau’s *New Héloïse* in prison and through it had come to a higher perception of women, and that he now was completely won over to equal rights as he regarded woman as man’s equal in every respect.

He often came for a chat in the evenings, when he liked to play with the Herzen children and spoke longingly of his two little daughters whom he had left behind in Italy. This human side was very surprising; it was the first revelation I had that a characteristic trait of the Italians is a deep family attachment.

The Italian émigrés were thrown into great excitement by Garibaldi’s arrival. Then captain of a Genoese ship, he came from South America, where he had fought for the independence of the republics. I recognized him at once from the description of Herzen who had known him in Italy. Herzen had often told me with emotion how, after the death of his wife, an unknown lady with two children had come up to him and said she knew well that he did not share her faith, but he would surely not refuse to let her pray by the coffin of the departed with these children who also had lost their mother. The children were Garibaldi’s, and the lady was their governess.

At that time Garibaldi was known only as the leader of the army of the Roman Republic, who would probably have beaten back the expedition of the French Republicans and so changed Italy’s destiny had not Mazzini’s belief in the purity of the republican mind hindered any effective preparations. This was a bit of idealism which Mazzini, and with him Italy, had to pay for heavily. Mazzini told me repeatedly later on that it had been impossible for him to believe that the French Republicans
would proceed against the Roman Republic. It was one of the disappointments of the revolution of '48 to which the whole revolutionary generation of that time was subjected.

Although Garibaldi's most beautiful laurels had at this time not been won, his name was already coupled with that of Mazzini as one of the foremost stars of freedom-loving Italy. His recent heroic deeds in South America had added a romantic lustre which made him seem like a hero of olden times who went forth on distant knightly errands for the rescue of the downtrodden. Herzen went to see him at once and invited him to dinner.

Garibaldi's picture has since become well known even to those who did not meet him personally. If in appearance he was not exactly handsome, he fascinated one by the expression of his eyes and a gentle smile which lighted up his whole countenance. His simple and dignified personality appealed like the peaceful magic of a beautiful day; there was nothing hidden, mysterious, nor exciting, no stinging wit, no glaring passion, no irresistible flow of speech. He inspired a pleasant feeling of strength, as though here stood a man who would be true in all things, with whom there would be no double meanings in speech or deed, who, even in his mistakes, remained straightforward and simple as a child.

His conversation was as refreshing, animated, and full of gentle simplicity as his being, and had a poetic tinge. When relating his experiences in South America during the guerilla warfare in which he took part, he told of sleeping under the stars with his family, and of how the warriors actually fought as of old, a noble battle of arms, man to man. It was like listening to one of Homer's heroes, and one easily understood how his wife, Anita, passionately devoted to him, had followed him loyally even unto death.

His favorite ambition was so characteristic of him—that the entire body of émigrés of '48 should embark on several ships to form a floating Republic, always ready to land wherever there was fighting for freedom to be done. He believed the idea was not impracticable—Genoa, which had given him his ship, would have given others, and thus he could have founded an
asylum for the free on the open seas, an asylum which was possible nowhere on land.*

After dinner several Italians came in, with Herzen’s permission, to ask Garibaldi about his views and what his ideas regarding Italy were now. He explained his viewpoint simply and clearly. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he allowed no one to doubt his true republicanism, and then added that it was clear to him that the way to unification of Italy could only be through Piedmont and the Savoy dynasty. According to his idea, every true patriot should for the moment put aside his personal sympathy and wishes in order to reach this great goal. He was of the opinion that revolutions had become absolutely useless, and that it was only by uniting with Italy’s reigning family, which had always shown a leaning toward liberal patriotic ideals, and thus gaining the support of other monarchies in Europe, that a successful issue would be possible.

The Italians listened to him with respect, but not all were of his opinion. Mazzini, to whom he had explained his views just as clearly, was much less so. At that time a breach came between them which was healed only much later.

Before his departure Garibaldi invited us to breakfast on board his ship. Herzen was prevented from going by a very bad headache, and so I went alone with his son. The ship was quite a distance out in the deeper channel of the Thames and we had to row out from shore in a small boat. When we arrived at the ship, an armchair covered with a pretty rug was lowered, on which I was pulled up.

Garibaldi received us on board in a picturesque costume—a short gray tunic, a gold embroidered red cap on his blond hair, and weapons in his broad belt. His sailors, with dark brown eyes and skin, were gathered on deck likewise in picturesque costumes. Two English ladies whom I knew had arrived before us. Garibaldi led us into the cabin where a breakfast, consisting of all kinds of sea food, oysters, etc., was served. The

*Mazzini’s dearest wish, however, was the invasion and conquest of Italy from the air. All the émigrés (and Jane Carlyle, who hastened to excuse herself because of a tendency to seasickness) were to proceed from England in balloons, a practical method for steering them having just been invented. Mazzini felt, with some justice, that such a campaign would throw the Bourbon tyrants of Italy into consternation.
jolliest and most delightful conversation followed. Finally Garibaldi got up, took a glass of plain wine from his home, Nice, excused himself that as a good patriot he did not set champagne before us, said that he was a simple man not having the gift of oratory, but that he wanted to drink the health of the ladies who had stood by the men with absolute devotion in order to clear the way for true republican freedom.

Afterwards, he showed us the ship, his weapons, and the simple objects that surrounded him. All the sailors seemed to idolize him and one could not help feeling the poetic charm of his personality—this slender, simple hero, a sovereign through kindness and justice over this small floating republic, who took his arms and his soldierly talents into foreign countries to fight for liberty, as he could not at that moment serve his fatherland.

No man since ancient times has ever known how to surround himself so well with the magic of a situation, not from affectation or for mere effect, but out of the innate poetry and straightforwardness of his being. Like all true lovers of liberty, he went where his special nature need wear no shackles, but was in harmony with its surroundings. Thus he lived here on his ship, thus in South America, and thus he was later on Caprera.* In this absolute simplicity and loyalty to self lay the irresistible spell which he cast over people and which has made him so great a hero of legend. The people of Naples wear his picture as an amulet, and celebrate his feast day not on account of St. Joseph, but on his account, and they firmly believe that the first Garibaldi died long ago, but that he will always be resurrected and that there will always be a Garibaldi.

A paragraph of Richard Wagner's is relevant here, one which he wrote me later, when I had won his friendship and after Garibaldi had completed the unification of Italy:

"Reading Plutarch's Life of Timoleon, which I came upon accidentally, made a great impression on me. This life has the unprecedented distinction of having really come to a perfectly happy end, quite an exceptional case in history. It does one

*Island off Sardinia which he bought in 1854 for a home and where he is buried.
good to see that such a thing was once possible. However, on
glancing over all other noble lives, I cannot help but recognize
the fact that this one was created by the World Daemon as a
decoy. The possibility of a happy ending must remain open
in order to mislead the rest of mankind as to the true nature of
the world. Otherwise one could expect to reach the goal by a
shorter route than that usually followed by us Occidentals.
How many points of similarity there are in Garibaldi and
Timoleon! Luck is still with him! Could it be possible that terri-
ble bitterness will be spared him? Heartily do I wish it. How-
ever, I am often frightened when I see him like a fly in the
great European spider-web. Many possibilities are open. Per-
haps the fly is too large and strong to be caught."

Unfortunately it was not so, and Garibaldi had to drain the
bitterest cup to the dregs.
CHAPTER XII

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Country Idyll—Russian Style  

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In the meantime spring had come. It was with joy that I greeted Herzen's proposal to leave London and move to Richmond, which, on account of its proximity to London, has all the advantages of the capital and at the same time, with its walks on the Thames, its glorious parks and the nearby Kew Gardens, those of country life. I was also delighted to get away from the too active intercourse in the house. Friends and callers, each believing himself the favored one, were too numerous for me. I longed for peace and quiet. Otherwise I had everything at home to satisfy me—for my heart, the children; for activity, the care of them. Furthermore I had Herzen's company to gratify my intellect.

Herzen went to Richmond to look for a house and when he found one, we immediately moved out there. Mr. E. and his wife followed us. Domengé came out every day and stayed till evening, giving lessons and accompanying us on our walks and river trips.

I was now able to live with the children after my own liking, rejoicing in their progress. The discord with the elder girl gradually disappeared and we were drawn closer together. With the younger one, the deep bond of love that had united us from the beginning became ever stronger and I would often stand beside her little bed at night while she slept, thinking with true
gratitude of the mother whom I had not known and who had left me this precious bequest. I felt all the ardent love, all the capacity for sacrifice of a real mother, all her burning desire to watch over such a young life and to rear it with care to its loveliest bloom. This child's charm was my joy and I had the keenest hopes for her future; her faults and her small misdeavors became my deepest worries and my thoughts turned to the great problems of child psychology and its application to individual cases.

Many weeks passed in absolute peace. Then Mr. E., whose sickly, irritable nature always had to find something to find fault with, began criticizing the upbringing of the children. He thought I was not strict enough and did not reprimand enough, claimed that the gay laughter and the exuberance of the little ones irritated him. Instead of coming straight to me, he complained to Herzen.

It often took only a slight remark to shake Herzen's confidence in his nearest friends and, in awakening skeptical discontent, to make him see ghosts in broad daylight. He now began to worry; one evening when he, E. and I were alone together after the children had gone to bed he brought the conversation around to the rearing of children. He did not conceal from me that he and E. had talked about my laying too little stress on discipline.

A long discussion ensued. I explained my views. Strangely enough E. was now entirely on my side, told Herzen that he understood nothing of bringing up children, which Herzen frankly admitted, and after we had discussed it for several hours, I really had almost made my opponents acknowledge that I was right.

When I went into my bedroom where the children also slept, I found little Olga awake, her smiling face resting on both little hands, awaiting my arrival. She looked so inexpressibly sweet that I called to E. who was just going downstairs, to come up again quickly. Turning around, he and Herzen came up to the second floor. I showed them the child and said softly: "Skeptics that you are, need one despair, with such charm, if all does not succeed in a moment and if the fruit does not come
before the blossom?" Both were delighted with the lovely sight and went off smiling.

The next morning, however, Herzen gave me a letter which he had written me during the night. Though living under the same roof, it had often been customary, after important discussions when one of us had something on our minds against the other, for us to write, as in writing one is freer, more discreet and more concentrated and can condense the really important thing one has to say.

I had to smile while reading this letter. Why these storm clouds, this tragic misfortune, as, since the unpleasant affair with the nurse, everything had been most peaceful? Simply because the exuberant spirits of happy children had irritated a sick, nervous man. I wrote to him at once.

Herzen's was one of those beautiful natures from which, with true frankness, the clouds of ill humor disappear. After reading my letter he realized that he had allowed his imagination to run away with him and that fundamentally I was right. Full confidence between us was once more restored. Having hurt my feelings, he now suggested a little trip to the sea which I had proposed some time ago and which he had then refused.

We spent some happy days in lovely Ventnor. Almost every evening we were with the Pulszkys who were there for the summer. Thérèse's mother, a Viennese of great culture and intellect, was visiting them and afforded us many a jolly hour with her wit and delightful humor. The Kossuths were also there, and he, on closer acquaintance, seemed much more amiable than at the official introductions in London.

The chief topic of the day was the war * Russia had started in Turkey. Herzen was very much excited. From the beginning he prophesied the defeat of Russia and hoped for it because he felt that it might lead to the fall of the aristocracy. We shared this hope as this alone could awaken general interest in this inane war; besides, it was tragic that people could still murder each other en masse anywhere in old Europe and that a thousand widows and orphans with their bitter sorrows would fill one more dark page in history.

To be sure, this war, owing to the bitter irony of world

*Crimean War, 1853-56.
history which so often purchases the progress of civilization with the blood of thousands, was also to bear many good results. Among other things, it freed English society from many prejudices and brought a little more tolerance among the islanders towards the customs and habits of the foreigners who were stranded in Albion. When we were in Ventnor, these prejudices still existed—for instance, against the long beards which foreigners, especially the émigrés of all countries, wore and which seemed very shocking and barbaric to English eyes, accustomed to smooth chins on the streets of London.

It once happened that on one of our walks, as we passed a country house where several elegant ladies sat on the balcony, they had the impudence to burst out laughing on seeing Herzen’s and Domengé’s beards. Domengé turned towards them and said loud enough to be heard: “Quelles canailles!” The ladies did not move, although they stopped laughing. Similar things happened on the streets of London.

After the British soldiers returned from the Crimean War bearded faces gradually appeared everywhere. They became the fashion, and were immediately overdone, so that soon one did not see a single man’s face not framed in an enormous beard.*

During this war many evils in the military organization in England were discovered and especially was attention drawn to the shameless selling of officers’ positions, an abuse which had made of the rank of officer an almshouse for the younger sons of large families regardless of their qualifications or their possession of the necessary knowledge which lends moral dignity to this tragic profession. Furthermore, Miss Nightingale’s generous example started an occupation among the English women which, until then, had not existed and which was to have a far-reaching effect.

After a short, happy time, we returned to Richmond and took up our usual routine of life which became more and more peaceful. I commenced studying Russian as I not only expected to get much pleasure myself, but also to be of more use to the children whose only tradition was linked with this language.

* Cf. chapters in Orlando in which V. Sackville West describes the growth of the beards, ivy and lambrequins of Victorians.
† Florence Nightingale, founder of the Army Nursing Service.
I often realized how much more difficult was the bringing up of these children in exile, than the rearing of those growing up in their own country, surrounded by their native customs and perhaps by old tried servants, relations and friends. Two of the most important foundations of their education were missing entirely, namely: language and religion. Their mother tongue, in which understanding develops along with speech, in which feeling and thought are translated into expression and receive that originality of color which constitutes the national element in the nature of a people—that they lacked. On the other hand they spoke three or four languages at the same time, with the playful ease with which children always learn other languages.

In like manner they also lacked that religious education which had been to all former generations of all countries a connecting link between the past and present, a tradition from which proceeded many consequences which molded the young people into definite forms and gave them a definite place in the world surrounding them.

Herzen and I agreed that there could be no question of lessons in a positive religion, in churchly dogma. How could we bind the children with fetters from which we had freed ourselves by hard inner struggles in order to expect of them the same struggle some day? This was out of the question. The way to solve this problem in a society still replete with Christian dogma seemed to me as follows: first to plant reverence in the hearts of the children for everything beautiful and good. Second, to keep them from rash judgments and to teach them to respect the convictions of others even if they seem strange or incomprehensible. Finally, to teach them the historic course and value of all the religious forms through which mankind has already passed and in which it still finds itself at present. Then, above all, to foster in them that active sympathy which is the true religion.

It was decided with the joyous consent of the entire family to spend a winter in the country. The house we were in was, however, too small and we took a larger one facing the Thames, with a glorious garden sloping down to the river and full of wonderful trees. The house was quite spacious so that besides the family being comfortably housed, there was also room for
many guests. Among those who came from time to time were old and dear friends from home. Anna, who was finally able to marry the man of her choice, Frederick Althaus, had come with him to live in England. Charlotte, Anna's inseparable friend, came with them. I introduced them to Herzen. He liked Frederick very much and soon they were among our more intimate visitors, which naturally was a great joy to me.

The winter in that lovely house started most peacefully. In the mornings Herzen remained strictly at his work. He did not like to be disturbed while working and therefore everybody stayed away from his room. Domengé was busy with the boy and I with the girls. The house and the garden were for me and the children our world; I had no desire to go beyond them because I was absolutely happy. At meals and in the evenings interesting talks brought us together.

Herzen's mind, always fresh and stimulating, was an inexhaustible source of knowledge. In the evenings when the girls had gone to bed, he used to read aloud to his son and me. First he acquainted the youth with Schiller, and read with special delight his Wallenstein which he loved best and considered Schiller's masterpiece. It was beautiful to see Herzen devote himself to his son during these hours, and although he said he had no talent as a teacher, he certainly had the gift of throwing sparks into the young soul from his own fiery one and of awakening flames of enthusiasm, which is the most beautiful education of all if it falls on receptive ground.

A great personal excitement was to interrupt this peaceful life. Domengé came one day and told us that Barthélémy, whom we had not seen for a long time, had become the hero of a bloody drama and was now in prison. For a long time previously he had drifted almost entirely away from his friends. They said that his love for a woman with whom he lived was to blame, and that this passion made him completely inaccessible to others. Then the rumor spread that he was to leave London. Where he was to go was not known.

One afternoon, all ready for a trip, with a travelling bag in his hand and in company with that woman, he went to a rich Englishman whom he had often visited and who lived alone, with a cook, in his own home. What occurred during this visit
no one knew. It was only known that suddenly a shot was heard in the house, that Barthélemy, after helping the woman he loved to escape through a lonely side street, ran down the main street followed by the screaming cook, was stopped by a policeman, and in a scuffle shot the policeman. The crowd which had rushed to the scene then overpowered him and took him into custody. The Englishman had been found dead on the floor by the cook, who had hurried into his room after the shot. At a first preliminary hearing in the police station where the murderer was brought, Barthélemy had maintained an obstinate silence, only declaring that he had not killed the policeman on purpose, but that in scuffling with him, the revolver had gone off.

The French émigrés were in the greatest excitement. The Ledru-Rollin party were almost delighted over the fall of this energetic socialist who had always opposed them and who had scourged their doctrinaire republicanism until the aforementioned duel completely estranged him from them.

The other members of the emigration, with Domengé at the head, not only took the deepest interest in the event, but also came out openly as defenders of Barthélemy's character against the malicious attacks of his enemies. Even though they could not justify what had just occurred, they wanted on no account to judge and condemn him on ordinary grounds. Besides, no light could pierce the darkness of this event. The only one who could have given a full explanation, Barthélemy himself, remained steadily silent at the trials. He seemed determined not to put anything in the path of justice and to bear his fate.

What finally came out of all the rumors and surmises was this: that Barthélemy's trip had had no other purpose than that of freeing France from its tyrant. They said that the Englishman had promised him money for this undertaking, that when Barthélemy at the hour of departure, went to get it, he had refused to give it; a quarrel then started, exciting Berthélmy to the utmost and leading to the unfortunate act.

How far this was true, and why the Englishman had refused what he had first promised, was not to be ascertained, as the only two male participants of the bloody drama, the dead and the living, remained silent and the female witness had disap-
peared. What part she had played in the matter, why she had wanted to stay with Barthélemy in such a risky undertaking, seemed at first a mystery until little by little, from strange rumors about her personality, it was ascertained that she was a French spy and had been sent to lure this most active émigré to his doom. In this she had succeeded only too well. That she had, immediately after the deed, taken the most important of Barthélemy's papers, whose secret hiding place under a board of the floor only she knew, and after delivering these at the appointed house, had herself gone to a place of safety, was more than probable. In searching the house they had lifted the board, but no papers were there and the so necessary witness for the trials was hunted over England in vain.

That the eyes of the prisoner had been opened to the terrible error of his passion, which perhaps was solely to blame for his falling thus into the depths, I concluded from a letter which he had written his associate from prison and which the latter gave Herzen and me to read. It had among other things the following words: "I am so infinitely unhappy that I do not want to save myself even if I could."

In the eyes of the world he was a murderer like any other and we trembled for his fate. Strangely enough, he was not tried for the first case. They passed over that in silence and spoke only of the second case, the killing of the policeman which, according to English laws, could only be punished as manslaughter, not as murder. This punishment consists of deportation and we hoped that he might be spared capital punishment.

Weeks and weeks passed in the most terrible excitement and uncertainty. The fate of the unfortunate man left me no peace. A thousand plans for his rescue crossed my mind. But it was impossible to reach him. He was watched very strictly. Only his attorney was allowed to see him behind double bars and only the Catholic priest was allowed to visit him.

His trial was drawn out in the strangest way, although he did not make the slightest effort to justify himself. Only the slanders which his own countrymen of the Republican party spread about him, the malicious satisfaction with which they sat on the front rows at the trials, seemed to infuriate him.
At last the verdict was given. It was death by hanging, although as said before, the first case was left out of the suit entirely and the second could only be punished by deportation. We all, and Barthélemy himself, had only thought of this punishment. The friendly part of the French emigration had turned to Lord Palmerston, who was then Minister of War, with a petition in favor of the defendant and he had expressed himself not unfavorably. Therefore the decision hit us all the harder.

Several times money and clothes had been sent Barthélemy by friends; now, after the verdict, they sent him, hidden in the hem of a shirt, a dose of strychnine that he might, by a voluntary end, escape the degrading death by hanging and all the tormenting formalities preceding it. Later, however, his associate tried the same quantity of strychnine on a dog and caused only terrible suffering and not death. He told Barthélemy when he was admitted for the last time to speak with him. Thus the unfortunate one endured the double torment of having on hand the means to escape a degrading end and yet of being uncertain whether it would cause death or would only rob him of the strength to bear the inevitable with dignity. His proud soul recoiled from the use of the poison, and he decided not to take it.

I suffered inexpressibly during these days. That I could not save him, I knew, but I longed to comfort the condemned one and to tell him that there were people who did not agree with the verdict, or with his enemies. At the same time I wanted to express my indignation at the servility of the English Government, for it was now certain that the death sentence was imposed only on the explicit demand of the French Government. The jury had recognized the extenuating circumstances and begged royal mercy for the condemned man.

In England all executions must take place on Monday morning and at dawn. I awoke long before dawn and my thoughts hurried into that awful cell in the old Newgate prison where, awakened from his last earthly sleep, the condemned man had to go through the degrading preparations for his last walk. When I heard the stroke of the clock which announced the sixth hour, I buried my face in my pillow and wept bitterly.

Several hours later Herzen asked me to come into his room. He handed me a newspaper. It was the Times, which already
had an account of Barthélemy's last hours and execution. I could not read; my eyes were blindered with tears. Herzen read it to me and his son.

We were silent for a long, long time and tears expressed more than words. It was many days before I could regain my composure. Eagerly I searched for any clue to the mystery of the dead man's last feelings and thoughts. That even the dead were feared was made known by the fact that after the execution, when his associate came to take possession of the memoirs and other communications written during Barthélemy's imprisonment and bequeathed to him, nothing was to be found excepting a few unimportant written pages. Probably the more important things had been taken away immediately and delivered to the appointed place. For days afterwards the newspapers dwelt upon conjectures, abuses, insinuations, until the tide of other news washed away these waves.

Shortly after this, another death occurred which threw us into a turmoil of joyous excitement. One morning as I sat with the children at our usual occupations, we heard a loud cry from Herzen. He rushed in, in the greatest excitement, a newspaper in his hands, crying, "Emperor Nicholas is dead!" This last of the European absolute autocrats died still in his prime. It seemed as though his death freed not only Russia, but also all Europe, from a tremendous weight, as though it could now breathe freely, and the suppressed powers of the Russian people would have freer expression and development.

Herzen was completely overcome with joy. He confidently hoped that the heir would turn his attention to the abolition of serfdom, complying thus with an ancient tradition that a new heir should prescribe more lenient and free policies, especially if his predecessors had been despotic. The time seemed especially ripe for this on account of Russia's position and attitude since the beginning of the Crimean War. Perhaps in the depths of his heart he also hoped that conditions would change to such an extent as to make possible his return to the fatherland. The more he saw of Western European conditions, with their internal feuds, their shortcomings, their decadent life, the better he loved his country. His belief in the possibility of
developing germs of a new life in Russia grew stronger each day.

He soon decided to express his hope and his enthusiasm in writing. He wanted to revive the monthly magazine which had been edited by the participants in the Revolution of 1825; and to give it the same title: The North Star (L'Etoile Polaire). As a young lad of thirteen, he and a friend had made a vow, on a hill near Moscow, by the light of the setting sun, to avenge those men who had died a martyr's death on the gallows. Now, exactly thirty years later, it was granted him to fulfill his vow and to awaken those voices from the grave so that they might proclaim to their people the end of serfdom and the beginning of a new era.

The Revolution of 1825 in Russia was the first one to be started by the most cultured and aristocratic set of the country; all former insurrections had originated with the wild, lawless element of the people. The conspirators, the flower of Russian society, had to repent of their attempt, some on the gallows, some in the mines of Siberia. They had blazed the trail for liberal Russian youth. It was a deep satisfaction to Herzen, on the death of this Czar who had ordained their deaths, to honor their memory by starting the North Star again on its course over Russia, sending it along the trail which they had blazed. A portrait in vignette style, representing the profile of the five leaders of the revolution who were hanged, served as frontispiece of the new monthly.

The working out of these plans occupied Herzen's whole morning; in the afternoon several acquaintances from London dropped in to wish him luck for Russia. We were all in exuberant spirits. The garden ran along the Thames, from which it was separated by only a narrow, sandy shore, on which the children of the village played. Herzen stepped to the hedge and threw money down to them, calling out "Hurrah!", just to hear the English cry of joy. The children did not have to be asked twice and started such yells of rejoicing that the guests, also seized with the excitement, threw down all the small change in their pockets, which of course increased the frenzy of delight to such an extent that we finally decided it was better to make an end of it by walking away.
Alexander Herzen about the time Malvida was educating his daughters.
Things were beginning to look more hopeful for liberalism in Russia and I was very much delighted when Herzen announced that he would be willing to speak at an international meeting organized in memory of the February revolution of '48. It seemed beautiful to me that such a glowing patriot should express himself publicly on the subject. He said that he looked upon the defeat of Russian arms as desirable because the war was unjust and a matter of absolutism.

Strange to say, however, Herzen, who in personal intercourse had such perfect command of language as is given to few people, could not speak in public. In this instance he only accepted the proposal provided he were allowed to read his speech, which was of course granted. The evening of the meeting we drove into the city—the large hall where the meeting was to be held was crowded. Ernest Jones, the chairman, had belonged to the Chartist movement and since its dissolution had led the radical workmen's party.

The object of the meeting was to arouse the sympathy of the English people to an active demonstration for the Poles. The moment seemed propitious for the Poles, whose hopes had never died, to shake off the much-hated yoke of Russia, as this country was now hard pressed on its own territory by the united powers. When the chairman announced the surprising news that a Russian would speak at a meeting in the interest of the Poles now, when Russia, the great oppressor of Polish freedom, was at war with England, shouts of rejoicing broke out. Herzen mounted the platform and was enthusiastically received. His speech was often interrupted by loud applause. When he had finished, the joyous appreciation of his splendid views knew no bounds.

On leaving, Saffi drove out to Twickenham with us to spend the night and the following day. We remained together a while at supper in deep and animated conversation. Finally we adjourned and I went to my bedroom where the children also slept. What a shock I had on hearing a fearful cough from little Olga's bed! I immediately recognized its dangerous meaning and rushed downstairs where Herzen and Saffi still sat together; they followed me upstairs quickly, confirming my fears that this was croup.
As the family physician lived in London and it would have been hours before he could have reached us, Saffi ran off to get the doctor of the small town. He came, and prescribed the necessary remedies, among others a hot foot bath. I held the child on my lap during that time and kept her there the remainder of the night, as the coughing spells became worse when she lay down. That dear Saffi sat at our feet holding one of the child’s little hands in his; Herzen of course was also with us, and thus we spent the rest of the night, far removed from the political excitement in which we had been the first part of the evening.

The news that Richard Wagner had been called away from Zürich, where he lived in exile, to direct the concerts of the New Philharmonic Society for the London season, excited me greatly. I have mentioned before that I had read his books in Germany. The deep impression they had made upon me had impelled me to write to him, although he was personally unknown to me then. Later I also read the texts of Tannhäuser, Lohengrin and the Ring of the Nibelung. The desire to hear some of his music had become a positive longing with me, the fulfillment of which did not seem in the least probable. How very much then did the news thrill me that the author of those wonderful books, the creator of those poetic texts, was now coming to London. I heard of his arrival through my friend, the young German pianist who formerly shared my apartment, and I envied her because she had seen him several times in a friend’s house. It was not easy for me to go into the city to even one concert, as in London they last until late in the night, and then my return to the country would be impossible. I therefore would have to spend the night in town, but I could not rest until I had arranged for this.

The thrill I felt at that concert can only be compared to a similar impression I remember having had at a musical performance in my youth when I heard the singer Schröder-Devrient. Through this incomparable artist, I got the first real revelation of the essence of dramatic art. The same was revealed to me now by an orchestral performance which seemed to unfold for the first time the mysterious language of the tone world; something I had long known and loved came to me as a new
gift in its proper light and setting. This was especially the case with the overture to the Freischütz. Being an ardent admirer of Weber's, I had often heard all of his operas, but the Freischütz I had heard from childhood, so to speak, and knew it almost by heart. Now it seemed as if I heard the poetic tone picture of the Overture for the first time, and suddenly became clear to me that only now did I hear it as it should be heard. The whole Forest myth with its magic, its horrors and its sweet innocence and poetry, stood transfigured before my sight.

The personality of the director came as little into consideration as in the reading of his books. I was sitting too far back to be able to get a correct idea of him; I only had the feeling that a wave of harmony flowed visibly from his baton over the orchestra, making the musicians play more beautifully than they had ever been able to do before. Of all the music I had heard in England, so rich in concerts, this concert stood out preeminently.

One can imagine with what delight I accepted an invitation from Anna, a short time after this, to spend an evening at her house with Wagner. Nothing else could have persuaded me to leave my beloved children the second time for two days and a night. However, I could not deny myself this long-desired pleasure.

The very reserved, cool manner with which Wagner received our warm reception of him estranged me somewhat at first. Then, however, I realized that it was due naturally to his unsympathetic reception in England. An antagonism between him and the English, who were saturated with a Mendelssohn cult, had been apparent from the beginning, and this was the cause of such absurdities in musical accounts and criticisms of the season as: “One could not possibly expect anything from a conductor who even directs Beethoven symphonies by heart.”

Almost immediately, our conversation turned to the works of a philosopher whose name arose like a shining star out of the oblivion in which he had been left for more than a half a century. This was Arthur Schopenhauer. Well did I remember having seen in Frankfurt-am-Main, a little man in a gray cloak with several collars, then called “chenille,” who, followed
by a poodle dog, took his walk on the Main quay daily at the same hour as I. I also remembered that I had been told that this man was Arthur Schopenhauer, the son of the popular authoress of the same name, and that he was an absolute idiot. An acquaintance of ours, then a Senator of the free city of Frankfurt, and a highly esteemed man, who sat at the table d'hôte with him daily, loved to ridicule him and tell anecdotes about him to prove his stupidity.

Since then I had heard no more about him until now, when news from Germany was brought that his works, although published long ago, were now being read and that he was considered by some as the greatest philosopher since Kant, and by others even much greater. I do not know how Frederick had heard that Wagner shared this last opinion. He turned the conversation upon Schopenhauer and asked Wagner for an explanation of the fundamental principles of the Schopenhauer philosophy.

In the conversation following this, I was particularly struck with the expression "the negation of the will to live," which phrase Wagner declared to be the final result of Schopenhauer's view of life. Accustomed to looking upon the will as a power of moral self-determination, although I could never quite solve the contradiction between its obvious slavery and its freedom as declared by Christian dogma, this phrase describing the highest ethical task of mankind was to me absolutely incomprehensible. Had I not always looked upon the directing of the will toward uninterrupted moral perfection and action as the final goal of existence? However, this sentence echoed in me like something before which I dared not stand as before a riddle. The answer must be somewhere within me. It attracted me with inspiring awe as though it must be a key to the gate toward which my life was tending and behind which the light of final perception would appear to me.

The evening passed without a more congenial feeling arising between Wagner and any of us. I felt distressed about this meeting, and it hurt me all the more because I had been prepared to meet the author of those works and the director of that concert with such ardent enthusiasm. Not wishing this impression to remain, I wrote him a few lines later, inviting him to
come out to Richmond as Herzen would also be happy to meet him. Unfortunately I received a regret, giving his approaching departure, and business incident to it, as the reason.

We had another distressing event in our immediate circle. E., whose irritable nature was always seeking new excuses for flying into violent rages, now lost his temper towards Herzen himself. At the beginning of the Crimean War he had conceived a plan for which he expected great success. He wanted to spread revolutionary pamphlets throughout Russia by means of small balloons which would burst at a certain height and scatter them about, thereby arousing the country people to revolt against the despotic government. I do not remember how he expected to get the balloons into Russia nor to fly them. I only remember that he was full of the idea. He thought the moment propitious, as the war which robbed families in the country of their sons and their means of support was most unpopular among them. He counted on their superstitious natures to make them believe that these pamphlets were a summons falling from heaven which would arouse them to religious frenzy. The invention seemed so important to him, success so assured, that he bent every effort toward realizing it.

Herzen was indifferent and skeptical. Then he besought the Emperor Napoleon, whom he thought capable of recognizing the importance of such a medium, to give it every support. This attempt also failed, as he received a negative answer from Paris. He himself lacked the means of setting the thing into motion, so he saw his dream go on the rocks and that put him into a very bad humor. He took it out on Herzen, and blamed him for not having used this tool as a means of fighting Russian despotism.

Added to this first cause of E.'s ill humor, was another—literary jealousy. Just at this time Herzen had a visit from one of the first of his old Moscow friends who had been able to escape and who came to him in strictest incognito. He brought a lot of small things, precious memories of past times, from the belongings Herzen had left behind. All this was a great, even though a sad joy for Herzen. He was especially delighted to hear of the unprecedented success his pamphlets were having in Russia. The friend said that an acquaintance had awakened
him one night in order to announce news of greatest importance—the arrival of the first of Herzen's printed pamphlets. They had sat down immediately to read it through that same night; then it had gone secretly from hand to hand and they had copied it as they dared not hope to get many of the pamphlets. Every further product of the free London press was welcomed with ever-increasing enthusiasm. Herzen's name was written on the banner under which gathered all the hopes and endeavors of the Russian Progressive party.

The first part of the new quarterly L'Etoile Polaire bearing the vignette of the five martyrs was hailed with joy. Herzen's contributions to it had received the greatest recognition, while a very intelligent, radical, but somewhat awkwardly written article of E.'s, was less noticed. This was the final blow to E.'s pride. Herzen complained to me several times that conversation was becoming almost impossible because of E.'s aggressive mood.

One morning, while I was sitting reading with Natalie, E. rushed in and ran about the room in greatest excitement, hurling bitter invectives at Herzen and acting like a madman. I called to him to quiet down, begging him to remember that he was talking before Herzen's daughter. Suddenly he stopped at the table where we sat, drew a small revolver from his pocket, pointed it at us, and said: "You see this revolver. It is always loaded and I always carry it with me. Who knows what might happen if my anger gets the better of me?" Natalie was very much frightened. I looked at him firmly and said: "First put up that revolver before any unfortunate accident happens which you will forever regret, and then go home and calm yourself. I will come later and talk with you."

My calm manner abashed him somewhat and he left. I quieted Natalie and asked her not to say anything to her father as yet. Then I pondered as to what was to be done. It was quite clear that I must act quickly because, if Herzen heard of what had taken place, a conflict would be unavoidable.

After deliberating, I wrote E., reminding him of all the talks we had had about our principles, asking him to remember that, for people of our way of thinking, a revolver was truly no means of solving differences and ill humors, but that if an
understanding and an honest reconciliation seemed impossible, there was just one way open: to go one's way quietly and with dignity. I assured him that I was personally very sorry as I felt a real friendship for him, but that in this case I must take sides with Herzen and his family.

I sent the letter before Herzen, who was just then in London, had any idea of it, and received an answer immediately. It expressed ardent personal respect, at the same time a complete agreement with my proposal and the assurance of wanting to avoid any occasion for further conflict. When Herzen returned home that evening, I told him about the affair, showing him the letters. He was stirred by it as I had been, and thanked me for my intervention, which he considered an act of true friendship. Thus, this strange, highly talented, but unfortunate and sickly creature vanished from our lives, never to appear again.

After the painful episodes of that separation, Herzen himself suggested going for several weeks to lovely Ventnor on the Isle of Wight. Of course the children and I revelled in this idea. The Pulszkys were there again. They came to us very often in the evenings and I was delighted with the charming Thérèse. There we heard the news of the capture of Malakoff. With that the fall of Sebastopol and the end of the war could be prophesied. We all rejoiced, not only for universal humane reasons, but especially for Russia, as it could be assumed that the new emperor, after the ending of this war, would turn his activity to internal reforms.
CHAPTER XIII

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Devotion Without Reward  

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We returned to London and moved into a house at the extreme end of St. John's Wood, a suburb with many green gardens. From there roads led to the charming villages of Hampstead and Highgate, so that we could almost imagine ourselves in the country. The children's lessons were mapped out for them and were very numerous. It afforded me especial satisfaction to be able to put their musical education into Johanna Kinkel's hands. A musician of the first rank, she had made a specialty of instructing very young children. I had some trouble in restraining the social crowd, so that it should not disturb the lovely order and peace of the household. One day I wrote to my sister: "I can tell you nothing more of myself than, 'May my life remain as it is, I ask for nothing more!'"

When these happy days with the children were over, then it was the joint readings with Herzen in the evenings which gave my mind new elasticity and nourishment. His brilliant intellect, infallible memory and universal knowledge always illumined these readings with such valuable remarks and discussions that they were doubly beneficial.

Thus we read among other things, a newly edited revision of the Trials of Saint-Simon, which was an inspiration to me, especially in the speech of Père Enfantin. He dwelt upon the emancipation of women, which had been so much ridiculed
by the public, but was shown by him in a beautiful and noble light. The mystical religious view of life of the Saint Simonists gave to woman the same tasks and the same priestly consecration as to man. It made of society a hierarchy in which age, wisdom and dignity alone qualified one for the higher grades. Woman was placed beside man as an equal in every respect. Enfantin said with a modesty at that time extremely unusual among men that it did not behoove man in any way to set a limit for woman either as lawmaker, as teacher or regulator of social relations, but that woman must come out and speak for herself in order to formulate her true needs and demands.

I was the more pleasantly surprised by this as a petition for entrance to the study of medicine in the English universities, signed by numerous women of the aristocratic and cultured class, had just been refused by Parliament. While under the spell of this book, I sat down and wrote a dedication to Père Enfantin, who was still alive—this to precede what I intended to be a work setting forth the needs of women.

Otherwise the winter (1856-57) passed uneventfully. The Crimean war had been over since the beginning of September and Herzen's hopes for a new era in Russia were revived, especially as the political humiliation of the aristocracy through the Paris peace treaty seemed to impose upon them the necessity of inner reforms, if only as a means of renewing respect for them. It was the emancipation of serfs that formed the main theme of his discussions and that was presented as the indispensable condition of a new and better future for Russia. However, he always had in mind the preservation of Russian nationality in the division of the soil and in the common possession thereof. In keeping this primitive arrangement he saw the only possible defense against the misery of the European proletariat, and at the same time a just principle in that the soil should belong to the one who cultivates it. At that time he was able to get more frequent news from Russia and his pamphlets, printed in London, reached there more easily.

All this brought about the most peaceful atmosphere at home and I really did not think that the expression which Johanna Kinkel once used, describing her impression after a visit to us,
was exaggerated when she said: "It was just as though I stepped into a small paradise."

The circle which gathered at our house on certain evenings consisted of far less excitable political persons than had come during our first winter in London. Among them were many young people of different nationalities who gathered around Herzen with enthusiastic devotion, learning from him on the one hand, and, on the other, spurred by their different ambitions, turning the conversation to other spheres than the purely political.

To this younger circle Carl Schurz belonged. He had come to Europe for a time on account of his wife's health. A deep friendship sprang up between him and Herzen and if Schurz, with his vivid interpretation and keen penetration, gave us a most interesting account of American life, so, from Herzen's descriptions, he learned to know of Russia, then so little known, for which, with America, they both prophesied supremacy in the next cultural epoch. It was a pet hobby of Herzen's to which he always returned, that the Atlantic Ocean would play the same role in the near future as the Mediterranean had done in the old world, namely: it would be the centre of culture.

Several women had joined the circle, so that the exclusively political character of our gatherings was changed and interspersed with music and other agreeable social pleasures which were especially delightful and stimulating for the children. Anna could not come often, as her advanced pregnancy kept her closer at home. I therefore used to go as often as I could get off to spend an hour or so with her.

I was with her on the afternoon of the last day of January. We had the most charming talk about the little being who was soon to come into the world. She also spoke with great calm and clearness of the possibility of death, although at this moment she wished more than ever to live. I parted from her very affectionately and she begged me to give Herzen all sorts of playful messages.

On the following morning I was awakened early, when it was still very dark outside, by a knock at my door. I jumped up, much frightened, as Herzen, with a light in his hand, came
in pale and very much upset, and to my anxious query as to what had happened, he answered, with trembling voice: "I just had a message from Charlotte saying that Anna died suddenly during the night."

Several days later a small, quiet funeral procession drove out to the lovely churchyard in Highgate where I had once before stood beside a grave with Herzen. It was a beautiful place in which we laid Anna to eternal rest. There was no disturbing element, no priest, no strange, unfeeling witness present. Schurz spoke a few beautiful words. These friends spent the entire day with us and if anything could have increased the admiration and friendship which we all felt for Herzen, it would have been his conduct on this occasion.

The beginning of April was Herzen's birthday and I had prepared a little examination as a celebration at which the children were to give account of what they had learned. In the morning at the breakfast table, he found an invitation at his place decorated with flowers, and afterwards began the test, which showed the most satisfactory results. A festive, cheerful mood prevailed the whole day which, through the visit in the evening of several intimate friends who took lively interest in the charm and development of the children, ended in the jolliest way. Upon bidding him goodnight, I said laughingly to Herzen: "Now we have happily overcome all doubts and storms, and I hope we have reached a safe harbor for all time."

Is it presumptuous for people to hope for lasting satisfaction as the result of honest labor and pure striving? Or do some mischievous demons lurk about when perfect peace seems to prevail, envious lest the soul become too sure of itself? I do not know, but it is certain that only too often in life the most peaceful times are followed by a sudden change, just as though fate wanted to put us to the test, to see if we always wear a coat of mail and if we remember that life brings struggle and not peace.

A few days after the birthday celebration, we were sitting at our midday dinner when a carriage, loaded with trunks, drove up to the house. I could see it from my place at table. I jumped up and cried: "That is Ogareff!" This was the name of Herzen's childhood friend, whom he loved above all others
and of whom he had spoken to me so often and so convincingly that it seemed to me I knew him personally. It was he who had recently married that lady who was to have taken over the children’s education, whose delay had been the reason for my coming to the family. No tidings had reached us that Ogareff, whose political views kept him always under police surveillance, would be able to leave Russia, but a sure instinct told me that it must be he and no other.

Herzen, always fearful that something disturbing might come into his life, went to meet the stranger timidly until he actually recognized the friend of his youth. He brought him and his wife up to me and the children and introduced us. I had been most favorably disposed towards these friends of the family and yet I felt now, as they stood before me, a premonition of disaster.

It was natural that this visit should make great changes in our daily routine of life. With this friend, Herzen’s past was brought back,—his fatherland and his home, his past joys and sorrows and all their common hopes. This was the friend with whom Herzen once, as a thirteen-year-old boy, had sworn to avenge Pestel and the other martyrs of the 14th of December, 1825. If this alone excited Herzen deeply, then the fact that this friend was very ill when he came excited him still more.

His wife had been Herzen’s wife’s most intimate friend. She was with the family during the happy days they first spent in foreign lands, in the glorious excitement of ’48 in Italy and France. She also brought back a world of memories, some of them sad, as she had not seen Herzen since the death of his dearly beloved wife.

I respected the completeness with which all these things took possession of Herzen and changed the character of our home life. I realized that with a nature like Herzen’s, such an experience would naturally assume the upper hand and push all other considerations into the background. Still I hoped that gradually our life would resume its normal course, and that our routine, which I considered the only right one for the children, would not suffer a lasting disturbance. So at first, I let things take their course and took pains to shape our relations in the most friendly way.
This was all the easier as Herzen's friend inspired me with a sincere sympathy and boundless pity. Herzen had often spoken of the profound and noble nature of this man. I knew about his life, and that in him I beheld one of those victims of the unhappy Emperor Nicholas. How many names did I not know of richly gifted personalities who had gone under in that musty atmosphere of comfortless despotism which stunted all mental development!

However, through sheer force of a gifted personality, a man was able occasionally not only to break through and assert himself, but actually to gain in power. Ogareff had led a stormy life travelling through Europe. Then back again in the Russian steppes and forests, his life had become secluded and contemplative. He saw his unusual constitution, great mental gifts and a brilliant fortune vanish with youth, without leaving any visible sign thereof in the world.

According to the unanimous judgment of his friends, the influence of his personality was by no means small. By nature much more of a poet than a politician, his inner life had only been expressed in poems, of which several in Russian were published by Herzen in his press. In society he had always been very silent; now he was doubly so, as his health was so broken that he often sat for hours in a state of absentmindedness without taking part in the conversation. Although in this way he remained rather unapproachable, yet the unmistakable kindness of his being and his silent suffering attracted me greatly.

Entirely different was the impression which the Russian woman made upon me. The very day of her arrival, a feeling crept over me that one had come into my life who would not have a beneficial influence on it. I could never make out her strange personality. I never felt at ease in her presence and her own queer timidity embarrassed me. I noticed, too, that my position in the house was an unpleasant surprise to her; she had probably expected to find an ordinary governess, which would make it easy for her to take up the position with the children which their dying mother had requested. Instead of this she found a friend, who took the place of housewife in the household, and, with the children, replaced their mother.

Besides this, she hated Germans, and many arrangements
which I had made in the interest of the children were absolutely repugnant to her Russian habits. Just to give a small example: I had after much trouble and persuasion, got Herzen away from the habit of bringing home to the children useless toys and objects which served no other purpose than of marring their pleasure in good and useful gifts and awakening the love of destruction which is usually a predominant instinct in children. The Russian woman had a real passion for overwhelming the children with presents. She told me once that she could not pass the many beautiful toy shops in London without wanting to buy everything in them and bring them to the children! This is a decidedly Russian trait. I tried, in vain, to make Madame Ogareff see my point of view. She continued lavishing gifts upon the children and only stopped when I had called Herzen’s attention to this evil and he declared against it.

Similar differences of views, and on more important subjects, were found aplenty. However, Herzen wished that she should be with the children as much as possible to talk to them of their mother, to speak Russian with them, and tell them something of the fatherland which they had never seen. Had this all happened simply and naturally, just adding one more beautiful thing to our daily routine, then everything would have been easy. However, there was a painful something in the personalities and the relationship that I tried to ignore, but which obtruded itself upon me with forebodings.

After the day’s work with the children, the former mental stimulus of conversation or reading with Herzen was lacking. Russian language and Russian interests dominated the conversation, and although I had learned the former somewhat and had learned to know the latter pretty well, yet both were still too foreign for me to live in them exclusively.

To my distress I saw that Herzen, true to his nature, again let things slide, always in the hope that everything would adjust itself, fearing to hurt one or the other side. When I began to notice that discord was making headway, I called Herzen’s attention to it. There was no question of restricting his friends’ rights, nor of depriving him of the benefit of his Russian memories. It was solely a question of maintaining the status quo in the household, and of bringing his friends into it in a
fashion which should be congenial rather than arbitrary or destructive.

But this was not Herzen's way. Because of his great timidity in stepping in and endangering the freedom of one or the other, he let things go their way until the Gordian knot was tied and then could only be untied with a sword stroke which cut into the heart.

It would be useless to cite the various phases through which this inner conflict passed. I knew from other people how much the Russian wished to take the position in our household formerly designed for her. I saw how Herzen wished more and more to have the Russian element predominate with the children, and how indifferent he became to all ties non-Russian, although a short time earlier he had encouraged them with evident sympathy and liking. The thought forced itself upon me that a separation was inevitable. I felt that for the sake of the unity of education, I would have to give the children over to the Russian element alone, as I could neither go along with it nor did I feel competent to work against this stronger force. Besides, I considered such a dualism bad for the children.

I must say that Herzen at first rejected indignantly any mention of separation. To clear up the inner discord he proposed our talking it over with Ogareff and his wife. However, I declined to do this, knowing that it would not lead to anything. The absolute difference of our natures, our views and our habits could not possibly be smoothed over.

It is possible that if I had been less exclusive in my life and my accepted duties, if I had considered them more a business obligation than a matter of the heart into which I threw the whole, ardent devotion of my nature, I might have handled the situation more successfully. But it was the same with friendship as it had once been with love: I had given my all, and now realized to my great sorrow that it was not entirely mutual, that on the contrary, other stronger bonds influence life and give it a different course.

Finally, one morning when Herzen had left for the country early, to be gone all day, I was given a letter which he had left for me. This letter contained for the first time his admission
of the necessity of a separation. He proposed making it a sort of celebration, like a solemn festival.

He had chosen between his friends and me, therefore I could not remain. However, the thought of making a celebration of that which concerned my deepest feelings in life, was inconceivable to me. I felt that I must do it violently and immediately, or not at all.

I packed my things, wrote a short note of farewell to Herzen and another to the Russian woman in which I turned over the children to her, asking her to carry on my task with them. Then I sat down to my last meal with the two children. I spoke to them with deepest tenderness and love, taking both their hands in mine and blessing them, begging them to remember this hour, the significance of which they did not yet understand. Then I ordered the maid to dress the children and take the letter to the lady. I pressed them once more to my heart and let them go, surprised and perplexed, not grasping at all what was going on. I then took the most necessary things and left the house. On the threshold, the old butler, an Italian, who was very devoted to me, stopped me and said imploringly: “Do not go, it will bring misfortune to this house!” I pressed his hand in silence and went to Frederick and Charlotte because for the moment I had no other place of refuge.

That same evening, as we sat silently together, lost in painful thought, Ogareff and young Alexander suddenly appeared with a letter from Herzen. They, too, wished to express their sorrow over the hasty step I had taken. Alexander especially did this in such a sincere way and with such touching childish love that it moved me deeply. After they had gone I read Herzen’s letter; it was as follows:

“Dear Friend,

“With tears in my eyes I read your letter; no, not thus should we have parted, no and again no. However, if it has made a difficult step easier for you, then be it so. But let there be no enmity between us. Ogareff and Alexander are bringing you more than my letter; my deepest admiration, my unlimited friendship. Yes, in one respect you are right; silence—and those four children’s eyes on whose account you once crossed the
threshold of this unfortunate house.—Yes, it was beautiful to say farewell thus and I accept your blessing for my children; for myself, however, I request your friendship.

Your brother and friend,

A. Herzen.”

I read these lines with a mixture of deep emotion and real bitterness. Why could this friendship not have taken root more deeply and saved everything which now was irrevocably lost? Why are the best, the most talented people only puppets in the hands of chance?
CHAPTER XIV

* Parade of the Unemployed *

Frederick and Charlotte * insisted upon my remaining with them a few days until I had found a place to live and had come to some decision as to what to do. I accepted gratefully because after the joy of living in congenial surroundings with a family of my own choice, after the lovely, intimate intercourse with those children, this sudden loneliness was worse than death, and I clung to every sign of sympathy and love.

In a few days I found a small room near by into which I moved in order to think over what was to be done next.

My courage failed me at the thought of going back to the ungrateful task of giving lessons. I decided to try writing. I realized the difficulties and disappointments awaiting me in this field, but the occupation itself promised me far more satisfaction than did giving lessons, and if I succeeded, I felt sure I would find the only real way to possible happiness. I had already made an attempt, during my stay in the Herzen home, at a translation from Russian into English which turned out favorably, so I decided to continue with translations and thus pave the way for other works. I forthwith went to work, but it was far from proving a source of comfort. An unutterable sorrow stirred my heart day and night, and it was impossible for me to soothe the pain caused by all that had taken place.

* See p. 203. A decent interval after Anna's death Frederich Althaus married her friend Charlotte.
I began to ponder as to whether I could have taken another course and thus have avoided the whole catastrophe, but I was convinced that I could not have acted differently. The bitterness of the separation struggled with the grief for all I had lost and the yearning to return to where I had been so happy, where I had taken root with all the strength of my being.

Schurz, who was soon returning to America with his family, begged me to accompany them over there to make a new home for myself. With fate's usual wilful way of granting the thing we desire when it has lost its value for us, this invitation came to me now, for the second time, when my heart was bound with such strong bonds to the old world that I did not feel capable of breaking them and of putting the ocean between them and me.

My dreary solitude was so bitter that I greeted the day of departure for Hastings with the Kinkels as a sort of salvation. They had urged me cordially to go to the seashore with them for the summer. The rest and the hard-earned trip to the bathing resort with these dear friends was a kind of festival.

In Hastings we settled in a small house on the shore. It was more modest and simple than what I had been used to with the Herzens, but I would have been happy in it among such dear friends if the fresh wound had not still bled so much. However, I went to work earnestly and with a will on a translation from the Russian for which publication had been promised me in London. England was beginning to realize that literature existed in Russia and to show a certain curiosity toward this unknown region of the human mind.

Although this was a time of recuperation, it was by no means a time of leisure for the Kinkels, but merely of more congenial work. A strict schedule gave their home life a serious, dignified character. In the mornings, Kinkel, the children and I climbed up the cliff to the old castle overlooking the sea, which conceals a charming garden inside of its crumbling walls. In the different arbors of this garden we each went to work separately. The children stayed with their father, thus giving Johanna time, which she seldom had in London, for pursuing her music. In the afternoon, she directed the children’s lessons with such unusual skill that the little quartet was capable of lovely per-
formances. Then Kinkel was free to do his work. When study time was over, we all went for a walk in the beautiful surroundings of Hastings. I almost felt happy again amid these congenial companions; Johanna's beautiful nature increased my love and admiration for her and I felt how wrong the clichés about female friendship are. I believe that a friendship between two noble women is one of the loftiest and most unselfish things on earth.

In reality, though, my mood remained unchanged. Grief for what I had lost gnawed at my heart. Often I awoke in the morning calling loudly for Olga, that little creature on whom I lavished all my motherly love, and would find my pillow wet with tears which I had shed while dreaming of her. Sometimes my grief rose to such heights that the sea shining before me in the moonlight seemed to draw me down with irresistible power into its discreet silence, where all torment and vain yearning would find rest.

I had news from Herzen now and then: he kept me au courant with what was going on at home. Among other things, he wrote that he wanted to take a little trip for a rest on the continent, but that the Minister of the Interior in Paris had positively forbidden his passport to be viséd as he was a "Very dangerous individual travelling for political purposes and writing under the name of Iskander." He added that he had now taken a house near London, and said he wanted to write an introduction to the Memoirs of Princess Daschkoff,* which I was just then translating into German.

That was a book which we had read together before the arrival of his friends and which interested us greatly. This friend of Catherine the Second, her equal in mind and culture, but far superior in character, is surely one of the most remarkable women among all who stepped out of a narrow home life into public notice. Later he sent me this introduction; it was unusually interesting and was published with the Memoirs, by Hoffman and Campe in Hamburg.

The success of his publications increased in a surprising manner. A well known publisher undertook to introduce them

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into Russia and, in spite of police surveillance, they found their way there in quantities, firing the youth of the country with irresistible force. Visits of Russian travellers became more numerous, and he received more articles and news for the newly founded Russian paper, The Bell, the special purpose of which was the abolition of serfdom.

Herzen also wrote me of things he had read, as I had asked him about Proudhon’s new book, De la Justice, which I wanted to read.

Thus I had the confidence of his intellectual life, but it was, nevertheless, not the same as the daily talks. I was very much interested in Russian life, which then seemed to promise so much. Like Herzen, I hoped that a solution of the problems of the period, seemingly impossible in old Europe, might be found there. The success of Herzen’s activity had become a matter of great importance to me. Now, all this was removed and it pained me very much. I realized what power the so-called legal bond still has over the minds of the most liberal-minded, even though they do not admit it to themselves. If any kind of legal tie had bound me to the family, instead of free sympathy and friendship, then the arrival of those friends would have made no difference; everything would have remained as it was. Does human weakness still need the outer moral code, those binding legal ties? The more civilized society becomes, the more is life limited by a regular structure of conventional obligations. Is it more moral or more noble on that account? What gives value to a human tie, a human deed, is inner loyalty and sincere devotion. If these do not exist then the outer obligation is like a shell without a kernel, like going to church on Sundays because it is the respectable thing to do, not because of a religious need.

The holidays were drawing to a close and the Kinkels began to prepare for departure. I decided to remain in Hastings for the present. It seemed to me that life here, in beautiful surroundings, near the sea, must finally have a quieting effect on my wounded heart.

I told the Kinkels of my decision. They approved of it, although they were sorry to leave me behind. When the day of their departure came, I accompanied them to the station, told
them goodbye, and watched the train speed off, carrying them away. It was as though the very ground shook under my feet. A feeling of utter alone-ness came over me. I went into the small house which I had taken by the sea, arranged my things, and tried, by a firm plan of action, to find peace. But I missed the dear friends everywhere and listened sadly to the monotonous murmur of the waves under my windows, which was now the only voice that spoke to me.

I hoped that Emily Reeve would find it possible to come and spend the winter with me. I had seen a good deal of this unusual creature since leaving the Herzen home, and had become very intimate with her. We first became acquainted through writing, and I soon discovered that she had a very superior mind. Lately, I had often seen her in her own home, and had come to know the environment in which she had grown up. She came of a small tradesman's family, living in modest circumstances in one of those central streets of London, which, with their dark brown houses, seem to keep out all broad, liberal thought, as well as fresh air and fresh green. A clear ray of sunshine scarcely ever pierces the dismal, smoke-filled atmosphere. Just as limited as the outward horizon, was the inner one—on week days the Times was read, daily vocational occupations accomplished, and on Sundays they went to church; that was all.

Indeed, so conservative, so monotonously English were the interests of this household that even the steam craze, which obsesses almost every Englishman, had not entered here. One of Emily's sisters said to me when I returned from a little excursion by train, that she did not understand how one could travel on an express train, as they went fast enough to make one dizzy and were so very dangerous.

In this narrow, smoky circle, Emily had grown up like a pale flower in a cellar. She was scoffed at by her family, was treated with an air of infinite superiority by her sisters, like a childish being who could neither keep house nor accomplish the involved rite of the Sunday toilette for church. Not only that, but she was actually indifferent about these Sunday gowns and preferred spending her meager pocket money on books. And what kind of books! Shakespeare? Well, one could not say anything
against him because after all, no Britisher dared say anything against the great William. But Byron, that immoral writer? Shelley, that atheist? Philosophic books of all kinds—what does a girl need with these? Fortunately she probably does not understand them, she is too simple for that, let her continue to vegetate in her own manner. Thus these good people comforted themselves.

However, the sun's rays found their way even into the cellar, illumined the flower, and brought forth its modest splendor. A Pole, driven from his country into exile, boarded in an extra room in the house. He offered to give Emily French lessons if she, in return, would give him lessons in English. A new horizon was opened up to Emily by this experienced and cultured man. Her political and religious views were quickly freed from their traditional limitations, her keen, logical mind showed her the dark sides of English life. From then on she became an implacable enemy of English hypocrisy.

From their mutual teaching, a mutual love soon evolved. However, as the lack of means on both sides barred any thought of marriage for the present, separation and resignation were necessary, which Emily accepted with the same passive strength of soul with which she had borne the joyless mental solitude of her life. Her friend went to Paris, but they remained in constant correspondence. From this time on she developed an interest in the fate of the Slavic races which led her, after reading one of his articles, to write to Herzen. Through this we met her and the way was paved which later was to lead her out of her narrow circle of life.

My departure from Herzen's household distressed her greatly, but since then she had been doubly devoted. We saw one another often and I admired in her that hidden power of the English mind which, when it once rises above the level of the commonplace, progresses with inexorable logic to the most daring consequences. There is no hesitation between theory and practice, no discord between warmth and form, no idealism which vanishes, at the light of day, into weak mist, as so often occurs with those of Germanic races. On the contrary, theory and practice go hand in hand; the inner strength appears as a decided, reserved individuality, which knows how to combine
the peculiar national traits with the universal element. Thus appear the great English minds, the poets, thinkers and statesmen, thus one meets, in lesser spheres, individuals who come to us as though hewn from marble. Only their hearts are not cold as stone, but have a deep, warm perception. Whosoever has won such an English heart, may count upon it till death.

Such a person was Emily Reeve, and if she did not tread in broader fields of life, it was first because of the narrow sphere into which she was born, and then because of her early death, which carried her off just as she had begun to prove her powers brilliantly.

On closer acquaintance, we both wanted to live together. Now I wrote her from Hastings to come to me if her means permitted, because unfortunately mine were not sufficient to offer her a free home.

Soon the late autumn came with its mist, its storms and cold, rainy days, the sea roared drearily and prevented me from sleeping. I received a sad letter from Emily Reeve saying that her circumstances made it impossible to come now. She had counted upon a literary work being accepted, which would have made it possible; that, however, had gone amiss. She was too considerate and timid to ask a sacrifice of her family, however daringly her mind pushed forward in the realms of thought. I decided to return to London. I wrote to Emily Reeve to ask her to rent me a small lodging.

Domengé, to whom I also wrote of my changed plan, was delighted. The Kinkels also wrote of their delight in having me near them again. Only Herzen mocked me when I wrote him that I was returning to London. He said that I could not do without the social side of life and this remark from him, who for three years had seen my life voluntarily limited to domesticity, hurt me deeply. I therefore decided to break away completely from that past, not to give Herzen my new address in London and not go to see them any more.

Thus I returned to London, went to the small lodging which Emily had found for me with kind people, where I could also have meals, and settled down to a life of work. Domengé kept his word; he came often to see me, tendering me the devotion of a brother. Emily came, and I went to the Kinkels' from time to
time, so that I felt surrounded by sympathy and friendship and more at peace.

In spite of my limited means and the uncertainty of the work I had chosen, I nevertheless rented a piano because the need for that comfort which only the most sacred of all arts can give had become a consuming yearning with me. Brought up on music from earliest childhood, and on the noblest and best there was up to that time, it had been a great privation, since I lived in exile, that I heard good music so seldom. It is expensive in London. In the Herzen household it was the one thing that I missed. Now that I was alone, I felt I could no longer do without it. To be sure, I had never been a virtuoso and now, through lack of practice, had lost all skill, but I could sing.

I fled to that resource in the hours when melancholy gained the upper hand. However, even with that, I did not always succeed in banishing the dark moods which besieged my soul. Sometimes they took hold of me with redoubled force. Thus it happened one evening after singing a song of Schubert's: "Woe to the fleeing one," that a poignant grief filled my heart so full that I sprang up feeling I could bear it no longer. I reached for a knife which lay on the table to put an end to this torment. But as the sharp blade flashed my mother's picture arose before me; the thought of giving her this new sorrow held my hand, and the knife fell to the floor.

I realized then that I must flee from myself to avoid another hour of temptation which perhaps might return with irresistible force. I quickly donned my hat and coat, hurried out into one of the passing omnibuses, and rode to the Strand Theater, where Othello was being played that evening by an artist whose performance Domengé had told me was not to be surpassed. I was so unknown in this gigantic London world that it was a matter of indifference to me what people would think, so I did not hesitate to go to a second class theater alone in the evening. I now belonged to the proletariat and was not too proud to do as they did for an evening of artistic enjoyment.

I went into the orchestra seats which cost a shilling and sat next to a poor girl of rather doubtful appearance, who ate incessantly all sorts of things she had brought with her. To be
sure, she was not an agreeable neighbor, but even that was a matter of indifference to me compared to the desire to forget the misery of the world and my own. I was soon enthralled by the artist who played Othello. It is curious how often in England splendid talent is found in small second or third class theatres. Modestly, and before an audience the majority of which does not belong to the so-called educated class, vivid impersonations of the great tragic characters are given which are of the very best. Thus it was with Phelps at the Adelphi and now with Dillon at the Strand Theatre. Never had I seen Othello played with such quiet, firm dignity.

Throughout this splendid performance it seemed to me as though for the first time I understood Shakespeare, whose plays seemed to have arisen from the very depths of being, in which one completely forgets the personality of the author.

When I got home I picked up the knife which still lay on the floor, and my last thought that day was a prayer of thanks to Shakespeare.

I had not written to Herzen again, had not told him where I lived, and heard nothing from him for several weeks. Now my birthday came around, which had always been celebrated joyously and which for the first time I spent in loneliness. Suddenly, in the afternoon, young Alexander appeared, bringing me a few friendly lines from his father and birthday presents from the children. They had made inquiries, found out where I lived, and had chosen this day to renew the interrupted ties of friendship. My heart was only too inclined to forgive and forget the wrong received, and so I promised to accept Alexander's urgent and hearty invitation to come out to the country place where they now lived. Herzen received me with the same old kindness, the children with great warmth, and their friends, politely. Only my little Olga, the sight of whom touched me to tears, was somewhat shy and reticent. However, when after a while I chanced to be alone with her, she suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me with passionate tenderness. For her sake I resolved to bear all bitter feelings, every renewed grief, and to go there often so that the child would still feel my great love near her, watching over her like an invisible protector.
I turned to the study of the life of the people, of their social conditions, their social misery, partly because pity drew me to them, partly because I wanted to write for a German paper and was seeking subjects of deeper interest than society could offer me. I met a German woman who belonged to a club founded by a German pastor for the support of poor German families. She asked me to accompany her in her wanderings in those quarters where the poor lived. I accepted gladly, and so one morning we drove in an omnibus in the direction of Whitechapel—an extremely long drive because Whitechapel lies behind the city and represents the lowest grade of business life. Here the poorest working class lives. It is the home of the proletariat and of notorious vice.

Poor German families are there by the hundreds; they are partly German street musicians, such as organ grinders, partly laborers of all kinds who mostly earn their living by cleaning hides and making coarse slippers,—hard, wearisome and unhealthy occupations, especially the first, as they have to stand in water to do it. This winter, even such labor brought scant living. Hundreds of men were out of work and this hit first the foreigners whose misery was doubly great as they, the women at least, spoke only very little English and still felt themselves utter strangers. The German woman’s club, the pastor and teacher at the German school did their best, but what was that compared with the great need!

We visited first a street with poor, small houses which were almost all inhabited by Germans. There we found a family of peasants from Wetterau who understood nothing but field work. Naturally they were in direst need. “But,” said the woman in her dialect, “over there things were so bad for us that we could stand it no longer what with the many taxes we had to pay—we could not meet them any more. I saw an English maid who asked where I was from and when I said from Wetterau, there by Giesse, she said, ‘Oh, you left such a beautiful country!’ Yes, indeed, a beautiful country for the people who have money, but for the poor who suffer from hunger it is not beautiful, and as bad as it is here, it is nevertheless better than at home.”

Similar harsh judgments I heard from all sides and my heart sent out angry, resentful thoughts to my country which makes
the life of the poor so hard that misery in a foreign country seems preferable to them.

Another scene we encountered was one of comic, virtuous pride. We entered a bakery to inquire about a street in which we wanted to visit a family. The baker’s wife, a small, unusually fat woman, eyed us from top to bottom with scornful horror and asked: “What! you want to go into that street? Oh heavens, nothing but bad women live there! I would not set foot in that street even if my own mother lived in it!”

At that moment a man came into the store; the virtuous woman turned to him and cried: “Just think, these ladies want to go to Brunswick Place. Isn’t that terrible?”

“To live there?” asked the man with an ambiguous smile.

“To visit a poor family,” replied my companion.

“On my honor, it is impossible to go into such a street!” cried the baker woman with ever-increasing warmth, informing everybody who came into the store of the terrible news. “No,” she went on, “we who live around here, know something of what an abomination it is; in the day time they are ragged, horrid creatures and in the evening they come out so primped up that one can’t recognize them. Then come the sailors—oh and phew!”

The virtuous baker’s woman held her hand before her face.

“But you should pity these unfortunate creatures and try to help them rather than throw stones at them,” I said.

“Help them? Good gracious me! Help?” she cried, throwing her head back proudly, and again casting an angry glance at me.

“Are there not more churches here than anywhere else? Can’t they go there? No. They do not want to be helped; it is more convenient for them to make money that way than by honest work. We have work from four o’clock in the morning till late in the evening, and on Saturdays full seventeen hours; but it is honestly earned bread; and besides we treat our help well; an employee gets his sixteen shillings a week, his bread every day, and on Saturdays tea and bread and butter as much as he wants. That is supporting oneself honestly! But those creatures!—one always ruins the other, and then they come to us and take bread on credit and if they can’t pay they go to another baker.—This is what happens when one is too good.”

“Can’t you employ a German baker’s boy?” I interrupted the
flow of talk of the virtuous one, who was becoming red and swollen with self-confidence.

“No, the English are better bakers than the Germans,” was her short, positive reply.

We left this self-satisfied matron and went into the much dreaded street, where vice in its cruelest form might exist, but where we encountered nothing but the heart-rending sight of the poor family we sought. In a dark little room on the ground floor they sat huddled together: the father, a German, who was making side combs, the mother, an Englishwoman, the eldest daughter busily sewing, and three timid little children, all on one little bench. The father had been ill for years and when he was able to work again, side combs had gone out of style; besides, they were now made quicker and cheaper by machine. He could not start another business because he did not have the necessary funds, therefore nothing remained but to sit in the narrow little room and make combs which his wife sold in the streets as best she could. They lived on the meager proceeds and the children huddled in the little room because, even if the body were stunted in that thick atmosphere, still it was better than having them outside where their souls would be ruined.

It was a terribly cold winter, and misery increased to such an extent in consequence that one had no peace even in one’s own little room. Often I would be frightened at my work by a dismal song which made my heart shiver. I would then go to the window and see a procession approaching, in slow, measured steps. They were by no means old men nor cripples, but strong, well built men who sang a song with a gruesome death melody, the refrain being: “No work!” They filed on, one behind the other, the foremost carrying a green branch tied to a stick. They stopped before every house and looked longingly up to the windows. If none was opened, if no charitable hand threw them help, then they moved slowly on. So very much was this strange race permeated with the spirit of justice that these starving giants did not even shake their fists at the closed windows, but, singing their dirge, moved on.

These processions were by no means sporadic, but followed one another uninterruptedly, and this had been repeated for years to an ever increasing extent the more the price of living
rose and the less there was work to be had. The only legal methods they used were, (1) meetings, at which their favorite speakers spoke, explaining the cause of their misery and the means of help—among these speakers was Ernest Jones, the Chartist leader; (2) appealing in mass to the workhouses, and if that did not help, to the magistrate of the district.

I went to one of these meetings. It took place in a meadow in the Parish of St. Pancras, where the inhabitants were mostly the extremely poor laborers. The speaker, also a laborer, stood on a small hill; round about him thronged hundreds of people of both sexes. With the abruptness of the Englishman, he gave a sharp sketch of the laborers' lives and the unnatural gulf between work and reward. One felt at every word that it came from his own experience. "I blush," he said among other things, "and have blushed for eight years since I have been in London, that I work and work and can never earn more than the bare necessities of life. Nevertheless, I feel capable of just as much as those who live in luxury."

His proposals for relief were free emigration guaranteed by the government, and shorter working hours. These were the proposals of the laboring party which was under the influence of the church, while the Chartists fought the idea of emigration, declaring that cultivation of the large amount of fallow land at home would suffice to relieve poverty. They had in mind the tremendous estates of the English nobility and the miles of parks which are there for the enjoyment of the few. They feared that with emigration, they would lose the leaven of strong, robust workers on which depends the prosperity of every country.

The Chartists tried to give the movement a political character, and this was known and feared. The thing was serious enough anyway, and the Times dealt exhaustively with the question, advising relief, especially through thorough reform of the workhouses. How little these last sufficed as a relief from the misery, those around me told at every meeting.

After the talk, the whole throng went in orderly procession, the speaker leading, to St. Pancras Workhouse, and there lined up properly and quietly. Several of the leaders and the speaker ascended the high stairs, at the top landing of which stood several officials of the workhouse looking down upon the crowds
with dark, obstinate faces. Then there was much talking to and fro.

"Oh," said a woman to me, "it is filled in there with policemen and if we made the least attempt at violence, they would immediately appear and take the men into custody. The gentlemen of the workhouse well know why they don't want us to see the magistrate: because things would be looked into more thoroughly. They have the advantage, however, when they treat us poor people badly."

"But if you know that this appealing to the workhouses does not help," I said, "why don't you all go, fifty or sixty thousand strong, and place yourselves around the House of Parliament and quietly demand a hearing? Say that you will use no violence, but you will not leave before they have given you help. You are a free people, why do you not make use of your freedom?"

"Oh," replied the woman, "we poor people are always too timid to do such a thing."

Meanwhile the discussion above us was ended. One of the officials came forward and, in a severe voice, called a warning to the crowds not to give the least sign of opposition because then they would attain nothing. He repeated several times, almost threateningly: "Take care, take care; there are spies among you; do not trust them." Probably he meant by that the Chartist leaders.

The people promised to be quiet and the officials disappeared into the house to confer. Of course nothing more came of it than vain promises with which the starving crowds went home.

In consequence of this, the Lord Mayor and several aldermen made a nightly expedition à la Haroun-al-Raschid, surprising several poorhouses with their unexpected visit. Terrible things were found to exist; the houses in which the poor without homes or work should find shelter for the night were nothing but stables where men and women were huddled together in horrible misery. These wretched places of protection were often miles apart so that the poor who, tired and weary, had dragged themselves to the poorhouse, (if they had cards of admission) had then to go very far to reach their comfortless night quarters.
For the first time, I seriously doubted the possibility of a perfect world, and I began to understand that existence itself is the evil from which we must try to redeem ourselves. When I looked at these thousands who existed in this metropolis under such conditions, more like animals than like human beings, I was overcome with horror and wondered how one could possibly help them. That a political revolution alone would not help, I understood clearly; neither would a social revolution, rushing like a mountain torrent over the civilized world, bring relief. Had not the great French Revolution shown sufficiently how little unchained brutality and blind passion did toward bringing about equality?

These thoughts led me to one conclusion—that we, who were supposed to have smashed all idols and false gods, had voluntarily made for ourselves a new idol, namely the people. "The People" had become the refrain of the Democratic party as though it were a being of a higher order, a godhead, as though the content of the new world teachings would emanate from it and a more enlightened morality would take the place of the old one. What the masses, the so-called "People" were, we had seen in the year '48-'49—a machine in the hands of competent leaders. They do not know how to make use of freedom without being educated up to it—this, the plebiscites proved in France.

What, then, is the remedy? Not raising the brutal masses, as such, to power, as Democracy flatteringly promises them, but stabilizing their rights, forming institutions so that work and earnings are to be had for all, and letting the joyous ray of real education penetrate into the dreary waste of their burdensome existence. This not only works downward, but also upward in uniting all ranks into one people which would gather in joyous recognition around their geniuses and heroes and live in the light of their blessings; for next to being a genius, the greatest thing is to recognize and love genius.

In February there was a death in the emigration which affected me very much. The noble Pole, Stanislas Worcell, finally succumbed to the illness which had long been consuming him. In England, women are not excluded from funerals. It was a lovely, clear winter morning when I went to the house of
mourning, a simple house in one of the quiet streets not inhabited by the aristocracy. Here Worcell had spent his last years with a good English family of the middle class. Generous English friends had supported him when his serious illness aged him early and hindered him from using his versatile talents.

He had been one of the chiefs of the Polish Democratic party and had never lost faith in Poland's future. Even at the beginning of the Crimean War, he had hoped for a Polish uprising with the support of the Allies. At that time, large meetings were held all over England to this end, at which Kossuth led the speeches, as the Poles had no speaker but Worcell, who could not speak on account of his asthma. He accompanied Kossuth everywhere, however, and supported the cause by his appearance. The English people took enthusiastic interest in the meetings, but it stopped there. The allied powers had neither the courage nor the inclination to use a revolution as a remedy against their enemy.

Worcell, however, kept on hoping up to the last moment and when his friend Joseph Mazzini (of whom Worcell once said in my presence, that he was the purest character he had ever known in his life) stood beside his deathbed to say farewell to him, Worcell whispered to him with a scarcely audible voice: "If the nations ever rise up again, do not forget the Poles."

I left in midsummer to find a little rest and recreation at the seashore. The invitation of a kind countrywoman to go to the coast with her was very welcome. This was Sophie Klingemann, wife of Carl Klingemann who, as secretary of the Hanover Embassy, had lived in London many years and was well known there as a clever, kind aristocrat. He was an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's. I had known his wife as a young girl in Germany. I looked her up in London and had always been received most cordially into their hospitable home, known for its intellectual society. As Klingemann was detained by business in the city, I drove with Sophie, her child and the servants to Eastbourne, a small bathing resort, which was distinguished only for its beach and for the white chalk cliffs which rose almost per-
pendicularly. We stayed in this place a couple of weeks and the old youthful bond was renewed.

Unforeseen circumstances necessitated the Klingemanns' departure sooner than they had expected, and I remained behind alone. If I had to work hard in London to make a living and to make this summer vacation possible, and if I had to work on what brought in the most money, namely translations from the Russian and newspaper articles for English as well as for German papers, I also allowed myself the joy of creation. I worked on a novel which had been started, but put aside by more urgent work. I went to the beach daily with books and writing material, sat on the sand, and wrote whilst the waves broke at my feet and the great peace of solitude came over me.

One day I sat under the sea wall facing the sea, completely absorbed in my work, when suddenly a shower of pebbles fell about me. Astonished, I looked up to the quay and saw two ladies and a gentleman laughing down at me and trying to attract my attention.

I had only seen and spoken to the man once, a good many years ago, but it was not possible to forget him or to mistake this personality. I recognized him immediately; it was Joseph Mazzini. The two ladies were sisters in the English family in which Mazzini had found a second home and in which he was honored and loved like a saint. Both sisters were married; I had met them one evening at Herzen's, before I went to live there myself. Since then, I had seen only one of them, Emily, who often came to Herzen's and on whom I sometimes called after my departure from the Herzen household.

She was an attractive creature, highly educated, a painter of some note, and had painted the best portrait of Mazzini in existence. What interested and occupied her more than anything else, was the Italian situation, a natural consequence of association with this friend, so greatly beloved and esteemed by the whole family. She had attracted me from the first and I was delighted to renew the opportunity of seeing her often and of spending many a cozy evening with her. It was at her house that I met Jessie White, that energetic, courageous, clever girl who later made a name for herself in the history of the Italian war for freedom, through Garibaldi, and who finally, by marrying an
Italian, made Italy her home. Emily Hawkes had recognized me there on the beach at Eastbourne and pointed me out to the others.

Her sister Caroline, a very pretty woman, whom I did not know well, asked me to come and see her, and waiving all ceremony, invited me to dinner the following day. She was not as attractive to me as Emily and I was almost sorry to be disturbed in my solitude, yet I could not refuse. I did not regret it, however, as the party consisted of only the two sisters, Mazzini and myself. I therefore had a good opportunity of getting to know the man whose name made tyrants tremble and who was loved and honored enthusiastically by all who knew him.

His appearance did not justify the fear he instilled in his enemies. His was not that bold, proud type of Condottiere which characterized Orsini. His carriage had something modest, almost submissive, his head with its noble, intellectual features and the thoughtful brow, was rather that of a philosopher and sage. Only the wonderfully beautiful dark eyes sometimes flashed violently, betraying the flame of energy which burned in his soul. He spoke English fluently, though with that southern singing accent which gives this unmelodious language some charm.

Emily Hawkes, who always teased me about materialism, which she hated and whose follower she considered me, brought the conversation around to this subject immediately and asked Mazzini to explain to me his view of life. He did this most amiably. He had the ardor of those who think they are speaking absolute truth and would like to convince others of their infallible dogma. The fundamental basis of all existence for him was a spiritual principle which he called God and from which the ideas of the good, the beautiful and true were given us at birth. The perfection of the world was his dogma and to work towards that end he believed to be the duty of mankind. He compared life to a spiritual winding around a high mountain; from each higher point a greater part of the trodden path could be seen, but only upon reaching the peak could one see the whole, and only then would the real purpose and aim of existence be made clear. One can say that his point of view was still Catholic in so far as belief was nothing to him without
action, and had he translated the Bible, he would surely have said: "In the beginning was the deed."

I was at that time still inclined to the positivist direction which had taken root in me, perhaps as a reaction against the uncertain searching idealism of my youth, especially since the time of the Hamburg College where I became better acquainted with the natural sciences. To be sure, my feelings contradicted this theory, and I caught myself hundreds of times in flight from the world of positive facts into the region of metaphysical hypothesis. I argued eagerly with Mazzini and it was late before we broke up. However, we parted with the mutual promise of seeing one another often, also later in London, where, fortunately, my home was not very far from Caroline's, and Mazzini also lived in the vicinity.

Shortly after this meeting, I returned to London, as it was necessary that I should go back to work. I called at the Herzens', where I found Herzen just leaving for Manchester. He was going to see an exhibition of old and modern paintings, to which the best had been sent from all parts of England, from both the public and the private collections which this rich country possesses.

To my great joy I received an invitation from Mme. Schwabe, with whom I had always remained in touch, to visit her in Manchester, see the exhibition and then go with her for several weeks to the North of Wales to her beautiful estate where I had spent such an enjoyable time my first summer in England.

What made the trip still more delightful was the fact that Kinkel and Johanna, who were also going to the exhibition, joined me. The time thus passed in the jolliest manner and in Manchester we parted with the promise to meet every day at the exhibition.

I was received most cordially in the Schwabe household. She had become a widow, but her hospitable house still brought together guests from all ranks and countries and among these there were always some remarkable personalities whom it was a delight to meet. The English have a charming way of extending hospitality to their guests, giving them, in addition to all the comforts of home, absolute freedom to spend their time as they please. This left me the full enjoyment of the exhibition in my
own way. I met the Kinkels every morning, and we enjoyed looking at the paintings together. These were hours of pure artistic enjoyment which lunch together in the restaurant of the exhibition interrupted in the pleasantest way.

In Wales, life was much more agreeable than in the noisy social whirl of Manchester. The autumn was beautiful and enhanced the enjoyment of the glorious surroundings. Several interesting people were house guests, others came now and then. Among the former was the art historian Professor Anton Springer with his beautiful wife and three angelic children. Being with them was most edifying to both mind and soul. A friend of Springer's arrived, a young painter by the name of Jaroslav Czermak. Like Springer, he was a Czech by birth and had an unusually kind and beautiful nature. A mutual sympathy sprang up between us; it led to a friendship which was later on to develop into a strong and lasting one. A young Swedish musician, an intimate friend and pupil of Chopin's, stayed quite a while there, delighting us with his soulful rendering of Chopin's compositions.

Then came, only fleetingly, a woman whose reputation was the talk of all England. It was Mrs. Gaskell,* the authoress of *Mary Barton*, the novel which portrays, with such gripping truth, the sufferings and privations of the working classes in the factory towns. Even English statesmen, such, for instance, as Richard Cobden, were deeply affected by it. Mrs. Gaskell was the wife of a preacher in Manchester; although well educated, she had never before thought of becoming an authoress. Inconsolable grief over the loss of her only son drove her into seclusion from the world for several months. When she came out of her retreat, she had written this splendid novel in which she poured forth her own woe in the shape of portrayal of the misery of the thousands who carry such a hard burden of forced labor in life that it destroys the noblest natures, often driving them to crime. Unfortunately my acquaintance with her was too short to leave anything but a lovely impression of noblest womanhood.

My stay of two months in Wales strengthened me both mentally and physically. I bathed in the sea until late in the autumn and was out in the open almost all day in the invigorating sea

* Better known to posterity as the author of *Cranford*. 
Finally, however, I had to leave and Mrs. Schwabe also left. She, the Springers, Czermak and I travelled to London together. When we drove into the large North Station, where innumerable gas flames shone dully through the fog and the din of the metropolis came to us, I said to my companions: "It is just as though one were driving straight into the jaws of a monster,—it is an abominable product of civilization, and yet it ensnares us with the magic of a basilisk and we cannot do without it."
CHAPTER XV

* *

My Friend Joseph Mazzini

* *

The first calls I made after my return were on the sisters Emily and Caroline. I was very cordially welcomed, met Caroline's husband, and was invited to come every Friday evening when they received their friends regularly. At last I met this interesting circle, hitherto unknown to me. I saw Mazzini again, as he spent all his evenings there, and he greeted me in the heartiest manner. I soon felt quite at home among them all; there was a delightful unconstrained tone there, with none of the English conventional stiffness.

Mazzini dominated the gathering as a remarkable personality always will among people who gladly recognize it. However, there was a great contrast between the natural domination of a superior personality, and Kossuth's pretentious appearance, as I have previously described it. No one, not knowing Mazzini, would dream, when the door opened noiselessly and a slender figure in a simple black coat, usually buttoned to the top, glided almost timidly into the room, that it was the celebrated agitator. It was only when he took his usual place by the mantelpiece and, with dark eyes flashing, began to talk, that one felt the presence of an unusual man.

We had many interesting discussions, not so much on the subject of religion, which he never developed as thoroughly as that first time, as on different subjects. I had often heard that he was
decidedly opposed to socialism and was an opponent of Louis Blanc. I led him to talk on this subject. In talking against a theory of whose falseness he was convinced he became easily excited. Therefore many people said that he was intolerant; thus Mrs. Carlyle told me once that she found he had become very intolerant, though he had not been so formerly.

I soon began to understand him better, and to see that his seeming violence was nothing more than the impatience of a person with definite theories, who feels he has no time to explain his convictions because he is pressed by the need to act on them. In one of these discussions he said to me: "I only attack socialist sectarianism, Fourierism,* Ikorianism, etc.; all these theories which have, as principles of regeneration, the solely material interests. I have twenty times established the difference which I always make between the social conception which we all share and the aims of the socialist sects. However, I don't pretend to demand that any one give up independence of thought in social or philosophical problems. What I should like would be for us all to unite in action. A certain number of truths have already been won for us; I would have us strive to put these on a practical basis, and still retain our independence. We could traverse the road together up to a certain point, and then part. We should come to an understanding in order to work jointly against the common enemy, retaining our separate beliefs for the work of organizing which must follow."

He then told me about his practical socialism during the short period of his Triumvirate in Rome; how he had nearly put an end to banditry by announcing everywhere that whoever decided to lead an orderly, thrifty life would be given a position and honest work. He assured me that, in consequence, a lot of vagabonds had become honest and orderly people.

I firmly believe that his practical idealism, with the deep knowledge he had of his people, of whom he was the noblest embodiment, could have accomplished something lasting. However, the reactionary party was still too strong, and unfortunately,

*The theories of Charles Fourier, who sponsored cooperative communities, had wide influence in the United States. Perhaps the most famous of the "phalanxes" established under his inspiration was Brook Farm.
his idealism led him to believe that Republicanism had become an established fact in France as it had with him and with a great number of Romans. This was a sore spot which he did not like to touch upon.

As the New Year approached, Mazzini asked me to get him an illustrated edition of the Nibelungen Lied which he wanted to give to his friend Caroline as a New Year's gift. I found at the German book shop nothing but an edition illustrated by Schnorr, but they promised to have another one in eight days. I wrote this to Mazzini and he replied:

"I will wait a week. I do not need the book till New Year's Eve. I think, however, that I will take the Schnorr edition. If I could see both, of course it would be better.

"Oh, yes, we will speak of 'poor sacred Germany' as much as you like. But Germany is very wrong in one thing, which you cannot alter. Namely, in not understanding the simple revolutionary axiom that victory can only be the consequence of the concentration of all possible forces upon one point. For Germany, initiative is impossible; for Italy, however, it is possible. It would be enough if the matter were comprehended in a broad European sense so that all patriotic Germany would be with us and for us. We seek initiative action; we will seek until we find it. I am the only one who does—why am I the only one?

"I am now collecting funds, by subscriptions, to the amount of two hundred francs. Do you think we will have even forty German signatures? NO! That is the greatest argument I have against Germany. It proves that Germany can only think but that action, the incarnation of thought, is not native to them. That is why it lags behind in its duties and its missions. That is all I have to say against Germany. You must refute it at the first opportunity if you can.

"I have remained the same, the others have not.

Your friend,

"J. Mazzini."

I joined a reading circle which his more intimate friends had arranged under his direction. They read only French and English literature, as most of the members did not understand German. Mazzini read and spoke it a little, and liked German poetry
and philosophy very much, in spite of that lack of the power to act, of which he often accused the German revolutionaries. He loved Goethe, especially his Faust, very, very much and he once told me that if he were not an Italian, he would like to be a German.

The choice of books was excellent; and in addition to the best magazines in both languages, we had serious works like Tocqueville, Volabelle, and Carlyle. Mazzini sent the books to me first because I lived nearest him. Several times a week, he would send them to me through a trusted Italian and they were very often accompanied by a note concerning something that had happened or been discussed.

In this way, I got to know his great kindness and the intense delicacy of feeling which were the basic traits of his character, and which were doubly touching in one who lived so much in the midst of conspiracies and under conditions which tend to make one heartless and cold. The following note is only one of many which showed me how very much he, who was reproached with preaching political murder, shrank from hurting anyone or even causing a slight misunderstanding.* I received it one morning after he had teased me for my leaning toward communism and atheism. It came with a book he had promised me:

"My dear Friend,

"Here is the book you wanted, although I think you will not be able to read it.

"My advice is: Never takes my jokes about T., communism and atheism seriously. I know you now; I esteem and appreciate you, as you deserve. It is impossible for you ever to be wrong intellectually, as I and others can be. However, you have too much poetry in your soul to be an atheist, a communist or a fire brand. I sometimes joke as a sign of friendship because I have much bitterness in my heart and would fall into absolute silence if I did not. Forgive me, and believe me to be

"Your friend,

"Joseph Mazzini."

*Cf. Wagner's description of Bakunin who, for an entire evening, while he advocated the wholesale slaughter of undesirable people, sat shading Wagner's eyes with his hand from a too bright light.
Among the Italians in the circle at Caroline's to which Saffi and Quadrio belonged, I had been surprised at not finding Felice Orsini until I heard that he and Mazzini were not on good terms. I had not seen him again since that first winter at Herzen's and had only heard that he was not in London much, but had been lecturing in several English cities. Therefore the news of his attempt on the Emperor's life in the Rue Le Pelletier in Paris, its miscarriage, and his imprisonment, came as a great shock to me.*

Mazzini also was deeply affected. He knew that the world would pronounce him guilty of being a fellow conspirator and that it would be a new reason for throwing stones at him. However, that was not what touched his noble heart. Though he disagreed with Orsini, he was distressed over the unavoidable fate that threatened him. It is certain that Mazzini did not have the character of a political conspirator à tout prix, but that conspiracy, forced upon him by circumstances, was opposed to his deep humane nature. He only used it for the sake of reaching a higher goal.

The course of the trial was followed with deep and anxious interest. It was hoped that Napoleon might possibly spare Orsini's life. Everyone was carried away by Orsini's splendid demeanor, for, true to his character, he remained firm and proud, never for one moment losing courage.

The excitement in England was terrible. The arrogant speeches, the public threats which came from across the Channel, especially from the French army, stirred up national feeling. The impertinent and insistent demand that they give up their proud British right to harbor foreigners on their island, infuriated the otherwise so placid islanders. From the dignified safety of his institutions, which tolerate any opinion not actually contrary to the law, the Britisher looked with justifiable self-confidence at the feverish and restless vanity of those who felt their honor touched to the quick, and who, as usual, cried the more loudly to hide the disgrace of being slaves. Every Eng-

*Believing Napoleon III chief obstacle to Italian independence, Orsini and his accomplices threw 3 bombs into his carriage on Jan. 14, 1858. It shocked Napoleon into a Franco-Sardinian alliance which led to war with Austria and was the first successful step toward Italian liberation and independence.
lishman (excepting Lord Palmerston, who was minister again and as usual kowtowing across the Channel), was determined to go to the defense of national liberties, and proved it by the war-like eagerness which took hold of the nation, usually so peace-loving. Even women commenced target practice, and there was serious talk of a women's battalion for coastal defense being formed in case of necessity. The émigrés were of course no less excited because it was a case of "to be or not to be" for them.

Now came the month of March. One evening I was at Frederick's younger brother's house with Frederick and Charlotte; the former, established as physician in London, was giving a little house-warming in his new home. We were all very merry, when suddenly we heard extras being called in the streets. We heard only the name "Orsini". One of the gentlemen rushed out to get a paper, the contents of which filled us with dismay: that very day at dawn, Orsini's head, his beautiful proud head, had fallen on the guillotine at La Roquette!

In the meantime the excitement in England became steadily greater; English subjects, suspected of complicity, were arrested in foreign countries, among others, Miss Jessie White in Genoa, and Mr. Hodge, an intimate friend of Orsini's, to whom, in his curious will, he had entrusted the care of one of his daughters. To be sure, both were freed for lack of any real proof, but still it was like pouring oil on the fire of English indignation. The impudent talk and the threats of the French press continued.

Now came the arrest in London of the Frenchman Bernard, accused by the French of direct complicity in Orsini's plot. Excitement reached its highest pitch as the opening of the trial approached. Everyone rushed to Old Bailey, the old courthouse in the city which had already seen so many tearful events, and heard so many a "guilty" pronounced.

I had firmly made up my mind to attend the proceedings in court. On the morning of the opening trial I went to the old courthouse at eight o'clock in the morning and asked one of the janitors if and how I could be admitted. At first he would hear none of it, saying it was no place for women. When I gave him my card to take to the courtroom to Mr. Ashurst, one of the most esteemed lawyers, asking him to get me a seat, he began
to relent, saying that the last row upstairs in the gallery was for ladies. I let him take me there; but it was a bad place, from which one could neither see nor hear well. Thereupon I insisted upon a better seat, and did not rest until he had found a place for me in one of the front rows where I could look straight down on the bench where the accused sat and see plainly the entire court.

It was the first time I had ever seen one, and I could not suppress a smile at the long wigs and old-fashioned costumes of the judges, although I had to admit that they made a solemn impression and gave the whole thing a sort of dignity. Soon the pale prisoner appeared and the trial began.

Anything planned from the beginning to arouse sympathy for the accused could not have been more effective than the appearance of the French witnesses, of whom there were a great many. They all, without exception, bore the stamp of such baseness, of such obvious design, that one could not help but see that they were bribed tools.

One man especially, Roger by name, had been very eager in his testimony, and it was publicly known that he was a paid French spy. This man had trimmed his hair and beard just like the French Emperor's; the style had become very fashionable in a certain class of French minor officialdom, and it created an exceedingly repulsive type. The visible stamp of baseness which this man's face showed, became a weighty argument in the speech of Bernard's advocate.

When the discussions were ended, James, one of the cleverest lawyers of London, took the stand in Bernard's defense. With a beating heart I saw the lawyer rise. His appearance reminded me of pictures of Mirabeau and his sonorous voice resounded loud and distinct through the whole room. Jurors and public now listened in breathless suspense. The speech was a masterpiece of keen logic, biting irony and proud patriotism which, besides pleading the case of his client, acclaimed the great advantages of English liberty and independence. He always called Roger the "spy Roger" to prove what kind of people had been sent to oppose Bernard. The Lord Chief Justice called him to order on that account. Thereupon he excused himself for having called the spy a "spy" as he did not know it was not allowed to
call a spy a spy, repeating the forbidden word about ten times so that special attention was called to it.

He took advantage of the inflamed state of national feeling, asking them to protect the sacred right of refuge which could only be taken from one who had been caught in the act of doing something really punishable.

At the end of his speech there was overwhelming applause. The jury withdrew. My gaze was fastened on the prisoner, who had endured the solemn hour with such manly calm and composure. Finally the jurors came back and the hall was as quiet as a tomb. When the foreman of the jury stepped forward and pronounced "Not guilty" such cheering, such shouts of joy broke forth in the crowded hall and among the throngs outside surrounding Old Bailey that the strong walls shook with echoes. People who were utter strangers to me came up and shook hands; an old man, with tears in his eyes, said to me: "What a glorious day for England!"

Mazzini had asked me to come to Caroline's the evening of the trial to give them an account of it. Of course they had already heard of its happy ending when I arrived, as the news had spread like lightning through the tremendous city of London and everywhere there were outbreaks of patriotic cheering! I had to relate everything, even to the smallest detail, and although Mazzini had no personal sympathy for Bernard, he nevertheless was delighted at the verdict. Caroline's husband, Mr. Stanfield, said: "Praise God! Now we are rid of Lord Palmerston, too, because he has made himself impossible forever." As a matter of fact, he had to resign after a monster meeting in Hyde Park against him. However, Stanfield's hope was not entirely fulfilled. A year later, Palmerston was again made minister.

Mazzini asked me to write an account of the five days' trial for his Italian paper, Dio e il Popolo. At his request I had already written an article on German conditions for the same paper which he had praised greatly. I wrote in French, as at that time I was not fluent in Italian, and Mazzini attended to the translation. When it was ready, I sent it to Mazzini. He wrote me:
"Dear Friend,

"I thank you with all my heart for the report, which I translated myself and have mailed.

"How could you think that I would change your interpretation of James' defense speech? Do you consider me so very intolerant?

"However, what you have done does not release you from the second German article. When you read the German papers, search for a few facts to support your own thoughts. You know what correspondents of political papers are. I wish that from time to time we could have a survey of the political trend of events in Germany from the heights of a philosophic viewpoint. Could you not also give one hour to a survey of the present political German press and its tendencies towards France, England and Russia?

"Forgive me for all these demands, but you are good and equal to the task; I make use of and abuse this.

"Your friend and brother

"Joseph."

This was, however, not the only thing he asked me to do. The thing which interested him most was the organization of a liberal party, first within every nationality and then together as an active European party. He realized that the despotic party still owed its very great power to its strong organization and its unity. He therefore set as his life's task the bringing about on the other side of a similar, almost military organization. He expected that each and everyone, by serving ideas of progress, liberty and reason, would be permeated with the consciousness that he was thereby fulfilling his duty as a human being.

The workmen he had in mind especially. Just as he influenced the workmen of his country toward higher moral ideas, and the spirit of cooperation (ideas very different from foolish communism with its desire for levelling), so he also wished this to be done in other countries. He kept asking me what was being done in this respect in Germany, and as the great reactionary party gave little hope at that time, he asked me to try to unite the many German workmen in London into a society in which one could develop a true, healthy view of citizenship and of
common life, to take the place of many indefinite half-theories. I knew several of the German laborers, among whom were excellent thinking men, and I promised Mazzini to make an attempt. When I spoke to them about it, they liked the idea.

I wrote this to Mazzini and at the same time told him that I was going to the seashore for several weeks because I wished to seek consolation from public and private sorrows in solitude and the beauty of nature.

He answered:

“You are sad; I also am sad. You are going to the sea; I would like to go too, but I cannot. My work is that of a laborer who cannot leave the machine. I am much run down, but cannot prevent it. I am sending you a few lines for Kossuth. You must find his house in Ventnor. Anyone will be able to show it to you; I call you my friend at the beginning of the letter.

“Why do you think I am not satisfied? I am absolutely satisfied with all you do and all you try to do. I consider your work with the workingmen very important. When you tell me that you have gained a little ground and you think it wise, then I shall go to them.

“Goodbye, my friend! Never doubt my esteem and affection, you are sure of them. Be strong and brave. In spite of everything the final crisis is in preparation.

“Your brother,

“Joseph.”

I met the Pulszkys in Ventnor. I delivered my letter to the Kossuths, and began to recuperate in the beloved sea air. How much I wished that my honored and care-worn friend could enjoy this recreation! I wrote and asked him to come and allow himself a short respite. He let me wait for the answer a long time; finally he wrote:

“Dear Friend,

“I should have answered you sooner, but I was crowded with work and in a rather bad humor. No, I will not come to the island. It is impossible, therefore useless to speak of it. I would like to flee to the sea somewhere, but if I do, it will be later on, not to the Isle of Wight. It is too beautiful for me. But prob-
ably all this will remain a wish and I shall not go anywhere. I am well enough where I am. The most beautiful scenery, like the most beautiful music, would make me a thousand times more gloomy. When I am in this mood, everything beautiful gives me a feeling of despair which is not good.

"I send you these lines by a dear and kind messenger. I am delighted that she is going to you. If she gets rid of her headaches there, where you are enjoying the sea air and the landscape together, then I shall feel deeply grateful to the Isle of Wight.

"You have read 'Faith and the Future.' Is it not a little more German than you had thought?

"Our organization in Italy progresses. It will be there that we will take the initiative in our affair. The money question is always the most difficult, but I do not despair of overcoming this.

"Farewell! Work and think sometimes of your friend,

"Joseph."

The messenger who brought me this letter was none other than Caroline, one of the sisters whom Mazzini was devoted to and whom I had visited often, but who had never been as close and dear to me as her sister Emily. In Ventnor we quickly became intimate. Her kind serenity had a charm that made our unconstrained life a true delight. I told Mazzini of this when I wrote to him because I was worried over his long silence, and because I failed to receive the first number of the newspaper he was editing.

He replied:

"I received your anxious letter. You are right, but do not be angry with me. I do not change, I am not moody in my affections and nothing displeases me if once I have confidence in the affection of others. There are times, however, when it is hard for me to write, excepting business letters: that is when I am sad; I do not like to feign cheerfulness when I write and I do not like to distress others. Well, I have been sad. Now I am better and regret my silence very much.

"In one of the first numbers of the paper I will make universal appeals, relative to the organization of the party."
“Do not forget to give me the names of several publishers or other Germans to whom I might send a copy of my first number, if you think they will accept them. I would like the paper to become known in Germany; we might possibly get subscriptions from there. We need six hundred to cover the cost. The subscribers risk nothing. It is but natural that we should try to introduce the paper, and sending it is not as dangerous as sending a letter.

“I sent your letter about the German situation. It is very interesting. So you are charmed with Caroline! I can readily believe it and am very, very glad. She has a great deal of intelligence and a large share of common sense—a quality which is more unusual than intelligence. Her heart is kind; she does not reveal herself easily, but she is like the sea: she has pearls in the depths.

“I will write to Kinkel about a contribution to the paper as you advised, but without hope of success. To be sure, I could ask Ruge, but what in the devil would he write? I fear his eccentricity and his vindictiveness towards individuals. What do you think of it? Would he write in such a way as to be of any use? You can imagine that one could not refuse an article by Ruge without making an enemy of him.

“We have sixty Italian subscriptions from Alexandria in Egypt. I receive letters from all sides; something could surely be done to unite the party, but really, I can not do everything alone. I have not moved from my desk today. I have been writing steadily all day and have not accomplished half of what I should.

“Adieu! Your brother,

“Joseph.”

In the first days of my stay in Ventnor, I met a countryman, also a refugee, whom I had met once before on first coming to London and then never had seen again, although we had several mutual acquaintances. This was Lothar Bucher, the strongest personality among the Prussian representatives of the year ’48. Two people might live in the great metropolis for years without meeting, but it was different in Ventnor where the beach brought everyone together. We got to know one another well
and I was delighted with this fine, clever, well-versed man, even though at first I was afraid of his sharp critical understanding; he, who despised everything fanciful, based on intuition and not on positive facts. He often joined Caroline and me. I wrote Mazzini my opinion of Bucher, that I considered him more of an organizing statesman than a revolutionist, but that for that very reason his cooperation with the paper would be desirable, and I asked whether he wanted me to solicit it. Mazzini answered:

“Yes, I know Bucher by name and would be proud of his help. He will be able to judge from the first number whether he would like to send me something. I would like the paper to handle the question of nationalities from the viewpoint of a future alliance and its sure victory. The organization of the Party seems at present the chief problem to be solved for all of us. On the day when we shall all be organized like an army, the day when each one who is now individually inactive, will bring his contingent of gold, reports, influence, ideas, trips and propaganda, that day we will conquer. We can, if we only try. The paper can help by preaching the ideas and showing that we are united.”

The pleasant, stimulating time came to an end. First Bucher left, then Caroline, then the Pulszkys. A great joy came over me when I realized that I was alone. I was stirred by an urge to create and felt a need for concentration and communing with my real self. The moment had come to close my account with the past.

For the second time in my life, after the shipwreck of all that which lends charm to existence and a wish for eternal continuity, I had come up from the depths of sorrow and destruction, feeling like myself again and full of comfort. Yet I was no longer young, I was alone, in failing health, dependent upon my work; all my illusions of life were shattered and I could hope for nothing more, neither for personal happiness nor fulfillment of those ideals I had dreamed for mankind.

What then remained for me? What gave me this comfort and peace? Had I guessed the riddle of the sinister sphinx called
life? Had positivism given me the satisfaction which spirituality had not been able to give me?

To this last question came the decided answer: "No!" I recognized that this solution of life's riddle which I had hoped for, had been only a passing phase. I saw clearly that that which sustains a scholar in the slow investigation of a single fact of science, is not the fact itself, but the bliss of serving an idea, of building, stone by stone, the path to the lighthouse which is to throw its shining light far out and guide the skipper on his journey over the dark flood of life. That which gives the artist peace in the difficult execution of his winged thoughts is seeing something immortal arise from mortal stuff. That which gives comfort to the merciful is not the small success of drying one tear among the millions of tears, but the sacred flow of compassion itself to which the relief of suffering is an inner necessity.

In short, I saw that that which moves and works in all who really live and deserve to be called "human" is the "substance" which transcends imperfect illusion. This, as spirit, feels at one with everything spiritual, and as creative force feels at one with all creative force, and as compassion feels at one with that overwhelming love which, from time immemorial, has made the sorrows of others its own.

Could this substance be the unconscious atom in whose immortality I had once thought to have found the true key to life's riddle? Again the voice within me said: "No!"

But if it was not spirituality with its dualism of mind and matter, if it was not positivism with its recognition of matter and tangible facts only—what then remained that could illuminate the soul yearning for truth? Intuition pointed to a unity of all existence in an unknown "substance in itself," removed from our limited conception, of which the whole world of phenomena is only a manifestation. The more I thought in this direction, the more logical it seemed, the more the phenomena of existence became clear to me. That mystical trend towards the ideal which permeates all mankind, which is the keynote of all religions, the crudest as well as the noblest, is not a product of civilization; it is innate in mankind. Just as genius, kindness and pity cannot be instilled into the individual, but are inborn traits.

Can unconscious matter and its accidental chemical com-
binations be the cause and procreator of this abundance of mind, thought, feeling and love which lives in mankind? Again the inner voice answered: "No!"

All explanations of the action of brain centres, of the span of life, of primitive forms, seemed to me mere contributions to a better knowledge of the mechanism of this world of phenomena, and just as unsatisfactory in explaining the final cause of things, as is the dogma of a conscious Creator creating out of nothing.

I realized that here our understanding reached its unsurmountable limit. This too, belongs within the limits of phenomena. How should that which is bound by the finite grasp the infinite, how should that which is bounded by time and space imagine anything without time and space?

I could hear the immediate objection of the positivists: "What does the absolute concern us? Of what use is it for our existence, which can only draw true profit from the results of science built on experience?"

Yet from time immemorial great thinkers have given us wonderful axioms not based upon experience but on intuition. These great intellects, like planets, shone through the darkness of time by their own light, when science was still seeking, and later confirming, by empirical methods, that which those courageous minds had discovered by pure thought.

If, therefore, we must admit that our understanding is limited, that no experiment will lead us to the final cause of things, to perception of the "essence," should we scorn what intuition or genius give us? Scorn those sacred ecstasies which have nothing to do with empiricism?

On the contrary, we should give ourselves up to them a thousand times more than we do. Science, through intuition, will help us to destroy prejudice and ignorance; will help us to liberate the ideal seed from its shell and to announce the new Gospel to the individual and to the nations: "Redeem Thyself!" We must free ourselves from the illusion that this life, and all it holds for us, is aught else than a passing illusion of "Being." To be sure, Buddhism and Christianity tried to destroy this illusion, but they also taught us to scorn this sham existence of splendor, thus driving us to inactive asceticism or, as a reaction,
to immoderate greed for pleasure. True salvation, however, would be the knowledge that life has a metaphysical purpose, to reach which requires the greatest effort of will power, namely: the cultivation of the ideal in the individual as well as in humanity.

This ideal appears in history from time to time, in faint hopeful signs, like a distant mirage. It passes through the heart of an individual like a burning question, like a dark torment, like a yearning love, like an urge to give oneself up to something "higher, purer, unknown" from youth on. It is the base of all profound myths with which the poetic childhood of our race always strove to explain the ever existing urge of mankind. We must redeem ourselves from the curse of being born to finiteness and limitation, and because of these to error and sin, in order to restore the immortals driven from their heavenly home.

The study of history has an ethical value only if we follow this line; the teaching of the perfection of species has a deep meaning for us only if we, in the study of natural history, see the same impulse for progress from the incomplete to the perfect.

Torn from an unknown unity beyond our ken and put into an individual mold, we are submitted to sorrow and torment and universal finiteness. A deep yearning like the longing for a lost paradise lures us to a future happiness. We seek this in the land of disappointment, in the sphere of illusion. But oh! From every beggar's hollow eye, from every tearful glance, from every deathbed, a protest of misery meets our gaze. The heart to which we cling becomes cold, and the lips which whispered words of love or proclaimed lofty wisdom become silent; mankind, which we wanted to help, shrugs its shoulders and crucifies or mocks us. It still dances around the golden calf as it did a thousand years ago; it amasses treasures which are eaten by moths and rust and calls itself a disciple of Him who, a long time ago, said that something entirely different was needed. It acknowledges a religion of brotherly love and at the same time plunges the sword into a brother's heart. Discovery of new instruments of murder are rewarded better than works of genius.

Sorrow over the inadequacy of phenomena opens our eyes and we begin to understand that "everything mortal is only an image," only a passing phenomenon of eternal unity, the sacred-
ness of which flashes through us occasionally in the supreme moments of life. Salvation from the dark sorrows of illusion—that is our task. Like Wieland, the blacksmith, we must forge our own wings to raise ourselves into the land of our youth's dreams, into the land of idealism. After every night of anguish, after every Golgotha, where our most sacred feelings are crucified, we shall arise transfigured to a greater degree, immortal and holy, always revealing more and more the heavenly idea within us. That is the task of individuals, of nations and of mankind.

Whoever does not fulfill this, he who makes self-gain the goal, remains in the torment of existence, and finally, enslaved by sin, in accordance with the profoundest myths of highly gifted nations he must be born again until the secret of salvation has been revealed to him. He to whom it is revealed, however, longs with deep, endless pity to enlighten all who still wander in the darkness of illusion and of error. He would like to give his life to save them—if one could do it for all—if it were not always: Redeem Thyself.

Thus the riddle of life seemed to me solved; my search in the darkness had at last seen the star.

I was alone at the seashore when all these thoughts engulfed me, liberating and reconciling me.

I felt that I prayed as I had never prayed before and now recognized what real prayer is. It is absorption of the individuality into the consciousness of unity with all existence. We kneel down mortal and rise immortal.

Earth, heaven and sea sounded in world-embracing harmony. It was as though the choir of all the great ones who had ever lived surrounded me. I felt as one with them and it seemed to me as though I heard their greeting: "You too are of the conquerors!"
CHAPTER XVI

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War Clouds—I Leave England

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In London I went back to my daily routine of translations and newspaper articles. Several criticisms of newly published Russian books which I had written called forth orders for translations from English publishers. Among others was one by Count Nicolai Tolstoy, Childhood and Youth, one of the most delightful books one can find in memoir form. It has the charm of simple candor with which all eminent Russian authors describe themselves and the surrounding conditions, and besides this, a fine analysis of human emotions which arise out of the situation itself.

I had some funny experiences in this matter with the English literary world. I once wrote to one of the best monthly reviews, published in Edinburgh, asking if they would accept contributions. I received a very polite reply saying that they would be glad to take contributions, that they could be neither political nor religious, critical, historical nor social, but that anything else would be welcome! As I did not quite know what else remained, I refrained from sending contributions to a paper of such high principles.

I had once sent the manuscript of a novel I had written in English to a publisher. He sent it back to me praising the contents greatly (even calling them quite original), also the style, but regretting his inability to publish it, as it was not in
keeping with the prevailing religious views. It is very noticeable that even the best English novels end with an avowal of orthodox belief, even if the beginning gives absolutely no such impression. This has been modified lately, and will probably be modified more and more under the influence of the slow but sure process of English progress. At that time, however, liberal religious views, and, in the majority of English families, even Byron’s and Shelley’s works, were taboo.

This winter was a fruitful and industrious one. When, during the day, work was done that brought in money, then the urge to create came upon me in the evening and the result was several stories and essays on different subjects, almost all of which I wrote in English, but laid aside, as I now knew that they would not be published in England on account of their broad tendencies. I had been out of touch with Germany too long to make an attempt there.

Another mental stimulus came into my life through the acquaintance made in Ventnor with Lothar Bucher, which we continued in London. He was so kind as to read with me, one evening a week, on political economy. I felt very deficient in never having made a closer study of economic principles, and I wanted to overcome this.

My obstinate socialism and my all too idealistic political ideas caused Bucher much vexation. Once he became very angry because I would not acknowledge that the middle man between producer and consumer was a necessary factor in the economic process, declaring the transactions could be done directly between those two. When I claimed that Germany should give back the former Polish lands which were now under German control he called me immature, because, he said, the greater cultural element had the right to absorb the smaller. He was, nevertheless, untiringly kind, helpful and patient with my imperfect knowledge, and cheered my life with many delicate attentions which touched me all the more because one would not have expected this of his reserved nature. As we lived far apart, we corresponded quite a good deal and it was a real boon to me to be able to learn so much from him.

I went to the Kinkels’ immediately upon my return from Ventnor, but saw only Johanna. For the first time since their
stay in England they had not left the city for the summer holidays, but had spent the time finishing their own books. Johanna finished her novel *Hans Ibeles* which I enjoyed greatly. I liked all that I knew of her writings. I always regretted that she could not devote more time to her literary talent, which certainly equalled her musical ability. She told me how particularly delightful and jolly the holidays had been, and that she could hardly remember any happier days since those at the time of her engagement.

November 14th, Angelika von Lagerström came to see me and told me she had been at Johanna’s the previous day, and that she was in bed with another attack of the bronchitis which returned almost every winter. Her illness worried me greatly as these bronchial attacks weakened her and her health was none too good anyway. It had become apparent long ago that she suffered from heart trouble. On the morning of the 16th of November, I received a letter in the earliest mail addressed in Kinkel’s hand. I opened it and read:

“Dear Friend,

“My wife is dead, today at half past two o’clock. If I add nothing more, you will not blame me.

“Will you come and help me for old friendship’s sake—I am as helpless as a child. Your

“G. Kinkel.”

Of course I left work and everything and went to Kinkel immediately. What a meeting that was! I learned that her death had been a violent one, caused by a fall from a window of her bedroom into the court below, and that, as she had been alone at the moment of the fall, the bitter doubt arose as to whether this sudden ending of life’s thread had not been voluntary.

The manner of her death made necessary a post mortem examination and a coroner’s inquest before a jury. The former showed that her heart had stretched to twice its normal size. It seemed, therefore, quite plausible that a heart cramp had caused her to hurry to the window for fresh air and that, losing her balance, she had fallen out. The window was one of those,
still frequently found in England, which are raised from the bottom. This usually requires exertion as the windows are heavy and must be raised to a certain height so as not to fall again on one’s head. The balustrade was only two feet above the floor of the room; in leaning out quickly, therefore, it was easy to lose one’s balance. It was forty-six feet from this window to the little paved court below. Besides, it was one of those cheerless November days with a London fog, when the air is not air, and anyone, frightened by a cramp, trying to breathe, might easily lose all sense of balance and become dizzy from fright. We were quite sure this had been the case.

However, there remained the painful necessity of public proofs and confirmation of the fall. This could only take place the fifth day after the death.

Kinkel was called as first witness before the coroner’s jury. After answering the preliminary questions about name, age, position, conditions of life, he gave an account of his home life, of the hardships he and his wife had gone through together, of their love which had helped him to bear them. He finished by telling of the last talk they had had one hour before her death in which he had told her of pleasant business prospects. Leaving her in the most cheerful mood, he went to a class which he conducted at home and from which he was called ten minutes later to pick up her body in the courtyard.

His tale was so simple, so dignified, bearing the stamp of absolute truth, that all the listeners were visibly moved. Kinkel then said he had nothing further to add, but that his young daughter was outside ready to testify. The foreman rose, and turning to the jury, said: “I believe, gentlemen, that what we have just heard suffices to convince us that it is superfluous to hear other witnesses.” All rose from their seats and gave the verdict: accidental death.

Although life had to return to its normal course again and each one must follow his prescribed work, I spent as much time as possible with the Kinkel family. I went there very often in the evenings to be with the bereaved husband, and always met one or another of his friends there. All wanted to show him their true sympathy, including Bucher, who formerly had not known him well. On one of these occasions, Kinkel told us of
his intention to publish a German paper in London and asked for our cooperation. Bucher had some scruples, which he later told me of, but nevertheless, he promised several articles. I had no scruples, and therefore promised unconditionally to do so.

Through my friendship with Herzen, Kinkel wanted me to give accounts of conditions in Russia of which Herzen always had reliable information from authentic sources. I was asked especially to notice everything said or written about the emancipation of serfs. This question was now being discussed so eagerly on all sides that a decision on the part of the government seemed an imminent necessity. Even if the Tsar were not in favor of this, as was said, he would have to acquiesce in the end. It was ripe fruit ready to fall from the tree. Not only had Herzen unceasingly demanded it in his paper, the Bell, which had become a real power, but from other sources, too, pamphlets and articles appeared on this subject, making suggestions for its carrying out. This gave me an opportunity of studying the question thoroughly and of reading several pamphlets on the subject.

I was especially interested in the question, "Will communism in Russia hold if freedom is granted? Or will individualism gain the upper hand as in other countries of Europe? Will the need for personal possession overcome tradition and will all the good and bad consequences of strengthened individualism then step in? Will Russia then have to go through the same process that the rest of Europe went through in centuries of struggle between the tremendous claim of the individual and the claim of all? Will this struggle, which can be ended only by a perfect government where every individual interest is protected and satisfied, be in harmony with the common interest?" To be sure, these were questions which only a distant future could solve. They had nothing to do with the immediate demand for the abolition of serfdom, which was a disgrace to Europe.

I corresponded with Herzen a great deal about these questions as he lived out of the city. His propaganda was at its height and his paper had an ever increasing influence. It was said, on good authority, that Emperor Alexander read it and took it to heart.

If sympathy and grief over our common loss led me into
the Kinkel home oftener than before, I was also more intimate with the English circle of which Mazzini was a member. Caroline was most friendly and kind to me and, like Mazzini, I was treated almost like a member of the family. Every Sunday I dined there alone with the couple, their only child and Mazzini. It was at these intimate meetings with Mazzini that I learned to know his beautiful, deep, genial nature. One cannot imagine how touching his interest was in all the trivial events of the day, how devoted he was to the child, how charmingly he played with it, how he advised his friend and showed Caroline all manner of brotherly attentions. Here, where the politician was almost entirely quiescent, where only the genial, philosophic, aesthetic man stood out, this picture of him was drawn on my memory in imperishable lines.

He was a thoroughly national type; he could never have been anything but an Italian. The best national qualities were developed in him in the highest degree. He had traits reminiscent of his greatest countryman, Dante; hence the mystic coloring of his religious, philosophic views, in which everything was only a symbol for a transcendental idea.

As a politician, he resembled Cola di Rienzi; he clung with the same stubborn tenacity to the political ideal which he felt called upon to introduce. On the practical side, he had something of Macchiavelli; in spite of the lofty idealism of his aims he often did not hesitate to resort to sinister measures which he thought might lead toward them.

With all these qualities, he also possessed the noblest talent of his nation, the power to grasp the beautiful in poetry and art with his whole soul, as well as the greatest cordiality of feeling in all personal relations. With all this his life and habits were touchingly simple. He was satisfied with the plainest life in order to give all to his family. He lived in a modest little room, but not a countryman of his who was in need went from him without help, and if he himself had only ten shillings left he would give five to the needy.

No saint of the church, no hero of Faith, led a life expressing his convictions more perfectly than Mazzini. In the privations of exile, far from his beautiful fatherland, alone, bound to a task not compatible with the great talent of his soul, he drank the
bitter cup of existence to the dregs. However, he did not tire, but kept alive the sacred flame of love for his fatherland and for a moral ideal of the state of man’s duty toward it. In that lay his immortal value to his Italy. If he committed the error of all fanatics, of wanting to enforce a form for his ideal which was opposed to the tendency of historical development, that was due to want of foresight. His character is not darkened thereby.

How touchingly good and sympathetic he was to his friends, the following little incident proved. I met him one morning on the street. This was unusual as he hardly ever went out in the morning. We chatted for a long time and it seemed to me that he looked at me long and searchingly. Several days later an acquaintance called on me, a doctor to whom I had occasionally gone for advice. I told him that I was not at all well, and that my eyes especially were becoming steadily weaker. I felt so badly that often I did not see how I could get up and go through with the day’s work. Work, however, was necessary, and every morning I sat down at my desk at the appointed hour and did not leave it until the day’s task was done. My eyes, always weak, began to refuse me their service. It gave me much cause for worry for the future, because if I could not work, how could I live? The doctor told me I must do less work, even stop entirely for some time, otherwise the loss of sight was inevitable. Very much worried, I mentioned this verdict in a letter to Mazzini which I wrote him the next day. He replied:

“I knew it already, my poor friend. I was struck by the danger when I met you in the street the other day. I told Caroline about it the same day. However, as I am no physician and have no right to be heard, I waited until others more capable gave you firm orders. Resign yourself, concentrate, and remember that you are still young enough and the world is topsy-turvy enough for you to have time to be useful. If you must go away, tell me, so that I can see you before you go. Then I will write you—non-compromising letters which anyone can read. Yes, we will have the European war and it is well. We will speak of it.
"Today I go to the country to M. but will be back tomorrow. "Good-bye, I love and respect you!

"Your friend,

"Joseph."

The next time I saw him he pressed my hand in warm sympathy, asking me if it were not possible for me to go to Genoa, as the doctor had spoken to me of the necessity of a southern climate. "I will give you letters of introduction," he said, "and you will be taken in, loved and nursed like a sister." I did not dare tell him the whole truth, namely that lack of money prevented my taking this means of help and relief. His boundless generosity would probably have induced him to help me in some way, and I could and would not accept that from him, who, as I said, was himself limited in means and gave all he could for higher causes.

In the meantime I was busy organizing the workers' union which Mazzini considered so necessary. He wrote me again about this organization:

"This would be the ideal thing—letting the workmen do it their way, then forming a committee of three persons from the middle class, to organize a section in it; bringing about a brotherly relation on the ground of equality between this committee and the workmen; working to unite this organization with all possible elements here, in Germany, on the European continent on one hand and on the other, in America."

I then told him that I had six brave men whom I knew to be absolutely trustworthy and who would ask other workmen to join the organization. He replied:

"Dear Friend,

"That is fine—you have got six together. If now each one is determined and is active every day, if each one asks himself every evening: 'What have I tried to do today for our cause?'—then you will soon have a large number. Try to make the German workmen understand that the organization of a nation is the best way to prevent a revolution from staying in the nar-
row confines of politics. If a great union of the people make
up the best part of the European party of action, then the rights
of the people and the working classes can no longer be put in the
background; you can be sure of that. When you have made
your program, then I will send the union the definition of the
league which shall unite us, and the list of duties which it must
perform. Yes, indeed, there is nothing better than working for
a great and good cause. It purifies and ennobles all personal
sorrows. God knows that I, too, have had my share of them.

"Your friend,

"Joseph."

The last words referred to my having mentioned to him my
unhealed sorrow over separation from those sweet children who
had found their way so deeply into my heart, and whose educa-
tion was now absolutely different from what I had wished for
them. This deep grief was counted among my personal worries
which my health and its consequences caused for me. I had
spoken to this so sympathetic friend of it several times and I
believe it was on that account that he always tried to urge me
on to work for a general cause.

One evening at Caroline's I had been unusually silent and
when he asked me the reason, I merely said that the sorrows
of life, of solitude, lay heavier upon me than usual. The next
morning he wrote, among other things:

"You were quieter than usual; I am often that way too; the
feeling you spoke of is like mine. A feeling of the emptiness
of an entirely personal lonely past, of an entirely personal lost
life often grips me with unbearable force. Then I rise again,
a little more of a skeleton."

A few such words opened to me the depths of this great,
lonely heart which the world believed was filled only with am-
bition, with foolhardy, adventurous, even criminal dreams. He
was a martyr to an idea and to his belief, as had been only
One before him. Was the ideal for which he sacrificed himself
a wrong one? To him it appeared as a truth. Could it redeem the
world? Had the ideal for which the cross was raised on Golgotha
redeemed the world?—
I had written him about a Pole whom I knew to be reliable and who put himself completely at his disposal. At the same time I begged him not to be angry because the work of organization which he desired so very much did not get on faster.

Thereupon he wrote:

"My best Friend,

"I never get angry, excepting, occasionally, with my Italians; I could, however, never be angry with you, a being so full of heart, of noble design, and gentle as only one other.

"Therefore work, but remember at the same time what I am after in order that you may be guided by it.

"I am connected with the Committee for the Centralization of Polish Democracy and must have a certain consideration for it. Is your Pole connected with the former? If not, then it does not matter. All private work is welcome and I will gladly accept it. If he is connected with them, I should not like it to appear as though I was stealing their strength. Everything you succeed in doing in the suggested way will have my sanction and help. I will join every group of the Party of Action, wherever it may be formed. Now, concerning T., we will await the article. Speaking generally, I would say to you: Have as little as possible to do with the French and as much as possible with the Germans. I know almost all the French and know what can be expected of them. We have a secret association among them which at present is spreading; we must be satisfied by adding to our circle only individuals who we know will fit in with others and whom we can take from other unions which are badly organized or full of spies.

"Do not think that I want to exclude the French from the Republican brotherhood. But I know them; I believe that at bottom and as a mass, we shall not gain anything positive for our cause through them. It is only individual ones that we must gradually introduce into a new organization.

"Adieu, my friend!

"Joseph."

He was decidedly suspicious of the French for the very reason that he knew them so well, and he warned me of them
orally and in writing, shying at any contact, especially with the Socialist elements, although he was connected with Ledru-Rollin and his followers. I had often spoken to him of a young Frenchman belonging to that party, whom I esteemed highly, and whom I would have liked Mazzini to know as I looked upon his lofty personal example as most inspiring for all young people. It was my aim to work for peace in the emigration and to unite the scattered elements on a basis of the highest common principles.

I had spoken to this young man of Mazzini so much that he was anxious to know him better. I gave him Mazzini’s address, telling him to go there himself, and I promised to tell Mazzini that I had done so.

Thereupon Mazzini wrote:

“Dear Friend,

“In giving T. my address, you have given it to the police. The party that T. belongs to and to which he tells everything, swarms with spies. I do not reproach you in any way, I only declare a fact. As far as I am concerned, everything I wrote, except that concerning operations, can go to all the police authorities of the world. I can even publish them in case of need.

“Call me exclusive, intolerant, everything you want, but let me tell you one thing: work with Hungarians, Poles, Serbians, with Montenegrans and Circassians if you can, with Germans above all, if you can succeed—but, I repeat it, do not take too much pains with the French. You are too good and trusting to be able to discover the corrupt element among them. You speak, for instance, of Bernard; scarcely three days ago, in a meeting where someone proposed signing up the French for a yearly contribution of a shilling, as a pledge of solidarity, this same Bernard arose and opposed it. He declared that the Italian journal which had made most progress, was not *L’Italia del Popolo*, but the Ragione. This is a materialistic journal, published in Turin, calling itself socialistic, without, however, seriously discussing one single economic question; it cries out against the movement because it says that first of all the people should be socialized. Apart from that, *L’Italia del Popolo* has been confiscated more than thirty times,
the Ragione once; it is therefore the Italia one must help. Bernard, who, at the time of his trial, found immense sympathy among the Italians, is the last who should speak thus.

"You speak of a meeting for the purpose of uniting all nationalities. I know well that people of all ranks of the Party would come. But believe me, nothing would come of it and besides I will, as I said, only treat with individuals, not with unions. The community is full of spies.

"I think the important work lies in bringing the Italian movement in touch with the nationalities which are still being organized. France is in a position by itself. There, only one thing is to be done; if that is impossible, then we must wait and see what happens from within. A prolonged propaganda never led to a victorious insurrection. A prolonged propaganda in France is impossible without being discovered. Therefore work, dear friend, as much as you can with the nationalities of the future, but do not become involved with the French Communists. I should not follow you in that. It would be different if new elements, if Frenchmen from the interior would present themselves. The only good the others could do would be to moderate their speech, to accept a joint program and to show the world that all are united. Any secret work with them is impossible and dangerous."

Again in another letter he touched upon this theme as I had sent him a work which a Frenchman had begged me to give him for perusal.

"I will not have time to read the article before the end of the week, but I will read it and then give you my opinion.

"In regard to the joint work, do not hurry about it—I mean with the French. If anyone makes me any proposals, I will naturally answer them. I will not and cannot leave Ledru-Rollin; I will never do it unless he changes banners. However, nothing prevents my working with anyone, and I will never refuse to combine with honest patriots who want to come to an understanding with me. But remember that my time is wholly taken up. You know I go nowhere. I am loaded with work and although I sit at my little desk from eight o'clock in the morn-
ing until nine at night, yet I cannot finish half of the work I should do for Italy. I have to direct a whole party within the country, as well as the émigrés. This work is sacred, I can not give it up. It is a good thing that this is known and that my forced seclusion is not wrongly construed. I can attend no meetings, no frequent conferences. It is in writing especially that I can act and express myself.”

In the meantime I had actually succeeded in uniting some twenty German workmen. They were to meet one evening a week to clear up, by discussions and joint thought, any problem about the true interests and duties of their position, to plan a program of sensible demands for the future, to consult about means for getting followers, and to further the solidarity of thought and action among the workmen on both sides of the Channel. I asked Mazzini to inaugurate this small, nearly organized union, as he had promised, by appearing there once and speaking to the people. He said he was prepared to do so; an evening was decided upon and the meeting was to be in my rooms.

At the appointed hour the workmen came, all in a certain solemn tension, as they knew Mazzini was expected. Mazzini entered and greeted them with brotherly kindness. I had never seen him in such a gathering of people of the lower class, and never had he appeared more noble, or kinder. He was far from striking an artificial tone, as so many of the leaders did in speaking to people of a lower class—either treating them with condescension or taking on a vulgar and brutal familiarity as I had seen more than one Democrat do. He remained wholly himself, simple, natural and noble. He did not descend to their level, he lifted them up to his, to teach and advise them. He spoke at length on the necessity of awakening the feeling of solidarity in the different nationalities, first agreeing upon the great underlying ideas of the future and working for that, leaving, for the present, all individual systems of organization and ideas. He called their attention especially to the fact that they should not only make demands, but that they also had duties to fulfill.

Several of the workmen whom I knew to be very good,
thoughtful men, listened to him attentively and respectfully. Others, who were already too much infected with communism, took a rather defiant attitude and interrupted Mazzini several times, as they all spoke French and understood it thoroughly. One of them, a clever person, but, as I later learned, entirely under the influence of Marx and the communist leaders, asked suddenly: “And what guarantee do you give us for the future? If the universal Republic were to materialize what would you do for the working class?”

Mazzini smiled and replied: “But, dear friend, what guarantee can I give you? If I live to see the realization of our ideals then I will not be the one to re-organize society, especially with you in Germany. That will be the task of all of us, you as well as I. Then it will be your duty to preserve the rights of the working class and to determine its duties.”

We decided on our next meeting while I offered them all a glass of wine and Mazzini clinked glasses with all for the future universal Republic. After he left, it was decided that each member was to put six pfennig into a common bank at every meeting, to build a little fund for printed propaganda, etc. From now on I went regularly on the evenings of the meetings to the locality decided upon, which was a small inn in the city, where we sat in a room apart from the other guests. Angelika von Lagerström and several other German women came with me to take part in the discussions and to further the cause.

In the beginning I was optimistic about the affair, but the oftener I went the more my courage sank. I saw to my sorrow that the same elements I encountered in the higher ranks of the Party, prevailed here too. Envy, jealousy, egoism, personal greed, mingled their sordid motives with the desire to understand the loftiest aims, to fix the life of the state and the citizen upon a moral foundation which should determine their rights and duties. This seemed all the more repulsive because it carried with it a certain snobbish desire to step out of their own sphere and to appear better than they were; even towards the ladies they practised a certain coarse gallantry, wholly different from the true solemnity of feeling which should guide them. I often felt a certain contempt for human beings quivering through my
heart. I always had to remind myself that those principles for which I took up the struggle were the right ones, that the destiny of the masses should not depend upon the arbitrary and despotic power of individuals, that, under the protection of wise, just laws, it would be possible for each and everyone to become all he could, according to his natural talents.

I saw, however, with real anger, what evil the wrong leaders can do, the theorists and unscrupulous people who, under the incense they burn before the masses, only hide their own ambition. All these people, with whom I mingled, were fired by communistic ideas which they, only half educated, had not properly assimilated. They had grasped them as an alluring image of vain material hopes and conception of rights. Thereby many a clever, sensible mind was misguided, in others the inner and outer claim was ridiculously and repulsively disfigured.

This was in the year 1859. There was great excitement in political circles. The sphinx in Paris had spoken her mysterious word on New Year’s Day, the war clouds hung low on the horizon. Mazzini was at the height of his activity; nothing lay so close to his heart as the uniting of all the party comrades to joint action. He wrote me one day:

“It is clear to me that if the patriots do not feel the need of all working together in a practical way, with the evident projects of both emperors facing them with the renewed threat of a second Tilsit or Erfurt, and the division of the European world between the despots—then they are not equal either to their belief or to their task.”

The Italian war* was declared. In the Italian emigration everyone prepared to leave, including Mazzini. Before he left I spent many an hour in Caroline’s salon with him, also with other distinguished Italian patriots, among them, Saffi and Mario, Jessie White’s husband. Then came the parting. First Mario, with his courageous wife, who loved her new fatherland with her whole heart. Then Saffi and the others, lastly Mazzini.

*More accurately, the Franco-Austrian War, in which France joined with the then Kingdom of Sardinia to free Italy from Austrian domination.
War Clouds—I Leave England

I had long known how foolish and wrong was the accusation which had been constantly raised against him, that he always drew back when danger, to which he sent others, approached. Of course it was impossible for him to travel under his own name, nor could he proclaim his presence publicly; this was understood. It was natural too that he could not take over a military command and could not fight like Garibaldi and others. He was an organizer, but no soldier. However, it took just as much courage to travel through Europe in his position, for all the European police were on his heels; in his own country during uprisings he would have been punished by death had he been caught.

Now, when the war of independence really broke out in Italy, he did not fail them. I spent the last evening with him in the circle of friends at Caroline's. He was in a sad and solemn mood; the crisis of the great hope of his life, for the sake of which he sacrificed all, bore all, risked all, was before him. It came in an entirely different way, through entirely different means than those he had hoped for. But he was too much of a true, broadminded patriot not to welcome it anyway, and he went off to perform his duty.

When he shook hands with me at parting, I looked at him a moment with great sadness. He appeared to me to be one of the most tragic figures of modern history (and I did not know then how truly my opinion of him would be confirmed), but I also felt that there could be no retreat for him, no sentimental fear. He had to go and meet his destiny. He was the apostle of a new faith, of a regenerating moral force for Italy; with the same sincerity of conviction as Arnold of Brescia, Giordano Bruno and Savonarola had had. He came before his time, as they had, and like them, he had to pay a bitter price for boldly looking into the future. He had the clairvoyance of the prophets who suffered a martyr's death, though he was not to die at the stake, but to go through the long-drawn-out torture of exile. I blessed him in my heart, and thus we parted, never to meet again.

My health had become steadily worse and my almost sightless eyes nearly refused me their service. At this time my German
friend who lived in Manchester, Mrs. Schwabe, with whom I had always remained in touch, came to London. It had long been my ardent wish to join forces with her—partly to help her guide her children's education in a way more ideal than the ordinary, stereotyped one. Besides this, she wanted me to help her with the many philanthropic works to which she devoted her time and means.

At the beginning of my sojourn in England, shortly after I had been with her in Wales, she came to London especially to ask if I would devote myself entirely to her eldest daughter who was then a girl of fourteen. That was at the time when I had begun my wearisome career of giving lessons. What she offered me was more comfortable and remunerative and, in many respects, more tempting than giving lessons in London. Nevertheless, I declined because I valued my wretched independence more than any comfortable dependence, and besides, I saw that with the religious and conventional barriers in England, my work could only be half achieved. Now she renewed her offer, proposing that I come to Wales in the summer and afterwards go to Paris with her for the following winter.

The offer, coming at this moment, seemed to me like an act of Providence which I ought not refuse as my health would not allow me to continue my former mode of life. Therefore, I accepted it, although the decision to part from London and from all who were so near and dear to me there was most difficult.

I decided first to go for several weeks to Eastbourne where I had been before, and where I had become intimate with Mazzini and Caroline. The latter was there again with her husband and child, and so also was Lothar Bucher, whom I asked to find me a lodging. The small circle would have been sufficient to pass a quiet, happy time had it not been for our fear for Mazzini, who, on his dangerous expeditions, stayed in the vicinity of Italy, which was only half freed by the treaty of Villafranca.

One day Caroline received a letter from him in which he gave a very poetical and sad description of his trip over the Lake of Lucerne. He wrote that, in the solemn stillness of that lofty spectacle, a deep religious mood had come over him; he had had a vision of the future of his fatherland, which he loved so ardently and which he could only approach with great se-
crecy. He added that he was convinced that Caroline also, although a skeptic, would have been affected by the power of that sublime hour and would have knelt down with him in worship of the world spirit whose presence he had felt so strongly at that moment.

He still approached Italy as an exile, a fugitive. But he had long ago made the sacrifice of his individual existence, and that moment had certainly been one of those in which martyrs for ideals, intuitively looking behind the limits of time, enjoy the lofty bliss of conquerors. I wrote him the next day, while still under the spell of that letter. Shortly thereafter I received the following note, enclosed in a letter to Caroline:

"My dear Friend,

"Today only two words in reply to your letter! Is it necessary for me to assure you how dear you are to me? I do not deserve all you say to me, I attain too little of that which I strive for, but I believe my heart is worth more than my intelligence, while with most others, intelligence is of more value than the heart. That is the reason why others do not act. If I had some twenty men with your heart and your capacity for devotion at my side, I would have regenerated Europe by this time. But such do not exist. Therefore you must continue to love me for what I would like to have done. Your last bitter disappointment with regard to Olga distressed me greatly. However, I believe, I don't know why, that you do well to go with Mme. Schwabe. They will love you there. Caroline, who mentions you often in her letters, says nothing of your eyes. You also say nothing about them. How are they? Let me know through Caroline or yourself.

"Two weeks ago I believed in the possibility of seeing you again, now I don't know. I must remain here. I have envied you all being together in Eastbourne.

"I stay here only through a feeling of duty and indignation; my heart has nothing to do with it and is far from here. What do you think of the agitation for unity stirring in Germany? What do Caroline, Bucher and the others think about it? What hope have you?

"Here, the crisis has only just begun."
Farewell, dear Friend, I cherish a real and unchanging friendship for you.

"Joseph."

In the day time I used to wander alone with my books to a lonely spot on the cliffs and become absorbed in meditations and study. My evenings, however, were sad when I was alone. Unable to work with my weak eyes, I would occupy myself drying sea plants which I pasted in a book for Olga. I worked at this with as much care as though it were an important task.

Finally the time came when I was to meet Mrs. Schwabe in Brighton and go with her to Paris.

In Brighton I rented a very small room as everything else was too dear for me. However, I spent the entire day on a terrace built out into the sea, around which the waves roared and the fresh sea air blew, refreshing and invigorating me. I did not know a soul and felt heavenly free.

These days too came to an end. I embarked for France with Mrs. Schwabe and her family; we sailed from Newhaven to Dieppe, which is a few hours' longer trip than from Dover to Calais. When I saw the white shores of Albion gradually sink into the green tide, it seemed as though a second home sank away from me. Seven years of exile had been spent there, years full of bitter privations, hard work, deep suffering, losses and struggles! However, how much love, friendship, mental progress and growth in the one thing that counts most had it not given me! With a deep feeling of gratitude I looked back upon this island with its blooming fields, its great culture, its fine, strong independent people. It was truly a most remarkable sight, one worthy of study.
CHAPTER XVII

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Paris Salons and Richard Wagner

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We arrived in Paris, where one of those so-called hotels had been rented for us which are so abundant in the vicinity of the Champs Élysées. It was an entire building, having a small garden. Besides Mrs. Schwabe and her family, Richard Cobden, his wife and four daughters were to live there also.

I had made up my mind to give myself up completely to all the new impressions awaiting me and to extract from them as much knowledge and understanding as possible. I cannot say that I had ever longed to go to Paris; I always felt more drawn to the South. However, it certainly was the city around which a thousand historical memories, the power and splendor of the present times, art, civilization and fashion created a glittering Fata Morgana, exciting one's curiosity. It was interesting to see Paris after London, if only for the sake of comparison. Besides, I needed a rest from work and wanted to live for a time in a dryer climate.

Before getting unpacked and settled at home, I took a walk down the Champs Élysées alone, toward the Tuileries. There it lay before me—the ancient palace of the French kings, looking at me like an old acquaintance. I had seen it thus innumerable times in my childhood, in a large illustrated book on the French Revolution, which belonged to my father. Paris was portrayed as besieged by the raging masses which, scorning legitimate
law, transformed the most autocratic country in the world into a place of mobs and terror.

Those pictures all came back to my mind: the Bastille, on which were trained the cannons of the people; Camille Desmoulins standing on a table in the garden of the Palais Royal haranguing the mob; the royal family, brought home from their abortive flight. The picture that, more than any other, had instilled in me as a child the deepest interest and most intense pity, was that of Louis XVI saying farewell to his family on being led to the scaffold. I saw him again before me in short black trousers, white shirt opened in front, to leave his neck bare for the executioner's axe. One hand he gave to his pious sister Elizabeth, who was kneeling and pressing her face against it. On the other side were his unhappy wife and queen and her children, weeping and clinging to him in heart-rending grief.

A vision of these things which I felt I had lived through myself, came to me under the high trees of this garden, as I looked at the very walls which had witnessed these horrors.

For a time a great admiration for the French Revolution had followed this childish pity. That gigantic awakening of mankind to a sense of its rights, that breaking of fetters in which one despotic will slew millions of creatures, those bold, early, lofty dreams of universal freedom which enthusiastic fanatics wanted to make real, those fantastic and wonderful moments of the first part of the Revolution—how they had affected and thrilled me! They had made me glow with enthusiasm, and be lenient towards the gruesome, degenerate cruelties to which the autocratic reign of the people had come. Now, in the palace before me, the second fruit of the Revolution, the Second Empire, had its seat.

My first excursion in Paris was spent in reflections like these. All the impressions of the following days were in favor of England, which appeared to me now to be in solid enjoyment of real and highly moral political freedom compared with the servile dependence of everything here upon the will of a single person. The everlastingly festive spectacle of royalty was so different from the simplicity of the royal family in England. Here the presence of soldiers was felt everywhere, while in England they were nowhere to be seen. I compared the idle
and frivolous pleasures one sees on the boulevards with the puritanically sober, but cautious and honest activity of the English—all that made me think longingly of England and I felt as though in Paris I were breathing infected air.

In the meantime, our little household had begun to be organized. Richard Cobden, who lived under the same roof, was a new and interesting personality for study. He was as pure an English type as one can possibly imagine; he combined the thoroughness of English specialists in their field of activity with their rather limited knowledge in other directions. At the same time, he had such a kind, good and gentle character that he endeared himself to all who knew him well.

He was in Paris to close the free trade agreement. This gave me an opportunity of asking him many questions about the problems of political economy and of learning much from him. He built the whole gospel of a more moral future upon free trade. Strange to say, he was, perhaps unconsciously, in spite of being a pious man and going to church, a thorough materialist. He once said to me that he hoped the drinking of gin and brandy in England would be lessened by free importation of light French wines. He thereby looked forward to the beginning of a higher morality, and surely not without justice.

Only he forgot how many other factors went hand in hand with this. As long as the lower classes in England are in their present state of abject misery, light French wines would not suffice, for gin and brandy are the Lethe which, for a few hours at least, bring forgetfulness to their savage existence. Shorter working hours, increased wages, education, mental development, the opening of museums, of public pleasure and educational places instead of saloons on Sundays—all that would have to come first. Then light wines would be acceptable instead of alcohol. Then one would not see such frequent and horrible sights of drunken men and women in the streets of London.

A strong opposition arose against Cobden. The French protectionists did not fail to make protests of all kinds. However, he had Napoleon and Rouher completely on his side and that, of course, was practically decisive.

Cobden always returned from his numerous private conversations with the Emperor delighted with the latter's personality.
He could not praise his kind interest and genial manner enough, and his deep understanding of all the questions they discussed together. Napoleon had just reached one of the most brilliant peaks of his career. The Italian war was over. To be sure, he had not kept his promise of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic; furthermore, he had taken for himself two beautiful jewels out of Italy's newly forged crown. However, in spite of that, the old French glory shone anew in brilliant splendor, and one morning the beating of drums sounded in the streets, a division of soldiers went about, and a herald announced with loud voice that there were now many thousand more Frenchmen—Savoy and Nice had become French over night. The French were overjoyed at that. Everything shone happily in the light of the Emperor's bright sun and even Napoleon III's type of face was being copied. One met men everywhere who, by the cut of their beards, their coiffures and their mode of dress, had acquired a certain similarity to him.

I only saw him once at close range. We received tickets to the large hall through which the court passed on Sunday mornings going to mass. I went with Cobden because I wanted to see this parvenu who lay, like a blight, upon the blossoms of European life, whom I had hated since the 2nd of December when, like one of the old Roman emperors, he had mercilessly sacrificed the opposers of his tyranny with shot, prison and sentences to a deadly climate. I wanted to know once and for all what such a man looked like.

The mass was a favorite spectacle for strangers, and the hall was full of people. Suddenly a court official, dressed in a violet embroidered uniform, appeared, calling out: "L'Empereur!" Presently Napoleon appeared, leading Eugénie and followed by courtiers. He walked slowly past us towards the chapel. I stood leaning against a pillar and they passed so close to me that the Empress's robe touched me. In the chapel, where we likewise went, I stood so that the faces of the royal couple were just opposite me. I admit that during mass I was occupied solely in studying these two physiognomies.

In spite of the Empress's regular beauty, one soon tired of her. She looked like a pretty grisette decorated with a diadem. She bore the stamp of the parvenue a thousand times more
than did Napoleon. If, because of a lack of knowledge of the world and the pressure of circumstances, she was not capable of being indiscreet, arrogant, young and frivolous like Marie Antoinette, she would certainly also be less capable of suffering with fortitude, of acquiring moral growth, or of dying heroically amid misfortune, like the other poor queen. I looked away from her with contempt. Marrying her was perhaps one of Napoleon's greatest mistakes, fatal for France and for himself.

He fascinated me more. His inexplicably ugly face had nevertheless a certain majesty which Eugénie completely lacked. There was a passive firmness and reserve in his ugly features which made his face seem like a mask. As he knelt thus, resting his chin on his clenched fist, it was impossible to decide whether his soul felt anything.

Perhaps he was just then wondering whether he should break completely with the Clerical party which had supported him until then. It is certain that this party was at the present moment most indignant against him. It was generally whispered about that the priests might now undertake what Orsini had failed in, and everyone was convinced that coming from there the blow would not miss its mark.

Thanks to our living in the same house with Richard Cobden, we met many of the most eminent literary and political people in French society. A chosen group of these always gathered at our house one evening a week. In addition, the most prominent people were invited to dinner, and here, in a very small circle, one could get to know them well and to delight in their conversation. In this way I met Mignet, Laboulaye, Cousin, Dollfus, Renan. The latter had not yet reached the fame which his Life of Jesus later brought him, but he seemed of much greater consequence to me than most of the others. I frequently chanced to be his dinner partner and therefore had the opportunity of enjoying many long talks with him.

Through Herzen, I had an introduction to Michelet, whose historical works we had read in part together, taking great pleasure in his witty observations, his fantastic portrayals and his warm and vivid perception of things throughout. Herzen knew him very well and through his introduction I was received most kindly by Michelet and his wife. In the modest little
drawing room of this couple, from whose windows one could see the great trees of the Luxembourg. I gathered numerous most interesting impressions of Parisian society. The small man with the intellectual face, framed by long white hair, gave at once the impression of a fine, original and sparkling mind, and a kind, truly human heart. His fragmentary style of speech, as though he were thinking aloud, which sometimes, in reading him, becomes tiresome because of the all too short staccato sentences, had something unusually stimulating in conversation. He scattered brilliant ideas which kindled thoughts in others, thus giving rise to animated conversation which never dragged, and never lacked material. He immediately admitted to me his warm sympathy for Germany and German literature.

At that time he was working on many smaller works which belonged in an entirely different sphere from that of history. His clever, charming wife helped him with these. It is true that these psychological and physiological fantasies and observations were treated in a somewhat dilettante manner. Nevertheless, they were beautiful and witty. One of these books, La Femme, which had just appeared, aroused loud opposition in Parisian society and was criticized with the most scathing scorn and derision. This made no difference either to Michelet or his wife. She once said to me, concerning their collaborative work: "I gather the materials for his work, he adds the structure."

I had another friendly haven in this vast Paris: one in which I felt thoroughly at home, where life responded to my innermost nature. The general, fleeting interest which formal society offered me soon diminished. With the exception of Mme. Schwabe and Cobden, the other members of our household were so superficial, only liking vain and outward show, that I often asked myself with aversion: "How did I ever get into these surroundings?" and with tears of bitterest indignation reproached fate for making such dependence necessary. I would then flee to that haven which I kept secret from the other members of the household so that they could not follow me. I let them believe that I went to secret political meetings and conspired with the workmen—as I was quite sure they would not follow me there.

My haven was none other than the studio of Jaroslav Czermak,
the painter, whom I had first met in Wales and now again here. His studio was in one of the quaint streets of old Paris, in the former monastery of the Cordeliers, in the same hall which, during the great revolution, had served the Cordelier Club as a meeting place and was now divided into several large studios. Czermak's studio still had the same platform from which the unruly leaders had once spoken to the excited mob. Now it was fantastically decorated with everything necessary to an historical artist. It was hung principally with costumes and arms from the Danube principalities and Montenegro. Czermak had shown a special predilection for his ancestors of those regions, often staying there a long time and bringing back many lovely sketches which he gradually perfected with poetic perception and perfect technique. There was a piano, too, because Czermak was a deeply musical person.

The sympathy which he had inspired in me at our first meeting in Wales deepened into real friendship. I accepted with pleasure his offer to flee to his studio with my writing materials whenever I wanted solitude, to work there quietly while he painted. I had again joined the staff of Kinkel's paper and had to write up my impressions of Paris. I did this really more to spare myself the torment of letter writing and of repeating the same things over again. Thus I could use my time for myself, for I was free at last. I could not find a quiet, undisturbed hour at home for collecting my thoughts and putting together into one picture the variety of scenes which passed through my mind. How gladly, therefore, did I slip away two or three times a week from the elegant hotel, from the dignified Champs Élysées, the noisy brilliant city of fashion on the right bank of the Seine and walk towards that picturesque Paris of the Revolution.

Here one really seemed to be in another world which then had fortunately not yet been touched by M. Haussmann's "beautifications," bringing everything original and beautiful to the level of a barracks style. Even the entrance and the steps to the old monastery were original and interesting. I walked along the lengthy passage to the last door and knocked. My friend would come to open it, and, after enjoying the progress of his work, I sat down in a corner, unpacked my writing mate-
rials and wrote while he went on painting. Hours would often pass by without either of us saying a word. We felt as though the breath of a wild, sublime past floated through the memorable room, giving our work background and atmosphere.

The sincere friendship between me and this much younger man made these hours very cozy. He would often jump up, sit at the piano and play a theme of Beethoven or the funeral march of Chopin, or what affected me still more, things from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner’s music. At that time I knew only a few scant snatches of it which I had heard played in England by a German pianist. However, even this little bit had already charmed me as no other music had ever done, and my greatest longing was to experience wholly and fully the power of those impressions which I felt Wagner’s music held for me.

We nearly always lunched together afterwards. A waiter in white shirt sleeves and a long gray apron, still to be seen in the Quartier Latin, brought us two beefsteaks from a nearby restaurant with an omelette aux confitures; Czermak then brought out a bottle of wine from a corner in his large studio, which was his cellar. These simple and delightful mornings usually ended with this lunch when we discussed both serious and frivolous topics of all kinds. I had gained Czermak’s complete confidence and through him met the woman to whom he had given his heart and life and from whom insurmountable obstacles seemed to keep him apart, often making him very sad.

Once everything seemed so hopeless that he determined to leave Paris and go to his beloved Dalmatia. He told me of the beauty of that coast on the Adriatic Sea, and how, in the charming valleys, there were still gorgeous marble villas dating from the time of the splendor of the Venetian Republic, to be had for a ridiculously small price. He would buy one; I should go with him, and so would another friend, a Czech, who was quite a scholar. There we could live peacefully together writing a book on those countries: the learned friend was to have the scientific part, I the literary, and he the artistic. His pictures were bringing so much money that it almost shamed him and it would be enough for us all to live on! The plan suited me very well: away from the whirl of a world of culture where nothing really
Paris Salons and Richard Wagner

held me any more, to the blissful solitude of the South, which I had always yearned for, in the company of two intelligent beings, one a scholar, the other an artist, and with serious work—what more could I wish for or have? I was convinced that Czermak would take care of me with the loyalty of a younger brother.

This beautiful plan came to naught as the clouds which had called it forth dispersed, making the prospect of his own life's happiness at last possible.

Then too, came news, which for the moment quelled any wish I might have to leave the world I was in. Richard Wagner had arrived in Paris to settle there. Three concerts were to be given in the Italian Opera House where he himself would direct selections of his compositions. Thus at last this great wish of mine was to be fulfilled and I was to hear some of Wagner's music with full orchestra, directed by himself!

I was quite carried away by an inner blissful certainty, by an infallible revelation. My greatest desire was to see the creator of such sublime things once more. To be sure, our meeting in England had not been of the friendliest and I did not know whether he would be pleased to see me again. However, I would make an attempt to see him. I felt that I understood him, and I had the most sincere admiration for his genius. Therefore, I thought, an opportunity would surely arise for meeting him again. Chance favored me, for at a concert I attended with an Hungarian friend, we sat directly behind Wagner and his wife. The Hungarian knew them and spoke with them. I turned and greeted him. He recognized me and said in a very kind manner: "Oh yes, I owe you an apology; when we met before, I was in a very bad humor; the English fogs were at fault!"

Thereupon he introduced me to his wife and both cordially invited me to come to see them. Naturally, I went very soon. The Wagners had taken a small house with a little garden in a quiet street not very far from the Champs Élysées. It was charmingly cozy; Wagner's study especially and the music room adjoining, though small, were very artistic. From then on many happy hours were spent here. Here Wagner appeared in his true light; the London fogs were dispersed and his tremendous personality became revealed to me. He seemed much
more sociable than in London. His house was open once a week to friends, and many prominent as well as unimportant people thronged to these receptions. Wagner, however, dominated the whole company so completely that one saw and heard him alone and entirely forgot the others. I remember one evening when he was standing before several of us he spoke of the rarity of so-called happiness, finally quoting Eleonora d'Este's words: "Who is happy, anyway?" My heart beat in accord with every word he uttered.

I introduced my friend Czermak, an enthusiastic admirer of Wagner, and he often came to take me to those evening receptions. Among other more or less interesting personalities, I met Liszt's daughter, Blandine, the wife of Emil Ollivier, a strangely attractive creature. I had seen Ollivier in Lady Holland's salon; the latter was a distinguished Englishwoman who had a salon in Paris similar to the celebrated Paris salons of former days which one now sought in vain among the Parisians themselves.

From the first I was struck by the strange tone of formality which reigned in their set—the ladies sitting on one side of the room, the gentlemen standing on the other. Seldom did one of the latter ever venture into the solemn circle of ladies, and if he did, he usually spoke only to the older ones. The young bachelors never talked to the young girls because that would have been looked upon as an avowal of love. The clever conversations, such as formerly took place in the salons de l'Abbaye with Mme. Récamier, and also at the time of the Restoration, when Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo charmed these gatherings, were nowhere to be found. Only this wealthy foreigner, who spent every winter in Paris, succeeded in doing what the Parisians, who had lost esprit and charm under the Second Empire, had failed to do.

She herself was not gifted with a remarkable mind, but she had the great social talent of making clever men speak, and she knew how to hold the threads of conversation when they threatened to break. Thus she became the central figure of some animated, very interesting talks in which only one person spoke at a time, while the others listened. This is as it should be in truly delightful social gatherings. Perhaps nothing shows
Malwida von Meysenburg's salon in Rome, with Wagner's bust against purple drapes.
real social tact and good training more than being able to listen well.

The men of the party opposed to the Empire gathered at Lady Holland's, especially the followers of the Orléans dynasty; also their former opponents, as for instance, old Odilon Barrot, whom I met there quite often. There were also Rémušat, Jules Simon, Pressensé, and others, and one nearly always heard something interesting.

Besides this salon, there was only one other in Paris which bore the characteristic stamp and had a slight glamor of former times. It was a salon in the Faubourg St. Germain, that of Mme. de Staël, daughter-in-law of the authoress of Corinna. Something of the best tradition of the eighteenth century had been retained here. People sat and chatted where they pleased, not in a solemn half circle. The young ladies did fancy work, the young men stood or sat, talking comfortably together. The older people talked among themselves. Among them were the de Broglies and other aristocratic names. Old Guizot was there too, to whom I was introduced and with whom I talked a long time. I told him that my father had once referred me to him and his political views when I had asked him for instruction in politics, as he had considered him a great statesman. That seemed to please him very much. He said then that he considered the Republic the best form of government, but thought it impracticable. When I later told Renan of this conversation, he smiled and said that the old sly-face always said that, but would not like it a bit if a Republic were introduced.

These two salons were, as I have said, the only ones that gave me an idea of what the former celebrated Parisian salons must have been like. To be sure, it was only a slight idea, because the most interesting people in the present age were weak imitations of those clever ones of the eighteenth century, who gathered, for instance, at Mme. Necker's where, in the conversation, young Germaine Necker got her first mental stimulus.

The aforementioned German salon in Paris was very different. Here it was not the witty, animated conversation of a lot of prominent people that made it notable, but the superiority and versatility of a genius. It happened that a pupil and one of the warmest admirers of Wagner's came to Paris. He was
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenburg

Klindworth, a splendid pianist. From now on the receptions were held upstairs in the music room and each time something from Wagner's works was performed. Klindworth accompanied while Wagner himself sang the different voices. One would not think it possible to get a complete idea of the works from this performance and yet we really did. Although he had very little voice, no one else understood so well how to interpret his ideas and to give the whole thrilling impression of the new type of singing he wanted to introduce.

I realized at once that an entirely new method of singing would have to be adopted for these operas, that the era of the plain chant large, for which a well trained voice sufficed, was past. Here was the beginning of true dramatic singing, where the words were as important as the music and where there must be a new type of clearer enunciation than the former style of singing required.

I considered myself fortunate in learning to know these compositions from the master himself because in this way I had a more correct understanding of them than if I had first heard them in the bungled performances of the German theatres. I got to know Lohengrin and Tristan and Isolde well, also the greater part of the Walküre and Rheingold. I was especially favored, as Wagner allowed me to come alone to listen in the mornings when he and Klindworth practised together. Thus it happened that they played Tristan and Isolde almost from beginning to end, with me as sole audience. These tremendous works gripped me with overwhelming force, and it became ever clearer to me that the highest aim of art, the only way it can progress, is toward the combining of all arts in musical drama. In this primitive power of perception, in the force of their passion, in the broad human scope of their characters, I could only compare these works with Shakespeare's, but here one has also the music which enfolds the mighty course of tragic action in its transfiguring cloud. Hearing these marvelous creations, the same feeling of conviction came over me which I felt upon reading Opera and Drama. Now I completely understood the man whose powerful daemon forced him to create such great and marvelous things. From that time on I knew that nothing would make me lose confidence in him, that
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I would understand him even in his dark moods, in the violent outbreaks of his sensitive nature, in the peculiarities which would lead most people to throw stones at him. I realized that he could count on me unto death, and that his genius would be one of the few brilliant lights which would make my life worth living.

One day I was invited to his house to dinner. On arriving there, I found everyone in great excitement because that very morning the news had suddenly come that Napoleon wished to have *Tannhäuser* performed in the Opera House. The director, who had given Wagner a cool refusal only a few weeks before this, was now most humble and willing to arrange everything according to the master’s wishes. Wagner owed thanks to the Princess Metternich for this sudden change. She was a great admirer of his music and had persuaded Napoleon to have his works performed. Of course I was delighted, and was fully determined to come to Paris the following winter to hear this opera. Owing to the many preparations necessary for its production, it would not be possible to give a performance before then. The text would have to be translated, too.

Our stay in Paris was drawing near its end. The Cobden family had left long ago, as Cobden had been sent to Algiers for his health. Mrs. Schwabe, her family and I moved from the large hotel into a smaller apartment on the Rue de Rivoli.

Spring was beautiful in Paris. One night we had a violent storm and the next morning, as though by magic, the trees of the Champs Élysées, the garden and the shrubs, all glittered in the fresh gleam of their first green. Wagner told me that this spectacle quite thrilled him. In the Rheingold, when Thor beats upon the cliffs, the clouds all gather for a storm and when they disperse, Valhalla and the earth are revealed, glittering in their spring attire. During that same night he was thinking this scene over and wondering whether it were true to nature, when lo! the very next morning, this lovely vision rose before him, and reassured him on that point.

Paris with its charming surroundings seemed to grow more beautiful than ever, and the thought of leaving became more and more difficult for me. The winter had done me a great deal of good. The mild climate agreed with me. The new and pleas-
ant relationships I had formed were most stimulating, and there were no painful memories attached to them. The vivacious, intellectual life and the easy-going French people had been most refreshing as compared with the English. Several small literary attempts, which were successful, had given me great inner satisfaction. All that, especially my acquaintance with Wagner and his works, were so many ties binding me to Paris and I pondered as to how I should be able to return.

Suddenly I received a letter from Herzen asking me to take complete charge of the children's education, especially Olga's, because in his household things had not turned out well, their education had suffered greatly thereby, and he was not at all satisfied. No greater joy nor satisfaction could possibly have come to me. The absolute confidence he had once had in me, and my unshaken friendship for him, had at last conquered everything else. My love for the child welled up again within me with renewed force.

Nevertheless, various other things, other inclinations, had to be considered, and above all, my personal freedom. I had learned to know that love is dependence, perhaps the greatest of all. Therefore I could not decide immediately, and wrote Herzen that, if I accepted, if I gave up all the advantages Mrs. Schwabe offered me, it would be for Olga's sake. Furthermore, from now on, I should insist upon having an absolutely free hand in her education and on spending the following winter with her in Paris where my health was decidedly better than in London. Besides, I thought it best for Olga.

Before receiving an answer to this, I received another letter from someone I had only known by name, a Mr. Hodge, Orsini's English friend, to whom Orsini, in his last will and testament, bequeathed one of his daughters as a ward, requesting him to look after her education. The other daughter was bequeathed to another Englishman, also an intimate friend. He did not want to leave them with their mother as he did not consider her fit to bring them up.

The second girl had died shortly after her father's death. Mr. Hodge wrote me that he was still unmarried and too young to undertake the guidance of the little girl. He therefore had consulted Emily and Caroline and they had told him that he
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could not do better than to entrust her to me. He added: "I offer no excuse for turning to you thus, because we have fought on the same battlefields and therefore are not strangers."

These two offers, coming at the same time, determined my decision. It seemed a wonderful intervention of fate to be able to bring up these two children together, to develop the highest type of womanhood in them, thus erecting a worthy monument to both fathers. My heart went out to them both as to two beloved daughters. I saw a happy solution of my destiny in this task which was not beyond my physical strength, which satisfied my heart, and yet would allow me time for intellectual pursuits. I therefore answered Hodge that I would gladly accept his offer and wrote the same to Herzen, informing them both when I would arrive in London.

The day of departure approached. I had seen as much as possible of Wagner. I was happy to have been of some material service to him, and on this occasion he had spoken to me of his financial difficulties as to a friend of long standing. Thus we had come to be close friends; his fate hung heavy on my heart and I felt anxious about him. A genius like his could only create freely on the heights of ideals, without having to stoop and concede to the uncomprehending masses. To be able to do this in peace, however, he would have to be free of any pecuniary need, and he was not. Totally without means, he did not understand how to protect his interests against either the publishers or the German theaters which took in large revenues from his works, already becoming popular. In practical life he had that helplessness of genius which is so touching because it is combined with a deep naïveté and a lack of understanding of conditions of ordinary life.

A thousand plans as to how to help him filled my mind. Again I deplored my utter lack of means, and longed for the happiness of money, with which to smooth the way for a genius that he might create immortal things. Surely the only way to sanctify the tremendous value which gold, in itself so worthless a metal, has attained in the world is to use it for noble purposes—by making the dead power of matter serve the shining lights of the intellectual sphere.

The day before our departure I went once more to Père
Lachaise (the large cemetery in Paris) which was one of my favorite walks. For the last time I visited Börne's* grave where I had often lingered in grateful remembrance of the happy hours I had spent reading the works of this splendid writer, who, although full of irony, had great depth of feeling. It was always painful to me to see his simple memorial here in cold stone, close to other monuments whose living originals would perhaps have been most unsympathetic to his æsthetic nature. Therefore I did not want to leave Paris without putting a protecting piece of green between him and his neighbors. I bought some ivy plants for the purpose and with the help of the cemetery gardener, planted them at the side of his tombstone.

Then I sat there a long time amidst the magic green with which spring had decorated the city, thinking of the outcome of my sojourn in Paris. It was indeed satisfactory. I had learned to love and value much in France, had learned much worth knowing, and had gained much inner poise. However, the greatest gain I was taking away—I felt this plainly—was my acquaintance with Wagner and his works. Thus with sincere admiration for my German home and the German mind, I left French soil. The green waves carried me and my companions back to the proud island which, like a natural fortress within its high cliff walls, lies there in solitary seclusion.

* Ludwig Börne, 1786-1837, a German journalist who wrote "short, biting sentences." Associated with Heine in the leadership of "Young Germany," a literary movement that grew out of the suppression of Heine's works in 1830.
Mrs. Schwabe had taken a lovely house with a garden in London and we moved into it for the time being. I told her of Herzen's offer and of how my old love for the child whom I had cared for at such a tender age outweighed everything else. Mrs. Schwabe was very much distressed, for she had hoped I would stay with her. I was devoted to her personally, and admired her splendid work, her untiring zeal for the welfare of others and her true spirit of self-sacrifice in various noteworthy causes. All her activities, however, as well as the surroundings in which she lived, were entirely too noisy, too much connected with external things, and they jarred upon me.

Mrs. Schwabe proposed my getting Olga and keeping her with me in her house for a time to see if a life together would be possible. I therefore went to the country where Herzen was still living and was received most cordially. He allowed me to take Olga at once and drive back to the city with her.

This dear child was so happy to be with me, enjoyed so wholeheartedly the most trivial incidents of this experience, that it touched me deeply. I felt that it was fate which had brought us together again and had reserved for me the sacred task of mothering, in the highest ethical sense, a little creature, who, from the first moment, had captivated my heart by the great charm with which nature had endowed her and for whom I had
already suffered so keenly. From then on I was firm in my decision to devote my entire life to this task and to fulfill it according to the highest conception of the maternal calling.

I had proved that a woman can fight just as faithful a battle for the sake of her most sacred convictions as any man, and for them beat down the barriers of convention. This view of mine was no longer a theory, it had become a glowing reality. Furthermore, I had proved that a woman can depend upon her own resources and can earn for herself a position in life worthy of respect through work—in this also I had been true to my principles. Now, for the second time, fate put within my reach the task interrupted the first time, of continuing my work as a mother in the family of my own free choice. Now I could prove that an unmarried woman could fulfill the so-called exclusively wifely calling of being manager of a household and mother to budding youth. Therefore it is quite unnecessary to instil into young minds the idea that marriage should be the sole aim of womanhood, as was formerly the case. No matter what the circumstances, every girl should specialize in some work by which she could become independent or at least a useful citizen.

I remained a few weeks with Olga at Mrs. Schwabe's. Several interesting personalities came and went; among others I saw Grote there, the celebrated author of the History of Greece, and his very original wife. There was always a constant whirl of entertainments, dinners, and visits. It was too much for me, and I longed for quiet and concentration.

What stimulated and satisfied me was the help which, through me, was sent to the battlefields of Naples, to Garibaldi's heroic troops. I received a letter from Jessie White Mario, who was following Garibaldi's troops with courageous loyalty, nursing the wounded. She asked me to send some necessary things. Mrs. Schwabe, always ready to help where help was needed, and, through her various connections, in a position to give and to help on a large scale, took the matter in hand. Soon whole cases of mattresses, tents, bandages and other necessities were shipped to Naples by boat. It was Garibaldi's heroic undertaking which gave those times a deep, poetic interest. This move to Sicily was like a story of Homer's—an epic transfigured by heroism
and the fantastic, all-sacrificing patriotism which even surrounds blood and wounds with a certain glory.

I finally told Mrs. Schwabe that I had decided to devote the rest of my life solely to bringing up Olga, and therefore thought it impracticable to continue living in her house. We parted in the most amicable way and with mutual good wishes. I asked Herzen to engage a young German girl from Hamburg, whose intelligence and strong character I liked, to help me with Olga.

Unfortunately I did not get my second foster daughter. Hodge had tried in vain to persuade Orsini's widow to consent to letting me have one of her daughters. He even went to Italy for that purpose, but as he had no legal means of bringing her over, he finally had to give up the idea.

I went with Olga and Marie to a place on the coast where I had never been before, but which I had heard greatly praised for its wild beauty and perfect quiet. Here I spent a few weeks observing the character of the little being whose care was now my most sacred duty in life. After a few weeks, Herzen joined us with his son and elder daughter. I had taken a lovely house on a high cliff at the foot of which breakers dashed, and here we once more had peace and quiet as in former times. There was no disturbing element, and I could follow my own ideas with the child because the older sister was already beyond the age of regular training.

Several interesting visitors, among others Turgenieff, brought a pleasant change in our midst, although I did not feel the need even of that. I was once more absolutely satisfied and happy. The mournful beauty and wildness of the place, then just being built up, and the unlimited freedom of the life which was not disturbed by conventions or social duties—all this gave me deep inner comfort. My occupation with the child now quite filled my days. The evenings were again spent in interesting reading with Herzen. Only one thing was lacking—music. Since Paris and Wagner my longing for music returned. From earliest childhood music had been the real language of my inner being. I had never reached a stage of virtuosity but I was scarcely ever without an inner song. This art which speaks to us from a higher sphere always lifted me beyond this material
world. Now I realized fully that life without music is incomplete; it is like wandering through the desert without the refreshing heavenly manna.

One of the principal aims in my system of education was to nourish this manna in Olga's soul, but certainly not in the dull conventional way of a superficial virtuosity, whereby more harm than good is done. It is a useless task to try to change any ordinary person into a musical one by making him learn to play well technically. On the contrary, it would be a blessing to society if there were fewer practising dilettantes and more people taught to appreciate performances of the highest type.

He had promised to let me take Olga to Paris for the winter. I remained firm in my stand, as in addition to my health, the performance of Tannhäuser drew me thither irresistibly. And in the winter, all the foreign elements were to return to the Herzen household. I had by now fully realized how impossible it was for Olga and me to live in these surroundings. Herzen wished, however, to keep his elder daughter at home and to find a suitable companion for her. I suggested Emily Reeve, whom I loved sincerely and whom he, too, greatly admired. I considered her fit in every way to be with a growing girl as a mental guardian, and at the same time, I wanted to do her a good turn by getting her out of her narrow circle into one befitting her intellectual gifts. Herzen was delighted at the suggestion and I at once wrote to Emily, who accepted with joy.

We returned to London. I said goodbye to my friends and embarked for the second time for France, with Olga and the young German girl. I was sorry to leave Herzen and Natalie, but I hoped to have provided well for them in having sent Emily Reeve to the house. I was now going to devote my entire life to the child I was taking with me. Therefore, every other regret vanished in the joy of having her with me and of seeing beyond all strivings, all work, the beloved cause which was the final reward!

I settled in Paris, not in luxury, nor any great style, as in the previous year with Mme. Schwabe, but in a very modest apartment on the fourth floor, high above the noisy Paris world, where we had a view of the green trees of the Tuileries Gardens. When we were settled, I went to the Wagners. They no longer had the
cheerful little house of the previous winter, but were on the second floor of an apartment house in one of the noisest, darkest streets of Paris. This change had been necessary for pecuniary reasons. It hurt me dreadfully to see it. I felt how terrible it must be for Wagner to live in such an unsympathetic place.

Before entering the house, I could hear strains of music. I was ushered into the parlor; Mrs. Wagner greeted me, whispered a welcome and offered me a seat. Wagner himself was busy at the grand piano with a young singer who was studying the shepherd's song from Tannhäuser. In this way I heard the music I had so longed to hear. When they had finished practising, Wagner came up to me, welcomed me most cordially, saying: "How fortunate that you have come. You will never hear a better performance than the one to be given here; it is going to be splendid."

I now divided my life between my household duties with Olga and my visits to the Wagners. To my sorrow, I began to realize more and more that my friend Wagner was not happy in his married life. I had felt the winter before that his wife was little suited to him, that she was not capable of raising him above the many petty and sordid cares and conditions of life, nor of lessening them with greatness of soul and feminine charm. This man, so utterly dominated by his daemon, should always have a high-minded, understanding woman by his side—a wife who would have known how to mediate between his genius and the world, by understanding that these are always hostile one to the other.

Frau Wagner never grasped this. She wanted to mediate by demanding from the genius concessions to the world which he could not and should not make. From her inability to grasp the essence of genius and its relations to the world, there arose constant friction in their daily life. This was augmented by their not having any children—usually the one reconciling and softening element in marriage. Nevertheless, Frau Wagner was a good woman, and, in the eyes of the world, decidedly the better and the more unhappy of the two. My sympathies were more for Wagner, however, for whom love should have been the medium of reaching all human hearts. Instead, she made his cup of life more bitter still.
I was on the best of terms with Frau Wagner; she was friendly and confidential with me and often came to me to be- moan her domestic troubles. I did what I could to give her a better understanding of her life's task, but in vain. With her own totally different nature, she was incapable of grasping this even after twenty-five years of married life.*

I often spoke of this with Blandine Ollivier, Liszt's daughter, whom I saw quite often. Of all the women I had met in Paris, this lovely creature attracted me the most. She combined the grace of a Frenchwoman's fine, witty, almost sarcastic mind, with a deep, soulful, feminine charm which, with her handsome physique, made her irresistibly attractive. She had known Wagner since childhood as her father's friend. We met often at his house and both agreed that hardly ever had two people less suited to each other been bound by so close a tie.

My greatest wish, next to hearing *Tannhäuser*, was to become acquainted with Schopenhauer's philosophy. I mentioned this to Wagner and he was so kind as to give me the philosopher's great work, *The World as Will and Idea*, as he had two copies. From now on, I sat up in my eagle's nest, high above the noisy turmoils of Paris and, when not occupied with Olga, I read Schopenhauer and was blissfully happy. "The negation of the will to live"—this sentence which had once struck me as being so wonderful when I first heard it spoken by Wagner in London—now became clear to me. I understood that I had long been governed by this theory even in youth, when I wanted to practise the Christian doctrines seriously. It was at last revealed to me that this struggle between the will to live and its negation had been the struggle of my whole life.

I also learned to understand Kant through Schopenhauer. Through him I got to love above all, those ancient forefathers of the human race, that wonderful people in the East which, on the banks of the holy river, has long known the profound secret of the unity of all existence, and, perhaps more than any other nation, has striven to realize its philosophic views in life.

In the meantime, the rehearsals of *Tannhäuser* were going

*This marriage did not last much longer. In 1861 the Wagners separated. Four years later Frau Wagner died. In 1870 Richard Wagner married Cosima, sister of Blandine Liszt Ollivier.*
Malwida with Olga Herzen, the "foster daughter" whose care was her "most sacred duty in life."
on, and Wagner asked me to come to the first complete orchestral rehearsal. There were only a few favored ones in the large Opera House—Wagner's wife and I were the only women. Thus I heard for the first time this music played by a complete orchestra. I was affected as by something sublime and sacred and touched as by some great truth. Everything went beautifully and after the glorious sextette, where the Minnesingers greet Tannhäuser just back from the Venusberg, the orchestra stood up and cheered Wagner enthusiastically. It was one o'clock in the morning before the rehearsal was over.

Wagner was very happy and excited, for all seemed to promise such glorious things, and he invited me and his wife to have supper in the Maison d'Or on the Boulevard des Italiens. We sat in a small room by ourselves. This was a happy hour. Wagner told us how he had explained the ideally beautiful part of Elizabeth to young Marie Sachs. He had chosen her for the role on account of her magnificent voice, although she was only a beginner. He had explained to her among others the place where she had to answer Wolfram's question with a silent gesture: "I thank you for your tender friendship, but my path leads there where no one can accompany me."

Shortly after this rehearsal, the prospects of great success were dimmed. The killjoy hobgoblins which delight in frustrating an ideal moment in the life of man were busy blowing clouds of envy and ill humor from all sides. Political scandal-mongers were dissatisfied that Princess Metternich should have been the one to introduce this work of art, so foreign to the French temperament. The press was dissatisfied because Wagner did not, like Meyerbeer and others, give its representatives fine dinners to bribe their tastes. The clique, usually engaged by every composer, foamed with rage because they were banned by Wagner. In the orchestra, too, different factions arose; the incapable director had suddenly become hostile. We, the friends and followers, were deeply distressed that Wagner had refused in the beginning to direct the opera himself, as we all had so ardently wished him to do. And lastly—this was the principal thing—the young Paris lions, the men of the Jockey Club, were indignant that there was no ballet of the usual type and at the usual time—that is, in the second act.
It was a known fact that the ladies of the ballet had their wages increased by these gentlemen and that the latter were accustomed to go to the opera after dining, not to hear beautiful harmonies, but to see the most unnatural and most terrible production of modern art, the ballet. After the performance, they became better acquainted with the dancing nymphs behind the scenes.

What did these aristocratic rakes care about a performance of a chaste work of art, which celebrated the victory of sacred love over the frenzy of emotions? Not only did they not care, but they must hate and condemn it even before hearing it. It was the divine judgment on their boundless depravity. These men were the principal instigators of the intrigues which doomed the performance to failure. They had the baseness to buy small whistles beforehand, by means of which they intended to air their opinion of Art.

Thus the clouds gathered even more threateningly, and with fear and trembling, I went to the dress rehearsal. I also took Olga because I wanted her to learn to love music in its best and highest form. The dress rehearsal took place without any outward disturbance. The large audience consisted mostly of friends, among whom was the Princess Metternich—she was enthusiastic. It was a heavenly evening for me, for it was the fulfillment of what I had long wished for. Although I felt that there was much to be desired in the performance and that Wagner would not be satisfied, yet much of it was very beautiful—as for instance the rôle of Elizabeth, as sung by Sachs—and I now had an idea of the whole, which fully confirmed my anticipation. The magic worked on little Olga too, as I had hoped it would; she sat lost in awe and enthusiasm, not becoming tired, although it was very late before the rehearsal was over. On coming out of the opera, I met Wagner, who was waiting for his wife. I saw by his face that he was not satisfied and how little he expected a victory over the hostile forces working against him.

One more day of thrilling anticipation passed by and then came the day of the actual performance. I sat in a box with several women and Czermak. The overture and the first act went off without any disturbance, and, although the setting of the
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ghostly dance of the gods in the Venusberg fell far short of Wagner's idea, and the three Graces appeared in pink ballet dresses, I nevertheless heaved a sigh of relief and hoped that our fears were ungrounded. However, at the change of scene, during the ravishing poetic progression from the dreary Bacchanalia below, to the peaceful morning stillness of the Thuringian valley, at the sounds of the flute and the Shepherd's song, suddenly a long-prepared attack broke out, and loud hissing and shouts interrupted the music. Naturally, Wagner's friends and those of the audience who wanted to hear it to the end before judging it, did not remain silent. As these were stronger in numbers, they were victorious and the performance continued; the singers remained undisturbed, doing their best.

Unfortunately, it was not long before the noise began again. Likewise the protest against it, which retained the upper hand; thus the performance was finished, though because of these frightful interruptions, it was impossible for anyone to get a correct impression of the whole.

Words cannot express my excitement and indignation; as other admirers were likewise indignant. Czermak was so furious that it was difficult to restrain him from laying hands on some of the leaders of the opposition. These gentlemen did not hesitate, but sat in full view, holding in their gloved hands the little whistles which, on a given signal, sounded shrill notes.

The following day I went to the Wagners'. I found him perfectly composed, so much so, that even the papers most violently opposed to him in the fight which had also broken out in the press, admitted that he had conducted himself in a most dignified manner during the storm of the evening performance. He wanted to withdraw the score and prevent a second performance, because he realized that there could be no real success with such an audience as that of the Paris Opera. We, his close friends, were opposed to this and were anxious for a repetition as we felt positive that it would be successful. In our great excitement we did not stop to consider that this was now an absolute impossibility.

The time for the second performance drew near. The hostile party had armed itself still more. So had the friendly party. The fight was much more bitter than the first time. I was in a
box with Wagner’s wife and the Hungarian woman who had introduced us. Next to us were Frenchmen who excelled themselves in whistling, hissing and shouting. I was completely beside myself with indignation and gave vent to my anger quite loudly. “So this is the audience that boasts of good taste and pretends to dictate to the world what is beautiful and excellent in art! A lot of street urchins who haven’t even enough manners to let people of another opinion listen in peace and quiet.” I went on speaking in that way so that Mrs. Wagner was frightened and whispered to me: “Heavens, you are bold, you will get yourself into trouble.” However, I thought of nothing but my anger and my contempt for such an audience. Finally I faced my neighbors and said: “Gentlemen, at least remember that the wife of the composer is sitting here next to you.” They were startled for a moment and quieted down. Then, however, they began afresh. Nevertheless, they did not succeed in bringing down the curtain and the performance was carried through to the end.

Wagner was now more inclined than ever to stop further scandal, but we others all voted for a third performance. It was to be given on a non-subscription night and we hoped that his opponents would stay away and only those who wanted to hear it would attend. Wagner had decided not to go, so as to escape the unnecessary excitement. His wife also did not attend the performance. I had taken a box so as to bring Olga and little Marie who lived with us. I hoped they would enjoy it undisturbed.

Unfortunately, however, that was not to be. The disturbers were there en masse to carry on their work, arriving for the very beginning, which was unusual for them. The singers were really heroic; they often had to stop for fifteen minutes or more, to let the storm which raged in the audience blow over. They stood quietly, looking into the audience, unshaken, and as soon as it became quiet, sang and went on to the end. Of course the outburst spoiled all enjoyment of the fine individual accomplishments and beautiful scenic effects.

Little Olga was just as indignant as I. She admired Wagner greatly and was moved to the depths of her young soul by this music. It affected her in so wonderful a way that I felt anew
The End of the Quest

the inner truth of it. Olga took part in the fight with true courage, leaning over the edge of the box to call with all her might: "À la porte, à la porte!" and pointing to the elegant hissing men. Two men in the adjoining box seemed charmed with her eagerness and said several times: "Elle est charmante!"

It was two o'clock in the morning when we joined friends in the foyer and went to the Wagners, who would, we were sure, wait for an account of the performance. We were not mistaken. They were sitting comfortably at supper, Wagner smoking a pipe. He received the news of the repeated and even more bitter fight with smiling complacency. He joked with Olga, telling her he had heard that she had hissed him. However, I felt by his trembling, when I shook hands with him, that the disagreeable occurrence had excited him. Even though such behavior was a reflection on the public that was guilty of it, there was another hope gone and the dreary path of life, which would not smooth itself, again lay desolate, weary and hopeless before him. It broke my heart the more, as all my attempts to help remained fruitless.

Wagner now withdrew the score and thus put an end to the fight at the theater. Both in the press and in society, the quarrel went on for weeks. Since the time of Gluck, there had been nothing like it. The voices that arose to censure the public were few and far between, but these were those of eminent men. Among others, old Jules Janin wrote a very delightful article about the fan that the Princess Metternich broke in her anger at what had occurred, and condemned the behavior of the Parisians most sharply. I wrote an exact account of the occurrences to England which was printed in the Daily News, and which Klindworth showed me with great glee, not knowing who had written it.

Wagner left for Karlsruhe shortly after this, where he was called by the Grand Duke. Then he went to Vienna, where, for the first time, he saw performed his Lohengrin, which the German public had known for quite a while. As he wrote his wife, who told me of the letter, it was given to his complete satisfaction. At the same time he received most enthusiastic ovations, which were really counter demonstrations against his Paris ex-
Memoirs of Malwida von Meysenbug

experiences. After all the dreadful things he had gone through, I was delighted at the good that befell him.

In the meantime, I again became absorbed in Schopenhauer. I can say that this winter was the crowning epoch of my life. I had found the goal and the task to which my life from now on was to be devoted: to raise a human being to the highest degree of perfection of which she was capable. All hope of attaining anything as a member of the party to which I had hitherto belonged, seemed to vanish. Therefore, I gave myself up entirely to my individual task, which completely satisfied the craving of my heart.

Then, too, I had found the artist whose labors revealed to me a new ideal and confirmed my belief that the ideal is to be found in art. Even the greatest achievement in the political sphere must, like all else which is bound by earthly limitations, fall short of perfection. It was clear to me that the German mind especially seeks perfection in an ideal world. This very thing with which I had reproached the Germans, I now recognized to be their true greatness, their original sphere, and it was a German genius who was pointing this out to me.

Finally I learned to know the philosopher whose views confirmed my own convictions and who explained to me the phenomena of life, as far as human intelligence can grasp it; the philosopher whose lofty wisdom offered me the indestructible support upon which I was to lean during the rest of life's wandering.

Therewith my quest and the years devoted to public interests came to an end. What followed does not belong to the public, at least not in this form. Fate did not make smooth the path of my old age. It chooses to take me at my word to the end. I hope it will not see me waver and that in the hours of physical suffering, the many and deep heartaches, the few moments of pure joy and keen excitement, as in that solemn hour which shall lift the final veil, I shall say in all sincerity with my philosopher: “In spite of all, we can be of good cheer!”
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